

ACT 1

SCENE 1

SET – Office. A single desk with two laptops and two chairs sitting opposite. The actors use the space as if there is a bustling environment around them. A clock hangs on the back wall and reads 4.45pm.

Lights up on PETE and TOM who are sitting either side of the desk. Both are studiously typing away at their laptops. Both in business attire. Pete sits thinking, stuck on a piece of coding. He stares at the clock and goes back to work. Tom stops typing and looks deep in thought.

TOM Tits or arse?

PETE *(trying to concentrate)* What?

TOM If you could only have a woman with either tits or an arse, which couldn't you live without?

PETE She sounds like a freak.

TOM If you had to make a decision.

PETE Well, thankfully, I don't.

Pete gives Tom a look and goes back to his coding. He's really stuck.

TOM If someone held a gun to your head.

PETE What's the x differential in the open SIS string?

TOM *(not answering)* A dilemma – a life or death question.

PETE *(Patiently. He's probably heard this a thousand times)* Go on.

TOM You find yourself in a very bizarre situation.

PETE Nothing new so far, then.

TOM You are the sex slave of Pat in admin.

PETE *(cringing)* Fat Pat?

TOM The Bearded One. But you have a choice.

PETE Thank God.

TOM Either to bring her off every morning for the rest of your life...

PETE Can I kill myself?

TOM No.

PETE When you say “bring her off”...Method of application?

TOM I’m thinking orally.

Pete cringes.

TOM Wearing all the tacky bling. And the blue eye make-up.

Pete sits in deep thought.

TOM You could take it to the grave.

PETE What’s the option?

Tom leans across the desk, grinning cheekily.

Pete leans in towards him.

TOM A large set of pendulous udders sprout from site of your manboobs. Constantly lactating. And you can’t cover them up.

Pete shudders

TOM Everything you wear for the rest of your days will have a huge gaping hole proudly displaying your colossal teats. Think of the frost bite...

PETE That’s a dilemma.

TOM With Fat Pat no-one need ever know.

Pete leans in close, conscious of passers-by.

PETE So let me recap. Either facing that bull-dog chewing a wasp face every morning boring into your soul as you bring her to a shuddering climax; or very visible udders. Why?

TOM And Udders would not get you regular shags.

PETE No change there, then.

TOM Which will it be?

Tom does the Countdown clock.

PETE Udders.

TOM You are joking.

PETE *(indignant, loud)* Udders.

They both look around the office embarrassed as they realise the entire office has heard.

Tom waves across the room.

TOM Pat. Looking lovely. *(He leans in towards Pete).* Hog.

Pete recoils in disapproval.

TOM You'd rather deform yourself than bring off the lovely Pat.

PETE What would you choose?

Tom receives a text. He gets his phone out of his pocket.

TOM I would be hard pushed to make that kind of decision myself.

He reads the screen, then grimaces.

PETE What?

TOM Fucking nonce. Wanker. Never trust a fucking shirt-lifter.

Pete shuffles a little.

TOM Fucking nobber from the stupid fucking poxy pub quiz. He was supposed to be sorting me for Saturday.

PETE Who?

TOM That fucking poofter, Steve.

PETE He's not a poof.

TOM Perfumed ponce. Irons his Saturday shirt like it's a weekday. Always smells nice. Makes me reach.

PETE We've got David Beckham to thank for that.

TOM Fucking tosspots who moisturise. NEVER ask them to get you a ticket for the football.

The lads stop as Tom's head follow someone across the office.

Pete's head follows, almost with disinterest.

TOM Look at the arse on that.

Pete forces a smile.

PETE Shame I've already had her.

TOM No chance. Look at her. She's got taste, mate.

PETE Counts you out of the equation, then.

Tom looks unimpressed.

After a beat, they both go back to their programming.

PETE So what is this bloody differential string?

Tom sits and thinks.

PETE *(persistent)* Any ideas?

TOM I might be able to get one off a tout.

PETE The differential string in the x field. What is it?

Tom's head follows another passer-by.

TOM Now she was fucking choking for it the other night down the pub.

PETE Who? Sharon?

TOM Is that her name?

PETE Filthy bitch. *(He's privy to certain gossip)* She makes me piss.

TOM Never really spoken to her sober.

PETE So why didn't you?

TOM Why didn't I what?

PETE Shag her?

TOM How do you know I didn't?

PETE Because I know you didn't.

Tom goes back to his programming.

TOM Have you seen the size of her arse, anyway? You'd need a ladder just to mount it. I could live without that derriere thank you very much. And she's got that fucking stupid sympathy lisp. She kept on saying she wanted to "thuck my matthith penith". There's considerably limited space in her mush once you've got past those huge fuckin knashers. It were like snogging friggin Shergar.

Pete laughs.

PETE You'd better be careful no-one hears you talking like that.

TOM You can't even stare at a fat bird's arse without being accused of being sexist these days. It's Political Correctness gone mad.

PETE (*dryly*) I don't know what the world's coming to.

TOM Why don't you have a go with her then?

Pete looks down, uncomfortable.

PETE (*quietly persistent*) The differential?

TOM I don't know how many times I've told you. Move on.

PETE And I don't know how many times I've told you that I'd rather not talk about it.

TOM ...Cos I know for a fact that Sandra in admin support – y'know, the one with funbags like a sack of spanners - now she would defo go for a bit of Petey action.

PETE Can we change the subject?

TOM I've seen that way she looks at you.

Pete concentrates on his work.

TOM When was the last time you actually got a shag?

PETE Tom. Does my reluctance to discuss it not suggest that this is a particularly sensitive subject? I'm not comfortable talking about it.

TOM It's gutting mate. Brings a tear to the eye.

Tom points to the heavens jokily.

TOM Worried she might hear?

PETE (*getting annoyed*) Shut up you nob. Can you not just respect the fact that I don't want to discuss it?

TOM It was seven fucking years ago. You frustrate me, mate.

PETE Are you gonna tell me what the bleedin differential string is?

TOM 2.7396. And cross-reference it with the spreadsheet or we'll be here all bloody weekend. *(Beat)* Seven years...?

Pete goes back to his programming and types the string into his program.

TOM I bet your bollocks are fit to burst.

Pete starts to whistle as he works.

TOM Must be like walking around with space hoppers dangling between your legs.

PETE Haven't you got football worries?

Tom stops and stares aghast, put out.

PETE Yeah, well. Let's talk about something that's painful for you, shall we?

TOM It's Rooney's debut.

PETE I thought he was a scouse twat.

TOM He is. But what a footballer.

Pete types away.

Tom goes back to his work.

(pause)

PETE So who would be in your dream 11? Your ideal premiership team? Thirty seconds starting from now.

TOM That is a very, very tricky question, Peter. It's politics, is that.

PETE Twenty-five seconds.

TOM Defence. Brown. Ferdinand.

PETE They can't all be United.

Tom sucks his tongue.

PETE Twenty seconds.

TOM Robinson. Goal.

PETE Seaman!

TOM Fuck off. Is this mine or yours?

PETE Midfield.

TOM Ronaldo.

PETE Obviously.

TOM Much as it pains me – Fabrigas.
Pete looks very disappointed.

PETE Very very disappointed. Continue. Strikers.

TOM Owen.

PETE Nice.

TOM Henry.

PETE Va va voom. Ten seconds.

TOM Stop fucking interrupting.

PETE Sorry.

TOM You did it again...

PETE *(interrupting)* Seven seconds.

TOM Rooney.

PETE You've got too many United.

TOM Naysmith, then.

PETE He's a fucking defender.
Tom mimics the Countdown clock.

TOM Fuck.

PETE I'm ashamed to call myself your friend.

TOM You kept fucking interrupting, you wassock. It's an important issue that requires uninterrupted consideration.

Pete looks at his watch and drops the lid to his laptop..

PETE Which just about makes it time for a cheeky after-work-before-making-one's-way-home pint? Will you be joining?

Pete stands, takes his jacket off the back of his chair and puts it on.

TOM I'll have to meet you there. I've gotta finish this. After you kept me gassin.

Pete goes to leave.

TOM Oh, Pete.

Pete turns back to Tom.

TOM You never said which.

PETE Which what?

TOM Tits or arse?

PETE At a push - and only because you are forcing me into your very strange and depraved mind - I would say that I couldn't live without the arse. Happy?

TOM Knew you were an arse man. Much like my good self.

PETE Thanks for the revelation.

Pete goes to leave. Then double takes.

PETE The fuller-figured Bearded One or the udders?

TOM Udders. I'm not fuckin blind.

Pete exits, chuckling to himself.

Tom scratches his head as he tries to fathom out his program.

He stares at the screen for a couple of seconds, then stares at the clock for a beat. He drops the lid of his laptop.

TOM Fuck it. Hey Petey! Pint of fizzy please Treacle.

LIGHTS DOWN.

SCENE 2

SET – Swanky city centre apartment. A posh sofa and a coffee table, piled with magazines and smoking paraphernalia. A music system sits on an expensive sideboard. The kitchen is offstage to the right. The hallway and bathroom is offstage to the left.

LIGHTS UP.

SIMON paints the final section of a wall. He holds a paint brush in one hand and a spliff in the other.

LET'S GET IT ON plays on the stereo.

Pete enters, dancing smoochily, with a couple of gin and tonics.

Simon puts down his brush and stands back, satisfied, sipping his drink.

Pete rests his head on Simon's shoulder as they admire the wall.

After a beat, Simon scratches his chin. He leaves the room and re-enters with a pink fluffy wall-clock and hangs it on the wall.

Pete laughs to himself and claps him on the back.

PETE You're such a poof.

They clink glasses.

Simon takes a loving look around the room and slings himself onto the sofa.

SIMON I challenge that House Doctor to come and find one single thing to bitch about in here.

PETE It's like we're living in a catalogue. I'm slipping off the paper.

SIMON That woman is such a twat. A magnolia maniac. How many different names for "beige" can there be?

PETE I just don't get why people let camera crews into their homes?

SIMON *(Almost indignant)* Because it's hilarious, car-crash tele.

PETE I feel like I need a shower after watching that American bint slag off someone's house. It's humiliating.

SIMON Are you missing the point?

PETE It's humiliating to watch.