Three men sit around a fire. A small pot hanging above it bubbles, containing beans. One of the men, wearing a ragged red jacket, sporting gray thinning hair and a unkempt gray beard, speaks up.

“Eat up boys! This ain’t no generic beans. This is BUSH’S beans!”

To his left, a man in a run down velvet jacket and a top hot responds.

“Right ho, Gov! Now, where’d you come up wif the bread for dis here feast?”

“Being an honest man pays off sometimes. Still got plenty left. What’cha want to do with it?”

To his right, and man stroking a dead rat pipes in with a high pitched voice.

“I say we get some hookers…and kill em!”

“Blimey, Toad, you always wants to off some birds, dontcha? But you ain’t never! I thinks you’re full of it.” Responds the top-hatted man.

“Now Juker, we’re all friends here, ain’t we? No need to go there. Toad’s allowed his dreams, just like you. Wasn’t it you that wanted to actually go to England some day to work on your accent?”

“Cor, Barnaby, you didn’t have to go there, Gov.” Said Juker, looking crestfallen.

“Now, now, no need for frowns. We’ve got us some top quality beans, some money in my pocket, and the whole night ahead-“

“Don’t forget this dead rat!” Interjected Toad.

“-Yes, and a dead rat. Darian’s our oyster tonight!”

“Bah, don’t much care for oysters, I don’t.” Said Juker

“Oysters make my pants feel funny.” Remarked Toad.

“Fine how about we just go to a strip club?”

“Yeah!”

“Cor, Blimey!!”