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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

THE SAME DEEP WATER AS ME

by Nick Payne

SAMUEL FRENCH

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FIRST PERFORMANCE

The first performance of *The Same Deep Water as Me* took place on 6 August 2013 at the Donmar Warehouse, London with the following cast and creatives:

Andrew Eagleman	Daniel Mays
Barry Patterson	Nigel Lindsay
Kevin Needleman	Marc Wootton
Jennifer Needleman	Niky Wardley
Anne/Georgina	Monica Dolan
Guy/Judge Jessup	Peter Forbes
Terri/Attendant	Joanna Griffin
Isabella Reynolds	Isabella Laughland

Director	John Crowley
Sets and costumes	Scott Pask
Lighting	Peter Mumford
Sound	Christopher Shutt
Production Stage Manager	Anna Cole

CHARACTERS

ANDREW EAGLEMAN, 30s
GILLY WHITWORTH (Voice only)
BARRY PATERSON, 55
STEVE BEERS (Voice only)
KEVIN NEEDLEMAN, 30s
ANNE GUNN, 40
GUY HAINES, 40
TERRI, under 20
JENNIFER NEEDLEMAN, 30s
GRAHAM EAGLEMAN (Voice only)
GEORGINA BURNS, 40
JUDGE JESSUP, 50
ISABELLA REYNOLDS, 22
ATTENDANT

Anne and Georgina could be played the same actress.
Guy and Jessup could be played by the same actor.
Terri and Attendant could be played by the same actress.

ONE

Autumn. Scorpion Claims, an extremely warm day. **ANDREW**, *seated at a desk, is transcribing an interview, from a Dictaphone, onto a desktop computer. A reasonably sized desk fan whirs away.*

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* We'd just had him neutered.

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Right.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* It was his first time out of the house. We wanted to take him somewhere he knew. Somewhere recognisable. Somewhere we hoped he wouldn't feel, say, too intimidated.

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Of course.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* He was in his element.

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Great.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* We'd never seen him move so fast. Eventually, of course, fatigue starts to set in. You're wearing me out, I said. I'm going to have to take a little break. He moaned, of course. Panting, trying to charge off. I need to eat my sandwiches, I said. I'd made the sandwiches in a bit of hurry – It's funny what you remember, isn't it?

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Mmm.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* I'd completely forgotten to butter the bread. I started feeding Harry the bread and at that point, at that point almost exactly, I felt this enormous great *thud*.

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Blimey.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* Right on top of my head. I couldn't believe it. I felt dizzy almost immediately.

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Dizzy.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* Harry started barking – I think he knew that I had been injured. A young couple came running over. I touched my head with the tips of my fingers and there was blood. Not much, but enough to know that something was up.

ANDREW *(via Dictaphone)* Okay.

GILLY *(via Dictaphone)* The young couple who came over to help me sat me down on the grass. The girl helped calm Harry down.

At some point during the above, the desk fan stops working. **ANDREW** *bangs the fan itself a couple of times. Nothing.* **ANDREW** *stops the Dictaphone.* **ANDREW** *inspects the fan. Shakes it. Nothing.* **ANDREW** *clambers beneath the desk to inspect the plug. After a moment, enter* **BARRY**. **BARRY** *carries a large brown cardboard box.* **BARRY** *is extremely sweaty and out of breath. Beat. The underside of the box suddenly gives way and its contents – flyers – go everywhere.*

BARRY Fuck a duck.

ANDREW *emerges from underneath the desk.*

ANDREW Alright?

BARRY Been to the printers.

ANDREW Oh yeah.

BARRY Yeah. Got the new flyers. Exhausted. Sweating like a fucking dyslexic on "Countdown".

ANDREW *moves to* **BARRY** *and the pair begin to gather up the flyers.*

ANDREW Indian Summer innit.

BARRY Not anymore 's not. Reckon y'gotta call it "Native American Summer" these days.

ANDREW Did we ask for green?

BARRY What's that?

ANDREW They're green, 's that what we asked for?

BARRY Colour of the scorpion.

ANDREW Is it?

BARRY 'cording to Neil.

ANDREW Neil?

BARRY Did the flyers.

ANDREW Reckons they're green?

BARRY Well some of 'em have gotta be.

ANDREW Right.

BARRY Darwin and that.

ANDREW It says tail.

BARRY What's that?

ANDREW I thought we'd agreed it should say tale?

BARRY You've lost me.

ANDREW As in L E? I thought we'd said that it should say—

BARRY I thought it was tail as in tail. As in the tail of the scorpion.

ANDREW That's what I'm saying.

BARRY Right.

ANDREW D'you see what I'm saying?

BARRY No.

ANDREW I thought we'd agreed that it should say tale as in L E. As in, "Scorpion Claims: We'll find the sting in the tale". It's a play on words. Tale as in story. "We'll find the sting in the *tale"* as in we'll find the sting in the *story*.

BARRY *inspects a flyer.*

BARRY Fuck's sake.

ANDREW Don't worry about it.

BARRY Thing is.

ANDREW Go on.

BARRY Pretty big order.

ANDREW Go on.

BARRY Neil said he'd do us a deal.

ANDREW Bet he fucking did. How many?

BARRY Ten.

ANDREW Ten?

BARRY Boxes.

ANDREW How many's in a box?

BARRY Thousand.

ANDREW Barry, you tryina give me a fucking heart attack.

BARRY Get ten percent off. Order ten thousand, get ten percent off. Shall I bin 'em?

ANDREW Bin 'em?

BARRY Take 'em down charity shop.

ANDREW Fucking hell, Barry. No. We're not gonna bin 'em. And we're certainly not gonna give 'em to fucking Oxfam.

Beat.

Fan's on the blink.

BARRY What's that?

ANDREW Fan. 's fucked.

BARRY Tried turning it on and off?

ANDREW Nothing.

BARRY 'kin hell. Fucking roasting.

ANDREW Might nip to Greggs, fancy anything?

BARRY Already been. Thanks.

ANDREW Sly fucker.

BARRY Needed to re-hydrate. Got you a Yum Yum somewhere *(***BARRY** *checks his pockets)*.

ANDREW How's Neve?

BARRY Yeah, not bad. Says hello.

ANDREW How's her eye?

BARRY 'Parently 's not infectious anymore.

ANDREW That's a relief. D'you get anything else?

BARRY Maybe.

ANDREW Go on.

BARRY Steak Bake.

ANDREW Barry, you dark fucking horse. How was it?

BARRY Yeah, magic t'be honest with ya.

ANDREW *moves to a desk, gathers his keys, etc.*

ANDREW Back in a bit.

Buzzer goes. **ANDREW** *and* **BARRY** *freeze, as it were.*

Hold the phone. You got anyone coming in?

BARRY *(shakes his head)*

Buzzer goes.

ANDREW Right. Shit. Look sharp, Barry.

ANDREW *perhaps straightens his tie a little. Exit* **ANDREW**. *Buzzer goes again, slightly more sustained.*

BARRY *moves to the desk fan.* **BARRY** *tries pressing the fan's various buttons. Nothing.* **BARRY** *shakes the fan.* **BARRY**, *again, tries the fan's various buttons. Nothing.* **BARRY** *kneels down and attempts to inspect the plug. Enter* **ANDREW** *and* **KEVIN**.

Kevin Needleman this is Barry Paterson. Barry specialises in clinical negligence.

KEVIN Hiya Barry, alright.

BARRY Hello Kevin, good to meet ya.

ANDREW Kevin and I were at school together.

KEVIN He was a right little shit.

BARRY Some things never change.

ANDREW Not seen each other for years.

KEVIN Gotta be ten, eleven, at least.

BARRY Blimey.

KEVIN Thought you was living in London?

ANDREW I am. Was. Moving about.

BARRY Walker fucking Texas Ranger.

KEVIN 'Member Jordan saying you was in Arsenal?

ANDREW There or thereabouts, yeah.

KEVIN Bit of trek? Arsenal to Luton.

ANDREW Be surprised. So what can we—

KEVIN The one that got away, eh?

ANDREW So what can we do for ya, Kevin?

KEVIN Doesn't hang around, does he?

BARRY Can we get you something to drink, Kevin?

KEVIN Love a cup of tea.

BARRY What d'you fancy? There's organic green; white with pomegranate; ginger and lemongrass; cranberry, strawberry and raspberry; organic rose, chamomile and lavender; dragonfly yellow or Japanese popcorn.

KEVIN Fucking hell.

ANDREW Barry did a course.

BARRY Cornwall.

KEVIN I'll be honest with ya, Barry, I'm a bit out of m'depth here mate.

BARRY Popcorn?

KEVIN Yeah, go on then why not, fuck it.

Exit **BARRY**.

Is that... 's not... Barry as in...

ANDREW Go on.

KEVIN 's not Barry as in linesman Barry, is it?

ANDREW It is, yeah.

KEVIN Fuck me, he's changed.

ANDREW Has he?

KEVIN 'Member his Mrs. Fuck me; she definitely woulda got it. How's she looking these days?

ANDREW She uh... She passed on.

KEVIN That is a fucking tragedy.

Beat.

Boulders reckoned he saw you, you know.

ANDREW Oh yeah.

KEVIN In Greggs, coupla weeks ago. Reckoned he saw you chatting to that bird behind the counter.

ANDREW Neve.

KEVIN I said to him, I said, you reckon you saw Andrew-fucking-Eagleman. I said, Boulders, I said, you need y'fucking head read, mate. Eagleman bolted years ago, I said. Might text him actually.

KEVIN *goes to get out his phone.*

ANDREW So what can we do for ya, Kevin?

KEVIN Well. Bit embarrassing to be honest with ya. In an accident, coupla weeks ago. Tesco van. One of them little ones.

ANDREW I'm sorry to hear that.

KEVIN Yeah, thanks. Anyway, I was, was speaking to a mate of mine. Robin Hillson? Karate Robin? Sneezed that time and his eye came out? Anyway Karate was saying similar thing happened to him. And he was saying that he put in one of these claims. One of these no-win-no-fee setups.

Enter **BARRY** *with tea.*

BARRY Here we are.

BARRY *hands* **KEVIN** *tea.*

Here's to it.

BARRY *and* **KEVIN** *sip their tea.*

KEVIN Fuck me.

BARRY What d'ya reckon? Mixture of green tea and sweetened corn. Japanese rave about it.

KEVIN Fucking speechless to be honest with ya, Barry. *(To* **ANDREW***)* Are you not a-partaking in the tea?

ANDREW I'm alright.

KEVIN Fuckin hell. That's me done for the day, that is.

ANDREW Kevin was just asking about no-win-no-fee.

KEVIN Tesco van pranged inta the back of us.

BARRY Nightmare. Whatever happened to every little 'elps.

KEVIN Was saying to Andrew, similar thing happened to a mate of mine.

BARRY Right.

KEVIN Reckoned he did the whole no-win-no-fee; ended up with, like, ten, twelve grand.

BARRY Depends on how you wanna approach it.

KEVIN How d'ya mean?

ANDREW Were you travelling alone?

KEVIN Wife and daughter.

BARRY They alright?

KEVIN Yes and no; bit o'this bit o'that.

BARRY How about the car?

KEVIN How d'ya mean?

BARRY Much damage?

KEVIN Yeah, fair bit of damage. Bumper, brake lights. Look I'm gonna be honest: can't afford to pay anything up front, thass the thing.

BARRY Right.

KEVIN Thass why this no-win thing sounds like a good idea, d'ya know what I mean?

ANDREW We do.

KEVIN Only pay if we win, right?

BARRY In effect.

ANDREW If we pursue your claim on a no-win-no-fee basis, Kevin, if your claim is then successful, myself and Barry would simply expect to receive our standard fee. And then on top of our standard fee, we would also expect to receive

what we call an uplift or success fee. This tends to be around 12–15% of the standard fee.

BARRY But that's jumping the gun a little.

KEVIN What happens if we get nothing?

ANDREW Then I'm afraid we all walk away empty handed.

KEVIN Do we have to go to court?

ANDREW These sorts of claims very rarely make it to trial, if at all. For the sake of argument though, let's say we are, for instance, requested to attend a two day trial—

KEVIN I don't wanna do *A Few Good Men*.

ANDREW Come again?

KEVIN "You can't handle the truth".

ANDREW Right, no. 's nothing like that. Civil trials are really informal. No ones tryina catch anyone out.

KEVIN So how does it work?

ANDREW Well, if you would like us to pursue your claim, the first thing that we would do would be to take a statement from yourself.

BARRY Then we'd bung that in the post to Tesco.

ANDREW And then everyone crosses their fingers.

KEVIN Thass it?

BARRY More or less.

KEVIN When d'you wanna do the statement?

ANDREW We could do it now if you've—

BARRY Bit snowed under at the moment actually, Kevin. But why don't we take y'number and then one of us'll give you a ring to sort out a consultation. How's that sound?

KEVIN Great, yeah.

ANDREW *passes* **KEVIN** *a small notepad and a pen.*

ANDREW Why don't you pop your details on there?

KEVIN *writes down his home and mobile telephone numbers. Whilst* **KEVIN** *is doing so,* **ANDREW** *silently attempts to gesture/mouth to* **BARRY**, *"why didn't you want to take his statement now?".*

KEVIN You read that alright?

BARRY Thass perfect.

ANDREW *holds out a hand for shaking.*

ANDREW Been great to see you, Kevin.

KEVIN Yeah, likewise.

KEVIN *turns to shake* **BARRY***'s hand.*

Barry.

BARRY Cheers, Kevin.

KEVIN You'll be in touch.

ANDREW We'll be in touch.

KEVIN *quickly downs the remainder of his tea, gasps with delight—*

KEVIN God bless the fucking Japanese.

KEVIN *exits. Beat.*

ANDREW You alright?

BARRY Never been better.

ANDREW How come y'didn't fancy getting a statement—

BARRY Got a lot on.

ANDREW Like what?

BARRY That fan's not gonna fix itself.

ANDREW Right.

ANDREW *and* **BARRY** *move to their desks. Beat.*

BARRY Not sure I trust him.

ANDREW Seemed alright.

BARRY Not sold.

ANDREW How so?

BARRY Convenient innit. Happened to a mate, then he gets bumped; not sold.

ANDREW Hairy muff.

ANDREW *fiddles with the fan a little further.* **BARRY** *watches as* **ANDREW** *perhaps grows a little frustrated.* **ANDREW** *stands.*

Goina Greggs. I will say this though, Barry: as beggars, can we be choosers?

BARRY Who says we're beggin'?

Exit **ANDREW**. **BARRY** *begins to open a letter. The fan suddenly whirs into life;* **BARRY** *watches.*

A week or so later. Scorpion Claims, sunset. Another hot, barmy day. **KEVIN**, *seemingly a little drunk. After a moment, enter* **ANDREW** *with a cup of coffee.* **ANDREW** *hands coffee to* **KEVIN**. *A telephone begins to ring.* **ANDREW** *hits the "Speakerphone" button.*

ANDREW Scorpion Claims, Andrew speaking.

STEVE *(via phone)* Yeah hello Andrew, it's Steve Beers.

ANDREW Hello Steve, how are you, good to hear from you.

STEVE *(via phone)* I'm well, thanks. How are you?

ANDREW Busy, Steve, I'll be honest with you. We are bu*sy*.

STEVE *(via phone)* That's good.

ANDREW Never too busy for you, though, Steve. What can we do for ya?

STEVE *(via phone)* Well. I just. I wanted to call because. In all honesty, I'm afraid I'm beginning to wonder whether a little cut, my little cut, is really worth all this fuss?

Beat.

Hello?

ANDREW Yeah. Still here, Steve.

STEVE *(via phone)* I was talking to a friend of a friend recently —

ANDREW Right.

STEVE *(via phone)* He's a solicitor—

ANDREW Steve, can I be honest with you? And don't take this the wrong way will you, Steve.

STEVE *(via phone)* Do my best.

ANDREW Your confidence has taken a bit of a knock, hasn't it? These last few months.

STEVE *(via phone)* Has it?

ANDREW You called it a little cut, didn't you?

STEVE *(via phone)* Well, it's just, the more I think about it—

ANDREW Does it feel little when people aren't listening to a word y'saying?

STEVE *(via phone)* When they're what, sorry?

ANDREW Does it feel little when passing strangers feel the need to look the other way?

STEVE *(via phone)* Passing strangers?

ANDREW Because we're not just talking about physical scarring here are we, Steve?

STEVE *(via phone)* Aren't we?

ANDREW How's the love life, Steve?

STEVE *(via phone)* Love life?

ANDREW You're single, right?

STEVE *(via phone)* Possibly.

ANDREW I mean I don't wanna point the finger, but Gillette have got an awful lot to answer for. D'you see what I'm saying, Steve?

STEVE *(via phone)* Not really.

ANDREW Your confidence, Steve. Your confidence has taken a real blow.

STEVE *(via phone)* Has it?

ANDREW We're talking psychological. Not literal scarring, Steve, but psychological. All because of one faulty razor. Personally, if it were me—

STEVE *(via phone)* Andrew, look, I appreciate your—

ANDREW I bet you used to be a right ladies' man.

STEVE *(via phone)* I'm gay.

ANDREW Exactly; man's man.

STEVE *(via phone)* Andrew, look, I really appreciate everything you've done—

ANDREW Steve, listen to me mate: I can't tell you how busy it is down here. There are literally not enough hours in the day. We are snowed under.

STEVE *(via phone)* As I say though, Andrew—

ANDREW This isn't just about one faulty razor, Steve. What if it had been a child? What if it had been a little girl?

STEVE *(via phone)* Why would a little girl be shaving?

ANDREW The point I'm trying to make, Steve—

STEVE *(via phone)* Andrew, Andrew, please—

ANDREW Sorry, Steve, y'breaking up—

STEVE *(via phone)* Andrew—

ANDREW Steve? Steve, are you there?

STEVE *(via phone)* I'm right here.

ANDREW Oh no.

ANDREW *hangs up. Beat.*

KEVIN You remember when we was kids and we bunked off school that time? Year ten. We was stood at the bus stop and you learned over to me and you said, *(whispers)* I've got a porno, let's sack this off. I was fucking terrified. Started fucking sweating. And then the fucking *schoolbus* pitches up and you're all like, mate, come on, 's fucking win-win. So we do. We sack it off and we go to my mum's place. And we put it on. And I mean we're talking VHS, we're talking old school porno. We're talking top-loader; proper old school 'taches and tassels. And it's weird, innit? But we're both sat there with a coupla teenage boners. 's like Kevin and Perry. And then the door goes; the front fucking door. And I'm like a fucking lemur, like a fucking leopard, fucking bounding up and tryina rip that bloody video outta that machine. But we're busted, we are completely fucking—

ANDREW Yeah I remember.

KEVIN You remember?

ANDREW I remember.

KEVIN My mum was fucking livid. Mean she was livid when you were there, but when you left, Jesus Christ, suddenly she was all fucking, You little f-ing this, you conniving f-ing that.

ANDREW Kevin mate—

KEVIN But no look listen I'm serious cause I'm saying: wasn't it fucking thrilling. I always think of that y'know. No don't look at me like that I'm serious. That was one of the best fucking days of my life no word of a lie. Now Andrew I'm gonna say something and I want you to keep y'shit together while I do. I wasn't in an accident. Somebody was, just not me. I paid 'em, they had a prang, and then I came here.

ANDREW 'S this a wind-up?

KEVIN Deadly fucking serious.

KEVIN *slurps his coffee.*

ANDREW Bullshit.

KEVIN Cross my heart and hope to die.

ANDREW Careful what you wish for.

KEVIN Blimey, thass a bit dark.

KEVIN *slurps his coffee.*

I wanna start a business. Of sorts.

ANDREW Kevin mate, I dunno how much you've had to drink—

KEVIN I'm serious I'm serious—

ANDREW 's late, I gotta get a move on.

KEVIN Listen, listen. Come on. There's this bloke called Bruno—

ANDREW Bruno?

KEVIN Yeah Bruno.

ANDREW Mate he's having you on; nobody's called fucking Bruno anymore.

KEVIN Bruno Alves, Bruno Tonioli. Bruno Mars.

ANDREW I'm not interested.

KEVIN Y'haven't even heard what I've gotta say?

ANDREW Thanks for coming down, Kevin.

KEVIN Don't be like that, don't be like that. Come on. Let's call him Dave, fuck it, we'll call him Dave. I've got this mate Dave and he knows everything there is to know about car crashes. He knows how to orchestrate 'em, he knows how to fake 'em and he knows how to make 'em up. He's got this whole network of people. But I'll be honest, I will be honest with you Andrew, he's a grade A plonker. Thick as

thieves, fucking literally mate. But he's told me everything. He has told me absolutely bloody everything there is to know about it. So I went through him once to see how he did it and credit where credit's due, he did an alright job. An' now I've got the knowledge—

ANDREW How did he do it?

KEVIN Mean the accident?

ANDREW How'd he pull it off?

KEVIN Two cars; Bruno *(corrects himself) Dave* out in front, mate of his in the second.

ANDREW Who?

KEVIN Doesn't matter, some bloke. Key fing is, second car is my car. So they line up in front of this Tesco van and when they get to the roundabout, Dave out in front brakes, bloke in the second car, my car, does the same, and the fucking Tesco van goes inta the back o'my fucking car. Bruno *(corrects himself) Dave* drives off, he has nothing to do w'it, and the bloke using my car gets out and hands over a bit of paper w'my fucking insurance details on it. We *(meaning he and* **ANDREW***)* put in the claim, Bruno's happy-as-Larry; no harm done.

ANDREW Why d'you wanna do it?

KEVIN Mate look at me, I'm fucking skint. Business is fucking nose-diving, yet another fucking baby's on the way—

ANDREW Get a loan.

KEVIN If only. I've tried. You think I haven't tried?

ANDREW I dread to think what you've tried.

KEVIN 's the climate. Everyone's battlin' it; fucking fiscal cliff, mate, and I'm hanging off the fucking edge. Listen I'm not talking old ladies and little kids. I'm talking people who can afford it. Fucking delivery vans, all that lot. Supermarkets. Fucking tax dodgers. We find 'em, we follow 'em and we

prang 'em. You know one pound in every fucking eight is spent in Tesco's. Saw that on fucking *QI*. And I don't even like *QI*, mate, but I saw that and I thought: thass not right.

ANDREW Then stop going to Tesco's.

KEVIN You think I can afford Tesco's? I'm a Morrisons man.

ANDREW Can't stand Morrisons. Smells weird.

KEVIN Mate: tell me about it.

Beat.

ANDREW Even if this were something I was interested in, which by the way it isn't, this is Barry's firm, 's not up to me.

KEVIN Who said anything about telling Barry?

ANDREW Barry's like a hawk.

KEVIN Seems like a fucking teddy bear t'me.

ANDREW I'm not lying to him.

KEVIN Who said anything about lying?

ANDREW *(beat)* You did.

KEVIN Did I?

ANDREW Just now.

KEVIN What could you possibly be referring to?

ANDREW ?

KEVIN *playfully mimes "zipping" up his mouth. A telephone begins to ring. Answerphone kicks in.*

BARRY *(voice)* Thanks for calling Scorpion Claims. I'm sorry that neither myself nor my associate Andrew are here to take your call, but do please leave us a message and we'll get back to you as soon as we can.

Beep.

STEVE *(voice)* Yeah hello Andrew it's Steve Beers here again. Uhhhm, Andrew I'm really sorry about this – you've been really – you really have – and I appreciate everything you've – but I think – for what it's worth, my instinct is that I'm going to pursue my claim elsewhere. I'm sorry, Andrew. Anyway, I'll...

STEVE *hangs up.* **KEVIN** *finishes his coffee, downing it.*

KEVIN Time for one more?

A month or so later. Scorpion Claims, night. **KEVIN, GUY** *and* **ANNE.** *No light, except for any light that is spilling in from outside. Beat.*

ANNE Little old lady goes into HSBC and she says she wants to open a savings account. Person behind the counter says how much and the little old lady says three million quid. Person behind the till, the counter understandably looks a little befuddled and she says in what form is the money? Little old lady slams a great big bag on the counter and says cash. Person behind the counter understandably thinks this all sounds a little fishy and goes to get the manager. Manager comes out, says hello to the little old lady and asks her where she got all this money. Little old lady says gambling; says I got it all from gambling. Gambling, says the bank manager, what sort of gambling? All sorts says the little old lady, anything and everything she says. I'll give you an example: I bet you that by midday tomorrow your balls will be square. Hundred grand, four-to-one odds. Bank manager says alright. Easy money he thinks. Sure enough, little old lady pitches up the following day accompanied by some bloke. Bank manager greets her and says who's this? Little old lady says it's my lawyer; for a bet this big I'd rather have him present. Bank manager says I'm sorry to say my balls are indeed still round. Little old lady says not so fast; I'm sure you won't begrudge me double checking. Bank manager shrugs, undoes his belt and drops his trousers. Little old lady takes a hold of his balls and says

you win, they're definitely not square. At that very moment, the little old lady's lawyer begins banging his head against the wall over and over. As the bank manager is pulling up his trousers, he says to the little old lady what's wrong with him, your lawyer, why's he banging his head against the wall? Well, says the little old lady—

Enter **ANDREW**, *with a torch.*

ANDREW Must be the power, definitely not the fuse.

ANDREW *picks up a telephone and places the receiver against his ear; it's dead.*

Power. Bollocks.

KEVIN Don't worry about it.

ANDREW Is everyone warm enough?

GUY Fine. Thanks.

ANNE Toasty.

ANDREW Why don't we go around and introduce ourselves?

KEVIN What?

ANDREW Say who we are and where we're from.

KEVIN Alright Cilla, fucking hell. "Number one: what's yer name and where d'ya come from..!"

ANDREW It's polite.

KEVIN No, yeah, mean – Just messing around.

ANNE *takes the torch from* **ANDREW** *and holds it just below her face.*

ANNE My name's Anne. Black cab driver and life-long Tory hater. Live in Batford. Husband's just been made redundant. Three daughters. *(Luton Town)* Come on you Hatters.

ANNE *passes the torch to* **GUY**.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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