INT. THE WHITE LION, JAMES STREET - EVENING

A proper London pub. Narrow-boat chic, salt-beef sandwich menu chalked on a board, Young's bitter on tap. Christmas decorations. FAG SMOKE. The hum of a Saturday crowd.

The Biscuits occupy their corner beneath a framed photograph of HENRY COOPER dropping CASSIUS CLAY. Their corner. Nobody else sits here.

Pints on the table. Instruments stacked against the wall. Dean's bass propped upright, the truncheon visible if you know where to look.

Tina has the see-through purse open on the table. She's dividing the take into piles. Everyone watches. A ritual.

TINA
Forty-seven pounds sixty. Not bad for three hours. That's seven ninety-three each, and the rest goes in the van fund.

SHANE
We'll be touring by Easter at this rate.

RODNEY
You said that last week.

Rodney lights a large spliff.

SHANE
One week I'll be right.

MAGS
Keep saying it. Might come true.

RODNEY
I've got a name for the van.

No one looks up.

He exhales a huge smoke cloud and pipes up from behind it.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
The Biscuit Barrel.

A beat.

They all crack up.

SHANE
There is life in that tranquilised corpse after all.

RODNEY
Only occasionally, It's rare, but I'm prone to the odd epiphany.

Another hash smoke cloud.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
I see visions through the fog.

TINA
Don't force it.

MAGS
You'll hurt yourself.

RODNEY
I'm pacing myself.

The laughter rolls, then fades.

Tina gathers the coins. More deliberate now.

TINA
We're still miles off.

RODNEY
How short?

TINA
Short enough.

MAGS
At this rate we'll be touring Peckham.

RODNEY
Could be worse.

MAGS
How?

RODNEY
Croydon.

A small laugh.