



Billy from BENDER

By Anna Jordan

Age range – Mid to late twenties

Setting: Billy is drinking again after a year and twelve days of being dry. He describes the night he spends in the pub falling off the wagon.

And the night just fucking rolls! I'm in my element. It's like the glory days! I'm back in 2005; debonair and dapper in a crisp Ben Sherman – baby blue, smart jeans, no coat, squirt of Joop. (Did you know Joop is *scientifically proven* to make a woman wet between the legs? I read it. In National Geographic. Or Nuts. Anyway) Pint after pint after shot after pint. I'm with my boys. And Fibs. And there's so many *fine* ladies floating around it makes you wanna fucking die. It's all fake tan and legs eleven, short tops with belly buttons out, lips and hips and tits and arses and GOD I FUCKING LOVE WOMEN! I feel like the don, the dan, the joker, the geezer, the 'ALRIGHT DARLING?' and 'YES LADIES, I DID TUCK MY KNOB IN MY SOCK BEFORE I COME OUT!' Smiles, winks, nods, tongues... like you're on the end of a fucking seaside pier! And wondering who I'm gonna fuck tonight, knowing all I have to do to seal the deal is come out with the chat. 'Cos I'm the master of all that. Summer sun, single and twenty-one. It don't get much better than this. Mates and banter. Shots and lager. Knowing tonight I might snog, snort, fight, fuck, cum, puke, dance... die. Anything is possible in this crazy fucking amber world. But now it's 2010. And I'm not 21. But I'm here. I'm so fucking present in this moment right now I can't tell you. I'm with Fibs. And Lizzy. And they laugh. And when they laugh I can see lines and creases in their faces that tell me they've been there and back and I love them for it. I can feel blood pumping in my veins and while cheesy tune after cheesy tune thumps through the place in the seconds inbetween them – during those moments of relative quiet, of relative peace – I can hear my heart beating.