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The Changing Room

A Play

by David Storey

A Samuel French Acting Edition



New York Hollywood London Toronto

SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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THE CHANGING ROOM was performed at the Morosco Theatre, New York, on March 6, 1973. Directed by Michael Rudman; produced by Charles Bowden, Lee Reynolds, Isobel Robins; set by David Jenkins; costumes by Whitney Blausen; lighting by Ronald Wallace, and the production coordinator was Diana Shumlin with the following cast:

CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

HARRY RILEY, the Cleaner ..... *Louis Beachner*

PATRICK "PATSY" WALTER TURNER, ... *Doug Stender*
No. 2, Wing

FIELDING, No. 10, Forward ..... *Rex Robbins*

"MIC" MORLEY, No. 13, Forward ..... *Jack Schultz*

"KENNY" KENDAL, No. 12, Forward .... *John Lithgow*

LUKE, the Masseur ..... *Jake Dengel*

"FENNY" GORDON FENCHURCH, ... *William Rhys*
No. 5, Wing

COLIN JAGGER, No. 3, Centre ..... *John Tillinger*

TREVOR, No. 1, Full-back ..... *George Hearn*

WALSH, No. 8, Forward ..... *Tom Atkins*

"SANDY" SANDFORD, ... *John Braden*
The Assistant Trainer

BARRY COPLEY, No. 7, Scrum-half ..... *James Sutorius*

JACK STRINGER, No. 3, Centre ..... *Richard D. Masur*

BRYAN ATKINSON, No. 11, Forward .. *James Hummert*

BILLY SPENCER, No. 15, Reserve ... *Mark Winkworth*

JOHN CLEGG, No. 9, Hooker ..... *Ron Siebert*

FRANK MOORE, No. 14, Reserve ..... *Alan Castner*

CLIFFORD OWENS, ... *Robert Murch*
No. 6, Team Captain

DANNY CROSBY, the Trainer ..... *George Ede*

TALLON, the Referee ..... *Peter DeMaio*

SIR FREDERICK THORNTON, ... *William Swetland*
the Club Owner

MACKENDRICK, the Club Secretary ..... *Ian Martin*

MATCH ANNOUNCER ..... *Emery Battis*

The play is set in the changing room of a Rugby League Team in the North of England. The play is in three acts, with two intermissions.

SOME BACKGROUND INFORMATION

1. A "try" is a score equivalent in importance to a touchdown.
2. "Laking" means playing, so these men "lake football."
3. The "pitch" is the playing field.
4. The football they lake is Rugby League, a very tough, professional, tackling, running and kicking game played mainly in Yorkshire and Lancashire in which they wear little or no padding.
5. The teams are generally owned by a wealthy man. The salaries are about $40 a week and in most cases are, for the players, a supplement to their regular wage in another job. They usually work during the week in the mines or textile mills, though a few are teachers.
6. The conditions of their play are roughly analagous to what used to be called "semi-pro" baseball and football in the United States. There are some teams now in the States called "minor league" football teams who play under similar conditions.
7. Another apt comparison is professional boxing in that the men who play are, for the most part, trying to elevate themselves both socially and economically from the edges of poverty.
8. Unlike Rugby Union, an amateur sport, this is a working class game played for a dwindling working class audience.
9. The forwards (Fielding, Walsh, Morley, Clegg, Atkinson, Kendal) take the most punishment and generally are large and sometimes older men.

10. The backs (Fenchurch, Patsy, Jagger, Copley, Trevor, and Owens) are smaller, faster men, give and take less punishment, and though there are few stars in this game, tend to take most of the credit.

11. The Captain, Owens, because it is a free-flowing game with very little stopping, has a greater responsibility for command than his American counterpart and in many cases is more respected by the players than the coach (or "trainer") Crosby.

12. It is a very rough game, full of fouling and physical exhaustion.

13. A "scrum" is a kind of cross between what happens on the line of scrimmage in American football and toss-up in basketball.

The Changing Room

ACT ONE

A changing-room; afternoon. The light comes from glazed panels high in the wall and from an electric light. Across the back of the stage is the main changing bench, set up against the wall and running its entire length. A set of hooks, one for each player, is fastened at head-height to the wall, with the name of a player above each hook. Underneath the bench, below each hook, is a locker, also labelled. A jersey and a pair of shorts have been set out beneath one of the hooks. A rubbing-down table with an adjustable head-rest stands in front of the bench. S. R. *a glazed door opens to an entrance porch; downstage* L. *is a stove, with a bucket of coal, overhung by a mirror advertising ale. Upstage* L. *is the open entry to the bath and showers; buckets, stool, hose and tap, etc. Downstage* R. *is a wooden door, closed, leading to the offices. A second table stands against the wall. There's a pair of metal scales with individual metal weights on a metal arm. By the rubbing-down table stands a large wicker-work basket. A wooden chair with a rounded back is set against the wall,* S. L. *Tanoy music is being played, light, militaristic.* HARRY *enters from the bath. He's a broken-down man, small, stooped, in shirt-sleeves, rolled, and a sleeveless pullover. He's smoking and carries a sweeping brush, on the look-out for anything he might have missed. He sweeps: looks round the floor: sweeps, finally lifts corner of the boxed-in rubbing-down table and sweeps the debris underneath. Takes*

out his cigarette, looks round, finds nowhere to drop it, then crosses to the fire, drops it in, sets the brush against the wall, puts coal from the bucket on the fire, warms his hands, shivers. PATSY *enters from the porch. He's a smart, lightly-built man, very well groomed, hair greased, collar of an expensive overcoat turned up; brisk, businesslike, narcissistic, no evident sense of humour.*

PATSY. Harry . . .

HARRY. Patsy . . .

PATSY. Cold.

HARRY. Bloody freezing, lad. (*Rubs his hands, reaches to the fire again.* PATSY, *evidently familiar with his routine, goes to his locker, gets out his boots, unfolds his jersey and shorts already lying on the bench.*)

PATSY. No towel.

HARRY. No. No. Just fetching those . . . (HARRY *takes his brush and exits through bath entrance.* PATSY, *having checked his jersey, examined its number (2), collar, etc.—no marks—does the same with his boots—laces, studs, lining. He then crosses to the fire, takes out a comb from an inside pocket and smoothes his hair down in the mirror. He's doing this as* HARRY *re-enters carrying several neatly-folded towels. He puts one on the bench by* PATSY'S *peg, then goes to the wicker-work basket, lifts the lid and gets out several more towels. Having checked them, counting soundlessly to himself, he puts them all in the basket, save three which he begins to arrange on the massage table.* PATSY, *having combed his hair and admired himself in the mirror, clears his nose and spits in the fire.* HARRY, *laying out towels.*) Thought it'd be snowed off.

PATSY. Snow?

HARRY. Bloody forecast.

PASTY. Not cancel ought in this dump, I can tell you . . . Shoulder . . . I've no skin on from here to here. There's not a blade o' grass on that bloody pitch . . .

sithee . . . look at that . . . (*Pulls up his sleeve:* HARRY *looks across with no evident interest.*)

HARRY. Aye.

PATSY. Watered t'bloody pitch we 'ad last week. Froze over ten minutes after. Took a run at t'bloody ball . . . took off . . . must have travelled twenty bloody yards without having lift a finger.

HARRY. Aye.

PATSY. Ice. (HARRY *is laying out the rest of the jerseys now, and shorts.*) Be better off with a pair of skates. (*Glances behind him, into the mirror: smoothes hair.*) If there's a young woman comes asking for me afterwards, will you tell her to wait up in the office? Be frozen to death out theer.

HARRY. Aye . . .

PATSY. By Christ . . . (*Rubs his hands, standing with his back to the fire.*)

HARRY. Comes from Russia.

PATSY. What?

HARRY. Cold . . . Comes fro' Russia . . .

PATSY. Oh . . . (*Nods.*)

HARRY. Read a book . . . they had a special machine . . . blew these winds o'er, you see . . . specially freezing . . . mixed it with a chemical . . . frozen ought . . . Froze the entire country . . . Then Ireland . . . Then crossed over to America and froze it out . . . Then, when everything wa' frozen, they came o'er in special boots and took over . . . Here . . . America . . . Nobody twigged it. Nobody cottoned on, you see.

PATSY. Oh . . . (*Glances at himself in mirror again.*) You think that's what's happening now, then?

HARRY. Cold enough . . . Get no warning . . . Afore you know what's happening . . . Ruskies here.

PATSY. Couldn't be worse than this lot.

HARRY. What?

PATSY. Stopped ten quid i' bloody tax last week . . . I tell you . . . I'm paying t'government to keep me i'

bloody work . . . madhouse . . . If I had my time o'er again I'd emigrate . . . America . . . Australia . . .

HARRY. Wherever you go they'll find you out.

PATSY. What?

HARRY. Ruskies . . . Keep your name down in a bloody book . . . (*Looks across.*) Won't make any difference if you've voted socialist. Have you down theer . . . up against a wall . . .

PATSY. Thy wants to read one or two bloody facts, old lad.

HARRY. Facts? What facts? . . . I read in one paper that in twenty-five years not one country on earth'll not be communist . . . (PATSY *crosses back to his peg and starts taking off his overcoat.*) Don't worry. There'll be no lakin' bloody football then.

PATSY. They play football i' Russia as much as they play it here.

HARRY. Aye . . . (*Waits, threatening:* PATSY *doesn't answer, preoccupied with his overcoat.*) You: football . . . You: coalmine . . . You: factory . . . You: air-force . . . You: . . . *Siberia.*

PATSY. Haven't you got a bloody coat-hanger? Damn-well ask for one each week.

HARRY. Aye. Don't worry . . . (*Starts to go.*) Not bloody listen until they find it's bloody well too late. (*Goes off to the bath-entrance, disgruntled.* FIELDING *enters, a large, well-built man, slow, easy-going, 35-6. He's dressed in an overcoat and muffler; he has a strip of plaster above his left eye.*)

FIELDING. Patsy.

PATSY. Fieldy . . .

FIELDING. Freeze your knuckles off today. (*Blows in hands, goes over to the fire, stoops, warms hands.*) By Christ . . . (PATSY *is holding up his coat in one hand, dusting it down lightly, paying no attention to* FIELDING'S *entrance.* HARRY *comes back in with wooden coat-hanger.*)

HARRY. Have no bloody servants theer, you know.

PATSY. What's that? (*Examining coat.*)

HARRY. No servants. Do your own bloody carrying theer. (*Gives* PATSY *the hanger and goes back to laying out the playing kit.*)

FIELDING. What's that, Harry? (*Winks to* PATSY.)

PATSY. Bloody Russians. Going to be invaded.

HARRY. Don't you worry. It can happen any time, you know.

PATSY. Going to freeze us, with a special liquid . . . Then come over . . . (*To* HARRY.) What wa're it? . . . i' special boots.

HARRY. It all goes back, you know.

PATSY. Back?

HARRY. To bloody Moscow . . . Ought you say here's reported back . . . Keep all thy names in a special book.

FIELDING. Keep thy name in a special bloody book . . . Riley . . . first name, Harry . . . special qualifications, can talk out of the back of his bloody head.

HARRY. Don't you worry.

FIELDING. Nay, I'm not worried. They can come here any day of the bloody week for me. Sup of ale . . .

PATSY. Ten fags . . .

FIELDING. That's all I need. (FIELDING *sneezes hugely: shakes his head, gets out his handkerchief, blows his nose, lengthily and noisily. After gazing at* FIELDING, *threatening,* HARRY *turns off the tanoy.*) I thought o' ringing up this morning . . . Looked out o' the bloody winder. Frost . . . (*Crosses over to* PATSY.) Got this house, now, just outside the town . . . wife's idea, not mine . . . bloody fields . . . hardly a bloody sign of human life . . . cows . . . half a dozen sheep . . . goats . . . (*Starts peeling the plaster from above his eye;* PATSY *pays no attention, arranging his coat on the hanger and picking off one or two bits.*) Middle of bloody nowhere . . . if I can't see a wall outside on t'window I don't feel as though I'm living in a house . . . How's it look?

PATSY. (*Glances up, briefly.*) All right.

FIELDING. Bloody fist. Lose forra'd . . . Copped him one afore the end. Had a leg like a bloody melon . . . Get Lukey to put on a bit of grease . . . (*Feeling the cut.*) Should be all right. How's your shoulder?

PATSY. All right. (*Eases it.*) Came in early. Get it strapped.

FIELDING. Where we lived afore, you know, everything you could bloody want; pit, boozer, bloody dogs. As for now . . . trees, hedges, miles o' bloody grass . . . where's the jock-straps, Harry? (*Inspecting his kit which* HARRY *has now hung up.*) I thought of ringing up and backing out. Flu . . . Some such like. (*Sneezes.*) By God . . . He'll have me lakin' here, will Harry, wi' me bloody cobblers hanging out. (MORLEY *has now entered from the porch; thick-set, squat figure, dark-haired. Wears a jacket, unbuttoned, with a sweater underneath; hard, rough, uncomplicated figure.*) Nah, Morley, lad, then, how's thy keeping?

MORLEY. Shan't be a second . . . Just 'od on. (*Goes straight over to the bath-entrance, unbuttoning his flies. He's followed in by* KENDAL; *a tall, rather well-built man, late twenties, wearing an old overcoat with a scarf and carrying a paper parcel; a worn, somewhat faded man.* HARRY *has gone to the basket and is now getting out a pile of jockstraps which he lays on the table.*)

KENDAL. (*To* HARRY.) Here . . . see about my boots? Bloody stud missing last Thursday . . . (*To* FIELDING.) Suppose to check them every bloody week. Come up to training and nearly bust me bloody ankle. God Christ, they don't give a sod about bloody ought up here . . . Patsy . . .

PATSY. Kenny . . . (*Having hung up his coat starts taking off his jacket.*)

KENDAL. (*To* FIELDING.) Bought one of these electric tool-sets . . .

FIELDING. (*To* PATSY.) Tool-sets . . . (PATSY *nods.*) Got all the tools that I need, Kenny.

KENDAL. Bloody saw . . . drill, bloody polisher. Just look.

FIELDING. What do you do with that? (*Picks out a tool.*)

KENDAL. Dunno.

PATSY. Take stones out of hosses' hoofs, more like. (*They laugh.* MORLEY *comes back in.*)

FIELDING. Dirty bugger. Pisses i' the bloody bath.

MORLEY. Been in that bog, then have you? (*To* HARRY.) You want to clean it out.

HARRY. That lavatory was new this season . . . (*Indicating* FIELDING.) He'll tell you; one we had afore I wouldn't have used. (MORLEY *goes straight to the business of getting changed; coat off, sweater, then shoes and socks; then starts examining his ankle.*)

FIELDING. Harry doesn't use a lavatory, do you?

MORLEY. Piles it up behind the bloody posts.

FIELDING. Dirty bugger.

HARRY. Don't worry. It all goes down.

MORLEY. Goes down? (*They laugh.*) Goes down where, then, lad?

PATSY. He's reporting it back, tha' knows, to Moscow.

MORLEY. Moscow? Moscow?

HARRY. Somebody does, don't you bloody worry. Everything they hear.

FIELDING. Nay, Harry, lad. Thy should have warned us. (*Puts his arm round* HARRY'S *shoulder.*)

HARRY. Don't worry. You carry on. (*Breaks away from* FIELDING'S *embrace.*) You'll be laughing t'other side of your bloody face. (*Exits.*)

FIELDING. (*Holding jersey up.*) Given me number three, an' all. I'll be all right jumping up and down i' middle o' yon bloody backs.

KENDAL. By God. (*Rubbing his hands at the fire.*) I wouldn't mind being on the bloody bench today. (*Pause.* LUKE *comes in: wearing a track-suit and baseball shoes and carrying a large hold-all, plus a large tin of vaseline;*

sets them down by the massage-table. A small, middle-aged man, perky, brisk, grey-haired.)

FIELDING. Nah, Lukey, lad. Got a drop o' rum in theer, then, have you?

LUKE. Aye. Could do with it today.

MORLEY. Lukey . . .

KENDAL. Lukey . . .

LUKE. Who's first on, then? (*Indicating the table.*) By Christ . . . (*Rubs his hands.*)

PATSY. My bloody shoulder . . .

LUKE. Aye. Right, then. Let's have a look. (*Rummaging in his bag, gets out crepe bandage.* PATSY *is stripped to his shirt by now; takes it off, hangs it and comes over in his vest and trousers; sits on the edge of the table for* LUKE *to strap it up.*)

MORLEY. Bloody ankle, Lukey . . .

LUKE. Aye. All right.

FIELDING. (*Examining* PATSY's *shoulder.*) By God, there's nowt theer, lad. Which shoulder wa're it?

MORLEY. Sprained it.

FIELDING. Sprained it.

MORLEY. Twisted it i' bed. (*They laugh.* PATSY *pays no attention; holds his elbow as if one shoulder gives him great pain.* HARRY *comes back in with remaining jerseys.*)

LUKE. Right, then, lad. Let's have it off. (*Having got out all his equipment, helps* PATSY *off with his vest.*)

KENDAL. (*To* MORLEY.) Look at that, then, eh? (*Shows him his tool-kit.*) Sand-paper . . . polisher . . . circular saw . . .

FIELDING. (*Stripping.*) What're you going to mek with that, then, Kenny?

KENDAL. Dunno . . . shelves.

MORLEY. What for?

KENDAL. Books.

FIELDING. (*Laughs.*) Thy's never read a bleeding book.

KENDAL. The wife reads . . . (MORLEY *laughs.*) Got

three or four at home. Cupboards . . . Any amount o' things . . . Pantry door. Fitments . . .

FIELDING. Fitments. (*They laugh; look over at* KENDAL; *he re-examines the tools inside the parcel.*)

MORLEY. T'only bloody fitment thy needs, Kenny . . . Nay, lad, thy weern't find wrapped up inside that box. (*They laugh;* FIELDING *sneezes.* KENDAL *begins to pack up his parcel.* HARRY *has gone out, having set the remaining jerseys. The door from the porch opens;* FENCHURCH, JAGGER *and* TREVOR *come in.* FENCHURCH *is a neatly groomed man, small, almost dainty; wears a suit beneath a belted raincoat. He carries a small holdall in which he keeps his boots; self-contained, perhaps even at times a vicious man.* JAGGER *is of medium height, but sturdy. He wears an overcoat, with an upturned collar, and carries a newspaper; perky, rather officious, cocky.* TREVOR *is a studious-looking man; wears glasses, is fairly sturdily built; quiet, level-headed; a schoolmaster.*)

FIELDING. Fenny.

MORLEY. Fenchurch.

FENCHURCH. Na' lad.

MORLEY. Jagger.

JAGGER. Come up in old Fenny's bleeding car . . . (*To* LUKE.) By God; nearly needed thee there, Lukey . . . Blind as a bloody bat is yon . . . Old feller crossing the bleedin' road; tips him up the arse with his bloody bumper.

FENCHURCH. He started coming backwards. In't that right, then, Trevor?

TREVOR. Aye. He seemed to.

LUKE. Did he get your name?

JAGGER. Old Fenny gets out of the bleedin' car . . . how much did you give him?

FENCHURCH. A bloody fiver.

TREVOR. A ten bob note.

JAGGER. The bloody miser . . .

TREVOR. Bends down, tha knows . . .

JAGGER. He picks him up . . .

TREVOR. Dusts down his coat . . .

JAGGER. Asks him how he was . . . Is that right? That's all you gave him?

FENCHURCH. Gone to his bloody head if I'd have given him any more. (*They laugh.*)

TREVOR. You told him who you were, though, Fen. (*Instructional.*)

JAGGER. Offers him his bloody autograph. (*They laugh.*)

MORLEY. I went up to Fenny's one bloody night . . . He said, 'I won't give you my address . . . just mention my name to anyone you see . . .' Stopped a bobby at the end of his bloody road; 'Could you tell me where Gordon Fenchurch lives? Plays on the wing for the bloody City?' *'Who?'* 'Fenchurch.' 'Fenchurch? Never heard of him.' (*They laugh.* FENCHURCH, *taking no notice of this, has merely got out his boots and begun to examine them.* HARRY *has come in with boots.*)

JAGGER. Ay up, ay up. Ay up. He's here. Look what the bloody ragman's brought. (WALSH *comes in; a large, somewhat commanding figure. He wears a dark suit with a large carnation in the button-hole. He enters from the offices, pausing in the door. He's smoking a cigar. His age, 35-40. Stout, fairly weather-beaten. There are cries and mocking shouts at his appearance: 'Ay up, ay up, Walshy,' 'What's this?'*)

WALSH. And er . . . who are all these bloody lay-abouts in here?

FIELDING. The bloody workers, lad. Don't you worry.

WALSH. I hope the floor's been swept then, Harry . . . Keep them bloody microbes off my chair . . . (*Comes in.*) Toe-caps polished with *equal* brightness, Harry . . . (*To* JAGGER.) I hate to find one toe-cap brighter than the next.

JAGGER. White laces.

WALSH. White laces. (HARRY *has set the boots down; goes out.*)

MORLEY. Where you been, then, Walshy?

WALSH. Been?

FIELDING. Been up in the bloody offices, have you? (*Gestures overhead.*)

WALSH. . . . Popped up. Saw the managing director. Enquired about the pitch . . . Asked him if they could *heat it up* . . . thaw out one or two little bumps I noticed. Sir Frederick's going round now with a box of matches . . . applying a drop of heat in all the appropriate places . . . Should be nice and soft by the time you run out theer.

FIELDING. Thy's not coming with us, then?

WALSH. Nay, not for bloody me to tell . . .

MORLEY. It's up to more important folk than Walsh . . .

WALSH. Not more important . . . more influential . . . (*Watching* TREVOR.) Saw you last week with one of your classes, Trev . . . Where wa're it, now, then. Let me think . . .

TREVOR. Don't know.

WALSH. Quite close to the Municipal Park . . . (*Winks to* JAGGER.) By God, some of the girls in that bloody school . . . how old are they, Trev?

TREVOR. Fourteen.

WALSH. Fourteen. Could have fooled me, old lad. Could have bloody well fooled me entirely. Old Trevor: guides them over the road, you know . . . *by hand.*

FENCHURCH. Where have you been, then, Washy?

WALSH. (*Conscious of his carnation quite suddenly, then cigar.*) Wedding.

JAGGER. A wedding.

WALSH. Not mine . . . Sister-in-law's as a matter of fact.

TREVOR. Sister-in-law?

WALSH. Married to me brother. Just got married a second time. Poor lass . . . Had to come away. Just got going . . . T'other bloody team's arrived . . .

JAGGER. Seen the bus? (*Gestures size, etc.*)

WALSH. Ran over me bloody foot as near as not . . .

'Be thy bloody head next, Walsh' . . . Said it from the bloody window! . . . Said, 'Bloody well get out theer and tell me then' . . . gesturing at the field behind. (*They laugh.*) Load o' bloody pansies. Tell it a glance . . . Off back theer, as a matter of fact. Going to give a dance . . . Thy's invited, Jagger, lad. Kitted out . . . Anybody else fancy a dance tonight? Champagne . . . (*Belches; holds stomach.*) I'll be bloody ill if I drink owt else . . .

LUKE. Thy doesn't want to let old Sandford hear you.

WALSH. Sandford. Sandford . . . Drop me from this team, old lad . . . I'd gi'e him half o' what I earned.

LUKE. One week's dropped wages and he's round here in a bloody flash.

WALSH. There was some skirt at that bloody wedding, Jagger . . . (*To* TREVOR.) Steam thy bloody glasses up, old lad.

JAGGER. You're forgetting now . . . Trevor here's already married.

WALSH. She coming to watch, then, Trev, old lad?

TREVOR. Don't think so. No.

WALSH. Never comes to watch. His wife . . . A university degree . . . what wa're it in?

TREVOR. Economics.

WALSH. Economics . . . (*To* FENCHURCH.) How do you fancy being wed to that, Fenchurch? (FENCHURCH *goes off through bath-entrance.*)

JAGGER. Wouldn't mind being married to bloody ought, wouldn't Fenny.

FIELDING. Tarts; should see the bloody ones he has. (WALSH *has warmed his hands, rubbing.*)

WALSH. Kenny; how's thy wife keeping, then, old lad?

KENDAL. All right.

WALSH. (*Looking in the parcel.*) Bought her a do-it-yourself kit, have you?

KENDAL. Bought it for meself.

MORLEY. Going to put up one or two shelves and cupboards . . . and what was that, now?

FIELDING. Fitments.

MORLEY. Fitments.

WALSH. By Christ; you want to be careful theer, old lad . . . Ask old Jagger. He's very keen on fitments.

LUKE. Come on, Walsh. You'll be bloody well still talking theer when it's time to be going out . . . Morley: let's have a bloody look, old lad. (HARRY *has come in with last boots.* LUKE *has strapped up* PASTY'S *shoulder.* PATSY *goes back to finish changing, easing his shoulder.* MORLEY *comes over to the bench; sits down on it, half-lying, his legs stretched out.* LUKE *examines his ankle; massages with oil; starts to strap it.* WALSH *boxes with* JAGGER *then goes over to his peg.*)

WALSH. How's thy fitments, Jagger? Sithee, Harry; I hope thy's warmed up Patsy's jersey.

MORLEY. Don't want him catching any colds outside . . . (*They laugh.* PATSY *has taken his jersey over to the fire to warm, holding it in front of him.*)

FENCHURCH. (*Returning.*) Seen that bloody bog?

JAGGER. Won't catch Sir Frederick, now, in theer.

FENCHURCH. Thy wants to get it seen to, Harry.

HARRY. Has been seen to . . .

WALSH. Alus go afore I come. Drop off at the bloody peek-a-boo . . . now what's it called?

JAGGER. Nude-arama.

WALSH. Best pair o' bogs this side o' town . . . Lukey, gi'e us a rub, will you, when I'm ready? (*Slaps* LUKE'S *shoulder then backs up to the fire, elbowing* PATSY *aside.* LUKE *is strapping* MORLEY'S *ankle.*)

MORLEY. Good Christ . . . go bloody steady. (*Winces.*)

LUKE. Does it hurt?

MORLEY. Too tight.

TREVOR. (*Watching.*) Don't worry. It'll ease up. (HARRY *goes off.*)

FIELDING. (*Calling.*) What've you got on this afternoon, then, Jagger?

JAGGER. (*Looking at his paper.*) A fiver.

FIELDING. What's that, then?

JAGGER. Two-thirty.

WALSH. I've got bloody 'Albatross'.

JAGGER. You what?

WALSH. Seven to one.

JAGGER. You've never.

WALSH. What you got, then?

JAGGER. 'Little Nell.' (HARRY *has come in with shoulder-pads and tie-ups.*)

WALSH. 'Little Nell.' Tripped over its bloody nose-bag . . . now, when wa're it . . .

JAGGER. See thy hosses home, old lad.

WALSH. About ten hours after the bloody start. (*They laugh.* HARRY *is taking shoulder-pads to* JAGGER, PATSY, FENCHURCH, *dropping the tie-ups for the stockings on the floor, then giving the last of the shoulder-pads to* STRINGER. SANDFORD *has come in through the office door. He's a man of about 40, medium build; he wears an overcoat, which is now open, and carries a programme with one or two papers clipped to a pen. Stands for a moment in the door, sniffing: the others notice him but make no comment, almost as if he wasn't there.*)

SANDFORD. I can smell cigar smoke . . . (*Looks round.*) Has somebody been smoking bloody cigars? (WALSH, *back to the fire, is holding his behind him.*)

JAGGER. It's Harry, Mr. Sandford. He's got one here.

WALSH. That's not a bloody cigar he's got, old lad.

HARRY. I don't smoke. It's not me. Don't worry. (*They laugh.*)

MORLEY. Come on, now, Harry. What's thy bloody got? (HARRY *avoids them as* JAGGER *sets at him, goes.*)

SANDFORD. (*To* WALSH.) Is it you, Ken?

WALSH. Me?

FIELDING. Come on, now, bloody Walsh. Own up.

WALSH. Wheer would I get a bloody cigar? (*Puts the cigar in his mouth; approaches* SANDFORD.) I was bloody well stopped five quid this week. Thy never telled me . . . What's it for, then, Sandy?

SANDFORD. Bloody language.

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