asking for charity, just a fair price. Thirteen, thank you. Pay unto others what thou wouldst have paid unto you is all I’m asking. Fourteen, any one? . . . Fourteen guineas for the mare. Fourteen guineas is the best we can do today? Gone!

Enter Albert.

The buyer throws a rope over Alice’s head. Joey reacts violently. Humans usher him away from Alice as she is led towards a gap that appears in the ring.

Joey begins to vocalise his distress. Alice answers him.

Exit Alice.

The ring closes behind her. Joey is alone in the ring.

But Alice is refusing to go quietly. She must be controlled before the auction can continue.

Let’s get this bliddin’ horse moved. Two minutes.

Carter goes to help control Alice. Ringsiders go with him.

Joey runs to and fro.

Albert tries to attract him. Joey faces away from him.

Here, boy. Come on, boy.

Joey seems about to respond when:

Enter Ted, Albert’s father, with a pint pot.

Joey’s off again!

Ted

Eh, Albert, whass goin’ on?

Albert

Two-minute break, dad.

Ted

Oh aye?

Ted watches. There’s another moment of contact between Joey and Albert.

Hold me pint whilst I go fer a wotsit.

Exit Ted.

Albert

Here boy! Here!

Again it seems that Joey and Albert make contact.

Enter Ned Warren at the opposite side of the ring. His abrupt arrival makes Joey take fright. He runs round the ring again.

Here boy, here! Gonna wear yerself out.

Ned

That’s right, horse, don’t pay any mind to him.

Albert ignores him.

Albert

Hey boy, hey boy.

Ned

Here boy!

Joey definitely favours Albert.

Enter Arthur Warren.

Arthur

Wassup, Ned?

Ned

This foal. Watch him.

Arthur

You think he’s a prospect?

Ned

He’s got something.

Arthur

He’s a hunter, en’t he? Half-thoroughbred, half-draught. He’s fer riding, so eh, Albert, what would you want with a horse like that?

Ned

That your father’s pint or are you goin’ the same way?