

STANLEY: Ah! Crêpe Suzette. Go on then. I love to watch
Grand Marnier burning.

Go on. You need more than that man! (*FRANCIS drops the
bottle spilling liquid onto the tray.*) Whoopsy daisy. (*FRANCIS
lights the liqueur.*) Look at that beautiful!

(*Flames shoot up everywhere.*)

FRANCIS/STANLEY: Fire! Fire!

(*CHRISTINE backs out from under the table. FRANCIS chucks a jug
of water over her. STANLEY gets a fire extinguisher and drenches
CHRISTINE from head to toe with foam. She stands there covered
in foam like an iced cake.*)

FRANCIS: Alright. Ladies and Gentlemen! Don't worry.
Nobody is injured.

(*Direct address.*) What I suggest we do is take a fifteen
minute interval here. You can have a drink. We're going
to fill out Health and Safety forms. But I did it, didn't I!
I served two guvnors, and they're still none the wiser,
and most important of all, I get to eat! See you in fifteen
minutes. Have a good interval!

Interval.

Act Two

SCENE ONE

*Round the back of CHARLIE CLENCH's house. The trading sign reads
- SCRAP METALS or CHARLIE CLENCH scrap metal - and a tag sign
reads Ferrous and non-Ferrous, Copper and York Stone. ALAN, arrives,
determined. He takes out a knife. Enter HARRY DANGLE.*

ALAN: Destiny. Destiny. Destiny. What is destiny? If you're
a bus, your destiny is the bus station. And if you talk to
buses, as I do, they tell you that their destiny is writ deep
in their bussy souls, it is inescapable, it is The Timetable.
Buses laugh at love. Ha! Love is fluff, very fluffy fluff,
destiny is steel.

He produces a kitchen knife.

DANGLE: Orlando?! What are you doing here?

ALAN: My honour has been fiddled with. I said I would return
and take my revenge - *et voilà!*

DANGLE: Where did you get that knife?

ALAN: Woollies.

DANGLE: Put it away boy. We, the educated classes, have
our own weapons; the law; contract; and my particular
specialism - *sesquipedalia verbis.*

ALAN: Words?

DANGLE: Not just words, words a foot and a half long.

ALAN: If *sesquipedalia verbis* fails, if Charlie refuses to allow me
to marry Pauline, tell him he will have this to deal with.

*He holds the knife out. ALAN exits. DANGLE knocks on the door.
CHARLIE opens it.*

CHARLIE: What?

DANGLE: Have the impediments before Alan's marriage to Pauline been removed as I demanded?

CHARLIE: No. And it ain't my fault. I thought Roscoe was dead.

During DANGLE's next speech CHARLIE tries to interrupt but fails.

DANGLE: Your precocious contract with Roscoe was initiated in order to facilitate a relationship of mutual expediency and as such is antithetical to the Judaeo-Christian and common law conception of marriage. The contract's legality is at best ephemeral and in resurrecting it, following Roscoe Crabbe's own miraculous resurrection, is a classic exemplar of Breach of Promise. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc.* [After this, therefore because of this.]

CHARLIE: What you trying to say?

DANGLE: You're up shit creek without a paddle!

CHARLIE: In my world there's a code. It ain't written down, there's no books, but it's a code, like the law. I ain't got no choice, but to abide by it.

DANGLE: On reflection I am not sure that I want my son to dive into the fetid pond that is your family. *(Exit DANGLE.)*

CHARLIE: Yeah, yeah. Pauline's gonna marry Roscoe and that's that. And I'll give you some Latin for a change. *Que sera sera!* *(Exit DANGLE. CHARLIE turns to go back indoors. Enter ALAN.)* Bugger me, it's Errol Flynn!

ALAN: Is it true?

CHARLIE: Yeah, it is true, yeah. What?

ALAN: Is Pauline to marry Roscoe Crabbe?

CHARLIE: That's right. Wait here, I'll get you a presents list.

ALAN draws the knife, nervously, a little embarrassed by its reality.

ALAN: Do not torment me! I am no longer responsible for my actions, I am dangerous, unpredictable, like a wasp in a shop window.

CHARLIE: Where did you get that knife?

ALAN: Woollies.

CHARLIE: What you gonna do with it sunshine?

ALAN: Don't push me! I can do it.

CHARLIE: No, you can't. 'Cause this is real, it ain't a play.

ALAN lunges towards CHARLIE, CHARLIE parries the knife bearing arm, they are in a clench with CHARLIE holding the knife arm, CHARLIE falls on to his back. CHARLIE is at the mercy of ALAN, who places the knife against CHARLIE's neck.

RACHEL: Alan?

ALAN: Don't come any nearer Roscoe! I will, I can!

RACHEL: Where did you get that knife?

ALAN: WOOLLIES!

She takes out a flick knife and flicks it open. It's cool, it's gangland, it's the real thing. She walks up to ALAN and places the point of the knife under his chin.

RACHEL: It ain't the knife that's dangerous. It's the owner. Throw that away.

ALAN: No. I came here to kill Charlie.

RACHEL: You don't want to kill Charlie, you want to kill me. But you can't because, in the split second it would take to raise your arm, my knife will be sorting out your tonsils. Or have you had your tonsils removed?

ALAN: No. I've still got them.

Enter PAULINE from the house.

PAULINE: Roscoe! Please, don't kill Alan, he don't mean no harm, he's only acting! Where'd yer - ... *(PAULINE, ostentatiously, looks at the knife.)*

ALAN: Woolworths! On the high street. Hardware and kitchens! *(ALAN, distraught at his own failure to act lets his knife go. RACHEL kicks it away.)*