

DAVE: So. How much do you owe Mandy?

GAZ: A bit.

DAVE: Big bit? Small bit?

GAZ: Six hundred quid and a bit.

DAVE: Bloody hell, Gaz, how' d that happen?

GAZ: I dunno. Didn't think things were gonna change, did I?

DAVE: Like?

GAZ: A job for life: Sheffield United staying up: Angie Braithwaite having the best legs in the North.

*DAVE shoots him a despairing look.*

GAZ: I were right about Angie's legs.

DAVE: Currently to be seen wrapped around that guy from Kwikfit.

GAZ: Alright, alright. Let's have a crafty one in 'club, eh?

DAVE: Can't. Gotta get back.

GAZ: Jean's got to let you off the bloody lead sometime, Dave.

DAVE: Jean's out.

GAZ: So what's the problem?

DAVE: You know ... Jobs to do, haven't I?

*Thumping disco music and the enthusiastic screaming of many women comes from within the building as the door opens and ALAN, the Club Manager comes out of the door carrying a barrel, he sets it far downstage left under the street lamp.*

ALAN: You're barred.

GAZ: Wouldn't drink your pissy beer if you paid me.

ALAN: You're breaking my heart.

*An enthusiastic whoop from a hundred lagered-up women comes from inside.*

GAZ: Bloody hell. What you got on tonight?

ALAN: Chippendales. Packing 'em in.

GAZ: Whatendales?

ALAN: Strippers.

GAZ: Champion. Stand aside, Doorman.

*ALAN stops GAZ with an imperious hand. Points to the poster.*

ALAN: Male strippers.

GAZ: Eh? Men?

ALAN: Yep.

GAZ: Wiggling their tackle about in there?

ALAN: Yep.

GAZ: It's a Working Men's Club, Alan. What would Denis Healey say?

ALAN: Dunno, but his eyebrows'd be going overtime, I can tell you that. Anyroad, tonight it's a Working Women's Club. Which, by the by, is full. Thus paying for toe-rags like your good self who never cough up their bloody subs.

GAZ: No self-respecting woman would be seen dead in there, looking at that.

ALAN: I see Jean's in.

*DAVE does a bit of embarrassed throat-clearing.*

GAZ: Your Jean's in there?

ALAN: As is most of the female population. Packed twenty deep they are, screaming their bloody knickers off. Tirrah.

*He goes back in.*

GAZ: Hell, nay, Dave.

DAVE: It's her money.

GAZ: She's got you doing the Hoovering - I saw it, I let it go - but this ... Get in there, get her out and tell her what for.

DAVE: We're barred. What can you do?

GAZ: T'other side of that door, there is a woofter waving his willy at your missus. Are you a man or a mouse?

DAVE: Dunno, but mine's the cheese sandwich.

*GAZ points to the door.*

GAZ: In.

DAVE: You're right. Make a stand. Enough is enough.

*DAVE girds his loins, goes in. After a second, he comes running back out.*

DAVE: Jean! She's coming!

*And DAVE runs off stage.*

GAZ: Dave!

DAVE: (*Offstage.*) See you!