

Start

FRANCIS. Do yourself a favour, mate, walk away.
 ALAN. You have obviously never been in love.
 FRANCIS. (Counting on his fingers.) Alice Carter, one; Pamela Costello, two; her gran, three —
 ALAN. — Bring the cur out here, now!
 FRANCIS. You want to talk to my guvnor?
 ALAN. Talk a little, yes, and then slaughter a lot.
 FRANCIS. I might stay there, I'll go and get him. (Francis heads for the pub door. Just as he gets there Stanley opens it.)
 STANLEY. Have you been to the post office yet?
 FRANCIS. I was —
 STANLEY. — Who's he?
 FRANCIS. He wants a word with my guvnor.
 STANLEY. I'm your guvnor.
 FRANCIS. Yes. You are, aren't you.
 STANLEY. He wants a word with me, does he?
 FRANCIS. (Introducing Stanley to Alan.) This gentleman is called Alan.
 STANLEY. Oh bad luck.
 FRANCIS. I'll be at the post office. (Francis tiptoes backwards out of the way, unseen.)
 STANLEY. Are you an actor?
 ALAN. Does it show?
 STANLEY. The way you stand, at an angle. As if there's an audience, over there.
 ALAN. My rival in love, Roscoe Crabbe, arrived from London today and is staying here.
 STANLEY. (Aside.) Bizarre! Roscoe Crabbe is the name of the chap I killed accidentally last Saturday evening, stabbing him three times in the chest with a knife I'd bought earlier.
 ALAN. He has today claimed my bride, my love, my life.
 STANLEY. No! Roscoe Crabbe is dead. I know he's dead because a friend of mine knows someone whose dad works with a chap who says he murdered him.
 ALAN. I met him not an hour ago. He lives, his every breath tortures me.
 STANLEY. (Aside.) I suppose when I fled the club he wasn't actually yet dead. Oh jeez! If Roscoe did survive and is in Brighton, he's here for one reason only, to kill me. Oh my God. (To Alan.) He's not staying here. I know him. I would have seen him.
 ALAN. Oh. I was led to believe. No matter. My card. If you see

him tell him that his life will only be spared if he gives up his wedding plans. (Alan gives him a card.)
 STANLEY. You said your name was Alan? This card says Orlando Dangle.
 ALAN. Actors' Equity already had an Orlando Dangle.
 STANLEY. You chose "Alan"?
 ALAN. It's 1963, there's a bloody revolution in the theatre and angry young men are writing plays about Alans. What's your name, sir?
 STANLEY. My name? (Aside.) Buggerello! Gonna have to be creative now. Not my best game! (Stanley looks at the trash can.) Dust bin, Dustbin, Dustin! (He looks around again for inspiration, taking in the pub sign.) Dustin Pubsign.
 ALAN. Pubsign?
 STANLEY. Pubsign. It's an old Anglo-Saxon guild name. The bakers baked bread, the Smiths were the blacksmiths, the Pubsigns. Yup! We made the pub signs.
 ALAN. It has been a pleasure meeting you, Mister Pubsign. (Alan exits.)
 STANLEY. Roscoe is in Brighton! I'd be better off lying low in London than lying low in Brighton. Poor dear Rachel must be terrified. My God! Can this be happening? What to do?! I must go to London, find Rachel. Damn it! I can't! I have to wait here for Rachel's letter. (Enter a policeman.) Uurgh! The fuzz! (To the policeman.) Lovely day for it!
 POLICEMAN. Lovely day for what, sir?
 STANLEY. Fighting crime. (Stanley backs into the pub. The policeman walks off.)
 FRANCIS. (Francis starts going through the letters, of which there are four in all: two letters and two authorisations.)
 FRANCIS. Authorisation letter. Let's put that in this pocket. Rachel Crabbe. Let's put that in this pocket for now. I'm good at this. I could work for the post office. That'd be three jobs. Authorisation. That goes in the authorisations' pocket. Stanley Stubbers. (Puts it in his mouth. Chews a little. Muzzling.) Don't really need these authorisation letters anymore, do I? (He puts the authorisations in the same pocket as the Rachel letter.) So this pocket is now for Stanley Stubbers' letters. Good. What are these then? I'm getting confused now. Two authorisation letters. If there's two letters, they definitely need their own pocket. What's this? Stanley Stubbers. That's the one that tasted quite good. (Aside.) Is it? Is it?! (Puts it in his mouth. Chews

END

POLICEMAN. Afternoon.

STANLEY. I'll give you one hour to finish my ironing that you never started, and then I want you to go to the pier and find Paddy.

(Stanley exits to the pub. Enter Alfie, with a coat and scarf on.)

FRANCIS. Alfie! Do you know where there's a Thomas Cook's?

ALFIE. Of course I know her, she's my wife.

FRANCIS. HAS BRIGHTON GOT A TRAVEL AGENTS?

ALFIE. There's a Thomas Cook's opposite Brighton Pavilion.

FRANCIS. Pick us up a brochure for Majorca. I'll either be ironing indoors, or down on the pier. *(Alfie exits, on the errand, slowly. Francis watches this slow progress, and turns his pacemaker up. Alfie scoots off at speed. Aside.)*

So, do you see how this play works? In the first half I'm driven by my animal urges, hunger, but in this second half, because I've eaten, I am humanised, civilised, and I can embrace the potentiality of love. Which, in this version, is expressed as a leg-over in Majorca. *(End of scene. The three girls come on and sing "Lighten Up and Lay Low," accompanied by the skiffle band.)*

Scene 3

The corridor outside Rooms 10 and 11. An ironing board, and an iron. Stanley's trunk is set to stage right outside his room, Room 10, and the trunk is open. Rachel's trunk is outside Room 11, and the trunk lid closed.

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* Mister Stubbers is asleep in Number Ten. Roscoe's chasing Charlie for the money. That's Mr. Stubbers' shirts done. The plan is to do both sets of ironing and then go and look for Paddy on the pier. Yes, I know, Paddy doesn't exist, but that's the kind of insanity that makes perfect sense when you've got two jobs. *(Francis pulls out a pile of shirts from Rachel's trunk and drops them on the ironing board. On top of the pile of shirts is a framed photograph.)* What's this? Bloody hell! It's a framed photograph of Mister Stubbers. These are Roscoe's shirts. What is my guvnor number one Roscoe doing with a framed photograph of my guvnor number two, Mister Stubbers?

STANLEY. *(Off.)* Henshall! Is there a shirt ready yet? *(Enter*

Stanley naked from the waist up, but wearing trousers with braces hanging down. His chest and up to his neck is totally covered in thick chest hair. Stanley walks downstage of the ironing board and turns upstage showing his back, which is even worse, hairy like a gorilla. Francis is gobsmacked.) What are you gawping at, Henshall? Never seen a man naked from the waist up, eh? Don't tell me you're the kind of chap that didn't shower. Henshall, this ironing is the dog's testicles! *(He picks up the framed photo.)* What's that?

FRANCIS. Oh sorry guv, that's mine. *(He tries to retrieve it.)*

STANLEY. *(Aside.)* This is a framed photograph of me on graduation day, the very one I gave to Rachel. *(To Francis.)* Are you developing a thing for me?

FRANCIS. No guv. It's a nice frame.

STANLEY. Where did you get it?

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* I've gotta be very careful what I say here. *(To Stanley.)* I bought it off Paddy, who was given it by his previous employer in lieu of payment before ... he died. *(Silence.)*

STANLEY. Before he did ... before he did what?

FRANCIS. Before he did ... die.

STANLEY. He did die, did he?

FRANCIS. He did.

STANLEY. What did he die of?

FRANCIS. He was diagnosed with diarrhea but died of diabetes.

STANLEY. He died of diabetes, did he?

FRANCIS. He did didn't he.

STANLEY. Were you there?

FRANCIS. When?

STANLEY. When he was diagnosed with diarrhea but died of diabetes.

FRANCIS. No, I was in Didcot, and he was diagnosed with diarrhea but died of diabetes in Dagenham.

STANLEY. When did he die?

FRANCIS. Of diabetes? Or of diarrhea?

STANLEY. He didn't die of diarrhea he died of diabetes.

FRANCIS. He did, did he? Where?

STANLEY. In Dagenham! Damn it! That's what you said!

FRANCIS. Paddy told me it was a couple of days ago.

STANLEY. Rachel is dead. But she is all I live for. Grief. Grief.

Look, I'm shaking. I'm shaking. My girl, my love, my life, is dead.

Breathe, man, breathe. Everything. There is nothing without her.

(Stanley goes back into his room. The door closes.)