

**'No Tomatoes'**

**A one act play**

**By Jim Blythe**

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Characters

Will  
Simon  
Vicki  
Jon  
Susan  
Holly

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**WILL SITS ALONE AT A PUB TABLE WITH THE REMAINS OF A PINT IN FRONT OF HIM. HE IS READING A COPY OF 'THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO'. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS SIMON THE PUB LANDLORD APPROACHES, CLEARING EMPTIES. HE PICKS UP WILL'S GLASS AND PEERS AT IT.**

**SIMON.** This dead?

**WILL LOOKS UP FROM HIS BOOK.**

**WILL.** Does it look dead?

**SIMON.** It doesn't look well.

**WILL.** It's fine.

**SIMON.** It's not. Kindest thing we could do with it is to put it out of it's misery.

**WILL.** Maybe in a moment.

**SIMON.** A moment? No, no. Best thing to do is deal with it now.

**WILL.** What's the rush?

**SIMON.** Well, if the poor thing's suffering...

**WILL.** It'll be alright.

**SIMON.** You know the problem, young Will?

**WILL.** What?

**SIMON.** You've formed an emotional bond. The longer you leave it to do the deed, the more painful it'll be.

**WILL.** Is that a fact?

**SIMON.** If you can't trust your local innkeeper, who can you trust?

**WILL.** Fair enough. Give it here.

**SIMON GIVES WILL THE BEER BACK. HE DOWNS THE LAST OF IT.**

**SIMON.** Ah, such courage, such resolve.

**WILL.** It's what he would've wanted.

**SIMON.** Of course it is. And to get you over the pain of such an emotional wrench, you know what you should do?

**WILL.** What should I do, Si?

**SIMON.** Get another one. Replace it. As soon as possible.

**WILL.** That seems harsh. Shouldn't I leave it a while?

**SIMON.** No, never do that. Moving on is an important part of the healing process.

**WILL.** OK then. If you think it best.

**SIMON.** I do. What was it?

**WILL.** San Miguel.

**SIMON.** Right.

***SIMON HEADS OFF WITH THE EMPTY GLASS. WILL RETURNS TO HIS BOOK. SIMON RETURNS WITH A FRESH PINT WHICH HE PLACES IN FRONT OF WILL.***

**SIMON.** There you go.

**WILL.** Cheers.

**SIMON.** I'll put that on your tab shall I?

**WILL.** Put it wherever it will give you most pleasure.

**SIMON.** What are you reading?

**WILL.** 'The Count of Monte Cristo'.

***SIMON LOOKS BLANK.***

**WILL.** Alexandre Dumas.

***WILL SHOWS HIM THE BOOK. SIMON LOOKS AT IT DISTRUSTFULLY.***

**SIMON.** What's it about?

**WILL.** It's the story of a man who is wrongfully imprisoned and escapes to gain revenge on the men who put him there.

**SIMON.** I see.

**WILL.** But, he's become so obsessed by revenge that he loses sight of everything else in life that's important.

**SIMON.** Right. And is it very funny?

**WILL.** No. It's not a comedy.

**SIMON.** I was going to say, doesn't sound very funny.

**WILL.** No, it wouldn't.

**SIMON.** I prefer funny stuff myself.

**WILL.** Jolly good.

**SIMON.** Yeah, I love a good laugh, me. Have you heard any good jokes lately, Will?

***WILL SIGHS AND PUTS THE BOOK ASIDE REALISING HE'S NOT GOING TO GET ANYMORE READING DONE.***

**WILL.** No, only this one. What's red and invisible?

**SIMON.** Dunno.

**WILL.** No tomatoes.

***SIMON LAUGHS FOR A MOMENT THEN STOPS SUDDENLY, DEEP IN THOUGHT.***

**SIMON.** Hmm. No, I don't like that.

**WILL.** Why not?

**SIMON.** It doesn't make any sense.

**WILL.** It makes as much sense as most jokes.

**SIMON.** Yeah but the thing is, right, how can no tomatoes be red?

**WILL.** Well, tomatoes are still red aren't they; doesn't matter if they're there or invisible or whatever.

**SIMON.** Well yeah but you said there were no tomatoes.

**WILL.** So?

**SIMON.** So if the tomatoes are absent there's nothing to be red is there?

**WILL.** I think you're getting a bit hung up on the detail here.

**SIMON.** Maybe the joke should be "What is red and invisible?" - "Invisible tomatoes".

**WILL.** Sure, why not? If it makes you happy.

**SIMON.** No, actually, just to be safe, "What is red and invisible?" - "Tomatoes that are simultaneously invisible and red, if such a thing were possible, which it isn't".

**WILL.** Except of course that that's a completely rubbish joke.

**SIMON.** Maybe so but at least it's factually accurate.

**WILL.** OK but it's not exactly going to get roars of laughter when I tell the boys, is it?

**SIMON.** Actually, come to think of it, we could cut the whole thing into a statement instead by just saying "Tomatoes that are simultaneously invisible and red, are simultaneously invisible and red".

**WILL.** Well, yes we could but what would be the point?

**SIMON.** You could even go so far as to put it into logical symbols. Look.

***SIMON** TAKES A PEN FROM HIS POCKET AND STARTS SCRIBBLING ON WILL'S BEERMAT, EXPLAINING AS HE GOES.*

**SIMON.**  $(Ax) ((x \text{ is a tomato} \ \& \ x \text{ is red} \ \& \ x \text{ is invisible}) = (x \text{ is a tomato} \ \& \ x \text{ is red} \ \& \ x \text{ is invisible}))$ .

***WILL** STARES AT HIM, UNSURE OF WHAT TO SAY.*

**SIMON.** Then, right, you could explain that at first glance this might appear to be a tautology...

**WILL.** What?

**SIMON.** A statement that's true in virtue of the meanings of its logical constants alone...

**WILL.** I know but it's just a joke Si.

**SIMON.** ...but it is in fact a contradiction, owing to the logical incompatibility of the properties of redness and invisibility.

**WILL.** Well, that's brilliant Simon, thank you. What is that going to achieve except for to demonstrate to the whole world that I'm a tedious twat?

**SIMON.** Won't the people you tell this to already know that?

**WILL.** Oh yes, good point. Might as well forget the joke altogether then.

**SIMON.** You could just start off by saying, "Hi, I'm a tedious twat".

**WILL.** It'd be a shame to waste your formula though. I could keep that beer mat in my pocket in case they ask me "why?"

**SIMON.** I think that'll do the trick.

**WILL.** Great! Thank goodness we cracked that, eh!

**SIMON.** It only needs you to put it to the test.

**WILL.** Some other time, maybe.

**SIMON.** Why not tonight?

**WILL.** Tonight?

**SIMON.** Just try it with the next person who comes to this table.

**WILL.** I'm not sure that's a great idea.

**SIMON.** Why not?

**WILL.** Because I'm expecting the next person who comes to this table to be Vicki.

**SIMON.** Right?

**WILL.** And I'm thinking that maybe "Hello, I'm a tedious twat" isn't the best way to start a proposal.

**SIMON.** Depends on what you're proposing.

**WILL.** I suppose so. In this case I was thinking of marriage.

**SIMON.** Really?

**WILL.** Really.

**SIMON.** That's a shame.

**WILL.** A shame?

**SIMON.** Yeah. All those wonderful things you could be proposing to do and you decide to go for marriage.

**WILL.** You're an incurable romantic aren't you Simon!

**SIMON.** I wouldn't know anything about that. I just don't see what's so great about marriage.

**WILL.** You've been married for years.

**SIMON.** That's what I mean.

**WILL.** I just think it's the right thing to do when you meet the perfect person and you want to spend the rest of your life with them.

**SIMON.** Marriage is no guarantee of that.

**WILL.** It's a help.

**SIMON.** It's a stopgap. First they want to get married. Oh, you can fob them off for a while with a long engagement but sooner or later you end up having to go through with it.

**WILL.** I want to go through with it.

**SIMON.** But that's not the end of it. Oh no. Next they want babies.

**WILL.** Is that so bad?

**SIMON.** Again you can buy yourself some time - start with a kitten.

**WILL.** Ok.

**SIMON.** But that's only a distraction. Cos once the kitten's a cat and it's not cute anymore she'll start thinking baby again.

**WILL.** Will she?

**SIMON.** Oh yeah. So then you get a puppy and again, you win some time. But then the puppy grows into a dog.

**WILL.** And she goes back to thinking babies?

**SIMON.** After all the heartache of the dog fatally mauling the cat, the recriminations about why you were stupid enough to buy the dog when we already had a very nice cat and the questions over the sense of buying a horse..

**WILL.** A horse?

**SIMON.** Step 3 in the distraction technique.

**WILL.** I see.

**SIMON.** Ultimately, she'll get back to the whole issue of babies again.

**WILL.** I like babies.

**SIMON.** I used to like babies.

**WILL.** What changed?

**SIMON.** We had some.

**WILL.** Children are great though aren't they?

**SIMON.** It's someone to look after you when you get old I s'pose.

***VICKI ENTERS UNNOTICED.***

**WILL.** How can you be so cynical about it? Children are fantastic; I want to have children.

***VICKI STARTS AND LOOKS A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE.***

**SIMON.** All I'm saying is that you want to think twice before you do something stupid.

**VICKI.** I'm not interrupting anything am I?

**WILL.** Hi.

**SIMON.** Oh, hello.

**WILL.** No, of course you're not interrupting. Simon was just going to clean pumps or whatever it is that publicans do.

**SIMON.** Was I?

**WILL.** Yes.

**SIMON.** Oh right.

**WILL.** Do you want a drink?

**SIMON.** Oh cheers, I'll have a...

**WILL.** Not you.

**VICKI.** I'll have vodka and coke please. A double.

**WILL.** Could you put it on the tab please?

**SIMON.** Alright.

***SIMON EXITS. WILL IS TENSE, NERVOUS AND EXCITED IN VICKI'S COMPANY. HE IS SO TOTALLY IN LOVE HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIMSELF AND IS AWKWARD AND CLUMSY THROUGH THE CONVERSATION. VICKI IS ALSO TENSE AND NERVOUS, THOUGH NOT IN A GOOD WAY. WILL STANDS AS VICKI SITS. WILL QUICKLY SITS AGAIN.***

**WILL.** How was the Hen Party?

**VICKI.** The what?

**WILL.** The Hen Party. This weekend?

**VICKI.** *(LYING BADLY)* Oh that. Yes, it was great thanks.

***VICKI TAKES HER MOBILE PHONE FROM HER HANDBAG.***

**WILL.** Great.

***WILL LEANS ACROSS THE TABLE TO KISS VICKI BUT SHE IS READING A TEXT AND DOESN'T NOTICE. AFTER A FEW SECONDS OF HOLDING THIS POSE, WILL LEANS BACK IN HIS SEAT. WILL TAKES VICKI'S HAND AND KISSES THAT INSTEAD.***

**WILL.** You look fantastic.

**VICKI.** No, I don't.

**WILL.** You do to me.

***VICKI PUTS HER MOBILE PHONE AWAY.***

**VICKI.** I look awful. I look skinny.

**WILL.** What's wrong with looking skinny?

**VICKI.** It's horrible looking skinny. Slim's alright but skinny's just nasty.

**WILL.** You don't look nasty, you look...

**VICKI.** Boney. That's what I look; I look boney. Look at that.

***VICKI POINTS AT HER WRIST.***

**WILL.** Yes?

**VICKI.** Boney.

**WILL.** Everyone's wrists look a bit boney. Look at mine.

***WILL SHOWS VICKI HIS WRIST.***

**VICKI.** This isn't about you, Will. Why have you got to turn every conversation into being about you?

**WILL.** I wasn't. I was just trying to say...

**VICKI.** This is about me and I look awful and skinny. People are going to think I've got some sort of eating disorder.

**WILL.** Don't be silly, no one's going to think you've got an eating disorder.

***VICKI GLARES AT HIM.***

**VICKI.** Are you saying I look fat?

**WILL.** What? No. I wasn't saying that, I was just...

**VICKI.** Oh well that's just charming thanks. Here I am feeling horrible and skinny when apparently I'm disgusting and fat.

***SIMON RETURNS WITH VICKI'S DRINK WHICH HE PLACES ON THE TABLE.***

**SIMON.** There you go, lovebirds.

***WILL AND VICKI GLARE AT HIM.***

**SIMON.** I'll leave you to it then shall I?

***SIMON EXITS.***

**WILL.** You're not fat; I didn't mean it like that.

**VICKI.** Well why did you say it?

**WILL.** I didn't say it - I said you looked fantastic.

**VICKI.** Fantastically fat!

**WILL.** No, just fantastic and beautiful and stuff.

***VICKI'S WHOLE PERSONA VISIBLY SOFTENS.***

**VICKI.** Do you really think I'm beautiful Will?

**WILL.** You know I do, I tell you all the time.

**VICKI.** I know, it's just...

**WILL.** You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen and I love you with you all my heart. Every time I look at you, I can't believe you'd want to be with a loser like me.

**VICKI.** That's sweet. Look Will; there's something I need to say to you.

**WILL.** There's something I need to say to you as well.

**VICKI.** This is important.

**WILL.** So is this. It's the most important thing I've ever said to anyone.

**VICKI.** Can it wait?

**WILL.** Wait? I suppose, but it is really important.

**VICKI.** I get that. But just for a minute.

**WILL.** Ok then.

**VICKI.** Right, here goes. You know when you meet someone, just when you least expect it? It's like you're just getting on with your life and then, pow!, the most perfect person just comes along and takes your breath away.

***WILL NODS AND SMILES.***

**VICKI.** And suddenly it's like no one else matters. There's just you and that person and that's all you need. And you know that it's all you're ever going to need.

**WILL.** Someone wonderful who makes you feel fantastic the moment you just think about them.

**VICKI.** And you realize they're the one. It's always been about them - you just didn't realize sooner because you hadn't met them.

**WILL.** I know exactly. And I feel the same about you.

**VICKI.** What?

**WILL.** I was going to wait a bit longer to do this but what the hell.

***WILL DROPS TO ONE KNEE PRODUCING A RING FROM HIS POCKET AS HE DOES SO.***

**WILL.** Vicki, will you marry me?

***VICKI'S MOUTH HAS DROPPED OPEN IN A MIX OF SHOCK AND HORROR. SHE GLANCES AROUND IN EMBARRASMENT.***

**VICKI.** Oh shit. Will, what are you doing? Get up.

**WILL.** Not until you say "Yes".

**VICKI.** No.

**WILL.** What?

**VICKI.** For God's sake Will, I'm not joking get up.

***VICKI VIRTUALLY DRAGS WILL BACK INTO HIS SEAT.***

**VICKI.** Didn't you listen to a word I was just saying?

**WILL.** About me being the one. Yes, every word.

**VICKI.** What? No, that's not..., I wasn't talking about you.

**WILL.** What do you mean?

**VICKI.** I can't marry you Will.

**WILL.** Why not?

**VICKI.** Because I wasn't at a Hen Party this weekend. I was getting married.

**WILL.** Married?

**VICKI.** I'm sorry.

**WILL.** What do you mean married?

**VICKI.** Just...married.

**WILL.** Who to?

**VICKI.** Matt.

**WILL.** Who's Matt?

**VICKI.** That perfect someone I've been waiting to meet all my life.

**WILL.** But why?

**VICKI.** Because I love him.

**WILL.** No, I don't believe you. You're making it up.

**VICKI.** Why would I make it up?

**WILL.** As a joke?

**VICKI.** A joke? OK fine...

***VICKI LIFTS HER BAG ONTO THE TABLE AND RUMMAGES THROUGH IT.***

**VICKI.** ...here's the wedding certificate... and these are the wedding photos... and this is a slice of the wedding cake in case I got hungry...

**WILL.** That could be any piece of cake.

**VICKI.** Fine. Look, there's his number in my phone...

***VICKI SHOWS WILL THE PHONE. WILL SHRUGS.***

**VICKI.** ...this is a little home movie we made on the wedding night...

***WILL TRIES TO FEIGN DISINTEREST AS SHE SHOWS HIM THE CLIP BUT SHIFTS IN HIS SEAT.***

**WILL.** Big lad isn't he.

**VICKI.** Oh yes.

**WILL.** But...well, what about us?

**VICKI.** Us? Look I'm really sorry Will, but I thought you realized that we were just having a bit of fun.

**WILL.** A bit of fun? No I hadn't realized. Hence the engagement ring and everything.

**VICKI.** Hey, don't have a go at me; I didn't know you were going to pull that shit on me.

**WILL.** Oh, charming.

**VICKI.** You really are a sweet guy but you're not the man I want to spend the rest of my life with.

**WILL.** Why not?

**VICKI.** I just don't think you're grown up and responsible enough for marriage.

**WILL.** I so am.

**VICKI.** Will, you're a deeply immature man. You still collect Panini stickers, for God's sake.

**WILL.** What's wrong with that?

**VICKI.** Nothing. Up until the age of about 13. Look how annoyed you got just because I swapped that badge of yours.

**WILL.** Yes, because a badge is worth two players at least - that's simple Panini swap rules. And it was the Motherwell badge and that's really hard to get.

**VICKI.** I didn't know did I?

**WILL.** And all you swapped it for was sodding Carlton Cole.

**VICKI.** This is exactly what I'm talking about. You sulked for days.

**WILL.** I never.

*SHORT AWKWARD SILENCE.*

**WILL.** I thought you loved me.

**VICKI.** Did you? Why?

**WILL.** You told me you did.

**VICKI.** Did I? Are you sure?

**WILL.** I'm sure.

**VICKI.** I don't remember that.

**WILL.** Well you did.

**VICKI.** When?

**WILL.** Lot's of times.

**VICKI.** Really? (*THINKS*) No, I'd remember.

**WILL.** You told me lots of times when we were having sex.

**VICKI.** Will, the right man can have me offering prayers to Allah when we're having sex and I couldn't be much less Muslim.

**WILL.** So, what are you saying?

**VICKI.** Just that mid-orgasm isn't my clearest thinking time. So if my over-enthusiasm mislead you I apologise but much as I like you, and I really do like you, I just don't love you.

**WILL.** I see.

*THEY SIT IN SILENCE. A COUPLE OF TIMES **VICKI** MAKES TO SPEAK BUT CHANGES HER MIND. **WILL** SITS WITH HIS HEAD BOWED, HEARTBROKEN. **VICKI** GLANCES AROUND THE PUB AND SPOTS SOMEONE SHE KNOWS. SHE LOOKS RELIEVED AND SUBTLY WAVES THEM OVER. **WILL** DOESN'T NOTICE. **SUSAN** AND **JON** ENTER.*

**SUSAN.** Hi.

**VICKI.** Hey Susie.

***VICKI** AND **SUSAN** HUG.*

**VICKI.** Hi John.

**JON.** Alright?

**SUSAN.** Hi Will.

***WILL** LOOKS UP VAGUELY. HE KIND OF SMILES AND THEN DROPS HIS GAZE AGAIN.*

**SUSAN.** (QUIETLY) Is he ok?

**VICKI.** Er...yeah, he's fine. Look, I need to tell you some massive news; come on.

**VICKI STARTS TO DRAG SUSAN OFF TO ANOTHER TABLE.  
SUSAN LOOKS APOLOGETICALLY AT JON.**

**SUSAN.** Sorry honey, I'll be right back.

**JON.** No worries.

**VICKI AND SUSAN MOVE TO ANOTHER TABLE. WILL  
CONTINUES TO STARE AT THE TABLE, LOST IN HIS OWN  
THOUGHTS. JON IS OBLIVIOUS TO HIS FRIENDS SILENCE.**

**JON.** Alright wanker? What are you having?

**WILL DOESN'T LOOK UP.**

**WILL.** What?

**JON.** What do you want to drink?

**WILL LOOKS UP.**

**WILL.** Erm...nothing.

**JON.** What?

**WILL.** I don't want anything. I'm not thirsty.

**JON.** Why, what's the matter with you; gay or something?

**WILL.** No, I'm just...

**JON SITS.**

**JON.** What's the problem?

**WILL.** It's Vicki.

**JON.** What's wrong with her?

**WILL.** Nothing's wrong with her.

**JON.** I was gonna say, she looks alright to me. Actually mate, she looks fantastic to me; happy and relaxed and as fit as...

**WILL.** She got married.

**JON.** Oh right.

**WILL.** To someone else.

**JON.** By someone else, you mean...?

**WILL.** Someone who isn't me.

**JON.** Oh right, that sort of someone else. Did she say why?

**WILL.** Loves him apparently.

**JON.** It's as good a reason as any I suppose.

**WILL.** Is that all you're going to say?

**JON.** What do you want me to say?

**WILL.** You're my best mate; you're supposed to be there for best mates at times like this.

***JON CONSIDERS FOR A MOMENT.***

**JON.** Has she got any pets?

**WILL.** What?

**JON.** Has she got any pets?

**WILL.** She's got a cat. Why?

**JON.** We could run it over.

***WILL IS BEWILDERED.***

**WILL.** What? Why? Why would we run her cat over?

**JON.** To get back at her.

**WILL.** Get back at her?

**JON.** Yeah. You're upset, she'll be upset...

**WILL.** Yeah, I dare say she will be.

**JON.** Everyone's a winner.

**WILL.** Except for the cat.

**JON.** Bugger the cat.

**WILL.** I thought you wanted to run it over.

**JON.** It's a better idea. Shall we then?

**WILL.** Are you being serious? No, I don't want to run her cat over.

**JON.** Why not?

**WILL.** Wha...why...because...because it's not the cats fault is it?

**JON.** Isn't it?

**WILL.** Well, no, obviously not. The cat hasn't done anything to me has it!

**JON.** Maybe not directly no but, by association.

**WILL.** By association?

**JON.** Very manipulative creatures, cats.

**WILL.** So you're saying, what? That the cat suggested she should marry this other bloke?

**JON.** I can see you're not convinced.

**WILL.** Not entirely, no.

**JON.** So, we're not going to run the cat over then?

**WILL.** I think we'll give it a miss.

**JON.** Fair enough I suppose, it's up to you.

**WILL.** Fine.

**JON.** It just normally makes me feel better, that's all.

***WILL STARES AT HIM IN DISGUST.***

**WILL.** What do you mean it normally makes you feel better?

**JON.** Nothing. Just that...

**WILL.** Have you been running over your ex's cats?

**JON.** No!

**WILL.** You bloody have, haven't you!

**JON.** No. Not often.

**WILL.** You sick bastard. I can't believe I'm sitting here trying to pour my heart out to a man who runs over women's cats just because they dump him.

**JON.** They don't dump me. I have never been dumped.

**WILL.** Yes, you have.

**JON.** I haven't.

**WILL.** Jo dumped you.

**JON.** She did not dump me. That ended by mutual consent.

**WILL.** Mutual consent! You were gutted, you cried for a week.

**JON.** If you ever tell anyone about that I will rip your head off.

**WILL.** I was just saying.

**JON.** That was different. Jo was the love of my life. How would you feel if Vicki dumped you?

**WILL.** Vicki has dumped me.

**JON.** She's dumped you as well? That's hard luck mate.

**WILL.** Well obviously she's dumped me; she's married someone else.

**JON.** Oh sure, yeah. But has she actually dumped you?

**WILL.** I think it's implied.

**JON.** I don't. I think you're reading too much into this marriage thing.

**WILL.** Reading too much into it?

**JON.** Well, when you think about it she was presumably seeing this other bloke at the same time you were banging her?

**WILL.** Banging her? That's the woman I love you're talking about.

**JON.** Whatever. The fact is she was seeing you both. Now how has the situation changed?

**WILL.** She's married.

**JON.** So?

**WILL.** So the situation's changed.

**JON.** Not really.

**WILL.** In your shallow terms it probably hasn't.

**JON.** I just don't see what the difference is.

**WILL.** The difference is that I know now. About this other guy.

**JON.** So?

**WILL.** She's made a fool out of me.

**JON.** No she hasn't. She's made a fool out of him. That's the beauty of being the other man.

**WILL.** I can't see it makes any difference.

**JON.** Are you kidding? It makes a world of difference. He's the big loser; you're the heroic stud. That's how the world of affairs works.

**WILL.** I'll have to bow to your experience.

**JON.** My experience?

**WILL.** How many affairs have you had?

**JON.** None. How dare you.

**WILL.** You've slept with a tonne of women since you married Holly.

**JON.** Correction - I've slept with a tonne of women since I've been separated from Holly.

**WILL.** Separated?

**JON.** Yes.

**WILL.** In what way are you separated?

**JON.** Our marriage has broken down completely and we now live separate lives.

**WILL.** In the same house.

**JON.** I haven't got round to moving out.

**WILL.** Seeing the same friends.

**JON.** We have a lot of mutual friends.

**WILL.** At the same time.

**JON.** It's more convenient that way.

**WILL.** And when exactly are you planning to tell Holly?

**JON.** Tell her what?

**WILL.** That you're separated.

**JON.** When the time's right. You can't just throw something like that into conversation, she'll be devastated.

**WILL.** And have you told Susan?

**JON.** Have I told Susan what?

**WILL.** About Holly?

**JON.** Are you mental? Of course I haven't.

**WILL.** Why not?

**JON.** Why not!?

**WILL.** Well, if you're separated it doesn't matter does it?

**JON.** Susan might not see it that way.

**WILL.** You think?

**JON.** Nor might Holly.

**WILL.** Really?

**JON.** Best not to mention it just yet.

**WILL.** Probably not.

**JON.** I need to get the timing right on this one.

**WILL.** The timing?

**JON.** It's all about timing. Nothing spoils a romantic dinner like mentioning you're married.

**WILL.** If you mentioned that you were separated to your wife that'd be a start.

**JON.** Holly's a smart lass; she'll probably have worked it out for herself by now.

**WILL.** Still, might be worth mentioning it at some point.

**JON.** Do you think? I'd hate her to think I was patronising her.

**WILL.** I doubt that'll even cross her mind.

**JON.** Really?

**WILL.** Not under the circumstances.

**JON.** Hmm. Might be worth a go I suppose.

**WILL.** Well, you'd better sort something out - you can't go on like this.

**JON.** No, you're right mate. Don't want to make a mess of things.

**WILL.** No.

**JON.** She's a top bird after all.

**WILL.** A top bird!?

**JON.** Oh yeah.

**WILL.** High praise indeed. I suppose that's why you married her.

**JON.** Married who?

**WILL.** Holly.

**JON.** Holly?

**WILL.** Your wife. Holly.

**JON.** Yeah, I know who she is numbnuts; I wasn't talking about her. I was talking about Susan.

**WILL.** Susan?

**JON.** Vicki's mate. Susan.

**WILL.** Yeah, I know who she is dumbass. What about Holly?

**JON.** What about her?

**WILL.** You're married to her.

**JON.** Alright, I know, stop going on about it.

**WILL.** You've got to sort it out.

**JON.** I will. Jesus, I never knew sorting out your emotional problems would be such a pain in the arse.

**WILL.** I'm sorry if my emotional problems are stopping you having fun.

**JON.** Hey, don't worry about it mate. That's what friends are for.

***SIMON ENTERS SNEAKING PAST THE GIRLS TABLE AND OVER TO THE LADS.***

**SIMON.** 'ere Will, I was thinking - shall I get some champagne on ice?

**JON.** What a fantastic idea Simon, thank you.

**SIMON.** I'm on it.

***SIMON EXITS.***

**WILL.** What the hell have you gone and ordered champagne for?

**JON.** I like champagne.

**WILL.** But we're not exactly celebrating are we!

**JON.** We could be if you weren't being such a miserable twat.

**WILL.** What would be celebrating?

**JON.** I dunno. (*THINKS*) Vicki just got married - we could celebrate that.

**WILL GLARES MURDEROUSLY AT JON.**

**JON.** Or perhaps not.

*THE ACTION SWITCHES TO THE GIRLS TABLE.*

**VICKI.** I have got the most amazing thing to tell you.

**SUSAN.** What?

**VICKI.** I got married!

**SUSAN.** Oh my God! Congratulations. When?

**VICKI.** This weekend.

**SUSAN.** God. I can't believe it. That's so sudden.

**VICKI.** Isn't it amazing?

**VICKI FLASHES THE RING.**

**SUSAN.** It's beautiful.

**VICKI.** I know; I can't believe it.

**SUSAN.** Nor can I. So when did Will ask you?

**VICKI.** Today.

**SUSAN.** But you got married at the weekend?

**VICKI.** That's right. He was a bit too late.

**SUSAN.** (*CONFUSED*) So...hang on, who have you married?

**VICKI.** Matt.

**SUSAN.** Matt?

**VICKI.** Yes.

**SUSAN.** Not Will?

**VICKI.** No.

**SUSAN.** But who's Matt?

**VICKI.** My husband.

**SUSAN.** So it seems. When did you meet Matt?

**VICKI.** Last weekend.

**SUSAN.** And you married him this weekend?

**VICKI.** That's right.

**SUSAN.** And Will asked you to marry him today?

**VICKI.** Yeah, about 10 minutes ago.

**SUSAN.** That must have awkward. What did you say?

**VICKI.** I told him the truth.

**SUSAN.** About Matt. Wow! That explains why he looks like that.

**VICKI.** Like what?

**SUSAN.** Like someone ripped his heart out, kicked it round the car park a few times and then bugged off to talk to their friend leaving him with an insensitive prick for company.

**VICKI.** Oh dear - things still not going well with Jon?

**SUSAN.** Things will never go well with Jon.

**VICKI.** So why do you stay with him?

**SUSAN.** I'm not going to for much longer. He's the most insensitive, uncaring, chauvinistic, conceited arsehole I've ever met in my life. And I really don't like the way he keeps looking at my cat. It's almost homicidal.

**VICKI.** He's quite cute though.

**SUSAN.** I guess so.

**VICKI.** Nice arse.

**SUSAN.** It'd be nicer if he didn't talk out of it.

**VICKI.** Still, I wouldn't kick him out of bed for farting.

**SUSAN.** Oh no, trust me - you would.

**VICKI.** Well, I think you should hold on to him.

**SUSAN.** Why?

**VICKI.** Because he's quite a good-looking guy in a strange sort of way and you...

**SUSAN.** What?

**VICKI.** You can't afford to be too choosey can you!

**SUSAN.** What? Why do you say that?

**VICKI.** Oh come on Susan. I mean, it's not that you're ugly...

**SUSAN.** Oh thanks.

**VICKI.** ...but you're quite, well... ordinary-looking aren't you.

**SUSAN.** Am I?

**VICKI.** You are a bit. I don't want to say "plain" cos that sounds a bit unpleasant but you know what I mean.

**SUSAN.** Yeah, thanks for that.

**VICKI.** I think you've done well to get Jon and if you have to make do a bit, well...

**SUSAN.** "Make do"?

**VICKI.** I don't mean it in a bad way. I mean, it can be a real pain in the arse being pretty.

**SUSAN.** Can it?

**VICKI.** Trust me - you don't want men after you the whole time. All that attention can get so wearing.

**SUSAN.** My heart goes out to you.

**VICKI.** Awh, thanks honey; you're so sweet.

**SUSAN.** Oh good. Plain and sweet! What a combination.

**VICKI.** So I think you've done very well.

***VICKI GIVES SUSAN'S HAND A PATRONISING LITTLE PAT.***

**SUSAN.** Great! Cheers!

**VICKI.** But anyway, I expect you want to hear all about me and Matt.

**SUSAN.** Sure. Why not!

***VICKI REACHES INTO HER BAG AND PULLS OUT THE WEDDING STUFF FROM EARLIER.***

**VICKI.** Would you like a piece of cake?

**SUSAN.** No thanks.

**VICKI.** Probably for the best!

**SUSAN.** Eh?

**VICKI.** Let me talk through the photos.

**SUSAN.** Alright.

***VICKI PASSES THE PHOTOS TO SUSAN AND MOVES HER SEAT SLIGHTLY SO SHE CAN SEE THE PHOTOS TOO. SUSAN LOOKS SLIGHTLY BORED.***

**VICKI.** This is me at the hotel. We decided to go to Gretna, you know do the whole eloping thing cos it seemed really romantic and in keeping with our shotgun romance. This is the hotel room again; it was so posh. And that's Matt...

***SUSAN STOPS LOOKING BORED. HER BODY STIFFENS AND HER FACE SLOWLY CRASHES AS VICKI TALKS, UNAWARE.***

**VICKI.** ...that's still in the hotel room. This is me and Matt in the hotel room. Isn't he gorgeous! And that's the two of us again doing... well, you can see what we're doing. That's Matt in his wedding outfit - God, he looks fantastic there. What do you think of him?

**SUSAN.** The bastard!

**VICKI.** What?

***VICKI NOTICES THE LOOK ON SUSAN'S FACE.***

**VICKI.** What's up with you?

**SUSAN.** The lying, slimy little bastard!

**VICKI.** Who?

**SUSAN.** Andy.

**VICKI.** Who's Andy?

**SUSAN WAVES THE PHOTO AT VICKI.**

**SUSAN.** This is Andy.

**VICKI.** No it isn't; it's Matt.

**SUSAN.** Well he told me that his name is Andy.

**VICKI.** His name's not Andy; it's Matt! (*REALISES THIS MEANS SOMETHING POSSIBLY NOT GOOD*) What do you mean he told you his name was Andy?

**SUSAN.** You know I told you I'd been having some fun with another guy?

**VICKI.** Did you?

**SUSAN.** Yes. It was in one of those rare moments when we weren't talking about you.

**VICKI.** It doesn't ring any bells.

**SUSAN.** No, I suppose it wouldn't. Anyway, this is him. This is Andy.

**VICKI.** But that's my husband Matt.

**SUSAN.** Yes. Which would mean that he's a lying bastard.

**VICKI.** Susie, I'm really sorry. What a funny way for you to find out.

**SUSAN.** Funny?

**VICKI.** I meant weird funny, but I guess it is something that we'll probably look back at and laugh.

**SUSAN.** Oh, you think! Would it still seem funny if I told you that me and Andy...

**VICKI.** Matt!

**SUSAN.** Whatever his bastard name is, are still having a bit of fun?

**VICKI.** (*PAUSE*) I don't believe you.

**SUSAN.** It's true.

**VICKI.** I get what you're doing. This is some sort of stupid joke cos I said you were ordinary looking, which was meant to be a sort of a compliment.

**SUSAN.** Was it? Well just so as you know, that's the worst compliment in the world ever. And even to get back at you, I would never joke about something like this - you appear to be having an affair with my boyfriend.

**VICKI.** I thought Jon was your boyfriend.

**SUSAN.** Don't try to distract me with rubbish like that.

**VICKI.** Well actually, if I believe you, you're having an affair with my husband.

**SUSAN.** You don't believe me?

**VICKI.** No.

**SUSAN.** Fine!

***SUSAN LIFTS HER BAG ONTO THE TABLE AND RUMMAGES THROUGH IT.***

**SUSAN.** This is a photo of me and him together... and these are his house keys... and this is a letter he sent me telling me what he wanted to do to me...

**VICKI.** OK, so you know him.

**SUSAN.** Intimately. Look, there's his number in my phone...

***SUSAN SHOWS VICKI THE PHONE. VICKI SHRUGS.***

**SUSAN.** ...this is a little home movie we made two nights ago...

***VICKI TRIES TO FEIGN DISINTEREST AS SUSAN SHOWS HER THE CLIP BUT SHIFTS IN HER SEAT.***

**VICKI.** Alright, that's definitely him. When did that happen?

**SUSAN.** Two nights ago. Check for yourself.

***VICKI TAKES THE PHONE AND CHECKS THE DETAILS ON IT.***

**VICKI.** That bastard! He can stick his wedding up his arse.

**SUSAN.** (*BITTERLY*) Looks like I'll be making do with Jon after all.

**VICKI.** Oh shit!

**SUSAN.** What?

**VICKI.** I think I might have blown my “making do” option.

***VICKI** GLANCES OVER AT **WILL** WHO WON'T CATCH HER EYE.*

**VICKI.** Unless of course...

***VICKI** TAILS OFF DEEP IN THOUGHT AS THE ACTION MOVES TO THE OTHER TABLE. **JON** IS READING **WILL'S** BOOK. HE CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF AS HE READS. **WILL** STARES AT HIM INCONGROUSLY. **JON** CATCHES **WILL'S** EYE.*

**JON.** What?

**WILL.** What are you laughing at?

**JON.** This book of yours; it's quite funny.

**WILL.** It's not supposed to be funny.

**JON.** (*SURPRISED*) Isn't it?

**WILL.** There's something very wrong with you, you know that don't you!

**JON.** Don't start on me just cos you're having a paddy. It's not my fault that you and your bird had a bit of a tiff.

**WILL.** A bit of a tiff?

**JON.** But on the plus side, after an argument you get to have make-up sex and that's the best kind of sex there is.

**WILL.** I think it may have gone a bit beyond make-up sex.

**JON.** That's a shame mate. I love make-up sex. Sometimes I start rows with women just so we can have make-up sex.

**WILL.** I don't know how you get away with it.

**JON.** There's nothing wrong with that. You just have these strange ideas about respecting women.

**WILL.** I think it's important.

**JON.** Well, it hasn't done you much good has it?

**WILL.** You bastard.

**JON.** But it's true. And look mate, I know you're gutted right now but you've got to accept that this was bound to happen.

**WILL.** What? Why do you say that?

**JON.** You were boxing well above your weight with that one. You can't blame this guy if he moved in on Vicki; she's hot. And you, my friend, are not.

**WILL.** Well, thanks for your sympathy and consoling words at this difficult time.

**JON.** This cry-baby, whiney-assed attitude you're showing just proves my point.

**WILL.** Cry-baby, whiney-assed...?

**JON.** Well, it's not very appealing to women is it? OK, so you and your bird split up...

**WILL.** She went off and got married behind my back.

**JON.** ...get over it. Get talking to other women, here, now, tonight.

**WILL.** Tonight?

**JON.** Yes.

**WILL.** That's not appropriate.

**JON.** It's totally appropriate. Did no one ever tell you that moving on is an important part of the healing process?

**WILL.** Well...

**JON.** And there's no point hanging around; that'll only prolong the agony.

**WILL.** Is that why you're with Susan?

**JON.** Exactly.

**WILL.** Before you've even left Holly?

**JON.** You're not going to let that drop are you?

**HOLLY ENTERS AND LOOKS ROUND. SHE SPOTS WILL AND JON AT THEIR TABLE AND STARTS HEADING OVER. WILL SEES HER BUT JON CAN'T AS HIS BACK IS TO THE ENTRANCE.**

**WILL.** Oh my God. Holly!

**JON.** What about her?

**WILL.** She's...

**JON.** You're getting a bit obsessed with her mate. What's going on?

**WILL.** She's standing right behind you.

**JON.** Oh shit.

**HOLLY.** And hello to you darling.

**JON.** What the hell are you doing here?

**HOLLY.** What's wrong with you?

**JON KEEPS GLANCING NERVOUSLY OVER AT SUSAN. HOLLY DOESN'T NOTICE.**

**JON.** Nothing. I'm just trying to have a chat with a mate down the pub and I don't need you hanging around all the time.

**HOLLY.** Hi Will.

**WILL.** Hi.

**JON.** Look, honey I don't mean to be rude but can you just go away or something.

**HOLLY.** You're doing a bloody good job for a man who doesn't mean to be rude.

**JON.** It's just one of my many talents. What are you doing here?

**HOLLY.** I guessed you were here so I came to give you a lift.

**JON.** Well you've failed so far. Why do I need a lift?

**HOLLY.** Because Mark and Claire will be round in about an hour and you haven't been home yet.

**JON.** Oh god, are they coming over tonight?

**HOLLY.** You know they are.

**JON.** I must have blotted it out.

**HOLLY.** Why; what's wrong with them?

**JON.** Nothing much. I just hate them.

**HOLLY.** Claire's my best friend.

**JON.** Then you have appalling taste in friends. Last time Claire came over she spent the whole night sulking and bursting into tears.

**HOLLY.** She came over because she has terrible periods and she was feeling really hormonal. She just wanted some support.

**JON.** Yeah, well when you're on this end of the penis that's not a lot of fun, alright?

***WILL FINISHES THE LAST OF HIS DRINK. HE SEE JON'S GLASS IS EMPTY.***

**HOLLY.** Look, I'm not going to hang around here while you show off in front of your friend - do you want a lift or not?

**JON.** No I don't want a lift. I never asked for a lift. So can you can go home and wait for me and I'll be there in a bit.

**HOLLY.** You bastard.

***HOLLY TURNS TO LEAVE.***

**WILL.** Same again mate?

**JON.** Cheers.

**WILL.** Do you want a drink Holly?

**JON.** No she bloody doesn't.

***HOLLY TURNS BACK AND SMILES A NASTY SMILE.***

**HOLLY.** Why not. Thanks Will.

***JON MOUTHS AN OBSENITY AT WILL WHO LOOKS CONFUSED.***

**JON.** Actually, it's my round.

**WILL.** No it's not.

**JON.** (*THROUGH GRITTED TEETH*) Yes it is.

**JON GETS UP AS HOLLY SITS.**

**JON.** Usual for everyone?

**WILL NODS. HOLLY SCOWLS. JON HEADS OFF AS IF TO THE BAR. HE STOPS AND THINKS FRANTICALLY FOR A MOMENT BEFORE MOVING TO VICKI AND SUSAN'S TABLE. HE IS SURPRISED TO SEE THEM BOTH TEARFUL AND ANGRY.**

**JON.** Having a good night are we?

**VICKI.** Does it look like it?

**JON.** Not really but I'm a bloke and therefore insensitive to women's feelings so what would I know?

**SUSAN GETS UP QUICKLY AND THROWS HER ARMS AROUND JON. HE LOOKS INCREDIBLY AWKWARD AND SHOOTS A NERVOUS GLANCE OVER AT HOLLY WHO IS FORTUNATELY TALKING TO WILL.**

**SUSAN.** Jon, do you love me?

**JON TRIES TO DISENGAGE FROM THE HUG.**

**JON.** Yeah, yeah, shitloads. What's up with you?

**SUSAN.** Nothing, I just want to know.

**JON.** Well, does it have to be now?

**SUSAN.** Why not now?

**JON.** Because you're clearly emotional. You'd probably be a lot happier at home in front of the telly.

**SUSAN.** What?

**JON.** You love a night in front of the telly when you're feeling like this. I'll get your coat.

**VICKI ROLLS HER EYES AND RISES.**

**VICKI.** Smooth! I'll leave you to it shall I?

**JON.** Don't you bloody dare. Come back.

***VICKI STROLLS OVER TO THE OTHER TABLE WHERE HOLLY AND WILL ARE TALKING. THIS INTERUPTION BREAKS HOLLY'S CONCENTRATION AND SHE GLANCES AROUND FOR JON. SHE SPOTS SUSAN WRAPPED AROUND HIM AND FROWNS. DURING THE NEXT SCENE, VICKI COAXES WILL OUT OF HIS MOOD AND GETS TALKING TO HIM. MEANWHILE, HOLLY STANDS AND MOVES SLOWLY OVER TO THEM AS THE NEXT FEW LINES ARE SPOKEN.***

**SUSAN.** Seriously though, do you think I'm pretty?

**JON.** Erm... define pretty.

**SUSAN.** Are you sexually attracted to me?

**JON.** Well, duh! Why do you think I've been shagging you for the past few months!

**SUSAN.** Is that all it is to you Jon? Shagging?

**JON.** No, you know it's not.

***HOLLY IS NOW RIGHT BEHIND THEM.***

**HOLLY.** Who's your friend?

***JON STARTS, PUSHING SUSAN OUT OF THE EMBRACE.***

**JON.** Shit! Would you stop creeping up on me!!!

**HOLLY.** Who is she Jon?

***SUSAN LOOKS PUZZLED - SHE HAS NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON.***

**JON.** Erm...yes. Holly this is Susan. She's my cousin.

**SUSAN.** Cousin?

**HOLLY.** Cousin?

**JON.** Cousin. That's right.

**HOLLY.** And are you normally that familiar with your cousins?

**JON.** Well, she's clearly upset so I...

**SUSAN.** I'm not his bloody cousin.

**HOLLY.** You astound me!

**JON.** No, she is. She's just having a little joke. Aren't you?

**SUSAN.** How dare you? What's the problem here Jon? Am I an embarrassment to you?

**JON.** No, it's not that.

**SUSAN.** Oh isn't it. Then why can't you just admit that I'm...

**JON.** Don't do this please.

**SUSAN.** ...your girlfriend.

**HOLLY.** His girlfriend?

**SUSAN.** Yes.

**JON.** No.

**HOLLY.** And how long has this been going on?

**JON.** It hasn't.

**SUSAN.** Two months.

**JON.** Well, in a manner of speaking.

**HOLLY.** Two months?

**SUSAN.** Yes. And what's it to you anyway? Who are you?

**JON.** Ah, yes, now, Susan this is Holly. She's my...

***JON*** *GLANCES BETWEEN THE TWO GIRLS AND KNOWS HE CAN'T WIN THIS ONE. HE DECIDES TO BLAG IT ANYWAY.*

**JON.** ...cousin?

***HOLLY*** *SLAPS JON.*

**HOLLY.** Cousin?

**JON.** Wife.

***SUSAN SLAPS JON.***

**SUSAN.** Wife?

**JON.** Well, in a manner of speaking. We're separated.

**HOLLY.** We are not!

**JON.** We kind of are.

**HOLLY.** What do you mean we kind of are? We still live together.

**JON.** We live separate lives in the same house.

**HOLLY.** I see. And when were you planning to mention this to me?

**JON.** When the time was right.

**HOLLY.** You've been seeing another woman for two months! When was the time going to be right, you prick?

**JON.** Prick? Oh, right - well, I might be a prick but at least I'm not a... (*TAILS OFF*)

**HOLLY.** A what?

**JON.** I don't know; this has happened pretty quickly and I didn't have a chance to think it through.

**SUSAN.** Jon - is this woman really your wife?

**JON.** Sort of.

**SUSAN.** Sort of?

**JON.** Yes. But I am going to leave her Susan - I want to be with you.

**SUSAN.** Tough. You lied to me. You're just another lying bastard and I hope you get nobrot.

***SUSAN GRABS HER COAT AND TURNS TO HOLLY.***

**SUSAN.** I'm sorry, I had no idea.

***SUSAN CHOKES BACK A SOB AND RUNS OUT.***

**JON.** Susan, wait.

***JON MAKES TO FOLLOW HER BUT HOLLY GRABS HIM.***

**HOLLY.** Oh no you don't lover boy - I think you and I need to have a chat.

***HOLLY SHOVES JON INTO A CHAIR AND SITS. AS THEY BEGIN TALKING, THE ACTION SWITCHES TO THE OTHER TABLE WHERE VICKI AND WILL ARE NOW CHATTING FAIRLY COMFORTABLY. HE HAS AN ARM AROUND HER SHOULDERS.***

**VICKI.** So you see I would never have married him if I'd realised how you felt about me.

**WILL.** I see.

**VICKI.** Can you forgive me?

**WILL.** Honestly? I don't know.

**VICKI.** (*IRRITATED*) What?

**WILL.** Well it's a big thing to forgive isn't it! And anyway, I thought you didn't love me.

**VICKI.** What? Why do you think that?

**WILL.** You told me you didn't.

**VICKI.** Did I? Are you sure?

**WILL.** I'm sure.

**VICKI.** I don't remember that.

**WILL.** You did.

**VICKI.** When?

**WILL.** Earlier tonight. When you told me you'd got married.

**VICKI.** Really? (*THINKS*) I don't remember that.

**WILL.** You...

**VICKI.** Look, Will, does it matter? Really? The important thing is - do you love me?

**WILL.** You know I do.

**VICKI.** Then we can move on can't we! I'll get the marriage annulled and we can be together.

**WILL.** But...

**VICKI.** But what?

**WILL.** If you don't love me, then I don't want us to be together.

**VICKI.** Fine. You want to know that I love you?

**WILL.** Yes.

**VICKI.** Where's that engagement ring?

***WILL TAKES IT FROM HIS POCKET.***

**WILL.** It's here but...

***VICKI PRESENTS HER LEFT HAND.***

**VICKI.** Then it's in the wrong place. Put it here.

**WILL.** You mean...

**VICKI.** I'll marry you Will. If you still want me to. Does that show you that I love you?

**WILL.** You want to marry me?

**VICKI.** I do. If you'll have me.

**WILL.** Of course I will.

**VICKI.** Well then?

***VICKI WIGGLES HER RING FINGER. AT THE OTHER TABLE, HOLLY GRABS JON BY THE ARM AND DRAGS HIM TO HIS FEET. DURING THE NEXT FEW LINES SHE MARCHES HIM OVER TO VICKI AND WILL'S TABLE.***

**WILL.** Hold on, I want to do this properly.

**VICKI.** What?

***WILL, AGAIN, DROPS TO ONE KNEE. VICKI ROLLS HER EYES BUT SAYS NOTHING.***

**WILL.** Vicki, will you marry me?

*BEFORE SHE CAN ANSWER, HOLLY AND JON ARE AT THEIR TABLE.*

**HOLLY.** Not interrupting anything are we?

**WILL.** I would have thought that was obvious.

**HOLLY.** Oh good. What are you doing down there anyway?

**WILL.** I'm trying to get engaged.

**JON.** Again? I've got to hand it to you mate, you don't give up.

**HOLLY.** I don't recommend marriage; it can leave a sour taste in your mouth. It seems all very nice when it's a dream but then you wake up one day and realise you've got trapped in a loveless marriage to a man you despise.

**VICKI.** Well that won't happen to us.

**JON.** Probably won't. Poor old Will's gone and fallen in "love".

**HOLLY.** And what's wrong with that?

**JON.** He's acting like a prat. She already went off and married someone else.

**HOLLY.** Then she's an idiot. Because Will's twice the man you'll ever be. He's kind and he's caring...

**JON.** Eh?

**HOLLY.** And he knows a damn site more about what a woman needs than you.

**WILL.** Oh shit, no!

**JON.** What are you talking about?

**HOLLY.** While you've been off shagging any poor little slut who'd let you, Will has been taking care of my needs.

**VICKI.** What?

**JON.** What?

**HOLLY.** Oh yeah.

**WILL.** Oh no.

**HOLLY.** That's right darling - two can play at that game. Now, I'm going home and, as we're apparently separated, I don't expect to see you back there.

**JON.** Holly!

**HOLLY.** I mean it Jon. If you have any fondness for your bollocks at all, don't bring them anywhere near me.

***HOLLY** TURNS TO LEAVE, REGISTERING FOR THE FIRST TIME THE HORROR ON BOTH **VICKI** AND **WILL'S** FACES.*

**HOLLY.** (*HORRIFIED*) Oh shit. Sorry Will, that wasn't the best timing, was it!

**WILL.** Not really, no.

**HOLLY.** I'm so sorry. I'll... I'll be in touch, yeah.

*EMBARASSED, **HOLLY** GRABS HER STUFF AND LEAVES FAST. THERE IS A LONG AWKWARD SILENCE. **WILL** CLEARS HIS THROAT AND GESTURES TO THE RING.*

**WILL.** I don't suppose you still want to...

**VICKI.** No.

**WILL.** Right. Sure?

**VICKI.** Positive. Thank you.

***VICKI** STANDS AND PICKS UP HER BAG.*

**VICKI.** You can probably get up now.

**WILL.** Yes.

***WILL** STANDS.*

**VICKI.** I'm going to go home.

**WILL.** Right. Are you sure you don't want to stay for another drink?

**VICKI.** Quite sure.

**WILL.** OK. Well, I'll see you soon then shall I?

**VICKI.** I don't know.

**WILL.** I'll call you.

***VICKI TURNS HER BACK AND STARTS TO WALK AWAY.***

**VICKI.** Don't bother.

***VICKI EXITS. THERE IS A PAUSE. JON AND WILL LOOK AT EACH OTHER. JON PUNCHES WILL.***

**WILL.** Ow! What did you do that for?

**JON.** I'll give you three guesses.

**WILL.** That really hurt.

**JON.** Good, it was supposed to.

***JON SITS RUBBING HIS FIST.***

**WILL.** That'll probably bruise.

**JON.** Oh shut up. It hurt me too you know.

**WILL.** You never could punch properly.

**JON.** You're a twat, you know that?

**WILL.** Look, I'm sorry mate but it's not as though it was going great.

***WILL SITS.***

**JON.** I thought it was going great. It seemed to be.

**WILL.** I didn't think you even liked her that much.

**JON.** Liked her? I thought she was fantastic.

**WILL.** Then why were you cheating on her?

**JON.** Who?

**WILL.** Holly?

**JON.** I'm not talking about Holly - sod Holly! Will you stop going on about Holly!

**WILL.** Then what are you talking about?

**JON.** Vicki!

**WILL.** Vicki?

**JON.** Yes. I can't believe you had a cracking bird like that and risked it all for a roll with Holly. What were you thinking?

**WILL.** You had a thing for Vicki?

**JON.** I had a big thing for Vicki that she could have had anytime she wanted.

**WILL.** Jon!

**JON.** What? Don't get on your high horse with me - you're the one who's been shagging my wife.

**WILL.** Only because you told me you were separated.

**JON.** (*STRUGGLES FOR WORDS FOR A MOMENT*) Touche! Weird thing that.

**WILL.** What?

**JON.** All that time I spent waiting for the right moment to say something to Holly and in the end I think I might have misjudged it.

**WILL.** It's just possible you did.

***SIMON ENTERS WITH A BUCKET WITH A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE IN, AND A TRAY WITH FOUR GLASSES.***

**SIMON.** 'ere we go lads, champagne for the happy couple.

***SIMON REGISTERS THE LACK OF LADIES AT THE TABLES.***

**SIMON.** Have I bought too many glasses?

**WILL.** Possibly.

**JON.** Ah, sod it - might as well enjoy it. Simon will you join us?

**SIMON.** (*SITTING*) I shouldn't really.

**JON.** Good man.

***JON OPENS THE BOTTLE WITH A FLOURISH AND POURS THREE GLASSES.HE RAISES HIS IN A TOAST.***

**JON.** Cheers.

**SIMON.** What are we drinking to?

**WILL.** Single life.

**JON.** Homelessness.

**SIMON.** And the healing power of alcohol.

*THEY CLINK GLASSES AND ALL TAKE A SWIG.*

**WILL.** So, what are we up to the rest of the night?

**JON.** A bit of bubbly, a ruby and maybe a trip to a lapdancing club.

**SIMON.** Amen to that.

*THEY CLINK GLASSES AND ALL TAKE A SWIG.*

**JON.** And of course...

***JON REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT A WAD OF PANINI STICKERS.***

**JON.** ...a few swapsies.

**WILL.** Good call.

*THEY CLINK GLASSES AND ALL TAKE A SWIG. **WILL AND SIMON PULL THEIR PANINI STICKERS FROM THEIR POCKETS.***

**JON.** Actually, I'm a bit hungry; you got any food on Simon?

**SIMON.** I've got rolls.

**JON.** What type of rolls?

**SIMON.** I've got cheese, I've got ham and I've got cheese and ham.

**JON.** I'll have a cheese roll.

**SIMON.** You'll have to hang on while I take the ham out.

**JON.** (BEAT) Maybe I'll leave it. Anyone heard any good jokes lately?

**SIMON.** I did hear one. What's red and invisible?

**JON.** Dunno.

**SIMON.** Tomatoes that are simultaneously invisible and red, if such a thing were possible, which it isn't.

***JON GIVES SIMON A LONG, STRANGE LOOK.***

**JON.** Good. Well done.

***JON GESTURES WITH HIS PANINI DECK.***

**JON.** Gentleman; shall we?

***THE SWAPPING STARTS AS THE LIGHTS GO DOWN.***

FINIS.