

GAZ flips over the Club door to reveal the smart front door of a modern house.

GAZ stalks up to it and raps loudly on the knocker. MANDY answers.

GAZ: What's all this about a bloody Court Order?

MANDY: Knew you hadn't read it. You've been taking the piss for months, Garry.
You pay what you owe or you don't get access.

GAZ: Access? What you on about 'access'? He's not the fuckin' back door, he's me
kid.

MANDY: A kid you have to pay for. That's what father's do. Or you don't see him.
That's what access is.

GAZ: This is Barry isn't it? He's put you up to this. And, abracabra, Mondeo Man
appears.

BARRY has appeared. Puts an arm around MANDY's shoulders.

BARRY: Evening, Garry.

MANDY: He doesn't even like going round to yours.

GAZ: He does. Loves it.

MANDY: Says its cold.

GAZ: I put Superman wallpaper up in his bedroom. Ask him. Go on ask him.
Nath?

MANDY: Garry, don't.

He shouts up.

GAZ: You like it at ours, eh, Nath? Nathan?

MANDY: Don't.

GAZ: We have a laugh, don't we?

Nothing.

GAZ: He can't hear me through your triple bloody glazing, can he?

BARRY: He can hear you alright.

GAZ: This is all to cock, this is. Nathan's my kid and yours. And he's fuck all to do with him.

BARRY: Goodnight, Garry.

He shuts the door in GAZ's face. GAZ shouts up at the dark above.

GAZ: Night, kid. See you next week, eh? "Who am I? I am Superman!" Eh? Eh?

No response.

GAZ wanders offstage.