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Two Wheel Tricycle **By John Chambers**

Characters

"Curly" O'Hare	30-ish, petty crook
Gordon Dean	middle-aged, redundant
Annette McNamee	20s, single parent
Janet Seabrook	late 50s, retired secretary
Clayton	30s, Town Hall official

ACT ONE

Scene 1

CLAYTON: I am the man you pay...
There's an army of us...
To hide the waste away...
There's legions of it...

Twenty million tonnes U.K.
Double it, with what factories throw away.

MUSIC (INTRO).

WE SEE SCAVENGERS SCURRYING ABOUT IN THE
HALF LIGHT.

CLAYTON ENTERS. THEY DISAPPEAR LIKE RATS TO
THEIR HOLES.

CLAYTON IS DISMAYED AND WALKS ON & EXITS.

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) What are you looking at... I've got as much right to be here as you.
(LETS OUT A SCREAM & POINTS INTO AUDIENCE) A rat...
(ATTENDS TO BABY) I read somewhere that a rat ate a baby. They sense helplessness...
(LOOKS ABOUT) Stinks, this place, doesn't it? Loads off our estate come down – after copper wire and that – to weigh in. They said “come down” – they didn't tell me about the rats though... still, there's rats in our flats... by the rubbish chute.

(FADE UP LIGHTS.

JANET IS ON THE TOP LEVEL.

CURLY ENTERS, OBLIVIOUS TO ANNETTE. HE SHUFFLES PRETTY AIMLESSLY AND EXAMINES ODD BITS OF RUBBISH, USING HIS TOE TO TURN THINGS OVER. HIS HANDS STAY IN THE POCKETS OF HIS TATTY ARMY & NAVY STORES CHECKERED LUMBER JACKET.)

(LX.)

(FIND JANET. SHE IS SENSIBLY DRESSED – ANORAK, THICK TROUSERS, TUCKED INTO THICK SOCKS, AND SENSIBLE WALKING SHOES. SHE CARRIES BINOCULARS AND IS LOOKING FOR BIRDS.

SHE IS OBLIVIOUS TO CURLY, BUT HE WATCHES HER. SHE PANS ROUND WITH HER BINOCULARS UNTIL SHE FOCUSES ON CURLY. HE DOES A FAIR IMPRESSION OF A HEN WITH SAINT VITUS DANCE. JANET IS SHOCKED, THEN EMBARRASSED, THEN MOVES ON, PRETENDING SHE HASN'T SEEN CURLY. SOMEONE WHO HAS SEEN CURLY IS ANNETTE WHO IS BEHIND HIM. SHE WATCHES HIS ANTICS AS HE CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF & GETS BACK TO EXAMINING THE RUBBISH.)

ANNETTE: (TURNING TO GO) Come on, baby, this place is full of nutcases.

(CURLY STARTS & TURNS. ANNETTE & CURLY ONLY KNOW EACH OTHER BY SIGHT.)

CURLY: (MOTIONS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NOW DEPARTED JANET) That old tart was looking at me through her binoculars.

ANNETTE: What she want to look at you for?

CURLY: She was watching birds...

ANNETTE: Bird brains more like.

CURLY: Get knotted.

(ANNETTE IGNORES HIM. SHE SEES SOMETHING AMONGST THE RUBBISH. IT'S A KIDDY'S TRIKE, HALF HIDDEN UNDER SOME BIN BAGS. SHE YANKS IT OUT. THE TRIKE HAS A WHEEL MISSING.)

CURLY: You know what's wrong with that – there's a wheel missing.

ANNETTE: (THROWS THE BIKE DOWN) Give him a cream bun.

CURLY: (COMING OVER) Are you leaving it?

ANNETTE: What use is a three-wheeler with two wheels...

CURLY: The other wheel might be under that garbage.

ANNETTE: D'you think so?

(CURLY STARTS SEARCHING THE RUBBISH ENTHUSIASTICALLY, STICKING HIS ARM RIGHT IN. HE SUDDENLY STOPS.)

CURLY: Aw no... (PULLS HIS ARM OUT & LOOKS AT HIS HAND)

ANNETTE: Have you cut yourself?

(CURLY DOESN'T REPLY, BUT SNIFFS HIS HAND.)

CURLY: (ALMOST HYSTERICAL) No – no. It's shite. Shit. Kack.
Crud. Crap.

(ANNETTE STARTS TO LAUGH. CURLY MOVES ABOUT LOOKING FOR SOMEWHERE TO WIPE HIS CONTAMINATED HAND.)

CURLY: It's not funny.

(ANNETTE GOES INTO FITS OF LAUGHTER.)

CURLY: Crap... I can't stand it...

(PICKS UP A CLOTH BY THE PRAM.)

CURLY: (SHUDDERS) There are some dirty bastards about – fancy putting shite in your dustbin.

ANNETTE: Maybe it was a disposable nappy.

(CURLY SHUDDERS AGAIN.)

CURLY: A camel with diarrhoea must have been wearing it...

ANNETTE: You have to get rid of nappies somewhere.

CURLY: Why don't they flush it down the bog?

ANNETTE: They block it up.

CURLY: Dirty swines.

(BEAT.)

ANNETTE: D'you think that wheel will be under there?

CURLY: I'm not looking for it if it is.

ANNETTE: Seems a pity though – it could be a nice little bike...

CURLY: (NOT LISTENING) ...it's put me off, that... put me off for the day. What a way to start off, up to my elbows in crap...

ANNETTE: D'you have to go on about it – there's a lady present.

CURLY: Where?

(ANNETTE IGNORES HIM & EXAMINES THE BIKE AGAIN.)

CURLY: There'll be more.

(HE THROWS DOWN THE CLOTH HE HAS WIPED HIMSELF ON & SLINGS THE BIKE BACK ON THE PILE.)

ANNETTE: How d'you know there'll be more?

CURLY: Ten a penny, bikes...

ANNETTE: Are you some sort of expert on this place?

CURLY: Yeh... yeh, you might say that.

ANNETTE: D'you work here?

CURLY: Do I 'eck. I just come up regular like. See if there's owt worth having. Have you come to dump that pram? I wouldn't mind a pram for carting stuff.

ANNETTE: Yer what – that's my baby's pram.

CURLY: It's in a right state.

ANNETTE: D'you know how much new ones cost?

CURLY: There was a cracking pram on here a couple of months ago. White... shiny chrome... the lot.

ANNETTE: I'd love one like that – what did you do with it?

CURLY: Nothing – two little tear-arses whipped it. Made a truck out of it. (SHAKES HEAD) I could've got 20 quid for it.

ANNETTE: I'd have given you ten.

CURLY: Any road, what are you doing here then?

ANNETTE: Just thought I'd have a walk up.

CURLY: Scavengin'.

ANNETTE: Just thought I'd walk up, that's all – get a bit of fresh air.

CURLY: On a tip?

ANNETTE: Least there's fields over there, and that lake.

CURLY: They're going to fill that lake in.

ANNETTE: Why?

CURLY: Got to put rubbish somewhere. It's not a proper lake, that – it's old clay workings.

ANNETTE: It looks nice.

CURLY: It'll look nicer when they've filled it in an' built Executive House on top.

(CURLY STOPS. HE SPOTS CLAYTON, THE COUNCIL OFFICIAL, APPROACHING FROM OFF STAGE.)

CURLY: (BUSYING HIMSELF) Look as if you're tipping something.

ANNETTE: Eh?

(CLAYTON ENTERS ON THE HIGHER LEVEL. CURLY GOES TO THE PRAM & GETS HOLD OF IT.)

ANNETTE: (PUZZLED) What you doing?

CURLY: (LOUD, FOR CLAYTON'S BENEFIT) Right, we'll dump it then.

ANNETTE: That's my baby.

CURLY: (MUTTERS) Just while he's there.

(CLAYTON WATCHES. CURLY PRETENDS TO HAVE NOTICED HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME.)

CURLY: Alright, cocker?

CLAYTON: (CURTLY) Morning.

CURLY: Bit parky.

CLAYTON: Yes – it's quite cold.

CURLY: (LOUD TO ANNETTE) Right, love, let's tip this old pram and get back home where it's warm.

ANNETTE: If you harm my baby I'll swing for you.

CLAYTON: There's no need to bring rubbish all this way.

CURLY: What's that, pal?

CLAYTON: Household rubbish goes in the skips near the gate.

CURLY: Oh, sorry about that – we'll take it up there then.

(CURLY MAKES AS IF TO WHEEL THE PRAM OFF.
ANNETTE IS BEMUSED BY ALL THIS.)

CLAYTON: (UNHEARD) There's no need.

(CURLY MOVES TO LEAVE WITH THE PRAM.
ANNETTE HURRIES AFTER HIM. THEY REMAIN ON
STAGE. CLAYTON MOVES OFF IN THE OTHER

DIRECTION AND EXITS. AS SOON AS CLAYTON GOES, ANNETTE SPEAKS TO CURLY WHO IS OFF.)

ANNETTE: You're bleedin' crackers. Bring my baby back.

(CURLY ROLLS THE PRAM TO ANNETTE.)

ANNETTE: Well?

CURLY: What?

ANNETTE: What was all that about?

CURLY: That suit's in charge of the tip.

ANNETTE: We're not doing any harm.

CURLY: They can do you for taking stuff off the tip.

ANNETTE: Get lost...

CURLY: They can. He's new but if he's owt like the last feller he'd have you in court as soon as he looks at you.

ANNETTE: What harm we doing?

CURLY: Tell that pencil squeezer that.

(GORDON ENTERS. HE CHECKS THAT CLAYTON HAS GONE THEN GETS SORTING, IGNORING CURLY & ANNETTE. GORDON BUSIES HIMSELF LOOKING AT THE RUBBISH. HE IS SYSTEMATIC.)

CURLY: Mind how you go over there, chief... shit.

GORDON: I've got gloves on.

CURLY: You'll need a diving suit – it's a right load.

GORDON: Bad, is it?

CURLY: Chronic.

(GORDON STOPS & LOOKS ABOUT, SEES THE PRAM AND GOES TO IT.)

GORDON: Have you two nabbed this? The body's shot but I could put an orange box on it – handy for shifting tackle.

(HE GOES OVER TO THE PRAM, WEIGHING IT UP. ANNETTE IS MIFFED BUT EMBARRASSED ABOUT SAYING IT'S HERS. CURLY SUPPRESSES A LAUGH. GORDON LOOKS INTO THE PRAM & JUMPS BACK.)

GORDON: Quick – get a copper, there's an abandoned baby in it. Some bastard's abandoned a baby on the tip. (LOOKS IN

THE PRAM AGAIN) Look at the poor little sod – looks half starved.

(CURLY BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.)

ANNETTE: (HURRIES TO HER PRAM) That's my bleedin' baby and he's not half starved.

GORDON: (MUTTERS) Shouldn't bring babies up here.

ANNETTE: No – it's full of nutters.

CURLY: Be alright – an orange box for your baby.

ANNETTE: Silly twat.

(SHE COVERS THE BABY UP & THEN LOOKS ABOUT.)

ANNETTE: His shawl's dropped out. Where is it?

(THEY LOOK ABOUT & GORDON SPOTS THE CLOTH WHICH CURLY HAS WIPED HIS HANDS ON.)

GORDON: Is this is?

ANNETTE: That's it.

(GORDON ANXIOUS TO MAKE AMENDS PICKS UP THE SHAWL. CURLY SEES WHAT IT HAS HAPPENED BUT THINKS TWICE ABOUT ADMITTING IT. HE DECIDES TO SCRUTINISE THE RUBBISH INSTEAD. GORDON REALISES THE SHAWL STINKS.)

GORDON: I reckon your baby needs changing.

ANNETTE: What d'you mean?

(GORDON OFFERS THE SHAWL WHICH SHE TAKES & SNIFFS. ANNETTE IS PUZZLED FOR A MINUTE THEN TURNS TO CURLY. SHE HURLS THE SHAWL AT HIM.)

ANNETTE: You dirty swine.

CURLY: What?

ANNETTE: You wiped your hands on my baby's shawl.

CURLY: I didn't know it was yours – it was on the deck.

ANNETTE: I knitted it myself.

CURLY: I was looking for a wheel for you.

ANNETTE: It took me ages – I'm a hopeless knitter. Shawls and scarves are all I can do – only things that are square.

CURLY: Scarves aren't square.

ANNETTE: You know what I mean.

GORDON: That baby needs a blanket – in this weather.

ANNETTE: It had one.

GORDON: (WANTS TO GET BACK TO SORTING BUT BOTHERED ABOUT BABY) Bring some wool and my missus will knit it up.

CURLY: (TO ANNETTE) There you are.

GORDON: If your husband here gets her the wool.

ANNETTE: Husband... he's not my husband.

CURLY: I bet you've not got a husband.

ANNETTE: If I did have, he wouldn't be a silly twat like you.

CURLY: Ooo – listen to Lady Diana.

GORDON: (TO CURLY – BRUSQUE) You get the wool and I'll get it knitted up for her.

(CURLY SHRUGS "OK".)

(GORDON GOES BACK TO SORTING THE RUBBISH.)

CURLY: (TO GORDON) Hey thingy – how will I get this wool to you?

GORDON: The name's Gordon.

CURLY: How will I get the wool to you?

GORDON: I'm up here most days. I used to go to the industrial tip more but it started me coming out in a rash.

CURLY: (INTERESTED) Bloody hell.

GORDON: All that chemical waste.

ANNETTE: It could be nuclear waste... you might be radioactive.

CURLY: I'd rather have a dose of radiation than crap up to my elbows...

(JANET ENTERS, RETURNING FROM HER BIRD-WATCHING STINT. SHE PASSES CLOSER THIS TIME, NODS & LEAVES. THEY WATCH HER GO. JANET EXITS.)

ANNETTE: She must be crackers.

GORDON: Why?

ANNETTE: Wandering round the tip.

GORDON: She studies the birds.

ANNETTE: What a place to study birds.

CURLY: I bet those binoculars are worth a few bob – I'd half a mind to snatch them.

ANNETTE: Yer what?

CURLY: Grab 'em – you'd get twenty or thirty quid for them.

ANNETTE: She might be crackers but she's not doing you any harm.

CURLY: (DISMISSIVE) Posh bastards get on my tits.

ANNETTE: (TO CURLY) You're warped you are – fancy thinking of robbin' an old woman.

CURLY: (BACKS DOWN) Couldn't give a toss, me.

(CURLY HUFFILY GOES BACK TO THE RUBBISH & YANKS OUT A CAR MAT.)

CURLY: Ey, this is one of those mats that goes 'round the bog.

ANNETTE: Funny shaped bog – it goes in the front of cars.

(CURLY SLINGS THE MAT AWAY.)

GORDON: Hold on, I'll have that.

CURLY: What d'you want with a car mat?

GORDON: For my car, what d'you think?

ANNETTE: Have you got a car?

GORDON: Van – a minivan.

CURLY: Tell us another one.

ANNETTE: (TO GORDON) Have you?

CURLY: Would he be rummaging through this stuff if he had a car?

(GORDON ROLLS UP THE MAT.)

ANNETTE: (TO CURLY) He has got a car. (TO GORDON) Haven't you?

(GORDON NODS AS HE METHODICALLY ROLLS & TIES MAT.)

ANNETTE: (TO GORDON) How come you come here then?

GORDON: I don't like to see waste.

CURLY: You're on the rock and roll. I've seen you signing on. Now I know The Sun is a good newspaper – I never miss it, but there's one thing where they're way off beam. They reckon that all us on the Social have Jaguars parked outside our council houses. It's not possible... I've tried it.

ANNETTE: You had a Jaguar?

CURLY: No – a D reg Cortina... but it's the same principle. I got it from an auction – the bastard loan sharks repossessed it. You can't run a car on the dole... 'course you can nick them – which is alright for a day at Southport... but I wouldn't bother putting carpets in if I pinched one. (TO GORDON) Have you pinched it?

GORDON: I worked for it, mate.

CURLY: A bleedin' car and you come up here going through rubbish.

GORDON: I'll tell you something – coming up here keeps that motor on the road.

CURLY: Gerraway.

(GORDON IS IMPATIENT TO KEEP SCAVENGING.)

ANNETTE: (TO GORDON) You can't make anything out of coming up here.

(GORDON DISMISSIVE LOOK. ANNETTE LOOKS AT THE RUBBISH MORE DISCERNINGLY.)

ANNETTE: It's rubbish – garbage. I can't find a decent kid's bike.

GORDON: If you came up regular you'd find one – no problem.

ANNETTE: Come up here regular! I'm not spending half me life on a tip looking for a throw away bike for my kids. (GLANCING AT CURLY) All this muck and headbangers.

CURLY: You might find a decent pram an' all.

(GORDON SYSTEMATICALLY SORTS RUBBISH. CURLY DOES IT MORE ERRATICALLY – A BIT GINGERLY, AND ANNETTE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE BUT BECOMES INTERESTED. WE HEAR A LORRY STOP FIFTY YARDS AWAY. CURLY STOPS AND LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LORRY. HE LEAVES SNEAKILY AND EXITS TOWARDS THE LORRY.)

GORDON: (SEES CURLY HAS GONE, THEN SPOTS LORRY) A clearance.

(WE HEAR A LOAD TIPPED FROM A LORRY. GORDON HURRIES OFF TOWARDS IT.)

GORDON: (NODS TO CAR MAT, TO ANNETTE) Keep an eye on that.

(GORDON LEAVES HURRIEDLY.)

ANNETTE: I'm not standing guard here.

(SHE LOOKS ABOUT, WANTING TO LEAVE, BUT SOMETHING STOPS HER DOING SO. SHE LOOKS IN THE PRAM AND TALKS TO THE BABY.)

ANNETTE: I must be as daft as them, baby. It must be something to do with this place. It must be those chemicals – affecting your brain. (SHE LOOKS AT THE MOUNTAINS OF

RUBBUSH & MUSES) All this... thrown away. I wonder how much we get through in a lifetime... (TO BABY) It's a good job we don't have to carry it round with us – be like draggin' a house round.

(RESPONDS TO BABY CHUCKLING) It would... it would... We'd all have our own mountains of rubbish. And it'd be different for us all. Your dad – wherever he is, would be sittin' on a mountain of glass – empty bottles and beer cans – oh aye, and chip papers. Still, everyone has a bit of your dad's mountain cos he dropped them wherever he was. And what would your mum's mountain of rubbish be? It'd be empty cans of baby food, brown envelopes with windows in the front *and* the bills that were in them in some cases – it would be maintenance orders that might as well go on the tip. Broken toys that your David and Eileen end up with on Boxing Day – oh aye, and disposable nappies – by the ton. I don't know why you're laughing baby – my mountain's a sad mountain.

(CURLY RETURNS CARRYING A CARDBOARD BOX WHICH IS FALLING APART. IT CONTAINS TINS.)

CURLY: We've cracked it, we've bloody cracked it.

ANNETTE: What you found – treasure?

CURLY: (SETS DOWN BOX TRIUMPHANTLY AND PULLS OUT A TIN) Grub.

ANNETTE: You're not taking that – food off the tip.

CURLY: Why not, it's in tins. Look, bloody salmon – (READS) “The tins that we reject make John West the best.”

ANNETTE: Someone else has rejected them.

CURLY: (TAKES OUT ANOTHER TIN) Beans.

(GORDON ENTERS CARRYING A SMOOTHING PLANE.)

CURLY: What's that, thingy?

GORDON: The name's Gordon.

CURLY: What you found then, cock?

GORDON: A smoothing plane – Stanley an' all. (HE ADMIRES IT)

CURLY: I'm surprised the Council blokes that tipped it didn't have it.

GORDON: It was wrapped up in an oily rag. What you got?

CURLY: My week's groceries.

ANNETTE: You aren't going to eat it.

CURLY: Not many. (TAKES OUT A JAR) Pickled onions, can't stand them. Play havoc with my ring piece.

GORDON: I'll have 'em – I like pickled onion.

ANNETTE: (SURPRISED) You're not having stuff too.

GORDON: (EXAMINES JAR) Vacuum packed.

ANNETTE: I can understand you having tools and that – but food.

CURLY: What's wrong with it – this lot would have been in someone's pantry two hours ago.

ANNETTE: There must have been something wrong with it or they wouldn't have tipped it.

GORDON: They didn't tip it, it's a clearance.

CURLY: Someone's snuffed it, so they can just clear the place.

ANNETTE: You don't know what they died of.

GORDON: Well, it wasn't pickled onion poisoning because the jar wasn't open. This tinned stuff lasts for years. This Mormons in America have all got cellars full of tinned bully beef waiting for the day of reckoning.

CURLY: So 'ave the Council – in that secret nuclear shelter just by the Town Hall... imagine bein' stuck in there for three months and finding some daft twat in the Town Clerk's office had ordered nothing but pickled onions.

GORDON: You'd die singing "Ring of Fire".

CURLY: (RUEFULLY) To some tune.

(HE PULLS OUT A CAN OF PINEAPPLE CHUNKS.)

CURLY: (THROWS IT TO ANNETTE) There – pineapple chunks. Feed them kids up.

ANNETTE: I don't want it. Who d'you think I am?

(TURNS AWAY)

(TO AUDIENCE) I like pineapple chunks an' all. Reminds me of Sunday teas at me granny's – you know, proper teas – cups with saucers and milk in a jug. Tongue and that...

(OVER HER SHOULDER) They've got a bleedin' cheek – makin' out I'd take stuff – grub! off here. Makin' out me kids are underfed.

(FOR THE BENEFIT OF CURLY & GORDON, AS SHE GOES TO LEAVE) Come on, baby, let's go and get you a nice big bowl of Heinz baby food – vitamin enriched – then some Farley's rusks – as many as you want.

(CURLY & GORDON LOOK AT HER BLANKLY AND GET BACK TO THEIR SORTING.)

END OF SCENE ONE.

ACT ONE

Scene 2

(ANNETTE ENTERS ON THE HIGHER LEVEL, PLEASED TO SEE NO-ONE ABOUT.)

ANNETTE: (CHALLENGING TO AUDIENCE) Alright. So I've come back. They said I'd find a bike – so I've come looking. Alright! Satisfied? (SURVEYS RUBBISH) There's no law against it.

CLAYTON: (OFF) There is.

(CLAYTON ENTERS.)

CLAYTON: (TO AUDIENCE) Pollution Act 1974. It is an offence to disturb refuse. Trespass Act. It is an offence to come onto this site except for the express purpose of...

ANNETTE: (CUTS IN) Alright, alright. So there is a law against it. So what you going to do – take me to Court – name and shame me – take me kids off me. (BEAT) Them others come regular. I've not taken anything... (BEAT) I've tipped something. (SMUG) Yes, I've tipped something – you can't prove otherwise.

(CLAYTON TURNS TO GO.)

CLAYTON: That's alright then.

ANNETTE: Aren't you going to do anything?

CLAYTON: You've just tipped something.

ANNETTE: Yes, I know.

CLAYTON: And that's an end to it then...

ANNETTE: ...if I hadn't tipped something. Would you have done me – if I was taking stuff? Like those other guys.

CLAYTON: Sometimes I have no choice.

(HE MAKES TO GO AGAIN.)

ANNETTE: Why do you wear a suit?

CLAYTON: Sorry?

ANNETTE: A bloke that runs the tip – seems funny, you wearing a suit.

CLAYTON: I've got other responsibilities too – environmental health.

ANNETTE: D'you wear it so you don't get mistaken for another tatter?

(CLAYTON LAUGHS & IS AGAIN KEEN TO LEAVE.)

ANNETTE: I bet you do. You've not much of a job, have you? People tip things and your bulldozers cover it up.

CLAYTON: I prosecute scavengers.

ANNETTE: Sometimes.

CLAYTON: It's quite important.

ANNETTE: Important to you – so you can buy suits like that.

CLAYTON: Protecting people's health.

(GORDON ENTERS SOME WAY OFF. HE SYSTEMATICALLY SCAVENGES BUT TAKES NO NOTICE OF ANNETTE AND CLAYTON.)

CLAYTON: You never met my predecessor, Mr Webster. You would have liked him – donkey jacket, string round the bottom of his trousers.

ANNETTE: At least you know where you stand with a feller like that.

CLAYTON: (CONT') A read frown and a summons forever cocked in his donkey jacket pocket.

ANNETTE: Where is he now?

CLAYTON: Bushley cemetery.

ANNETTE: Snuffed it?

CLAYTON: He's in charge of the crematorium.

(JANET ENTERS, PREOCCUPIED. SHE HAS BINOCULARS AND IS HEADING OFF TO DO SOME BIRD SPOTTING.)

ANNETTE: Hiya...

JANET: Oh... 'morning.

CLAYTON: 'Morning.

JANET: Good morning.

CLAYTON: Quite a little reserve you've found.

JANET: The tip?

CLAYTON: The old clay pits down there – that's where you bird watch, isn't it?

JANET: You don't object?

CLAYTON: They look a bit treacherous.

JANET: Are you an ornithologist?

ANNETTE: He's over the tip now.

JANET: What's happened to the other man?

ANNETTE: The cemetery.

JANET: He's probably happier there.

CLAYTON: Yes.

JANET: (CONTINUES) Filling in holes in the ground – it was an obsession with him. He told me his aim in life once – to fill in this part of the tip so that he could start on the clay pits.

CLAYTON: That's the Council's long term aim.

JANET: Vandals.

CLAYTON: All this waste has to go somewhere.

JANET: And where will the birds go? They have to go somewhere, you know.

CLAYTON: I don't think the Committee have actually got round to thinking that far ahead.

JANET: I don't suppose they have.

(SHE LEAVES THEM.)

CLAYTON: Good morning.

ANNETTE: Ta ra.

(JANET DRIFTS AWAY BUT REMAINS ON STAGE,
WATCHING BIRDS.)

(A MOMENT BETWEEN CLAYTON & ANNETTE.)

CLAYTON: I must be getting on.

ANNETTE: Yeh.

CLAYTON: (GOING) It is dangerous.

ANNETTE: Thanks for not booking me.

(HE NODS & GOES. ANNETTE SURVEYS THE RUBBISH. FIND JANET.)

JANET: To be transported by your wings all I need to do is raise my eyes.

Away from people and thrown away things,

Taken to distant skies.

Go with the gulls to a lapping shore. Or

Swallows across two continents far from here

With geese to summer in arctic cold

Or stay with the sparrows who can only

Persevere.

But then I have to lower my eyes

The power of your fluttering wings

To me is vanished – gone – denied

I'm left by myself amongst thrown away things.

(GORDON COMES, CLOCKING THE DEPARTED CLAYTON, CARRYING A TRIKE WHEEL.)

GORDON: (TO ANNETTE) It won't do you any good, sucking up to him out of Burton's window.

ANNETTE: Sucking up! (BEAT) What you doing with that wheel?

GORDON: Why?

ANNETTE: It looks as if it's the one off that three-wheeler. Can I have it?

GORDON: I suppose so – it's no use to me. (GIVES HER THE WHEEL) Where's the bike?

ANNETTE: (LOOKS ABOUT) Oh no – that silly twat threw it away yesterday. It's been buried.

(SHE IS ABOUT TO SLING THE WHEEL.)

GORDON: Put it on one side.

ANNETTE: Yer what?

GORDON: Put it on one side... you never know.

ANNETTE: I'm not a regular, you know – I'm not building a stockpile.

(GORDON GOES BACK TO HIS SORTING.

ANNETTE GIVES HIM A SECOND LOOK, THEN PUTS THE WHEEL ON ONE SIDE.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) You never know. (FORCEFUL) I'm not coming up regular. Anyway, I can't stay long. I've left the baby with that dirty cow across the landing. (LOWERS HER VOICE) I gave her a fiver – I must be as mad as this lot. A fiver to come here. Well – I thought I might find something... to be quite honest, I wanted to get out. Kids, you know... get on your nerves sometimes. (QUICK) I don't clatter them. It's not so much them – it's being tied. With kids you spend the whole day – morning – afternoon – till they settle at night, worrying about them, thinking for them.

(CURLY ENTERS, CARRYING A LARGE, ROUGHLY 3' X 6' PLYWOOD SIGN: "BY ORDER OF CHIEF EXECUTIVE – IT IS AN OFFENCE TO REMOVE ITEMS FROM THIS SITE". WE SEE ONLY HIS LEGS. ANNETTE & GORDON ARE APPREHENSIVE. THEY AND THE AUDIENCE THINK IT'S AN OFFICIAL.)

GORDON: We're just off, chief.

CURLY: (GRUFF, BEHIND SIGN) Be quick about it an' all.

(GORDON NODS TO ANNETTE AS THEY REALISE WHO IT IS.)

ANNETTE: (TO CURLY) Mind you don't tread in that dog muck.

CURLY: (STEPS BACK & DROPS SIGN) Where?

ANNETTE: Oo look – it's the Lord Mayor!

CURLY: (TO ANNETTE) Couldn't keep away from me, ey?

GORDON: What you doing with that sign?

CURLY: Not bad is it – plywood.

GORDON: (EXAMINES SIGN) Nice bit of timber.

CURLY: Do you want to buy it?

GORDON: You're joking.

CURLY: Three quid.

GORDON: It's Council property.

CURLY: Not now...

GORDON: You'll get done if you swipe that.

CURLY: It's just what I need.

ANNETTE: Going to make yourself a cage?

CURLY: (IGNORES HER) There's a gap in my fence, the Council won't do owt with it.

ANNETTE: How you going to get it home? Stick it up your jumper?

CURLY: (PONDERES, LOOKS ABOUT) Have you got your pram – I could wheel it on that.

ANNETTE: You're not using my pram – any road I've not got it, so hard shit.

CURLY: Where've you dumped it – in the skips by the gate?

ANNETTE: Silly... (STOPS HERSELF SWEARING FOR GORDON'S BENEFIT)

CURLY: (TO GORDON) This'd fit in the back of your mini-van – with the doors open – wouldn't it, Thingy?

ANNETTE: He's got a name, you know.

GORDON: Gordon.

ANNETTE: (TO CURLY) Anyway, what's your name?

CURLY: Why d'you want to know?

ANNETTE: I'm not bothered.

CURLY: It's Curly.

GORDON: You've not got curly hair.

ANNETTE: (JOKES) Not that we can see, anyway.

CURLY: They've always called me Curly.

ANNETTE: Short and curly?

CURLY: Me second name's O'Hare – Curly Hair – you forget the
"O" – good ey?

ANNETTE: (UNIMPRESSED) My name's Annette.

(THEY DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE HER.)

CURLY: (TO GORDON) How about it then, Thingy – will you run
me home with this board then?

GORDON: Not me, pal.

CURLY: You take stuff off the tip.

GORDON: That's throw away – I'm not being part of vandalizing
Council property.

CURLY: No bottle.

GORDON: I don't want to end up in the dock.

CURLY: You won't get caught – it's a five minute job. Anyway, if we got nabbed it's only a fine – I'd pay it for you.

ANNETTE: Oh aye.

CURLY: Who rattled your cage?

GORDON: I don't want a record.

CURLY: Everyone's got a record... everyone I know has...

GORDON: Well I've not - and I don't intend to start now.

CURLY: (TO ANNETTE) Bet you have.

ANNETTE: (LIES) I've not.

CURLY: I knew you had.

ANNETTE: For not having a telly license, that's all.

CURLY: I knew.

ANNETTE: Then I bought one and they repossessed my telly.

(CURLY LAUGHS.

GORDON GOES BACK TO METHODICALLY SORTING
THE RUBBISH.

CURLY HAS AN IDEA. HE PROPS THE LARGE SIGN
ON A COUPLE OF OIL DRUMS TO MAKE A MAKE-
SHIFT SHELTER.)

ANNETTE: What you doing – making yourself a cage?

(HE IGNORES HER & CARRIES ON.
BEAT.)

ANNETTE: Have you got a record then?

CURLY: Not many.

ANNETTE: Have you... been in prison?

CURLY: (SWELLS) Twice.

ANNETTE: You must be a useless criminal then.

CURLY: Unlucky. (RUEFULLY) Very unlucky.

ANNETTE: Useless.

CURLY: (ANGRY) Unlucky. I fell twenty feet or more through a church roof – I could have severed my spine, the doctor said.

ANNETTE: What were you doing on a church roof?

CURLY: Why does anyone go on a church roof – leadin' of course.

ANNETTE: Repairin' it?

CURLY: Pinchin' it.

(ANNETTE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.)

CURLY: Shut your face. At least I show a bit of initiative – I don't sit at home on my arse waiting for Giros to come.

ANNETTE: What else you been inside for?

(CURLY SUDDENLY EDGY, KEEN TO CHANGE SUBJECT.)

CURLY: (TO GORDON) Found out, Thingy?

ANNETTE: (PUSHES IT) Go on – tell us. Why else you been in bother?

CURLY: Piss off, will you – mind your own fucking business, you fucking useless bitch.

(ANNETTE IS TAKEN ABACK. EVEN GORDON IS SURPRISED BY CURLEY’S RESPONSE. BUT NONE CAN LEAVE. FADE LIGHTS.)

END OF SCENE TWO.

ACT ONE

Scene 3

(CURLY IN THE SPOT. HE IS WALKING ALONG A ROAD. HE STOPS WHEN A PLASTIC BAG, CONTAINING WOOL, CATCHES HIS EYE. HE LOOKS AT THE SIGN UP ABOVE. THE WOOL IS IN THE DOORWAY OF A HELP THE AGED SHOP.)

CURLY: “Help the Aged”. (CAUTIOUSLY LOOKS IN BAG AND TUTS, DISAPPOINTED. HE READS A NOTE IN THE SHOP DOORWAY) Closed for lunch. Please leave wool for the “Knit a Square for Africa” appeal in the doorway.

(HE DROPS THE WOOL, IS ABOUT TO GO ON, BUT STOPS & THINKS. HE RETURNS TO THE DOORWAY AND PICKS UP THE BAG, SATISFIED.)

CURLY: I'll have a pint.

(LX CHANGE.
GOES TO PUB.)

CURLY: (TO LANDLORD) Usual please, Morton – ‘course I’m paying cash.
(LANDLORD HAS ASKED WHAT HE’S CARRYING)
This? Wool, like...
(LAUGHS) Good one, that Morton – knitting meself a willy warmer... (LOUD) Not enough wool here to cover it...
(MUTTERS) I’ll knit a balaclava for you – same thing, dickhead! (LYING, ANSWERS LANDLORD) For? Er, the kids – I’m sending it to the old lady.
Course I could take it if I wanted.
(BRAVADO) No one keeps me away from my kids.

(FROM CURLY’S RESPONSE WE SEE THAT THE LANDLORD’S REPLY WAS PRETTY VENOMOUS. CURLY LEAVES PUB & COMES FORWARD.)

(FADE UP LIGHT ON THE TIP. THE “SHELTER” HE BUILT IN PREVIOUS SCENE IS STILL THERE.)

CURLY: (TO AUDIENCE) You been in there? (BEAT) You’ve not missed much – Morton, the landlord, is a big-headed swine – his crisps are like cardboard an’ all.

(BORED, HE LOOKS IN THE BAG) Not bad, ey? Wool.
Help the Aged! Help yourself – that’s my motto.

(LOOKS ABOUT AND SHIVERS) Bloody damp. No one
about – too miserable for anyone to even tip stuff.

(BECOMES INCREASINGLY FRUSTRATED) I see that
whatsit, that scribber’s not come again... I told her, didn’t I
– nosy cow.

(MORE CONCILIATORY) Still – I wouldn’t like to put her
off – even if she does think it’s the Women’s bleedin’
Institute – all that chit chat. I told her – keep this (NOSE),
keep this out.

(MUSES) Still, I wouldn’t want to put her off coming.
Pathetic really, isn’t she – dragging that kid around... I
thought I might give her this (THE WOOL). Well, you
know – you could tell the silly bitch wouldn’t get round to it
herself...

(SUDDENLY ANGRY) If she’s too idle to bleedin’ come
for it, stuff her.

(HE SLINGS WOOL) Christ, it’s starting to rain.

(GOES TO HIS SHELTER AND SITS MISERABLY.
ANNETTE ENTERS WITH PRAM. NEITHER SHE NOR
CURLY SEE EACH OTHER AT FIRST. SHE LOOKS
QUICKLY THROUGH RUBBISH AND THEN SEES THE
PACKAGE CURLY HAS DUMPED. OPENING IT, SHE
SQUEAKS WITH DELIGHT.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) Wool. Clean as well. I knew that Curly wouldn't bring any. Pity Gordon's not here. He said his wife would knit it – he did offer, didn't he? It shows doesn't it – coming up regular, you do find stuff.
(DEFENSIVE) I don't live up here – like them, don't get me wrong. But walking round for a bit – well, it probably does the baby a bit of good, doesn't it?

(CURLY REMAINS IN SHELTER.)

CURLY: (SEATED) It's the first sign – talking to yourself.

ANNETTE: I'm not talking to myself.

CURLY: Babies don't count.

ANNETTE: At least they don't tell you to p-off.

CURLY: You have to get used to that when you come up here – one of the lads.

ANNETTE: You must be joking.
(SMUG) By the way, you needn't bother bringing that wool – not that you would have. I've found some – all wrapped up, nice and clean.

CURLY: (STARTS) I...

ANNETTE: Don't make excuses – I know your type – all mouth and trousers. I'm going to take it up to that Gordon's house.

CURLY: How d'you know where he lives?

ANNETTE: I've seen it – it's on Alderman Deepwater Avenue. It looks like Aladdin's cave. Wrought iron gates. He's got car tyres turned inside out and painted white.

CURLY: What the fuck for?

ANNETTE: They make flower tubs.

CURLY: Waste of good tyres if you ask me – you can always get a few bob for tyres if there's a bit of tread on – enough to get through an M.O.T. Paint 'em black on the outside to cover gashes – not bleedin' white on the inside.

ANNETTE: (LEAVING) See you.

(SHE EXITS.)

CURLY: (MORE MISERABLE. TO AUDIENCE) Yer know that saying – if you fell in a pit of shit you'd come up smelling of roses – if I went picking roses I'd fall in a friggin' pit of shite and drown.

If I won a million quid on the pools they'd likely spoil it by getting come tool off the tele to present the cheque. If

Joan Collins seduced me I'd probably fart as I cocked my leg over... or she would. (CHUCKLES) You have to laugh though. That's what it's all about.

(THE CHUCKLE SOON SUBSIDES AND CURLY IS MORE DISULTORY THAN EVER. HE HUNCHES HIMSELF UP IN THE SHELTER.

JANET ENTERS FROM LAKE, HURRYING TO GET HOME OUT OF THE RAIN. SHE DOES NOT SEE CURLY.)

CURLY: Nice weather for ducks.

(JANET STOPS & LOOKS ABOUT.)

CURLY: That'd suit you – nice weather for ducks.

JANET: (SEEING CURLY. SHE WANTS TO LEAVE) Yes...

CURLY: Why don't you come under here – it's dry.

JANET: I think I'd better get home.

CURLY: Come under here – you'll get soaked.

JANET: (GOES TO CURLY TO AVOID FURTHER DISCUSSION IN THE RAIN) What a day.

(CURLY NODS. CURLY AND JANET CUT ACROSS EACH OTHER. ONLY HALF LISTENING DURING THE REST OF THE SCENE.)

JANET: I've not noticed this shelter before.

CURLY: Great, innit?

JANET: It certainly keeps the rain off.

CURLY: I built it.

JANET: Did you bring the timber from home?

CURLY: Not exactly.

JANET: Your friends aren't here today?

CURLY: Friends?

JANET: The man and the girl.

CURLY: Oh them.

JANET: The rain is getting worse.

CURLY: Have you got any... friends?

JANET: Of course.

CURLY: I wondered – with you hanging round by that clay pit - day in, day out.

JANET: It's a hobby.

CURLY: Oh... I've never had a hobby.

JANET: It's a good spot.

CURLY: ...unless you count betting – on the gee gees.

JANET: Always changing...

CURLY: What is?

JANET: That lake – the weather, the birds that come and go. Even on a day like this – it has a mood of its own.

CURLY: I've got mates – in the boozier – loads of them.

JANET: Down there I don't think of it as being by myself.

CURLY: I go in there. (ACTS OUT) "Hiya Morton," he's the landlord. "Hiya Kevin, Hiya Tony"...

JANET: Sitting at home I do.

CURLY: Get in there – have a few drinks. That’s the great thing – you’re never alone in a boozier, all you need is a few bob in your pocket. I always stand in the same place.

(STANDS, LEANS AGAINST SHELTER. HE IS NOW IN THE PUB.)

JANET: Must be nice for you – all those friends.

CURLY: Never thought about it. They’re just there – have a word with them. “Good win Saturday”. Throw a few arrers. They leave you alone – some of ‘em take the piss.

(QUICKLY) I give as good back. Nothing meant, just a laugh. We have a good laugh, that’s what it’s all about. Nothing meant in it...

JANET: A bit like my office – I called it “mine” – still do. Working with such nice people.

(FINDS TYPEWRITER ON TIP, SETS IT ON HER KNEE AND IS NOW IN THE OFFICE.)

CURLY: You wouldn’t catch me working in an office.

JANET: It was a good job, always busy.
“Certainly, Mr Armitage. I’ll see to it. Yes, I’ll pop out and buy an anniversary card for your wife at lunchtime. Oh,

don't mention it – I put important dates like that in my diary so I can remind you. It's my pleasure." Then there's young Mr Bradshaw – bit of a dream, but he'll go far. (SCOLDING) Yes, you were a naughty boy Mr Bradshaw – don't worry I've adjusted the figures for you... there's a memo here for you. Congratulations, Mr Bradshaw – promotion to Head Office.

CURLY: I'll tell you what, Morton – I'll go to another pub. You go too far. (TO ANOTHER CUSTOMER) He doesn't know when to stop, does he, lads? Don't you start. (MUTTERS) I'll go to another pub. Plenty will have me. Don't bring that up. (AGITATED) That was in the past... play the game, lads.

(TWO HEAVY CUSTOMERS ENTER (CAN BE GORDON & CLAYTON). THEY STAND OVER CURLY, BACKS TO THE AUDIENCE.)

JANET: Early retirement, Mr Armitage... I'd never considered it. You often say, "I don't know how we'd manage without you, Miss Seabrook." I tell my friends – "Mr Armitage certainly appreciates me." (FORCED PLEASANTRY) I don't think your secretary, Caroline, could cope... not that I'd say a word against her. I suppose I could spend more time at my hobby... but not when I'm needed here.

CURLY: (TO HEAVIES) I've done time for it... paid... paid for it.
Come on, lads – the joke's gone too far.

(THE TWO HEAVIES GIVE CURLY A KICKING, THEN
LEAVE.

JANET STANDS & PUTS TYPEWRITER DOWN &
RECEIVES IMAGINARY LEAVING PRESENT.)

JANET: (SPEECH) “Thank you for all your lovely gifts. I never
realized how much you appreciated my feeble efforts. A
special thank you to Mr Bradshaw's children who've
drawn lovely little leaving cards for me. I'll treasure them. I
hope you'll invite me to the Company's Golden
Anniversary dinner next autumn – (TART) if Caroline
doesn't forget to send out the invitations...”

(JANET & CURLY RETURN TO THEIR POSITIONS IN
THE SHELTER.)

JANET: (TAKES OUT HER DIARY) I put it all in here, their
anniversaries and birthdays. (FLICKS THROUGH)

CURLY: All in the past that – (WEAKLY) “Hiya Curly” they say.
Always stand in the same place.

JANET: I use it for noting species now. Of course, when I get an
invite to the anniversary dinner – a company in existence

for fifty years – and I like to think I did my bit for thirty of them... I'll note it in here.

CURLY: It's stopped – the rain.

(JANET CONTINUES GAZING THROUGH HER DIARY.
CURLY TRIES TO TURN THE TYRE INSIDE OUT.)

CURLY: Impossible – impossible without giving yourself a rupture.

(CLAYTON ENTERS.)

CLAYTON: They make quite effective flower tubs.

CURLY: (MUTTERS) I'll wrap it round his neck.

(CURLY SLINGS THE TYRE ON THE TIP.)

CLAYTON: Don't tell me – you're just tipping it.

CURLY: Tell me something, cock – why do you close the tip at night? Chain up the gates?

CLAYTON: It's open daylight hours.

CURLY: That's what I'm saying.

CLAYTON: It's dangerous in the dark. Besides drums of diesel have been going missing from the hut.

CURLY: Wouldn't believe it, would you.

(CURLY DRIFTS ON, SCAVENGING. CLAYTON SEES THE TRIKE STICKING OUT OF THE RUBBISH. HE YANKS IT OUT, LOOKS ABOUT AND SEES THE OTHER WHEEL NEAR THE SHELTER. HE DROPS THE TRIKE BY THE WHEEL AND GOES TO THE TOP LEVEL.

JANET REMAINS IN THE SHELTER OBLIVIOUS TO ALL THIS.)

(HALF FADE LIGHTS.
SPOT ON TRIKE.)

(ANNETTE ENTERS. SPOT ON ANNETTE. SHE SEES THE TRIKE AND HURRIES TO IT. SHE SETS ABOUT PUTTING THE WHEEL ON IT, TALKING AS SHE DOES.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) Not bad – a bike and a blanket in one day – Gordon's wife says she'll knit it. He was out. We had a good natter – Maureen her name is... A bike and a blanket – over fifty quid's worth in a day. I'm not so daft am I – coming up here.

(STANDS SATISFIED) A three-wheeler by name, a three-wheeler by nature.

GORDON ENTERS, RAGING AT ANNETTE.

GORDON: You've got a cheek – a damn cheek.

ANNETTE: What you on about?

(LIGHTS UP.)

GORDON: What right have you got to go to my home, to ask my wife to clothe your baby.

ANNETTE: Bollocks – you offered – you said she'd knit it for me.

GORDON: After I'd asked her. How d'you think it looks – someone I met on a Council tip goes calling round asking her to do some knitting.

ANNETTE: What harm's it done?

GORDON: I don't have to explain it to you.

ANNETTE: You bleedin' do if you're going to go off on one at me.

GORDON: I don't know how you've got the gall – it's no better than begging.

ANNETTE: Begging! Can you hear yourself? You're bloody mad.

GORDON: Don't you dare say I'm mad.

ANNETTE: You must be, carrying on like this. Fucking crackers.

GORDON: Mad, am I? Just because I've got some standards. Just because I don't want to drag my wife down with me.

ANNETTE: She didn't seem bothered. She made me a brew. She said she'd be pleased to do it.

GORDON: What else could she say?

ANNETTE: Oh I see, gave you earache about it when I'd gone, did she?

GORDON: No, she didn't.

ANNETTE: What's the sweat then?

GORDON: You, pushing your way into my life – my affairs.

ANNETTE: I haven't pushed my way into your life – I couldn't give a toss about your life. I wanted a blanket knitting.

GORDON: (MORE GENERALLY) There's always somebody. No matter where you are, what you do. You can spend a life trying your hardest doing what's right – there's always somebody has to elbow in, get what they can out of you.

ANNETTE: (MORE CONCILIATORY) How was I to know? I wouldn't have gone 'round if I knew all this would go off.

(BEAT.)

ANNETTE: (CONT') I still can't see what I've done so wrong.

GORDON: You wouldn't, would you?

ANNETTE: I've had my share of being put on, you know.

GORDON: Just leave me alone.

(BLACK OUT.

FAIRLY QUICKLY FADE UP SPOT ON TRIKE FOR
NEXT SCENE.)

END OF SCENE THREE.

ACT ONE

SCENE 4

(SPOT ON TRIKE.

CURLY ENTERS, GOES TO IT.)

CURLY: Just what I needed.

(HE TAKES THE CHAIN OFF THE BIKE, HESITATES.)

CURLY: I'll have that.

(HE TAKES THE BELL OFF TOO.)

CURLY: Bit of luck.

(CURLY EXITS.)

(FADE UP LIGHTS.

ANNETTE ENTERS.

SHE GOES TO THE TRIKE BUT DOESN'T NOTICE THE MISSING CHAIN.)

ANNETTE: (SHARP, TO AUDIENCE) I'm not talking.

(BEAT.)

ANNETTE: Two lessons I've learned from this place – get what you can and don't get involved with no-one – good lessons for life.

(SHE FAFFS AROUND, TIGHTENING THE WHEEL ON THE BIKE.)

ANNETTE: (STILL BUGGED BY GORDON) You'd have thought I'd robbed him. All I'd done was ask his wife to knit a poxy blanket. She was pleased to do it, told me she was. He seemed like a real steady bloke... bit quiet, bit miserable – but alright, sort you could rely on.

(BEAT.)

(LOOKS ABOUT.)

ANNETTE: Course I know what's up with him – she told me.

(NOTICES CHAIN MISSING OFF BIKE.)

ANNETTE: There's no chain on it... I could've sworn there was one. And a bell.

(WE HEAR BELL TINKLING AND CURLY ENTERS ON AN OLD ADULT'S BIKE.)

CURLY: (OFF) It's Reg Harris. Rain drops are falling on my... ah-h-h-h-h-h-s.

(CURLY RIDES IN, CAN'T STOP & CRASHES INTO THE RUBBISH.)

CURLY: Ey up, brakes need adjusting.

(CURLY PICKS UP THE BIKE & SHOWS IT TO ANNETTE.)

CURLY: Not bad, ey – a set of wheels, mobile at last.

ANNETTE: D'you find it?

CURLY: By the skips.

ANNETTE: (DROPS THE TRIKE BY THE SHELTER) It's not fair – this ain't got a chain on.

CURLY: One'll turn up.

(ANNETTE GRUNTS, UNCONVINCED, AS IS ABOUT TO GO.)

CURLY: (WANTS TO TALK) It cost me - I got pulled by a copper.

ANNETTE: For pinching it?

CURLY: For coming down here last night for spares – nabbed me with me arse-end tagged on top of the gates.

ANNETTE: Will he do you?

CURLY: Says it's up to the Council.

ANNETTE: Aren't you bothered?

CURLY: Couldn't give a flying fart. Anyway I was lucky – he didn't clock the barrel of diesel I've got stashed in a ditch.

(GETS ON BIKE & ADMIRES IT.)

CURLY: You know what this means, don't you?

ANNETTE: You're a jammy get.

CURLY: It means freedom, that's what.

(CLAYTON ENTERS, CARRYING A THEODOLITE.
CURLY SEES HIM FIRST AND GOES TO CLAYTON.
ANNETTE CAN'T BE BOTHERED TO MAKE
CONVERSATION AND DECIDES TO GO. SHE LEAVES
THE TRIKE BUT PICKS UP A DOLL IN THE RUBBISH.
IT HAS A LEG MISSING. SHE IS ABOUT TO SLING IT
BUT DECIDES TO SIT IT ON THE SHELTER.
SHE EXITS.)

CURLY: (TO CLAYTON) What you doing, chief – taking pictures?

(CLAYON LOOKS THROUGH GADGET.)

CURLY: (TOUCHES THEODOLITE) I bet that's worth a bob or two.

CLAYTON: Don't you dare.

CURLY: Me. (ASIDE) I wouldn't know how to get rid of it. Not a lot of call for them in our boozers. I'd only get scrap for it.

CLAYTON: You'd get twelve months for it.

CURLY: Talking of which – have the police been onto you?

CLAYTON: No... why?

CURLY: Oh now... (QUICK) What you doing then?

CLAYTON: Surveying the site.

CURLY: Do you need any help?

(CLAYTON GIVES CURLY A LOOK AND GETS BACK TO HIS THEODOLITE. CURLY PICKS UP DOLL & SCRUTINISES IT. BOTH MEN ARE IN THEIR OWN WORLDS.)

CURLY: I couldn't give you
What I never had.

CLAYTON: I'm the man you pay
There's an army of us
To hide the waste away
There's legions of us.

CURLY: Life costs an arm (PULLS ARM OUT OF DOLL) and a
leg. (PULLS LEG OUT)
You couldn't give me
What you never had. (PULLS OTHER LIMB OUT)

CLAYTON: A forest the size of Wales
Two million tonnes of glass UK
Into the bins – never fails.

CURLY: Out on a limb.
You're in the best place now
So am I – here.

CLAYTON: Ten cans for every household UK each week, ten billion
per annum, that's aluminium, iron and tin robbed from the
earth, a monumental sin.

CURLY: Away from acid words
Away from beatings
Away from horrified stares

CLAYTON: I am the man you pay
To hide the waste away

But in this economic slump
What of the people on the dump
There are legions of them.

CURLY: (SHARP) Don't stare at me.

(SLOWLY PUSHES THE DOLL'S EYES IN WITH HIS
THUMBS.)

CURLY: Don't flash the truth at me with those eyes. No-one's any
right to bring the truth here.

(HE DROPS THE REMAINS OF THE MUTILATED DOLL
AND LEAVES AS IF HE HAS COMMITTED A CRIME.
CLAYTON TURNS BACK TO HIS THEODOLITE.)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

(JANET IS BIRDWATCHING.

ANNETTE ENTERS AND COMES TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE. SHE IS SEEING HER CHILDREN OFF TO HER MOTHER.)

ANNETTE: All you be good for your granny... are you going to give me a kiss before you go... Don't bother then.
Thanks for having them, mam – 'ey and don't spoil them – giving them all sorts. They only expect the same off me. Me? I'm going out for a bit... to see some friends. (BEAT)
Well, I couldn't tell her I was going tatting, could I?

JANET: You need some galoshes.

ANNETTE: (SURPRISED) Yer what?

JANET: Your shoes – not best suited to this ground.

ANNETTE: Wellies, like yours?

JANET: Not high fashion, I admit – but very functional

ANNETTE: I'm not wearing wellies.

JANET: You young people.

ANNETTE: I'm not that young.

JANET: Young enough to care what you look like.

ANNETTE: Your clobber suits you. I'd feel a right divvi dressed like that... (LOOKS AT HER OWN CLOTHES) I'm a right state no matter what I wear.

JANET: It doesn't matter what you look like it's the person that matters.

ANNETTE: It's not, is it? I'd like to dress so no one noticed what I was wearing – real class that. If people look at me they must think – blimey, look at that rough piece – even when I'm dressed up.

(JANET SPOTS A BIRD AND LOOKS THROUGH HER BINOCULARS.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) She agrees.
(TO JANET) Doesn't it worry you – coming on here?
Aren't you frightened?

JANET: Oh no – we keep pretty much to ourselves.

ANNETTE: You get some queer people.

JANET: I had a very nice chat with that man the other day.

ANNETTE: Who's that then?

JANET: Mr Curly.

ANNETTE: Curly...

JANET: Oh yes – a good old chin-wag.

(ANNETTE CAN'T COMPREHEND IT.)

ANNETTE: What are you looking at?

JANET: A blackcap... quite rare round here.

ANNETTE: Can I look? If you don't mind.

(JANET PASSES BINOCULARS TO ANNETTE BUT
KEEPS STRAP ROUND HER NECK.)

JANET: Twiddle that – Can you see?

ANNETTE: Blimey – everything's dead big.

JANET: Can you see it?

ANNETTE: Hang on – oh aye – it has got a black cap an' all.

(AS ANNETTE LOOKS, JANET TALKS.)

JANET: I was telling him – I'm expecting my invite any day – to the function. Talking of dresses, I'll treat myself. Mr A always complimented me on my outfits.

ANNETTE: (STILL LOOKING THROUGH BINOCULARS) You ever spoken to Gordon – the other feller that comes?

JANET: A nod or a good morning, that's all.

ANNETTE: I met his wife.

JANET: I must say I thought I'd have received the invitation by now.

ANNETTE: Nice woman – to my face anyway.

JANET: Only two days to go.

ANNETTE: You know he's moody – well, now don't go spreading this around.

JANET: It wouldn't surprise me if Caroline had forgotten to post them – very flighty.

ANNETTE: (SUDDENLY) Ey – a sparer.

JANET: From Africa.

ANNETTE: What?

JANET: The blackcap.

ANNETTE: All that way and landing here.

JANET: Would they think it awfully impolite if I rang them?

ANNETTE: Who?

(ANNETTE PASSES BINOCULARS BACK.)

JANET: Caroline's such a scatter-brain, she's sure to leave it to the last minute. What do you think – should I?

ANNETTE: (NOT WITH IT) Oh, I would – can't do no harm.

JANET: Quite – yes, I will.

(TURNS TO GO.)

ANNETTE: Thanks for the look.

JANET: Thanks for your advice.

ANNETTE: Advice... oh yeh, don't mention it.

(ANNETTE WATCHES JANET GO.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE, CHUFFED) There you are, she thanked me for my advice. Just shows you.

(BEAT) What advice?

(ENTHUSIASTIC) I'll tell you what I really want to find on this tip – a magic lamp.

(PICKS UP AN OLD TORCH – THE BITS DROP OUT)

Well, it might be...

(ALMOST CHILDLIKE, SHE LOOKS ABOUT THEN

RUBS IT) Geni, geni of the tip, send me... send me...

(PANICS) Quick Annette, you arsehole, think of something... right. Kids' presents first – two bikes, no three – one for the babby when she gets older – complete with chain. Oh aye, and bells that are welded to the handlebars. What else do they want? A Lego train set; a Dungeon and Dragon's castle; a computer – not a crappy Atari game – our David says; a Barbie doll just like Alexis Carrington – puke; a Millennium Falcon; a Cabbage Patch doll; a slide – for when we get a garden... about 500 quid's worth... oh aye, and I wish they wouldn't advertise any more kids toys on television.

(GORDON ENTERS CARRYING A PACKAGE.

ANNETTE DOES NOT SEE HIM. HE WATCHES THEN HALF TURNS AWAY.)

ANNETTE: Right, now for me.
Geni, geni of the tip – please send me... er... send me...
a video... No, not a video... cancel that. Send me a
washing machine. And I know this is a tall order, but if you
could see your way clear to getting the Council to send a
bloke to do something about the front door.

(ANNETTE FEELS GORDON'S PRESENCE, CLOCKED
FROM THE AUDIENCE GAZE, SHE WHISPERS AND
GESTURES TO THE AUDIENCE.)

ANNETTE: Him... oh blimey. (TURNS & SEES PACKAGE) And my
last wish – it's could I have my wool back - without any
aggravation.

(ANNETTE TURNS & FACES GORDON.
SHE'S ABOUT TO BLANK HIM & WALK OFF.)

GORDON: (HANDS PACKAGE, EMBARRASSED) The blanket...
she knitted it... asked me to bring it.

(BLACKOUT BEFORE ANNETTE CAN ACCEPT.)

END OF SCENE 1

SCENE 2

(SUNDAY ON THE TIP.
CURLY WEARING BAGGY SUIT, ANNETTE &
GORDON SCAVENGING.
JANET WATCHES BIRDS.)

GORDON: (TO AUDIENCE) They all drive up Sundays.

CURLY: They flog their rocks off all week earning it.

ANNETTE: All day Saturday spending it.

GORDON: And Sundays tipping it.

CURLY: If you can put up with the silly gets who do the tipping you can do alright.

JANET: (BECOMES AN ULTRA-POSH TIPPER. TO GORDON) I say, my man, yes you. Lend me a hand.

(GORDON HELPS JANET WITH SOMETHING.)

JANET: (GIVES HIM A TIP) A shiny coin for your trouble.
The dustbin men should be collecting this – I've heard about them earning a thousand pounds a week.

(JANET REVERTS TO HERSELF. GORDON SLINGS THE COIN. CURLY PICKS IT UP.)

(ANNETTE AND CURLY REVERT TO THEMSELVES. GORDON BECOMES A TIPPER – BRUSQUE AND BROAD, CARRYING A TV.)

GORDON: I'll sling this bloody TV as far as I can to make sure it smashes so some idle bastards don't get hold of it. There should be a law against it. Bloody offensive after a good Sunday lunch. I don't pay my rates to get harassed by vermin.

(ANNETTE BECOMES THE NEXT TIPPER, WITH CURLY AS HER SON. THEY GO TO THE TOP LEVEL.)

ANNETTE: (TO CURLY) Mind the cars, darling, mind the skips, darling, mind the dog dirt, darling.

CURLY: Look, mummy – dirty people – they live here, mummy. They aren't going to have my sister's disposable nappies are they, mummy?

ANNETTE: The nappies have only been used on one side, darling. These are poor people and they can use them...

CURLY: Oh mummy, can't we shoot them?

ANNETTE: No, darling – only if they're very naughty and don't say please and thank you. (ASIDE) They should do something about these scavengers – the one in the baggy suit looks like a child molester.

(THEY REVERT TO THEMSELVES.

CLAYTON ENTERS CARRYING A BOX (CONTAINING MAGAZINES, ETC) TO TIP. JANET STAYS WITH THE BIRDS.)

CLAYTON: (TO AUDIENCE) Why do people think that because I work in the Town Hall (SELF-MOCKING) Assistant Principal Environmental Health Officer responsible for Waste Disposal, that I must be a prick?
(DROPS BOX) I got into it thinking I could make the world a better place – look what they give me – this boil on the world's back passage.
(TAKES CALCULATOR OUT) 300 metres by 179 metres. A depth of 10 metres. (PAUSE) Blast – there's the triangular bit by the clay pits. What did Pythagoras say...

JANET: (ABSENTLY) The square on the hypotenuse...

CLAYTON: (SURPRISED) That's right. Thank you. (TAPS CALCULATOR)

JANET: What does it come to?

CLAYTON: Over half a million cubic metres of rubbish – not counting the hypotenuse.

JANET: I'm surprised to see you working on a Sunday.

CLAYTON: We're not all nine-to-fives at the Town Hall.

JANET: Oh I know there aren't enough hours in the day for you young professionals. My execs were just the same – always working – this convention, that meeting. I used to say, "I don't know how your wives put up with it. I bet your children don't recognise you." They knew it was all in good fun.

CLAYTON: Did their wives and kids?

(JANET PRETENDS NOT TO ANSWER, GOING BACK TO HER BINOCULARS, CLAYTON TO HIS CALCULATIONS.)

CURLY: (TO GORDON) Want to buy a suit, pal?

GORDON: Not if it's owt like the one you've got on.

CURLY: It is the one I've got on – it'll fit you.

GORDON: Where did you get it from?

CURLY: Well, it weren't from Moss Bros.

GORDON: Clearance job?

(CURLY NODS.)

ANNETTE: I'm not surprised they didn't bury the poor bugger in it – may be he's still inside it.

CURLY: (TO GORDON) Not seen you up on a Sunday before – overtime, is it?

GORDON: That's right.

ANNETTE: (TO JANET) The blackcaps there?

JANET: I can't see them – wagtails though.

CURLY: (LOOKS DOWN) It's just the way I'm standing. (TO ANNETTE) What are bleedin' wagtails?

ANNETTE: Birds. Thickhead.

CURLY: Sounds more like a disease.

JANET: Never a good day, Sunday – too many people.

(SHE CONTINUES LOOKING. APART FROM THE OTHER THREE.)

CURLY: That's what makes it the best day. Even he can't keep away.

(TO CLAYTON) Needed to get out of the house like the rest of them?

CLAYTON: I've been working and tidying out the office.

GORDON: Better excuse that – more acceptable.

CURLY: Not been going through summonses, have you?

CLAYTON: No – my predecessor's journals and things.

CURLY: (DISAPPOINTED) Books?

(CLAYTON DROPS THE BOX DOWN, THE MAGAZINES SPILL OUT. CURLY CATCHES SIGHT OF THEM; HALF ARE SEMI-PORN, HALF TECHNICAL JOURNALS.)

CLAYTON: Ey – these are alright – porn.

ANNETTE: Pervert.

GORDON: Like eating chocolate with the paper on.

CURLY: Like you'd know! Any red blooded man'll appreciate these.

ANNETTE: Wanker.

(ANNETTE PICKS UP A JOURNAL AND FLICKS THROUGH IT.)

CLAYTON: I'll leave you to get on with your recycling then.

(HE STARTS TO LEAVE.
SOMEONE (CAN BE UNSEEN) FLINGS A VIDEO ON THE RUBBISH. THERE IS A HEAVY PAUSE THEN CURLY, ANNETTE & GORDON SCRAMBLE FOR THE VIDEO.)

CURLY: I'll have that. (ETC)

ANNETTE: It saw it first. (ETC)

GORDON: It's mine. (ETC)

(A VIOLENT TUSSLE ENSUES. IT ENDS WITH ANNETTE KNOCKED TO ONE SIDE. CURLY OVER THE VIDEO, BUT GORDON HOLDING CURLY'S ARM UP HIS BACK.

GORDON STOPS SUDDENLY AS HE FEELS
CLAYTON, JANET & ANNETTE WATCHING HIM. HE
LETS CURLY GO. CURLY CLUTCHES THE VIDEO TO
HIM. JANET, HURT TURNS & GOES TO THE LAKE.
SHE TOYS WITH HER BINOCULARS AS SHE EXITS.
CURLY STANDS, CLUTCHING THE VIDEO AS IF HIS
LIFE DEPENDED ON IT. HE GRABS THE NUDE
BOOKS AND SCURRIES OFF.
CLAYTON NOW WANTS TO LEAVE, BUT HE WANTS
TO SAY SOMETHING TO ANNETTE BEFORE HE
DOES.
THEIR EYES MEET.
CLAYTON LEAVES.
ANNETTE STANDS & STRAIGHTENS HER CLOTHES.
BLACKOUT.)

END OF SCENE 2

SCENE 3

(SHADY FIGURES SCAVENGE IN HALF LIGHT.
SCAVENGERS GO, EXCEPT FOR JANET WHO
STANDS ON UPPER LEVEL, BACK TO AUDIENCE,
GAZING AT DIARY.
FADE UP LIGHTS.
IT'S A BITTERLY COLD AND WINDY DAY.
ANNETTE ENTERS WITH HER PRAM.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) Nothing's settled... It never is.
It's never like a book or a film – you can close a book or switch a film off.
(SHE LOOKS ABOUT THE TIP) I came back today to...
(STRUGGLES FOR WORDS)
I had a rotten night. You know when you're half asleep things keep coming back. This place – the people – even with my eyes open all I could see were empty cans, bin bags spewing all over the place – the stench.
(BEAT)
After what happened... On my way home I stopped at the corner shop – I needed some crisps for them to take to school – they won't have free dinners. On the shelf I saw a tin of pineapple chunks – I bought them, and a tin of Carnation.
(EMBARRASSED) I set out the table proper. Cup and saucer and this big bleeding bowl of pineapple chunks. I took a mouthful...
You know what they tasted of – this place. They stank of it too.
I ditched them.
(ABOUT TO GO) So back I came – thought it might be like a dream, you know, alright in the morning.
But... (SHRUGS) nothing's settled.

(ANNETTE WALKS ON AND EXITS.

CURLY ENTERS ON TOP LEVEL, WHEELING HIS BIKE WITH THE VIDEO ON THE SEAT. HE SEES JANET WHO IS TEARING PAGES OUT OF HER DIARY. CURLY IS ABOUT TO TURN & LEAVE. JANET LOOKS SIDEWAYS AT HIM. HE DECIDES TO SLING THE VIDEO.)

CURLY: It's bullocksed.

(JANET RETURNS TO TEARING PAGES FROM HER DIARY. CURLY IS CURIOUS.)

CURLY: Mind they don't do you for dropping litter.

(JANET CONTINUES.)

CURLY: A diary is it... the year's not finished yet, yer know.

(JANET DECISIVELY TEARS LAST PAGE AND THROWS REMAINDER OF BOOOK DOWN.)

CURLY: I never bother with diaries either – never have. School put me off.

“I got up today. I went to school – put the flags out.

Teacher kicked my arse. Went home. Had a fag and a fart for my tea. Old feller kicked my arse. Went to bed.”

No – I never could see the point in diaries.

JANET: Fuzz and Plonker.

CURLY: Ey?

JANET: That's where they're having the office function.

CURLY: That's a disco-pub. I used to go in before they tarted it up – you'll be alright there.

JANET: I don't suppose I would have enjoyed it if I'd been asked.

CURLY: Bastards not asked you then?

JANET: It's those young girls. I know my execs would prefer a party in the office. Never any complaints when we had the Christmas ones there. I could tell when I phoned in – your friend advised me to...

CURLY: (NOT UNDERSTANDING) Oh aye.

JANET: The tone of that young madam on the switchboard. Almost sniggering – saying that they didn't think it would be in my line. She's right. Who wants to go out to a pub?

CURLY: No accounting for taste.

JANET: I asked if I could have a word with Mr Armitage. I would have been prepared to do the catering for an office party

– well, I have the time, you see. His secretary, Caroline, answered. Said he was busy in a conference. She always resented me. Mr Armitage relied on me such a lot – envy.

CURLY: So – you’re not going then.

JANET: (BREAKS DOWN)

(CURLY IS ABSOLUTELY LOST FOR A RESPONSE.)

CURLY: Forget about them... Bollocks to ‘em...

(JANET STILL UPSET.)

CURLY: D’you like me bike?

(JANET EXITS TOWARDS LAKE. CURLY WATCHES HER GO. HE IS CONCERNED, THEN RELIEVED. THEN DECIDES TO TINKER WITH HIS BIKE.)

(GORDON & CLAYTON ENTER QUICKLY, FRONT OF STAGE. THEY ARE ANIMATED IN ARGUMENT.)

CLAYTON: That sort of fracas doesn’t help your case.

GORDON: We’ve got a case then?

CLAYTON: It doesn’t help me turn a blind eye.

GORDON: We'll come here at night then – so no-one will see us.

CLAYTON: I'm on your side.

GORDON: We're all on our own side – one for one. All for all we can get.

CLAYTON: I make a living out of the tip too.

GORDON: A good one.

CLAYTON: I come from a background not unlike yours.

GORDON: And you got on.

CLAYTON: My bed's more luxurious than yours – I doubt if I sleep in it any better.

GORDON: Feeling sorry for yourself.

CLAYTON: That's your department.

GORDON: I've met people like you before.

CLAYTON: Oh yes?

GORDON: The new breed.

(GORDON SITS IN THE CHAIR AND BECOMES THE PERSONNEL OFFICER WHO MADE HIM REDUNDANT.)

GORDON: (AS PERSONNEL OFFICER) Sit down, Mr Dean...
Fifteen years with us, Mr Dean. Our scheme's a generous one – well above the minimum, Mr Dean. Before you go we'll appraise you of all the benefits you might need. We're going to give you time off to attend the Educating for Leisure course at the Polytechnic. (FORCED LAUGH)
Ah – first time you've been to college, Mr Dean.

GORDON: (STANDS, AS HIMSELF) You been to college?

CLAYTON: I worked hard.

GORDON: Training to be nice – man management – personal relations – the velvet glove. Who needs flint-hearted old bastards to run things – train well-intentioned so-called socialists to do it for them. Neater. Tidier. More Christian.

(CURLY CALLS OVER TO GORDON.)

CURLY: Ey thingy – you seen that posh tart?

(GORDON GOES TOWARDS CURLY, STOPPING AT VIDEO ON WAY. CLAYTON LEAVES.)

CURLY: It's knackered.

GORDON: Good.

CURLY: She was upset – she got a knockback over that party.

GORDON: So?

CURLY: She went off to the lake.

GORDON: She always goes off there.

(CURLY & GORDON GLANCE, MOMENTARILY CONCERNED, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LAKE. THEN GET ON SCAVENGING.)

CURLY: It'll put a lid on it if she tops herself – they'll not let any of us near the place.

(CURLY & GORDON GLANCE TOWARDS THE LAKE, SHRUG THEN SCAVENGE SOME MORE. GORDON PICKS UP THE VIDEO AND TINKERS WITH IT. CURLY GOES TO ONE SIDE AND STUDIES HIS DIRTY BOOKS. ANNETTE, WHO HAS REMAINED APART FROM THE ACTION, ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE FROM FRAGMENTS FROM THE JOURNALS SHE IS READING.)

ANNETTE: (READS) Domestic refuse could produce 100 million therms of gas a year...
(TURNS PAGE) By selling waste that can be recycled, Greater London Council is able to give over a thousand pounds to charity each month.
(TURNS PAGE) In Sweden, half of domestic waste is recycled.
(TURNS PAGE) In Sweden, half of domestic waste is recycled.
(TURNS PAGE) Aluminium processors prefer to recycle cans as this offers considerable savings in energy and raw materials.

(CURLY WHO IS STUDYING A PORN BOOK, READS TO AUDIENCE.)

CURLY: (READS) Dear Forum, My boyfriend and I have taken to nude cycling. We made love forty nine ways on our velocipede – is this a record? We are saving up for a tandem and wonder if any of your readers would be interested in forming a club. Please contact the box number overleaf...
(CURLY TRIES TO TURN OVER BUT THE PAGES ARE STUCK) Fucking pages are stuck together.

(ANNETTE HAVING DRIFTED OFF TO THE SIDE,
ECHOES SOME OF HER EARLIER LINES. SHE AND
CURLY EXIT.)

(JANET ENTERS RETURNING FROM LAKE. SHE
STOPS AND WATCHES GORDON.)

GORDON: (FLAT) I thought you were dead.

JANET: I was watching some ducks – grebes.

GORDON: As long as they were grebes.

JANET: Are you alright, Mr Dean?

GORDON: I'm not in a brawling mood, if that's what you mean.

JANET: Ah... the other day... I understand.

GORDON: I wish I did.

(BEAT.)

GORDON: (MORE DIRECT) D'you think I should get a licence?

JANET: For the video?

GORDON: For me – a label...

JANET: I don't understand.

GORDON: You just said you did.

GORDON: While I've got that label I don't have to be responsible.
(BITTER) Everybody "understands" then.

JANET: (UNEASY, TRIES TO BE PLEASANT) I better get along.

(SHE GOES TO LEAVE. GORDON STANDS AND SLINGS THE VIDEO. GORDON HAS AN ANGRY DESPAIR IN HIS VOICE AS HE SHOUTS AT JANET'S BACK.)

GORDON: What's happening? What is HAPPENING to me?

(JANET STOPS, REMAINS WITH HER BACK TO HIM.)

GORDON: I was the man you'd set your clock by. The one who took a pride in his job – not proud that I was better than anyone else. Pride for me that I'd done it well – right – precise – correct to the thou. Now, it's like I'm on a bleeding roller coaster – one fiasco after another... out of control. Hiding in this God-forsaken hole. When I can't avoid people I suspect them. Where do I hide now – the loony bin? Get my licence – my permit. "Gordon Dean – this permit permits you to opt out of the human race – you

lost". Maureen would like me to go in. She doesn't say as much. Neither of us say anything. Once we had something – she stayed at home, I went to work. We both had shitty ends of the same stick, but it was something. Now we've got nothing.

(GRABS JANET FROM BEHIND)

Nothing.

(TURNS HER ROUND AND LOOKS HER IN THE FACE.
SPEAKS SLOWLY, ALMOST MENACING)

I can't even do this. I can't look her in the eye. I can't

(MORE GENTLY) talk to her. I can't touch her.

(TOUCHES HER BREAST) I can't touch her.

(JANET PULLS GORDON AGAINST HER BREAST.)

JANET: At least you've got somebody there.
You men... little boys really – longing for the breast but too big and tough to admit it.

GORDON: Ha – big and tough.

JANET: Stronger now...

(GORDON MORE RELAXED, BUT STAYS CLOSE TO
JANET.)

JANET: (ALSO RELAXED, MUSES) Mr Armitage... he was just the same. He needed physical reassurance.

GORDON: (STRAIGHTENS, SURPRISED) Did he?

JANET: Little boys, you see.

GORDON: Didn't you mind?

JANET: I wouldn't have done it otherwise. I sharpened pencils for them too.

(GORDON LAUGHS.)

JANET: (BECOMES MORE DISTANT) I had my uses ... they've got somebody else's breast now... they don't even need me to make mince pies.

(GORDON HESITATES, THEN GENTLY HOLDS JANET.
BLACKOUT.)

END OF SCENE 3

SCENE 4

(ANNETTE, WITH PRAM, HAS A JOURNAL ON THE FLOOR IN FRONT OF HER AND IS STARTING TO BUILD UP PILES OF RUBBISH, DROPPING ODD ITEMS ONTO EACH [PAPER, GLASS, CANS, JUMBLE, GARDEN WASTE] AS SHE TALKS.)

ANNETTE: (TO AUDIENCE) Somebody told me once – I can't remember who – why they ban books in Russia – not that I agree with banning them. But they ban books there because people love them – really read them, take notice of them. There's no need to ban books here – no fucker reads them properly.

Now there's a book (KICKS THE JOURNAL ON THE FLOOR) about waste disposal... not exactly bed-time reading . There were loads more in the box Mr Clayton threw away. (TAKES HANDFUL FROM PRAM) All these about rubbish and where to put it – adverts for crushers, and pulverisers and incinerators. Wouldn't believe it, would you? Course that Curly took the dirty books. So while he was bashing his bishop, I was reading these. You probably think I'm crackers – I'm bloody sure that lot will. Sod 'em.

(ANNETTE CONTINUES SORTING.

CURLY ENTERS ON HIS BIKE AND STOPS WHEN HE SEES ANNETTE.)

CURLY: What you doing then?

(ANNETTE CONTINUES.)

CURLY: If you want to sort rubbish out you can spring clean my place.

(ANNETTE FINDS A RUG AND PUTS IT ON THE JUMBLE PILE.)

CURLY: (GOES TO RU) Not bad – I'll have this.

ANNETTE: (THREATENS) Leave it!

(CURLY DROPS RUG REFLEXIVELY.)

CURLY: Alright, alright. I'm not going to fight you for it.
What's the bond then?

(ANNETTE CONTINUES.)

CURLY: Please yourself.

(HE TURNS AWAY AND SEES JANET APPROACHING.
HE TURNS AND FEEBLY HELPS ANNETTE.)

ANNETTE: What you doing?

CURLY: I don't want to eye-ball her. Slightest wrong word and she's liable to chuck herself in one of those pits.

(ANNETTE GLANCES IN JANET'S DIRECTION AND DECIDES THAT SHE TOO DOESN'T WANT TO FACE JANET. ANNETTE & CURLY SORT, HEADS DOWN. JANET ENTERS AND IS SURPRISED BY THE OTHERS' ACTIONS. SHE IS ABOUT TO WALK ON BUT STOPS BY CURLY & ANNETTE.)

JANET: You're busy.

CURLY: No rest for the wicked.

ANNETTE: (TO CURLY) You should work 25 hours a day then.

JANET: (GOES TO PRAM) You've brought the baby. (FUSSES BABY)

ANNETTE: (STANDS) Sorry – about the other day.

JANET: What's that, dear?

ANNETTE: You know – Sunday, the day we carried on.

JANET: Oh, that's alright – just a little fall out.

CURLY: That's right.

ANNETTE: You must have thought we were awful.

JANET: (NODS) Later I realised what it was... Poor Mr Dean.

CURLY: Yer what?

JANET: Well, what you said. (ALMOST WHISPERS) About him having a breakdown.

CURLY: A fucking breakdown! Has he? Yet he carries on like the big I AM.

JANET: We should be more understanding.

CURLY: You've hit the nail on the head there, darling. If he's mental, you have to make allowances.

ANNETTE: It wasn't just him – fighting for that poxy video.

JANET: No, but he was probably the catalyst... don't you think...

CURLY: You took the words out of my mouth.

(GORDON ENTERS.)

GORDON: What's going on?

CURLY: We were just talking about you.

GORDON: With the rubbish?

CURLY: Ask her... (ANNETTE)

GORDON: (TO ANNETTE) So?

ANNETTE: I'm trying to settle things.

(AS SHE TALKS SHE IS MORE ANIMATED IN ADDING TO THE PILES AND MORE PASSIONATE ABOUT WHAT SHE IS SAYING. SHE DIRECTS EACH SENTENCE AT ONE OF THE OTHERS.)

ANNETTE: It's like we're no better than this garbage. Just cos we get treated like rubbish does it mean we are? Have we started believing it? Do we feel ashamed when somebody catches you rummaging? I do – but if we feel shame we must have some pride left somewhere. The law says we're committing a crime, taking stuff – but all this is the crime. Most of us have been treated like throw-away crap – surplus to requirements, before we ever got here – the scrap heap. So either we lie down and rot with the rest of it – or make a pathetic go of sticking up for ourselves by lashing out.

CURLY: You have to look after number one.

ANNETTE: Speak for yourself.

GORDON: So what do we do – all go out and get nice little jobs?

ANNETTE: We make this a job.

CURLY: You've lost it. You've caught what he (GORDON'S) got.

ANNETTE: (PRESSES ON) We organise it, work together, stand up to the council, stand up for ourselves – and each other.

(SHE GOES TO EACH PILE OF SORTED RUBBISH. DURING THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE ALL SHOULD SLOWLY GET INVOLVED IN PICKING UP ITEMS AND ADDING TO PILES. CURLY THE MOST ERRATIC.)

ANNETTE: Glass – there's a company in the Yellow Pages that buys glass.

CURLY: We used to save jam jars at school – to buy a blind dog. I could never be mithered with it.

ANNETTE: I bet they drunk out of them in your house. (RE PAPER PILE) Old papers – a pile a yard high is equal to a tree. We could weigh it in.

CURLY: What's that pile? (KICKS GARDEN REFUSE PILE)

ANNETTE: That's what they call organic – garden and kitchen waste... dead dogs and disposable nappies.

CURLY: (JUMPS BACK)

ANNETTE: ...for compost.
(CONTINUES) Jumble... tin cans... aluminium cans... you can get nearly a penny for each one, oh, and we need a container for old car oil.

CURLY: Why? There's bloody barrels of diesel up at the site hut that they use for the JCBs.

ANNETTE: To sell?

CURLY: (UNCONVINCED) A bleedin' penny for a drinks can/

JANET: An aluminium one, Mr O'Hare.

ANNETTE: There must be millions of them on this site.

CURLY: (LOOKS AT TIP) Millions? How many millions?

ANNETTE: I don't know.

CURLY: Say 3 million – that’s a million tins each – a million pennies – how much is that, thingy – to the nearest knicker?

GORDON: Let’s see...

JANET: Ten thousand pounds.

CURLY: Ten thousand quid – not bad.

ANNETTE: And how may have we got?

CURLY: (DESPONDENT) About bleedin’ thirty.

GORDON: You better get looking then.

CURLY: I bet I’ve got a hundred quid under my bed.

GORDON: That’s nearly a quid.

CURLY: Better than a poke in the eye with a burnt stick.

GORDON: By Friday we could have a load of rags and paper to weigh in.

CURLY: Say we find something decent?

ANNETTE: More to share out.

CURLY: Share...

(BEAT.)

CURLY: How can we share a video?

ANNETTE: We're not back to that, are we?

CURLY: Best we sort it out now – we don't want TNT there to start throwing his weight around again.

(ANNETTE LOOKS ANXIOUSLY AT GORDON.)

GORDON: (LAUGHS, THEN) We could draw lots.

JANET: That sounds fair.

CURLY: (GRUNTS) Supposing she wins it. (NODS AT JANET)
She doesn't need it.

ANNETTE: We share it – or if it's something like that, we draw lots.

JANET: Actually I don't want a share.

CURLY: Good point, well made.

GORDON: Oh no – we have equal shares or nothing.

JANET: I really don't need to.

CURLY: What's the point of forcing her to have a bleedin' share.

ANNETTE: I know – Janet can give her share to a charity of her choice.

CURLY: To a what?

ANNETTE: Birds or something.

CURLY: Chuffin' birds. (PALLY TO JANET) D'you hear that?

JANET: What a good idea – RSPB.

CURLY: (DESPAIRS) I won't ask what that stands for...
(MUTTERS) It's a rum bleedin' do when you put birds before people.

JANET: The birds were here before us and will be here a long time after we're gone.

CURLY: The birds'll certainly be here after I've gone – I'll 'ave starved to death. When they plant me there'll be rows of big fat friggin' sparrows at me funeral – saying, "He was a good lad, Curly was. Wasted away to nothing to keep us nice and fat."

(CURLY SUDDENLY DUCKS HIS HEAD A SOMETHING
SOFT HITS IT.)

CURLY: What the bloody hell was that?

(TOUCHES HIS HEAD & EXAMINES HIS HAND.)

CURLY: Bleedin' bloody bastard birds.

ANNETTE: What's up?

CURLY: A seagull's crapped on me.

GORDON: Your bird spotting's improving, Curly.

(THE OTHERS LAUGH. CURLY FINDS SOMETHING
TO SLING AT THE NOW GONE BIRD.)

ANNETTE: (HESITANT) Janet, can you type?

JANET: Oh yes.

ANNETTE: Can you type something for me?

JANET: For you?

CURLY: What is it – your will? “I leave three kids and a gash pram to my worst enemy.”

ANNETTE: It’s to Mr Clayton.

CURLY: A love letter?

ANNETTE: (TURNS ANGRILY TO CURLY) If you don’t shut it I’ll kick you in the taters so hard you’ll have to wear your underpants on your head.

(TAKES LETTER OUT OF HER POCKET.)

ANNETTE: My spelling’s not very good, neither is me writing... and I don’t know if it makes sense.

CURLY: (MUTTERS) Not much wrong with it, is there.

(CURLY IS PEERING OVER ANNETTE’S SHOULDER TO SEE THE LETTER. SHE THUMPS HIM IN THE BALLS. HE DOUBLES UP.)

GORDON: What’s it about?

ANNETTE: It might sound daft.

GORDON: If it’s from all of us – we need to know what’s in it.

JANET: I'll read it out.

ANNETTE: No – I will.

(GATHERS HERSELF, COMES FORWARD, AND
STARTS TO READ.)

ANNETTE: Dear Mr Clayton...

CURLY: A good start.

ANNETTE: “We want to put this idea to you. Over half of the rubbish on this tip could be recycled...” I'm not sure of the spelling.

GORDON: Stop apologising.

ANNETTE: Sorry.

(CURLY LAUGHS.)

ANNETTE: “We want official permission to come to the tip. Paper, tin, glass, scrap metal, even old car oil. Other stuff can still be used – furniture, toys and that.”

JANET: Et cetera.

ANNETTE: Yer what?

JANET: "Et cetera" – sounds better than "and that".

ANNETTE: Oh yeh.

GORDON: (TO JANET) Let her get on – you can tart it up later.

ANNETTE: "We have sounded out local dealers and there are markets for all these items".

GORDON: Have we?

CURLY: Don't interrupt.

ANNETTE: I did - I walked round – they don't pay much, but loads of this here we could sell.

CURLY: (TO GORDON) Blimey – put me and you to shame, thingy – she has – and you thought you were an expert.

ANNETTE: (CONTINUES READING) "We have transport."

CURLY: (TO GORDON) That'll be your mini van – the TNT mobile.

(GORDON NODS.)

ANNETTE: (CONTS) We're not just thinkin' about us. You must see – all this waste, it's crazy. Where's it going to end? What

happens when the trees have gone? When all the oil's run out? Will you use the last bit of metal to build higher fences round the tip? What will you do when the chill wind that cuts into us now blows along your corridors of power? Just give us a chance to do something for ourselves!

(FINISHES READING.)

CURLY: (SARCASTIC WHISTLE)

JANET: (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) It was very good... very good, dear. I'll take it home and type it directly. Then I'll bring it back for you to sign.

GORDON: Can't you send it off to them, why waste time?

JANET: It is normal practice.

ANNETTE: Is it... oh, you sign it.

JANET: P.P. it?

JANET: Sign it on your behalf.

GORDON: That's it.

JANET: Well, I'll be off. Work to do. Bye.

(JANET BUSTLES OFF.)

CURLY: D'you think they'll summons us?

GORDON: You what? Na – they can't do us all.

ANNETTE: That's right – we'll stick together.

(SOUND OF LORRY TIPPING, OFF.)

CURLY: Builder's lorry.

GORDON: Might be some copper wire.

(THEY GO TOWARDS LORRY.)

CURLY: (WIPING HAIR) Might be some safety helmets.

(CURLY & GORDON EXIT, LEAVING ANNETTE
FEELING PLEASED WITH HERSELF.)

ANNETTE: The first time, in my whole life, that anyone's ever listened to a thing I've said. I was bricking it. I thought they'd take the piss. Still I had nowt to lose. And now, who knows.

(THERE IS A SCREAM OFF. IT IS GORDON.)

ANNETTE STARTLED LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LORRY WHERE THERE IS A COMMOTION. ANNETTE RUNS TO THE EDGE OF THE STAGE, BUT STOPS THINKING OF THE BABY.)

ANNETTE: (CALLS) What's up?

(CURLY HELPS GORDON ON – HIS LEG COVERED IN BLOOD.)

GORDON: No – leave me – I'm alright.

ANNETTE: What's happened?

CURLY: Got his leg trapped in the wheel arch.

ANNETTE: He needs an ambulance.

GORDON: No!

CURLY: The lorry driver offered...

GORDON: It'll be alright.

ANNETTE: It's a mess – it might be broke.

GORDON: It's not broke.

ANNETTE: You need a doctor.

GORDON: No.

CURLY: Come on, thingy – go and see a quack.

GORDON: No...

ANNETTE: Why not!

GORDON: D’you think I’m going to some hospital – to have to explain to them how I did this – scrabbling onto a tip lorry...

CURLY: They aren’t bothered about that.

GORDON: It’s just grazed.

(ANNETTE AND CURLY LOOK AT THE LEG. CURLY
TURNS AWAY & PUKES.)

ANNETTE: It’s like raw liver.

CURLY: Shut up, for Christ’s sake.

(BLACK OUT.)

END OF SCENE 4

SCENE 5

(CLAYTON, IN A SPOT, SITS IN THE CHAIR.
HE IS IN HIS OFFICE. HE HOLDS FOUR SHEETS OF
PAPER.)

CLAYTON: Decisions... choices... (CYNICAL) To make a choice and
act – I should feel elated – reach into my very essence –
realise myself as a person... Why do I feel heavy,
apathetic? Maybe these are the wrong choices.
(EXAMINES FIRST PAPER) Whether to summons a
certain Mr O'Hare.
(EXAMINES SECOND SHEET) An accident report –
middle aged man nearly loses leg on my tip.
(EXAMINES THIRD SHEET) A proposal – a group of
vagabonds want to make a few quid and save the world.
(EXAMINES FOURTH DOCUMENT) A proposal – a guilt-
ridden bureaucrat, making a lot of quid wants to save the
world.

(LX CHANGE.)

(ANNETTE ALONE ON THE TOP LEVEL, WITH PRAM.
JANET ENTERS.)

JANET: Hello. Not sorting?

ANNETTE: No.

JANET: How is Mr Dean?

ANNETTE: He's still in hospital. I visited him last night.

JANET: I'll send a card... We always sent a card when people were off sick.

ANNETTE: Yeh – you do that.

(LAPSE INTO SILENCE.)

JANET: See you later perhaps.

(ANNETTE REMAINS SILENT.

JANET GOES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LAKE.)

(CLAYTON STANDS SUDDENLY, GOES TO THE FRONT OF THE STAGE & CALLS TO JANET, WHO IS OFF BY THE LAKE.

ANNETTE REMAINS WITH HER BACK TO THEM.)

CLAYTON: Miss Seabrook... Miss Seabrook – could I have a word?

JANET: (ENTERS) With me?

CLAYTON: Some news – you might be interested.

(ANNETTE TURNS HER HEAD AND LISTENS.)

CLAYTON: We are reappraising our refuse disposal policy.

JANET: Really – not before time. Is it Annette?

ANNETTE: No.

CLAYTON: Under the new system, if the Committee accept it, and I think they will – we will need far less space.

JANET: Oh... very good.

CLAYTON: Which means the old clay workings won't be required... I've proposed that they be turned into, well, a mini nature reserve.

JANET: Really.

CLAYTON: A very modest affair – but a proper path there, one or two hides... we might ask your advice on the type of vegetation.

JANET: Well, let's see – thorn bushes – providing low cover.

CLAYTON: Not now – but I might well be coming back to you.

JANET: (TAKES OUT A NOTEBOOK & PEN) That will need a lot of thought – a lot of organising. Let's see now – sycamores – fast growing...

(SHE TURNS TOWARDS LAKE & BUSILY MAKES NOTES. CLAYTON & ANNETTE SLOWLY FACE EACH OTHER.)

CLAYTON: I thought you might have been put off – by the accident.

ANNETTE: You heard?

CLAYTON: The driver reported it. How is he?

ANNETTE: Alright...

CLAYTON: It'll have to stop, you know.

ANNETTE: Stop?

CLAYTON: You – all coming onto the tip.

ANNETTE: Accidents happen all over.

CLAYTON: But these are preventable – accidents, fights. How the hell can I sit back and let it happen?

ANNETTE: We come by choice – no one else is hurt. Anyway if you'd let us do it official, we wouldn't take those risks. We'd be more careful.

CLAYTON: I read your letter. It's impressive. I agree with most of what's in it. Who wrote it?

ANNETTE: All of us.

CLAYTON: I should think it was Miss Seabrook put it all together.

ANNETTE: If you must know it was me – she typed it!

CLAYTON: Your way wouldn't work.

ANNETTE: You just said to her you are going to make changes.

CLAYTON: We are going to restructure our waste disposal systems. (ENTHUSIASTIC) I estimate we can reclaim 30% - the rest will be either composted to make methane or used in a special incinerator to provide heat to be piped to the industrial estate.

ANNETTE: What about us?

CLAYTON: We have the technology – there's no need for you to sort rubbish – this isn't Calcutta.

(ANNETTE TURNS AWAY.)

CLAYTON: It's what you wanted.

ANNETTE: (FACES HIM) How d'you know what we want?

CLAYTON: It didn't just happen – I had to fight, wheel and deal – to get them to accept it.

ANNETTE: P'raps you'll get promotion.

CLAYTON: All this fucking self-pity.

ANNETTE: (ABSENTLY) When I visited Gordon they'd moved him to another ward.

CLAYTON: (RELIEVED, THINKING ITS CHIT CHAT) To get him back on his feet – it's normal, convalescence. A good sign.

ANNETTE: The psychiatric wing.

CLAYTON: Oh...

ANNETTE: (DIRECTLY TO CLAYTON) He just kept repeating, "No point pretending, no point pretending..." On and on.

CLAYTON: Shock... just meaningless ramblings.

ANNETTE: Oh no – it wasn't meaningless. He knew exactly what he meant – I did too.

CLAYTON: But what you've done here hasn't been meaningless.

(ANNETTE NOT CONVINCED.
CURLY ENTERS ON HIS BIKE.)

CLAYTON: (ASIDE) Oh no...

CURLY: (TO CLAYTON) I've got a bone to pick with you, you hawk-faced twat.

ANNETTE: Curly!

CLAYTON: You've received it.

CURLY: Course I've bleedin' received it.

ANNETTE: Received what?

CURLY: Haven't you friggin' had one?

ANNETTE: What?

CURLY: (GRUMBLES ON) Victimisation.

CLAYTON: Mr O'Hare's being prosecuted under the Pollution Act of 1974.

ANNETTE: Why?

CURLY: They're picking on me, that's why.

CLAYTON: The policeman caught you red-handed. He had no choice but to report it to us.

CURLY: (GOES FOR CLAYTON) So it was you, you pen-pushing get.

(ANNETTE BREAKS THEM UP & STANDS CLOSE, FACING CLAYTON.)

ANNETTE: Why have you changed all of a sudden?

CLAYTON: I've not.

CURLY: No, you've always been a tight-arsed get. Like thingy said – they just train you to act nice.

ANNETTE: (TO CLAYTON) That's not right, is it... it isn't.

CLAYTON: I sat on that summons. There was pressure on me but I was going to try and get it dropped.

CURLY: Why didn't you?

CLAYTON: The accident. (LAMELY) We're changing policy. Cleaning up the tip.

CURLY: (MENACING) Cleaning up – sweeping us away. I've a good mind to throw you in the fucking crusher.

ANNETTE: It's hopeless, Curly – there's nowt down for us... they've knocked our idea on the head.

CURLY: (RAGE BUILDS UP, STILL DIRECTED AT CLAYTON)
Covering yourself – typical bleeding official. Like welfare workers, who lift kids at the slightest sign of trouble – to cover themselves. I decked the one that did that on me and I'll deck you.

(ANNETTE & CLAYTON TURN ON CURLY,
SURPRISED.)

CURLY: Why are you looking at me... what's up?

(BEAT.)

CURLY: You lot aren't the only ones who come up here to get away. (TURNS TO ANNETTE) Don't you look at me – scrubber with fancy ideas. Leading us on. Couldn't leave well alone, could you?

(CURLY SUDDENLY RUNS AND GRABS THE BABY FROM THE PRAM.)

ANNETTE: (SCREAMS) No...

CURLY: Dump the little bastard in the crusher, should I – stick it where it belongs before it starts... why send the little sod all through life, through all that suffering. End it now.

ANNETTE: Put her back.

CURLY: Make me.

ANNETTE: I'll kill you.

CURLY: Doing me a favour.

ANNETTE: You can't turn your hatred on a baby.

CURLY: I've done it before.

JANET: (SUDDENLY) Put that baby back.

(CURLY SNAPS OUT OF IT FOR A SECOND.)

JANET: Put it back.

(CURLY REFLEXIVELY PUTS THE BABY IN THE PRAM. ANNETTE RUNS TO BABY & HUGS HER. A NEW WAVE OF ANGER STEMS FROM CURLY'S REALISATION OF WHAT HE'S DONE. HE SLINGS HIS BIKE ONTO THE TIP.)

CURLY: Well stuff the tip. You won't see me again – none of you. I'll go robbin'. I won't go for throwaways and junk. I'll take what I want, from who I want.

(TURNS TO AUDIENCE) I'm not some tame bastard – I'm going to screw the system. Nobody ever asked me what I wanted – never. Never. Well, I'm just going to take it. Shiver and shake in your beds. You stole my life – everything – even my kids. I AM COMING. What have I got to lose?

(CURLY EXITS.)

(CLAYTON & JANET WALK PAST ANNETTE AS THEY LEAVE. THEY TOUCH HER SHOULDER BUT SHE SHRUGS THEM OFF. THEY WALK ON & EXIT.)

(ANNETTE LAYS THE BABY IN THE PRAM. SHE SEES THE TRIKE, STILL BY THE SHELTER. SHE SEES CURLY'S BIKE. HESITANTLY AT FIRST, SHE GOES TO CURLY'S BIKE AND PULLS OFF THE BELL AND THE CHAIN. SHE KNEELS BY THE TRIKE,

ABOUT TO FIX THEM ON IT. SHE CATCHES THE
AUDIENCE'S EYE.)

ANNETTE: What's wrong with doing this? Get what you can for
yourself – don't bother with nobody else. It's the only way.
(BEAT)
Isn't it?

END

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