Playground antics

Characters:
TV Presenter
Marco
Jacky
Jezza
Sara
Jezza's henchmen

TV Presenter: *(Hushed voice)* And here we are at the watering hole, sometimes known as the 'yard'. The animals are due to arrive any moment for a well-earned break from their survival skills training, and their true predatory skills come to the fore in this unsupervised setting. Ah – here we see some of them now…

Jacky: Gie's a sweet, Marco.

Marco: Get lost.

Jacky: Oh go on.

Marco: These are all I've got. Get your own.

Jacky: I gave you one last week – and it was my last one an' all.

Marco: So?

Jacky: Well gie's a sweet then.

Marco: Jezza might see me. You know he does his nut if anyone else gives out sweets on his patch.

Jacky: Don't know why. He's got tonnes. His Dad owns that sweet stall, doesn't he?

Marco: Yeah.

Jacky: But he never gives them out for free. And he's a bully too.

Jacky: Well I'll get some off that new kid from the estate. She brings chocolate sometimes.

Marco: Yeah – just wait till Jezza hears about that. She won't last long.

Jacky: Hey Sara. Got any chocolate?

Sara: Hi. Yep, what kind do you want?

Marco: Don't let Jezza see you giving sweets out.

Sara: Why – does he want some?

Jacky: He's a big bully. He's got loads of sweets and he sells them for favours and things, and he doesn't want anyone else getting in on the action. Thinks he's Mr. Big.

Jezza enters with at least 2 henchmen.

Jezza: Someone talking about me?

Marco: Jacky wanted some of your sweets.

Jacky: Did not.

Marco: Did so.

Jezza: I've always got loads of sweets. You want sweets, I'm the man to ask.

Jacky: Alright then. Can I have a sweet, Jezza?

Jezza: Can I have a sweet, Jezza… what?

Jacky: Can I have a sweet, Jezza, *please*?

Jezza: What'll you give me?

Jacky: See – told you he never gave them away.

Jezza: Nothing's for nothing, as me dad likes to say.

Marco: Thought your dad gave you them for free?

Jezza: Not for free, no. But I get a good discount. Now Jacky – what'll you give me? Tell you what – do my maths homework for the next two nights and you can have this chocolate bar.

Jacky: Er…

Marco: Deal!

Jezza: Not you Marco. Your maths is rubbish. But you can do my French if you like.

Marco: Okay. Two nights of French.

Jezza: Three.

Marco: What?

Jezza: Three nights. Price just went up.

Marco: Git.

Jezza: Take it or leave it – I really don't care.

Marco: Alright then.

Jezza: What about you, Jacky? Price too high? How about one maths homework and you fetch my dinner today?

Marco: Hey – that's not fair!

Jezza: No-one said the world was fair, Marco. Get used to it. Deal, Jacky?

Jacky: No. I don't want the chocolate that much.

Jezza: Last chance saloon… Oh well. You know where I am if you want me. (goes off)

Jacky: Yeah. Picking on the small kids, most likely. Hey, Marco, gie's some chocolate.

Marco: No chance. Not at that price. Get your own.