

~~JORDAN / KIDD~~  
KIDD. No, no, no! Your worth in this world is what you reap. You don't play for zilch—I couldn't let you! You're class. Get what you deserve.

JORDAN. But it's a Board meeting *now*, I could talk to 'em?

KIDD. Nooo, you can't go in there!

*Kidd bars his way. Kidd's phone rings. He scrambles for it. Answers.*

*(In phone.)* Yeh. Now. Any second. Yeah!

*Kidd puts the phone in his pocket.*

JORDAN. Would they want me to have a medical?

KIDD. Who?

JORDAN. This other club.

KIDD. Is that a problem?

JORDAN. No.

KIDD. You a cokehead? Cos they'll find that shit if you is.

JORDAN. I don't do coke.

KIDD. Of course you don't.

JORDAN. The Midlands?

KIDD. I know you have concerns. But let me walk you through the *maths* and you'll appreciate the upside.

JORDAN. I dunno, boss.

KIDD. *Listen.* So, you trial and they like you. *Then* we can cut a little deal. You, me and them.

JORDAN. A *deal*?

KIDD. Mmm...

JORDAN. About the fee?

KIDD. Hmm?

JORDAN. You're talking about the fee?

KIDD. The fee?

JORDAN. For the transfer?

KIDD. No, no, no—something else. The fee is different, the club gets the fee.

START

JORDAN. Which club?

KIDD. *This* club, the selling club, who else?

JORDAN. You said "them" before.

KIDD. When? Who?

JORDAN. Just then, like a second ago.

KIDD. Who said "them"?

JORDAN. You.

KIDD. Me?

JORDAN. Yes.

KIDD. When?

JORDAN. Just now!

KIDD. I said "them"?

JORDAN. Yeah.

KIDD. I don't think so. Huh. To tell you the truth I'm a bit lost here!

JORDAN. I wanna talk to John. Can I talk to him, please?

KIDD. He's gone home. You *can't* talk to him. He's not *entitled* to advise you. You talk to him the Board kick him out the club. Kill him. You don't want that.

JORDAN. There's a fee and you said "something else."

KIDD. There it is. Let's call it a bonus.

JORDAN. Because it *is*?

KIDD. Because let's call it that.

JORDAN. This is fucked!

KIDD. Oi! Sit *down* and *listen*!

JORDAN. You fuck off, mister! I don't need your shit!

KIDD. Yeah you do! Sit down and behave yourself! *This* is the conversation where you become a man who might amount to something.

*Pause.*

JORDAN. What's the bonus for?

KIDD. The bonus? Why it's a thank-you.

JORDAN. To you?

KIDD. Me, you, everyone. Happy days.

JORDAN. I don't—

KIDD. It's a sweetener, common practice. Don't *fret*.

JORDAN. I need to understand!

KIDD. In actual fact, you really don't!

JORDAN. Who are "them"?

KIDD. Fuck "them" we're beyond that!

*Pause.*

JORDAN. Do *I* get a bonus?

KIDD. Yes you do, innit super? It's so super you don't wanna mention it. It's one of them great things best left unsaid.

*Pause.*

JORDAN. How much?

KIDD. The figure?

JORDAN. Yeah.

KIDD. Well it depends on the structure.

JORDAN. Can't you just *tell* me? Tell me something I can *understand*!

KIDD. There's a *number*. I suppose I could tell you that.

JORDAN. OK.

KIDD. The number is seven thousand pounds.

JORDAN. No shit!

KIDD. Innit sweet?!

JORDAN. I get seven grand?!

KIDD. Oh, I *wish*.

JORDAN. But you said—

KIDD. What did I say? I said that's the *number*. The *figure*, the figure is something else.

JORDAN. The total is seven?

KIDD. You see *this* is the conversation.

JORDAN. Yeah. What do I get?

KIDD. You get two and a half. Very tidy. Buy a car with that—you'll need it, zip off up the training ground each day.

JORDAN. Who gets the rest?

KIDD. It's really not relevant.

JORDAN. Who?

KIDD. "Other parties to the deal."

*Pause.*

JORDAN. I want five.

KIDD. It's not available.

JORDAN. Five or forget it.

KIDD. Five is not a conversation! Not worth our time you gonna fuck about all *naive*. See, me and Tony Mac we done the *work* here, set it up, for *you*.

JORDAN. Is it legal?

KIDD. Is that a serious question or something you're saying to pass the time?

JORDAN. Is it legal?

KIDD. Which?

JORDAN. All of it—*any* of it?

KIDD. I don't know, *is* it?

JORDAN. I'm asking *you*!

KIDD. Am I a lawyer?

JORDAN. Is it *illegal*? Cos I ain't up for that.

*Pause.*

KIDD. I know it's not *wrong*.

JORDAN. Is it a bung?

KIDD. No.

JORDAN. What is it then?

KIDD. It's *football*! It's how the poor survive! We're talking 'bout pocket money. The owner of this club, the big fat builder, you know what he's *worth*? You think he cares? We're underlings. *Atoms*. He bought the club so he could *sell* the club. In five years he's gonna flog this ground to the highest bidder. They'll build houses. And a superstore. Councillors, planners, developers—all in it together, all jolly old handshakes and Rotary Club. He'll make *millions*. And

**END**