

# Trouble At Mill

*Taken from the novel / screen play*

*FADERS*

*by*

*Bullen & Phipps*

It is Saturday morning in an industrial part of East London. Our hero TJ Jones, the best Fader of the Western Isles, finds himself back in England after being deported by the Swiss government. Unfortunately he is wanted by both the Revenue Inspectorate & the Don, London's biggest gangster. We join the story with Tj in bed with City, the Don's beautiful daughter.

## **The Fader Code**

- 1 Remain alert
- 2 Know your enemy
- 3 Trust your instincts
- 4 Never show your money
- 5 Know yer Stations
- 6 Another five minutes won't hurt
- 7 If you can, thank the man
- 8 Know yer postcodes
- 9 The trains going there anyway
- 10 When in doubt, clout
- 11 Always keep your cool
- 12 It is every Fader's duty to baffle & confuse
- 13 Always remember your free cup of tea

Somewhere in Surburton Mrs Mayfair served her husband Clive his breakfast. She loved him, he was still as good looking as the day they met & now he had power at work. He had risen thro the ranks at Railtrack, from a lowly trolley pusher to the giddy heights of Chief Revenue Inspector, with all the wages & prestige that the job entailed. She revelled in the envious eyes the other conductor's wives cast whenever she would put on a tupperware party.

*So how many did you catch yesterday darling?* she enquired while dishing out his beans.

*It was a little quiet actually... just twenty eight of the rascals...*

*Ah well! Better luck tomorrow*

*Yes, I expect so... it's Saturday & that means football fans... West Ham are at home to Everton, & you can rest assured those thievin Scousers won't pay!*

Mayfair tucked into his sausage, looking forward to a good days work.

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At the Anchor pub the Gav was busy finishin off a massive line of coke in the toilets. He left with a sniff & a shrug of the shoulders & swaggered thro the pub onto the street outside. Bulldog was there waitin for Ron.

*'ere yet?*

*"Nah boss!*

At that moment from round the corner at the top of the street appeared Ron the Fish' van. It was a naff Ford with RON emblazened on the side. As it pulled up outside the Anchor The Gav & Bulldog shared a puzzled look.

*Gavnor... Bulldog, said Ron getting out of the van*

*Wheres the friggin car*

*Its dahn the garage boss... big ends gone*

*Theres no way I'm gettin in that stinkin fishwagon Ron*

*Furry muff... I didnt wanna go up Norf anyways... Its full o fackin mankeys... you'll av to get the train Gav*

*Hah! The train! whatcha take me for...a cunt! wanna git there today dunny,* shouted the Gavnor storming into the van,

*Well whatcha waitin for... get in!*

A few moments later Ron, Bulldog & the Gav were all squashed in the van together, motoring thro London towards the M1.

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As usual Kings Cross was a heaving mass of anonymity. The station's position, at the interconnection of several overland, underground & national lines helped make it one of the busiest stations in the world. Also, with it being Saturday morning the place was extra packed with shoppers, but to Mayfair this was all for the good... the more people there were the more Faders there were to catch... & he hated Faders. He was standing smugly in the hall of the underground station with his side-kick Harry taking the details of a young, frightened, curly haired student.

*"The fine will be going to your house...& if you dont pay we'll be sending in the bailiffs...got that*

"Ye-yeah," whispered the student nervously.

*"Now go...& if I ever catch you again...its three months at her majesty's pleasure*

At that the student scuttled off into the crowd. Mayfair watched him go & then sniffed the air

*"Smell that Harry...thats the smell of fear... & remember, without fear, we wouldn't have a job*

*So how many's that today*

*Six already, replied Mayfair, eagerly rubbing his hands together, " & its not even 10 o'clock...I love this job I mean... look out there... everyone of them is a potential fare evader... they'd all like to do it... but we... but...we..."*

Suddenly he froze. He had seen something... or rather some one... no it couldn't be! Could it?

*"What's wrong boss?"*

Ignoring the question Mayfair sprung into action, charging thro the crowd toward the hat bobbing in the distance up the stairs

*"Get outta my way,"* he shouted, barging people aside. He bounded up the steps that led into the fresh(ish) air of London, the bright light of day making him blink a moment. Perhaps this was what helped him to lose his quarry... because when his vision settled the hat was nowhere to be seen. Quick as a flash he was bounding back down into the Underground Hall & toward the barriers.

*Tommy!* He shouted at the guard

*Boss!* Said the guard opening the gate

Mayfair leapt through it & charged into the CCTV room that dominated the hall. From here every little niche of the station could be scanned for those who didn't pay their fares. The couple of blue suited grunts within were roused by Mayfair's mighty entrance.

*Quick John...can you give me the last five minutes in the hall there*

*Why, whats up*

*Never mind that...just do it*

*Alright, alright, keep yer 'air on*

John went to work, found the right screen & pressed rewind. After a few moments he set it playing. Mayfair watched intently as into view sauntered a cool looking dude in a cooler hat who, with an SAS style manouvre, crawled underneath a gate, stood up & dusted himself down. Freeze there! The cheeky little bastard...can we get a close up on his face?  
*Sure! Sure! Sure!*

John pressed a few buttons & the picture began to enlarge until, sure enough, the smiling face of TJ Jones filled the screen

*He's back... I fuckin knew it was 'im... try & see where he went John, I'll just make a call*

John went back to work while Mayfair dialled a number on his mobile  
*So poppas come home as he...*

The call was answered

*Darlin...*

*Dont wait up for me tonight love...*

*TJ Jones is back...*

*I will do, love, I will do...*

*Yeah you too...bye*

*Got him!* Shouted John, watching TJ Jones boarding a big, green intercity train

*Where, where*

*Saint Pancras*

*I wanna know where's that train goin*

*Sheffield*

*Sheffield...right*

Mayfair got out his phone again

*Hello, Scotland Yard...*

*Chief revenue inspector Clive Mayfair here...*

*this is a code one, we've got a zebra...*

*repeat we have got a zebra...*

*I need a chopper down at Kings Cross...*

*Pronto!*

He slammed his phone shut & with a triumphant sneer said, "Got 'im!"

\*

The buffet girls voice came tumbling over the speakers, "I would like to announce that the buffet car is now open... serving a selection of hot & cold snacks, tea, coffee & a range of alcoholic drinks... thank you"

This was Tj's cue for the action to begin. Completely oblivious to the fact that now major resources of her majesty's police force were bearing down upon him Tj Jones was in a relaxed mood. The Midland Mainline was the easisest of all the Intercities & a joy to jump. As the conductor made his major sweep (the checking of every ticket on the train) the Fader would simply saunter straight past him. The grunts rarely asked for a ticket, & if they did a simple, "*Mi wife's got 'em*" would suffice. This was exactly the tried & tested formula Tj used, even giving the grunt a gentle '*good day sir*' as he passed to rub it in. Another reason why the Midland Mainline is enjoyed so much by the Faders is the complimentary teas & coffees given to the passengers. After passing the grunt Tj remembered article twelve of the Fader code, went straight to the buffet car to take advantage of the company's kind offer. He could tell the kinda sexy buffet girl was called Mandy from the name tag pinned on her large chest.

*A cup o tea please...Mandy*

*How did ya know my name?*

*Lucky guess...I guess*

*Right...tea it is*

*Yep*

Tj checked out her ass while she made his brew... it was pretty nice.

*I'm glad this is free love, said Tj on receiving his tea, I mean the amount of money we spend on fares*

*I know... it's ridiculous.*

Tj tutted, said his goodbyes & sat himself down on a spare seat in the Dead zone (the area already swept) & watched the grunt complete his sweep.

'*Aaaahhh!*' he thought sipping his tea & lay back for the ride.

\*

At that moment Kings Cross had been brought to a standstill. Poilce cars had blocked off the Euston Road & even the prostitutes had stopped their touting to see what was going on. They were soon answered as from the

heavens descended the cacophony of a police helicopter. It landed right in the centre of the road, blowing the newspapers from the stalls. From the underground hall jogged Mayfair toward his waiting chopper, gave the pilot a wave & jumped inside. Harry, as always, was right behind.

*How long will it take to get to Sheffield,* shouted Mayfair to the pilot over the roaring whirring of the propellers.

The pilot gestured & mouthed a 1 hour & ten minutes.

Mayfair gave a thumbs up sign, strapped himself in & gestured a 'lets go.'

With a cyclone of wind the chopper raised it's tonnage into the air & took off North.

*"Fackin pigs,"* yelled the news-seller picking up his scatterd reams of papers...

### **WELCOME TO THE M1**

Finally, after the infuriatingly frustrating mission that is escaping London's clutches by road, the fish van was heading North. Inside, The Gavnor sat between Ron & Bulldog, getting steadily more & more pissed off. Suddenly Bulldog reached across him to the radio.

*Don't mind if I check the footy scores does ya... Ammers are at 'ome...aint missed a game all season...*

Bulldog then farted... a smelly one at that.

*Bladdy ell Bulldog! It fackin stinks in ere already...nah yer makin it worse...wind your window dahn yer filthy animal*

Bulldog tried to wind it down but to no avail.

It aint budgin boss

*Whatcha mean it aint budgin... wind yours dahn Ron*

Ron tried to wind his window down, but again it wouldn't move.

*Yeah, sorry about that...they've both seized up*

*Seized up! What both of em... 'ow can they just seize up*

*I dont know...just broke innit*

*Broke...broke? your avin a larf intcha,* The Gav thrust out his right fist straight thro Ron's side window, *It's fackin broke nah aint it*

*Oi!... leave it aht... me winda fer facks sake*

*I'm just gettin some fresh air in I, he relaxed & sucked in a deep blast of air, Nah breathe that in boys... the sweet air of the south... the queens air that is... make the most of it while ya can, cos once we're past Milton Keynes it's gonna be like livin up a fackin chimney.*

Back on the train Tj was lazily gazing through the window. An hour or so had trundled by & he looked at his native greenery with a sense of well-being. Being born an Englishman was another slice of luck in an already fortunate existence & it felt good to be home. He'd passed through

Bedford & Leicester & was now approaching Derby, with Sheffield only another hour away... & all for free. Over the verdant countryside he noticed a helicopter scything through the side.

*'Probably some idle rich playboy taking his steed for a ride,'* he thought. How wrong he was

Inside the chopper Mayfair had his eyes firmly fixed on the train flying like a dart through the fields.

*That's the one!* He shouted, pointing to the Earth.

*So whats this guy done then,* shouted the pilot, *"Is he a terrorist or something*

*No... worse than that... he owes the companies about a million pounds in fines & fares... but now he's gonna pay.*

Not long after passing the crooked spire of Chesterfield the Midland Mainline began to slow into it's destination, the city of Sheffield. Now of all England's Northern cities, Sheffield is probably the funkier. A great night life, loads of tottie, drugs a plenty & a damn right attitude helps it stand head & shoulders over places like Liverpool, Manchester, & especially Leeds. Tj knew this & grew exited, going so far as to stick his head out of the window as he trundled through the suburbs. Suddenly the happy face froze as he neared the station - the platform was crawling with bizzies.

*We will shortly be arriving at Sheffield...do not forget your luggage & thank you for travelling with the company,* came the conductors voice over the tannoy. This spurred Tj into action & he quickly climbed through the window onto the roof of the train & led himself prone. A few moments later the train had stopped & the police had burst onto the train, kicking open the toilets & shouting an awful lot. *'They can't be after me'* thought Tj. But not willing to take the chance he saw his chance. From the opposite direction came a goods wagon, creaking along the line. When it was parallel to the Midland Mainline he leapt onto the rusting roof & from there dropped down onto the opposite platform to the one with the pigs. He dusted himself down & casually walked over the bridge & to the station's exit.

At the gateway to platform 1 Mayfair grew steadily exited. The Mainline passengers were passing through, every one with a valid ticket, & still no sign of Tj... it would be any moment now when he had him. The train has been searched, said Harry, its empty now sir Good...good...then he must be here somewhere. He was, but somehow, despite being opposed by fifty of her majestys finest Tj had slipped the net & was now standing outside the station,

where in front of him, on a large, painted sign, the Student Union declared;

## WELCOME TO SHEFFIELD

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The Tut 'n' Shive was your typical Northern pub. A fairly classy interior, cheap ale, a pool table, a screen for the footy & a wide slice of society. Sat in one corner of the place was Charlie McKenzie. Now Charlie wasn't your usual member of society. For a start he was a Fader. He might not have jumped a train in a while, but he was definitely a Fader through & through. His chief interests now were music & her accompaniment... drugs. He had em goin in & comin out of every orifice & helped keep South Yorkshire, half of Derbyshire & a couple of Japanese businessmen high. With the drugs came the parties, & thus the birds, & he loved his birds. In fact, he loved one of em so much he'd just had a kid with her. This fact was preyin on his mind, however. He loved his kid & he'd just got himself into a whole heap of trouble. Through all this despondancy the last thing he needed at this moment, while he drowned his sorrow in beer, was more trouble. So you can imagine he wasn't too fuckin chuff'd to see a certain gentleman stroll back into his life... who just so happened to be trouble incarnate.

*Charlie Boy!*

*TJ Jones ! What the fuck are you doin here*

*Now is that any way to greet an old Fader comrade*

*Nice one... you've cheered me up no end*

*Sarky bastard... whats up*

*"You don't wanna know," he took a long gulp of beer, "Thought you were abroad*

*I was til the Swiss deported me*

*Gutted*

*Nah then... the only time I've ever seen a Fader so pissed off is when he's been made to spend more than a fiver on a ticket...now I don't see no ticket, so where's the problem, man?*

*Well... it all began this morning, fucks sake... I was just sat down with mi shreddies watching a particularly fine episode of Trisha*

*What, get a job TV*

*Ch'yea , they've no chance mate... I'll watch videos all day if I have to... anyway I was just munchin mi shreddies when doorbell rang... I peeped through curtain & lo & behold, PC fuckin Jennings & her mates... while I scarpered outta bathroom window & they smashed me door down again*

*Criminals mate, lot of em  
Tell me about it... so I managed to scarper yeah, but I had to leave  
behind a thousand pills....bastards  
Busted  
I know...I'm gutted...a thousand pills up in smoke  
So what ya gonna do  
What can I do...my Fader days are over...I've got a baby boy in Sheffield  
now... love him ter bits... I can't just leg it & never see him again... I've  
decided to take the rap... hand myself in first thing  
Aw Charlie  
Its reyt... for all I've gotten away with a couple of years is fuck all...  
Still tho  
Me minds made up mate...anyway...that leaves me one last night o  
freedom," Charlie rummaged in his coat pocket & pulled out a bag of  
about thirty multicoloured ecstasy tablets, "And the wankers never got  
them all, did they? You in  
Too reyt  
Ee-ya then*

Charlie took one out of the bag, flipped it in the air to land on an outstretched Tj tongue. He then got one for himself & with a chink of their glasses the boys had christened their rave.

While the MDMA was just beginning to work it's magic on Tj Jones, the fish van was still riding the M1, somewhere in the vicinity of the Meadowhall shopping centre. With a timely indication it took the slip road & soon found itself on a roundabout, & a little later driving through a decidedly scummy part of the world. You had your dodgy birds, dodgy blokes & dodgy spoilers on yer dodgy boy racer cars.

*Bloody ell... Look at all these Northern scum, said the Gavnor, his jaw drooping in disgust.*

*Yeah...cousin fuckers Gav, added Bulldog.*

*Come on Ron lets get to Charlies sharpish.*

*I don't know where I am boss, said Ron. He'd been to Sheffield loads of times before, but had never seen these particular streets before.*

*I know where we are...the fackin Wild West...pull over.*

The van parked up outside a chippy, from where two over-glammed young birds came waddling out, chips in hand.

*Oi Darlin... cam here a minute, shouted the Gavnor, ushering them over.*

One of the birds came across & bent down to talk to the Gav. Her cleavage gave the lads in the van quite a start.

*'Ere Ron, wheres this studio*

*Er... Surecock Street I fink*

*Whaddayawant, shrilled the bird*  
*Awright treacle... y'know where I could find this Surecock Street*  
*Surecock Street... 'ere Trace, the other girl, plump as a pudding,*  
*waddled over,*  
*"You're cockneys you are... aren't ya*  
*'Ere... what ya doin in a fish van your, said Tracy*  
*They're Cockneys Trace*  
*Aye... in a fuckin fishvan 'n' all Shaz*  
 This seemed to amuse the girls highly on account of their hysterical  
 laughter.  
*C'mon Tush, said a very bemused Gavnor, we're in an 'urry 'ere...*  
*where's this Surecock Street*  
*Y'what*  
*Why... is there a chippy there or summat, asked Tracy*  
*If there were a chippy there you'd 'av 'eard of it you fat cah*  
*Nah cherub, who mentioned a fackin chippy*  
*Well, where else ya gonna be deliverin fish at this time on a Sat'day*  
*Darlin... do I look like a fishmonger*  
*Well you're in a fishvan aren't ya... an ya smell like one... dunnee Trace*  
*Aye!*  
*Look, I don't sell fish, that's Ron 'ere... he began to become a little*  
*exasperated," Look sweetheart... do you know where it is or what*  
*Never 'eard of it*  
*Fer facks sake... drive on Ron*  
 The fish van set off to more laughs & a 'Fack off Grandad!" from the  
 chip-munchin birds. The Gavnor was shaking her head, *the mind*  
*boggles...these cheap Sheffield tarts...no class at all...get us out of here*  
*Ron*  
*Pretty fit tho, said Bulldog*  
*Yeah, til they opened their mouths, said Ron*  
*Recognise anyfink yet, said the Gavnor a little further down the road*  
*Nah, nuffink..." Rons face dropped & he slammed on the brakes*  
*Whassup*  
*Eh boss...I fink we might ave took a wrong turning, he gestured to sign*  
*post up ahead.*

## WELCOME TO ROTHERHAM

\*

In another part of the steel city it wasn't so shiny. In fact it was a bit  
 drizzly, a bit dark & a bit cold. But Mayfair was used to it. He'd travelled

the length & breadth of the country in search of Tj Jones. He'd even followed him to Grimsby for fuck's sake, but the swine gave him the slip at Cleethorpes. All the bitter memories were flooding back, how does he do it? How? He cut a lonely figure as he paced up & down the platform, deep in thought. Then he stopped, got out his phone & made a call.

*Hello darling...*

*No! I can't explain it, he was on the train but just... disappeared...*

*I've decided to stay in Sheffield, I've got a feeling he's here...*

*I'll stay in a travel lodge...*

*No...*

*Yes I'll buy some underpants first thing, dear...*

*Yes you too, bye...*

He put the phone back in his pocket & stared down at the rust red tracks...

The Mill was a top club. Young partygoers from all over the North turned up in their droves to get properly wrecked & boogie. Outside the main doors, underneath the twinkling neon of the sign, Tj & Charlie were chatting to Barry the bouncer.

*Fuckin listen right here you cunt, said Charlie, wagging his finger, You'll be looking like a smacked monkey arse faced bitch in a minute...twat!"*

Barry looked at him with a face that had just swallowed a wasp, then in his gravelly voice went, *And what did he say*

*What could he say... he was fucked*

*In you go lads, laughed Barry, And I hope you're not up to owt t'nate Charlie*

*Would I*

Charlie shook Barry's hand as they stepped inside the club, leaving a couple of 'little fellas' in his giant palm. It's always been customary for a dealer to sort out the bouncers & Charlie wasn't one to stray from tradition. Barry looked down at the little pill - one pink & one white - not sure which one to have.

Pink or white...white or pink?... sod it', he thought & double dropped.

In the club's foyer Tj & Charlie arrived at the cloakroom. The bird attendant looked at them with the cockiness of a twenty three year old. The dull throb of the rave shaking the air

*Ere ya darling, said Charlie handing over his coat, how much*

*Quid each*

*A quid! Ee-ya love... & heres ya tip*

Charlie handed over a couple of nuggets & an ecstasy. She smiled

*Cheers Charly boy*

*Nah worries*

With the weight off the backs & the jive in their strut the lads were ready. They rolled to the double doors that separated the foyer from the dance floor, Charlie opening them with a slinky little push.

*After you, sir*

Tj stepped through to be bombarded by deep drum & bass, a sea of ravers & loads of fit birds. He stood there a moment nodding his head in appreciation, then Charlie joined him at his side.

*Welcome to The Mill!*

*Wicked!*

\*

At that moment the gangsters were marching through Sheffield, three abreast in the centre of the road. About them lay the lariness of a Saturday night, pissed up gangs of lads & dolled up groups of birds wearing a lot less than they should do. As they passed a group of gothique students one of them stopped Bulldog & gestured to his tattoo.

*Yo mate...whats that on your head?*

*Your face!* Said Bulldog with a firm headbutt to the guy's nose.

*Fackin students,* hissed the Gavnor & on they swaggered.

Back in the club the cloakroom attendant began to feel funny. Her legs were going, tappin to the tunes, & she was startin to rush. Good ol Charly Boy, he always managed to get the best pills in Yorkshire. They were Dutch, an old mate of his brought 'em over on the Hull ter Rotterdam ferry, & believe me, they were proper reyt good. So good, in fact, she climbed over the counter & headed for the dance floor, drawn to the music like a moth to a flame. The dance floor was a jiggedy host of jive, kept in thrall to the preacher-like chanting of the fly MC. He was a cool little rasta, with more spunk than a horny elephant, & in the Mill he was God. Nah, he was cooler than God! Sly lyrics made the boys ride the rave, even tho the boys were mullarhed.

*So, seein as yer gonna get botteyd by Mr Big for the next two years I think you'd best have one last pop at the gash son*

*You gotta point there*

*I mean... this place is wall to wall Claude*

*Claude?*

*Claude DeBussy... poosy*

*Yeah, yeah! Fanny central*

*Why don't we pick up a couple of tarts, take em back to yours & give em a right royal fuckin good seein to*  
*Mate! I aint goin back to mine, the fuckin scuffers might be there*  
*Don't be daft you daft cunt... they'll all be down the station neckin your pills kidda... besides... no one's ever bin shot twice on the same day... got yer eyes on any of em*  
*O you know...the blonde rodeo ho in the denim skirt*  
*Woah, said Tj pulling at some imaginary reins, back up Charlie boy, I fancied a pop at that misell*  
*Forget it man, I'm pullin rank, If I'm goin down tomorrow shes goin down on me tonight*  
*Mate! I don't reckon you'll able to perform after tonights mash up*  
*No worries..., Charlie pulled out two strange looking pills from yet another back pocket secret stash, "I got me some of these babies*  
*What are those...viagra*  
*Nah mate, 'scalled Kemagra*  
*What the fucks that*  
*Horse Viagra...mate o mine give er man a half... just a half... & e was up for three days*  
*Nah*  
*Yeah....poor girl could ardly walk for a week*  
*You fuckin maniac...giz one*  
*Ee-ya mate...now lets do one..., he tapped his other back pocket, I've got a pocket full of bitch tokens an I wanna cash them in*  
*Come on!*  
Charlie laughed & gestured to Tj, & off they rocked into the sweaty mass of funk, taking a great pleasure from a couple of best mate birds doing an erotic lesbo dance.  
*Good look mate, said Tj, swigging the champers & handing the bottle to Charlie.*  
*It's in the bag*  
*What if she's not up for it*  
*Charlie pictured the rodeo ho naked on a buckaroo*  
*How can she not be up for it?.. She was born to ride*  
Tj took back the bottle & had a mighty old gulp, *"She might be on rag*  
*In that case I'm takin a spare*  
*A spare!..in that case I'm takin a spare*  
*If you're takin a spare I'm takin two, said Charlie, taking back the bottle & then, with a lick of the eyebrows & a smell of his breath said,*  
*Reyt...I'm goin in, 'ow do I look?*  
*Cool as*  
Charlie drained the bottle & went into action. His first target was a cute brunette, slightly oriental eyes & a cleavage to put your toast in.

*Ee-ya love*

She turned round & he popped a pill in her mouth, slapping her ass in the process

*That's for having the best ass in the house love... wanna come for a bit of a party*

*Don't mind if I do, she gestured to her equally horny mate, can I bring mi mate, we do everything together*

Charlie nearly shit himself when the rodeo ho walked over.

*Too reyt... what are yer names then ladies*

*Clare*

*Patty, said the rodeo ho.*

*I'm Charlie... he gave Patty a pill, ee-ya love, enjoy*

*Ta*

*Just give me a minute*

In fact it took him less than a minute to return with a leggy red-head, the kind of bird every guy wished they could do. He began to make the introductions, clicking his fingers at Clare.

*This is erm..erm...*

*Clare!*

*Yeah...and... erm...erm*

*Patty*

*Yeah...meet... erm...erm... shi-it, what's yer name again love*

*Donna*

*O fuck it...I'm gonna call ya One...Two & Three, he pointed as at the same time Tj turned up withy two birds of his own.*

*One, two & three, meet my esteemed gentleman friend TJ Jones*

*Ladies, said Tj with a bow.*

*Reyt... Lets go back to mine then, said Charlie & off they slid, the hawk-eyed MC spotting the manoeuvre.*

*Big shout out to the Charlie boy... u cant leave with all those pretty girls... they'll be none left for me... I see the plastic surgery's doin yer good kid... later mate*

Charlie gave him the rods then disappeared through the double doors. The MC smiled a smile & got back on the job.

*Posse ready, posse go ...hey ..hey ..hey!!*

*Posse ready, posse go hoe hoe hoe...*

Outside the club Barry was starting to see double... & angels. He was so trolleyed he'd fallen in love with a dustbin, but he was a pro & the security was still in place. Through his blur he noticed a strange vehicle smelling surprisingly of fish pull up across the way. Six guys got out of it, suddenly merging into three when they were just a few feet away.

*Not tonight lads, yer too late*

*Bulldog!*

Bulldog stepped up eagerly & sparked him out with a single punch. The killing instinct had risen in the little gangster as Barry was jumped on, grabbed by the shoulder & slapped a few times.

*'Ee's out cold, said Bulldog proudly*

*Leave him*

*Still got it aint I boss,*

*Yeah Bulldog, ya still got it... In we go lads, keep yer eyes peel'd.*

Boot by boot they stepped over a now comatose Barry, who, despite being unconscious, still had a smile on his face.

Not far away Charlie's posse were walking to the cloakroom. Tj took his comrade aside for a moment.

*Charlie boy, you look fuckered!*

*Nah...you look fucked...and yer got pasties*

Tj wiped the corner of his mouth with his finger & thumb

*Fuckin pasties...are they gone*

*Nah mate*

*Gone nah? Said Tj wiping furiously*

*Nah mate...yer just making em worse*

Charlie burst out laughing & Tj suddenly realised he was taking the piss.

*O boys! Cried the girls in unison*

The boys stopped their antics & turned to look at the ladies, five tasty lasses all stood by the cloakroom, each one wobbling a bit.

*Theres nobody ere chuck, said bird 4, "ow we gunna get us coats*

*Nah worries ladies, said Tj walking to the counter, I'll sort this one. He began to bang his fist down repeatedly, "Wheres my coat... wheres my coat!..."*

A grinning Charlie snook behind Tj, giving the ladies a shhh! Then grabbed his ankles & launched him into the cloakroom with a grand, "*All Pile on!*"

As Charlie leapt over the counter onto Tj, the ladies looked at each other, laughed & followed suit. The Gangsters turned up just as the last legs disappeared. Curious they peered in on a pile of tits & ass. At the bottom of it Charlie & Tj faced each other

*I can just about reach my pocket, croaked Charlie, struggling to get a pill out of his pocket. When he did he bit it in half.*

*Ee-ya Tj*

*My hands are stuck..., croaked a wriggling Tj, don't know where, but it feels like ass*

*Whoa there! That's my ass*  
TJ stopped his wriggling, *Yuck!*  
*Open yer mouth,*

TJ opened his mouth  
*Incoming!* & in went the cheeky half. Above them bird 1 was making an attempt to leave the mountain of muff, but a timely grab by bird 2 brought her back to the fold. This was the final straw for the gangsters, disbelief etched into their already etched faces.

*Fackin savages,* said the Gavnor shaking his head, c'mon.  
They left that giggling pile of flesh & stepped through the double doors into the rave, being brought to an almost orgasmic height by the MC  
*Whats this music,* enquired the Gavnor  
*Its Drum & Bass boss,* said Ron the Fish  
*Looks like everyone's havin an epileptic fit... right, let's find the bastard.*  
The Gavnor gestured to Ron & Bulldog to spread out in the hunt for Tj. He himself walked straight onto the dance floor, getting jostled by ravers in the process. After a couple of minutes there was no sign of the guy. This was probably because at that moment he & his posse had just arrived at a mashed-up Barry, sprawled on the pavement outside the club. Charlie leant over him & he opened his eyes to see little blue tweety birds flying round his head.

*Are you alright man*  
*Is that you Charlie Boy*  
*Aye*

*Look at the birds...they're so...pretty*  
*True...true,* said Charlie looking at the five fine ladies in tow, not one of them above twenty one.  
*Aw mate! You couldn't sort us out another one o those cheeky little fellas could ya...they've knocked mi ed off*

*Ee-ya mate...take it easy tho*  
*Nice one,* said Barry double dropping once again.

Charlie wished him good luck & rejoined the posse as they strolled through the cool, refreshing night air.

*Oi love, can I smell yer fanny,* Tj asked of bird 3  
*Yer what*

*Can I smell yer fanny*  
*No ya cant you cheeky bastard*  
*Well it must be yer perfume then*

The Gav was getting wound up. They'd checked everywhere & still no sign of Tj Fackin Jones. To top it all off a raver had come up to him & given him a hug... who was soon floored with a viscious punch.

*Who o these fuckin wannabee bad boys messin up the rave, blasted the MC, don't come 'ere an try & be Moses partin the red sea... if yer cant move, go buy riverdance & learn... it's all about the good vibes... get yersens to a garage night... tossers*

This was the final straw & the Gavnor snapped. Hidden in his sling was a gun for just an occasion such as this & with a roar it was drawn & aimed at the MC.

**BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!**

The MC shit himself... no really, proper-baba pants as he dropped behind the decks with the DJ. With a screeching scratch the record stopped, all the birds screamed & the crowd began to stampede, shots still ringing out, little chunks of masonry falling from the roof. Over the hub-hub came the voice of the MC...

*Shit! Lads! security to the dancefloor... security to the fucking dancefloor.*

The security had somehow managed to stand up. He'd heard the shots but was so fucked he didn't know what the hell they were.

*"O shit!"*

All of a sudden a crowd of lads & birds came charging out of the club knocking Barry down once again, stampeding all over him, before scattering into the Sheffield night. Behind them lay an empty club, except for the Bulldog, Ron & the Gavnor who, with a CLICK-CLICK-CLICK ran out of bullets.

*bleedin ell Gav, ya've emptied ya clip, said Ron*

*And the club... said Bulldog, ow we gonna find im nah*

*Sorry boys... but I 'ates drums & bass... sounds like someone kickin a drum kit down the stairs... c'mon*

With a 'that never happened' kind of nonchalance they waltzed through thye double doors, the foyer & out onto the street. Barry looked in a bad way, but was still smilin

*Good night lads*

*Can I do im again boss, can I? begg'd Bulldog*

*Nah...he's done... c'mon, in the van, the filth will be here any second*

*Nice one lads! Top fuckin night, shouted Barry after the departing van. A moment later a helicopter roared overhead & a fleet of police cars screeched to a halt outside the club. Barry began to buzz off all the flashing lights as armed police & snarling dogs flooded into action.*

*Get down on the ground! Down on the ground!*

*Wooh! Cool lights lads... got any lasers*

*Freeze... don't move*

*If you've come for the rave lads... it's finished... well wicked though... sorted!*

*In the early hours of Sunday morning Tj & Charlie would break the world record by performing a ten titty-snort. His pursuers eventually gave up the chase til a later time in the story, by which time Charlie had handed himself in to the police & told them where to find Tj in return for a caution over the thousand pills (Tj would have done exactly the same).*