

AMY: Give me thirty quid and I won't say a word.

JO: Piss off. You can have a tenner.

AMY: Twenty.

JO: Fifteen.

AMY: Done.

DUNCAN: Look, if you don't mind...

AMY: Oh yeah, I'm sorry. Anyway, my bro saw Gavin come out of here, followed him to the nearest bus stop and took great pleasure in torturing him with a paving slab.

DUNCAN: Oh God . Poor bloke, where is he now?

JO: Ambulance.

DUNCAN: Will he be okay?

AMY: He'll live. My bro never goes the full way, he's got record, you see? GBH is one thing, but murder? Well, with today's government, he'd get at least six years for that.

DUNCAN: It's still terrible.

AMY: Nah, to be honest I think it should be longer. Thugs like my bro need to learn their lesson.

DUNCAN: No, I mean what's happened to poor old Gavin.

AMY: What do you mean, poor old Gavin? He was wearing your suit. And he had your wallet. And your phone.

DUNCAN: No. No, he can't have done because...*(considers)* Because he's my best friend.

AMY: I saw him, Duncan. And he certainly wasn't wearing a dog collar.

DUNCAN: Maybe he just brought a new suit this morning that's blue and has silver lining?

AMY: And it happened to have your wallet and phone in there?

DUNCAN: Maybe it's just a coincidence or, or not my phone or...

AMY: Won't you just accept the fact that he's a thief? You were quick enough to accuse me.

DUNCAN: He can't be.

AMY: He is.

DUNCAN: But-

AMY: Duncan!

DUNCAN: Look! My fiancé has killed my baby, run off to God knows where, my best friend has stolen my suit, my wallet, my phone and I'm stood here in a council estate in the middle of Scotland wearing a dress. I just need some hope, Amy.

END OF SAMPLE