

SCENE I
LIGHTS UP.

FROM BEHIND THE BAR A BELL IS RUNG LOUDLY BY THE LANDLORD IN THE ALL BUT EMPTY PUB.

Glenn: Time at da bar, t'ank you!! (BELLOWING)

GLENN CARRY'S ON CLEANING BEHIND THE BAR. SAT AT A SMALL TABLE ARE PAT AND DUNCAN WHO ARE DEEP IN CONVERSATION AND LOOK ROUND STARTLED.

Duncan: Oh come on, I've only been out a fortnight.

Pat: Don't be such a girl, it'll be a laugh.

Duncan: The only reason mum lent me money to visit you in the first place was to get me away from those that got me sent down!

Pat: How is mum these days?

Duncan: Still thinks the sun shines out your backside. Oh an' do me a favour. If I can call her from clink on her birthday I am damn sure you can walk down the street to a phone box and do likewise.

Pat: You know how it is. Busy doing deals an' stuff.

Duncan: You mean joyriding, stealing stereos with your mates, and talking bollocks!

Pat: It's only a bit of fun. Anything with the word joy in it can't be that bad.

Duncan: Really! You do six months at her maj's pleasure. There are murderers and all sorts in their. I didn't shower for the first four months, in case...one of 'em...you know...

Pat: Don't worry your to ugly to be a poof.

Duncan: It's not a lifestyle choice mate! Sharing a cell with a twenty two stone gorilla who likes to spoon is not an experience I want to repeat! Let's just get the bus back.

PAT LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

Pat: Ah could be a bit of a problem there, the last bus left about twenty minutes ago.

Duncan: Oh you bastard.

Pat: It's either borrow a motor or walk. I ain't got enough for a taxi.

Duncan: I haven't even been out a month. My first day here and you do this to me!

Pat: Don't worry I'll steal a car with a small steering wheel.

Duncan: What difference does that make?

Pat: Well, you can still drive with handcuffs on for a start (SMILING).

DUNCAN STARTS TO RISE AND PAT PUTS HIS HAND OUT TO STOP HIM.

Pat: I'm joking, we ain't gonna get caught and if we do I'll take full responsibility.

Duncan: Damn right you are.

GLENN TURNS OF THE MAIN LIGHTS THEN COMES OVER AND TAKES THEIR EMPTY'S.

Glenn: T'anks lads, have a safe journey home.

Pat: Thanks.

Duncan: Cheers fella.

GLENN LOCKS THE DOORS AS PAT AND DUNCAN LEAVE. TURNING ROUND HE NOTICES DONAL IN THE PUB FOR THE FIRST TIME ASLEEP IN A QUITE CORNER.

Glenn: Wake up fella!

Donal: I wasn't asleep, I was jus' restin' me eyes (YAWN) good 'n' rested they are.

GLENN GOES BEHIND THE BAR AND GRABS A COUPLE OF PINTS.

Glenn: Here Donal, da last two pints from da line. Da rest is cleaning fluid.

Donal: If it's not da black stuff I can't tell da difference. Like sex on a lilo...

Glenn: Yeah I know fecking close to water, but ta be fair 'tis free.

DONAL TAKES A SIP A GIVES A GRIMACE AND SHIVERS LIKE HE HAS HAD TO SWALLOW THE WORSE MEDICINE.

Donal: Less free more rented, it's definitely been t'rough someone before me.

Glenn: God you're a hard man to please and miserable too!

Donal: I like ta t'ink moody and magnificent.

Glenn: I like ta t'ink I am a double for George Clooney but dat doesn't make it so.

Donal: Well Mr Clooney in dat case I shall carry on being moody and magnificent wit' just a hint of da old enigmatic guff.

Glenn: Donal ya know I love you like da brother I never had but,

Donal: You have two brothers!

Glenn: But none like you an that's a fact, you are not moody, magnificent, enigmatic or any of those other windswept and interestin' words... You are a miserable, drunken sot, who makes everyone around you feel down and most of the time is as about as welcome as a french kiss at a family reunion!

Donal: Glenn my friend don't sit on da fence if you have somet'in' to say.

Glenn: Ah I'm sorry Donal dat new upstart from da brewery has been bendin' me ear about profit/loss... whatever dat is. An hour on da phone he had me. I don't spend dat long talkin' to me ma.

Donal: Ta be fair she does all da talkin'.

Glenn: I know, it's no wonder me da went deaf. Said no to a hearing aid, told me ma they were a waste of money, me da's no fool.

Donal: So how does he talk to your ma?

Glenn: He doesn't, secret of a good marriage dat. He just say's yes to everyt'in' she asks, he's got a fifty/fifty chance of being right.

Donal: I bet she's surprised at dat.

Glenn: Not as surprised as he was when she took him on a naturist holiday last year!

Donal: I'll bet your da had the time of his life all those nubile girlies wandering round in da nip.

Glenn: Not really, me ma booked it for September 'cos it was cheap. Dr Burgess said it was a wonder he didn't get pneumonia. All da said was (does deep voice for dad) ' whatever your ma was wearin' it could'a done wit' ironin'.

THEY BOTH LAUGH; DONAL TRIES TO ROLL A CIGARETTE, BADLY AS GLENN LOOKS ON DISAPPROVINGLY.

Glenn: I have known you man and boy since your da, god rest his soul, first brought ya in. An I'll tell ya somet'in' you've never been able to roll a woodbine worth a damn. If dat's not a sign from god dat you should quit de evil weed I don't know what is.

DONAL IS SAT THERE CLUTCHING A PAPER WITH MORE TOBACCO AROUND HIM THAN IN THE ROLLIE.

Donal: It's not my fault, it's a medical condition. I believe de scientific term is chipolata fingers.

Glenn: You should use a pipe, very debonair!

Donal: Bit old fashioned, perhaps you would have me in a deerstalker and solving 18th century crime as well.

Glenn: It's a crime how much baccy you're wastin'. At least use ready made woodbines fella.

Donal: You're jokin'! Do you know how many chemicals dey put in dat packet stuff!

Glenn: You! Are tellin' me da reason you smoke rollups is for da sake of your health!

THEIR IS A BANGING AT THE DOOR AND A WHINNEY VOICE IS HEARD CALLING GLENN. GLENN GOES TO INVESTIGATE LEAVING DONAL ABANDONING HIS FIRST ROLLUP TO START ON HIS SECONED ATTEMPT AT SMOKING. GLENN RETURNS LOOKING ANNOYED.

Glenn: Bloody eejits (wheedling voice) 'hey Glenn any chance of a lock in?' If dey can't be bothered ta drink in here when we're open I'll be damned if I am going to let dem in after hours!

Donal: Do ya ever t'ink dat maybe ya took a wrong turnin' career wise Glenn? Lord knows I didn't expect ta end up as da town drunk.

Glenn: What's brought dis on... unless you're the queen you never know were you're going to end up.

Donal: Don't know why Elton John should get advance warning.

Glenn: Wrong Queen ya philistine!

Donal: I used to go to school with her brother Frankie!

Glenn: Frankie...stien? Buffoon, royalty may have more money dan Elton John but dey haven't got da freedom ta spend it. Der every action is reported, examined, criticised.

Donal: Dat's da lack of freedom I could use, not a care in da world and more money dan god.

Glenn: What's da use of money if ya can't spend it on what ya want? D'ya honestly t'ink da queen wants a banquet every night wit' a bunch of stranger's in her best bib and tucker. Or a K.F.C. family

bucket wit' her feet up watchin' corrie?

Donal: Ya make a fair point Glenn, dough I t'ink she's more of an 'ender's fan dan corrie. So did you ever t'ink you made a wrong turnin' in your life?

Glenn: No need to wonder fella, I know I took a wrong turnin', in fact I'd go so far as to say I missed the entire bloody town!

Donal: So what did'ja want to be then?

Glenn: I can't say you'll only laugh.

Donal: Aw go on, I won't tell a soul, scout's honour.

AT THIS DONAL LICK'S HIS FINGER AND CROSS'S HIS HEART AND DOES THE SCOUT SALUTE.

Glenn: ... just seems a bit daft now.

Donal: Don't let being t'ought a fool stop ya. It never stopped me.

Glenn: ...I wanted to be a Ninja...

DONAL EXPLODES WITH LAUGHTER

Glenn: Alright! It wasn't dat funny.

Donal: Yes it was!

DONAL IS WIPING TEARS FROM HIS FACE.

Glenn: If ya tell a soul I'll bar ya from dis pub for da rest of my natural, got dat.

Donal: Your secret is safe wit' me. I apologise for my overreaction but ya must admit it is a bit of an unusual ambition for a County Whitlow boy wouldn'tcha say.

Glenn: You asked, I said. It was a teenage dream dat's all. I am no longer da right shape for the ol' black jimmy jams anyway. What about you?

Donal: Oh no, ya don't get of dat easy fella. Nobody wakes one mornin' and goes I want to join da deadliest and most feared group of assassins da world has never seen! Tell us the tale, g'wan.

Glenn: ...Oh well, in for a penny 'n' all dat. Back in da day me an me da would go to the flicks. Bag of popcorn so greasy it could clog a heart, John Wayne givin' the ol' injuns a slap before doin' da same to Maureen 'o' hara. It was one of the few times dat him and me really bonded ya know. One day da takes me to see a film called 'Marlow'. A hardboiled detective t'ing, he loved dat hard man stuff.

Donal: An' dat was what made you want to be a ninja?

Glenn: Nah, Bruce Lee was in it, a man so hard de only way he could be killed was by committin' suicide. I'll tell ya for a small boy who got bullied a lot seein' him was amazin'! He fair ol' flew round da room destroyin' stuff, real windmill o' death.

Donal: Windmill o' death eh.

BY THIS POINT GLENN IS STOOD UP MIMING THE EVENT'S WITH AN EMPTY BEER GLASS IN HAND. DONAL IS WATCHING ALL THIS TRANSFIXED.

Glenn: Ya man was a real life superman. I bought all dose kung fu books ya know, practiced in front of da mirror. I even made me-self a pair of them nunchuke t'ingies. I took da legs of the kitchen table

an' tied 'em together with da washing line.

Donal: Did'ya ma not notice, say, when she tried to put anything on da table or hang out da washing?

Glenn: I only borrowed da legs when ma and pa were at Aunt Ida's. I had to stop in de end because of a terrible accident. I was out one day and me da wanted to use da moment to show me mam some 'affection'.

Donal: What, on da table, de one you eat at!

Glenn: Da very same, Da was no stick figure and neither was me Ma. Da combined weight of 'em and me yankin' da legs on and off did for the table. Me Da got trapped under it wit' me ma pinning him down. Mam was lucky she got off wit' a broken leg.

Donal: God above! Did your dad break anyt'ing?

Glenn: Da bit that doesn't have a bone to break.

GLENN NODS TOWARD HIS GROIN. DONAL SLOWLY REALIZES WHAT GLENN IS REFERRING TOO.

Donal: Ooww did the ol' doctors fix it?

Glenn: All dey could do was wait and see what'd happen. Da had to do a handstand every time he wanted a widdle, an' from dat day to dis he can't stand to look at a cantaloupe, won't even have 'em in da house.

Donal: What on earth did your folk's do to you when dey found out it was all your fault?

Glenn: Dey never did.

Donal: You lucky beggar!

Glenn: Not so, after that fiasco, me ma an' pa almost crippled I took to scavenging and made some more nunchukes out of a motorcycle chain an some bit's 'o two by four. Ya man Bruce Lee made it look easy, it wasn't. Smacked meself square in the face wit' da damn t'ings. I looked like a shaved panda, Two massive black eyes an a nose flat as a pancake.

GLENN IS STILL MIMING THE WHOLE SORRY TALE AS DONAL FINISHES HIS PINT.

Donal: So you gave it up den as a bad job?

Glenn: What! You're jokin'. After all da karate books I read, jumpin' round me bedroom an' wailin' like a banshee. Almost cripplin' meself practicin'. It was only matter of time before I was going to be discovered as de Irish Bruce Lee.

Donal: So what did you do with your mad kung fu powers?

GLENN NOTICES THAT THEY ARE BOTH HOLDING EMPTY PINT POT'S.

Glenn: Dere in lies a tale, would'ya like a top up before I conclude my story of David and Goliat'?

Donal: Dat is a most generous offer; I'll have a malt if it's goin'.

Glenn: It is not! I have some cookin' sherry if ya want. It's free and it is 17% proof.

Donal: Jaysus 17%, no wonder little old ladies have zimmer frames. If I was drinkin' dat all night I'd need a zimmer frame to get me home as well! A glass of dat'll be fine my friend.

AS THIS EXCHANGE IS GOING ON GLENN GET'S THE COOKING SHERRY. VERY

THEATRICALY BLOWS THE DUST OF THE BOTTLE AND POURS TWO LARGE SHOT'S IN EACH OF THE EMPTY PINT POT'S. DONAL LOOK'S AT HIM QUIZZICALLY.

Glenn: Saves on washin' up.

Donal: Ah t'anks Glenn. So back to the tale of why you are not makin' filums in Hollywood wit' your man Steven Seagull.

Glenn: I'm more partial to Chuck Norris meself, anyways da summer break was over and I marched back to St. Saviour's about to inflict some righteous retribution on dose lads an' lass's who used to flush my head in da toilet.

Donal: Lass's?

Glenn: I was only a wee little fella, me mam always t'ought it rained a lot at our school...anyway I pushed my way into the playground and dere 'e was.

Donal: Who?

Glenn: Jeremy, don't let da name fool you, He was over from da mainland. His da wanted to teach him about his ancestor's. Da local rucker team had him as a prop forward in de under sixteen's. Anyway I took a deep breat', puffed out my chest and marched up ta him. Me heart was poundin' an' me knee's were goin' like castanet's.

Donal: Da tension is killin', dat or I need a pee.

GLENN GIVES HIM A LOOK FOR INTERRUPTING HIS STORY. THEN CONTINUES TO ACT OUT THE EVENT'S.

Glenn: I took de elephant form fist stance, as recommended by my man Bruce. I called out 'Jeremy' an' as he turned ta face me I t'rew me best punch at 'im. I meant to disable him and it did, sort of (GLENN WAGGLES HIS HANDS IN A SO-SO MOTION). He was chewin' wine gums and the fecker nearly choked. I stood their like an eejit waitin' to see what he'd do.

Donal: Did ya have to wait long?

Glenn: No, not really, he rose up like a titan from da depths, spat out da wine gums and den kicked me straight in da knackers. Took t'ree teachers to pull him off me in de end!

Donal: God in heaven!

Glenn: Aah it wasn't too bad... after I lost consciousness.

Donal: Did da garda come for him?

Glenn: No de ambulance came for me, an' his da quickly took him back to da mainland.

Donal: So all's well dat ends well eh. Bully gone, you asserted your masculinity.

Glenn: Oh yeah t'ings were just comin' up roses 'cept I couldn't see 'em from my hospital bed! One of me testicles had gone back up from da kickin'. Ya know how dey got it back down?

DONAL SHAKES HIS HEAD.

Glenn: Dr Burgess came round and stuck his finger where da sun doesn't shine, tried to wiggle it out! No anaesthetic or anyt'ing. Dug in like a welsh coalminer on hard drugs! I'll tell you da next time any buggar wants to try anything like dat on me I want a meal, bunch of flowers, peck on da cheek or at least a reach around. He said he'd use his little finger but I'll tell you, made me feel like a bloody glove puppet.

Donal: Remind me never to shake his hand again.

AT THAT MOMENT THEIR IS MORE WHINNEING AND BANGING AT THE DOOR.

Glenn: PISS OFF!

Donal: It's alright mate, I'd best be making tracks, g'night.

Glenn; G'night yourself.

FADE TO BLACKOUT.

SCENE II

LIGHTS UP.

THE LIGHT'S COME UP AND A YOUNGE WOMAN, OBVIOUSLEY A BARMAID IS STOOD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR READING MARIE CLAIRE, LEANING ON THE BAR, LOOKING BORED AND TIRED. THE DOOR IS PUSHED OPEN BY A RATHER LARGE MALE BUM. THE BODY IS MANHANDLING A BOX OF SPIRITS.

Amy: Mornin' Len, running late aren't you?

Len: It's been one of those days so far, and it isn't even half over yet. Are the cellar doors open?

Amy: Been open for the last half hour. Almost lost the postman down there.

LEN CALLS BACK THROUGH THE DOOR TO HIS OPPO.

Len: Oi! Tony! Put the rest in the cellar mate.

AMY PUTS HER FINGER IN HER AIR AND SHAKES IT VIGOURUSLEY AS IF LEN HAS DEAFEND HER.

Amy: Do you want a cuppa?

Len: Ta kid, where's glen?

Amy: Apparently he felt ill, so ill in fact he couldn't stand. Called me at 1am asking me to stand in for him. So I have been stuck here at this ungodly hour waiting for you to turn up. So what happened?

Len: Some little toerags took my car for a joyride.

Amy: Oh my god. Did you call the police?

Len: No need to, the little perishers woke me up when they brought it back.

AMY GOES OF TO MAKE A CUP OF TEA FOR LEN. THE CONVERSATION GOES ON AS SHE POTTERS AROUND.

Amy: They brought it back?

Len: That's not the point they stole my beloved motor.

TONY BRINGS IN SOME BOTTLES OF SPIRITS. HE IS WEARING A STRING VEST WITH A FLAT CAP AND HAS BODY HAIR SPROUTING EVERYWHERE. HE LOOKS LIKE HE IS BREEDING DADDY LONG LEGS UNDER HIS ARMS.

Tony: Tell her about your early morning jog.

Len: I will thank you to keep your big cakehole shut tony.

TONY HEADS BACK OUT TO GET MORE CASES OF BEER. AMY RETURNS WITH TWO BREWS OF TEA AND LOOKS AT THE LEN EXPECTANTLY. LEN SAYS NOTHING.

Len: Alright they took my motor and couldn't be bothered to keep it so I could claim on the insurance. Chased the beggars down the street in me pants an' vest but they ran off and I lost 'em.

Amy: That must'a been a sight, you actually pay your insurance. The garda should arrest you for novelty value, an honest man.

TONY RETURNS WITH MORE CASES OF MIXERS.

Tony: They didn't even steal his cassettes; they left one of theirs instead. His music is like his car; past it's sell by date.

Amy: They probably just forgot to steal anything in all the excitement.

TONY LIGHTS UP AT THIS POINT.

Tony: Even his car, go on tell her what you make me listen to in that wagon.

AMY AND TONY'S HEADS SWIVEL ROUND TO LEN.

Len: We can't all be trend setters glued to 'top of the pops' you know. I always liked the musical stylings of Klaus Wunderlich, Roger Whittaker or Hepworth's marching band's. These men are musical giants who will be remembered long after the likes of Kajagogo and prefab whasisface? I have nothing to be ashamed off.

Tony: God I would be!

Amy: Well... at least you got the car back, so all's well that ends well.

Len: I wish, some snot nosed little turds have been all over my car without my permission. I know it sounds stupid but I just don't want it anymore. It doesn't feel like it belongs to me.

Amy: That doesn't sound stupid Len, when my mam got burgled last summer she said she couldn't stay in the house. Said it didn't feel right. Wouldn't go back until we redecorated the whole thing.

Tony: That must have cost a fortune. Should have seen me I could have done it at cost price.

Len: Give it a rest Tone, Amy wonders why I always make you work alone in the cellar.

Tony: No need to be like that Len, I never told you I had a cousin who moved to the mainland and within a fortnight of movin' he had his flat turned upside down and inside out.

Amy: That's city folk for you. Full of people with no respect for themselves or each other. I'll take village life every time.

Len: You never told me this before tony?

Tony: My cousin Gerry opened an Irish themed cafe in Hammersmith. You know the sort of place, tat'ers with everything, Guinness for breakfast. Sank every penny he'd got in it. He had a flat above the shop. Opened at six shut at ten. Never turned away a customer and the only day he didn't work was the Sabbath.

Len: God bless the workin' man.

Tony: Anyways on a Sunday he would go to church and ask for forgiveness for all the customers he

'accidently' short changed. Then come back to the flat and make an Irish stew, you know the sort. Like your ma used to make, stick to your ribs gravy. Then of he'd go for a few jars as the stew cooked.

Len: Oh don't you're makin' me hungry, Amy any chance of a complimentary pack of K.P.?

AMY GET'S LEN A PACKET OF NUT'S AND PLONKS THEM DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM.

Amy: Nuts!

Len: Oh thanks my little princess.

SHE GIVES HIM A DISGUSTED LOOK AS LEN OPENS THE NUT'S AND OFFER'S TONY ONE.

Tony: Anyway he get's back home from the pub and see's that the lock on his door has been forced.

Len: I bet it was the same feckers that did for my car.

Amy: Sssshh!

Tony: He walks in and the room is a mess. Everything tossed all over the place. His collection of little air-fix kits broken. Dirty big boot prints on the sofa and bed, it could be mud or shite smeared on every surface. The poor man is mortified! Then he hears the steam whistling from the stew boiling itself dry in the kitchen. So he takes the lid of the stew and do you know what he finds...

AMY AND LEN IN UNISON.