

The MAN spreads the cloth on the floor and stands the bucket of water on it. He waits. He isn't satisfied. He picks up the cloth and bucket and walks about looking for a better spot. Meanwhile the KELPIE goes.

YALLERY BROWN is playing music.

The MAN puts the cloth and bucket down in another place. A derelict woman is shouting in the street. It is the SKRIKER.

A PASSERBY comes along the street, throws down a coin, and then starts to dance to the music.

LILY comes along the street, throws

SKRIKER. *What's the wires coming out of your head for? it. You've got a dead pig on your back. She falls down in front of LILY. LILY helps her up.*

Can you help a poor old lady, lost my bus pass, price of a cup of tea, you've got a kind face darling, give you the white heather another time.

LILY gives her money and starts to go away but SKRIKER holds her.

The MAN puts the cloth and bucket down in a new place.

Do I smell? It's my coat and my cunt. Give us a hug. Nobody gives us a hug. Give us a kiss. Won't LILY suddenly hugs and kisses her.

There's a love. Off you go, Lily.

SKRIKER goes.

The MAN is satisfied with the position of cloth and bucket and goes off without them.

How do you know my name? - What? what's happening? my teeth. I'm sick. Help me. What is it? It's money. Is it? Out of my mouth? Pound coins come out of her mouth when she speaks. She stops talking and exclaims...

LILY.

A YOUNG GIRL is looking through a telescope. LILY speaks carefully, testing.

When I speak, does money come out of my mouth? Yes.

Through the telescope THE GIRL sees a GREEN LADY dancing with a BOGLE.

The PASSERBY goes on dancing.

LILY goes.

A YOUNG MAN, who is a BROWNE, comes in and starts sweeping and cleaning.

The GREEN LADY and BOGLE disappear when the girl looks away from the telescope. The GIRL looks again but they don't reappear. The GIRL goes.

The PASSERBY never stops dancing.

SKRIKER. *tells LILY's story.*

So Lily in the pink with a finnyanny border was talking good as gold speaking pound coins round coins pouring roaring more and more, singing thinging counting saying the alphabetter than nothing telling stories more stories boring sore throat saw no end to it fuckit buckets and buckets of bloodmoney is the root of evil eye nose the smell hell the taste waste of money got honey to swallow to please ease the sore throat so could keep on talking taking aching waking all night to reach retch wrench more and more and more on the floor on the bed of a hotel tell me another not another wish it would stop stop talking now and sleep at last fast asleep and woke to find she can eek peak speak can I speak without can I without and about now changing the cash dash flash in the panic of time. And now in the hotel bar none but the brave deserve a drink I think for Lily the

LILY at a bar talking to an American woman of about 40 who is slightly drunk. It is the SKRIKER. There is a TV.