

*Enter STANLEY STUBBERS. He is followed by a cab driver carrying one big trunk.*

DRIVER: That's as far as I'm going with this mate.

*The DRIVER puts the trunk down unceremoniously.*

The fare is five and six.

STANLEY: Oh Foot and Mouth! Don't be a bad egg about it!

*STANLEY gives him the money.*

DRIVER: I drive a taxi mate, I ain't Heracles.

STANLEY: It's a trunk. No one's asking you to hold up the sky for all eternity!

DRIVER: *Atlas* held up the sky. Heracles took over for five minutes so *Atlas* could go and get the golden apples from the Hesperides' garden.

*The taxi driver leaves. STANLEY spots FRANCIS.*

STANLEY: What's this pub like?

FRANCIS: Groundbreaking. It does food.

STANLEY: A pub? That does food?! Buzz-wam! Whoever thought of that? Wrap his nuts in bacon and send him to the nurse! What are the rooms like?

FRANCIS: World class.

STANLEY: Not that I care. I'm boarding school trained. I'm happy if I've got a bed, a chair, and no one pissing on my face. Could you do me a favour and keep a fag's eye on the trunk, whilst I see if they have any vacancies?

FRANCIS: How much?

STANLEY: Half a crown?

FRANCIS: *(Aside.)* HADDOCK AND CHIPS AND MUSHY PEAS!

Yeah, alright.

*STANLEY goes in to the pub. FRANCIS considers the trunk, and the task in hand. Enter an OLD LADY on sticks, struggling along. She looks, en passant, at the trunk.*

Don't even think about it.

*The OLD LADY heads off towards stage right, and then stops, turns and looks. FRANCIS lets out a war cry, and charges her. The OLD LADY picks her sticks up and runs off. FRANCIS's charge takes him offstage right. A VICAR walks on and inspects the abandoned trunk. A blood curdling scream from FRANCIS and he is projected on to the stage from stage right doing athletic full salto tumbling chasing the VICAR off into the wings stage left. FRANCIS walks back on, from stage left, straightening his tie. Enter STANLEY, acting secretively.*

STANLEY: *(Loud whisper.)* Do you know Brighton?

FRANCIS: *(Loud whisper.)* Can anyone ever know Brighton?

STANLEY: *(Loud whisper.)* I need, what they call in the guards, a batman. What's a decent drink for a geezer like you, for a day's graft?

FRANCIS: My current guvnor, that is my *previous* guvnor, used to pay me twenty pounds a week, at the end of the week, which is no use to me.

STANLEY: Why not?

FRANCIS: I have to EAT EVERY DAY!

STANLEY: I shall pay you five pounds per day

FRANCIS: *(To STANLEY.)* Alright guv, you're on.

STANLEY: Do you know where the main Post Office is in Brighton?

FRANCIS: *(Aside.)* I have absolutely no idea.

Oh yeah, it's next door to my Nan's.

STANLEY: There should be some post for me. You'll need this letter of authorisation.

*STANLEY gives FRANCIS a letter.*