



By TIM FIRTH
Music and Lyrics by MADNESS

LIBRETTO / VOCAL BOOK



JOSEF WEINBERGER

MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

Europe

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OUR HOUSE

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by TIM FIRTH
Music and Lyrics by MADNESS

Directed by Matthew Warchus

Choreographed by Peter Darling

Orchestrations by Steve Sidwell

Musical Supervisor, Vocal Arrangements and Additional Material: Phil Bateman

World Premiere Performance – 28th October 2002, Cambridge Theatre

CAST

2003 WEST END PRODUCTION

2008 UK TOUR

JOE CASEY

Michael Jibson

Chris Carswell

SARAH

Julia Gay

Miria Parvin

JOE'S DAD

Ian Reddington

Steve Brookstein

KATH CASEY

Lesley Nichol

Gwyneth Strong

LEWIS

Oliver Jackson

Jack Shalloo

EMMO

Richard Frame

Michael Everest

BILLIE

Tameka Empson

Jenny Fitzpatrick

ANGIE

Andrea Francis

Sophia Nomvete

REECEY

Matt Cross

Sam Mackay

MR PRESSMAN

Mike Scott

Trevor Jary





Production Notes by TIM FIRTH

The main challenge of this musical is of course that it is two musicals. The story splits early on to follow the two paths which Joe Casey's life could have followed pending a fateful decision he makes on the night of his sixteenth birthday.

The ways of representing those two paths lie at the creative heart of any production. The transfers between the black and the white world increase in speed and require increasing levels of ingenuity. After the experience of two productions, in the West End and then on tour, the main piece of advice I can offer is this: people are primarily interested in other people. The audience watch the cast far more than they watch the set, and three walls turning from black to white to represent the switch from Good Joe's story to Bad Joe's story is never going to be as effective as the actor himself simply changing the colour, say, of a baseball hat from black to white.

The musical travels through a young man's life from the age of sixteen to his early twenties. As such it visits many locations. The emphasis here once again needs to be on ingenuity rather than expense. The cast should be gamefully employed furnishing and creating the many stations passed through en route from terraced houses to penthouses, shops, pubs, schools, car showrooms, even Egyptian-themed hotels in Las Vegas. When writing *Our House* I deliberately wrote the impossible in the belief that the more you ask from creative people, the more you get. The bigger the challenge, the more people rise to it.

It is worth remembering that even though in larger scale productions we had a real car and cinematic projection and a whole host of other treats, the two things the audience rose to salute at the end of each show came absolutely for free; ingenuity and energy.

Get these and you are ninety percent of the way to building *Our House*.

THE PRINCIPAL CAST – Thumbnails

JOE – sixteen, rough diamond but a diamond nonetheless.

SARAH – girl next door, slightly more middle-class background.

EMMO and LEWIS – Joe's best mates, loosely related to him and taken in by Joe's Mum. The former is a big kid who would chase sticks if you threw them, the latter a more sensitive lad with a more exposed moral nerve.

BILLIE and ANGIE – Sarah's best mates, sharp-tongued and sassy with their eyes on a way out of their lowly social beginnings. Intolerant of males, except well-bred ones.

JOE'S MUM, KATH – beaten down by life but never beaten, a heart the size of a house with a huge, feisty love for her family.

JOE'S DAD – a man of fun and spirit who married the right woman but took the wrong path in life, died as a result, and is now desperate for his son not to repeat the pattern.

REECEY – a smiling, charming, superficially likeable force of darkness.

MISTER PRESSMAN – like Reecey, except middle-aged and in control of a large company.

THE OTHER CHARACTERS – schoolkids, relatives, barristers, clowns, dogs, prisoners, market traders etc – are many in number and can be played by a cast of infinite size. One joy of *Our House* is that it is hard to conceive of a cast shape in which everyone doesn't at some point have their moment.

THE BAND

TENOR SAXOPHONE dbl. Flute / Clarinet

TRUMPET dbl. Flugelhorn / Tambourine

KEYBOARD 1 (Musical Director)

KEYBOARD 2

GUITAR

BASS

DRUMS

Notes on the music by

PHIL BATEMAN (MUSICAL DIRECTOR)

In the West End the band for *Our House* had 9 players:

3 keyboards, guitar, bass, drums, tenor sax (doubling flute and clarinet for underscore), trumpet and violin.

I would imagine the minimum for a production would be 4 - comprising keyboards, guitar, bass and drums. If you can add a 'dirty' sax and even trumpet you'll really be able to achieve that authentic Madness sound.

Ideally when singing, the actors should try to achieve a 'sung-spoken' quality. The ensemble numbers should sit somewhere between musical theatre and the gusto of a rugby crowd! I hope you have as much fun singing these great songs as we did when we put the show together – enjoy!

MUSICAL NUMBERS

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17b.	Underscore (My Girl / NW5 / Simple Equation) (<i>Sarah, Dad, Chorus</i>)	81
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OUR HOUSE

OUR HOUSE

ACT ONE

MUSIC N° 1: OPENING

(Turns into . . .)

MUSIC N° 1a: LOS PALMAS SEVEN (Underscore)

SCENE – *Raise curtain to see: A STAGE lit by a GLITTER BALL in which there are MANY COUPLES DANCING. We gradually isolate and spot, in the middle of this, two people far FAR less adept than the others, falling about, having the laugh of their lives.*

DAD *(calls)* Leg! Leg! TURN! NOW! *(etc.)*

KATH What? How!? *(As he steers her.)* Whoa!

DAD I've told you! KEEP IT STEADY! THIS IS THE SIMPLEST DANCE IN THE UNIVERSE!

(What they're doing isn't exactly dancing, more staggering with panache. After only a few further steps, she trips and falls into his arms in fits of laughter. With theatrical aplomb, DAD lets her fall back like in some classy fandango.)

KATH Listen, will you just stop it! I've got something to tell you!

DAD *(tries to carry on, laughing)* It can't be more important than this!

KATH It is! It is! STOP! *(Holds him at arm's length.)* Y'r going to be a dad.

(A moment of wonder. DAD lets her stand as though she's porcelain.)

DAD Y'r kidding. *(In wonder.)* An' it's definitely mine?

KATH *(deadpan)* It's either yours or Clint Eastwood's.

OUR HOUSE

DAD Oh God. Oh wow. (*With rapture.*) We might be having Clint Eastwood's baby!

KATH (*hits him*) Oi! So are you gonna ask me to marry y', then or what?

(*Pause. Then DAD smiles.*)

DAD You betcha.

(*Fireworks go up behind them as we hear . . .*)

MAESTRO
(V.O.) Ladeeeeez and gennulmen. The winnerz of our dance contest. Our King and Queen-n . . .

(*The SPOTLIGHT strafes the dancers . . .*)

MAESTRO
(V.O. *Cont'd*) The greatest dancers in the world on Margate pier tonight . . . couple number-r-r fifteen!

(*They look at each other, fall about laughing as A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photo. They strike a comic pose for it. The flash cues a sudden light change . . .*)

JOE (O.S.) MUM!

(*Music ends . . . as KATH's DAYDREAM ENDS and JOE CASEY appears all in the same beat - raggy school uniform, sixteen, rough diamond. But a diamond nonetheless.*)

JOE Ha hey-y!

(*He is on high octane, rushes on, grabs mum and dances a few steps with her, just like DAD did. Singing his own accompaniment . . .*) La da di dah-dah-dahh . . .

(*DAD backs off and watches. At this point we don't know he cannot see DAD.*)

KATH Here he is, the birthday boy!

OUR HOUSE

JOE I've got something to tell y'!

(He puts MUM in exactly the same fandango position as DAD did.)

KATH WHOA!

JOE She said - YES!

KATH Oh did she now! And have you checked that I approve of this girl?

JOE She's coming - on a DATE!

KATH This the wonderful 'Sarah'?

JOE *(suddenly serious)* Hey you don't think it's like charity? Like – she's only agreed 'cause it's my sixteenth birthday?

KATH She's agreed, Joe Casey, because any girl'd be mad not to. *(Strokes his hair.)* And you take her dancing. That's what your dad did with me.

JOE *(change of mood, loses all thought of dancing)* Yeah well. Not sure following in me Dad's footsteps is exactly a good start, do you?

KATH *(straightens his hair)* Eh, he was alright, y'r dad. He was just a good man who made a few bad choices.

JOE *(straightens hers back)* It's not hard to make the right choices, Mum. There's a wrong way and a right way. It's a pretty simple equation.

(There is a DOORBELL.)

MUSIC N° 2: OUR HOUSE

JOE Now if you'll excuse me, I've got about ten minutes before Sarah arrives . . .
(Starts to take tie off.) . . . so I hope you've not arranged for anyone to call round?

KATH Now would I arrange that? For my son? On his sixteenth birthday?

(The PRIEST is at the door with a present.)

OUR HOUSE

PRIEST Happy Birthday Joe!

JOE (*wry smile*) **FATHER WEARS HIS SUNDAY BEST.**

KATH Oh now look who's turned up.

JOE (*trying to steer her and the PRIEST away*)
**MOTHER'S TIRED, SHE NEEDS A REST
THE KIDS ARE PLAYING UP DOWNSTAIRS.**

(*A SKATEBOARDER razzes past.*)

KATH (*to SKATEBOARDER*) Oi!

PRIEST (*ushering in a NUN*) **SISTER'S SIGHING IN HER SLEEP.**

NUN I remember him when he was this little . . .

JOE (*'himself'*) **BROTHER'S GOT A DATE TO KEEP
HE CAN'T HANG AROUND.**

(*JOE opens the door to find EMMO and LEWIS there with PRESENTS.*)

EMMO + LEWIS HAHAEEYYY!
OUR HOUSE

JOE (*sighs*) Emmo. Lewis.

EMMO + LEWIS **IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –**

(*EMMO and LEWIS re-open the door almost instantaneously to reveal a whole party of people who keep flooding in. In this melee, did we but realise, DAD has been lost totally. JOE is trying to get out, but everyone is keeping him in!*)

EVERYONE Ha hey!

JOE **OUR HOUSE IT HAS A CROWD.
THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING HAPPENING
AND IT'S USUALLY QUITE LOUD.
OUR MUM, SHE'S SO HOUSE-PROUD.**

OUR HOUSE

KATH Meaning what?

EMMO + LEWIS (*arm round her*)
**NOTHING EVER SLOWS HER DOWN
AND A MESS IS NOT ALLOWED.**

KATH Dead right.

EVERYONE **OUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
OUR HOUSE IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –**

(*Underscore continues.*)

KATH I'll give you 'house proud'. You spread word round Camden that this street
is a no-go zone for any of them scummy drug dealers.

LADS (*stand to attention*) Yes.

KATH This is not just any street.

LADS No.

KATH This is Casey Street.

LADS Yes!

KATH NW 1.

LADS Yes!

KATH No-one touches that name.

EVERYONE **OUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
OUR HOUSE IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF –
NUR NUR, NUR NUR, NUR NUR, NUR NUR
NUR NUR, NUR NUR, NUR NUR, NUR NUR**

OUR HOUSE

(CASEY STREET INHABITANTS *join in the dance, which is urban, informal and comic.*)

CASEY STREET

INHABITANTS NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH
NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH
NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH
NA NA NA NA-NA-NA / NAAAA
AY-YAH-YAH- / YAHHHH

EVERYONE

NANA NANA NANA NAA
NANA NANA NANA NAA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA
NA-NA NA NA NA
NANA NANA NANA NAA
NANA NANA NANA NAA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA NA NA-NA
NA NA
NA-NA NA NA NAAAAA

(*Very spare percussive underscore.*)

JOE

Okay. She must be coming. These are her mates.

(Enter BILLIE and ANGIE in their customised school uniforms.)

LEWIS

(*arms wide like a gigolo*) Ha heyyy! Billie and Angie Morton!

(BILLIE and ANGIE *pose the same . . .*)

BILLIE / ANGIE Ha heyyy! Tall and ugly bastard. (*They beckon in . . .*) Sarah?

(SARAH *bounds in . . .*)

OUR HOUSE

SARAH Hey Joe!

 (*. . . but is steered away by BILLIE and ANGIE*)

ANGIE (*swerves SARAH away from JOE*) Right. One little word of warning.

BILLIE How can we put this?

ANGIE We deserve a man with prospects.

BILLIE We're not gonna find any round here.

ANGIE We MIGHT if YOU get to university.

BILLIE You won't get to university if you're six months up the duff.

SARAH (*is handed a bag*) What's that?

ANGIE 'The Femsafe Femidom'.

BILLIE It's like having sex with an Asda bag, but it's okay.

SARAH (*did his mum hear?*) Girls!

 (*Meanwhile EMMO and LEWIS have got JOE similarly to one side . . .*)

LEWIS As like adopted brothers we felt a certain responsibility, it being your sixteenth birthday an' all that.

EMMO (*produces it*) We have bought you the world's CLASSIEST condom!

JOE (*did mum hear?*) Lads?

LEWIS It's called '*The Surprise Harmony*'.

EMMO It is the princess of condoms.

JOE Is it luminous?

EMMO No.

OUR HOUSE

JOE Colour?

EMMO Normal.

JOE Flavour?

EMMO None.

JOE (s.v.) Right. (*Puts it in pocket.*) Why's it called '*The Surprise Harmony*'?

EMMO When you reach orgasm it plays '*The Power Of Love*'.

JOE WHAT?

EVERYONE **OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR -
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR -**

EVERYONE
(*Cont'd*)

**WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN, NOW I'VE COME OF AGE
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN
TEMPTATION'S ON ITS WAY
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN.
NOW YOU'VE COME OF AGE
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN**

EVERYONE
(*Cont'd*)

**OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR
OUR HOUSE**

OUR HOUSE

IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR
OUR HOUSE

SARAH Sixteen, Joe! Where d'you go when you can go anywhere?

JOE *(points at her)* Somewhere very special!

EVERYONE ... IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET!

MUSIC N° 2a: OUR HOUSE PLAYOFF

SCENE – PENTHOUSE FLAT

A STORM breaks. Thunder and lightening. A door has a HUGE HAMMERING noise at the other side of it. We wonder what the hell is going on until – BANG – it falls flat, knocked off its hinges by ... JOE!

JOE Quick! Out of the rain! Out of the rain!

(SARAH peeps round the door.)

JOE (*Cont'd*) *(meaning the rain)* Bleargh. Where did THAT all come from?

SARAH *(hushed whisper)* JOE!

JOE Storm came out of ... *(Gestures.)* Come in-n!

SARAH You just broke in!

JOE I didn't 'break' – I just – *(Looks at door hanging off.)* – it'd just swelled with the rain. Look at ... *(Pulls out his wallet.)* Oh god. My wallet! My trousers are SOAKED.

OUR HOUSE

SARAH You can't just – (*Frowns.*) What's that noise? Can you hear something? Can you hear *'The Power Of Love'*?

(*Pause. We can indeed hear the tinny single line of 'The Power Of Love'. JOE immediately realises where it's coming from and puts his hand in his back pocket.*)

JOE Anyway. This is what I wanted to show you. (*He throws the condom away over the drop.*)

SARAH Y've caused real damage here, Joe.

JOE (*cocky*) Don't worry. I don't bruise easy. I work out quite a lot, so . . .

SARAH I mean the door! This is breaking and entry . . .

JOE No-one's rented these flats yet.

SARAH (*going, but unsure*) But they still belong to someone. They still belong to whoever . . . (*Looks round.*) 'Pressman Developers'.

JOE I know. Like everything round here suddenly. Well I tell you what. You wanna see some REAL builders? (*Nods out over the view.*) Why I brought you up here. My mum's family built that.

(*SARAH looks at him.*)

JOE (*Cont'd*) The whole estate. My great-great-grandad was a gang leader building the Irish Estate, so good they named a street after him. Casey Street. (*Slight pause.*) There's even some story Mum goes on about that they gave him the house, y'know. Our house. See? With the red door?

(*Beat.*)

SARAH I thought you were taking me somewhere 'very special'.

(*There's a pause. JOE looks down.*)

OUR HOUSE

JOE Your mates think I'm gonna end up like me dad, don't they? I suppose they've told y'?

SARAH (*they have*) He went to prison.

JOE (*nods, wry smile*) Thought they would. (*A beat.*) Yeah he went to prison. Lost his job. Started . . . 'making bad choices', went to prison . . . then when he came out of prison he never came home.

SARAH Where is he now?

MUSIC N° 2b: BALCONY UNDERSCORE

(DAD *appears.*)

SARAH Joe?

JOE He died.

SARAH (*beat*) How?

JOE A loser and a scumbag, Sarah. That's 'how'.

(*Music ends.*)

SARAH (*moves in on JOE*) You know where I'm gonna 'end up', Joe Casey? I'm gonna go into law. An' you know why? Because regardless of what people tell me I reckon I'm a pretty good judge of character.

(*There is the sound of truncheon on scaffold.*)

VOICE (O.S.) This is the Police!

MUSIC N° 3: SIMPLE EQUATION

(*A torchlight starts to rake the balcony.*)

SARAH Oh my God.

OUR HOUSE

VOICE (O.S.) Is someone in there?

SARAH Joe I won't get into law at ALL if I get arrested.

VOICE (O.S.) Oi!

SARAH That'll be the END! I won't be able to, ever! What are we gonna do?

JOE Run. We'd probably never get found out!

SARAH But if we did, Joe! IF WE DID . . . ?

VOICE WHO'S IN THERE?

(He pushes SARAH back to the door he barged down. She resists.)

JOE Okay, YOU go.

SARAH JOE!

JOE RUN!

SARAH But what are YOU going to do, Joe Casey?

(At that point the stage FILLS with rotating doors, black to white to black to white . . .)

DAD What are you going to do, Joe Casey?

(JOE is wracked. He pushes SARAH out.)

JOE GO!

DAD Golden boy?

(Those doors keep gyrating, like a representation of the options whirling in the mind of this sixteen year old. Suddenly the space becomes ethereal, otherworldly.)

OUR HOUSE

DAD Run and make the escape of a criminal?

(He stops a SINGLE BLACK DOOR gyrating and presents it as an option.)

DAD Stay and surrender like an honest man?

(He stops a SINGLE WHITE DOOR gyrating and presents that as a contrary option. DAD is so close he can practically touch his son and we can see he is drawn to do that.)

DAD 'It's not hard to make the right choices, Mum. There's a wrong way and a right way. It's a pretty simple equation!'

(DAD slams the two contrasting doors together, and with a crack of lightening, they touch . . . and JOE splits in two, one JOE in white - GOOD JOE - and one in black - BAD JOE.)

DAD **IT'S THE SIMPLE EQUATION OF WRONG VERSUS RIGHT
PROBLEM AS EASY AS BLACK VERSUS WHITE
THE SIMPLE EQUATION OF NIGHT VERSUS DAY
FACING THE MUSIC, OR RUNNING AWAY . . .**

(The BLACK JOE bursts through the black door. All the doors, currently a mixture of black and white, ARE TURNED TO BLACK, so we are now in a BLACK WORLD.)

DAD **'CAUSE WITHOUT LOW THERE IS NO HIGH
IF NOTHING FELL THERE'D BE NO SKY
IS IT ALWAYS SO VERY CLEAR?**

(+ B.V.) **IT'S THE DAYS THAT SEPARATE THE NIGHT
THE SHADOWS BY WHICH WE RECOGNISE THE LIGHT.**

(Music ends. BAD JOE stands panting, regaining his breath as SARAH appears slowly, dreadfully, dress torn, face cut, holding her arm.)

BAD JOE We did it! We got away. HA! WE DID A RUNNER AND WE GOT –
(He sees the damage. Pause.) Oh God. Are you Okay? *(He goes to tend to her. She backs off.)* What?

OUR HOUSE

SARAH I can't believe you did that. I can't believe you ran away. I thought I knew you. I don't know you at all, do I?

BAD JOE We didn't get caught. It's not like we got caught. We ...

SARAH (*indicating her ripped blazer*) A policeman did that, Joe. That's how close I was. You probably didn't notice. You were fifty metres across the building site.

(SARAH *starts to go* . . .)

BAD JOE Sarah . . . I –

(. . . *then turns.*)

SARAH Actually maybe I'm not cut out for law. Maybe I'm not such a good judge of character.

MUSIC N° 4: MY GIRL

BAD JOE Sarah? Sarah! (*He races off.*)

SCENE – IRISH THEME PUB, CAMDEN

EMMO *is revealed, pissed, at a table loaded with whiskies.*

EMMO MY GIRL'S MAD AT ME.
I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE THE FILM TONIGHT.
I FOUND IT HARD TO SAY.
SHE THOUGHT I'D HAD ENOUGH OF HER.
WHY CAN'T SHE SEE.
SHE'S LOVELY TO ME?
BUT I LIKE TO STAY IN AND WATCH TV ON MY OWN
EVERY NOW AND THEN.

(BAD JOE *enters the pub. He is in his black track suit and cap.*)

EMMO (*Cont'd*) Alright Joe?

OUR HOUSE

BAD JOE MY GIRL'S MAD AT ME
BEEN ON THE TELEPHONE FOR AN HOUR
WE HARDLY SAID A WORD
I TRIED AND TRIED BUT I COULD NOT BE HEARD.
WHY CAN'T I EXPLAIN?

EMMO WHY CAN'T SHE SEE?

BAD JOE WHY DO I FEEL THIS PAIN?

EMMO SHE'S LOVELY TO ME
BUT I LIKE TO STAY IN –

BAD JOE SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND

EMMO AND WATCH TV ON MY OWN –

BAD JOE SHE TAKES IT ALL THE WRONG ...

(In bursts LEWIS.)

LEWIS Wahey! How y' doing laddos? *(Sits.)* Bloody hell. I tell y' ... *(Breathes in.)* ...
MY GIRL -

(Music breaks.)

BAD JOE
+ EMMO Doesn't exist.

LEWIS Fair point. *(Music resumes.)* Pint of lager, Dave. So how come y'r not out
with what's her face?

EMMO *(shut up)* Nggrshtup.

BAD JOE Because she's not my girl anymore, is she?

LEWIS Eh?

EMMO She should be his girl but ... *(she's –)*

OUR HOUSE

BAD JOE She should be, . . . (*but she's* —)

EMMO She's mad at him.

LEWIS Really?

BAD JOE **WE TALKED AND TALKED UNTIL IT WAS LIGHT . . .**

EMMO Gets to like where he thinks it's agreed an' all . . .

BAD JOE **I THOUGHT WE'D AGREED.**

EMMO He thought they'd talked over it all. An' then goes an' says that —

BAD JOE **I THOUGHT WE'D TALKED IT OUT.**

EMMO 'Course now when he tries . . . (*to say anything at all about the whole* —)

BAD JOE **NOW WHEN I TRY TO SPEAK . . .**

EMMO She sort of says —

BAD JOE **I DON'T CARE.**

EMMO She says . . . (*he's* . . .)

BAD JOE **'I'M UNAWARE'**

EMMO And now . . . (*she says he's* . . .)

BAD JOE **SHE SAYS 'I'M WEAK'.**

(EMMO *and* LEWIS *wince*.)

BARTENDER

DAVE Alright lads. Y've had enough.

EMMO I've not.

OUR HOUSE

BAD JOE I'm fine.

LEWIS I've only had one whisky.

(They all get off their barstools . . .)

BAD JOE /
EMMO / LEWIS Hurp.

(. . . And realise they ARE pissed. In trying to get up they end up choreographed.)

(Music continues – DANCE OF THE PISSED)

SCENE – CAMDEN CANAL

They end up in the moonlight in a shabby parade of male bonding.

LADS **LA LA LA LAAAAA**
 NA NA NA NA NA NAAAA . . .
 LA LA LA LA LA LAAA
 NA NA NAAA
 NA NA NAAA
 NA NA NAAA-AAA . . .

(BAD JOE, EMMO and LEWIS collapse on each other.)

LEWIS At the end of the day who needs women? I don't.

BAD JOE Lewis, you don't need women in the same way someone who's never had a chocolate biscuit doesn't 'need' a chocolate biscuit.

EMMO I love chocolate biscuits.

(BAD JOE eases himself up . . .)

BAD JOE **WHY DO I FEEL THIS PAIN?**

(Underscore carries the tune.)

OUR HOUSE

SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
SHE DOESN'T REALISE
SHE TAKES IT ALL . . .

(DAD *appears again.*)

DAD THE WRONG . . .

MUSIC N° 4a: SIMPLE EQUATION - REPRISE

. . . WAY

(A thundercrack, and gradually that ethereal, cloud-sculling, otherwordly space returns. The stage is filled with rotating doors which not only clear BAD JOE, EMMO and LEWIS, but return us to the exact same point we were in the Penthouse Flat, at the exact same moment of split.)

SCENE – PENTHOUSE FLAT

DAD IT'S THE SIMPLE EQUATION, LIKE NIGHT VERSUS DAY?
 OF OWNING UP NEATLY, OR RUNNING AWAY?
 SO WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED, THAT CAMDEN TOWN
 NIGHT
 IF GOLDEN BOY JOE TOOK THE PATH THAT SEEMED RIGHT?

(This time the WHITE JOE, now known as GOOD JOE, animates and goes through the white door. The mixed doors are suddenly all turned to white. We are now in the WHITE WORLD.)

DAD 'CAUSE WITHOUT LOVE THERE IS NO HIGH
 WITHOUT LOVE NO STARS NO SKY
 WILL THIS RISE WHERE THAT ONE FELL
 IS IT SO HARD TO TELL?

(The music is cut abruptly short by the strike of the MAGISTRATE'S gavel . . .)

SCENE – MAGISTRATES' COURT

MAGISTRATE *(hits gavel)* Quiet please.

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE Your honour, I did break into the flat but I didn't nick any stuff, I was just – to be honest I was trying to impress my girlfriend by showing her – you see – actually it is quite interesting – my family BUILT the Irish estate –

JOE'S
SOLICITOR (*shutting him up*) My client then showed admirable moral fibre in staying to give himself up, in light of which we plead for leniency.

MAGISTRATE Right. Well. I will consider that plea, provided there are no further submissions?

COUNCIL
SOLICITOR There is an additional submission in this case. The council are aware that Pressman Developments Ltd is failing to secure any purchasers for their 'Camden Quays' developments and feel that criminal activity, however petty, is contributing towards a general sense of urban malaise. As a result they are urging local magistrates to hand down short custodial sentences . . .

MUSIC N° 4b: MAGISTRATES' COURT – ALL I WANTED / MY GIRL

DAD (*seems surprised*) 'Custodial'?

GOOD JOE 'Custodial'? You mean like . . . prison?

SCENE – YOUNG OFFENDERS INSTITUTE

Enter a very cheery YOUTH CUSTODY OFFICER.

YOUTH CUSTODY
OFFICER No no no no no, we don't use the 'P' word, Mrs Casey.

(Clunk. GOOD JOE is suddenly at a table. KATH is led to the table as if at visiting.)

YOUTH CUSTODY
OFFICER This is a 'correctional facility'. We really believe in building up a positive self-image with our young clients. If they see themselves as criminals at the age of sixteen then that's how the rest of society will see them. We want to send them out of here saying (*cheerily*) 'My name's Joe Casey, ex-young offender, wiser, stonger, prouder!'

OUR HOUSE

KATH *(hugging him)* Ohhhh baby.

YOUTH CUSTODY

OFFICER *(sudden change of tone)* That doesn't mean you're allowed to touch him.

(KATH can't even hug him, and has to defy all her instincts to move away.)

KATH I did bring you a cake but they wouldn't let me in with it. *(Pause.)* They let other mothers in with theirs, they just said mine was too crap.

(GOOD JOE smiles.)

GOOD JOE Hi, mum.

(Underscore continues. A beat. KATH looks across at the son she can't touch.)

KATH You'll do right. You will do right, golden boy, Joe Casey, you are. *(Smiles.)* And I'm not the only girl in Camden who thinks that.

GOOD JOE We're sixteen, Mum. This is the summer they always go on about. *(Slight pause.)* Sarah would be mad to wait.

(Time's up. They are parted by the 'staff' and GOOD JOE is led off.)

KATH **ALL I WANTED WAS A WORD**

DAD **ANOTHER LOOK, A MOMENT MORE**

KATH **ALL I WANTED WAS A WORD**

DAD **A CHANCE TO ASK WHAT IS THIS FOR?**

(DAD starts the doors spinning again.)

KATH **ALL I WANTED WAS A WORD**

DAD **WHEN BOTH THE WRONG PATH AND THE RIGHT**

KATH **ALL I WANTED WAS A WORD**

OUR HOUSE

DAD **LEAVE HIM LONELY IN THE NIGHT**

(We are now BACK in the BLACK WORLD, where we were before, with BAD JOE, EMMO and LEWIS. Music continues.)

SCENE – CAMDEN CANAL

BAD JOE **WHY DO I FEEL THIS PAIN?**

(Underscore carries the tune).

BAD JOE

(Cont'd)

**SHE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
SHE DOESN'T REALISE
SHE TAKES IT ALL THE WRONG (WAY...)**

REECEY (O.S.) Well well well.

(REECEY appears in the shadows.)

EMMO Oh God. It's Reecey.

LEWIS Alright, mate?

REECEY *(smiles)* Good night girls.

EMMO Absolutely. Come on big man.

(EMMO scoops LEWIS off. REECEY gestures BAD JOE to stay behind. He does so.)

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.)

REECEY Billie and Angie said you got into one of the new flats up Camden Quays.

OUR HOUSE

- 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.*)
- BAD JOE What?
- REECEY (*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.*) 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. It forms the bell-intro to:*)

MUSIC N° 5: BAGGY TROUSERS

(*Two SCHOOLGIRLS rush in to get REECEY to sign their shirts.*)

SCHOOLGIRL 1 Ree-eccey!

SCHOOLGIRL 2 Sign me shirt. Sign me shirt!

REECEY **NAUGHTY BOYS IN NASTY SCHOOLS
HEADMASTERS BREAKING ALL THE RULES
HAVING FUN AND PLAYING FOOLS
SMASHING UP THE WOODWORK TOOLS.
ALL THE TEACHERS IN THE PUB
PASSING ROUND THE READY RUB
TRYING NOT TO THINK OF WHEN THE
LUNCHTIME BELL WILL RING AGAIN.**

OUR HOUSE

OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT DID IT REALLY TURN OUT BAD?
ALL I LEARNT AT SCHOOL WAS HOW TO BEND NOT BREAK
THE RULE

+ SCHOOLKIDS OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD
TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO
THE DAYS.

REECEY THE HEADMASTER'S HAD ENOUGH TODAY

MR JESMOND ALL THE KIDS HAVE GONE AWAY
GONE TO FIGHT WITH NEXT DOOR'S SCHOOL

REECEY (*shrugs*) EVERY TERM THAT IS THE RULE.

GANG SITS ALONE AND BENDS HIS CANE
SAME OLD BACKSIDES AGAIN

REECEY ALL THE SMALL ONES TELL TALL TALES
WALKING HOME AN' SQUASHING SNAILS.
OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT DID IT REALLY TURN OUT BAD
ALL I LEARNT AT SCHOOL WAS HOW TO BEND NOT BREAK
THE RULE.

SCHOOLKIDS OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD
TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS
TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE DAYS.

(MR JESMOND *enters and the desks swing to him. A fag packet is thrown into the desk.*)

MR JESMOND The last day of school is in so many ways the first day of the rest of your life.
(*Under . . .*) And here I'd urge you to remember the prospects that . . .

OUR HOUSE

SCHOOLKIDS *(counting the clock down)* EIGHT. SEVEN. SIX. FIVE. FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE . . .

(. . . the bell goes . . .)

MASSED

SCHOOLKIDS *(strike the pose)* FREEDOM-M!

(Music continues – THE DANCE OF THE LAST DAY AT SCHOOL)

SCHOOLKIDS LOTS OF GIRLS AND LOTS OF BOYS
LOTS OF SMELLS AND LOTS OF NOISE
PLAYING FOOTBALL IN THE PARK
KICKING PUSHBIKES AFTER DARK.
BAGGY TROUSERS, DIRTY SHIRTS
PULLING HAIR AND EATING DIRT
TEACHER COMES TO BREAK IT UP
BACK OF THE HEAD WITH A PLASTIC CUP.

(Everyone goes angelic. White light.)

SCHOOLKIDS

(Cont'd) *(hands together, choir-like)* OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT DID IT REALLY TURN OUT BAD
ALL I LEARNT AT SCHOOL
WAS HOW TO BEND NOT BREAK THE RULE.

(Normal music returns.)

SCHOOLKIDS

(Cont'd) OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD.
TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE –

(Dance Break.)

SCHOOLKIDS

(Cont'd) OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD

OUR HOUSE

TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE -

- REECEY WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN,
 TEMPTATION'S ON HIS WAY
 WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN,
 TEMPTATION'S ON HIS WAY ...
- + BAD JOE WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN,
 TEMPTATION'S ON HIS WAY
 WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN,
 TEMPTATION'S ON HIS WAY ...
- + SCHOOLKIDS (2)
 BAGGY TROUSERS. BAGGY TROUSERS.
 BAGGY TROUSERS. TEMPTATION'S ON HIS WAY
 BAGGY TROUSERS. BAGGY TROUSERS
 BAGGY TROUSERS. TEMPTATION'S ON HIS WAY
- + SCHOOLKIDS (3)
(*Cont'd*) SCHOOL'S OUT
 NA NA NA NA NA NA NA
 SCHOOL'S OUT
 NA NA NA NA NA NA NA
- ALL (*rising*) WOH-H-H-H-H
 HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH!
 OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
 BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD
 TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS
 TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE -
 BAGGY TROUSERS. BAGGY TROUSERS.
 BAGGY TROUSERS.
 NA NA NA NA-A-A-A
 W-OI!

(*A tableau centred round BAD JOE and REECEY, arms round each other.*)

OUR HOUSE

SCENE – RAY'S CAR PARLOUR

MUSIC N° 5a: SIMPLE EQUATION (Reprise)

(DAD enters with bunting.)

DAD *(colla voce)* **IT'S A SIMPLE EQUATION – YOU GOTTA EXPECT**

(Whilst doing this, DAD sets up some car showroom bunting, and as he does, sets the doors to spin . . . spin . . . spin and all TURN TO WHITE. DAD now controls all we see. And we are now in the GOOD JOE story.)

**CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTES MAKE YOU 'CORRECT'.
SURELY YOU'RE GOING TO EMERGE IN A WORLD
WHERE YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT PATH - RIGHT MATES . . .
RIGHT GIRL?**

(On come EMMO and LEWIS in brightly-coloured jump suits. Music ends.)

EMMO This is NUTS. This is just - why the hell are we at work on the day Joe gets out?

LEWIS Well largely because today's also our first day in this job, and that's not a great day to take a sickie.

(A shark con man of 43, RAY, comes on.)

RAY *(in one breath)* Right. The art of car-washing is a much maligned and underestimated art, there's far more to it than sloshing water on, waxing the bonnet and rubbing tyre-black on the wheels I'm lying of course, there's the water, the wax an' the tyre black, off y' go.

(RAY goes straight off again.)

LEWIS Told y' there wouldn't be a long training period.

EMMO He hasn't even asked about me GCSE results. I mean I could be anyone. I could just run off with this bucket.

OUR HOUSE

(There's a car honk-k the other side. They look . . .)

EMMO Ohhhh my Goddd it's not, please tell me it's not-t-t . . .

(REECEY strides across the stage.)

REECEY Alright girls?

EMMO
+ LEWIS *(immediately try to be cool)* Alright Reecey.

(REECEY gets and takes a phone call . . .)

BILLIE *(entering)* Well well well.

ANGIE It's the water monkeys.

EMMO *(s.v.)* Why d'you bring Reecey here to get his car washed?

LEWIS That is so unfair. You knew it was our first day.

ANGIE No we didn't. —

BILLIE Did we?

BILLIE
+ ANGIE Oh no, we did.

(SARAH rushes in, dragging GOOD JOE).

SARAH GUYS, GUYS! Look who's back!

EMMO
+ LEWIS Heyy-y!

(EMMO and LEWIS run towards him, then remember they're blokes and shake his hand.)

BILLIE Well well.

OUR HOUSE

- ANGIE So Joe. How was prison?
- SARAH It wasn't 'prison'. It was a Young Offenders Institute.
- BILLIE Right. (*Nods to ANGIE.*) 'Starter Prison'.
- EMMO Hey yeah. D'y get beat up with socks full of snooker balls, an' is there like one bloke who gets stuff sent in from outside an' you all have to give him a bit of your chocolate and his cell's got a carpet and all the warders are nicer to him an' he's called like 'King' or something?
- GOOD JOE No.
- EMMO (*genuinely disappointed*) Shame.
- GOOD JOE You learn things, mate. That's what it's 'like'.
- ANGIE (*archly*) Oo really? You did exams?
- GOOD JOE (*patiently*) Y don't have to have exams to do every job in the world, do y'?
- BILLIE That's true.
- BILLIE
+ ANGIE (*gestures EMMO and LEWIS*) Ta-da-a-a!
- LEWIS (*points*) Hey yeah! We could have a word with Ray!
- EMMO (*cockily*) Yeah, see the art of car-washing is a much maligned art ...
- REECEY Alternatively –
- (*They all turn as REECEY swaggers forwards, pocketing his phone.*)
- ... he could come and work with me. (*Smiles.*) As it happens I'm starting up a little 'business venture'.
- GOOD JOE It's ... okay, Reecey. I'm not getting into any of that. (*To the others.*) See, what they teach y' in there is pride. (*Grandly.*) So y' can come out an' stand in front the world and say 'Hey. (*Gestures 'himself'.*) My name's Joe Casey. Ex-young offender. Take me or leave me!'

OUR HOUSE

SCENE – CAREERS OFFICE

MUSIC N° 6: EMBARRASSMENT

(REECEY *theatrically 'reveals' an Employment Office worker, the CAREERS OFFICER.*)

CAREERS
OFFICER

RECEIVED A LETTER JUST THE OTHER DAY.

GOOD JOE

Here we go!

REECEY

(*takes letter, in mock surprise*)

DON'T SEEM THEY WANNA KNOW YOU NO MORE.

GOOD JOE

Y'what?

REECEY

**THEY LAID IT DOWN GIVING YOU THEIR SCORE
WITHIN THE FIRST TWO LINES IT BLUNTLY READ ...**

(*He rather cockily passes it to ANGIE.*)

ANGIE

(*takes it and reads*) **YOU'RE NOT TO COME SEE US NO MORE.**

BILLIE

KEEP AWAY FROM OUR DOOR

BILLIE

+ ANGIE

**DON'T COME ROUND HERE NO MORE.
WHAT ON EARTH DID Y' DO THAT FOR?**

GOOD JOE

Eh?

SCENE – CASEY STREET

EMMO

(*indicates door opening*)

OUR AUNT SHE DON'T WANNA KNOW, SHE SAYS ...

AUNT

(*opens door on ...*)

WHAT WILL THE NEIGHBOURS THINK? THEY'LL THINK ...

OUR HOUSE

NEIGHBOURS **WE DON'T.**

AUNT **THAT'S WHAT THEY'LL THINK**

NEIGHBOURS **WE DON'T.**

AUNT **BUT I WILL, 'CAUSE I KNOW THEY THINK I DON'T.**

(LEWIS opens a door on a SHABBY SLOB OF AN UNCLE drinking beer in his vest, scratching his bollocks.)

LEWIS **OUR UNCLE HE DON'T WANNA KNOW, HE SAYS**

SHABBY
UNCLE **WE ARE A DISGRACE TO THE HUMAN RACE . . .**

LEWIS **HE SAYS . . .**

SHABBY
UNCLE **HOW CAN YOU SHOW YOUR FACE
WHEN YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO THE HUMAN RACE?**

(Underscore continues. SARAH pep-talks GOOD JOE as a MAN IN A DOG COSTUME appears at a desk.)

SARAH **Go on. Best of luck. Keep smiling. *(She kisses him and goes.)***

DOG MAN **Joe, seriously it's great you're interested in being a shelf stacker here at Oscar's Toy Farm. You think you'd fit in?**

GOOD JOE **Oh definitely. I love this kind of environment.**

DOG MAN **Great!**

GOOD JOE **I love kids. I've got enormous commitment.**

DOG MAN **Hoo hoo!**

(Underscore stops.)

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE (*ebulliently*) I'm also very proud to stand here in front of you and say that I'm a reformed young offender.

(*Pause. The DOG'S ears shoot up. Two SECURITY GUARDS burst in.*)

SECURITY
GUARDS

**NO COMMITMENT, YOU'RE AN EMBARRASSMENT
YES AN EMBARRASSMENT, A LIVING ENDORSEMENT.**

GOOD JOE Get off, just –

SECURITY
GUARDS

**THE INTENTION THAT YOU HAVE BOOKED
WAS AN INTENTION THAT WAS OVERLOOKED.**

BILLIE
+ ANGIE

**THEY SAY STAY AWAY
DON'T WANT YOU HOME TODAY
KEEP AWAY FROM OUR DOOR
DON'T COME ROUND HERE NO MORE.**

(*KATH appears.*)

KATH **OUR DAD DON'T WANNA KNOW, HE SAYS . . .**

GRANDAD **THIS IS A SERIOUS MATTER.**

GOOD JOE Grandad? Come on mate –

GRANDAD **TOO LATE TO RECONSIDER
NO-ONE'S GONNA WANNA KNOW Y'.**

GOOD JOE (*goes to his mum*) **OUR MUM** (*she . . .*)

(*EMMO and LEWIS intercede.*)

EMMO **SHE DON'T WANNA KNOW, SHE SAYS . . .**

LEWIS **'I'M FEELING TWICE AS OLD', SHE SAYS . . .**

OUR HOUSE

EMMO **THOUGHT SHE HAD HER HEAD ON HER SHOULDER**

EMMO
+ LEWIS **'CAUSE I'M FEELING TWICE AS OLDER
I'M FEELING TWICE AS OLDER'**

(SARAH pep-talks GOOD JOE as a MAN IN A CLOWN COSTUME walks in and sits at a desk.)

SARAH Right you bloody knock 'em dead. At least this time y'r not gonna be interviewed by a dog.

CLOWN Okay so then, Mister Casey, what makes you think you'd make a good waiter here at 'The International House Of Waffles'?

GOOD JOE Well I love meeting people, I'm very hard-working and I'm quick to learn.

CLOWN *(ticks, nods)* Uh-huh.

(Underscore stops.)

GOOD JOE I'm also very proud to sit here and say that I'm a reformed young offender.

(The CLOWN looks up, suddenly rigid. The top of his hat flips back on a hinge with a spring sound and a banana on a spring shoots out.)

EVERYONE **YOU'RE AN EMBARRASSMENT.**

Blackout.

SCENE – SUBURBAN HOUSE

MUSIC N° 6a: EMBARRASSMENT Playoff

DAD sets the doors spinning . . . spinning . . . and stops them on black. We are now in the BAD JOE story. Out of this blackness appears PRESSMAN, a seemingly avuncular businessman. A businesswoman, HEATHER, walks on. Underscore ends.)

OUR HOUSE

- HEATHER Oh Mister Pressman?
- DAD This is where you have to watch out now, Joe.
- HEATHER Mister Pressman!
- DAD Some people in the dark half of this world don't look half as dark as they are. Some look nice as pie.
- (PRESSMAN *turns, nice as pie.*)
- PRESSMAN Heather-r!
- HEATHER If you'd like to meet . . . this is the Sales Manager for London Alarms.
- (BAD JOE *walks on, looking a million dollars, relatively. Well groomed, hair slicked back, black suit.*)
- BAD JOE Casey's the name. Joe Casey.
- PRESSMAN Good God. Hardly looks old enough to be a manager.
- BAD JOE No, well. To be honest I left school early to start this company. A friend and I decided the world of business seemed exciting, we were sixteen and . . . why wait?
- PRESSMAN (*smiles, nods*) Is that right. (*A beat.*) Well I didn't stay at school either, Mister Casey. It never did me any harm. Fair play to y'. (*His mobile rings.*) I'll leave you in the very capable hands of Heather who deals with all my property.
- HEATHER Okay, goodbye, Mister Pressman.
- BAD JOE (*points*) Sorry is that . . . ? Are these . . . (*houses*) . . . ? 'Pressman' as in . . . that you see up on cranes?
- HEATHER As in 'Pressman Developments'.
- BAD JOE Wow. Is he moving here?

OUR HOUSE

- HEATHER No, no, this one's actually a birthday present he's bought for his secretary.
- BAD JOE He buys houses for his staff?
- HEATHER (*a beat, then wryly*) It usually buys him something back.
- BAD JOE (*beat*) Anyway. I've been er – all round the property and I have to say the existing alarm layout is pretty sufficient.
- HEATHER Really?
- BAD JOE Absolutely. The only loophole is (*Checks clipboard.*) that one single un-alarmed downstairs window. But the chances of anyone discovering that are very slight.

MUSIC N° 6b: BAGGY TROUSERS (Underscore)

- HEATHER Right.
- BAD JOE Or the fact the utility room has no alarm sensor.
- HEATHER No.
- BAD JOE Or the fact that there's a slight weakness in . . .
- (*BAD JOE walks from one scene into . . .*)

SCENE – THE IRISH THEME PUB

- (*. . . the pub where waits REECEY.*)
- BAD JOE . . . the existing alarm layout where someone's put a stud wall in front of the infra red, allowing un-monitored access into the lounge and garage.
- (*REECEY stands, putting some gloves on.*)
- REECEY Cheers mate. Told y' this little business idea'd work.
- (*REECEY leaves past EMMO and LEWIS, who pile in.*)

OUR HOUSE

REECEY 'Night, girls.

LEWIS What the hell are you doing?

EMMO I thought you didn't want to end up housebreaking like y'r dad. (*Underscore ends.*)

JOE (*fingers to lips*) Ap ap ap!

(BAD JOE *produces letter.*)

MUSIC N° 7: EMBARRASSMENT (Reprise – 'Encouragement Version')

BAD JOE RECEIVED A LETTER JUST THE OTHER DAY.

HEATHER WE'VE HAD SECOND THOUGHTS ABOUT THAT ALARM SYSTEM.
WE HAD A MINOR BREAK IN THURSDAY NIGHT. SO ER . . .
PERHAPS YOU MIGHT LIKE TO GIVE US A QUOTE FOR . . . (*The alarms?*)

BAD JOE Here we go boys!

(The BOSS OF LONDON ALARMS *enters with some ceremony.*)

(*Similarly-clad SALES REPS pile in.*)

SALES REPS OOO – AHH, *etc.*

LONDON

ALARMS BOSS HERE HE IS. THE RISING STAR 'JOE CASEY'.
AS DISTRICT MANAGER HERE AT LONDON ALARMS LET ME
CONGRATULATE YOU ON THESE JANUARY SALES FIGURES
FOURTEEN IS A COMPANY RECORD.

JOE This isn't 'crime'! This is enterprise culture!

SALES REPS OOO – AHH, *etc.*
HE'S AN ENCOURAGEMENT,
A LIVING ENDORSEMENT.
THE PROMISE THAT HE HAS SHOWN,
THIS IS THE START OF A LONG-TERM RELATIONSHIP.

OUR HOUSE

(Dance break, ending with . . .)

SALES REPS **OOO – AHH, etc.**
HE'S AN ENCOURAGEMENT,
OOO – AHH.

(DAD executes a magical switch from the hugely successful BAD JOE into . . .)

SCENE – WEST END STREET

. . . GOOD JOE, *standing dully on a street corner with a sign saying 'GOLF SALE', with a large arrow, on his head. We are now in the WHITE WORLD.*

BILLIE
+ ANGIE Joe Caseyy-y!

GOOD JOE Oh God. Oh God. Oh God oh God. *(Tries to be super-casual.)* Billie. Angie. Hi.

(A beat.)

BILLIE *(coolly)* Joe, look I know this sounds crazy, but I really fancy some tartan trousers. *(Looks round.)* D'you have any idea round here where I might be able to get some?

GOOD JOE *(deadpan)* Very good.

ANGIE So after the unique feat of getting turned down for a job by a dog and a clown, this is the job you told everyone you got in 'marketing'?

GOOD JOE Girls . . .

BILLIE Wouldn't it be terrible if Sarah found out the terrible tartan truth.

GOOD JOE *(quickly)* Don't tell her.

BILLIE Especially now's she's at college.

GOOD JOE Don't tell her.

OUR HOUSE

- ANGIE Whole new social 'circle'. Mixing with all those high-rollers.
- BILLIE Like Callum, for instance, whose father owns a distillery.
- GOOD JOE (*pause*) Who?
- ANGIE Mind you, sayin' that, Billie, it does seem for the first time Joe Casey's got a real direction in life.
- BILLIE
+ ANGIE (*deadpan, flatly*) Wa hey.
- GOOD JOE Look I'm trying to earn a quick bit of cash so I can do something for Sarah's birthday.
- (*REECEY emerges, smoking.*)
- ANGIE Hey well it'd better be good, I tell y'. She's used to better things now.
- GOOD JOE If university was that glamorous she wouldn't be working weekends in a bar.
- (*BILLIE and ANGIE have gone, leaving REECEY in the shadows.*)
- BILLIE +
ANGIE (V.O.) (*dully*) Whatever.
- REECEY Hey Jo jo.
- (*GOOD JOE doesn't answer.*)

MUSIC N^o 7a: BAGGY TROUSERS / OUR HOUSE (Underscore)

- REECEY
(*Cont'd*) So tell me. How much have y'got to impress this girl?
- GOOD JOE It's not 'impressing'. It's more . . . what I'm doing is . . . is . . . (*Pause, quieter.*) Eighty quid.
- REECEY (*swallows*) See that lovely little convertible Jaguar?

OUR HOUSE

(GOOD JOE *peers.*)

REECEY

(*Cont'd*) Eighty quid, y'can borrow that for the day.

GOOD JOE

Is it yours?

REECEY

No. (*Smiles.*) But what a difference two minutes would make.

(*He turns to GOOD JOE. He beams.*)

REECEY

(*Cont'd*) (*tantalisingly*) Vrum-vrooom.

GOOD JOE

It's okay, Reecey. I'm not getting into all that. (*Music pauses.*) But you have given us an idea. (*Races off, turns.*) This is gonna be the most brilliant birthday present ever.

REECEY

(*calls after him*) Y'want a car, mate, I'm telling y'. Nothing impresses a woman like cars. (*Slight pause.*) Except honesty. An' personally I've always found cars easier. (*Music begins again.*)

SCENE – CASEY STREET

Underscore continues. SARAH bounces out to that expectant underscore expecting a picnic, all dressed in summer gear, shades, croptops, cans of lager.

SARAH

Her-r-r-e we go! 'One o' Clock, corner of Casey Street' Come on-n-n . . .

(. . . *followed by a cynical, arms-folded BILLIE and ANGIE.*)

BILLIE

Let me tell you, this is going to be your most disappointing birthday ever.

SARAH

Shut it-t . . .

ANGIE

You should've stayed at university and invited us to a massive party.

SARAH

Girls.

ANGIE

+ BILLIE (*immediate false grins*) All smiles.

OUR HOUSE

ANGIE We're here.

BILLIE Ready for the spectacle.

ANGIE
+ BILLIE Bring it on.

(A battered old Morris Minor coupe appears. Driving it is GOOD JOE with his arms wide. EMMO and LEWIS in the back.)

GOOD JOE Ha-hey!

BILLIE
+ ANGIE Goodbye.

MUSIC N° 8: DRIVING IN MY CAR

SARAH Get back here. Get back here! This is fantastic.

(SARAH bundles the protesting BILLIE and ANGIE into the car.)

GOOD JOE **I'VE BEEN DRIVING IN MY CAR.
IT'S NOT QUITE A JAGUAR.**

BILLIE
+ ANGIE *(look at him, deadpan)* You don't say.

GOOD JOE **I BOUGHT IT IN PRIMROSE HILL
FROM A BLOKE FROM BRAZIL.**

LEWIS Eighty quid.

ANGIE That much?

GOOD JOE **IT WAS MADE IN FIFTY-NINE.**

BILLIE That new?

GOOD JOE **IN A FACTORY BY THE TYNE.**

OUR HOUSE

ANGIE Oh my God. It's Northern.

LEWIS IT SAYS 'MORRIS' ON THE DOOR
THE GPO OWNED IT BEFORE.

GOOD JOE I DRIVE IN IT FOR MY JOB
THE GUV'NOR CALLS ME A SLOB
BUT I DON'T REALLY CARE.

BILLIE
+ ANGIE You should.

GOOD JOE GIVE ME SOME GAS AND THE OPEN AIR.

EMMO Here we go-o-o-o-o

(All in, they 'set off'. Wind blows their hair.)

GOOD JOE IT'S A BIT OLD BUT IT'S MINE.
I MEND IT IN MY SPARE TIME.
JUST LAST WEEK I CHANGED THE OIL
THE ROCKER VALVES AND THE COIL.

EMMO
+ LEWIS *(nods)* JUST LAST WEEK HE CHANGED THE OIL.

GOOD JOE,
EMMO
+ LEWIS LAST WEEK IT WENT ROUND THE CLOCK
I ALSO HAD A LITTLE KNOCK.

GOOD JOE I DENTED SOMEBODY'S FENDER.

EMMO
+ LEWIS HE LEARNED NOT TO PARK ON A BENDER.

BILLIE HA HA – *(To ANGIE.)* Get out.

OUR HOUSE

(Choreography of SARAH, loving it, preventing BILLIE and ANGIE from leaving . . .)

LEWIS You can't get out, it's moving!

EMMO *(points)* Tunnel!

ANGIE What?

EVERYONE Tunn-nelllllll!!!

(. . . as the car goes into a tunnel, then onto a rollercoaster, into the sky . . .)

GOOD JOE I'VE BEEN DRIVING IN MY CAR
IT DON'T LOOK MUCH, BUT I'VE BEEN FAR.
I DRIVE UP TO MUSWELL HILL
I'VE EVEN BEEN TO SELSEY BILL.
I DROVE ALONG THE A45
I HAD HER UP TO FIFTY EIGHT.

*(. . . becomes the prow of the Titanic . . .
. . . battles through Star Wars . . .
. . . then back to earth.)*

GOOD JOE
+ SARAH I LIKE DRIVING IN MY CAR

BILLIE
+ ANGIE HE LIKES DRIVING IN HIS CAR

GOOD JOE
+ SARAH DON'T LOOK MUCH BUT I'VE BEEN FAR

BILLIE
+ ANGIE DON'T LOOK MUCH. Full stop.

(Much bickering and squawking to a final apocalyptic . . .)

GOOD JOE *(triumphantly)* GOD I LOVE THIS CAR! *(Music ends.)*

OUR HOUSE

(There's a bang from the engine. A thin Wile E. Coyote of smoke rises. The sisters climb out as EMMO and LEWIS start to push it back.)

LEWIS *(gesturing for help)* Emmo?

BILLIE Anyway Sarah . . . *(Deep breath.)* . . .

BILLIE
+ ANGIE *(sing)* **HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY . . .**

SARAH It's STILL a great birthday!

EMMO *(pushing)* We can push it back!

BILLIE *(going)* Sorry. Don't do 'push'.

ANGIE *(into mobile, going)* Reecey. Guess what's happened.

EMMO *(pushing it away)* Just get it up on the verge an' we can call someone out.

LEWIS *(helping)* Yeah what, like a priest?

SARAH This is such . . . *(Kisses him.)* mmm! You know why I love that car? Because it is so 'Joe Casey'. It is just so you. It's just the . . .

GOOD JOE *(half smile)* It's an embarrassment.

SARAH *(takes a beat, tries again)* Listen Joe. At Christmas, at university they have this big massive ball, this charity ball where everyone has to dress up in big frocks and the blokes wear dinner jackets and I'm on the organising committee so I get two free tickets!

GOOD JOE Sarah, I have to tell you the job I have in 'marketing' is standing on a street corner with a sign saying 'golf sale' on my head.

SARAH Right. *(Swallows, pause.)* Well I could hire a dinner suit for you!

GOOD JOE *(strokes her hair back)* It's okay.

OUR HOUSE

SARAH Serious. Now I've got this weekend job in a bar on the Embankment. I don't mind paying for you to . . .

GOOD JOE Sarah. I don't want charity.

(He turns and goes.)

MUSIC N° 8a - I: MY GIRL – Reprise (Ballad Version)

SARAH **WHY CAN'T I EXPLAIN?**

(Underscore takes the line: 'Why do I feel this pain?')

SARAH
(Cont'd)

**EVERYTHING I SAY HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND
HE DOESN'T REALISE
HE TAKES IT ALL . . .**

(DAD enters, turning all the doors to black. We are now in the BLACK WORLD and in a showroom.)

SCENE – JAGUAR SHOWROOM

SARAH
+ DAD . . . **THE WRONG WAY.**

MUSIC N° 8a - II: DRIVING IN MY CAR – Reprise (Big Band Version)

(BAD JOE, sharp as a knife, gelled-back hair, is shown his car by a POSH SALESMAN as DAD sings.)

DAD **HE'S BEEN DRIVING IN HIS CAR.**

SALESMAN Here we are sir, I think you'll like this one, it's a twin carb four litre petrol-engined . . .

DAD *(looks over JOE's shoulder at the spec.)* **IT IS INDEED A JAGUAR**

OUR HOUSE

BAD JOE **IT SAYS 'V8' ON THE DOOR.
FINISH, TRIM . . .**

DAD **. . . AND A CORRIDOR.**

SALESMAN **CLIMATE-CONTROLLED AUTOMATIC'LY.**

BAD JOE Very nice. Veryyyy nice!

(Music breaks.)

SCENE – CASEY STREET

BAD JOE It's a great day mum!

KATH Oh look at YOU! My God, will you look at this SUIT!

BAD JOE I don't sell alarms anymore. I'm like me great grandad. Y've got another builder in the family now!

KATH *(reads card)* 'Casey Properties'.

BAD JOE *(chucks her cheek)* Promise you mum, it'll be massive one day. It'll be up there on cranes like 'Pressmans'.

KATH You're a developer?

BAD JOE *(slight pebble in shoe)* 'Builder'. 'Developer'.

KATH Does that mean I'll get to see even less of you?

BAD JOE I promise you mum, you'll be proud of that name.

KATH I am already.

BAD JOE Not only that . . .

KATH I said, 'I am al - . . .

OUR HOUSE

BAD JOE I've set Emmo and Lewis up in a limousine business!

SCENE – RIVERSIDE COCKTAIL BAR

(Drum roll and cymbal crash.)

EMMO +
LEWIS (O.S.) Ladies and Gentlemen-n-n-n . . .

BAD JOE *(points)* I give yo-o-ou . . . !

(EMMO and LEWIS swagger out, wearing chic light grey chauffeur outfits.)

EMMO
+ LEWIS *(no accompaniment)* **WE'VE BEEN DRIVING IN OUR CAR**

BAD JOE Hahahahaheyyyy! *(Points.)* What's it got, boys?

EMMO
+ LEWIS **FISH TANK AND A CINEMA.**

MUSIC N° 8b: AFTER DRIVING IN MY CAR (Cocktail Piano)

BAD JOE Tell me everything.

KATH *(leaving unmarked by JOE)* I'll see y' then.

EMMO It is the biggest car . . .

KATH Joe?

(BAD JOE sits at a table, all smiles to his mates. His mum just leaves.)

LEWIS Five point eight litre. Genuine USA Left hand drive . . .

EMMO It is the biggest car . . .

LEWIS Twenty eight thousand miles, only ever driven in California . . .

OUR HOUSE

- EMMO It is the biggest car . . .
- BAD JOE It's a big car, is it Emmo?
- EMMO It is the biggest . . . (*car . . .*)
- LEWIS (*shushes* EMMO, *quieter tone*) Listen, Joe, I have to ask. All this money. The limo, the money that's paid for the limo . . .
- BAD JOE (*to avoid* GIRLS *hearing*) Guys guys guys. The alarm scam just got me the money to set up legit. I will never need to deal with scumbags like Reecey again in my life.
- (*The waitress turns up in a chic cocktail waitress outfit. It's SARAH.*)
- SARAH (*writing in pad*) Yes, gentlemen. What can I get you?
- EMMO (*privately to* LEWIS) God, she is a dead ringer for that girl we knew at school.
- SARAH (*hearing it*) It is me. Hello Emmo.
- EMMO Hey. (*Points to his hat.*) Surely what you mean is 'Hello 'E', of 'E and L Limousines.'
- SARAH (*coolly*) What a brilliant name.
- EMMO It stands for . . .
- SARAH I know what it stands for.
- LEWIS We're an investment of a young businessman.
- (*EMMO gives SARAH the business card.*)
- SARAH So. Joe Casey getting into property. I seem to remember he was doing that the last time we met. Cocktails?
- BAD JOE (*gently*) Please tell me you went to university.

OUR HOUSE

- SARAH Can I take your order?
- EMMO Hey. What's it like, university? Is it like everyone just has sex with everyone else like just all the time?
- SARAH You do jobs at weekends to afford it. That's what it's 'like'. Order?
- EMMO Three of them melon ones.
- SARAH (*goes*) Thanks.
- BAD JOE Did you have a good birthday?
- (*Music fades. SARAH stops. And turns.*)
- SARAH (*pause, s.v.*) I was on a committee all day for a charity ball.
- BAD JOE Can anyone come?
- SARAH (*beat*) It's for 'charity', Joe. Involves doing things for other people. Depends if you're into that. (*She goes.*)

SCENE – HAMPSTEAD TERRACE

MUSIC N° 8c: SIMPLE EQUATION – Reprise

- CHORUS **OOOOO AHHHH ...**
OOOOO AHHHH ...
- (DAD *effects a sudden change into the WHITE WORLD, GOOD JOE's. But it's eerie, as the night is dark. Things, in fact, seem grey.*)
- DAD **THE EQUATION STARTS SIMPLE, BUT IN THE LONG RUN ...**
(*Beats.*)
GETS HARDER TO RECOGNISE RAIN FROM THE SUN
(*Beats.*)
WRONG TURNING RIGHT ...
Good turning bad?

OUR HOUSE

(One turn reveals the wolf in the woods . . .)

REECEY Well well well,

(Underscore.)

GOOD JOE Leave us alone eh, Reecey.

REECEY Don't turn me away, Jo-jo. It's just a little job. I planned it all nice an' convenient. On your way home from work. Slightly open front window . . .

GOOD JOE Look I told you I'm not getting into any of that.

REECEY *(cuts to the chase)* It'd pay for a DJ.

(GOOD JOE doesn't look at him.)

DAD **ALL I WANTED WAS A WORD . . .**

REECEY
(Cont'd) Not your fault you can't get a job.

DAD **AS YOU STAND WHERE I ONCE STOOD . . .**

REECEY
(Cont'd) Not your fault your dad doesn't own a distillery.

(GOOD JOE'S shoulders drop.)

GOOD JOE What do I have to do?

(REECEY laughs and leads GOOD JOE into temptation . . .)

DAD
+ CHORUS **IT'S THE DAYS THAT SEPARATE THE NIGHT.
THE SHADOWS BY WHICH WE RECOGNISE THE LIGHT.**

OUR HOUSE

(A marquee front drops. Underscore continues.)

SCENE – MARQUEE AT SARAH'S COLLEGE

In burst BILLIE and ANGIE dressed to the nines in ball dresses.

BILLIE Oh my God. Finally I start to live.

ANGIE I am in a ball dress. I am in a university . . .

(SARAH rushes in, wearing a ball dress, with CALLUM, a Scottish student.)

BILLIE
+ ANGIE Ha heyyy!

SARAH Billie-e! Oh Callum! Billie and Angie, this is Callum. Organised this with me.

CALLUM *(shakes)* You must be her friends from Camden?

ANGIE Islington.

BILLIE Anyway-y. I bet there's some family history behind those trousers, am I right?

(Huge APPLAUSE).

SARAH Oh God the band's finished. Can you check the next . . . *(band?)*

CALLUM I'll check the band! Yes captain. *(Salutes, smiling.)* Have a good night, ladies.

BILLIE *(points at CALLUM)* Look at that.

SARAH What?

ANGIE Not wanting to say 'I told you so', but just imagine all those years back if you'd ended up going out with Joe Casey and then come to a place like this.

BILLIE It'd be like being tied to a donkey in a field full of stallions.

OUR HOUSE

(The marquee flaps part dramatically to reveal BAD JOE in a DJ).

BAD JOE *(does cuffs, nods)* Girls.

(Jaws drop audibly all round.)

BAD JOE
(Cont'd) *(hands over a cheque)* Y'don't mind? I've brought a donation.

BILLIE *(takes it)* 'Casey Properties'?

SARAH *(reads it)* Joe, you didn't have to do that.

BAD JOE Yeah well that's the point of 'charity', isn't it? Besides. Don't want to waste all these dancing lessons.

(The combo at the ball start 'playing'.)

MUSIC N° 9: THE RETURN OF THE LOS PALMAS SEVEN

(BAD JOE holds his hand out to SARAH.)

SARAH *(shrugs)* I can't. Seriously.

(BAD JOE does an 'okay' of the eyes, and turns his hand to invite BILLIE or ANGIE.)

BAD JOE Girls?

ANGIE Alas. Time to go.

BILLIE Sorry. Don't do 'dance'.

(BAD JOE and SARAH are alone.)

BAD JOE *(smiles)* Let me teach you. This is the simplest dance in the universe.

(He starts to teach her, sometimes with audible little instructions, the steps his DAD danced with KATH.)

OUR HOUSE

SARAH Where did you learn all this?

BAD JOE Camden International Academy Of Dance.

SARAH Joe.

BAD JOE It's above the Electric Rhino Sex Shop.

SARAH Joe.

BAD JOE Me mum taught me.

(And as she starts to get it together, the marquee blows away and allows us to dance past the landmarks of contemporary London . . . the wheel. The dome. Buckingham Palace . . .)

SCENE – PICCADILLY CIRCUS

(SARAH finally stops, and pulls away.)

SARAH Why did you come tonight?

BAD JOE I'd like to say it's 'cause I support Oxfam.

(SARAH smiles.)

BAD JOE
(*Cont'd*) God y'know I spent so long – (*Winces.*) so many nights, back and back, going back over that night in Camden Quays. Running away. Putting myself before you.

(Music ends. Pause. They look at each other.)

BAD JOE
(*Cont'd*) (*slight pause*) Biggest mistake I ever made.

SARAH (*pause*) Yeah. It was. (*She looks at him.*)

OUR HOUSE

BAD JOE Y'know sometimes I find myself fantasising I did the right thing that night.
An' how brilliant life would've turned out.

(A thunderclap and the doors rotate to white. We're snapped into GOOD JOE's story.)

MUSIC N° 10: SHUT UP

(GOOD JOE and REECEY thunder across the stage with a telly, pursued by COPPERS.)

COPPER 1 Get the little scumbag!

REECEY Run Jo-jo!

GOOD JOE Reececeyy!

COPPER 2 Come on son, you're nicked.

(There is a chase.)

COPPER 3 Alright lads. Game's up. I've got him.

SCENE – POLICE STATION

POLICE *pile in and restrain REECEY and GOOD JOE.*

REECEY **I TELL YOU I DIDN'T DO IT, 'CAUSE I WASN'T THERE**

GOOD JOE Eh?

REECEY **DON'T BLAME ME, IT JUST ISN'T FAIR.**

GOOD JOE Reecey?

REECEY **DON'T LISTEN TO HIS SIDE, JUST LISTEN TO MINE
CAN'T THINK OF A STORY, SURE YOU'LL FIND ME SOMETIME.
NOW PASS THE BLAME AND DON'T BLAME ME
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND COUNT TO THREE**

OUR HOUSE

- COPPERS **ONE. TWO. THREE.**
- REECEY **THEN I'LL BE GONE AND YOU'LL FORGET
THE BROKEN WINDOW, TV SET.**
- GOOD JOE **IT WASN'T ME EITHER, (*Nods to REECEY.*) I'M JUST HIS MATE.**
- REECEY 'Mate'? **HE TOLD ME TO STAND HERE AND WATCH THE GATE.**
- GOOD JOE No, no, no. He told me . . . (*that -*)
- REECEY **I'VE GOT A WIFE AND THREE KIDS YOU KNOW**
- GOOD JOE No he hasn't. (. . . *He -*)
- REECEY **THEY'LL TELL YOU I'M STRAIGHT, AT LEAST I THINK SO.**
- GOOD JOE Look officer, **I'M AS HONEST AS THE DAY IS LONG.**
- REECEY (*nods knowingly at JOE*) Yeah right.
'THE LONGER THE DAYLIGHT THE LESS I DO WRONG'.
- REECEY + JOE **NOW PASS THE BLAME AND DON'T BLAME ME
JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND COUNT TO THREE
(ONE, TWO, THREE,)
THEN I'LL BE GONE AND YOU'LL FORGET
THE BROKEN WINDOW, TV SET.
ONE, TWO, THREE!**
- (*Underscore.*)
- EMMO Joe! Over here!
- LEWIS We're here for y', mate. We called Sarah (*and . . .*)
- GOOD JOE What?
- EMMO What?
- GOOD JOE You called Sarah?

OUR HOUSE

EMMO Was that wrong?

GOOD JOE You idiots. You brain dead, stupid . . .

 (*GOOD JOE flies at EMMO, who can't believe what's happening, like a child.*)

LEWIS Joe!

POLICEMAN (*restraining JOE*) Don't push it.

 (*SARAH flies in, wearing a (different) ball dress with a bloke's DJ over it.*
STUDENT CALLUM *is with her.*)

SARAH Joe! What's happened?

GOOD JOE Thanks, guys. Thanks so . . . (*much.*)

SARAH They said y'd broken into a house.

GOOD JOE Who's this?

SARAH What?

EMMO (*wounded to near tears*) What did we do?

CALLUM The name's Callum.

LEWIS (*to EMMO*) 'S'okay.

SARAH They said you'd been arrested (*breaking into a house -*)

CALLUM (*offers to shake*) I just came out the ball with her.

SARAH Why the hell . . . (*did - ?*)

GOOD JOE (*points at her clothing*) Whose jacket?

SARAH (*looks a beat*) Forget the jacket. Joe, why were you trying to break into a house?

OUR HOUSE

- GOOD JOE Because we don't all have one of (*Nods at CALLUM's jacket.*) them lying about.
- SARAH What?
- GOOD JOE (*spoiling for a fight*) Nice one, mate. Nice jacket.
- SARAH Oh, hey if I thought, when I had offered to pay . . . (*for -*)
- GOOD JOE So what, Sarah, so I walk round with (*POINTS AT CALLUM*) everyone knowing you paid for your boyfriend's clothing . . . (*at -*)
- CALLUM Whoa.
- GOOD JOE (*turns like a rattlesnake*) Sorry?
- CALLUM (*smiling*) I just think she meant . . . (*that -*)
- SARAH Joe.
- EMMO Joe, I'm sorry we called her . . .
- GOOD JOE Sorry, go on. Tell me what my girlfriend 'meant'.
- SARAH Stop it.
- POLICEMAN (*pulls GOOD JOE back*) Come on, sunshine.
- CALLUM I think Sarah . . . (*was trying to be nice -*)
- GOOD JOE (*points*) Don't use that name.
- POLICEMAN Oi.
- EMMO What is happening to you?
- LEWIS (*bitterly*) Forget it Emmo. He's not worth it.
- CALLUM (*eases SARAH back to safety*) Come on, Sarah.

OUR HOUSE

(GOOD JOE launches at CALLUM and punches him flying. POLICE pile in.)

SARAH
+ LEWIS Joe!

GOOD JOE (to POLICEMAN) Get your hands off . . . (me -)

(GOOD JOE on instinct swings and decks the COPPER, who goes flying. Music stops abruptly. A moment of silence where everyone just stands and takes stock of what this act signifies.)

DAD No, no, no. Don't hit a copper. Never hit a copper!

MUSIC Nº 11: TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY / THE SUN AND THE RAIN

(As if in response, a load of PRISONERS appear.)

SCENE – PRISON

GOOD JOE No. Hold on.

PRISONERS **DOOBY DOO DOOBY DOO DOO DOO**
DOOBY DOOBY DOOBY DOO DOO DOO . . . (x4)

(A prison starts to appear.)

SARAH No, look, he doesn't belong with these lot! He's not like them, he's not a criminal.

COPPER Oh well now look at this. He's got form. Been in a 'correctional facility'!

SARAH 'Cause he did the right thing! He's done the right thing all the . . . (way -)

GOOD JOE I tell you what the 'right thing' would've been, Sarah. When I was sixteen to have never met you.

DAD He doesn't meant that love.

(Slight pause. SARAH backs away and runs.)

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE (*instantly*) I didn't mean that.

DAD Love, seriously. He was just trying . . . (*to -*)

GOOD JOE I was trying . . . I was just . . . I was just . . .

PRISONERS **TRYING HARD
I THOUGHT I'D DONE MY BEST.
ALL MY LIFE
I CAN'T GET NO REST.
DOWN AND DOWN THERE IS NO UP
I THINK THAT I'VE RUN OUT OF LUCK**

GOOD JOE **I HEAR THEM SAY**

PRISONERS **TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.**

GOOD JOE **I HEAR THEM SAY**

PRISONERS **AND IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY**

GOOD JOE **I HEAR THEM SAY**

PRISONERS **TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.**

(GOOD JOE *gets subsumed into the ranks of Prisoners . . .*)

GOOD JOE **WALKING NOW OVER COVERED GROUND
THERE IS A CHANCE IF I MOVE AROUND
I NEED A MOMENT TO REFLECT
ON THE FRIENDSHIPS I HAVE WRECKED . . .**

+ PRISONERS **I HEAR THEM SAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.
I HEAR THEM SAY
IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY.
I HEAR THEM SAY.
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER . . .**

OUR HOUSE

DAD IF BLACK IS WHITE, AN' NIGHT IS DAY
 AND PATHS WE TAKE STRETCH FAR AWAY
 HOW CAN WE EVER HOPE TO CALL
 WHICH WILL RISE AND WHICH WILL FALL?

BAD JOE IT'S RAINING AGAIN

(BAD JOE *appears magically, the BLACK AND WHITE worlds co-existing!*)

BAD JOE
(*Cont'd*) A CRACK IN THE CLOUDS REVEALS BLUE SKIES
 I'VE BEEN FEELING SO LOW
 BUT NOW EVERYTHING IS ON MY SIDE
 THE SUN AND THE RAIN

(*He puts an arm out.*)

BAD JOE
(*Cont'd*) WALK WITH ME, FILL MY HEART AGAIN.

(SARAH, *in her ball dress, comes along Albert Bridge to join him. She has his jacket as an umbrella.*)

SARAH
+ BAD JOE I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE
 I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
 THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
 IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN.

PRISONERS I HEAR THEM SAY
 TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
 I HEAR THEM SAY
 IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY
 I HEAR THEM SAY
 TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.
 TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.
 I HEAR THEM SAY
 TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
 I HEAR THEM SAY
 IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY
 I HEAR THEM SAY

OUR HOUSE

TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER -

DOOBY DOO DOOBY DOO DOO DOO
DOOBY DOOBY DOOBY DOO DOO DOO.

SARAH
+ BAD JOE

I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE
I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN.

PRISONERS

TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.

SARAH
+ BAD JOE

I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE
I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN.

PRISONERS

I HEAR THEM SAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
I HEAR THEM SAY
IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY
I HEAR THEM SAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.

I HEAR THEM SAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY
I HEAR THEM SAY
IT GETS BETTER EVERY DAY
I HEAR THEM SAY
TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER -

(BAD JOE and SARAH kiss as GOOD JOE appears in prison. It's magical.)

OMNES

TOMORROW'S JUST ANOTHER DAY.

(Blackout. End of Act One.)

OUR HOUSE

ACT TWO

SCENE – NORTHERN EGYPT

The sound of a boat horn in the darkness.

MUSIC N° 12: NIGHT BOAT TO CAIRO

VOICE NIGHT BOAT TO CAIRO-OOOOOOOO!

(Mist. The prow of a mysterious and ghostly boat appears, bobbing in the half-light – it STOPS THE DOORS ON BLACK – we're in BAD JOE's story. DAD is punting. SARAH and BAD JOE are aboard.)

DAD IT'S JUST GONE NOON HALF PAST MONSOON
ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER NILE
HERE COMES THE BOAT, ONLY HALF AFLOAT
OARSMAN GRINS A TOOTHLESS SMILE.

(We don't not have an effing clue what the hell is happening. We are apparently in Egypt.)

ONLY JUST ONE MORE TO THIS DESOLATE SHORE
LAST BOAT ALONG THE RIVER NILE
DON'T SEEM TO CARE, NO MORE WIND IN HIS HAIR
AS HE REACHES HIS LAST HALF MILE.
THE OAR SNAPS IN HIS HAND BEFORE HE REACHES DRY LAND
BUT THE SOUND DOESN'T DAMPEN HIS SMILE
JUST PRODS THE WET SAND WITH AN OAR IN HIS HAND
FLOATS OFF DOWN THE RIVER NILE
FLOATS OFF DOWN THE RIVER NILE.

(Music ends abruptly as JOE and SARAH get out.)

BAD JOE God I love Las Vegas!

(Music crashes back in as DAD rows off.)

OUR HOUSE

MUSIC N° 12a: NIGHT BOAT (Vegas Underscore)

SARAH Now we have kept this 'just the two of us', yeah?

BAD JOE I – in a sense.

SARAH Joe-e . . . ?

BAD JOE Look, Sarah, I tried. I REALLY tried but she pathologically organises people to turn up.

(KATH comes in, dressed to the nines.)

KATH Well bearing in mind this isn't The Church Of The Blessed Virgin and me wedding car was a flaming gondola, I can only hope that your bridesmaids are dressed for a good Catholic service.

SARAH 'Bridesmaids'?

(BILLIE and ANGIE appear in outrageous bridesmaids dresses. SARAH can't BELIEVE IT - but she's pretty overjoyed to see them!)

BILLIE OH MY GODDDDDDD –

ANGIE OH MY GODDDDD. I am in a designer dress. I am in Las Vegas. I have achieved so much and I'm only twenty one.

BILLIE Best thing is our room's much bigger than the one they gave his best men!

SARAH 'Best men'?

(EMMO and LEWIS rush in. Everyone is now 21.)

EMMO *(deadly serious)* I have just seen a car . . .

LEWIS We got rowed . . . to our room.

EMMO I have just seen a car . . .

LEWIS We got rowed . . . to our room.

OUR HOUSE

EMMO I have just seen a car so big it can never turn round.

BAD JOE (*hugs SARAH*) You know how I promised you a paradise wedding?

BILLIE
+ ANGIE (*arms to heaven!*) Honey, you got it!

SCENE – A CARIBBEAN ISLAND PARADISE SET IN A HOTEL ROOM

MUSIC N° 13: WINGS OF A DOVE

(A small CARIB COMBO starts to play.)

CARIB COMBO TAKE TIME FOR YOUR PLEASURE
AND LAUGH WITH LOVE
TAKE THE HAND OF ANOTHER
AND SING FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

BILLIE
+ ANGIE LOOK UP AT THE ROOFTOPS
WHEN YOU'RE WALKING ROUND
DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT
OF LOOKING DOWN.

ALL WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DO-O-O-OVE.

(A couple of well-turned out late middle aged Brits appear. It's MR AND MRS PRESSMAN. No recognition as yet.)

BAD JOE Excuse us can you take a photo?

MR PRESSMAN Sure.

OUR HOUSE

(He takes it, during which BAD JOE recognises him.)

BAD JOE Mister Pressman? Isn't it? I sold you a house alarm once.

MR PRESSMAN Really?

BAD JOE You told me how you hadn't stayed at school either. I even got into property like you. North London. Took your lead.

MR PRESSMAN Is that right.

BAD JOE Joe Casey.

MRS PRESSMAN God almighty Colin. You've got a protegee!

MR PRESSMAN *(half smiles)* I like that. *(Gets out a card.)* I'm looking for someone in North London, Joe Casey! *(Flicks it.)* Call me.

BAD JOE *(beams to SARAH)* Could this day get any better?

CARIB COMBO

+ GANG

**LOOK UP AT THE ROOFTOPS
WHEN YOU'RE WALKING ROUND
DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT
OF LOOKING DOWN.
A ROOM AT THE TOP
WHERE WE'RE NOT ALLOWED
CHEER TO THE ECHO
CAN YOU HEAR THE SOUND?
WOH WOH YEAH YEAH YEAH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH YEAH YEAH YEAH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DO-O-OO-VE.**

EVERYONE **YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH**

OUR HOUSE

YEAH YEAH YEAH
YEAH YEAH YEAH

WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE.
WOH WOH
WOH WOH
WOH WOH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
WOH WOH WOH WOH WOH WOH!

(Dance Break)

EVERYONE

LOOK UP AT THE ROOFTOPS (OOOO HA)
WHEN YOU'RE WALKING ROUND
DON'T THINK FOR A MOMENT (OOOO HA)
OF LOOKING DOWN.
WOH WOH (YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH) FOR THE WINGS OF A
DOVE.
WOH WOH (YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH) FOR THE WINGS OF A
DOVE.
WOH WOH
FOR THE WINGS OF A DOVE!

SCENE – PRISON GATES

MUSIC N° 14: ONE BETTER DAY

(New Year's Day morning. It's freezing. Two massive prison gates open. One solitary figure comes out with a pathetic plastic bag of possessions.)

DAD

ARLINGTON HOUSE
ADDRESS 'NO FIXED ABODE'
AN OLD MAN IN A THREE-PIECE SUIT
SITS IN THE ROAD.

OUR HOUSE

HE STARES ACROSS THE WATER
AND SEES RIGHT THROUGH THE LOCK.
BUT ON AND UP LIKE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS
HIS MUMBLED WORDS, HIS FUMBLING WORDS.
SURROUNDED BY HIS PAST
ON A SHORT WHITE LINE
HE SITS WHILE CARS PASS EITHER SIDE

GOOD JOE
+ DAD

TAKES HIS TIME

DAD

TRYING TO REMEMBER
ONE BETTER DAY
A WHILE AGO WHEN PEOPLE STOPPED TO HEAR HIM SAY

GOOD JOE

WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES
HEAR THE SUN SHINE
BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE
RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES.

(Underscore continues.)

SCENE – CHURCH

KATH *finishes praying as the* PRIEST *passes.*

PRIEST

Kath? Any sign of Joe yet?

(KATH smiles a 'no'.)

PRIEST

(Cont'd)

What did the priest say?

KATH

They say they let him out last Friday.

PRIEST

He'll come home, Kath.

KATH

(beat) That's what you told me last time.

(KATH leaves.)

OUR HOUSE

DAD **SHE'S TRYING TO REMEMBER
ONE BETTER DAY
A WHILE AGO WHEN PEOPLE STOPPED TO HEAR HER SAY.**

DAD
+ GOOD JOE
+ CHORUS **WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES
HEAR THE SUNSHINE
BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE
RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES
THE FEELING OF ARRIVING
WHEN YOU'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE.**

CHORUS **AHHHH** (*etc.*)

SCENE – CASEY STREET

KATH *leans in the doorway of the open house, desperate for her son to come back.*

KATH **WALKING ROUND YOU SOMETIMES.**

DAD You are right in my shoes now, golden boy.

KATH **HEAR THE SUNSHINE.**

DAD I stood here after I'd come out of prison.

KATH **BEATING DOWN IN TIME WITH THE
RHYTHM OF YOUR SHOES.**

DAD Right there. Deeds in my hand thinking 'why not? When's life ever shown
any pity on me, eh? If I'm gonna sell it, why not break in an' take anything
worth anything'?

(*We have GOOD JOE, hidden from KATH's view, along with KATH and DAD
on stage.*)

DAD That's how low I'd got, Joby. (*Beat.*) What I didn't expect to find was that
photograph (*Swallows.*) – way back then.

OUR HOUSE

MUSIC N° 14a: OUR HOUSE (Reprise)

GOOD JOE I REMEMBER WAY BACK WHEN
 EVERYTHING WAS TRUE AND WHEN
 WE WOULD HAVE SUCH A VERY GOOD TIME
 SUCH A FINE TIME
 SUCH A HAPPY TIME . . .

DAD I REMEMBER HOW WE'D PLAY
 SIMPLY WASTE THE DAY AWAY
 THEN WE'D SAY
 NOTHING WOULD COME BETWEEN US
 TWO DREAMERS . . .

(Music ends.)

MR PRESSMAN
(O.S.) Kath? Kath?

(MR PRESSMAN strides on. GOOD JOE hides and listens.)

PRESSMAN Here we are then, Kath! *(Arms out, smiles.)* End of the road. Time to play ball. All the others down this street have moved out.

KATH Yeah well the others weren't given their houses for ever, mister Pressman.

PRESSMAN Oh Kath, Kath, Kath . . . How many times? There is no proof anywhere that you were miraculously 'given' this house.

KATH *(moves in)* Look in my eyes, Mister Pressman. Look at the street name. That's all the proof I'm gonna give y', you bastard. *(She goes in.)*

MUSIC N° 15: RISE AND FALL

PRESSMAN *(to the closed door)* Great, well you can ask the court to look in your eyes, sweetheart, but you might find they want to see some deeds. Which don't exist. And no deeds means you're out. Street name or no street name. *(He pulls his coat collar up. And walks out past GOOD JOE, not even noticing him.)*

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE THESE ARE THE STREETS I USED TO WALK
ON SUMMER NIGHTS SIT OUT AND TALK
THAT'S THE HOUSE WHERE I USED TO LIVE . . .

(He looks at the house, starting to get fire in his belly . . .)

GOOD JOE *(looks up at it)* What if I saved this house, Mum? What if I saved Casey
Street for you? D'you reckon a guy who saved his house deserves to come
home to it?

(Suddenly fired with resolve, the music surges like the mission in JOE'S breast.)

GOOD JOE WE USED TO LIVE WHERE CHILDREN PLAY
THEY'D LEAVE THEIR HOMES A MILE AWAY
TO COME AND STAND IN TREES AND GRASS
WHERE WE ONCE WALKED THE MEMORIES LAST
BEING HERE AGAIN
I CAN RECALL
FORGOTTEN MOMENTS
THE RISE AND FALL
THIS IS THE TOWN I WON'T FORGET
AND AFTER ANGER, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT
WALKING NOW, ROUND AND ROUND
FAMILIAR SIGHTS ARE OPEN GROUND
BEING HERE AGAIN
I CAN RECALL
FORGOTTEN MOMENTS
THE RISE AND FALL

+ CITIZENS THE SUN SHINES EAST, THE SUN SHINES WEST
BUT I KNOW WHERE THE SUN SHINES BEST
CASEY STREET IN THE AFTERNOON
ONCE AGAIN IT'S OVER TOO SOON.

MUSIC N° 16: HOUSE OF FUN / RISE AND FALL / MY GIRL

SCENE – RECEPTION OF PRESSMANS

The doors SPIN TO BLACK. As the citizens clear across the stage, we're into BAD JOE'S story. A pretty secretary, JULIE, at the front desk.

OUR HOUSE

JULIE Yes. He can do three o' clock next Tuesday. Thanks Jill.

(Recitative - style)

BAD JOE **GOOD MORNING, MISS.**

JULIE *(starry-eyed)* **CAN I HELP YOU SIR?**

BAD JOE *(hands over business card)* **YES I'M MEETING MISTER PRESSMAN.
HE SAID HALF PAST NINE.
MY NAME'S JOE CASEY**

JULIE *(points)* **FROM LAS VEGAS.
CERTAINLY, THIS WAY PLEASE.**

(JULIE leads BAD JOE out. Underscore.)

JULIE *(Cont'd)* *(calls)* Just take a seat in the atrium there sir. There's newspapers and journals and a cappuccino machine on your right. *(To herself.)* And if you need help frothing your milk, I finish at six. *(She buzzes.)* Oh Mister Pressman this is Julie in reception. The young man's here that you met in America. I've sent him through.

(Thunderclap. The doors SWING TO WHITE. We're in GOOD JOE's story.)

SCENE – RECEPTION OF PRESSMANS

Morning bustle. A pretty secretary, JULIE, is at the front desk.

JULIE He can do three o' clock next Tuesday. Thanks Jill.

GOOD JOE **GOOD MORNING, MISS.**

JULIE *(blankly, looks at this layabout. Pause – three beats.)* **WHAT?**

GOOD JOE **I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO MISTER –** *(Checks card.)* **IS IT, 'PRESSMAN'?**

JULIE *(sighs, then points brusquely)* **RIGHT.
SIT THROUGH THERE. DON'T TOUCH THE PLANTS.
(Shouts.) AN' I'VE COUNTED ALL THOSE MAGAZINES.**

OUR HOUSE

(She leans after him.)

JULIE (*Cont'd*) (*calls*) I said don't touch the plants. On the left.

(Thundercrack. DOORS TO BLACK. We're in the BAD JOE story.)

PRESSMAN **COME IN.**

(BAD JOE is there.)

PRESSMAN
(*Cont'd*) Ah, **JOE CASEY**

BAD JOE **MISTER PRESSMAN.**

PRESSMAN **FROM LAS VEGAS.**

BAD JOE **THAT'S RIGHT.**

PRESSMAN **MY PROTÉGÉ PROPERTY DEVELOPER**

BAD JOE **IT'S IN THE BLOOD
MY FAMILY ALL WERE BUILDERS**

PRESSMAN **WELL Y'RE GONNA MAKE THEM REALLY PROUD.**

BAD JOE God I hope I can I mean I . . .

PRESSMAN **A LITTLE STORY, JOE
THIS OLD ESTATE WE'RE BUILDING ON IS COUNCIL-OWNED.
WE CAN BOOT THEM OUT.**
But, slight spanner in the works.
ONE HOUSE SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE – RELUCTANT.

(Underscore, darker . . .)

PRESSMAN One woman. Now I could drag her out, but frankly I could do without the publicity . . . 'Specially seeing I've got YOU, now! Local lad, knows the area, explains things in a language she'd understand. God, matey – she probably knows you! Number 25 Casey Street. Ring any bells? *(He hands BAD JOE a card.)*

OUR HOUSE

PRESSMAN And if gentle persuasion doesn't work, give Danny a call.

BAD JOE 'Danny'?

PRESSMAN Our last resort if we need a house to stop being an obstacle. (*Smiles.*) He's our little personal . . . fireman.

BAD JOE (*goes cold*) I won't need fire. I won't need Danny.

PRESSMAN (*suddenly darker*) On Friday the first the cranes go up.

BAD JOE I'll do this by Friday the first.

(Music – "Rise and Fall")

PRESSMAN (*grips* BAD JOE) **AND IN THE EAST A NEW SON WILL RISE
PICTURE THIS, JOE, UP THERE 'CROSS CAMDEN SKIES.
'PRESSMAN CASEY'.
ON FRIDAY THE FIRST.
IF THAT WITCH IS OUT OF CASEY STREET.**

(Pause.)

PRESSMAN No link, I take it? Joe Casey – 'Casey Street'?

(Underscore stops dead. Pause. Hold this . . .)

BAD JOE No.

*(He leaves BAD JOE to the Judas-like moment of disclaiming his family name . . .
Then BAD JOE leaves and we SWING THE DOORS TO WHITE. We're in
GOOD JOE's story.)*

SCENE – MR PRESSMAN'S OFFICE

MR PRESSMAN, *talking into a mobile.*

PRESSMAN Eight o' clock. (*Pause.*) Marjorie, eight o' clock is fine. I've said I'll come and I'll meet you outside. Yes. Right. I have to go now. I've got someone coming to see me.

OUR HOUSE

(GOOD JOE *knocks and enters.*)

PRESSMAN
(*Cont'd*)

Come in.
JOE COSEY.

GOOD JOE 'CASEY'.

PRESSMAN 'CASEY'. COME RIGHT IN, PLEASE DO. TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT. THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR. OFF YOU GO.

GOOD JOE RIGHT. LOOK. I MAY HAVE GOT THIS WRONG LAST NIGHT. BUT I THOUGHT I OVERHEARD SOME PLANS FOR CASEY STREET. NOW . . .

(JOE *continues talking under.*)

(*Music – "My Girl"*)

PRESSMAN

MY WIFE'S MAD AT ME
I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE THE FILM TONIGHT
SHE FINDS IT HARD TO TAKE
SHE THINKS I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF HER
WHY CAN'T SHE SEE
SHE'S LOVELY TO ME
BUT TRAGIC'LY NOT AS NICE AS
JULIE IN RECEPTION WHO'S NINETEEN

(*Music stops dead.*)

GOOD JOE
(*Cont'd*)

(*stands*) Were you even listening to me?

PRESSMAN

(*a dreadful pause*) For your information the last man who raised his finger to me was very, very sorry he did it. Boys?

MUSIC N° 16a: SCENE CHANGE UNDERSCORE

GOOD JOE What?

(*Some HEAVIES wade in and throw GOOD JOE out of the door . . .*)

OUR HOUSE

PRESSMAN
(*Cont'd*) Can you escort Mister Cosey through the 'Very Special Visitor's' exit?

GOOD JOE Wa-haaargh.....

(GOOD JOE *is thrown out through a fire door and disappears with a clang.* MR PRESSMAN *grabs the phone.*)

PRESSMAN (*into mobile*) Danny? This is Harold Pressman. We have a small obstacle in Casey Street.

(*Ominous underscore.*)

GOOD JOE (*half-bursts back in with HEAVIES*) If you wanna fight, you've got it!

(*The doors spin to black and instantly we're in the BAD JOE story. This is a SUPERFAST SWITCH.*)

SCENE – PRESSMAN DEVELOPMENTS – PENTHOUSE

Underscore delivers the GANG into the flat, let in by BAD JOE who has a key to such places nowadays.

BAD JOE In we come, in we com-me! Steady, steady! Don't miss – look , see? Lights in the steps – d'you notice that? (*Leads them in.*) And here – straight over here! Principal feature of the maisonette . . . Juliet Balcony out over the canal. How about that? How much would you pay for THAT boys?

ANGIE Woww-w.

BILLIE Didn't I tell you? Didn't I always say Joe Casey was a hot catch who was gonna come good?

SARAH No. You said he was a worthless no-hoper who was surrounded by gormless prats.

EMMO (*laughs*) Meaning who?

(*They all look at him.*)

OUR HOUSE

- BAD JOE Now then. Friday the first. Special day.
- LEWIS Auntie Kath's birthday. Tell y' what we're gonna give her. All night out in the limo. Round the West End. What d'y reckon?
- BAD JOE Brilliant. (*Smiles.*) What d'y think of mine?
- (It takes them all a few moments to realise . . . he means this flat.)*
- For all she's done for everyone over the years! For bringing me up without dad. (*To EMMO and LEWIS.*) Taking these two in an' bringing them up like her own kids . . .
- BILLIE Joe, your mum is never gonna move out of Casey Street.
- LEWIS It's her castle.
- BAD JOE This IS Casey Street!
- LEWIS What?
- BAD JOE What it's gonna be. Well, 'Boulevard'.
- BILLIE 'Casey Boulevard'?
- ANGIE You're gonna knock down Casey Street?
- BAD JOE It's not 'knocking down' it's 'regeneration'. Like Mister Pressman said, 'things gotta fall for things to rise'.
- EMMO Does she want to move?
- LEWIS (*pointedly*) No. 'Cause like I said. It's her castle.
- BAD JOE Yeah well it'd stop feeling like a bloody castle if certain people stopped treating it like one. (*Beat.*) Look. It's about safety, guys. For my mum, okay, who's spent her life worrying about 'scum' out the high rise she thought were gonna break in. Well there'd be gates, okay? Lights in the steps. (*Arms out.*) All this. Marble. Stuff that looks like marble.

OUR HOUSE

LEWIS Goodbye Joe.

(Pause. LEWIS starts to go.)

BAD JOE Hey. HEY. Lewis. Can I remind you who bought you that limo.

LEWIS You bought the limo Joe, not the driver.

(LEWIS picks his cap up and goes out. He nods to EMMO to follow.)

EMMO Oh right. Are we . . . ? We're not . . . ? Right.

(EMMO follows.)

BILLIE Actually can we scab a lift into town?

(They go too, pointedly. Pause.)

BAD JOE And these are supposed to be our friends?

(SARAH doesn't respond. BAD JOE realises and tries to perk her up.)

BAD JOE

(Cont'd)

Honest to God, Sarah, I really think Mister Pressman's gonna take me on as a partner for this. Can y' imagine, Mum seeing that up on the cranes?
(Gestures.) 'Pressman Casey'. *(Pause.)* Yeah?

(SARAH just looks at him.)

(s.v.) Bit of support, yeah? *(He gathers his things to go.)*

SARAH You earn support, Joe. You don't marry it.

(He turns. He has no answer to that. So he just leaves.)

MUSIC N° 17: NW5

SARAH

**I WATCHED YOU CLIMB UP
SAW YOU COME ALIVE
FROM VERY HUMBLE BEGINNINGS IN
NW5**

OUR HOUSE

I HAVE HEARD YOU COME UP
BELIEVING YOUR OWN LIES
WITNESSED THE BLESSING RISE UP IN A
VERY STRANGE DISGUISE

THOUGH YOU HAVE BECOME A BURDEN
ONE THING REMAINS, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN
I WILL LOVE YOU ALL MY LIFE
BUT WITHOUT YOU IN MY LIFE

I WOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
FOR JUST THAT SMILE YOU BRING
FOR JUST THAT SONG TO SING
I WOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
FOR JUST THAT SMILE YOU BRING
FOR JUST THAT SONG TO SING . . .

DAD I WATCHED YOU GROW UP
 ONLY TO DESPISE
 SAW THE MADNESS STACK UP THROUGH
 TARPAULIN EYES

SARAH THOUGH WE FACE THE FINAL CURTAIN
 ONE THING REMAINS, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN
 I WILL LOVE YOU ALL MY LIFE
 BUT WITHOUT YOU IN MY LIFE

SARAH + DAD I WOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
 FOR JUST THAT SMILE YOU BRING
 FOR JUST THAT SONG TO SING
 I WOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
 FOR JUST THAT SMILE YOU BRING
 FOR JUST THAT SONG TO SING

(Underscore. In front of SARAH as she puts her coat on – (DAD holds it for her but she seems unaware) – simultaneously we see BAD JOE and MR PRESSMAN crossing.)

BAD JOE *(enters, laughing)* . . . See the thing is, ANY other project – *(does a 'definite' gesture)* – one hundred per cent. But this Irish Estate – mentioning it to my friends, my wife, it's a bit . . . Is there another maybe smaller project I could maybe start on?

OUR HOUSE

PRESSMAN (*suddenly loses all avuncularity*) Hey. There is no 'other project' Joe. An' if you can't hack this you might as well wimp out back to the minor league and spend y'r life doing up flats. I've told you. If you can't do it with words, do it with muscle. Use the card. Call Danny.

SARAH
+ CHORUS

**I WOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
FOR JUST THAT SMILE YOU BRING
FOR JUST THAT SONG TO SING
I WOULD GIVE YOU EVERYTHING
FOR JUST THAT SMILE YOU BRING
FOR JUST THAT SONG TO SING . . .
FOR THAT SMILE . . .** (*etc.*)

(*She goes. DAD closes behind her and SPINS THEM TO WHITE. We're in the GOOD JOE story.*)

SCENE – VERY POSH LAW FIRM

MUSIC N° 17a: EMBARRASSMENT (Reprise – Law Firm)

(*A be-wigged BARRISTER strides in, confidently, with his CLERK.*)

CLERK (*reading*) **RECEIVED A LETTER JUST THE OTHER DAY.**

BARRISTER Good.

CLERK **YOUNG MAN WANTS HELP WITH SOME MISSING HOUSE DEEDS**

BARRISTER Excellent.

CLERK **I GAVE HIM A NOTE OF OUR USUAL FEES.**

BARRISTER Tremendous.

GOOD JOE **AND HE SAYS HE HASN'T GOT ANY MONEY.**

OUR HOUSE

BARRISTER **GOODBYE.**

(GOOD JOE *is there.*)

GOOD JOE **HELLO?**

CLERK **YOU'RE NOT TO COME SEE US NO MORE.**

GOOD JOE But I haven't even got in . . .

BARRISTER **KEEP AWAY FROM OUR DOOR.** Shoo.

(GOOD JOE is backed out.)

CLERK **TRY HARPER SMITH MASSEY IN HAMPSTEAD.
SLIGHTLY SMALLER. YOUNGER. CHEAPER . . .**

(*The CLERK is replaced by . . . HARPER SMITH MASSEY, LAWYERS . . . three
LAWYERS in sharp suits, HARPER, SMITH and MASSEY.*)

HARPER **TOTAL BASTARDS THOSE BIG-TIME DEVELOPERS. THEY JUST . . .**

SMITH **THINK MONEY JUST BUYS THEM THE RIGHT . . .**

MASSEY **AND CONNECTIONS, AND POWER.
GOD, THEY THINK MONEY'S EVERYTHING.**

GOOD JOE (*agreeing*) **AND THE THING IS I'VE NO MONEY TO FIGHT THEM.**

(*Slight pause.*)

ALL THREE
LAWYERS (*packing up*) **WELL THEN YOU'RE NOT TO COME SEE US NO MORE.**

GOOD JOE No. Hold on. Come back . . .

ALL THREE
LAWYERS **KEEP AWAY FROM OUR DOOR.**

OUR HOUSE

(They all leave.)

SMITH *(hangs back)* **TRY THAT LEGAL AID PLACE.**

HARPER **CAMDEN HIGH STREET**

MASSEY **USED TO BE THE ELECTRIC RHINO SEX SHOP.**

(They are replaced by . . . CAMDEN HIGH STREET LAW FIRM . . . a frazzled tie-wrenched HARRASSED SMALL TIME LAWYER.)

SMALL TIME
LAWYER

Right so let's just weigh up what we got here.

ON THE ONE SIDE, MULTI-MILLION POUND DEVELOPERS.

(Looks.) **ON THE OTHER, A BLOKE ON LEGAL AID.**

(He massages his approaching migraine at the temples. Then sun comes out.)

SMALL TIME
LAWYER
(Cont'd)

I think I'll give this to our trainee. Sarah!

(Music stops. A girl replaces the SMALL TIME LAWYER. She is on the phone, struggling with loads of papers, clearly under the kosh. It is SARAH.)

SARAH Yes yes. Okay ten minutes. Tell them to come up now. I've a client half past and then . . .

(CALLUM enters and hugs SARAH while she's on the phone.)

CALLUM Sarah? Lunch!

SARAH . . . oh God, I'm in Camden Magistrates Court on that police bail thing . . .

CALLUM *(nuzzling her)* Lu-u-unchy lunch . . .

SARAH *(to CALLUM, s.v., laughing)* I can't see them until about . . . *(To CALLUM.)* Stop it-t! . . . Four. Okay. Thanks, Sue. *(Phone down.)* Callum, you can't just come in here annn hrmmm . . .

OUR HOUSE

(CALLUM kisses her. She gives in and kisses him back. GOOD JOE looks down.)

SARAH

(*Cont'd*)

(sees GOOD JOE) Joe?

CALLUM

Eh?

(*They have both turned. GOOD JOE is sheepish, to CALLUM.*)

GOOD JOE

Let me remind y'. 'Get y'r hands off my girl'. (*He does a little mime of the strike.*)

CALLUM

(*hands up, mock*) Oh my God. Joe Casey. Don't hit me again.

GOOD JOE

Sorry about all that, mate.

CALLUM

(*shakes*) Hey.

SARAH

What are you doing here, Joe?

GOOD JOE

I need a lawyer.

SARAH

Oh God. Now what've you done?

GOOD JOE

No, no, no. I'm trying to save Casey Street 'cause there's this guy who says he can kick me mum out unless the house . . . and . . . and there's no proof and she . . . we . . . (*Pause.*) Maybe I'd better try another solicitors.

SARAH

No, no. Hold on. (*Turns to CALLUM.*) Callum, you have to go.

CALLUM

Charming.

SARAH

No, I mean Billie and Angie are coming up with the wedding dress. It's incredibly bad luck.

CALLUM

Oh right, fair enough. See y' later, mate. (*He does a playful mock-scrap with JOE on the way out.*)

(CALLUM goes. A beat.)

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE 'Wedding'. Congratulations. (*Pause.*) I think I've been here before. Used to be the Electric Rhino Sex Shop. Emmo and Lewis once bought me a condom from here that played a tune.

SARAH (*points, realising, slowly*) Ohhhhhmygodddd that WAS you. That WAS you playing the 'Power Of Love' out of your back pocket.

(*SARAH laughs. GOOD JOE does too, then just watches her laughing. It dies. SARAH looks at him.*)

MUSIC N° 17b: UNDERSCORE (My Girl / NW5 / Simple Equation)

GOOD JOE The night I hit Callum I said I wished I'd never met you. (*Beat, shakes head.*) Was such a lie. It's impossible for anyone to wish that. Every second people spend with you, Sarah, it makes their lives better.

SARAH (*s.v.*) Stop, Joe. Please.

(*Pause. This is really awkward.*)

GOOD JOE I'll save Casey Street, Sah. You just – go off an' be happy. (*Beat.*) I never met anyone who deserves to be happy more than you.

(*He looks at her. Then GOOD JOE turns and goes. SARAH is left alone.*)

SARAH **CAN YOU RAISE A FINAL CURTAIN?
ONE THING REMAINS, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN
I WILL LOVE YOU ALL MY LIFE
WITHOUT YOU IN MY LIFE . . .**

(*suddenly picks up phone*) Sue, cancel the two o' clock. Something's come up.

(*We lose the light on SARAH. The doors spin. We go to black. We're in the murky world of BAD JOE'S story.*)

SCENE – ALLEY

Underscore continues. All is low light. DAD is there.

BAD JOE Danny?

OUR HOUSE

(A shadow in the darkness.)

BAD JOE
(Cont'd)

Is that 'Danny'? Harold Pressman gave me this number. Is your name 'Danny'?

REECEY

The Christian one. *(He emerges into the light of the neons. It's REECEY.)*

BAD JOE

Reecey! What the hell are you doing here?

REECEY

Hello Jo-jo. Working for Harold Pressman. Same as you. I heard you'd gone legit. *(Smiles.)* Or are you about to prove otherwise?

(Pause.)

BAD JOE

On the ~~night~~ of Friday the first, ~~no-one~~ will be in at number twenty five Casey Street. Some ~~lads~~ are taking the owner round the West End in a limo for her birthday.

REECEY

'Twenty five'? Isn't that your house, Joby?

(REECEY smiles a sort of 'bloody hell, that's a good one' face and clicks his fingers for the money.)

DAD

How low does a man have to be to sell his own house and break *(in . . .)*

BAD JOE

Break in. I just need you to break in, Reecey. Nothing else. I just need that house to stop feeling a safe place to be.

REECEY

I have done this before, Casey. Half now. You meet me with the other half at Camden Lock immediately after it's done.

BAD JOE

(beat, pauses handing it over) I just need it to stop feeling like a castle.

(REECEY snatches the money.)

REECEY

Camden Lock, Jojo.

(REECEY and BAD JOE go their different ways.)

OUR HOUSE

DAD
+ CHORUS

**IT'S THE SIMPLE EQUATION OF WRONG VERSUS RIGHT
THE TERROR OF STANDING, ONE NORTH LONDON NIGHT
THINKING YOU'D CHOSEN TO RUN THE RIGHT WAY,
AND NOW WATCHING RIGHT GOING WRONG.
WHITE GOING GREY.
SHOW ME NOW, WHICH WAY'S HIGH?
IS THIS EARTH? IS THAT THE SKY?
AND IF I KNEW, IF THINGS WERE CLEAR
COULD I EVEN MAKE HIM HEAR?**

(During this DAD SPINS THE DOORS to WHITE. We're in GOOD JOE'S story.)

SCENE – MORRIS MINOR, CAMDEN BACK STREET

GOOD JOE *is sleeping in the battered old Morris. Both doors are missing from this and it's in a real state.*

GOOD JOE Dad?

SARAH (O.S.) Joe?

(SARAH appears, looking wrecked. GOOD JOE almost jumps, frightened and caught.)

GOOD JOE Sarah? What are you doing here?

SARAH Looking for you. Are you sleeping in this?

GOOD JOE *(doesn't want to answer this)* Sarah that was the weirdest thing . . . my dad . . . it felt like I really just heard my dad's voice . . . Have you been crying?
(This isn't answered, either.) Don't think I ever got it going again after that day out. D'you remember? With Emmo and Lewis and . . . *(swallows)* . . . and the guys.

(There is a brief pause, a slightly golden one where they both remember that day.)

SARAH You said when you came in the office you were trying to save Casey Street. Tell me what you meant.

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE (*tries to be efficient*) Oh. Right. Well it's about these developers. It's a man called Pressman. The company's called Pressman's. They're the ones built all them things up there. And what I think it is is they're planning to . . . (*Under.*)

MUSIC N° 18: IT MUST BE LOVE

(*The sung and the (quieter) spoken texts run together where marked.*)

SARAH **I NEVER THOUGHT I'D MISS YOU
HALF AS MUCH AS I DO.
AND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FEEL THIS WAY
THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT YOU.
AS SOON AS I WAKE UP
EVERY NIGHT, EVERY DAY.
I KNOW THAT IT'S YOU I NEED TO TAKE THE BLUES AWAY
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, LOVE IS THE BEST.**

GOOD JOE (*simultaneous with the above*) . . . create something like villas, like luxury villas, which means that they just (*Gestures.*) completely nix the whole of Casey Street. Now they've obviously offered money to mum to move her out of number twenty-five. And I don't know if she's signed anything or what the whole legal situation is, I don't know anything about law and I haven't got any money to pay for people who do, and – and – and Pressmans are gonna have the bloody – you know, the Rolls Royce of lawyers . . .

(*Beat. They look at each other.*)

SARAH Okay. Well I did some research . . . (*Under.*)

GOOD JOE **HOW CAN IT BE THAT WE CAN
SAY SO MUCH WITHOUT WORDS?
BLESS YOU AND BLESS ME
BLESS THE BEES AND THE BIRDS.**

SARAH (*simultaneous with the above*) . . . looked up the deeds. And I mean this wasn't straightforward getting this, I tell you. This was calling in favours of friends of friends, God – but there was something turned up. I found this . . .

OUR HOUSE

I mean I don't know what it is but and I think this might be the document which would prove . . . which would prove . . . would actually say . . .

(She loses words as she looks up at GOOD JOE.)

SARAH

+ GOOD JOE

**I'VE GOT TO BE NEAR YOU
EVERY NIGHT, EVERY DAY
I COULDN'T BE HAPPY
ANY OTHER WAY.
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
IT MUST BE LOVE, LOVE, LOVE.
NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, LOVE IS THE BEST.**

(Underscore.)

SARAH

Your Dad took them, Joe. They've got a record. About a month after he last came out of prison, he came in and took the deeds. Why, I don't know, if he didn't try and sell it, but . . . *(She looks down at a file.)* A while after, he returned this. *(Beat.)* I am so dead if anyone finds I took it. I asked so many friends of friends . . . *(She hands over an envelope.)* Pressman's boys wouldn't've noticed. Someone looking for deeds would never notice something just marked 'For Joe.'

(GOOD JOE opens it. Pulls out a small piece of card, and some papers.)

SARAH

(frowns, leans in) That your mum and dad?

GOOD JOE

'The Simplest Dance in the Universe. Winning couple. Margate Pier.'

SARAH

He took that from the house?

(There's a look between them.)

SARAH

So is that – what I think? Is that the deeds?

GOOD JOE

(opens a piece of paper, looks at her) You're incredible, Sarah.

(He wants to hold her. But realises he can't. So he shakes her hand. They shake hands. And keep shaking . . .)

OUR HOUSE

SARAH + JOE I'VE GOT TO BE NEAR YOU
 EV'RY NIGHT, EV'RY DAY
 I KNOW THAT IT'S YOU I NEED
 TO CHASE THE BLUES AWAY.
 IT MUST BE LOVE LOVE LOVE
 IT MUST BE LOVE LOVE LOVE.
 IT MUST BE LOVE LOVE LOVE
 IT MUST BE LOVE LOVE LOVE.
 NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS, LOVE IS THE BEST.

(Music ends.)

GOOD JOE I can go home.

(The two lovers look at each other.)

SARAH You got your dream. You're proving my mates wrong, Mister Casey.

GOOD JOE And you're a lawyer, so you got yours, Mrs . . . ? What's that make you now?

SARAH *(pause)* I didn't get married, Joe. Sometimes, no matter how much you love someone, you can't say 'yes'.

GOOD JOE Right. I didn't know. That's very sad.

MUSIC N° 18a: TAG After Scene

(SARAH nods, turns and goes. GOOD JOE stays nodding sombrely until she's gone.)

GOOD JOE
(Cont'd) Could this day get any *(Jumps up.)* better?!

MUSIC N° 19: THE SUN AND THE RAIN – Reprise (Stallholders)

SCENE – CAMDEN MARKET

STALLHOLDERS *plough in. The sign 'CAMDEN MARKET' appears. They set up stalls during:*

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE I'm coming home, mum!

**IT'S RAINING AGAIN
A CRACK IN THE CLOUDS REVEALS BLUE SKIES
I'VE BEEN FEELING SO LOW
BUT NOW EVERYTHING IS ON MY SIDE
THE SUN AND THE RAIN
WALK WITH ME, FILL MY HEART AGAIN.
I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE
I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN.**

STALLHOLDER 1
(MALE) **WHO WILL BUY MY INDIAN JOSS STICKS?
INCENSE BURNERS DIRECT FROM NEPAL?**

STALLHOLDER 2
(MALE) **SUCH FINE OFFENSIVE T-SHIRTS.
RUDE WORDS. OBSCENE DESIGNS.**

STALLHOLDER 3
(FEMALE) **LOOK AT MY WIDE RANGE OF EXOTIC BATH SOAPS
MADE FROM SOME THINGS YOU WOULD NORMALLY EAT.**

STALLHOLDER 4
(MALE) **RI-I-IPE CANNABIS, RI-I-IPE.**

(Repeat all, simultaneously, once.)

GOOD JOE +
MARKETEERS **I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE . . .
I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN . . .**

(Underscore – DANCE OF CAMDEN MARKET)

(There's a thunderclap. The STALLHOLDERS all look up, feel for rain, turn their stalls over and immediately convert to selling 'Union Jack' umbrellas . . .)

OUR HOUSE

GOOD JOE +
MARKETEERS

(whispered) IT'S RAINING AGAIN, IT'S RAINING AGAIN
IT'S RAINING AGAIN, IT'S RAINING AGAIN
IT'S RAINING AGAIN, IT'S RAINING AGAIN
IT'S WHOA-A-A . . .

(sung) I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE
I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN . . .

(GOOD JOE goes behind the open umbrellas . . . which then shut to reveal BAD JOE. It's magical. The doors snap to black.)

BAD JOE

IT'S RAINING AGAIN
I'M HEARING IT PITTER PATTER DOWN
IT'S WET IN THE STREET
REFLECTING THE LIGHTS AND SPLASHING FEET.
NOWHERE TO GO, AND NOTHING I HAVE TO DO.

(checks his watch) C'mon Reecey. Where ARE y'?

(The umbrellas part to reveal EMMO and LEWIS in their grey chauffeur gear.)

BAD JOE

Emmo? Lewis? What the hell are you two doing here? What happened to Mum's birthday trip in the limo?

EMMO

She wouldn't come.

BAD JOE

(horrificed) She's still in the house?

LEWIS

Funny enough not everyone's idea of a birthday present is limousine, Joe. Some people would rather just stay and wait and hope that their son might come home to visit.

BAD JOE

(races off) No. No, no, no! She's still in the house! REECEY!

MARKETEERS

I FEEL THE RAIN FALLING ON MY FACE
I CAN SAY THERE IS NO BETTER PLACE
THAN STANDING UP IN THE FALLING DOWN
IN SO MUCH RAIN I COULD ALMOST DROWN . . .

OUR HOUSE

(The doors are now spinning continuously as we see both GOOD and BAD JOES rushing towards the house through the umbrellas of the market, whose singing accumulates . . .)

MARKETEERS **DOOBY DOO DOOBY DOO DOO DOO
DOOBY DOOBY DOOBY DOO DOO DOO.**

BAD JOE Reecey!

MARKETEERS **DOOBY DOO DOOBY DOO DOO DOO
DOOBY DOOBY DOOBY DOO DOO DOO.**

GOOD JOE I'm coming home, Mum!

MARKETEERS **DOOBY DOO DOOBY DOO DOO DOO
DOOBY DOOBY DOOBY DOO DOO DOO.**

BAD JOE Mum!

MARKETEERS **DOOBY DOO DOOBY DOO DOO DOO
DOOBY DOOBY DOOBY DOO DOO DOO.**

GOOD JOE Mum!

MARKETEERS **THE SUN SHINES EAST, THE SUN SHINES WEST
BUT I KNOW WHERE THE SUN SHINES BEST
CASEY STREET IN THE AFTERNOON
ONCE AGAIN IT'S OVER TOO SOON.**

(. . . to suddenly clear, as the stage clears to reveal . . .)

MARKETEERS **AHHH, AHHH, AHHH**

SCENE – CASEY STREET

. . . where the house is on fire.

(GOOD JOE stares at it. BAD JOE stares at it. Vocal Underscore.)

GOOD
+ BAD JOE Mum!

OUR HOUSE

(They both start to rush for the door, but both are restrained by separate groups of onlookers.)

GOOD JOE'S
ONLOOKERS JOE! JOE!

(GOOD JOE'S ONLOOKERS part to reveal KATH.)

BAD JOE She's in the house! My mum's in the house!

(BAD JOE'S ONLOOKERS pull him away from entering the house.)

GOOD JOE *(gently)* Mum?

(BAD JOE collapses to his knees surrounded by his ONLOOKERS. GOOD JOE is left alone with KATH by their ONLOOKERS. They look at each other as if afraid each is a ghost.)

GOOD JOE
(Cont'd) You could've been in there.

MUM Shhh.

GOOD JOE You could've been in the house. You could've been in . . .

KATH *(calms him, finger on his lips)* Your girl came and told me where you were sleeping, Joe. Your girl, my God, who loves you, golden boy.

GOOD JOE Pressman will have done this, Mum. I came back to save it and . . .

KATH *(shushing him like a baby)* You came back to me, Joe Casey. Not the house.
(She holds him.) You came back to me.

(KATH hugs him on one side of the stage as BAD JOE is helped away in the middle of his ONLOOKERS.)

SCENE – CHURCH

Doors spin to black. All is blackness and death. We're in BAD JOE's story. Vocal Underscore continues (+ organ). A very simple wooden coffin. A very simple cross. A very simple light. The PRIEST, EMMO, LEWIS, BILLIE, ANGIE and SARAH. They're in black. BAD JOE comes in. Music ends.)

OUR HOUSE

LEWIS Police reckon it was someone breaking in. Dropped a fire bomb. Good that, innit? (*Pause.*) Should've told us you had something planned, Joe. We'd've tried harder to get her in the limo . . .

EMMO Whoa . . .

(*LEWIS flies at him and has to be restrained by EMMO.*)

EMMO
(*Cont'd*)

Whoa, whoa whoa. Come on big man.

(*It's now clear BAD JOE is crying.*)

LEWIS Don't you dare. Don't you dare cry now.

BAD JOE (*s.v., like a baby*) It's my Mum.

LEWIS She is now. On Friday she was the woman you wanted out of Casey Street.

EMMO Come on.

(*The lads leave.*)

BILLIE Eh Joe. Good job Sarah went into law.

ANGIE I reckon y'r gonna need it.

(*BILLIE and ANGIE go. Pause. SARAH looks at JOE for some kind of confirmation he had nothing to do with this.*)

SARAH Wasn't, was it Joe? You didn't have anything to do with this?

(*Pause.*)

BAD JOE Sarah. We might have to reinforce the truth a bit.

(*SARAH looks at him. Her hands slowly rise to cup her mouth at the horror of what's coming . . .*)

OUR HOUSE

SARAH (s.s.s.v.) Ohhhhmygod.

BAD JOE No, no, no, just to be safe. For the future. For the both of us. Just to be safe, yeah?

SARAH Y'r still running aren't you, Joe? The crimes just got bigger.

BAD JOE It's not – don't say 'crime'. Sarah, if anyone asks if I wanted mum out of Casey Street I need to know y'd say the right thing.

(SARAH looks at him.)

SARAH No matter how much you love someone, Joe, there's times in life you can't say 'yes'.

MUSIC N° 19a: SIMPLE EQUATION (Reprise)

DAD **SUDDENLY
WRONG TURNS BACK TO RIGHT
BLACK TURNS SLOWLY BACK TO WHITE
SKIES ALL SUDDENLY COME CLEAR
WE SEE HOW WE GOT TO HERE**

(We hear a sentence delivered by a judge.)

JUDGE Daniel Reece you have named Joseph Casey as an accomplice. You will both be remanded pending further investigation into the charges of arson and manslaughter brought against you by the crown . . .

(The prison gates appear.)

BAD JOE **I NEED A MOMENT TO REFLECT
ON THE FRIENDSHIPS I HAVE WRECKED.**

(BAD JOE goes to prison.)

SCENE – PRIMROSE HILL

The doors spin to white. All is brightness and light. We're in GOOD JOE's story.

OUR HOUSE

MUSIC N° 20: PRIMROSE HILL / OUR HOUSE (Reprise)

(Underscore. Everyone piles on for a party on Primrose Hill. EMMO and LEWIS with BILLIE and ANGIE and balloons and a camera.)

EMMO They're comin'! *(Points.)* They're coming. Quick.

LEWIS Did you get a wedding present?

EMMO Yeah. I got 'em a 'Surprise Harmony' condom.

LEWIS What?

EMMO Well it's nice for a young couple, y'know? I mean they don't work, but they do mean y'r kids grow up very musical.

(KATH enters. General cheer.)

KATH Well. There's one thing about a registry office. It's a bloomin' sight shorter than the Catholic service.

(HONKK-K . . . all turn to see . . . GOOD JOE pushes SARAH on – she's standing up in the Morris minor which has broken down again, but is sparkling, done up, bows on, flashing chaser lights round it and wearing a bow tie. The fans are on so her wedding veil is billowing out behind her. They all cheer.)

GOOD JOE Sarah, this is now our mum. *(Shows her round.)* Our Emmo. Our Lewis.

(BILLIE and ANGIE step forward for theirs . . .)

GOOD JOE
(Cont'd) And your mates.

ANGIE Oi.

EMMO *(top off)* Let's hit Primrose Hill an' party. *→ go down stage*

ANGIE God, Emmo. You've got a decent body, y'know that?

OUR HOUSE

- LEWIS Yeah. I thought I might take my top off an' all . . .
- BILLIE
+ ANGIE No.
- LEWIS Fair point.
- SARAH Photograph!
- (They all go to arrange themselves as . . .)*
- GOOD JOE Photograph for you, too. *(He gives KATH the photo of Margate.)* 'The Simplest Dance in the Universe'.
- (KATH immediately remembers the moment, right from the start of the story.)*
- KATH *(hand to mouth)* Oh baby.
- GOOD JOE I think he came back, Mum. I think he was gonna sell the house, broke in to take stuff – but he found that. And that memory's what made him . . .
- (Pause – Kath looks at the envelope, in tears.)*
- KATH 'For Joe'.
- DAD I didn't want – I didn't mean . . .
- GOOD JOE It wasn't simple for him, Mum. I think I understand now. He could've done the wrong thing for the right reasons. An' made mistakes. An' hurt you . . .
- EMMO It's taking!
- GOOD JOE We can rebuild it, Mum. Pressman, all his plans – Reecey named him as an accomplice. He's gone down for years.
- KATH *(takes JOE's face in her hands)* You go to your girl, Joe Casey. And Casey Street will be wherever you two build it.
- EVERYONE Five, four, three . . .

OUR HOUSE

(KATH goes back to the photo . . .)

DAD + JOE **NOW WE DRAW THE FINAL CURTAIN,
ONE THING REMAINS, THAT'S FOR CERTAIN
I WILL LOVE YOU ALL MY LIFE
BUT WITHOUT YOU IN MY LIFE . . .**

DAD *(calls) Joe?*

(The membrane between them, at parting, is so thin, that GOOD JOE hears.)

DAD
(Cont'd) Gonna miss you, mate. But I think I have to go now.

(Beat.)

GOOD JOE I know.

SARAH Oi! Did we get married or what?

(GOOD JOE turns and runs back, missing his father's touch.)

EVERYONE Two, one . . .

EMMO Smile!

EVERYONE *(shout) YEAH!*

(Flash.)

EVERYONE
(Cont'd) **OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP**

OUR HOUSE

OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –

*(As the gang sing, time winds back to the birthday party of JOE at the start.
Banners balloons, signs saying HAPPY SIXTEENTH JOE . . .)*

EVERYONE
(Cont'd)

WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN
WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN

(Hung pause . . .)

SARAH Sixteen, Joe! Where d'you go when you can go anywhere?

(Music sting, a moment of magic . . .)

GOOD JOE *(beams)* Let's go dancing.

COMPANY **IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET!**

(JOE and SARAH kiss!)

(Curtain.)

OUR HOUSE

MUSIC N° 21: BOWS

COMPANY OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET
OUR HOUSE
IS OUR CASTLE AND OUR KEEP
OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET

WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN / OUR HOUSE
NOW WE'VE COME OF AGE / IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR –
WELCOME TO THE LION'S DEN / OUR HOUSE
IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR STREET

MUSIC N° 22: ENCORE / PLAY OUT

COMPANY OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD
TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS
TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE ...

OH WHAT FUN WE HAD
BUT AT THE TIME IT SEEMED SO BAD
TRYING DIFFERENT WAYS
TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE ...

BAGGY TROUSERS. BAGGY TROUSERS.
BAGGY TROUSERS. NA NA NA NA ... | (x3)

OI!

