05 Reecey (and Joe) → “Baggy Trousers”

REECEY
Good night girls. Absolutely. Come on big man.

BAD JOE
Alright, Reecey.

REECEY
Don’t cry over spilt women, mate. Plenty of fish in the sea. *(Smiles.)* Y’ll always get something after y’r tackle. *(Pause.)* Billie and Angie said you got into one of the new flats up Camden Quays.

BAD JOE
Oh well. That. Wwwwell I . . . sort of –

REECEY
Very impressive. *(He stalks BAD JOE, smiling all the time.)* Ever thought of the future, Joby?

BAD JOE
What, you mean like… after exams?

(REECEY laughs, then checks himself. Pulls a “serious” face.)

REECEY
What? *(stalks him)* Sorry. I mean, sure. You COULD do exams. *(Walks round.)* Alternatively you could come work with me. I’m starting up a little ‘business venture’.

BAD JOE
You mean… leave school early?

REECEY
Men of sixteen, now mate. Everything’s legal. *(Arm round BAD JOE.)* You’ve seen what them penthouses are like now, Joe. Next time you walk into one — *own it.*

(A beat.)

REECEY
No-one ever made money workin’ for someone else, Joe Casey. If I were you I’d forget ‘exams’. An’ tell myself that as of today… school’s out!

*(He reaches up and ever so casually taps a ‘school bell’ with his fingers.
The bell becomes the intro to **“Baggy Trousers.”**) *