

CHARLIE: Bangers and mash.

*FRANCIS does a look to the audience as if to say my prayers have been answered.*

FRANCIS: (*Aside.*) Sausage and mash in an envelope?! I've just seen the future.

CHARLIE: It's cockney rhyming. Bangers and mash – Cash.

FRANCIS: Agh! It's not food then?!

CHARLIE: It's the two hundred folding for your guvnor. Don't let me down.

FRANCIS: WHEN AM I GOING TO EAT!

*CHARLIE exits. Enter STANLEY.*

STANLEY: Henshall! Did you find your friend, Paddy?

FRANCIS: Er... I've arranged to meet him later, on the pier.

STANLEY: What's this?

FRANCIS: It's an envelope full of money, for my guvnor.

STANLEY: I'm your governor.

FRANCIS: You are, aren't you. Go on, take it. I don't care any more.

STANLEY: Must be that pawnbroker down the road. Did he have a hearing aid, a wig, and a glass eye?

FRANCIS: For sale?

STANLEY: No, as functioning parts of his anatomy.

FRANCIS: He was wearing a hat.

STANLEY: I left a pocket watch with him, earlier. I like Brighton! Pubs with food, cash delivered, it's a better kind of England!

FRANCIS: I'm going to go in now and get on with your ironing.

STANLEY: Initiative. I like it.

FRANCIS: I thought we'd already agreed I'd iron your shirts.

STANLEY: No. But have a go. I never understood how irons work. I bunked off physics, spent every lesson in the radiation cupboard trying to make my penis glow.

*They go in.*

*End of Scene.*

## SCENE THREE

*CHARLIE CLENCH's house. CHARLIE. PAULINE is crying.*

PAULINE: I can't marry that tiny, weird looking, vicious, homosexual short arsed, runt of a criminal.

CHARLIE: Why not, what you got against him?

PAULINE: I want to marry for love.

CHARLIE: Trust me. You don't wanna marry for love! When your muvver... (*Breaks up slightly.*) ...when she left me I...I... (*Breaks up.*) –

PAULINE: – Don't upset yourself, dad. What you tryna say?

CHARLIE: I'm tryna say that love passes through marriage quicker than shit through a small dog.

PAULINE: But I love Alan.

CHARLIE: Marry Roscoe and you get a detached house in Debden. In the forest. A mile long drive.

PAULINE: From where?

CHARLIE: From the nearest public thoroughfare! He won't ever touch you. You just gotta go to the boxing on his arm, show the world he ain't a nine bob note, and at two grand a year he's paying you more than Bobby Moore is getting.

PAULINE: I didn't know he was living with Bobby Moore?

CHARLIE: (*Aside.*) They've tried, but they can't make bricks thicker.

Five years ago, you agreed to this agreement.

PAULINE: Five years ago I was young and stupid.

CHARLIE: So what's changed?

*DOLLY enters.*

DOLLY: Roscoe's back.

*PAULINE starts wailing. Enter RACHEL.*

CHARLIE: Hello Roscoe! Come in son. Did you get your bangers?

RACHEL: I did not get my bangers, No. And I didn't get no banker's draft neither. That's why I'm here.

CHARLIE: I give the bangers to that geezer of yours. Two hundred.

RACHEL: And the six thousand?

CHARLIE: Let's have lunch, at the Cricketers, I'll have it all signed off by then.

RACHEL: What's she singing about?

CHARLIE: This is her grieving for your death from three days ago. She's always a bit behind.

RACHEL: I'd like a word with her, if that's alright. Alone.

CHARLIE: Alright Roscoe. Take your time.

*CHARLIE exits.*

RACHEL: Pauline -

PAULINE: - Piss off! I hate you! You've ruined my life.

RACHEL: I know what would make you feel better.

PAULINE: You bleeding well touch me, and I'll scream!

RACHEL: I have a secret.

PAULINE: I don't want to know anything about your life, I wish you were dead.

RACHEL: *(Aside.)* I can't bear to see her suffer any longer.

I am dead.

PAULINE: Are you? No! Really? What's it like?

RACHEL: Roscoe Crabbe, my brother is dead.

PAULINE: You're Roscoe's brother?!

RACHEL: Sister.

PAULINE: I don't understand!

RACHEL: I'm Rachel, Roscoe's twin sister.

PAULINE: Oh yeah! They said he was one of two identical twins.

RACHEL: It is not possible for identical twins to be different sexes.

PAULINE: Why not?

RACHEL: Because one would be male and the other female.

PAULINE: I don't understand.

RACHEL: All you need to know is that I am a woman.

PAULINE: So, hang on, that means, I can't marry you, dunnit.

RACHEL: More importantly it means you can marry Alan.

PAULINE: Can I!?

RACHEL: In the near future.

PAULINE: I'd better go tell him.

*PAULINE makes for the door, but RACHEL stops her, grabbing her sleeve.*

RACHEL: No! My identity must remain a secret. I need your help.

PAULINE: I'll do anything to marry Alan. I love him.

RACHEL: I too am in love.

PAULINE: Really? With Alan?

RACHEL: No, with Stanley.

PAULINE: It's weird innit. Love. It's like being mad.