

MIKEY

Nan's still sick. She's all fucked up. It's in her bones. Or brains. Or something.

JOHNNY

Sad, b'y.

MIKEY

Yeah, sad, wha. She's a goner. She might make it to Christmas which would be pretty sick.

JOHNNY

Yeah, man, that'd be sick if she lived through Christmas.

MIKEY

Right? She gives deadly presents too. Nans fucking rock, dude.

JOHNNY

Oh fuck, man, I hears ya. Sometimes I wishes I only had nans. Like no mom or dad or nothing. Just a bunch of nans.

MIKEY

Jesus, man. That would be heaven. Can you imagine all the freshly baked bread on the go all the time?

JOHNNY

Shoveling jigg's dinner into ya every frigging day of the week.

MIKEY

And no bother if she took the belt to ya, cause's Nan's frail as anything anyway.

JOHNNY

Ah, Jesus, sure I could take a smack or two from Nan all day long.

MIKEY

You know, she's still smoking like a pack a day?

JOHNNY

Well, I mean at this point why the fuck not?

MIKEY

Yeah, but this poor caretaker they got looking after her. She's about 60 herself and she's got like emphysema or something. The woman gets out of breath going down the elevator, and Nan has her bringing her outside every half hour for a dart. And Nan can't smoke in the wheelchair?

JOHNNY

'Cause she'll die?

MIKEY

'Cause it's hospital property. So, the caretaker has to hold Nan up while she's smoking her cigarette. Nan don't give a fuck, so shes blowing smoke in this poor woman's face, which is turning blue, and Nan still insists on King Size and she takes her Jesus time. All the while the caretaker is looking at me with this desperate cry for help in her eyes.

JOHNNY

And then you gotta lift her?

MIKEY

Fuck that. That's not my job.

JOHNNY

Right.

MIKEY

I'm there for emotional support.

JOHNNY

Gotcha.

MIKEY

Not physical support.

JOHNNY and MIKEY keep walking. Johnny veers towards the duck pond, but Mikey calls out to him.

MIKEY

Johnny, what are you at?

JOHNNY

Oh, you knows, I got a bit of bread
for the duckies.

Johnny moves a bit closer to the pond.

MIKEY

Johnny, what are you doing?

JOHNNY

They're not gonna explode, if
that's what you're going on about.
That's an urban legend. I tried it.
They just get bloated.

MIKEY

The swan, man! Johnny, the frigging
swan!

JOHNNY

They don't explode either.

MIKEY

Johnny! Stop, alright?! That swan
-- that swan killed a guy.

JOHNNY

What the fuck.