

NATHAN: Dad!

GAZ: What you doing? Them bloody teachers on strike again?

NATHAN: Need to talk to you.

GAZ: *(To the guy behind him in the queue.)* Don't nick my place.

*GAZ ducks out of the queue and ushers NATHAN to the privacy of downstage.*

GAZ: What's up?

NATHAN: Here.

*NATHAN produces his piggy bank.*

GAZ: What's this? *(Suddenly afraid.)* Hey, where d'you get this? You never nicked it ...

NATHAN: Me NatWest piggy bank. For Alan. The Club.

*He holds out the money, but GAZ can't take it.*

GAZ: No, lad. No, no, no.

NATHAN: Why not?

GAZ: I can't. These are your savings. You gotta keep 'em, save 'em up.

NATHAN: For what?

GAZ: I dunno. For a Ferrari, for a bag of chips, for whatever you want.

NATHAN: What about for me Dad?

GAZ: No, kid.

NATHAN: If it's mine I can do what I want with it. I'm your Manager, I'm investing. You said you'd get it all back.

GAZ: I know, but you don't want to listen to what I say.

NATHAN: You said it. I believe you.

GAZ: You do?

NATHAN: Yeah.

GAZ: Blimey. No, your mum'll go ape.

NATHAN: I won't if you won't. You need it, Dad. You know you do.

*GAZ takes the money.*

GAZ: Thanks, son. Thanks.

He hugs him tight.