

Ambit and Twos

Act I

Scene 1. *A room in an abandoned building (St. Pancras). The room has been abandoned for decades as can be seen by the rotted overhead beams and floorboards.*

Twos is lying motionless beneath a wool blanket in the corner. She is covered from head to foot. There is a drafty window covered with another blanket.

From off stage comes the sound of a film crew using the building as a set

*Enter **Ambit**.*

Ambit: Shit!

Twos: Who are you?

Ambit: Sorry! (*Goes outside and knocks.*)

Twos: Hello.

Ambit: Do you mind if I come in?

Twos: Hold on. (*Tidies her blanket.*) Alright, come in.

Ambit: The changing room is down a level.

Twos: The changing room?

Ambit: It doesn't really matter which room you use. They're all empty. But I think he wants to use this room for shooting.

Twos: Shooting?

Ambit: Yeah. It's lighter up here.

*Enter **Director** and **crew**.*

Director: All set?

Ambit: Sure.

Director: Alright. (*to crew*) Do you mind getting me an extra.

Ambit: We've got one here already. I'm sorry, what's your name?

Twos: Twos.

Ambit: Miss Twos.

Director: Alright, miss Twos. Do you mind standing there. That's it.

Director: Alright. Lights. We're rolling and...action. *(He films a silent scene)* That's a take. Great!

Exit Director and crew.

Ambit: Shall we go see what the others are doing?

Twos: They'll be gone.

Ambit: Gone?

Twos: They work during the day. Won't be back till the evening.

Ambit: They were just downstairs.

Twos: Swig?

Ambit: Swig?

Twos: Leach, then?

Ambit: I don't know their names.

Twos: An old man?

Ambit: Don't know. But they were just down there with the crew. They were getting ready for shooting.

Twos: What!

Ambit: They were rehearsing.

Twos: Oh my God!

Ambit: Are you alright?

Twos: Yes. I just thought...Nothing.

Pause.

Ambit: Do you want to join them?

Twos: Who?

Ambit: The others?

Twos: I don't really know them. I think I'll just stay here for a bit.

Ambit: Suit yourself. It was nice meeting you. I'm sorry, I've forgotten your name.

Twos: Twos.

Ambit: Just Twos? That's a strange name.

Twos: Yeah. What's yours?

Ambit: Ambit.

Twos: Nice to meet you, Ambit.

Ambit: Can I ask you a question?

Twos: Sure.

Ambit: Isn't that window drafty at night?

Twos: Really drafty. I tried covering it with the...

Pause.

Ambit: That's what I thought. How old are you?

Twos: Eighteen.

Ambit: How long have you been living here?

Twos: Since I was sixteen.

Ambit: Well...

Twos: You won't tell anyone!

Ambit: I...

Twos: I don't want other people coming.

Ambit: That's selfish. I mean there's plenty of space.

Twos: You won't tell?

Ambit: Like living here?

Twos: It's alright. We've got hot water in Royal Suite.

Ambit: The Royal Suite?

Twos: That's where the others stay.

Ambit: The others? How many others are there?

Twos: Just Swig and Leach.

Ambit: I see. It's all very strange.

Twos: What?

Ambit: Nothing.

Twos: I guess you live in a house?

Ambit: Yeah.

Twos: With a garden?

Ambit: Yeah.

Twos: A wife and children?

Ambit: No.

Twos: Strange.

Ambit: What?

Twos: Have all that and not be married.

Ambit: Just never met the right girl.

Pause.

Twos: Is that your film?

Ambit: God, no. It's my building.

Twos: Your building?

Ambit: Well, no, it's my father's building

Twos: Is he the ghost, then?

Ambit: God, no. He's as alive as the day he was born.

Twos: Then it's not his building.

Ambit: Well, no, not technically. I mean, he's got an option on it.

Twos: I see.

Ambit: It's practically his building. I mean...

Twos: You like telling stories don't you.

Ambit: ...it's just...complicated.

Twos: Complicated?

Ambit: I mean, my father's reserved the right to buy the building and if his plans are approved, then he will buy the building so that he can carry out his plans. See?

Twos: It must be a lot of money.

Ambit: Well...it's not his money. He's borrowed it and he's in charge of the whole thing, really.

Twos: I see.

Ambit: You do?

Twos: He's borrowing money so he can make a plan. Then, he'll borrow more money to carry out the plan.

Ambit: Exactly.

Twos: What's the plan.

Ambit: Another building.

Twos: Where?

Ambit: Right here.

Twos: On top of this one?

Ambit: He's going to tear this one down and build a new one.

Twos: He better talk to the king.

Ambit: The king?

Twos: The king's not going to let him tear this place down.

Ambit: We'll see.

Twos: Alright.

Ambit: Are you hungry?

Twos: Sometimes.

Ambit: No, I mean, are you hungry now. Do you want to eat something.

Twos: I can't

Ambit: It's on me.

Twos: I can see that (*indicating Ambit's shirt*)

Ambit: Oh that. That's breakfast. (*wiping shirt*)

Twos: What did you have for breakfast?

Ambit: That littlebit is tomato sauce.

Twos: I suppose I could eat something.

Ambit: Alright.

Twos: But I warned you about the king.

Ambit: It sounds very serious.

Twos: Can't mess about with someone like that.

Ambit: I'll be very careful.

Twos: I wouldn't want you getting hurt.

Ambit: Nor I you.

Twos: Really?

Ambit: Yes.

Exit Ambit and Twos.

Scene 2. *In a brightly lit boardroom Mr. Shore stands in front of a photograph depicting the proposed structure to replace St. Pancras. Mr. Shore is Ambit's father, a man in his late forties. Ambit is in the room. Next to him is Mrs. Andrews, a woman in her sixties, and Mrs. Andrews' co-workers in the civil service.*

Mr. Shore: And so, on this site, using slightly less actual land area than the previous building, we've created a beautiful new monolith with twice the office space, the latest infrastructure for Hi Tech and creative companies, wide open vistas, both inside and out, and even a new frontier area for the railway station. In short, it will be the cornerstone of the New King's Cross.

Civil servant 1: Designed by a foreigner.

Mr. Shore: Yes, designed by an Indian, constructed by Englishmen, managed by myself.

Mrs. Andrews: And where are you from, Mr. Shore?

Mr. Shore: What does it matter?

Mrs. Andrews: It's our heritage.

Mr. Shore: It's been empty for more than forty years.

Mrs. Andrews: I ask not because I'm xenophobic, Mr. Shore, but to gauge whether you understand the idea of "Heritage." For you, this is a business proposition. If it adds up correctly, then it will go ahead. I have grown up in this place. I enjoy looking at this building. I find that it's beautiful.

Mr. Shore: Ruins are beautiful. They're alive with the stories of ancient battles. They are perfectly romantic, Mrs. Andrews. But haven't you noticed what lies around them? Deserted fields. Not even the trees remember a time when there was life in those ruins. St. Pancras is a beautiful ruin, Mrs. Andrews.

Mrs. Andrews: What makes your building so special?

Mr. Shore: It promises activity. New life for this area.

Mrs. Andrews: It's a glass brick, Mr. Shore. Those in glass houses should not throw stones. I've watched the new buildings march down Marylebone Road, all of them promising the same thing: new life, new activity. Have you walked down this road at night, Mr. Shore?

Mr. Shore: No.

Mrs. Andrews: Well I suggest you walk down the far end of the high street and see what kind of life it is that has accreted by those buildings. And when you've taken it all in, why not walk back down to this end and see if you notice any difference.

Mr. Shore: I will.

Mrs. Andrews: Mr. Shore, have you ventured around the back of this building, beyond the tracks of St. Pancras and King's Cross?

Mr. Shore: Certainly.

Mrs. Andrews: And what did you notice?

Mr. Shore: Old warehouses.

Mrs. Andrews: There's quite a bit of empty space, isn't there?

Mr. Shore: Yes.

Mrs. Andrews: What if we were to offer you a plot of land there at a great reduction. In the current climate, I'm sure there would be no problem with that. What's there, that agglomeration of brick warehouses, can be demolished with impunity.

Mr. Shore: That is another project, Mrs. Andrews, for another developer. The project that I am bidding on is the redevelopment of the Midland Grand Hotel.

Mrs. Andrews: Redevelopment, not demolition.

Mr. Shore: Mrs. Andrews, may I ask why you are so fond of preserving this ruin?

Mrs. Andrews: May I ask why you are so fond of destroying it?

Mr. Shore: Certainly. What I propose to build will be twice as spacious, twice as comfortable, and will last very much longer.

Mrs. Andrews: Longer than both of us.

Mr. Shore: A great deal.

Mrs. Andrews: But nothing lasts forever.

Mr. Shore: No.

Mrs. Andrews: Why not let time have its desired affect? Must you be the one to build the structure which replaces this grand building? Why not let your son or even his son be the one to replace it?

Mr. Shore: Time has had its desired affect. It's all but destroyed.

Mrs. Andrews: It's still standing.

Mr. Shore: Barely. The effort spent in renewing this building will be greater than the effort spent in building a new one that is far better. Under these circumstances, anyone can see why it is better to harness the energy for a new building than wasting it on an old one.

Mrs. Andrews: Tell me another thing, Mr. Shore. If you don't get approval to demolish this building, what would you propose.

Mr. Shore: Mrs. Andrews, I have spent over a year and half on this proposal. I have borrowed over a million pounds to make it work. These are not small quantities.

Mrs. Andrews: I can see that.

Mr. Shore: I don't plan on losing this battle, Mrs. Andrews.

Mrs. Andrews: Victories and defeats, Mr. Shore, are not always ours to dictate. Do you expect me to believe you have no back-up plan?

Mr. Shore: If you're making back-up plans, Mrs. Andrews, then you've already been defeated.

Mrs. Andrews: Let me explain: as a token of our respect and thanks should this project not be approved, I want to know whether you have plans to work with the present building.

Silence.

Mrs. Andrews: I understand your reticence. Thank you for the presentation. You can rest assured that although I have made my point rather strongly, I will consider what is best without regard to either of our personal investments in this building.

Mr. Shore: Thank you.

Exit Mrs. Andrews, and civil servants.

Mr. Shore: Ambit, what's the story?

Ambit: The film people have it booked till the end of the option.

Mr. Shore: It's a pittance.

Ambit: It's a derelict building, Dad. It's not going to make much if it stays that way.

Pause.

Mr. Shore: How was it?

Ambit: It was good...

Mr. Shore: But...

Ambit: It didn't have the fire.

Mr. Shore: The fire?

Ambit: Don't you like the building?

Mr. Shore: Of course. I like all my buildings.

Ambit: You used to like every one better than the last.

Mr. Shore: You don't understand. When you've done as much as I have, the separate adventures begin to merge into one giant escapade. The Opus merges into a single mark. And when you discern that single mark, you make sense of the rest of the great and small marks that have been made by men since the beginning. Like those pictures made on cave walls. They were the single mark of a single man who'd managed finally to scrape together all the stupid and convoluted marks he'd ever made and merge them into a picture. And so even the Sistine Chapel, though it is so many marks, isn't any bigger an achievement than that beautiful bison charcoaled onto the wall.

Ambit: You're right. But what I know is why people have forgotten their senses when you walked into a room. The fire.

Mr. Shore: The fire.

Ambit: That's it. Without it, it's as good as over, old man.

Mr. Shore: I miss her, Ambit.

Ambit: The fire, Dad. The fire. Think flames, not smouldering. Remember, remember, the fifth of November. Gunpowder. Barrels of it.

Mr. Shore: You're right, you son of a bitch. You're right.

Enter Shareholders.

Mr. Shore: Have a seat, gentlemen.

Shareholder 1: What's the situation, Mr. Shore?

Mr. Shore: It's looking good, fellows.

Shareholder 2: But no answer?

Mr. Shore: No answer. Not until Thursday.

Shareholder 1: Look, Richard, I'm at the end of my tether. You've got an option that's running out on a building that's been sitting in the same state since world war II. It doesn't have that ring.

Mr. Shore: You mean that smell?

Shareholder 1: What smell?

Mr. Shore: Money.

Shareholder 1: No, it doesn't have the aroma of a successful project. It sounds more like the only way that building's ever going to come down is another World War. You promised us an answer. All I want is an answer.

Mr. Shore: And that's exactly what I'm waiting for. I've given my presentation to Mrs. Andrews of English Heritage. Fuck, she is English Heritage. Now, I'm not saying things went well, but they didn't go badly, either. So if we can all just wait until Thursday, then we'll be able to advance.

Shareholder 2: If this falls through, we're not going to have enough time to push through a proposal for renovation.

Mr. Shore: Fuck renovation. I don't renovate. I didn't do this so I could be a fucking handyman.

Shareholder 2: Mr. Shore, we're not asking you about a renovation proposal. Our contract stipulates that should the demolition proposal fail, you must provide us with a renovation proposal.

Mr. Shore: It's not going to fail, gentlemen.

Shareholder 2: That's fine, Mr. Shore, but if we find you've been prolonging the process of demolition, then you'll be in breach of contract.

Mr. Shore: Gentleman, I'm doing everything I can. Come on, Ambit. Let's go.

Ambit: See you Thursday.

Exit Mr. Shore and Ambit.

Scene 3. *Back in the rotted room of St. Pancras Station, the squatters are seated around a table. They are Twos, Swig, and Leach.*

Leach: Did you find anything?

Twos: I found a nice pair of shoes and a jacket.

Leach: Let's see.

Swig: They're beautiful, aren't they Leach.

Leach: They look cheap.

Swig: They were free.

Leach: She's not a tart.

Swig: Don't listen to him.

Leach: Listen to him and you'll be walking the streets before long.

Swig: Shut your filthy mouth.

Leach: He's got a fertile imagination. Before long, he'll be imagining you're his...

Swig: If you don't keep quiet.

Twos: He's just joking, Swig.

Leach: You watch out Twos.

Swig: She can look after herself.

Leach: With a little help from you.

Swig: Worse things have happened in the Royal Suite.

Leach: Tell us.

Swig: Rapes, murder, adultery, all seven of the deadly sins, sometimes all at once.

Twos: Tell us a story.

Swig: Tell me, Leach. What comes before death?

Leach: Life.

Swig: Well, the story I'm going to tell you is going to show you that what comes before death isn't life, but hell. Misery and torment that drive a man to his ultimate end: black death. Picture it: the king of Spain has fled. On horseback he rides to a distant station, and then he sneaks out of his own country in the baggage car of a train.

Leach: The Reign of Spain flees mainly on the train.

Swig: When he arrives in beloved England, he's given a Grand Welcome by our very own monarch, who for obvious reasons is quite upset to see one of his ilk, a potential father to his very own daughter, being made to turn tail and run. He's given the very same room in which I now reside, making a home of it. There, right upstairs, he's plagued by guilt at having left his family to the evil devices of the new military rule. So he vows to remain celibate until the day he dies. This goes on for almost twenty years. We'll forgive him the occasional transgression of his vows. He is man after all, and not God. One night, as he's sleeping in the very same bed in which I now sleep, he has a terrible dream that his murderer is floating in the sky, taunting him from afar before finally reaching forward with his scythe and cutting him from this world.

Leach: Is that the end?

Swig: It's the beginning of the end. The king has the same dream night after night, and he becomes convinced that he has been sentenced to eternal damnation. Added to all that, the great war has begun, and the king realises that his days are numbered. At first he's morose. He lays in his bed all day and night crying about his fate, but then he begins to reason. He decides once and for all that abandoning his family was his only chance for survival, and furthermore, that he has been spared so that he can produce another heir to his crown. He finds a young prostitute and starts eating like royalty so that he has enough energy to do the deed. He wishes he'd never turned monk and he starts jealously guarding every moment of every day until, on the first day of the first blitz, he hears a bomb exploding. With his pregnant girl besides him, he jumps to window and yanks it open. And there in front of him is a Zeppelin, hanging below the clouds, it's giant nose pointing right at our king. And he starts screaming at the thing, "Who do you think you are to take my precious time from me!" And that's when the first bomb hit, flying through the great window and bursting our king into smithereens.

Twos: And the girl?

Swig: And the girl is the great grandmother of the King of Spain.

Twos: I wonder if he knows?

Swig: He told me himself.

Twos: No, I mean our king.

Swig: Like I said, he told me himself. You see, ghosts are different than people. People can do anything, but they don't know nothing. And ghosts are just the opposite: they know everything, but can't do a single thing.

Leach: It seems they can tell stories.

Swig: Except that. Tell stories.

Twos: When did he tell you that story?

Swig: Last night, as it happens.

Twos: I wonder if he knows, then?

Swig: He knows everything.

Twos: He didn't tell about the plans for this building, did he?

Swig: Maybe he did. What do you know about them?

Twos: A man came yesterday and told me the building was coming down.

Swig: What!

Twos: A really nice man.

Swig: What are you talking about?

Twos: That's what he said: his father is planning a new building right on top of this one. He's going to pull this one down first.

Swig: You're yanking my chain, Twos. This building ain't going nowhere. The king lives here. And that's that. People have tried to change that for more than fifteen years and nothing's ever come of it.

Leach: You mean forty years.

Swig: What?

Leach: It's been forty years since the second world war.

Swig: Exactly. Forty years and no one's ever got close to kicking him out. He's got the long term lease on this place.

Leach: Unlike ourselves.

Swig: As long as we're guests of the king, we're welcome.

Leach: Maybe the king's lease is up, eh Swig.

Swig: Shut up, Leach.

Leach: Yes, your majesty.

Swig: Tell me about this man, Twos. What did he say, exactly?

Twos: He said his father's going to tear the place down.

Swig: Is that right?

Twos: That's what he said.

Swig: Just words, my love.

Twos: He wasn't a story teller like you are.

Swig: Just talk.

*Scene 4. In the boardroom **Ambit** and **Mr. Shore** are seated around the table.*

Mr. Shore: I haven't been early in years.

Ambit: Stop fidgeting.

Mr. Shore: What time is it?

Ambit: Quarter-to.

Mr. Shore: Must be bad news.

Ambit: Why's that?

Mr. Shore: Well if it were good news, they'd be here, wouldn't they? All the excitement.

Ambit: What did you do yesterday?

Mr. Shore: Nothing. Fell asleep watching TV.

Ambit: Awful, isn't it.

Mr. Shore: Terrible.

Ambit: Anything else?

Mr. Shore: No. What about you?

Ambit: I met a nice girl.

Mr. Shore: Oh yes?

Ambit: Yeah.

Mr. Shore: Anything serious?

Ambit: She's alright.

Mr. Shore: It's been difficult for both of us since your mother left.

Ambit: She didn't leave me, dad.

Mr. Shore: Still. She left me.

Ambit: You should have thought of that before you...

Mr. Shore: Alright.

Enter Shareholders.

Shareholder 1: Hi Richard, how are you?

Mr. Shore: Hello, gentlemen.

Shareholder 2: Have you brought your back-up plan?

Mr. Shore: Don't worry, gentlemen, it's all under control.

Shareholder 2: Glad to hear it.

Enter Mrs. Andrews and her fellow civil servants.

Mrs. Andrews: Good morning, Mr. Shore. Good morning, gentlemen.

Mr. Shore: Good morning, Mrs. Andrews.

Mrs. Andrews: Well, let's be seated. I'm sure you're anxious about our decision.

Mr. Shore: I don't get anxious, Mrs. Andrews.

Mrs. Andrews: What good fortune. It's taken me years to achieve such success. Well. We've looked at your proposal, Mr. Shore and I'm sorry to say that we cannot allow the demolition of this building. Now we'll be happy to discuss your proposals for renovation of the current building, if it's a good time.

Mr. Shore: Of course it's a good time, Mrs. Andrews, having spent over a year on these plans. Having made promises and tried to the best of my capabilities to do what's right, I can brush that aside. I mean, what, at the end of the day, is a year worth? Or a million, for that matter. All just a blip in the grand scheme of things.

Mrs. Andrews: I'm glad you understand.

Mr. Shore: Understand? Of course. Of course I understand. I've never had much luck with ruins. You should ask my ex-wife. You don't happen to know her do you? It would be quite poetic that this is how she wreaks her vengeance on me. No? She's not so old as you. Well, of course I am a little upset about the whole thing, but no need to worry, let's just go over those renovation plans, shall we. Well, as you can see, the first phase is to erect a protective wall around the structure which would allow us to use the wrecking ball on the current structure...

Mrs. Andrews: Mr. Shore.

Mr. Shore:...We then dig up the foundations themselves and correct for geological movements which have occurred over the past century. This information will not only be useful for us when we re-lay the foundations, but will also be useful for other major developments as well as geologists...

Mrs. Andrews: Mr Shore!

Mr. Shore: ...and we then lay the new foundation ...

Mrs. Andrews: Mr. Shore!

Mr. Shore: Yes?

Mrs. Andrews: These are demolition plans.

Mr. Shore: There's nothing else to do with a building like this. It's not worth saving.

Mrs. Andrews: Mr. Shore, there are people who love that building. I am not the only one. These are people who have counted on me to make sure their voice is heard. Do you think I have no-one to answer to?

Mr. Shore: There are many more people who might love what I have done.

Mrs. Andrews: That's all good an well, Mr. Shore, but why must one exclude the other?

Mr. Shore: I make it my objective to wreck unseemly buildings, Mrs. Andrews. This is such a building.

Mrs. Andrews: There are many who disagree.

Mr. Shore: There are many more who agree. If only you'd bother to ask them.

Mrs. Andrews: It isn't my job to ask people, Mr. Shore. It is their job to make themselves known.

Mr. Shore: No. It is my job to speak for them.

Mrs. Andrews: You won't convince me, Mr. Shore. I have a job to do and I'm doing it.

Mr. Shore: As am I, Mrs. Andrews. I'm sorry that we cannot work together.

Shareholder 1: Mrs. Andrews, if you'll just excuse us a few minutes.

Mrs. Andrews: Certainly.

Exit Mrs. Andrews and fellow civil servants.

Shareholder 2: Now's the time to show us those plans.

Mr. Shore: What plans?

Shareholder 2: The plans for the renovation of Midland Grand Hotel.

Mr. Shore: Yes.

Shareholder 1: Well?

Mr. Shore: I don't have the plans.

Shareholder 2: Well then I suppose our conversation is finished.

Mr. Shore: It's been a pleasure.

Shareholder 2: You'll be hearing from our solicitor.

Ambit: Gentlemen. Please sit down. Look. We have the plans for renovation.

Mr. Shore: We do?

Ambit: I've got the complete schedule and budgets here. The figures aren't what we'd hoped and are obviously less palatable than those we'd put forward in our previous plan. You can see why we were loathe to present them.

Shareholder 2: Very good.

Ambit: Take them with you. We'll speak in a couple of days.

Exit Shareholders.

Mr. Shore: What were you thinking!

Ambit: I was thinking you needed help.

Mr. Shore: I'm not a handyman, Ambit!

Ambit: What? Do you know what would have happened?

Mr. Shore: Do I know what would have happened? What do you think would have happened?

Ambit: They would have screwed you.

Mr. Shore: How would they have done that?

Ambit: You had an obligation to provide them with these...

Mr. Shore: An obligation? Just like your mother had an obligation. In sickness and in health, for richer for poorer, till death do us part. She wasn't dead, was she?

Ambit: What?

Mr. Shore: They would have barked for a few months. We would have given them a settlement for the work we should have done and that's it. I don't want this. Now we're stuck with it.

Ambit: I thought...

Mr. Shore: When I want a favour, I'll ask for one.

Ambit: That building's not going to be pulled down. Look at it. It's there to stay.

Mr. Shore: What?

Ambit: That building's not going anywhere. You might as well accept that.

Mr. Shore: Of course it's not going anywhere. But while it's standing, I don't want to have anything to do with it.

Ambit: But...

Mr. Shore: It's all yours.

Ambit: Mine?

Mr. Shore: I wash my hands of it.

Ambit: Well you would wouldn't you?

Mr. Shore: What's that supposed to mean?

Ambit: You don't give a fuck about anyone.

Mr. Shore: You know what? Ever since your mother left, you've been acting strange.

Ambit: Me. Look at you!

Mr. Shore: She's pitted you against me.

Ambit: What? It was you that went off and fucked some bird.

Mr. Shore: That's got nothing to do with you.

Ambit: How could you say that?

Mr. Shore: I just said it. It's got nothing to do with you. It was between her and me.

Ambit: Doesn't matter.

Mr. Shore: How should that affect us?

Ambit: Well it has, hasn't it. It's shown you up for who you are.

Mr. Shore: I've always been your father. I'm still your father.

Ambit: Well, it comes down to a choice, doesn't it? Either she's my mother or you're my father. As far as I'm concerned, you're out.

Mr. Shore: She left me, Ambit. There was nothing I could do.

Ambit: You could have done a lot more, dad. You didn't want her, and it was plain to see.

Mr. Shore: What's done is done.

Ambit: Well forgive me for grieving. Maybe it would have helped if you'd done the same thing. Maybe it would have shown that you felt some kind of loss. Maybe it would have indicated that you felt a little regret at the way things turned out, and the effect it might have on me. I mean: I took your vows more seriously than you did. And now that I've taken off the rose tinted glasses, everything you do has lost that sheen.

Mr. Shore: I don't know what to tell you but...

Ambit: How about saying you're sorry.

Mr. Shore: Sorry for what? Sorry for the way things happened? Sorry for destiny?

Ambit: Destiny? What do you know about Destiny?

Mr. Shore: Some things can't be helped.

Ambit: Like a building?

Mr. Shore: Exactly.

Ambit: Isn't that your destiny?

Mr. Shore: I have a choice. I'm not a renovator.

Ambit: No, obviously not. You've made it your mission to flatten the past.

Mr. Shore: I build the future.

Ambit: What about my future?

Mr. Shore: What about it?

Ambit: What would those guys think of me if I sat back and watched you renege?

Mr. Shore: It was my decision not yours.

Ambit: That's where you're wrong. I made a decision. I decided to have some scruples.

Mr. Shore: I hope you enjoy them.

Ambit: What does that mean?

Mr. Shore: You won't get far with bunch of scruples. What I did happens all the time. Do you think I invented it?

Ambit: Crooks are never original.

Mr. Shore: I'm a crook now.

Ambit: It was your choice, not mine.

Mr. Shore: Don't get high and mighty.

Ambit: There you go again as if I'm making a mistake.

Mr. Shore: Forget it.

Ambit: Fine.

Scene 5. *In the rotted room of St. Pancras at night. Twos is under her cover.*

Enter Swig.

Twos: Hello.

Swig: It's the king.

Twos: Swig?

Swig: He's having trouble sleeping tonight.

Twos: Do you want something?

Swig: It's for the king, Twos. You have to remember we're his guest.

Swig rapes Twos.

Act II.

Scene 1. *In the rotted room of St. Pancras. The following day. Twos is under her cover.*

Enter Ambit.

Ambit: Hi.

Twos: Ambit?

Ambit: How are you?

Twos: Do you want something?

Ambit: I wanted to talk.

Twos: Alright.

Ambit: I wanted to thank you.

Twos: What for?

Ambit: For showing me how insignificant my problems were.

Twos: Alright.

Ambit: I was blowing them up out of all proportion. I just figured that unless I lived up to expectations, I was a failure. The only failure is living without principles. Even if they tie me down. Even if the people around me succeed. As long as I follow my principles, I'll be alright. And I'll tell you something else. It came to one thing. Fear. I was scared of all the world rising above me, that somehow I might end up on the lowest rung of the ladder and be forgotten. I used to be scared of ending up on the street. But you inspire me.

Twos: I do?

Ambit: Yes. Even if I was to end up with no-one, on the streets, at least I'd still have myself to talk to. I would be alive. If I became somebody, it would be somebody else. And so I resigned myself to my fate, and I stood by my decision. I'm going it alone. And it all comes down to you.

Twos: Really?

Ambit: Your freedom. I've been riding on my father's coattails and it's time to get off. Guess what?

Twos: What?

Ambit: It's my building now. You see this room.

Twos: Yeah.

Ambit: It's going to be an ode to Islam. There's going to be white plasterwork and in the panels, there'll be tile patterns. Up there, in the ceiling, there's going to be the most intricate arch panelling in the world.

Twos: Where will the bed be.

Ambit: There won't be a bed in this room. There'll be tables and chairs.

Twos begins crying.

Ambit: And the doorway will be... What is it?

Twos: Nothing.

Ambit: What's the matter?

Twos: It means I'm going to have to leave.

Ambit: Don't worry.

Twos: I was happy here.

Ambit: I'll find a place for you.

Twos: Where?

Ambit: You can stay with me.

Twos: But this is my home.

Ambit: But there's no heating. You've got no bed.

Twos: The king takes care of me.

Ambit: The king?

Twos: He doesn't want very much.

Ambit: You pay to stay here?

Twos: Nothing's free.

Ambit: How much do you pay?

Twos: One or two nights a week.

Ambit: What?

Twos: How much would your place cost?

Ambit: Do you mean you're...

Twos: Nothing's free.

Ambit: Do you mean that you're...you're an escort.

Twos: What?

Ambit: You pay for this place by...sleeping with people.

Twos: Just the king.

Ambit: Oh God. Look. Why don't you come with me.

Twos: I can't.

Ambit: You're free, Twos. You're free to do what you want.

Twos: I want to stay here.

Ambit: You can stay here afterwards.

Enter Swig, Leach.

Swig: Twos? You alright?

Ambit: Who are you?

Swig: Who am I? I'm a guest of this hotel. Who are you?

Ambit: I'm a friend of Twos.

Swig: She doesn't look too happy with you.

Ambit: She's upset.

Swig: What's the matter, Twos.

Twos: Nothing. Leave me alone.

Leach: You heard her. Leave her alone.

Ambit: Do you want me to go, Twos?

Twos: Leave me alone.

Swig: Time to go.

Ambit: Do you mind giving me a minute.

Swig: As a matter of fact, I do.

Ambit: Look, this is my building, why don't you just give us a few minutes.

Swig: Your building, eh? So you're the fellow who thinks he's tearing down the place.

Ambit: I'm not tearing down the place.

Swig: I'm glad you understand.

Ambit: I'm doing it up.

Swig: We appreciate that, but we're quite happy as it is.

Ambit: That's not the point. For me to renovate, you need to leave. That's why Twos is upset.

Swig: Maybe you should have consulted the current occupiers.

Ambit: There is no current occupier.

Swig: Who am I?

Ambit: You're a squatter.

Swig: I am the guest of the king.

Ambit: Who's the king?

Swig: That would be our host.

Ambit: Where's he?

Swig: You'll have trouble finding him.

Ambit: Is that so.

Swig: He's not exactly normal.

Ambit: I see.

Swig: Shall we take leave of the lady?

Ambit: The lady. Of course. It's just that I heard her mention something about the king demanding payment. Does that ring a bell?

Swig: What he does is his business.

Ambit: Of course. But now that the building has become my property. I don't want anyone paying anything for staying here. Understand?

Swig: I think I understand. (*Moves to attack Ambit*)

Leach: (*Restraining Swig*) Get off him. (*To Ambit*) Get out of here.

Exit **Ambit**.

Swig: Why'd you do that.

Leach: You hit him and we're out. Get it.

Swig: The king...

Leach: Shut up, Swig.

Scene 2. *In the boardroom. Mr. Shore is seated at the table.*

Mr. Shore: Dammit. I don't know. Maybe he's right. We grow older and more crooked every day. Who should know that better than me. Honourable methods of cheating are all I've really picked up along the way. Look at this design. Mrs. Andrews is right. It's obvious there isn't a noble intention in the whole project. But Dammit, it's either screw or be screwed. I hate getting screwed. I hate it. But I love Ambit. He's my son and I love him to death.

Enter Ambit.

Ambit: Dad?

Mr. Shore: Hi son.

Ambit: I thought...

Mr. Shore: I'm back in, if you'll let me. I want to help.

Ambit: I'm in charge.

Mr. Shore: What?

Ambit: Forget it.

Mr. Shore: Alright. Alright. You're in charge.

Enter Mrs. Andrews, and Shareholders.

Ambit: Hello, Mrs. Andrews. Gentlemen.

Mrs. Andrews: I have to say, Mr. Shore, I am a little worried about giving you this project.

Ambit: Why is that?

Mrs. Andrews: With the stance you've taken regarding renovation of the current building.

Ambit: We were being pushy, Mrs. Andrews. I apologize. Still, our intentions are good.

Mrs. Andrews: Mr. Shore, you're being awfully quiet. Are you in agreement with your son.

Mr. Shore: I am. From this point forward, he's assuming leadership on this project.

Mrs. Andrews: I'm sorry you see this as a defeat, Mr. Shore.

Mr. Shore: The senses do not lie.

Mrs. Andrews: Well, Mr. Shore. I appreciate that your son is taking on the project, but I'm still hesitant. We agreed to have you here because of your expertise. I'm afraid your son's curriculum vitae is not as extensive as yours.

Mr. Shore: I will be assisting at every point of the project.

Mrs. Andrews: Whole-heartedly?

Mr. Shore: Of course.

Mrs. Andrews: Alright. I'm very pleased with the plans. When can we begin.

Ambit: We're ready to go. We've simply got to clear the building and we can begin in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Andrews: Clearing the building is the first phase, is it not. What you're saying is we can begin right away.

Ambit: Sorry, I mean clear the building of squatters.

Mrs. Andrews: Squatters?

Ambit: There are only a few.

Mr. Shore: You mean there were a few, don't you Ambit?

Ambit: No, I was there last night and I ran into them. It shouldn't be a problem.

Mrs. Andrews: Ah but I'm afraid it is. Did they agree to go.

Ambit: No, not exactly.

Mrs. Andrews: Then what do you propose we do with them?

Mr. Shore: Why don't we put them up at the Ritz.

Mrs. Andrews: Thank you for your input, Mr. Shore. But I am being very serious. Squatters are people and as such they have rights.

Mr. Shore: There are plenty of places they can go.

Ambit: Dad!

Mr. Shore: Stay out of it, Ambit. I'm not going to suffer one roadblock after the next. No wonder the buildings been empty for forty years!

Mrs. Andrews: It's not empty.

Mr. Shore: And it'll stay empty until the day you die, won't it. I told you we should have demolished the place. No problems with squatters that way.

Ambit: This isn't a problem.

Mr. Shore: Damn right it isn't a problem. Any more problems and I'm out.

Shareholder 1: Mr. Shore, that is not in the contract.

Mr. Shore: Screw your contract.

Ambit: Keep quiet.

Mr. Shore: You keep quiet. If you'd kept quiet from the start we could have avoided this whole headache. What are we to do now. Put the squatters on trial? Give them new homes? Who's going to pay for that, you?

Ambit: There's nothing we can do about it. We've got to do it properly.

Mr. Shore: I tried doing it properly and Mrs. Andrews here wouldn't listen.

Mrs. Andrews: It is you that is not listening.

Ambit: Dad, get out of here.

Exit Mr. Shore.

Ambit: I apologize for his behaviour.

Mrs. Andrews: If only he could do so himself.

Ambit: I've never heard him say 'sorry.'

Mrs. Andrews: It's worrying.

Ambit: Draw on your reserves of compassion, Mrs. Andrews. He's used to getting his way. How do you propose we deal with the squatters.

Mrs. Andrews: There are ways. Ideally, they'll leave of their own free will. Of course, a little incentive is probably best. If they become demanding, then it does become difficult, and, unfortunately, it is the court that decides in such cases.

Ambit: The court. Do we have room for such expense?

Shareholder 2: We'll have to adjust. It certainly isn't what we'd hoped.

Shareholder 1: Next time, let your dad do the talking.

Mrs. Andrews: Gentlemen. Please. I must intercede on the young Mr. Shore's behalf. What he's done is correct in every way, which is far more than can be said for Mr. Shore. The nobility of this city depends on the nobility of its people. Without scrupulous attention to the greater good of our area, it will be lost. Do you think that even though this young man's decision was good, it was not wise? Perhaps not for his pocket, perhaps not for his own future, but for the future of this place he has done a great service. I am very happy with you, Mr. Shore. And I only hope that you gentlemen learn from his behaviour. If you are confident taking over your father's plans for renovations, I will be very happy to see you complete them.

Ambit: Those plans...

Mrs. Andrews: Pardon me, Mr. Shore.

Ambit: I'd be very happy to complete those plans.

Mrs. Andrews: I'm glad to hear it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I will try to find out how best to deal with the current situation.

Ambit: Thank you.

Exit Mrs. Andrews.

Shareholder 1: Your father's plans?

Ambit: Of course.

Shareholder 1: Well. They're certainly good enough. Now we've just got to get those squatters out.

Ambit: Don't worry about the squatters. Let me speak to them.

Shareholder 1: Don't talk to them yet. This is going to be tricky.

Enter Mr. Shore.

Mr. Shore: What do you propose now.

Shareholder 1: Well I certainly don't want you to do anything about it, Richard. I don't need a loose canon in there, alright. I'm going to look into it and until then, just forget about it. Go out on the town. I'll see you tomorrow.

Exit Shareholders.

Mr. Shore: Listen.

Ambit: You listen. I don't need your temper blowing up.

Mr. Shore: We're going to sort out those squatters.

Ambit: Are you listening?

Mr. Shore: There's no need to get caught up in this.

Ambit: Just forget about it. It's not even our problem.

Mr. Shore: How many of them were there?

Ambit: I said forget it.

Mr. Shore: Alright!

Ambit: Now. What shall we do for the rest of the evening?

Mr. Shore: I can't believe it.

Ambit: It's nothing serious.

Mr. Shore: How can you say that?

Ambit: It happens, dad.

Mr. Shore: Not to me.

Ambit: This is my baby, now.

Pause.

Mr. Shore: Alright.

Scene 3. Evening. The rotted room at St. Pancras. Around the table sit **Leach**, and **Twos**.

Leach: Can't you get that blanket a little tighter round the window?

Twos: Are you cold?

Leach: It's a little nippy.

Twos: It's getting colder.

Leach: It comes and goes.

Twos: I went looking for somewhere new.

Leach: Anything?

Twos: I looked for proper places.

Leach: Proper?

Twos: Places you pay for.

Leach: Property? Dream on.

Twos: Where do you get all that money?

Leach: They're magicians. They make it out of thin air as far as I can tell.

Twos: Isn't there a school you can go to?

Leach: Either you got it or you don't got it.

Twos: What are we gonna do?

Leach: Nothing. Swig's been here more than fifteen years. That's more than most people stay anywhere. I don't reckon they'll ever get him out. I used to laugh when he mentioned the king. Now I'm a faithful subject.

Twos: All hail the king.

Leach: All hail his majesty.

Enter Swig.

Swig: Good news!

Leach: Well?

Swig: I've found us all work. Cash. Good money.

Leach: What is it.

Swig: I'll tell you. I saw a fellow this morning. The same one I always see. He walks about with his head in the clouds, gesturing this way and that like he's got a tick or something. "Morning," I say. And he stops and looks at me. Says, "I'm sorry. I've forgotten your name." So I tell him my name and he keeps looking at me. Finally he asks me if I'm looking for work. Well, after the way he was looking at me, I start thinking he's up to no good. So I ask him what kind of work and he tells me "posing." "Like, for art," I say. And

he laughs and says "yes, for art." I ask him how much and he says "it's eight quid an hour" and I say "ten" and he says "alright, ten." So I followed him back thinking all the while this chap's quite clever. I mean I thought I was clever asking him for ten, when I was happy with eight. But he's even cleverer, because he probably wanted to pay ten, so he said eight. Anyways, I followed him back to his place, he called it a "studio" and then he asks me to get my kit off. Well, guess who's even cleverer than the artist? Go on, guess?

Leach: Get on with it.

Swig: "Well," I says. "You didn't say nothing about taking my kit off." And he apologizes and all and asks me if I still want to do it. So I tell him I'll do it for twelve and he says ok. And look at that. (*flashes cash*) An afternoon's work.

Twos: God that's great.

Swig: He was a funny guy. As soon as I was standing there in the buff, he starts concentrating like mad. And all I can do is watch him, and he just keeps going and going. It seemed like he'd never stop. I just stood this way and that. He didn't seem to mind what I did. What a nice chap. Totally bonkers, though. The thing didn't look a thing like me. Looked like a roman emperor or something. The best thing is that afterwards, I asked him if he was looking for anyone else, or if he even wanted me back. He just looks at me. So I say I've got two friends, a man and a woman and we're all looking for work. He keeps looking at me. Finally says. Alright. So I've set us up for tomorrow.

Leach: Nice one.

Twos: Great.

Swig: It's strange, though. We was talking afterwards and I was telling him where I live. He said I didn't look the way I lived.

Twos: You should have told him.

Swig: Best not to. But come to think about it, the drawing did seem familiar. Through all the scratches and stuff, I mean.

Twos: Maybe he sees things we don't.

Swig: I hope not. The drawing was a mess.

Leach: He must not be bad, then. Did he draw a beer barrel with a ugly mug on top?

Swig: Very funny.

Leach: He could have summed you up all in one bit.

Swig: And what's that?

Leach: A Bum.

Swig: He would have missed the nobleness of my crown.

Leach: Nobility.

Swig: Thank you, sir.

Leach: He must be a very great artist.

Swig: Why's that.

Leach: The greatest art is of the most worthless subject.

Swig: Thank you, sir.

Leach: Forget it.

Swig: What's the matter, Twos?

Twos: Nothing.

Swig: Aren't you happy about the job?

Twos: It's great, Swig.

Leach: She's worried about taking her clothes off?

Twos: No it's not that.

Swig: The guys alright. I'm telling you.

Twos: I'm scared.

Swig: We'll be there.

Leach: And me.

Twos: I'm scared of seeing myself.

Swig: Come on, Twos.

Twos: I used to be pretty.

Swig: You're beautiful, Twos. You'll see. Tell her, Leach.

Leach: You are. For you, he'd draw a long stem rose.

Swig: Too thorny.

Leach: A daffodil.

Swig: How about just a beautiful girl with a couple of pansies?

Twos: I like flowers.

Swig: It won't be so bad. You'll see how beautiful you are and that's the truth.

Leach: That's the truth.

Twos: Alright.

Swig: Don't it make your heart stop.

Enter gang of thugs with balaclavas and knives.

Swig: Alright, fellows.

Thug: We expect you'll be gone tomorrow.

Swig: Is that so?

Thug: We're gonna let you off easy.

Thug takes Twos. Leach and Swig are kept at bay. Twos is punched in the face. Twos crying.

Thug: If you're still here when we come back, you'll be squatting in the hospital.

Exit Thugs.

Leach: You alright?

Swig: It was that fucking prick who was here before wearing a mask. Fucking coward.

Leach: Twos?

Twos: It couldn't have been Ambit.

Swig: Ambit, that's it. You should have let me take care of him last time.

Twos: It wasn't Ambit. It wasn't him.

Leach: We should get Munion and his crew down here.

Swig: Leave them out.

Leach: Come on, Swig. They want us out. We've been here for years. They're gonna end up paying all of us just to get out of here. Think about it, Swig...

Swig: We're not leaving here, Leach.

Leach: If we bring the boys down, we'll all get a chunk of money. All of us.

Swig: Shut up. Twos?

Twos: It wasn't Ambit.

Swig: Of course it was. All that sweet talk. Nothing but a fucking show.

Leach: Well. It's gonna cost them. Twos bruise's gonna double it.

Swig: Shut up.

Twos: I've got a bruise?

Swig: It doesn't look like anything.

Leach: It isn't too bad.

Twos: I'm supposed to be beautiful for tomorrow.

Swig: You're still beautiful. It's nothing.

Twos: Oh God.

Leach: It's nothing, darling.

Swig: Nothing.

Twos: Leave me alone.

Swig: Honestly, its...

Twos: Leave me alone!

Leach: Come on, Swig. We'll check on her later.

Exit Swig and Leach.

Enter Ambit.

Ambit: Twos.

Twos: Ambit?

Ambit: I came to talk.

Twos: What do you want?

Ambit: I wanted you to help me.

Twos: Help you?

Ambit: I'm in trouble and I need your help.

Twos: You're in trouble?

Ambit: I need you and your friends to leave the building.

Twos: Where?

Ambit: You can stay with me.

Twos: What about the others?

Ambit: I'll find them a place.

Twos: Why?

Ambit: I have to.

Twos: Why?

Ambit: Otherwise, I can't work.

Twos: Why don't you just kick us out onto the streets.

Ambit: I don't want to do that.

Twos: I don't believe you.

Ambit: Twos.

Twos: What?

Ambit: I love you.

Twos: You love me?

Ambit: I want you to stay with me.

Twos: You've got a strange way of showing it.

Ambit: Will you come with me?

Twos: So you can hit me?

Ambit: Why would I do that?

Twos: You tell me.

Ambit: Oh my God. What happened? Is that from Swig?

Twos: Swig?

Ambit: The king. Whatever his name is. Did he hit you?

Twos: It wasn't you?

Ambit: Me?

Twos: It wasn't you that sent those men?

Ambit: Men. What kind of men?

Twos: In masks. With holes around the eyes.

Ambit: Men in masks. Oh my god.

Twos: What?

Ambit: Come with me Twos.

Twos: I can't.

Ambit: You can't stay here.

Twos: This is my house. What do you mean I can't stay here.

Ambit: Just come with me, Twos. Come with me.

Twos: Ambit.

Ambit: Will you come.

Enter Leach and Swig.

Leach: What the fuck?

Leach and Swig attack Ambit.

Twos: It wasn't him! Stop it! It wasn't him!

Scene 4. *In the boardroom, Mr. Shore and Shareholders are seated at the table.*

Mr. Shore: I'm telling you, you're blowing it out of proportion. There's a few people in there and I'm sure they're more than willing to leave.

Shareholder 1: From what we've found, the best way to remove them is by offering a good size settlement...

Mr. Shore: There's no need. These matters can be dealt with informally. If you go in there with a fist full of money, they're only going to want more.

Shareholder 2: From our experience, that's not the case.

Mr. Shore: I'm sorry gentlemen, but it's not going to work. It's going to be a waste of time and money.

Shareholder 1: What do you propose, Richard?

Mr. Shore: I'll tell you. We'll get a few minders together and get them to remove everyone in the building. When they're outside, we'll seal it off and that's it.

Shareholder 2: What about the law?

Mr. Shore: These guys don't know the law.

Shareholder 2: And if they go to the police.

Mr. Shore: Who's going to give them the time of day?

Shareholder 1: What if the place is full of them. We'll need an army. It can't be done.

Mr. Shore: There's only a few of them, a handful at most. I've checked it out.

Shareholder 1: It's quick.

Shareholder 2: I don't know.

Mr. Shore: It's the best way.

Shareholder 2: What about them.

Mr. Shore: They'll find a place. Plenty of places to stay. You're in?

Shareholder 1: I'm in.

Mr. Shore: What do you say?

Shareholder 2: Alright.

Mr. Shore: We'll do it tonight.

*Enter **Ambit**, bandaged and bruised.*

Mr. Shore: Ambit. What the hell happened to you.

Ambit: Why don't you tell me, dad.

Mr. Shore: What?

Ambit: I was down at St. Pancras last night and I ran into a couple of squatters.

Mr. Shore: Don't worry about...

Ambit: Well, until now, I haven't been worried. Been down there a few times and never had a problem, but it seems last night they had a bit of jolt. Ring any bells?

Mr. Shore: I...

Ambit: Of course not. It seems they were visited by some lackeys who threatened them if they didn't leave by tomorrow. Still nothing?

Mr. Shore: Listen...

Ambit: Well, seeing as I didn't know anything about it, I certainly must have looked like an idiot. Wandering in there after having already asked them politely to leave. Politely, of course. It's no surprise they figured it was me who sent them, is it. And this (*indicating bandages*) isn't really much of a surprise either. After all, your crew managed to bruise a nice young girl. Eighteen years old. A real favourite among the residents.

Mr. Shore: A girl.

Ambit: I real beauty. I was trying to coax them out, but I don't think I've much of a chance. Do you?

Mr. Shore: I didn't know there was a girl.

Ambit: You wouldn't, would you. Sitting here and making judgements about people. Flesh and blood like you and me. Though I'm beginning to think all your blood's dried up, taking your heart with it.

Mr. Shore: Don't get...

Ambit: I'm not finished. Whatever scheme you have planned, forget it. The guy in charge there is never moving out. He's crazy. You just back-off before people get hurt. I'll handle this.

Mr. Shore: Are you finished?

Ambit: You're finished. Understand?

Mr. Shore: I'm finished? If it weren't for me, you'd never have laid your hands on this project, and if you'd listened to me from the beginning, we'd never have got into this hole.

Ambit: Yes. Thank you. Thank you for the bandages and the short stay in A & E.

Mr. Shore: Just listen, Ambit. For your own good, we're going to take care of this. We're going to move them out of there and that's final.

Ambit: Who's we. (*to shareholders*) Are you in on this?

Shareholder 2: I...

Ambit: Well that's just super, isn't it. I forbid you to do this.

Mr. Shore: You forbid me. You forbid me! I'm your father.

Ambit: You're a lunatic.

Mr. Shore: You watch out!

Ambit: I am. I am watching out. For you and your fucking psychosis.

Mr. Shore: I'm your father! Everything I've done...

Ambit: Spare me. Just spare me. You're not my father. Is that clear?

Mr. Shore: Just stay away from that building. For your own good.

Ambit: And if I don't? And if I call the police and warn them? How does that sound?

Mr. Shore: For your own good...

Ambit: Drop it!

Exit Mr. Shore.

Ambit: Gentlemen. Are you clear on all this? If you go forward with any of these plans, then I will personally see to it that I witness your conviction. Is that clear.

Shareholder 1: Take it easy, Ambit.

Ambit: Take it easy? What exactly were you planning? Were you going to beat them up again? Were you going to batter a young girl?

Shareholder 2: No. No. We were going to remove them, that's all, and shut the door behind them.

Ambit: Who?

Shareholder 2: What do you mean?

Ambit: Who were you going to "remove?"

Shareholder 2: The squatters.

Ambit: And who are they? Did either of you know? Did either of you think about it? Do have a daughter?

Shareholder 2: Yes.

Ambit: And if I was to smack her across the face, isn't it fair that if you found the fellow, he might end up looking like me? What's wrong with you people?

Shareholder 1: Leave it out Ambit.

Ambit: You're going to forget your plans, then?

Shareholder 1: Fuck it.

Ambit: Alright.

Exit Ambit.

Shareholder 2: I'm out.

Shareholder 1: I know.

Enter Ambit.

Ambit: He's gone.

Shareholder 1: I'm not surprised.

Ambit: Shit.

Exit Ambit.

Scene 5. *Outside St. Pancras building. There is a great door, the entrance to the building, and above that is a window. There is a **gang of thugs** in front of the door.*

Thug: What about the side doors?

Thug 2: Blocked.

Thug: Windows?

Thug 2: Blocked.

Thug: Basement entrances?

Thug 2: Blocked.

Thug: Alright. We start with the two men. Then we get the girl.

Thugs enter St. Pancras. Shouting is heard. Thugs retreat from St. Pancras.

Thug: Help me block the fucking door!

Thug 2: Alright. Alright.

Thug: There must be a dozen of 'em in there.

Thug 2: What do we do?

Thug: We need more men. Come back tomorrow.

Thug 2: What about the door?

Thug: Leave it. Fucking rats'll figure a way out.

Exit Thugs.

Enter Swig, Leach.

Leach: They're gone.

Swig: Of course they're gone.

Leach: And they've left the railway entrance open.

Swig: Criminals. Bunch of fucking idiots.

Leach: What about Munion and the boys.

Swig: Do as they please. Those fellows aren't coming back tonight.

Leach: You'd have thought there'd be more.

Swig: Idiots.

Leach: You alright?

Swig: I'm worried about Twos. It's alright me bunkering down in this place. But for her it's too much.

Leach: Maybe we should get her out of here.

Swig: Where to?

Leach: What about...

Swig: Not there. Guy's a cunt.

Leach: She said...

Swig: Don't care what she said. He's a cunt.

Leach: You don't know that.

Swig: I said forget it.

Pause.

Leach: There isn't anywhere else.

Swig: Not like this there ain't.

Leach: Period.

Swig: Damn right. Think, Leach.

Leach: Maybe she doesn't want to go.

Swig: Don't matter what she wants. We gotta do what's best. You think she can take anymore of this?

Leach: I can't take much more.

Swig: I'll miss her.

Leach: Not half as much as she'll miss you.

Swig: Any ideas?

Leach: You know what I think.

Swig: Fuck!

Leach: It's not urgent, alright?

Swig: Not urgent? We've got to move her out of there.

Leach: The day's over, Swig. The day's over.

Swig: Not for her it isn't. She's getting out of here.

Leach: You said it yourself. We've won tonight.

Swig: Tomorrow's a few hours away.

Leach: We'll figure it out. Let's get back inside. She'll be worried.

Swig: Alright.

Exit Swig, Leach.

Enter Mr. Shore, cautiously.

Mr. Shore: (*towards building*) Hello! The door's bolted. Good. All done.

Mr. Shore begins making preparations to burn down the building.

Mr. Shore: I guess Ambit would shout me down for having done that. For having helped him get his project off the ground. And still, what do I get? Abuse. A man's greatest joy is his child. He was almost taken away from me once and this project is not going to be the final straw. I've cleared the place of its infestation. Now it's time to finish the job.

Mr. Shore sets the building alight.

Enter Ambit.

Ambit: Dad!

Mr. Shore: Ambit. Get out of here.

Ambit: What have you done? There's people in there.

Mr. Shore: There's no one in there!

Ambit: Oh my God! *(Tries the door)*

Mr. Shore: Everyone's gone. Everyone's gone, Ambit.

Ambit: *(shouting)* Twos! Twos!

Twos appears in the window.

Ambit: You've got to get out. The building's burning.

Twos: I can't.

Ambit: Jump, Twos. Jump!

Twos climbs from the window.

Mr. Shore: Oh my god.

Mr. Shore pushes through the door.

Twos: What happened.

Ambit: Dad! Come back.

Twos: We've got to get Swig and Leach.

Ambit: Stay here. You can't go inside.

Twos: We've got to get Swig and Leach.

Twos runs inside the building.

Ambit: Twos.

Ambit follows. Shouting.

Twos: *(Offstage.)* Swig!

Ambit: *(Offstage)* Twos! Dad! Twos!

Ambit returns from the burning building.

The End.