

THE PUB SITTER'S REUNION

a British drama about Revenge

by Owen Lewis

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The Pub Sitter's Reunion

A play in one Act

Owen J.Lewis

Personae Dramatis

Darren Proctor 35...Pilot

Anton Lerue 35...Unemployed

Sophie Keegan 35...Fashion Blogger

Bill (*Stinker*) Stephens ...Landlord

The action takes place in 2020 in a pub deep into the Denbighshire Countryside near Llangollen.

The Action occurs all on the same evening and night of November 5th

The set comprises of a long bar (*Stage Left*) and there are tables and chairs set out as a pub might be. Set the centre table with wine glasses and napkins cutlery otherwise around the bar just use ordinary pub ephemera on the bar towels glasses bar mats etc.) The clock on the far wall is stuck at 10.55pm.

The opening scene is in the tap room of the Flying Druid pub in South Shropshire Sophie Keegan enters. She sits on a bar stool upstage left takes out her phone and checks her email she tries to get a signal to reply back. Her search is fruitless as there is no Wi-Fi or 4G she stands and holds the phone high, it doesn't work so she executes an hilarious arm raised signal dance, searching for a signal. She gets back to her stool and sits again. She puts her phone down and looks around the bar. She shows clear signs of impatience. She sees a bell on the bar and rings it annoyingly and impatiently many times. She sits at her stool for about a minute. During this minute she can improvise. Look around; knock on the counter with a coin or even shout a few random 'Hellos' to anyone that might be there. Outside the weather is foul, thunder and lightning and very heavy rain.

Sophie

Hello, Hello, (*Mobile Phone rings*) Hi Sophie Keegan, Yes that's right. I did send my article, didn't you receive it? Well I did send it. Yes I can, it was about the vermillion scarf, I said that this garment would look better as a dust-cloth for a decorator. Yes that's right. Look there is no WIFI or 4G so that will render me incommunicado. I can't send anything 'til Monday. Lucky we got this signal. It's weird I am literally in the middle of nowhere. What? Well tell them I am away; as I said earlier I am away until Monday and I don't need anyone calling

and bothering me. *(Softening tone)* Look Max I am on my secret weekend you know what the invite said: You read it. I am going to switch off now or it will drive me mad. Just for a couple of days. I will be back in the office on Monday probably; but if I am not, leave me be I am owed a shed load of time. Who knows what might happen? I love you too Max bye, bye bye now, yea ah yea bye. Oh Max for God's sake work it out for yourself for once Bye!

(She turns it off and throws it into her handbag and takes out a vape cigarette and makes much huffing and puffing as she is calming down after her fraught conversation.) (As she is hitting the bell on the counter again a man enters stage left and looks around. He comes to the bar and stands at the opposite end to Sophie. This is Darren Proctor. He reaches for the bell and Sophie stops him)

Sophie

No need I have rung it.

Darren

Ah OK thanks

(Awkward pause in fact this whole next sequence is to reflect the awkwardness two people can feel when obliged to make conversation)

Darren

Have you been waiting long?

Sophie

No.

Darren

Oh? Oh.

Sophie

Yeah

(Pause three beats and she rings the bell again. Darren jokingly by pretending his hands is a megaphone)

Darren

Hello, hello, hello?

Sophie

I have no idea where he is.

Darren

Never mind: It was quite a drive, pretty perilous; I need a minute to recover.

Sophie

I felt the same. That weather. It was bashing down. Scared me a bit.

Darren

Yes it was terrible. I saw a few fireworks on the way but this rain has ruined any bonfires. I take it you are not local either?

Sophie

No I have come up from Nottingham.

Darren

What, to all the way here: In the middle of nowhere?

Sophie

I got an invite.

Darren

Hey me too. Who's yours from?

Sophie

It is from a solicitor's office advising I attend. It intimates, but doesn't state clearly that it is my best interest to be here. Always one for a mystery. So here I am.

Darren

No way? Mine says the same.

(Sophie who thinks she spots the absent Landlord in the back....She holds her hand up to quieten Dave and ventures forth with two slow, ' Hellos'.)

Sophie

Sorry thought I saw the landlord then. Do go on, where have you come from?

Darren

I'm in Cardiff.

Sophie

Oh? How far is that?

Darren

Not too far it's South Wales and this is North Wales, probably about eighty miles I reckon.
How far is Nottingham?

Sophie

It took two hours so about a hundred and fifty I imagine. I stopped and had a break in Llangollen, looked at the river, I looked at some of the fireworks. But yes there were soggy Guy Fawkes looking relieved. Then had a Welsh scone and a cup of Welsh tea and here I am.
(She rings the bell and shouts again) Hello? Hello....

Darren

Welsh tea eh? What's that?

Sophie

The same as English only they put Welsh in front of it. *(She is amused a giggles a little)*

Darren

Oh, I am Darren by the way.

Sophie

Hi Darren, I am Sophie.

Darren

I wonder if we have been called here for the same thing? That would be a bit odd.

Sophie

What like it isn't odd already?

Darren

It is I suppose. It was a hell of a drive. Did you come over the top?

Sophie

Yes. It was really scary. It feels so other worldly here, don't you think?

Darren

I do. I felt it first about ten miles back. The weather was awful. I was about a mile or so away and there was a figure in the middle of the road. Hey was waving his arms and trying to get me to stop.

Sophie

I wouldn't stop for anyone up here. You never know who is lurking.

Darren

He might have just wanted a lift, but even so he would have been soaking and ruined my seats.

Sophie

I think you did the right thing Darren. So many people get attacked and robbed late at night. I wouldn't even stop to pick my Granny up.

Darren

Ha. I wouldn't pick any of my Grandparents up if they were trying to flag me down.

Sophie

Oh?

Darren

Thy have been dead for ten years at least.

Sophie

Ha, Let's ring again. *(She rings the bell)* Hello, shop....customers waiting. Hello.

(Bill Stephens, the Landlord appears behind the bar stares at Sophie and picks up the bell and retires to the back again)

Sophie

Did you see that?

Darren

I did see that. The bloody cheek of the man:

Sophie

What a rude man.

Darren

The rudest.

Sophie

So what now?

Darren

I don't know but I am not driving back.

Sophie

Nor me.

Darren

Well let's wait see what happens.

(Coming in from stage left we are joined by Anton Lerue he is carrying a large rucksack and is very wet. He enters, goes to a table and takes off his wet coat and hat they are soaking as is his hair and face.(NB. Best effect would be to tip a bucket over Anton just before entrance.) He makes quite a fuss of this and is looking at the other two with anger and suspicion in his eyes. He steps up to the bar and standing as queueing he stands behind Sophie and Darren a foot or so away from the bar)

Anton

Is there anyone serving?

Darren

No we've been waiting for a while.

Anton

Shocking night for Bonfire night.

Darren

Shocking.

Sophie

Shocking.

Anton

Yes Shocking. I got a soaking.

Darren

Oh.

Anton

(To himself but out loud) I might not have been but I couldn't get a lift. *(Pause for acknowledgement)* Yes, I was hitching, you know. *(Look through rucksack for a towel to dry off does so as he continues to speak.)* Nantwich to Chester, Chester to Wrexham, then a lift to Llangollen and I have walked more or less from there. *(Finish drying off by the end of speech put the towel away in rucksack)*

Darren

Oh?

Anton

Yes and just back there about three miles away, this bastard in a BMW not only didn't stop, but drove through a puddle in the gutter and soaked me.

Darren

No?

Sophie

That's not very nice.

Anton

No, no it isn't. Yes I was soaked...*(Leave it in the air for three beats)*

(The pause becomes almost painful)

Anton

Yes...soaking.....

Darren

Oh

Sophie

Some people are so inconsiderate. It happened to me once in Regent Street. I was up in London for a shopping trip. A huge bus ran straight through a puddle and I was drenched. I spent all day in soaking wet clothes it even went through my underwear. It's horrible.

Anton

It is and you're right. It is worse though when you see the car in the car park of where you were going to anyway.

Darren

Oh my God, I am so sorry, it was me. I didn't see you.

Anton

So it's your BMW in the car park?

Darren

Yes, what can I say?

Anton

Sorry, might be nice.

Darren

I did just say that but of course I am sorry. It was me. It wasn't on purpose I just didn't see you.

Anton

How do you know it was you then?

Darren

Well I do have a BMW and there isn't another in the car park. It looks like it could have been me. I am sorry.

Anton

Yea ...well apology accepted conditionally.

Darren

Conditionally?

Anton

Yes.

Darren

Name them. I sure can't fight you. You'd kill me. So what would you like, what's fair?

Anton

A pint of the local ale and a whisky chaser, to ward off the flu...you know.

Darren

A pint it will be: If he ever actually comes and serves us.

Anton

And a chaser!

Darren

And a chaser noted, Scottish?

Anton

Manx if they have it. If not either Welsh or American. Make it a double please.

Darren

(Calling to the absent landlord) Hallo...Hallo... Where the bloody hell is he?

Anton

Have you been waiting long?

Sophie

Forever.

Anton

Oh.

Darren

Look guys I'll get these go and sit down.

(Sophie and Anton go to the table downstage left and they sit down)

Anton

Sorry, I must have sounded so grumpy. I am not always like that.

Sophie

Oh that's OK. I would be pretty angry too.

Anton

Straight past me he went, splosh...One soaking Anton.

Sophie

(Giggles) Hello, one soaking Anton, I am Sophie.

Anton

Anton Lerue

Sophie

If you you have an older sister and a younger brother you could be Middle of Lerue.

(Giggles)

Anton

Eh?

Sophie

It was a joke sorry.

Anton

Oh ok.

(Anton has no time for humour and treats it disdainfully. Three beats and they both speak together)

Anton

Where are you from? Go on sorry.

Sophie

Have you come far?

Anton

No go on....you first

Sophie

Sorry I was going to ask if you if you have come far?

Anton

Nantwich; in Cheshire.

Sophie

Oh I am from Nottingham.

Anton

The actual city of Nottingham?

Sophie

Yes. Do you know it?

Anton

No. But we all know Robin of Sherwood and the Sheriff of Nottingham.

Sophie

Oh. Silly stories we sell the Americans and they love it. It's just boring now.

Anton

Do you know Nantwich in Cheshire?

Sophie

Don't you mean Northwich?

Anton

No, Nantwich. It is real. Played a big part in the Civil War you know.

Sophie

Oh well don't you just live and learn?

(3 Beats silence)

Sophie

Darren...any sign?

Darren

Nothing.

Anton

That's strange he must be busy elsewhere.

Sophie

Not busy enough to not take away the bell.

Anton

He did that?

Sophie

Yes. Not a word. He just came out of the back and he took it away. He looked daggers at us like we had done something disgusting on his floor and then he just vanished into the back again.

Anton

How odd.

(Darren is still at the bar...He is resigned to the fact that there is no Landlord coming anytime soon, so he crosses to the table and joins with Anton and Sophie.)

Darren

I might as well join you, whilst we wait. *(He sits)* I am truly sorry guess you could say it was pretty spooky, just so dark. Sorry friend. Proctor, Darren Proctor. *(They shake hands maybe slightly begrudgingly on Anton's part)*

Anton

Anton Lerue

Darren

Ha, remember Danny Lerue? Wonder if he was any relation to you? *(Chuckles alone)*

Anton

(Failing to spot any joke Anton stays deadpan) No, why?

Darren

Sorry I was having a joke.

Anton

Oh?

Sophie

(*Changing the subject*) Anton did you get an invite?

Anton

I did, I was too intrigued to ignore it. I think it might be a will reading.

Darren

Hang on if it was a will reading don't you think we would all know each other?

Sophie

Not necessarily although Anton looks slightly familiar.

Darren

It would take more than that. Anyway, has anybody lost any relations lately?

Anton

I lost my Mum in Sainsbury's once. Took ages to find her. I think she was in the crisps aisle, looked all over.

Darren

No not that I mean has anyone actually *lost* someone?

Sophie

No not me. The last to pass was my Gran back in 2015

Darren

I haven't lost anyone since 1999

Anton

Nor me. (*Pause 2 beats*) So it isn't that then; unless we all come from a massive extended family and a rich Uncle just died?

Sophie

That only happens in books.

Anton

I know and if it did it wouldn't happen to me that's for sure.

Darren

When it comes down to it, I don't have that kind of luck either.

Sophie

Luck can change.

Anton

Mine doesn't

Darren

Copy that!

Sophie

Well maybe it's a test from our employers?

Anton

I haven't got a job

Sophie

You haven't got a job? How on earth do you live?

Anton

Frugally.

(Bill Stephens now appears from behind the bar he is carrying two bottles of wine one white one red. The wine glasses already there)

Bill

(Elegantly) Ladies and Gentleman: Well Lady and Gentlemen...

(Sophie acknowledges that she is the only female and she giggles and nods)

Bill

I apologise for my delay. I was busy in the back. Now please take a glass of wine with me. This is on the house. Enjoy. Maybe get to know each other a little. I will just have to finish off out the back and I shall have something that I think may interest all three of you.

Sophie

What is it?

Bill

All will be revealed presently. Now be my guest, de-stress as it were, and have a glass or two of wine. May I recommend the Red it is a particular favourite grape of mine. You can't go wrong with Italian. Enjoy.

Darren

That is very hospitable.

Bill

Don't worry Darren. It is my pleasure.

Darren

Sorry...Did you just call me Darren?

Bill

No, why on earth would I say that?

Darren

You did.

Sophie

I heard it too.

Bill

Sorry Sophie I don't think you did.

Sophie

Eh?

Darren

There you go. You just called her Sophie.

Bill

Did I?

Sophie

Yes you did.

Bill

Well how would I have done that?

Darren

Lucky guess? I don't know but it is freaky.

Bill

What you got to say about it Anton?

Anton

Eh? You know my name too?

Bill

Ha don't be daft....*(Revealingly)* Observation! Observation my friends: Anton, on the back of your coat your name is sewn into the over turned collar, Sophie I saw your note pad on the bar and got your name and Darren yours was easy I heard you introduce yourself to Sophie.

Darren

So were you listening in?

Bill

Of course not, but I can't help hearing things. I was having a little joke, being telepathic. I'm sorry just a wee party game. It always gets a reaction. Right drink up, I will go and check with the chef and see if the food is ready.

Sophie

Oh what's on the menu?

Bill

Lobster or Beef Steaks. Oh let me tell you the chef works with beef like a master jeweller would work with gold. He is a genius.

Sophie

Oh, and the Vegetarian option?

Bill

There a field full of grass the other side of the car park. Go help yourself.

(Bill laughs out loud and is laughing as he exits)

Sophie

Well that was rude!

Anton

It was a bit. He's a weird chap I got to say.

Darren

Oh guys give him a break. He was having a little joke that's all. All the clues were there as to who we were, so he had a laugh.

Sophie

At our expense! What does he want?

(She reaches for the wine and as she has finished hers fills her glass and tops up Darren's too. Anton is on the white.)

Darren

A Landlord who gives out free wine is a winner in my book. I am more concerned with where the solicitor is?

Anton

(Looking round) It's a bit average to be having top chefs. Are you guys booked in?

Sophie

Yes, I have a room here.

Darren

And me.

Anton

Me too. So it's going to be a long night. How much did you guys pay for your rooms?

Sophie

Mine was free.

Darren

Mine too

Anton

Yes and me. It is odd, there is no mistaking. Oh pass the white please Sophie.

Sophie

You should try the red it's delicious.

Anton

I am a white man myself.

Sophie

Bit racist that.

Anton

Eh?

Sophie

Joke.

Anton

Be that as it may, I am just explaining I only drink white. Red is too tart for me.

Darren

Tart?

Anton

Yes tart. You know what tart is don't you?

Darren

I do but I have never heard in wine testing terms.

Anton

I don't care about them. There's too much snobbery spoken about wine. It's booze just the same as any other.

Darren

I don't know Anton try telling that to the workers of any vineyard their hard graft and toil has resulted in nothing more than booze. It's so much more Wine is off the earth and

probably the oldest drink in the world. You can't dis wine Anton. It's like criticising the Pope at an Irish hooley. It's something you don't do.

Anton

Quite apart from the fact that I wouldn't go all the way to Ireland to criticise the Pope: I am sure he's a lovely man, but saying I don't drink red wine can't be a crime even in these mental times of Political correctness. *(They all chuckle, give it a moment whilst they are thinking of something witty to say)*

Sophie

Ha political correctness. How sick are we of that rubbish?

Darren

Hang on can you say rubbish? Doesn't it denigrate the job of the Bin Men?

Sophie

Are you sure you can say Bin Man, aren't they Refuse Technicians?

Darren

It's a bloody minefield that's what it is, a bloody minefield.

Anton

You can't say Minefield.

Darren

Oh?

Anton

Well it's an insult to all the men who were sacked as miners in 1984

Sophie

Hang on you can't say 1984...You'll upset the Eurythmics.

Darren

Oh Shady, a reference to the Eighties. Nice one Soph.

Sophie

E..it's Sophie. Not Soph, not So not even Ssssss the name is Sophie. And anyway saying 1984 might also offend George Orwell

Darren

Sorry no offence meant. But it goes to show you how easy it is to cause offence. Apparently the offended can never recover and offence is now the worst crime in the world. I ask you!

Anton

li hear you Darren but can you actually say George Orwell? The Orwell at low tide in Ipswich has muddy banks and the water is a bit brown. Bit insulting saying Orwell. Good Job he's dead.

Darren

Hang on can you say dead? Doesn't it offend the dead? Might it be better to say nature's induced long sleep.

Sophie

No that just makes the dead look lazy.

Anton

Can you say lazy? Doesn't it reflect badly on the more inert of us?

Darren

It's hilarious on it goes.

(As they giggle Bill appears with two more bottles of wine.)

Bill

Ah good I see you are getting acquainted. Here on the house again. One Red, one White: Plenty more where that came from. There's nothing like a glass or two of the grape to oil the wheels of social inertia.

Darren

It is heavenly wine mine host, thank you. I'm loving it.

Bill

Good, good let me leave you to it. I have almost done out the back so I will come and join you in a minute or so and dispel the mystery.

Darren

So you know we think this is mysterious? Have you been listening in again?

Bill

No, no, nothing like that. But you have all been invited to the same thing so surely you find that mysterious...no? Hmm? Hmm? (*Hmmm'ing is an idiosyncrasy of Bill's it is always offered as a substitute for directly asking*)

Darren

Guess we do.

Bill

Well look I'll leave you with a little game try and sort out what you have in common. Why are you here? Two pints for the correct answer. Hmmm? Now if you will...(*he bows majestically and exits behind the bar again*)

Anton

That was creepy.

Sophie

It would be given to the fact he's more or less wearing a big neon sign on his head saying I am a creep beware little girl. Anyway that's what I am getting with him.

Darren

He is kinda weird.

Sophie

Weird? I have never known a landlord so creepy before.

Anton

I'm with you on that but he did suggest that we try and ascertain why we have been invited to this thing. Why me? Why you? What have we got in common?

Darren

Ok, Ok, Anton is right.

Sophie

How on earth can we work out what we have in common?

Darren

Well let's tell a little bit about ourselves, it might be something bloody obvious.

Anton

Like?

Darren

I dunno, maybe we all shop in the same supermarket.

Sophie

That's a stupid reason to call someone to the middle of nowhere.

Darren

I'm guessing here guys. Give me a break.

Anton

Ok, Ok, my name is Anton Lerue I am thirty-five. I live in Nantwich. I am unemployed but I am an entertainer and a trained glass blower. I don't work out, I don't cook, I don't dance and I sure as hell can't knit.

Sophie

OK my name is Sophie Keagan I am thirty-five and I write a fashion blog with 750,000 readers. I hate cat food and cats, the food mostly though. I shop in Waitrose; I earn 65k a year. I once married but that fell apart. I am still technically married but I think he lives in America now. So I am living as a single and having a passionate affair with my married PA Max.

Darren

What? Is the affair up to the Max?

Sophie

Ha, ha, (*continues unfazed*) I like sunflowers, I hate cabbage, I played Mary in the Nativity at school. I carry no baggage and with me what you see is what you get!

Anton

I should imagine you'd disappoint a blind man then?

Sophie

You know what I mean.

Darren

Ok here goes. I am Darren Proctor I am 35 and I am a pilot for a private courier company. My job is dull routine and I can't wait for thirty years when I can retire. I have a dog and I too hate cats since one killed my Gold fish when I was nine. I shop at Aldi and Lidl on account that they are the nearest to my house. I live alone my wife died in 2008. So I guess I am a widower, but would never say that. I get sad but I am mostly happy, and I once kissed a boy!

Anton

Oh that's nothing new! I've been doing that years.

Darren

Ha one up-manship...respect!

Anton

So in that load of crap we have established that we are all 35 one of us is definitely gay, one might be and one is a girl. I suppose we all have heads. Could that be it?

Sophie

Let's look back, let's really think (*she appears woozy*) We first need to, need to, first we need to, need to, to need, to need... need. Sorry what did you? Oh I think I'm going to...(*She crashes off her chair and hits the floor. The two men for one beat looked startled*)

Darren

God: Soph you ok?

Anton

(*crashes face first into his table where he is now sat*)

Darren

Jesus, Anton, Anton wake up man!

Sophie

(*Groggily*) E... it's Sophie. You said Soph.

Darren

Oh thank God, are you ok?

Sophie

I have no idea what on earth happened.

Darren

Anton (*He shakes him*) Anton mate wake up.

Sophie

I feel absolutely....(*she face plants to the table*)

Darren

What the fu....(*he falls to the floor*)(*five minute interval for toilets etc.*)

Blackout soft music plays.(your choice... Director) During the blackout all three players are all back on their chairs and their hands are tied behind them. They are gagged too. The crescent of three chairs take centre stage. Darren is in the middle with Anton and Sophie on his left and right respectively. The lights come up and we see the three simply tied to the chairs. Their heads are bowed, they are clearly still asleep. Prowling around them with a stick we see Bill, the Landlord. He has tied them up and he is the reason they have been invited. Slowly they start to wake. Not in any particular order. They wait one beat and then it dawns on them they are tied to their chairs. They look at each other and at the man prowling around them. He pushes his face into theirs looking deep in their eyes. He is prowling and circling. He hates them. He can have fun with this pretending to hit them with the stick or kicking them. He speaks.

Bill

(As he speaks they all start to wake up and realise there situation. They are currently however, paralysed and unable to move. They can utter things incomprehensible and barely audible through their gags)

Well my friends, I am delighted you could find time to come. Welcome. We have much to discuss. Firstly you will see you are securely fastened to your chair. So my advice is to relax. Soon I will take your gags out. But I have to say, if I do take them off and you make any kind of crazy noise, you will just be giving me and your new friends a headache, as there is no one around for a radius of at least four miles you have very little chance of ever being heard. Now do you see this stick? (*Playing to the gallery and enjoying it*) ah this stick: This is my friend Lecky. I call him that on account that the second it touches flesh it discharges 50,000 volts, for just a few paralysing seconds. Now if this is all you get then I have to say, you are fortunate. What I have planned for the three of you will leave you begging for a tickle with Lecky as he becomes the best choice. (*He removes the gags and throws the rags to the floor*)

Darren

(*Groggily*) What the hell ?

Bill

Ah Mr. Proctor. I trust you had a nice rest?

Anton

Hey someone tied my hands?

Bill

Ah Now Mr. Lerue, Good Morning Sir.

Sophie

What on earth is all this?

Bill

Ah Delightful, a full house hmmm?

Sophie

What are you doing?

Bill

We are having fun.

Sophie

I don't think we are!

Darren

Yes, untie us now please.

Bill

That was nice Sir, so well mannered. I do like good manners hmmm.

Anton

Untie us now you bastard

Bill

Ah less so Mr. Le-Rue...or should I say Mr. Norris? Hmmm?

Anton

What?

Bill

You heard. Right let's get started. Welcome to my little bit of heaven in the North Wales countryside. You are currently being housed in a Nineteenth Century coaching inn. There has been trading here on this ground for at least four hundred years though. When you think about that just for a second you find it mind blowing.

Anton

Look mate I have no idea what you hope to achieve by this but I for one will be back with a lawyer and I will sue your ass.

Darren

And I will

Sophie

What are you playing at? Untie us please.

Bill

Untie....Anagram of Unite Hmmm? Very good Miss Davies.

Sophie

What? You just called me Miss Davies. I haven't been that for at nine years.

Bill

Oh of course you are Keagan now aren't you?

Sophie

How the hell do you know that?

Bill

Oh I think perhaps Mr. Norris can help you there.

Anton

Hang on...Do you mean me? My name is Le-rue!

Bill

It is now!

Anton

What do you mean?

Bill

Oh come on you know exactly what I mean. Just ask Proctor he might have guessed why you are here. Mind you he is pretty stupid, so I don't imagine he will be able to fathom it. *(All the time walking around them at this time he approaches up to Sophie)* As for monkey brain Davies, she won't be much help either. *(He prods her 50,000 volts course through her she really screams a scream of pain)* Oh Lecky you are a cheeky one, hmmm? *(He has pushed the stick in Darren's stomach.)*

Darren

(Screams in pain) You mental bastard, what do you want? *(He now plunges his stick into Anton and Anton Screams)*

Bill

Oh yes that's great, Bass, Tenor and Soprano. Let's see what we can get out of you.

(In any order he sticks each one of them each cry out in pain. He repeats. Each time when a character is poked he/she screams loud) Oh no that's not a good sound. I was trying to play happy birthday to you. Let me try again.*(Again a prod to each character a scream results)* Oh it's fair to say I have heard better. Anyway I can't stand round here all day chatting with you guys I have a lot to do. Look I have given you all the clues. You do know me and you do know each other. Hmmm? Anyway let's leave you to chat for a moment. *(He goes to prod Sophie she screams in anticipation but then he doesn't)* Three prods for the winner and five prods for each of the losers. Now what have you got in common? No one go away. Hmmm? *(He exits left)*

Darren

Can anyone free their hands?

Anton

I have been trying to

Darren

How's it going?

Anton

it's possible but it'll take time.

Sophie

Does anyone even know why we are here?

Darren

Well I have an idea, where were we all from originally?

Sophie

I used to live in Essex in Clacton on Sea, when I was a kid. I went to Nottingham with my marriage.

Darren

Hang on so did I? Mum had a flat on Beach Road in Clacton above that Gemini gift shop.

Sophie

Wow I remember the Gemini my Aunt worked there once for a season. It's Clacton. Anton where are you from?

Anton

Not Clacton but just down the road in Jaywick. I left Essex to go to Nantwich to study at the local agricultural college there. Loved the town, made friends and I stayed.

Sophie

So it's Essex then?

Darren

Hang on, hang on, I knew a Sophie Davies she was in my class at school we did a couple of subjects together.

Sophie

Oh my God,

Anton

So did I and a Darren Proctor now I come to think about it.

Sophie

But I would have remembered if there had been an Anton hardly a name you forget is it?