

Big old man

"ARE YOU NOW." HE NODS, TURNS, WALKS INSIDE

I walk in. It's dark. I start to look, check it out, make my mental notes.

Time for them to move on. Time for a fresh lemon, time for a change. Time for me. My time.

:YOUNG MAN

"Oh, what a lovely picture." It's the two of them sitting

I go to the bedroom, a place of cheap sleep, two beds, a lamp, an ashtray. A carpet worn from door to bed, from all the shuffling to sleep.

I move to the bathroom, a black cracked sink, last nights spit, and teeth waiting to be put in, waiting to be fed. I pick up the glass, I spin the teeth, I spin the teeth round and round.

:YOUNG MAN "Hello someone forget to take you for a walk." I say to the glass.

:DOG "YELP, YELP", a mad yelp, coming from the back. I move to the window, pull the lace, grey dirty lace.

:YOUNG MAN "What's that?"

There swinging from a tree, a frothing dog, choking, k

:

“Look at her, now she’s crying.” I say to the window
and room.

Crazy paving onto nice neat cut grass, they keep their grass cut. I wont have to do much with that. A life time's crap is stacked behind

:YOUNG MAN

"Lovely must take you a long time, bet you it does?"

And I walk over to her, I'm going to hold her hand.

:BIG OLD MAN "You choose?" He says.

:YOUNG MAN "What is one a bad one?"

:BIG OLD MAN "No, in my world you wouldn't do something like that."
He says.

I take what I think is the straightest, the straight eye jack.

:YOUNG MAN "Lets kick this pool game off." I say.

:BIG OLD MAN "Snooker." He shouts.

:YOUNG MAN "Whatever, does it matter? You're touchy. You break,
I'll give you the advantage." I say.

He fires a hard white, the balls explode, one rolls into the middle pocket.

:YOUNG MAN "Lucky old man." I say. The man got lucky. He pots
another. The man can play a bit.

PAUSE

:YOUNG MAN "Been practicing?"

And then he misses, ah.

:YOUNG MAN "My turn." I say rolling my shoulders.

PAUSE

:YOUNG MAN "The heart breaker, you watch this."

I shout bringing my que through the white. I pot one, then another.

:YOUNG MAN "The man's on a roll." I say looking to the sky.

The balls keep rolling in. I feel good, I wink at the neighbor he doesn't wink back.

I'm feeling cocky, damn it I am cocky. I miss. It was near, but I miss.

:YOUNG MAN "Shit, got any chalk?" I say.

:BIG OLD MAN "No, I don't have chalk." He says.

He places his cue onto the green, fires the white, he hits a hard ball, the ball disappears. He gets another. He's on a roll.

:OLD LADY "Good." His wife says in a low soft voice.

:YOUNG MAN "Good, lucky more like." I say.

I look at her she smiles at me, a silly smile. He misses.

:YOUNG MAN "Ha, luck always runs out, it's got too. The mans back."
I say smiling at her then at him.

My turn.

I walk to the table not many balls left, I can still do it.

The old timer is staring at me.

:YOUNG MAN "You like to stare don't you? Think you'll put me off?"

He's staring at me, his wife even the neighbor.

:YOUNG MAN "You lot won't put me off, it ain't possible."

I look at the dog silent on the rope, then back at them.

: "He's gone silence, you're little dog."

Eyes turn to the dog. And I bang my shot a good shot, the ball down, and I turn and look them in the eyes.

:YOUNG MAN "I'm coming back at you jack, I'm coming back jack."

:BIG OLD MAN "My names Bert." He says.

:YOUNG MAN "Yeah whatever. I don't care, I'm whipping your arse. You don't like me now?"

:BIG OLD MAN "Not even a little bit. Didn't like you as soon as you came through the door." He says.

:YOUNG MAN "Well old-timer your days are up."

The old lady coughs, brings up a little flem.

I miss hit the ball, the cues goes off to one side, the ball rolls past the pocket.

:YOUNG MAN "I bet you've got chalk." I say. "You just don't want me to have it."

I take my time, I take my shot. I place it, I miss, I fucking miss, the air comes out of me.

:YOUNG MAN "Shit, shit, shit."

Nothing, he doesn't smile, he doesn't say a word, nothing, he walks to the table.

:YOUNG MAN "Pressure, can you handle it?"

He doesn't say a word.

nice and slow, takes his shot. He gets a rebound, it goes in. Just, it goes in.

Two balls to play and again the ball goes in, it's his game. He turns, looks at me, looks me in the eye. The neighbor who's been watching says.

:NEIGHBOR "Well done Mr Gibbs." I stare at the neighbor.

PAUSE

:YOUNG MAN "Yeah, well."

His wife comes to my side touches my arm, I swing round, I move, put a little space between me and the lady.

