

Your boy comes in you keep him here. And we will see where he stands.

*Kidd exits to the bathroom. Turns the taps off, gets in the bath. Yates continues to tidy up. After a while, Jordan enters*

JORDAN. OK?

YATES. Yeah.

*Jordan nods to the bathroom. Yates nods. Yates goes to the fridge, takes out an ice pack from the freezer compartment, wraps it in a small towel, hands it to Jordan.*

JORDAN. Thanks.

*Jordan sits on the bench, the ice pack held to his left knee.*

YATES. You speak to anyone after the game?

JORDAN. No.

YATES. No?

JORDAN. Just a guy with Jimmy. Said I played well. Terry.

YATES. Dark blue coat. Grey hair?

JORDAN. Yeah. Tony. Jimmy said there were things we had to talk about.

*Pause.*

YATES. Why d'you take that money off him?

*Jordan looks at Yates.*

JORDAN. He wanted me to. I was scared.

YATES. It gave him an in. He thinks you're biddable.

JORDAN. It was thirty quid.

YATES. I told you.

JORDAN. You give me cash sometimes.

YATES. I'm your guy, we're the team!

JORDAN. I took his money *once*. I needed it.

YATES. I bought you them boots. It's what I'm *here* for.

*Jordan nods an apology.*

Cos he's figured out our... thing.

*Jordan looks at Yates, worried.*

JORDAN. Am I in trouble?

YATES. He doesn't blame you.

JORDAN. Why would he?

YATES. He doesn't.

JORDAN. You said you'd look after me. Protect me. All the rest: the contract, you and Jim—it's not my business. I just wanna play. *(Softly, sadly.)* You think I'm something special. Want me to be. But I ain't different class, John. I ain't all that.

YATES. Yes you are.

JORDAN. You wanna think it.

YATES. I believe it.

JORDAN. Don't make it true.

YATES. You're good, son. *Believe.*

— END

*Yates makes his gesture of energy and uplift then stops himself. Kidd enters, towelling his hair. Jordan conceals the ice pack. Kidd starts to get dressed. After a while:*

KIDD. Ledge. Would you mind giving us a few minutes?

YATES. No. We agreed we'd both talk to him.

KIDD. *(To Jordan.)* Your call.

*Pause.*

JORDAN. *(To Yates.)* I'll be alright.

YATES. No. You won't.

*Pause.*

JORDAN. I'll find you if I'm not.

*Yates stares at Kidd.*

KIDD. He hath spoken.

*Yates exits, humiliated. Kidd closes the door.*

You got yourself in a pickle there. S'alright. We've all done it. He's a super fellow but he's got no business getting into you.

JORDAN. But you're cool with him?

KIDD. *Yeah!*

JORDAN. It's alright?