

Look who's that? Where's he - oh, ok lads, it's nothing, just another whore. Where d'you think you're going, lady? No, you'll stop there and answer, lady! We're the watch, we are, we don't care how high up your patsy is, he can wait till you've answered us! What d'you mean, you're not a whore? Decent women don't walk the street this time of night. So - give us your answer - where yer going? So you want it slapped out of you? Felt that, did you? Have another! Where y' off to with these sweet breasts of yours - don't you push my hand off - I'll touch you how I like - what - how - here - grab her, Davie, grab her - oh shit, she's got away! Oh don't bother with her, she's just a whore. Ok, boys, time to move on. Nothing's happened here - nothing that matters, anyway. Nothing anyone'll remember. Just like every night - hey, what's that in the road! Her posh cloak! Her pimp'll crucify her for losing that! Oh it's too nice to split - tell you what, let's dice for it.