

Start

half. Your job is to try and work out what that might be. *(Enter Dolly, miniskirt, boobs, etc. She doesn't see Francis. Francis leers at her.)*

DOLLY. Pauline's written one letter to Alan today, and one letter for Roscoe.

FRANCIS. Are we going then? Majorca?

DOLLY. *(Aside.)* Oh, it's him. I like him. *(To Francis.)* I've got a letter here for your guvnor. Can I trust you with it?

FRANCIS. "Confidential" is my middle name.

DOLLY. What are your other names?

FRANCIS. Francis ... Henshall.

DOLLY. So your full name is *Francis Confidential Henshall*?

FRANCIS. At your service, gorgeous.

DOLLY. *(Aside.)* Calling a woman "gorgeous" is patronising, and chauvinist, obviously, but since I fancy him rotten, and I haven't had a proper workout for a while, I'll forgive him. *(To Francis.)* You've got honest eyes.

FRANCIS. Thank you. Baby.

DOLLY. No trouble. Big boy.

FRANCIS. A friend of mine likes you.

DOLLY. What's his name?

FRANCIS. Paddy.

DOLLY. What's he look like?

FRANCIS. Could be a film star.

DOLLY. Godzilla?

FRANCIS. He's a good-looking lad. He's, er ... big-boned.

DOLLY. And how did he get big bones?

FRANCIS. The usual. Nature/nurture.

DOLLY. Partly genetic, partly pies?

FRANCIS. He likes his food, yeah.

DOLLY. Does he prefer eating or making love?

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* Mmm. Tricky one that, innit. *(To Dolly.)* Would you like to meet him?

DOLLY. I wouldn't want to interrupt him if he's eating.

FRANCIS. I'll go and get him. Stay there. Don't put your glasses on. *(Francis enters the inn.)*

DOLLY. *(Aside.)* I've done a lot worse. We've all done a lot worse haven't we girls? We've all woken up "the morning after the night before" before, taken one look at the sorry state of the bloke lying next to us, and we've all leapt out of bed, sat down and written to Parliament demanding that tequila should be a controlled drug.

(Beat.) Just me then? *(Francis returns from the inn wearing a big green hat.)*

FRANCIS. *(Irish accent.)* Now hello there! I'm Patrick. Me friends call me Paddy and I'm in love with you, I am so.

DOLLY. Are you really?

FRANCIS. Yes, I'm a hopeless case. I'm like a cork, tossed on an ocean of desire.

DOLLY. Is that difficult?

FRANCIS. It's exhausting. There's only so much tossing a man can endure. I grew this rose for you now, I did, so, aye.

DOLLY. That's very sweet of you.

FRANCIS. Any chance of a kiss? *(They kiss. Francis uses the newspaper to cover an erection.)* I'd better go now, I left me horse double-parked. *(Francis exits.)*

DOLLY. He's like a big kid. I've always liked that in a man, immaturity. *(Francis returns.)*

FRANCIS. What do you reckon to Paddy? D'yer like him?

DOLLY. Why can't you, Francis, as Francis, just ask me out for a date?

FRANCIS. I've asked you to go to Majorca.

DOLLY. I can't just go to Majorca with you. We need to go on a date first.

FRANCIS. Alright. *(Aside, as a question to a female member of the audience.)* What's a good first date from the girl's point of view? *(Audience member might say dinner, theatre, whatever. This is an opportunity for improvisation.)* No! She's got to feel relaxed, secure, not under pressure. Er...? *(To Dolly.)* Dolly? How about me and you, you know, I was wondering, Saturday, Saturday afternoon, not evening, no pressure, would you like to go on a rabbit shoot?

DOLLY. I think you should *(Use the audience suggestion.)* — thank you. And maybe we can go for dinner afterwards. We could give the relationship a go, see if it's got legs.

FRANCIS. And if it hasn't got legs, and neither of us can stand up, we'll have to find something that both of us can do lying down.

DOLLY. You've got everything worked out, haven't you, Francis?

FRANCIS. I'm a man. We plan. We don't just waddle into things with our eyes closed, doing fluffy stuff because it feels right, like women do. *(Dolly stands and moves away from him.)*

DOLLY. It's been nice knowing you, Francis!

FRANCIS. What've I said now?

DOLLY. It's not gonna work.

FRANCIS. What? Me and you?
 DOLLY. Men and women!
 FRANCIS. That's a shame. 'Cause I really fancy you.
 DOLLY. Thank you. I've always wanted to be a sex object.
 FRANCIS. It's better than not being a sex object, innit?
 DOLLY. Uurgh!
 FRANCIS. We're supposed to be going to Majorca.
 DOLLY. You can't deliver Majorca, Francis. It's fifty quid a ticket.
 FRANCIS. Who's this letter for again?
 DOLLY. Your guvnor. *(He starts to open it.)* Don't open it!
 FRANCIS. I have to find out who it's for!
 DOLLY. Just give it to your boss.
 FRANCIS. IT'S NOT AS EASY AS THAT!
 DOLLY. I can't see what the problem —
 FRANCIS. LOOK! There's no name on the envelope.
 DOLLY. What do you need a name for?!
 FRANCIS. BECAUSE... BECAUSE... I CAN'T TELL YOU. IT'S
 VERY COMPLICATED AND REALLY YOU DON'T WANT TO
 KNOW! *(Francis collapses face down on the floor and starts fisting the
 ground. Enter Rachel with Charlie. They stand and view Francis rocking.)*
 CHARLIE. What's up, Dolly?
 DOLLY. No idea.
 RACHEL. Francis! What's that?!
 DOLLY. It's a letter. For you. *(Francis stops rocking suddenly and stands.)*
 FRANCIS. *(To Dolly.)* WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY IT WAS
 FOR ROSCOE?! *(Dolly collapses dramatically onto the floor and
 beats the ground, mirroring Francis' reaction.)*
 DOLLY. BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN AND I'M REALLY
 STUPID, AND I CAN'T BE TRUSTED TO DO ANYTHING
 PROPERLY! AAAAAAGGHHH! *(She stops abruptly, stands, brushes
 herself down.)* Men.
 RACHEL. It's been opened. Francis?
 FRANCIS. I'm Francis. Yes?
 RACHEL. This is the second private letter you've opened today. I
 have no choice, mate, you're sacked. *(Francis cries.)*
 DOLLY. No! I opened the letter.
 CHARLIE. Come again?!
 DOLLY. I'm worried sick about Pauline. So I opened the letter. And
 I read it. And now I'm going home! *(To Francis.)* Nice to see you,
 Francis. I like your friend, Paddy. He's not an idiot. *(Dolly exits.)*

End

FRANCIS. *(Shouted after her.)* I'll get us two tickets for Majorca!
 I can, I will.
 CHARLIE. I'll go and see my mate Dino. Give me ten minutes.
 Carlotti's Amusements Arcade on the front. He owes me one.
*(Charlie exits. Rachel reads the whole of the letter. Francis tries to
 slowly sneak away.)*
 RACHEL. *(To Francis, without looking at him.)* Where are you going?
 FRANCIS. Me?
 RACHEL. Come here. *(Francis approaches Rachel. We see Stanley
 open a window.)*
 STANLEY. *(Aside.)* Who's that hitting my man? *(Rachel has her
 back to the pub. Rachel slaps Francis across the face.)*
 FRANCIS. What did you do that for?
 RACHEL. What's my name?
 FRANCIS. Roscoe Crabbe.
 RACHEL. And what have you heard about the Crabbes?
 FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* No, no. Don't worry, we're not going there.
(To Rachel.) You don't mess with them.
 RACHEL. If you need me, I'm in Carlotti's Amusement Arcade.
 On the front. What are you going to do?
 FRANCIS. I'm gonna do your ironing, then I'm gonna try and
 find Paddy on the pier, like you said.
 RACHEL. Who's Paddy? *(A policeman enters and watches.)*
 FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* Shit. Paddy is a friend of mine who works as a
 kind of butler to someone in Brighton and he said he could teach me
 how to iron a shirt properly so that nobody gets seriously injured.
 RACHEL. Good man. *(To Policeman.)* Afternoon. *(Rachel exits.)*
 FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* My nerves! *(Enter Stanley.)*
 STANLEY. Henshall?! What's going on? I swear I saw a chap slap
 you across the chops.
 FRANCIS. Yeah, one of the locals.
 STANLEY. What had you done?
 FRANCIS. I kissed his girlfriend.
 STANLEY. Out of the blue you just went up and kissed a chap's girl?
 FRANCIS. Yup.
 STANLEY. That's a bit Japanese. I'm sorry, I'm on his side.
 Come here.
 FRANCIS. Oh no, please, guv. *(Stanley punches/pokes/slaps him.
 The policeman enters.)*
 STANLEY. Morning.