

dunno. It's this theatre. The place gives me the creeps. All these empty seats...

BUGSY jumps off the stage and approaches the front row of the audience. He crouches down and takes a close look at three or four 'seats' (really, he stares into the eyes of individual audience members).

BUGSY (CONT'D)
... all these empty seats yet I feel like we're being watched.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS

SECOND PLAY

BUGSY, LANKY and COP WITH TORCH

THE FINGER

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

A shabby, open-plan apartment. There's a double-bed stage right and a door stage left. In between are a chest of drawers, a fridge, a window, and a shelf with some bottles, a biscuit tin and a radio on it.

At the foot of the bed sits Trixie (mid 20s), applying her make-up. She is dressed in a black skirt and red top.

In the bed lies Johnny (mid 30s).

JOHNNY
You gotta leave so soon?

TRIXIE
Aw, yeah. But you know I'd love to stay, sugar.

JOHNNY
So stay then.

Trixie rolls her eyes.

TRIXIE
Sounds really nice, honey. But you

know I gotta go.

JOHNNY

Nonsense. You don't gotta go.

TRIXIE

You paid for one night, Johnny. You got enough to pay for a whole day as well?

JOHNNY

No. But I don't mean like that.

TRIXIE

So what do you mean?

JOHNNY

I mean... you know... off the clock. You and me. Like a regular couple. Let me get dressed then we can go get some breakfast, take a walk around the park...

TRIXIE

(laughs)

Like a regular couple. Right. And what am I supposed to pay my bills with? Memories of you and me walking around the park?

JOHNNY

Come on! Things don't gotta be like this, Trixie! You don't gotta be like this. We're good together.

TRIXIE

You pay me for us to be good together. I've told you before - don't you be getting no romantic notions over this Ice Queen. You'll only end up with a broken heart.

JOHNNY

That Ice Queen talk ain't fooling nobody. Look, I know this started off as business but you and me, we got a good thing going on!

TRIXIE

The only thing "going on" around here is me. Me going on a bus. If I can get

down to the docks before eight o'clock then I ought to catch some of the dock workers finishing the night shift.

JOHNNY

Stop it! You know I hate it when you talk about screwing other guys.

TRIXIE

Other clients, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Clients! Listen to you, talking like you're some kind of lawyer or something when you're really just a...

TRIXIE

Just a what? A whore?

JOHNNY

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. I just like you, that's all. And don't pretend like it's just me who feels it either.

TRIXIE

Last night, I was pretending. This morning, I'm outta here.

JOHNNY

You never think about the future?

TRIXIE

Why don't you tell me about the future?

JOHNNY

I don't know. Maybe you and me getting a place together, somewhere uptown. Maybe starting a family.

TRIXIE

Oh, Johnny. What goes on in that head of yours? Look at you. Look where you live - the neighbourhood, this rented apartment. You're a nice enough guy but face it - you're a bum. You ain't got a regular job. You're drunk most of the time. You ain't hardly got two quarters to rub together and when you do have money you either lose it all

playing cards or you spend it hooking up with me. Not that I'm complaining about that, you understand. But you can't even look after yourself so how you gonna take care of me, let alone a family? Do I think about the future? Yeah, I think about the future. But my future is tomorrow. Will I have enough to eat or do I gotta go hungry again? Will I have enough money to give to my pimp or do I gotta walk around with a black eye and a broken rib while I try and turn tricks? That's all the future I have to think about. There ain't no room for day-dreaming and there ain't no future for me with a broke drunk like you. Now... you got my money?

JOHNNY

Yeah. Yeah. I got your money.

Johnny gets out of bed and picks up a pair of trousers from the floor. He puts them on and walks to the shelf where he takes a few notes out from a tin and hands them to Trixie. She counts them and then stuffs them into her bra.

Trixie gets up and kisses Johnny.

JOHNNY

You're blowing hot and cold. Thought you were off the clock. What was that for?

TRIXIE

You paid me five bucks extra by mistake. If you got the money, you've always got Trixie.

Trixie exits through the door, closing it behind her.

Johnny sits on the bed and puts on a pair of shoes. He sighs then gets up and puts on a shirt.

The door bursts open and MRS. COHEN (50s/60s) enters the apartment.

MRS. COHEN

You got my rent?

JOHNNY

Hey, hey, hey! Mrs. Cohen! You can't