

LILY. Why?

SKRIKER.

Because you're beautiful and good. Don't you think you are? Yes everyone sometimes thinks they're beautiful and good and deserve better than this and so they do. Are you telling me I made a mistake? I'd be sorry to think I'd made a mistake.

LILY. No. No I'm glad.

SKRIKER. And you accept?

LILY. What?

SKRIKER. Accept my offer. Accept my help.

LILY. Yes. I think - what offer?

SKRIKER. My help.

LILY. Do I have to do something?

SKRIKER. Just accept my help, sweetheart.

Pause.

LILY. No, I... It's very kind of you but... I don't like to say no but...

SKRIKER. You might as well say yes. You can't get rid of me.

LILY. No.

SKRIKER. Who the fuck do you think you are?

Pause.

Whatever you say.

LILY. You should have stayed with Josie. She's braver than me.

SKRIKER. She wished I'd go with you.

LILY. Did she? I wish she'd come and help me then.

SKRIKER. That's the way. You'll begin to get a taste for it.

LILY. For what?

SKRIKER. Wishes.

LILY. I didn't -

SKRIKER. Yes.

Pause.

Tell me how the TV works and I'll trade.

LILY. I don't know how the TV works.

SKRIKER. Would you like a ring that when you look at the stone you can tell if your loved one is faithful?

LILY. I don't have a loved one.

SKRIKER. I can fix that, no problem. Just tell me how / the TV -

LILY. I don't know how the TV works.

LILY goes.

The WOMAN gets on the KELPIE's back and rides off.

SPRIGGAN goes. SKRIKER goes.

The MAN comes back to his bucket and cloth. He skins a gold fish off the top of the water in the bucket which he makes into a cake. He puts the cake on the cloth, draws a circle around it and sits down to wait. The PASSERBY is still dancing.

A DEAD CHILD sings.

DEAD CHILD.

My mother she killed me and put me in pies
My father he ate me and said I was nice
My brothers and sisters they picked my bones
And they buried me under the marley stones.

Derelict WOMAN muttering and shouting in the street. It is the SKRIKER. JOSIE comes by.

SKRIKER. I know my son is writing me letters all the time and the army is stopping them because the officers are devils and do what you tell them because they are DEVILS and the letters are in sacks in the Bank of England waiting for the Day of Judgment when you will go to HELL and lose sight of me and stop moving me about but you can't move me now because my fingers are just so because I'm in charge of the devils and if I keep it up the devils will let my son go LET MY SON GO. What are you staring at?