

Two was first performed at the Bolton Octagon on 23 August 1989, with Sue Johnston and John McArdle playing all the characters:

Landlord
Landlady
Old Woman
Moth
Maudie
Old Man
Mrs Iger
Mr Iger
Lesley
Roy
Fred
Alice
Woman
Little Boy

Directed by Andrew Hay
Designed by Mick Bearwish
Lighting by Phil Clarke

Note

The action takes place over one night, in a pub, in the North of England.

Two is designed so that two people can play all the characters. The set consists of a pub bar, with all glasses, pumps, till, optics etc., being mimed as are the other people in the pub to whom the actors relate. There are also instances in the play where members of the audience may be directly related to, if it is appropriate to the production.

The action should flow from one scene to the next without a break, therefore costumes should be minimal.

Blackness. Suddenly, lights up on Landlord and Landlady behind bar working and serving.

Landlord There you go love, two pints. Tar.

Landlady What was it now? Babycham and two Appletisers.

Landlord And now sir, a pint and a half of lager.

Landlady It was a Babycham wasn't it?

Landlord (*from mouth corner*) Get it together.

Landlady Sod off. (*To customer.*) There you go dear.

Landlord Thanks. And what's your poison? (*To someone else.*) Be with you in a minute.

Landlady Tar. Nice to see you two back together again. Yes.

Landlord (*while serving*) Er, can you see to this lad here love?

Landlady (*still to customer*) Right lovey, see ya. (*To Landlord.*) Eh?

Landlord Here love, customers, thirsty. (*Under breath.*) Move it woman.

Landlady Stuff it man. (*To customer.*) Yes love can I help you?

Landlord Right then, with ice was it?

Landlady Sorry, no cherries.

Landlord (*to Landlady*) What's them down there, blind arse.

Landlady You'll have a lager instead, okay. (*To Landlord.*) Don't get smart with me Pigoth.

Landlord Uh. There you go now. Thanks.

Landlady (*to someone leaving*) See you. What? Ooooooooh.

Landlord (*glares at her, then to customer*) Nice to see you, what's it to be? White wine and a Barbican.

Landlady Two double Drambuies, well well. Where the hell is that now?

Landlord There! There! (*Realises he's shouting and laughs back at customers. To Landlady.*) You'll be the death of me.

Landlady If only, if only.

Landlord Get damn serving.

Landlady I am. I am, if you'll keep your poxy nose out.

Landlord (*to customer*) Oh sorry. What was it again?

Landlady (*she cracks up laughing at this, he gives her a black look. To customer*) Two double Drambuies for you.

Landlord White wine and a Barbican. Not in the same glass I hope, ha!

Landlady (*at joke*) Oh my God. (*Serves customer.*) There you go loves. Tar.

Landlord Love, can you just reach me a Barbican from down there.

Landlady Where? Oh yes.

She crouches down for it. He quickly goes down too. They are both out of view.

Landlady Ow.

Landlord (*comes up*) Here we are.

Landlady (*comes up, rubbing her side*) Little swine. Ow. I'll get you for that. (*To customer at bar.*) Yes. Ah it's the happy couple. What would you like then?

Landlord So that's four Grolshes, two Buds, and a packet of peanuts.

Landlady Two sweet white wines, how nice. You didn't get much of a tan then.

Landlord There you go, your wish is my command.

Landlady There you go, on the house.

Landlord spins round to glare.

Landlady Well it was this very pub in which you met, wasn't it? Yes. Lovely, lovely. See you later.

Landlord (*to Landlady*) On the house. Lovely. Lovely. (*Suddenly realises couple are waving to him from their table.*) What? Oh congratulations. Awww, our pleasure.

Landlady Creep.

Landlord Crap.

Landlady Fart.

Landlord Hag.

Landlady (*steps over to a customer*) Two whiskeys was it? (*And straight over his foot.*)

Landlord Arrr. Ohh.

Landlady Oh dear, are you all right, love? He wants to take the weight off his feet, I keep telling him. Now then, two whiskeys.

Landlord (*distracted by customer*) A brandy and cider, right you are. Not in the same glass I hope. Ha.

Landlady cringes.

Landlady (*taking money*) 2.05 loves. Tar now.

Landlord There's your brandy, we'll soon have the cider beside her.

Landlady Painful. Painful.

Landlord It will be. It will be.

Landlady Sorry? (*Turns towards customer's voice.*) Oh it's you, how are you? I was wondering when you'd pop up.

Landlord 2.50 thanks. Lovely. (*To Landlady as she passes.*) Don't embarrass us, you look like his granddum.

Landlady Do you want what you had last night? Ooooooh, you young wag. No serious though, what's

your choice love? Okay. Well thanks I will. Thanks very, very much, you gallant young boy.

Landlord A Southern Comfort and crisps. (*He goes to get them.*)

Landlady (*to Landlord's customer*) If he says 'Not in the same glass', don't laugh please.

Landlord Not in the same glass, I hope?

Landlady (*laughs, then to her customer*) Now then sparrow, there you go, and tar, tar again. (*She winks.*)

Landlord Get out and get some glasses while it's quietening. Go on.

Landlady I'm going. I'm a going. (*She does.*)

He breathes out. Grabs up a cloth and starts wiping glasses.

Landlord (*turns to audience*) First night in here? Well, you'll get used to us. We're a lively pub. It's calmed down a bit now, but it comes in waves. Not going to ask you what you're doing here, never do, that's one of our few rules. We get a lot of rendezvousers here you see, but we're also strong on couples, don't get me wrong. They either come in pairs or end up that way. That woman over there is my wife, bitch. I run this place virtually on my own. We've been here bloody years. In fact we met outside this pub when we were kids, me and cow. Too young to get in, snotty conked, on tip-toes pecking through the frosted windows. We had our first drink in here, we courted in here, we had our twenty first's in here, we had our wedding reception here, and now we own the bloody place. I only did it for her, it's what she'd always wanted. Done some knocking through recently, got the walls down, made it all into one. You can get around better, and more eyes can meet across a crowded room. Better that, better for business and pleasure and for keeping an eye on that roving tart. Where is she with them glasses? Wouldn't it mind a bloody drink meself, I'll have one later. It's a constant battle keeping your throat away from the stock. It

really is the landlord's last temptation. Because this is it for us proprietors. This is our life, these bar sides, to them wall sides and that's it. People and pints and measures and rolling out the bloody barrel. Working and social life all mixed, a cocktail you can't get away from. Until night when we fall knackered to bed. But I'm not complaining, no, no. As long as many mouths are clacking at many glasses and the tills keep on a singing. What more could a publican want?

Old Woman enters.

Landlord Oh here she is, I can set the clock by this auld dear. (*Puts glass under pump ready.*) Evening love, usual?

Old Woman Yes please, landlord.

Landlord How's everything love?

Old Woman Passing same. Passing sames.

Landlord Oh aye. There you go.

Old Woman Thank you, landlord.

Landlord Pleasure lovey. (*He goes.*) Where is she with them bloody glasses?

He exits. She sips her drink. Then turns to the audience.

Old Woman Here I am at the end of my day. Taking my reward from the glass. He's at home, he can't come out, too crippled dear. But he allows me out for my drink at the end of it all, the day. I've retired, but not really, 'cause now I have to work twice as hard with him, lifting his shitty bum off the blankets. He's having all the last bit of my life, but I don't begrudge him that. Poor lumped man he is, there he is at home, with his pint of dandelion and burdock, watching the television in the dark. All's I do is look after him and shop a lot, shop a lot with nowt.

Though I do like to go shopping, I like to, I like the butcher best, blood everywhere, laughing his bloody head off. He's fat too, fat. Fat like jelly pork. Pink. I love him, though he doesn't know of course. It's his laughing that does it, and his big butcher life, chopping and pulling those beasts apart. Admirable. Me, myself, don't have much strength left now, carrying my husband down the stairs, I have to stop three times, my arms keep giving. 'Let's have our breather' I say, and we both stop, panting like knackered cattle. I watch his chest going like the clappers, and I watch mine going the same. And all our wheezes echoing off the stairway and my swollen ankles, and his watery eyes, and I wonder in God's starry heavens why we keep going. We have each other, we have the allowance, there's a lot of memories somewhere, there's a bit of comfort in sleep and Guinness, but what the hell has it all been about? I ask you. I carry him down. I carry him up, piss all over my hands. His day, the tele-box. My day, shopping bag. Butchers for a bit o' scrag, see him flipping open the animals with his very sharp knife. Oh my day, my life, my day, my drink here. Him at home with the tele, in the burdock dark a dead dandelion in his mouth. I can hear his old chest creaking from here, and on my neck his chicken arms, chicken arms, and around my neck his poorly chicken arms. Get me a Guinness. Stand me a drink. Fetch the butcher with his slaughtering kit, may I ask you all to raise your cleavers now please and finish the job, raise them for the bewildered and pig weary couples that have stuck, stuck it out. Thank you.

She bows her head as though to have it cut off.

Lights pick up Moeth chatting a young woman up. Imaginary or real from the audience. (This scene may be performed in Liverpool accents if desired.)

Moth You're beautiful you. You're absolutely beautiful you. Look at you. You're fantastic you. I love you. I love

the bones of you. I do. You think it's too quick don't you. But you can't see yourself. You're just . . . I'm in love with you, I'm not joking. I've seen some women, but you. Let's get back to what you are, beautiful. Did you just smile then or did someone turn the lights on? You are beautiful you. You stand for beauty. You sit for it too. Look how you sit you, like a glamour model that's how. You . . . You're quiet though, but I love that in a girl, love that, don't get me wrong. You're beauty you. Beauty itself. Beauty is you. You're marvellous as well as being beautiful too, you. Yes, too good for this place I'll tell you that. What's a beautiful girl like you doing in a place like this, or whatever they say, is that what they say, who cares, who cares now, eh? You are a star, and you don't even know it. A star before you start. Everything about you's, just . . . You are it. The beauty of all times. You're just beautiful and that's it! Done, finished, it. Because you are the most beautiful thing ever brought to this earth. And you're for me you. You are for me. There's no bones about it, none! Here's the back of my hand, here, here. And here's the pen, number, number please, number, before I stop breathing.

Maudie has entered and taps him on the shoulder.

Maudie Hiyah Moth.

Moth What are you doing here?

Maudie I'm your bleeding bird aren't I?

Moth (*looking round*) Yes, yes, but . . .

Maudie Moth. Moth she wasn't interested.

Moth How do you know that?

Maudie Believe me I know. Moth, Moth do you still love me?

Moth Of course I do, get them in.

Maudie No, I'm not this time.

Moth Eh?

Maudie I've had a good talking to by some of the girls at work today. And they've told me once and for all. I've not to let you keep using me.

Moth Using. Using. You sing and I'll dance. Ha! No Maudie you know that's not me. But when I'm broke what can I do, I depend on those that say they love me to care for me. And anyway it's always been our way.

Maudie Stop. Stop now. Don't keep turning me over with your tongue.

Moth Maudie, my Maudie.

He takes her in his arms, kisses her. She swoons.

Maudie Oh here get the drinks in.

Moth *(he opens handbag)* Ah that sweet click. *(Takes out some money.)* Here I go.

He sets off around the other side of bar to get served.

Maudie Oh no. No. Look he's off with my money again

. . . I said this wouldn't happen again and here it is, happened. I've got to get me some strength. Where is it? *(Makes a fist and twists it.)* Ah there. Hold that Maudie. Maudie, Maudie hold that.

Moth *on his way back with the drinks. Bumps into someone. Dolly bird.*

Moth Oops sorry love. Bumpsadaisy. You all right . . .

Maudie Moth!

Moth See you. Better get these over to me sister. *(Passing others.)* 'Scuse me. *(Others.)* Yep yep. *(Others.)* Beep beep. Here we go Maud.

Maudie What were you . . . *(Shows fist to Moth.)*

Moth *(giving drink)* And here's your speciality.

Maudie Aww you always get it just right. Nobody gets it like you. The ice, the umbrella.

Moth Of course. Of course.

Maudie kisses him.

Maudie Oh look, I'm going again. All over you.

Moth That's all right, just watch the shirt.

They drink. He begins looking around. She looks at him looking around. She makes the fist again.

Maudie Look at me will you. Look at your eyes, they're everywhere, up every skirt, along every leg, round every bra rim. Why oh why do you keep chasing women!

Moth Oh we're not going to have to go through all this again are we petal. Is this the girls at work prining you?

Maudie Yes a bit, no a bit. I don't know. I can't remember now, so much has been said. I just want you to stop it.

Moth But you know I can't stop myself.

Maudie But you never even get off with them.

Moth I know.

Maudie It's like the girls say, I hold all the cards.

Moth How do you mean?

Maudie I'm the only woman on earth interested in you.

Moth Well yes, but . . .

Maudie Moth let it all go and let's get settled down.

Moth I can't it's something I've always done and I guess I always will. *(Again looking at some women.)*

Maudie No, Moth, no . . . Oh how can I get it through to you.

Moth *(draining his glass empty)* Drink by drink.

Maudie No way. Buzz off Moth.

Moth Come on love, get them in. Let's have a few and forget all this. You pay, I'll order.

Maudie No.

Moth But Maudie, my Maudie.

Maudie No, I'm stopping the tap. I shall not be used.

Moth Used. Used. Well if that's how you feel I can always go you know.

He walks down the bar a bit, stops, looks back, walks down the bar a bit, stops, looks back. Falls over a stool. Picks it up, laughs to cover embarrassment, limps back to her.

Maudie, I've been thinking, all what you're saying's so true and right as always. I'm losing everything, my hair, my waistline, what's next to go — you? Will it be you next?

Maudie (*unmoved*) You'll try anything won't you, just to get into my handbag. The romantic approach, the comic approach, the concern for me approach, the sympathy approach. Does it never end?

Moth You forgot sexy in there.

She swings for him, he ducks.

No Maudie. You're right again. What does a princess like you see in a loser like me?

Maudie I don't know. Well I do. You're romantic, like something on the fade. I love that.

Moth (*moving in*) Oh Maudie, my Maudie.

As he does, she starts to melt again, he starts to reach into her handbag, she suddenly sees this and slams it shut on his hand.

Maudie Stop!

Moth Aw Maud. How can I prove I'm genuine to you? Here take everything on me, everything, everything. (*Starts*

frenzically emptying his pockets.) My last 10p, I'm going to give it to you!

Maudie I don't want your poxy ten.

Moth You say that now, you say that now Maud, but you don't know what it's going to turn into. I'm going to give you all I've got left. My final, last and only possession. (*Spins and drops it in juke box.*) My dancing talent. 'Kiss' by Tom Jones comes on. Moth dances.

Moth 'Cause Maud, whatever you say. Whatever's said and done. I'm still a top dancer 'ant I hey?

Maudie Well you can move.

Moth I can Maud. I sure as hell can Maud. (*Dancing.*) I'm dancing for you Maudie. For you only. (*Dancing.*) Come on get up here with me.

She comes to him, puts her handbag on the floor, they dance.

Moth Who's lost it all now eh?

He really grooves it.

Maudie (*worried, embarrassed*) Moth.

Moth Come on doll.

Maudie Moth take it easy.

Moth Come on. Swing it. Let your back bone slip. Yeah let your . . . Awwwwwwwwa Ow ow!!! (*Stops. Can't move.*)

Maudie Moth, oh God, what is it?

Moth Me back, me back. Help oh help.

Maudie What can I do! What can I do!

Moth Get me a chair, get me a gin.

Maudie (*feeling up his back*) Where is it? Where is it?

Moth There between the whiskey and the vodka.

Maudie Ooo another trick, you snide, you emperor of snide! (*Hits him.*)

Moth No, no Maud. Really, you've got it all wrong. It's real. Arrwwwwww. Get me to a chair!

Maudie It's real is it you swine?

Moth Real. Real.

Maudie Real is it?

Moth (*nodding*) Arrgh. Arrgh.

Maudie Okay let's test it.

Moth How?

She takes out a feather and holds it in front of him. He tries to go for it, but he can't.

Maudie (*amazed*) It is true. (*Starts circling him.*) Trapped. At last after all these years, I finally have that fluttering Moth pinned down. Ha.

Moth Oh Maudie what you gonna do?

Maudie Let's see. Let's see here.

Moth Don't muck about now. I'm dying here, arrrrgh, dying.

Maudie So if, if, I help, what do I get out of it?

Moth Anything! Anything!

Maudie Anything, anything eh?

Moth Yes, yes, arrrrgh.

Maudie Okay, make an honest woman of me now.

Moth No, never, arrrr.

Maudie Okay, see you love.

Moth No. Don't go Maud please.

Maudie Sorry love, have to, love to stay but . . . 'bye. And

if any of you try to help him, you'll have me to deal with, and my handbag.

Maudie *blows him a kiss as she goes. Exits.*

Moth MAUDI! Will you marry me?

Maudie (*coming back*) Sorry?

Moth Will you marry me?

Maudie YES! OH YESSSSSSSSSS! (*She comes running to him and hugs him.*)

Moth (*she's hurt his back*) AARRRRGHHHH!

Maudie Oh sorry love.

Still in embrace she guides him to a stool.

Moth A a a.

She props him against stool and bar, he is stiff like a board.

Moth Ah.

Maudie Oh Oh. (*Cuddling him.*) Oh. (*Suddenly serious.*) Do you still mean it?

Moth I mean it. I mean it. Singleness is all over for me.

Maudie (*hugging him again as best she can*) Oh Moth you won't regret this.

Moth Arrgh. I know. I know.

Maudie I'll get us a taxi. Hold on now. Be brave. You poor thing.

She rushes out.

Moth (*turns, as best he can, to girl at front*) You're beautiful you. Look at you. You're fantastic you.

Blackout.

Landlady enters from where they exited.

Landlady (*calling back*) Handcuff him Maudie, handcuff him now. (*To audience.*) Look at that Maudie, over the moon and back, she wants to watch herself with that scallywag. Ahh, I enjoy a lull like this, you can get a decent chat in can't you? He hates lulls, if the till's not singing he starts crying. (*Waves to someone.*) All right. (*To someone else.*) Hiyah, I'll try and get over there in a minute. I like that part of pub life, the people. That's why it's a peach in here, so many people pairing up in front of your very eyes, very heart-warming, heart-rending. (*Looks off.*) Look at Pigho go, the prat. (*Shouts.*) Hey you all right with those crates?

Landlord (*shouts from off*) Course I am. Bugger off!

Big crash is heard.

Landlady titlers.

Landlord (*off*) OH MY GOD! MY PROFITS!

Landlady I don't know. Without me this place would collapse around the bastard, it really would. I'm the brains behind the operation you might say. He's got no idea really, he knows how to run around, but not how to run a pub. Sad but true, but funny too. You've got to laugh haven't you? This is our life, this public house and all who 'ale' in her. No social life, family life. Work, business, pleasure, all pulled from behind the bar, and beyond that only a loveless bed to lie in. Still, I have my consolations, like sipping away Pigho's profits, and really, well there's never a dull moment when you deal in liquor. And you get to meet the choicest of people. Like this old love here.

Old Man enters.

Landlady How do Pops.

Old Man How do love.

Landlady What you on, a bitter or a stout?

Old Man Mild please.

Landlady Nothing like a change.

Old Man That's right dear.

Landlady You're a lovely old bugger you. Why don't you and me run away together. Just whisk me off me feet, I wouldn't say no.

Old Man Ha Ha.

Landlady Oh well, there you go Pops. (*Gives him drink.*) No, have it on me.

Old Man (*trying to pay*) Nay, here.

Landlady No, my treat.

Old Man Thank you.

Landlady My pleasure. (*Off to serve someone else.*) Yes love. (*Exits.*)

Old Man Howdo. (*Sups beer.*)

Pause.

They all think I'm quiet. (*Sups.*)

Long pause.

But there's a good reason for that.

Pause.

I'm having a very good time within.

Pause.

(*Smiles.*) With my wife. She's dead, but still with me. Not like a ghost or any of that old kak.

Pause.

It's just a feeling. (*Suhs.*)

Don't go yet, I'm not mad tha' knows.

Pause.

Sometimes if the feeling's not come of its own I can generally bring it on by touching our teapot, brown pot, and this'll start something brewing, sweet, present, soft as her cotton hair.

Long pause.

Then it deepens. (*Closes his eyes.*)

Pause.

She's here now.

Nice.

She was here when I came in but it's more better now.

Pause.

It's like . . .

Pause.

Being held.

It's just

comfort of her without anything else.

Pause.

She's gone now. (*Opens eyes.*) So that's how we come and go to each other during the day. (*Suhs.*)

Pause.

And how deep we do soak in each other sometimes. So deep I can hardly stand from the chair. And this is how I think I'll go one day. I'll just tag on and slip off with her when she leaves. And somebody will come round to our house and find my empty shell. (*Chuckles, drinks, rests.*) Life's just passing in and out in't it? Very comfortable, very nice to know that. (*Finishes drink.*) Ta tar. (*Goes.*)

Landlady enters with sandwich.

Landlady Cheese and onion! (*To someone close by.*) Keep your eyes off, you. I've done this as a favour for . . . Where is she? (*Sees her, goes to her.*) There you are love, get that down you. (*Takes money.*) Tar. (*To someone else.*) Love the trousers, who'd have thought they'd come back in. Only joking love, very naty them.

Landlord enters.

Landlord The queen of tittle tattle.

Landlady Sod off.

Landlord Out of the cellar and into the boxing ring, that's me. (*Hits the bar side, enters bar.*)

Landlady (*also enters bar, puts money in till*) Ting ting, tills away, round bleedin' one.

Landlord Will you back off for once.

Landlady Never.

Landlord (*to customer*) Same again Jack? (*Puts glass up to optics.*)

Landlady (to her customer) Just the one pet, sure. (She reaches up to optics, their arms cross.)

Landlord What's up with you tonight?

Landlady I think you know.

Landlord (gives drink, takes money) Ta mate.

Landlady (gives drink, takes money) Thanks love.

They both come back to till and put money in.

Landlord I don't know what you're on about.

Landlady (she closes till) Ting ting, round two. Yes you do, yes you do.

Landlord Run a pub.

Landlady (turns into corner to work) That's it, turn to the ropes when the jabs get too close.

Landlord (looks up) What the bloody hell's this coming in!

Landlady Ting ting, match postponed!

Landlord It's a stag party. Man the pumps, pull out the stops, raise the prices, come on let's polish them off. You take the spirits, I'll take the beers.

Landlady leaves without him noticing.

Well then Gents, what's it to be? (He listens to the orders of the imaginary crowd, nodding as he does so. Then he repeats the orders back to them, at rapid speed.) Five pints of lager, three bitter, two whiskeys one with ice, one without, gin, gin, gin and tonic. Treble tequila, Guinness, spritzer, brown and bitter, Barbican, Budweiser, Bloody Mary, Black Velvet and a Becks, Triple X, Tiopepe, Martini, vodka and shandy and a brandy, Pernod, peanuts, crisps, crisps, crisps, crisps, crisps, crisps, crisps, two rum and okey cokey colas, and a Cherry B and cider for the groom. We'll sort that for you lads, won't we dear, (Turns to see she's gone.) dear, dear! (Hits the bar, exits.)

Lights up on Mrs Iger, arms folded, perched on bar stool nodding to the long scream and the opening strains of Led Zeppelin's 'Whole Lotta Love'. Music suddenly stops. She speaks.

Mrs Iger I love big men. Big quiet strong men. That's all I want. I love to tend to them. I like to have grace and flurry round them. I like their temple arms and pillar legs and synagogue chests and big mouth and teeth and tongue like an elephant's ear. And big carved faces like a natural cliff side, and the Roman empire bone work. And you can really dig deep into 'em, can't you? And there's so much. Gargantuan man, like a Roman Empire, with a voice he hardly uses, but when he does it's all rumbling under his breast plate. So big, big hands, big everything. Like sleeping by a mountain side. Carved men. It's a thrill if you see them run, say for a bus, pounding up the pavement. Good big man, thick blood through tubular veins, squirting and washing him out. It must be like a bloody big red cavernous car wash in there, in him, and all his organs and bits hanging from the rib roof, getting a good daily drenching in this good red blood. They are so bloody big you think they'll never die, and that's another reason you want them. Bloody ox men, Hercules, Thor, Chuck Connors, come on, bring your heads down and take from my ickle hand. Let me groom and coddle you. And herd you up and lead you across America. You myth men. Myth men. Myth men. Big men love ya.

Little man approaches her.

Mr Iger Dear, I'm having difficulty getting to the bar again. Would you go?

Mrs Iger No. You get back in there and bring us drinks. Now.

Mr Iger I'll have another try shall I dear?

Mrs Iger No, not a try. Get them here. It's pathetic.

Mr Iger (trying to get through the crowd) Scuse . . . sorry . . .

Ow . . . Are you in the queue . . . Oh . . . Sorry . . . Could I squeeze . . . ? No . . . Thanks . . . (*Suddenly wiping himself.*) It's all right. It's all right. My fault . . . Whose turn is it, do you know? . . . Well I only asked . . . (*Manages to squeeze in to bar.*) Two please . . . Hello . . . two . . . could I . . . 'scuse . . . Here love! Ah yes, yes, could I . . . What? (*Leans back and looks up.*) Oh yes I think you, perhaps, were first, that's right. Please go ahead . . . Oh no, she's going to kill me. We've been in here an hour and we've not drunk yet. It's always the same. Dear, deary me.

He suddenly notices two unattended drinks by him.

What about these two here. I couldn't. (*Looks about.*) Could I? (*Looks about.*) I have to.

He slips off with them and back to her.

Mr Iger Here we go dear.

Mrs Iger At last. (*She takes a drink then splutters out.*) What's this, we don't have alcoholic drinks.

Mr Iger I know, but that's all they had.

Mrs Iger You. Oh well, I'm not waiting another hour, they'll have to do. But I must say, I must say, it is another typical cock up by Mr Feeble man. I mean what's to getting to a bar for a drink? Are you man or mouse?

He tries to speak.

Squeak, squeak, there's my answer. You should do something about all this. I mean it's typical, too typical of the little. I mean if you were big, big as I wanted, well, well . . .

Mr Iger *suddenly cracks.*

Mr Iger (*crazed*) Right then drinks is it? Drinks. I can get drinks. Right then. Here I go. I'm coming through. (*Barges through to the bar.*) Straight through. I get them in, me. Drinks. I'm the drink man. I was before everyone, me.

Everyone. (*To someone*) Shut your face fatso. Come on now drinks, drinks, drinks for me, us, short ones, long ones . . .

As he continues raving, Mrs Iger comes through.

Mrs Iger Excuse me. Let me through. Thank you.

Mr Iger . . . I'll take all them orange ones, them green and them brown. Come on drinks here, come on, come on drinks . . .

She hits him on the back of the head, he stops.

Mrs Iger Now what's to do?

Mr Iger Drinks you wanted. I was before everyone. Drinks I say.

Mrs Iger Calm.

Mr Iger I can get drinks. I can. Oh yes.

Mrs Iger Calm.

Mr Iger Drinks I will get, will.

Mrs Iger Calm.

Mr Iger Drinks.

Mrs Iger Calm.

He goes quiet.

Mrs Iger What is it?

He's quiet.

It's me, isn't it with just too much talk of the large.

He nods.

Ay dear, what have I done to you, my dinky.

Putting her arm around him.

Mr Iger Dinky?

Mrs Iger Yes. Come here my detailed little man.

She takes him in her arms.

Your weediness is welcome here.

They separate.

Come away now. Come on. My compact chap. (*Briskly.*) We'll do something nice, take a walk, get some fresh air.

They exit. Offstage.

Mr Iger Dear?

Mrs Iger Yes?

Mr Iger Does this mean I can sleep in the bed tonight?

Mrs Iger Don't push it.

Landlord enters holding a bottle high.

Landlord Here it is. Last one ever. I knew I'd seen one in the cellar. A bloody 'Bull's eye' brown. Look at that then. (*He undoes it.*) There you go. (*Gives it to customer.*)

Landlady comes in, begins serving someone as soon as she enters.

Landlady Whiskey love? Yep. (*She turns to get it.*)

Landlord (*to Landlady*) Hey, look who's here having a bloody 'Bull's eye' brown.

Landlady Smelly Jimmy. Well well. We've not seen you for years.

She continues her job of filling glass with whiskey.

How are you?

Landlord } (*in response*) Oh we're all right.
Landlady }

Landlady Well I am.

She turns to serve her customer. Then, in response to something Jimmy says:

Eh. (*She drops glass, it breaks. She can't speak.*) Don't you know?

Landlord (*quickly*) Hey Jimeny, come round here mate. This side here. Come on. (*Leads him off.*) You'll remember these lot of ugly mugs won't you? (*Offstage.*) Hey, look what the cat's brought in.

Landlady (*to her customer*) Sorry love.

Gets another whiskey for them. Takes money.

Tar. Tar.

Puts it in till.

Landlady starts kicking glass under bar.

Landlord enters.

Landlord Don't do that.

He gets down picking glass up.

Landlady Why? I thought you liked things shoved out of sight.

Landlord Don't know what you mean.

Landlady You do.

Landlord turns away, starts doing something.

Landlady Don't you think it's funny someone should say that, tonight of all nights. Don't you?

Landlord (*picking up empty bottle off bar*) Imagine finding a bloody 'Bull's eye' brown, eh?

Landlady Don't you?

Landlord I'll save that empty as a memento.

He puts it on shelf. She grabs it and shows it in bin.