

*BRIAN, the Job Club Manager comes through the back doors holding a tie in his hand.*

BRIAN: This is the last interview tie I'm donating to you lot. From now on, whoever's got an interview has to book it out and book it back in again.

*He holds up a book on a string which he hangs next to the tie on a peg. Goes over to his desk.*

BRIAN: Right. I've had a gander at your sample job application letters. Impressed ... would not be the word. Let's see what we got: Anonymous - alright, Alf?

ALF: - not me, Bri.

BRIAN: - Anonymous - among his other qualifications - has an NVQ in navigating a Wookiee Flying Catamaran.

DAVE: *(Immediate.)* Return of the Jedi.

ALF: Correct! Oops.

*BRIAN turns to another letter.*

BRIAN: Terry -

TERRY: - alright, Brian?

BRIAN: Terry is today applying for the job of ... Chancellor of the Exchequer.

*Murmurs of approval from the lads.*

ALF: You'd have to book the tie out for that one, wouldn't you?

TERRY: Never know whether it's one kay or two in Exchequer.

GERALD: It's a bloody Q, you divvy.

BRIAN: Word to the wise, Tel: Chancellor: you're not going to get it, love.

TERRY: Don't see why not. I can't fuck it up more than he has, can I?

BRIAN: Maybe work your way up, eh? There's shelf stacking at Morrison's and Security Guards at Asda. I'll be back in ten.

*The minute he leaves, out come the cigarettes, mini basketball set, playing cards, match-stick model of the Forth Bridge.*

GAZ: My eyes have been opened, I tell you. Standing up, she was, straight against the wall, just like a man. Did you shuffle these or what, Dave? When women start pissing like us, we're finished, mate. Extincto.

DAVE: But I mean ... how?

TERRY: Genetic mutation, innit. They're turning into us.

DAVE: What, they're growing ... ? No.

GERALD: Hey, button it, will you, some of us are trying to work. And it says 'no smoking' in 'ere.

GAZ: And it says Job Club up there and when were 'last time one of them walked in, so back off will you. You're not our Foreman now, Gerald. You're same as us; scrap.

GERALD: Just keep it down, alright?

GAZ: Or what, you'll set your gnome on me?

*GAZ grabs GERALD's briefcase and pulls out a garden gnome to the general laughter of the room. Imitates a gnome's voice.*

GAZ: Save me, save me, I've been kidnapped by the most stuck-up toss pot in Sheffield.

GERALD: Give that here.

*GERALD pursues GAZ who throws it to DAVE. DAVE pats it on the head.*

DAVE: Gnomes in space!

*Throws it high in the air back to GAZ.*

GERALD: Watch it! That's a collector's item, is that. Give it back.

*GERALD snatches it back and goes back to his application letter.*

GAZ: Mark me, in a few years, men won't exist no more. Except in a zoo or sommut. Tell me one thing lasses can't do without us. One thing.

*Silence.*

ALF: Fishing.

*Relieved assent all round. The rightful order is restored until DAVE clears his throat and solemnly holds up the newspaper. On the back cover, a woman angler is holding a huge fish in her hands.*

DAVE: Penny Darlington with her twenty-two pound pike.

*A terrified silence.*

ALF: I've caught bigger.

*Another terrified silence.*

TERRY: Babies! Now then. Can't make babies without us. Can't say I remember much about it, but try getting one in the oven without a man. Eh?

GAZ: Go bollocks. A quick party-for-one in a test tube, ta very much for your contribution to civilisation, and you're being shown the exit.

ALF: Whilst yon turkey baster's being shown the entrance.

GAZ: We're obsolete, gentlemen. Dinosaurs. Yesterday's news.

ALF: Like skateboards.

*Depressed, they go back to their cards.*

DAVE: Wait on, though. Why were all them women in that club in the first place? Because of us. Men.

GAZ: Degrading, that's what it was. Treating men like pieces of meat. I've half a mind to become a feminist.

TERRY: Put that on your application form. Crane operator and feminist.

DAVE: How many were there, though?

GAZ: Hundreds. Thousands. Baying at 'em they were. Ten quid a ticket an' all. Ten quid to watch a bit of willy waving.

DAVE: Hang on! Times ten quid by a thousand and you've got ... well, a lot. A very lot.

TERRY: Ten thousand quid.

GAZ: How much?

TERRY: Chancellor of the Exchequer speaks. Ten grand.

GAZ: Hey, now, Dave. I mean, it's worth a thought, innit? Ten grand ...

GERALD: Oh aye, I can just see Little and Large prancing about Sheffield with their widders out. Now that would be worth a tenner.

*Laughter from the room.*

GAZ: Don't be daft. Just saying, you know ...

GERALD: Widders on parade. Bring your own microscope.

DAVE: I don't see why the chuff not.

GERALD: Because you're fat, you're thin and you're both fucking ugly.

*GAZ launches himself at GERALD. They fall out of the back doors, grappling. The rest of the Job Club members follow, cheering.*