

511

Act II

Linda turns away

SCENE II

Frances goes on her way and exits as Peter and the Roadie enter

Roadie The circuit board's lethal. If this doesn't work then I don't know what the fuck I'm gonna do — apart from shovin' the gear back into the van an' just gettin' out of here.

Peter Without playing at all?

Linda looks up in recognition

Roadie Well if I can't get any power what else can y' do? I mean its...

Peter All right, all right all right. I don't...

Linda My God!

Roadie (thinking it's him whom she's addressing) Oh all right sweetheart

— how y' doin'?

Linda (passing him) McGeegan!

Peter Come here, you. (He embraces her)

Roadie (continuing on his way) Fuck!

As they drop the embrace, stand back and look at each other

Linda Look at the state of you!

Peter What d' y' mean?

Roadie (calling) Hey — McGeegan, don't forget you're on in a few minutes.

Peter I thought you couldn't get any power.

Roadie I will now!

The Roadie exits

Linda (shaking her head as she takes in his appearance) What happened to you?

Peter What didn't happen to you?

Linda Don't start!

Peter Me?

Linda Yeh! (Shaking her head and laughing again; Beat) So how long have you been with this lot then?

Peter We formed just after I got to London. (Beat) Did you know we were playin' here tonight?

Linda No.

Peter What — you just out for a dance?

Linda Yeh — sort of.

Peter I'd have thought you'd have given up comin' to this kind of place by now.

Linda Oh, would you? Well what I do — or don't do — is no concern of yours!

Peter How long is it since we last — met?

Linda I dunno. (She does; beat)

Peter A long time?

Linda Yeh.

Peter So don't you think we could — observe a bit of a truce! Start again? (He looks)

She shrugs

Hello Linda. It's nice to see you again. You look really lovely.

Linda Oh fuck off!

Peter Come here.

They embrace — laughing as they do

Frances appears in corridor

Frances clocks them as Linda pulls away from the embrace. Frances opens the door to the Ladies' and, once it's closed, leans back on it

Peter Isn't that... What's she called, your friend?

Linda Frankie — Frances.

Peter Frankie, that's right. How is she?

Linda She's all right.

Peter (beat) It really is great to see you y' know.

Linda It's great to see you. I suppose.

Peter I'll go an tune up if y' like — say tarar now!

Linda Go on then.

Peter (beat) So you don't fancy a dance then?

Linda With you?

Peter Well — in the absence of — John Travolta — yeh, me!

Linda (beat) Okay.

They bustle down the corridor

Do you think you'll be able to dance in those boots like that?

Peter Do you like them?

Linda Where the hell did you get them from?

Peter There's this brilliant shop, just beyond Chelsea — fantastic gear

*[Large handwritten signature or scribble]*