

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Gavin Davis

Fat Christ

A Comedy

First performed at the Kings Head Theatre, Islington, London
February 26th February 2008 by GDA Theatrical Productions,
starring Jack Taylor, Abi Titmuss, Jennifer Matter and Tim
Downie. Directed by Heather Simpkin.

Characters

Jack Taylor

Lily Taylor

Susan Frobisher

Dick Frobisher

Act ONE

SCENE ONE

Set: the Sitting Room of Jack and Lily Taylor. They have moved to a rented cottage in the middle of nowhere. They have been married for one year and Lily is pregnant. They have had to sell everything they own after Jack invested heavily in a new play and failed. Ever the optimist, he has a plan.

The room is clean and tidy, well kept with relatively expensive furnishings. A large sofa dominates the centre stage.

The Taylors are moving in. They are being helped by their friends, Dick and Susan Frobisher. Lily enters followed by the Frobishers carrying a variety of small furnishings which are placed around the room.

LILY
Just over there please Susan.

SUSAN
Here?

LILY (CONT'D)
Yes thanks. Gosh, I don't know how we will ever get organised.

SUSAN
She looks out of the window.

Nice view.

LILY
You think so.

SUSAN
God, yes. We live on a main road.

LILY
I suppose it is lovely.

SUSAN
Is that a rabbit?

LILY
Probably, there are hundreds round here.

She goes to join Susan

LILY (CONT'D)
We saw a fox earlier.

SUSAN
Really?

LILY
We've seen quite a few varieties in the last couple of days.

SUSAN
Foxes?

LILY
Animals. Wildlife in general.

SUSAN
Oh, I see. Smell the air. It's so clean. I love it.

LILY
It is lovely. A little remote.

SUSAN
But lovely.

LILY
Hmmm.

She turns from the window and surveys the room.

Come on, give me a hand with the boxes.

They exit.

DICK
(offstage)
Alright girls. You want me to lift this in for you? It's quite big you know.

Dick enters carrying a large framed photograph of Lily Taylor.

Dick (CONT'D)

He enters and looks around the room. He eyes the portrait.

(Suggestively)
Well, this is how the other half live. Where do you want it?

LILY
(Offstage)
Anywhere you like.

DICK (CONT'D)
Woof. Over the fireplace or over the sofa?

LILY
(offstage)
Over the sofa?

Woof.
DICK

LILY
(Entering)
I don't mind. I don't really like it. Anywhere Jack wants it I suppose.

DICK
Lucky bugger. Over the fireplace then?

LILY
Over the fireplace?

DICK
It might get a little hot you know.

LILY
Do you think so?

DICK
He lifts the picture over the mantle, straining.
I can't quite get it up there.

JACK
Entering
I'm not surprised, now shut up you filthy sod.

LILY
(Just understanding the innuendo)
Oh Dick !

DICK
Over the sofa then?

LILY
Just give it to me.

Dick raises an eyebrow suggestively.

DICK
Really

JACK
Don't even think it.

He takes the picture from Dick and hangs it on a large hook in the centre of the rear wall.

SUSAN
Entering

Are you being disgusting again?

DICK

No.

SUSAN

You are pathetic.

DICK

What do you mean?

Susan scowls at him.

SUSAN

You know exactly what I mean.

DICK

No I don't.

SUSAN

You do Dick. You do it all the time.

JACK

I didn't know that.

DICK

What?

JACK

That you do Dick. Men, eh?

Jack smiles expectantly.

DICK

Hush. Tumbleweed.

SUSAN

She looks at Jack and then turns to Lily

Do you want both of those boxes outside?

LILY

I think one of them might be rubbish, let me have look.

She exits with Susan.

JACK

You are a revolting human being.

DICK

(Aside to Jack)
Can't help it.

JACK
You probably can't but you are only human I suppose.

DICK
(Flopping into the sofa)
Sadly for them and happily for me that is true.

He puts his feet up on the coffee table

JACK
Shouldn't that be the other way around?

DICK
Not entirely sure old boy. The truth bit, the happy bit or
the human bit?

JACK
That's a lot of bits.

DICK
The common denominator. Women, The weaker sex.

JACK
You really are a prize jackass.

DICK
Why?

JACK
Well you are an estate agent.

DICK
Commercial Estate Agent I'll have you know. There is a
distinct difference.

JACK
I rest my case.

DICK
So this is home?

JACK
It is indeed.

Looking out of the window

JACK (CONT'D)
Definitely the best place I have ever lived.

DICK
(he nods appreciatively)
Rented though.

JACK
Yep.

Not bought. DICK

Yep. JACK

No longer esquire. DICK

Yep. JACK

Well a change of pace. How much is it a month? DICK

Just over a grand. JACK

Bit shabby for a grand. DICK

A bit, yes, but we did get a couple of months free rent to do it up. JACK

And it hasn't got a kitchen. DICK

We're going to put one in. JACK

Feels a little damp. DICK

It hasn't been occupied for awhile. JACK

I'm not surprised. Doesn't sound like a very good deal to me. DICK

Thanks for your support! It probably isn't but what choice have we got? JACK

What you would choose and what sensible, normal people would choose... DICK

Like yourself, eh? JACK

Normal, perhaps not. Sensible, definitely. You are constantly overstretching yourself. Why can't you just settle for what you can afford. DICK

A nice small two bedroom house on the main road for instance. JACK

DICK
Perhaps you should take a leaf out of my book.

JACK
I don't think so.

DICK
Beer tastes and champagne money.

JACK
As opposed to champagne tastes and beer money?

DICK
It's always feast and famine with you.

JACK
Sometimes. It does happen, I grant you that.

DICK
Of course it does and why?

JACK
You sound like Lily, I'm not married to you, you know.

DICK
Lucky for me, so why does it happen?

JACK
Because I can't give up. I don't want to be normal. I want to be the exception to the rule. Brecht.

DICK
(without comprehension)
How much will it all cost?

JACK
My marriage probably.

DICK
The kitchen, you daft sod.

JACK
Oh. Couple of thousand.

DICK
You're bloody mad. Paying to put a kitchen in someone else's house.

JACK
I don't think so. Just look at it, land, forests, no neighbours, middle of nowhere...

DICK
That's why it's cheap, nobody wants to bloody live here.

JACK
I do. Anyway, we couldn't afford to buy this, you get more when you rent.

Bullshit. DICK

It's true. JACK

Bollocks. You've lost all your bloody money and now you have got to make do. You have no choice as you put it. DICK

No. JACK

Bloody yes. What does Lily think? DICK

Lily LILY
She enters carrying a lamp.
Lily thinks that we will be alright.

Yeah? Well I hope so for your sake. DICK

It's not ideal. We don't own it. It's a bit run down... LILY

But it's in the middle of the bloody countryside. JACK

And it's probably got mice and it needs redecorating... LILY

And we have got six months rent free. JACK

And I'm pregnant. LILY
(testily)

You're what? DICK

Pregnant. LILY

Pregnant? DICK

Pregnant. LILY

Heavy with child. JACK

I know what it means. DICK

LILY
Don't make light of it Jack, you are the reason we are here.

JACK
I am the reason we are here. Oh.

DICK
Well you don't look pregnant.

LILY
Thankyou.

DICK
Bloody pregnant. I don't believe it.

SUSAN
entering
Don't keep going on Dick. What is the matter with you?

DICK
I'll tell you what's the matter. You've moved to this shit hole and you're going to have a baby?

JACK
Not a lot of choice.

DICK
You're mad.

SUSAN
Shut up Dick.

JACK
Why?

DICK
You bloody know why. Look at it.

JACK
Look at what?

LILY
(aside)
It isn't the best place we've ever lived.

DICK
At this.

JACK
At this, what? Better than a main road isn't it? Sorry Susan.

SUSAN
That's OK. Dick, stop being an asshole. Come on you, this is great, just needs a lick of paint.

DICK
What colour are you going to paint it?

LILY
Cream.

DICK
Magnolia.

JACK
Probably.

DICK
That will be exciting. It will look exactly the same as it does now.

SUSAN
Oh shut up, Dick. You're in enough trouble already.

DICK
Why?

SUSAN
You know damn well why. Just ignore him Lily.

DICK
Well it will look exactly the same.

JACK
Need a spade?

DICK
What for?

SUSAN
To dig yourself out of your hole.

DICK
What hole?

JACK
Oh Christ.

SUSAN
Lily is leaning against the wall.

Lily, you alright?

LILY
Just feeling a bit sick, that's all, I'll be alright.

SUSAN
You sure?

Jack goes to Lily.

JACK
Alright, sweetheart?

LILY

Yes. I'm OK. Susan, do you want to help me get the rest of the things?

SUSAN

Yes, but really, let me carry everything.

DICK

(to Susan)

I assume you already knew?

SUSAN

What?

DICK

That Lily was pregnant. Why am I the last to know these things?

SUSAN

Because you are.

JACK

A dick, Dick. It's alright. We'll bring the stuff in, you two girls take a rest.

Jack exits.

LILY

(calling after him)

Watch your back. You know you shouldn't lift anything too heavy.

JACK

(off stage)

Don't be daft, I'm alright.

SUSAN

Go on Dick. Don't be lazy.

DICK

I'm not being paid you know.

He sees his wife giving him "the stare".

DICK (CONT'D)

Only kidding. I'll suffer. Don't you worry.

He exits

LILY

Thanks for helping Susan.

SUSAN

Don't be daft.

LILY

Want a drink? I think there is a bottle of wine about somewhere. It might even be cold, considering that we haven't got a kitchen or a fridge to put it in.

SUSAN

Sounds good to me, however it comes.

Lily exits

LILY

(offstage)

You are too kind.

SUSAN

You don't really hate it here do you?

LILY

(off stage)

It's alright. It's pretty.

SUSAN

But a bit far out?

LILY

She enters with a wine bottle and two glasses

I shouldn't really. There's beer out there for the boys.

SUSAN

Well Dick's not drinking. He is driving home.

LILY

That is nice of him.

SUSAN

He can be such a jerk. Sorry Lily.

LILY

A nice jerk though.

SUSAN

Sure. You know the only reason he wants to drive is that he doesn't like me driving his new car.

LILY

Bonus as far as I can see. I usually end up driving, but then Jack always points out that I never have more than two glasses anyway, so I won't be over the limit and that I may as well drive home anyway, even though I'll probably be pissed as a fart.

SUSAN

Well two is over the limit, Lily. I think. You know before Dick got this new car he used to believe in equality when it came to driving and drinking.

LILY

Dick?

SUSAN

Yes. He would drive there and I would drive back.

LILY

Sounds familiar, but I don't mind really.

SUSAN

Yes. Us girls don't need to drink to have fun.

LILY

But it does help.

SUSAN

When Dick's around. Let's make the most of it then.

LILY

Well you certainly should. I cannot be bothered with this lot now. I'll tidy up tomorrow.

SUSAN

There is always so much to do when you move. Do you hate it?

LILY

Yes I do.

SUSAN

Which bit do you hate the most?

LILY

Renting.

SUSAN

Renting. Why?

LILY

Well, it is not ours. I feel like we are taking a step back. I'm thirty six and pregnant for God's sake and I don't even own a house.

SUSAN

It won't be forever surely.

LILY

I just didn't think we would bring up our first child in a rented house. I wanted this to be special. I wanted to be settled.

SUSAN

Does it matter?

LILY

Yes it does.

Silence.

LILY (CONT'D)

I don't think we will easily recover from this.

SUSAN

You will.

LILY

Will we?

SUSAN

Of course. You know what he is like, after all you married him.

LILY

For better or worse.

SUSAN

Do you blame him?

LILY

Yes. No. Yes. I don't know.

SUSAN

I don't think it was his fault.

LILY

Whose is it then? It is certainly not mine.

SUSAN

What exactly happened anyway?

LILY

I thought you knew.

SUSAN

Only what Dick has told me and I wouldn't count on that to be accurate.

LILY

What did he say had happened?

SUSAN

Well he was in it wasn't he? In the play I mean.

LILY

"That should sing it".

SUSAN

Was that the name of the play?

LILY

No. The play was Twelfth Night.

SUSAN

Oh, I remember.

LILY

Yes. "That should sing it" were Dick's lines in the play. I think the part he played was Curio, or something like that. Jack asked him to play the part.

SUSAN

I never knew why. I don't think Dick ever went anywhere near a stage, unless it was at school.

LILY

Generous to a fault, always has been, though he did tell me that he thought Dick was rather good.

SUSAN

Really. Doesn't say a lot for the other actors then.

LILY

You should ask Jack to tell you about it. He tells it rather better than I do.

SUSAN

I'm surprised that I haven't heard about it already. What happened then?

LILY

To the play? Well, like all grand ideas Jack wasn't satisfied with just a play he wanted to make it into a film. Basically that is where it all went wrong, desperately under capitalised, invested all his time and money, our money, trusted the wrong people and that was it, we lost the lot.

SUSAN

What about the milk marketing business?

LILY

Had to sell it.

SUSAN

He hated that business anyway. He always did.

LILY

Maybe.

SUSAN

What happened to the film.

LILY

Still in the can, bit like our lives really.

DICK

(offstage)

And the sergeant said "well, sir, we normally use the camel to get into town sir!"

They roar with laughter.

JACK

(entering with Dick drinking
cans of lager)

Everybody alright?

SUSAN

I thought you weren't drinking.

DICK

Just a few. Got to celebrate the move to this glorious house
you know.

SUSAN

You mean I'm driving.

DICK

Looks like it old girl.

SUSAN

You trust me with your new car?

JACK

That should sing it!

DICK

That...Should...Sing...It! Yes, I do.

SUSAN

That should sing it? What is that Jack? Lily was telling me.

JACK

Oh. It was so funny. When we did Twelfth Night your husband,
Olivier here, was cast as Curio, assistant to Orsino the
Grand Duke. Anyway, he only had one line.

DICK

Two.

JACK

And all he had to say was, "that should sing it".

DICK

It was a poignant moment.

JACK

Poignant my arse. We went to rehearsal and Dick said to me
could he have a word to discuss his part. Very special is Mr
Frobisher, I said you've only got one line, not exactly a
main part.

DICK

Every part is important.

JACK

Well we go into a rehearsal room and he says, look, this is
how I see it, I can say it in several different ways;
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

that should sing it - seriously, that should sing it -
gravely, that should sing it - sagely, that should sing it -
with an understanding nod of the head, that should sing it..

SUSAN

Oh Christ.

JACK

And then to top it all; that should sing it! - with an
exclamation on the end!

DICK

But I was bloody good in the end.

JACK

After three hours of rehearsal.

LILY

On one line?

DICK

It had to be perfect. After all my fans might see me still.

JACK

He was bloody brilliant though.

DICK

I was a triumph. What's happening with that film anyway.

LILY

Not a lot.

JACK

Not at the moment. It will though.

DICK

So, the acting career is on hold for now then?

JACK

Possibly for ever. I need to recoup some losses just now, and
an impecunious attempt at an acting career might not be quite
the ticket out. After all, ninety nine percent of all actors
are out of work at any one time, you know.

LILY

Jack always wanted to be a singer too.

DICK

You could have gone on one of those reality tv shows.

LILY

He did.

DICK

You're bloody joking. Not quite the big break, eh?

JACK

I don't want to talk about it.

DICK
No recall.

SUSAN
What did they say?

LILY
That he was too fat to play Jesus.

SUSAN
Jesus Christ Superstar? I love that musical.

DICK
Absolute rubbish.

JACK
Don't be daft. It's one the most perfect musicals ever written. It's iconic and one of the most difficult to sing, Christ, you've got to have a four octave range. That's bloody rare in itself.

DICK
And you've got one of those?

JACK
No, I'd love to have a go though.

DICK
And you're too fat.

JACK
Who said Christ was small?

DICK
Certainly slim. You can't have a well fed Christ. Kind of goes against the grain, don't you think? I'd stick to acting if I was you.

JACK
Hey.

He goes to the window

JACK (CONT'D)

I thought I saw a deer. Saw one earlier. I wonder if it is the same one.

SUSAN
She goes to the window.
Where?

JACK

Behind the stables.

LILY

Makes for a change of subject.

JACK

Let's go for walk and see what we can see.

DICK

Alright, old boy, show us round the estate.

JACK

The grounds are fabulous, darling.

SUSAN

Do I need my wellies?

LILY

I should, have you brought some.

SUSAN

Oddly enough, yes. Dick insists that we keep them in the car.

DICK

Never know when your next polo match is.

JACK

Great foresight has Dick.

SUSAN

Dick is prepared for all occasions, given his position in life.

LILY

The privileged world of the commercial estate agent and those that feed them.

SUSAN

Stars! Royalty! Footballers!

DICK

Investors.

JACK

Don't take the mickey. Can't you see that he is sensitive.

SUSAN

About as sensitive as a leatherback turtle.

DICK

Water of a duck's back. Mock me if you will.

JACK

We will.

LILY

Are we going for a walk?

SUSAN

Of course we are. How exciting, I haven't seen a real deer in the wild before.

They exit.

SCENE THREE

Jack pulls off his boots. Lily brings in a basket of washing.

LILY
Try not to get mud on the carpet. Can't you do that outside.

JACK
Sorry. Didn't think.

Lily takes the boots and puts them by the door.

Jack leans out of the window admiring a beautiful summer day.

JACK (CONT'D)
Why don't you like living here?

LILY
(entering)
It's too remote.

JACK
We could get a dog.

LILY
We could.

JACK
And that would solve the problem?

LILY
No.

JACK
No.
(silence)

JACK (CONT'D)
Being remote isn't really the problem is it?

LILY
No.

JACK
You know that in Sweden very few people own their homes.

LILY
This isn't Sweden, Jack.

JACK
That's not my point.

LILY
I don't want to live in someone else's house. I don't want to ask permission to decorate it how I would like to.
(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)

I want to live in my own house, fix my own damp, decorate how I would like.

JACK

We will do that, I promise. But, this is where we are now, let's just enjoy it for what it is.

LILY

Don't be so bloody obtuse. Always the silver lining. We've lost the lot, Jack.

JACK

We've still got each other.
(silence)

JACK (CONT'D)

At least we don't owe anything, much.

LILY

Much? Who and what?

JACK

Can't be more than ten thousand, all told.

LILY

Ten Thousand!
(silence)

LILY (CONT'D)

It probably more than that, you're just not telling me.

JACK

What? I am, it must be about that, I'm sure.

LILY

You don't have a clue do you? Why didn't you pay it off when we sold the house?

JACK

We needed the money to keep going.

LILY

You see! We have got less than nothing. Everyone else has got on with their lives, but we, we are starting from scratch, again.

JACK

Look, we have got lots of things. A couple of cars. We've got a boat.

LILY

A boat! What the hell good is that? It just costs us money. We can't even sell it.

JACK

It an Andrews Slipper Launch. 1956. How many people do you know that own one of them?

LILY

I know that it is a beautiful thing to have, but you can't even make a cup of tea on it and we have a baby on the way. It's not just you and me. Don't we know anyone who would buy it from us.

JACK

What? Friends?

LILY

Yes.

JACK

Why would our friends want to buy it when they can come on it with us for free.

LILY

Generous to a fault. I hate my life.

JACK

I don't.

LILY

You don't hate where we are?

JACK

No.

LILY

We, correction you, lost everything. That play, that film has cost us our home Jack. Our home! Look at us, we've got a new little life to look after soon and we can't even look after ourselves.

JACK

I am sorry about the play and the film.

LILY

Just so long as you had fun! You even sold your marketing business. That was our income, Jack.

JACK

I hated that business, bloody milk deliveries. Look even you said that the play was a goodie, you said so, it wasn't just me. You said so too. It wasn't as if I just buggered off and thought , oh that's a good idea, I'll just chuck it all away and do a play, film, "that should sing it!", It was your decision too.

LILY

You always wanted to be an actor. I am glad that you followed your dream and I did think it was a good idea, but look where it got us.

JACK

In the middle of the countryside.

LILY

In the middle of a fucking pheasant shoot actually.

JACK

So.

LILY

So? We had shot guns going off at seven o'clock on Sunday morning and horses chasing a bloody fox through the garden, have you done anything about that yet?

JACK

No.

LILY

No. Why not?

JACK

Well, our landlord does not seem that bothered about his ancestral pile.

LILY

It is not an ancestral pile, it is a cottage. It's damp, the roof leaks and should I remind you again that you now have a baby to look after; he will get pneumonia living here.

JACK

Hardly likely, it is summer.

LILY

It rains in England Jack, it's not bloody Greece you know.

JACK

Don't worry about it, the landlord has to fix it anyway.

LILY

What, Lord Hubert of Lardy Dah lives in London and evidently doesn't give a shit about this house or us for that matter.

JACK

I'll sort it out.

LILY

How are we going to pay the rent this month?

JACK

I'll get some money, I always do. I'll get a job.

LILY

You've never worked for anyone before, what makes you think you can now.

JACK

I've been applying for jobs. I must have sent out over two hundred applications.

LILY

I think you should go and clean windows, like we discussed, at least that will bring in some money.

JACK

I could.

LILY

But you don't want to.

JACK

I want to finish the film.

LILY

The what! The film! That's how we lost the bloody money in the first place.

(Silence)

LILY (CONT'D)

Why are you doing that again? We need money, Jack. It's not going to work and we can't afford it.

JACK

I have got to finish what I started.

LILY

Why?

JACK

I owe it to everybody and to me. I want to do that.

LILY

You don't owe anyone anything. Everyone else has got a job, you have to get one too, just like everyone else, every other normal person.

JACK

I don't want to be like everyone else. That's not what you wanted when we got married.

LILY

I did not want to be living in a rented house trying to make the rent with a baby in tow Jack.

JACK

You wanted the dream. I want it too, still.

LILY

I want what we had and I don't understand how we can lose the whole damn lot and be where we are now.

JACK

I didn't see it coming.

LILY

It was up to you to see it coming Jack. You are the one with a Degree in Marketing and Law.

(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)

You need to work, Jack, bring in some money.
(silence)

LILY (CONT'D)

You've cleaned windows before.

JACK

No, I owned a company that invested in a window cleaning business. I never lifted a squeegee in my life.

LILY

Well you might have to.

JACK

Not exactly what I imagined my life would come to, justifies the Degree in Marketing and Law, don't you think?

LILY

The Degree you never used. Perhaps you should have concentrated on that and our lives would be just a little different.

JACK

We might not have met then.

LILY

And then perhaps my life would be a little better.
(Silence)

LILY (CONT'D)

When I met you, you had money, a lovely house, I had a house too for Christ's sake and now I am working in a bloody shoe shop, what happened? Is it my fault?

JACK

No.

LILY

Just concentrate on one thing and get us out of this mess.

JACK

Window Cleaning.

LILY

If that is what it takes, for now.

JACK

Look, I will get a job, clean windows, whatever it takes, you know that, to make you happy, get out of here, buy a house, pay the rent, but I will still finish the film and when I do and it makes it the way I want it all to pan out then you will be happy again, won't you.

LILY

You hate being poor too, I know you do.

JACK

You know it.

LILY

I do not see where you are going to get the time to do both.

JACK

I'll find it.

LILY

And what are you going to do to earn us some money in the mean time?

JACK

How about cleaning windows? Seems a noble profession.

LILY

When are you going to start?

JACK

Now.

LILY

Now?

JACK

Now.

(he gets up to go)

LILY

Where are you going?

JACK

To get some customers.

SUSAN

How?

JACK

Knock on some doors in the next village.

LILY

Now?

JACK

No time like the present. Oh, before I forget. We received an invitation to a preview in some art gallery in London week after next. Fancy going?

LILY

Can we afford to?

JACK

Don't see why not. It's a free champagne reception.

LILY

Who sent us that?

JACK

Tarquin somebody. Must have met him in London when I was doing the film. Don't remember. Should be fun though.

He exits to the kitchen.

JACK (CONT'D)

See you later.

LILY

(calling after him)

Jack, can you go shopping as well, we need food.

She exits after him.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE FOUR

There is a clatter of ladders being dropped outside. Jack enters the sitting room dressed shabbily in old dirty jeans, a sweatshirt bearing the words " I like to come early" and woolen hat. He is cold and wet from window cleaning. He has a sore back and leans backwards stretching and grimacing. He places a rolled up poster of Christ's Crucifixion on the table. The telephone rings.

JACK

Hello.

(listens)

Dick. How are you doing mate?

(listens)

Where are you?

(he leans forward and sits on his haunches, grimacing)

Guess where you are. How the fuck should I know, you're on the end of the phone you silly sod.

(laughs)

Very funny. Outside! Why didn't you ring the bell.

(Waits)

The web covered piece of flyshit covered piece of shit ringer doesn't work. Oh right. Nicely put, I'll let you in.

He puts phone down and opens the front door

DICK

Avon Lady calling.

JACK

I'll just change into something more comfortable. Come through to the lounge would you?

Dick enters

JACK (CONT'D)

Want a drink?

DICK

Does the wild bear shit in the woods?

JACK

Evidently, and evidently your teretes has come back with a vengeance. What would you like? Beer or beer?

Jack enters

DICK

Beer will do.

Dick wanders over to the table and unrolls the poster of the crucifixion.

What's this?

JACK

What's what?

DICK

The poster. Getting all religious on me, are you?

JACK

Oh. The crucifixion. Not particularly. Just an idea I've had.

DICK

I am intrigued.

JACK

He appears in the doorway.

More than an idea actually. We went to a gallery in London last week.

DICK

The free champagne reception? Have fun.

JACK

Of course. Anyway, I met this chap, Tarquin, the gallery owner. Had a chat about creating a new piece of art, he seemed quite intrigued too.

DICK

So what is it going to be?

JACK

That, my friend, is a trade secret at this present time and subject to a small retainer of ten thousand pounds. If and when I get that I shall tell you all about it. Cheers.

He returns to the kitchen.

DICK

Another good idea, eh? How's it going anyway?

JACK

(offstage)

Not too bad now. Well we had a bit of a bad run, as you know.

DICK

Bad luck.

JACK

Entering with cans of lager

You could say that. Bad luck, really sore back, shit rented house and I wouldn't be surprised if Lily wanted a divorce.

DICK

It's what she fell in love with.

JACK

Which bit?

DICK

Well it can't be the rented house, so, the bad back seems the most plausible explanation or perhaps it's the T shirt.

JACK

Thanks a lot mate, as sympathetic as ever I see.

DICK

You're more than welcome. With friends like me..

JACK

Who needs enemies. I tell you what though, I have never been in more pain.

DICK

Your back? There must be something wrong with it.

JACK

You think?

DICK

What is wrong with it anyway?

JACK

Old rugby injury. Compression of the spine, no lumber. It locked up yesterday. I was lifting the ladder like this, across this flower bed and it jarred. I couldn't move for bloody ages. Absolute agony. Stuck like this.

Jack acts out the scenario and stands with his legs apart pretending to be stuck.

DICK

Looks like you pissed yourself, standing like that.

JACK

Thought I might need to. God, when I married Lily, I had everything, cars, houses, the boat, well I've still got that.

DICK

Can't give that away.

JACK

Yeah, well it's a pretty boat.

DICK

And you've still got the Jaguar.

JACK

That's true. So it's not all bad then.

DICK

Well, yes it is. But, the one person I know, I have ever known, is you to get it all back. Christ, you lost two fortunes since I've known you. You always make it back, you are a lucky bastard.

JACK

Yeah.

DICK

Happy Easter again.

JACK

What are you talking about?

DICK

Time for another resurrection.

JACK

Resurrection?

DICK

Christ.

JACK

Christ what?

DICK

Christ. Resurrection. You know, coming back from the dead.

JACK

Oh. The poster. Very good.

DICK

Jesus Christ Superstar. Lily starring as Mary Magdelaine.

JACK

I hope your not calling Lily a tart.

DICK

Christ no.

JACK

Jesus will do thanks. And cast ye not the first stone.

DICK

By that you mean that I would be a tart too.

JACK

You are a tart.

DICK

Can't I be a whore, then I could get paid as well.

JACK

Better pay than window cleaning. Mind you, three or four hundred quid a day is better than a kick in the teeth. Hard work though.

DICK

You don't work hard at all, you lying bastard.

JACK

I don't tell you about the hard bits, the stress, the financial worries. The stigmata.

He holds up his hands.

DICK

Callouses more like and bollocks!

JACK

Funny place to have bollocks.

DICK

Ha. Ha. Ha. So are you enjoying the thought of being a window cleaner for the rest of your life?

JACK

You never know what's around the corner. I going to take on a couple of lads soon, so maybe not forever.

DICK

Does Lily know?

JACK

Not yet. Why? You think that I need to consult her first?

DICK

No. You're married to her. Just think of the risk.

JACK

What risk, the business is growing.

DICK

That's what you said about the play, the film rather.

JACK

That's entirely different. Perhaps I should have been an estate agent.

Dick

Commercial Estate Agent!

JACK

Tough life being a commercial estate agent. Toughest part of your day is sitting on your arse hoping the phone will ring. Oh yes, "hello, you're interested in this building, let's make an appointment, let me see, no can't do it this week, because I'm getting pissed with mates all week.

DICK

Bit touchy. Clients. Not mates. Not on school days anyway.

JACK

So that'll be next Monday.

DICK

You're so cynical.

JACK

You're absolutely right. Getting drunk all week.

DICK

Alcoholism and Commercial Estate Agency, perk of the job.

JACK

And when you get there, " so here it is, yes this is a building and bugger me I even remembered the key! Bloody hell do you want me to measure it for you. No. Good, because I can't be arsed. Terms? Well let's have lunch, you're buying" and then it's back to the office bog for a wank.

DICK

Got to keep myself busy, old boy.

JACK

What material do you prefer these days?

DICK

The written word or...

JACK

Pictures, you mean, estate agents can't read.

DICK

Or a general perusal some of the office talent.

JACK

Your secretary.

DICK

Woof.

JACK

What ever your taste stretches too. She's old enough to be your Mum.

DICK

Ageist!

JACK

You think she actually wants to have sex with you?

DICK

She's only human.

JACK

What about the new girl in Sales?

DICK

She's only human too.

JACK

You're married Dick.

DICK
I have told you before, blow jobs don't count.

JACK
Really. You haven't.

DICK
Told you or done it?

He looks at Dick.

JACK
No way.

DICK
Way, to coin an Americanism.

JACK
Very schoolgirl.

DICK
Dresses like one.

JACK
No, the phrase you dirty sod. Not her.

DICK
I leave it to your imagination.

JACK
I'm thinking you really haven't got laid recently at all then?

DICK
I wouldn't say that.

JACK
How long is it now? And that does not include knocking one out in the office bogs.

DICK
I don't think that's any of your business, do you? Four months until last night.

JACK
Who with?

DICK
My wife, you arse, who else?

JACK
No one else would have you. So is that why you came round?

DICK
Yes, got a load off my mind and just had to come round and tell you all about it.

JACK

That was quick.

DICK

Far too experienced for that old boy.

JACK

Well thanks for telling me, not that I really wanted to know.

DICK

We could always swap you know.

JACK

That might be your fantasy, but it's not mine.

DICK

It could be fun.

JACK

You know that I wouldn't even think of that you pervert, just because your not satisfied at home.

DICK

And you are?

JACK

That's my business.

DICK

You never tell me anything about you and Lily.

JACK

Because it is my business and it is private and you are enough entertainment for everyone. Besides we are fundamentally happy and you are not.

DICK

All the of happiness and none of the money.

JACK

Amazing how the two of them don't go together. I love Lily.

(Silence)

I'd do anything for her.

DICK

Anything?

JACK

Anything.

DICK

Would you shag your mother...

JACK

Bloody hell mate, I'm telling you that I have really screwed it up this time.

DICK

Joking aside, you have a sensitive side, unlike myself, of course.

JACK

Which is probably why your wife dislikes you so much and doesn't want to have sex with you. Anyway, don't make fun of it. I think Lily wants to leave.

DICK

She's not going to leave you.

JACK

I bloody hope not.

DICK

Where did you get that bloody awful T shirt?

JACK

It was for the milkmen, remember the old milk marketing business.

DICK

Bit risque.

JACK

That was the point.

DICK

Hoads of British housewives waiting expectantly for the morning delivery with the notion of adultery on their mind.

JACK

Something like that. Makes them smile.

DICK

Don't give up the day job. Oh. Yes, you did, didn't you.

Dick's mobile phone rings and vibrates in his pocket.

DICK (CONT'D)

I love it when these things vibrate. Always like to keep the phone handy, the old pocket billiards if you know what I mean.

He answers the phone. Jack picks up the poster of the crucifixion and examines it.

Hello. Rachel. Yep. Yep. Yep. Tell him five o'clock. Yep, No I can't speak to him now, getting pissed of course.

He looks at Jack and shrugs with a smile

Wants a viewing Saturday. Tell him not available, busy wiping my arse.

(listens)

Jack starts to draw a sketch of the poster at the table.

You dirty bitch.

(listens)

You dirty bitch. Where? The Loo? You dirty bitch. I love it when you talk dirty to me. About your boyfriend. Hmmm. Well got to take it where you can get it.

He stands up and walks to the toilet singing

She's a devil woman....

He exits to stage right

JACK

Where are you going?

DICK

(offstage)

The bog.

He pokes his head round the door.

DICK (CONT'D)

While your at it old boy, turn some water into wine and feed the five thousand would you. Before eight o'clock would be fine.

JACK

Judas.

He exits.

FADE TO BLACK.

SCENE FIVE

There is a sound of ladders being stacked against the wall outside the house. Jack enters soaked and bedraggled wearing a T shirt with the words " I like to come early" printed on it. He stacks a collection of five easels and canvasses in the doorway. The phone rings.

JACK

Hello. Yeah, Hi. No, I haven't forgotten. No. No. The painting is in progress, yep, should be ready soon. By the end of the month - yes.

He places a carrier bag containing rolled up paper on the table and places four cans of lager on the table. He takes off his coat and squats on his haunches. He groans with back ache.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes, I know that ten thousand pounds is a lot of money, Tarquin and I look forward to at least the same when we sell it. No such thing as an empty promise, Tarquin.

He grimaces. He rises and starts to place the easels, carrying them with one hand and juggling the phone with the other around the room placing them in a line across the stage.

JACK (CONT'D)

No. No. Alright Tarquin. I know I won't regret it. Yep. Speak soon. Yah. Yah.

Puts phone down. He lies down with his legs in the air and settles into the foetal position.

JACK (CONT'D)

Bloody idiot. Tarquin. Hnnnnnnnn. Yah. Yah! Find the f'ing time. Better get on with it.

He stands and goes to the table where he digs into his pockets and empties out quantities of sodden pound notes and coins. He counts the money which he then places on the radiator to dry.

JACK (CONT'D)

Three hundred and seventy five pounds and rain stopped play. Not bad. Mind you ten thousand sounds a little better. Pay off that loan for a start.

He opens a can of lager and takes a deep drink.

He goes to the cupboard and brings out a selection of paints and a french beret which he places on his head. The phone rings.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello. Who? Patel. Job Centre. Oh right. Two applicants. Let me grab a pen. Go on then.

He grabs a pen and a piece of paper and sits at the table.

JACK (CONT'D)

Richard Porter and Tremaine Jones. Phone numbers. Yeh. Good. You want me to talk to one of them. Richard. Ok.

He waits

JACK (CONT'D)

Hello. Yeah. Jack Taylor. That would be me. About six months. What do we do? Well what job have you applied for? Window Cleaner. Yes and that's what we do. Yes. We clean windows. Yes. And what does the job entail? Well, cleaning windows! Have you any experience in window cleaning? No. Ok. What have you been doing until now then? You don't know. Alright that sounds pretty good to me. Can you put me on to the lady again?

He raises his eyes to the ceiling

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes he sounds perfect. Yes. Start Monday. Send him to the address listed on the form. Well, a trial first. Yes. Paid. Yep. Sure. Oh. He's not available to start Monday. Does he want a job or not? Sorry. Not appropriate. Ok. Would you ask him then to call me and tell me exactly when he would like a job. Yes. That would be kind. Yes. Many Thanks.

He puts the phone down.

JACK (CONT'D)

Christ

He drinks deeply from his can of beer and then selects a medium sized brush and tin of black paint.

He stands before the five canvasses.

JACK (CONT'D)

Christ dying on the cross, a painting by new artist, Jack Taylor.

He puts down the paint and brush and retrieves the poster of the crucifixion. Using tape, he secures it over the portrait of Lily behind the easels.

JACK (CONT'D)

Inspiration. One crucifixion. Five tableaus in the shape of a cross. One piss artist.

He raises his can of beer in a toast to the picture of Christ.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cheers.

He sizes the dimensions of the crucifixion with his hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

Five canvasses set out to form the torso section, upon which I shall paint the image of Christ.

He paints a line down the centre canvasses and then a line through the middle line of canvasses.

JACK (CONT'D)

One cross member.

He then goes to the upper centre canvas

JACK (CONT'D)

One face

He paints two round eyes, one nose and a mouth.

Enter Lily.

LILY

Hi.

JACK

Hi.

LILY

Good day?

JACK

Yeah. You?

They kiss.

JACK (CONT'D)
How are you feeling?

LILY
Alright. What are you doing?

JACK
Not a lot. Take a look at that!

Lily looks at the paintings.

JACK (CONT'D)
No that.

He points to the money drying on the radiator.

LILY
How much is there?

JACK
Nearly four hundred pounds. Finished early though, because of the rain.

LILY
That's absolutely brilliant.

JACK
We are doing brilliantly. We are getting back on our feet. You never know, soon we will be able to buy a house and move out of here,

He moves toward her

LILY
I know.

JACK
I love you.

LILY
I love you too. Why are you home so early?

JACK
Raining.

They cuddle. Lily looks over Jack's shoulders at the painting.

LILY
Have you been drinking?

JACK
Yep.

LILY
Bit early.

JACK
Past lunch time. How's your back. Is it sore?

LILY
A bit sore, aching really. I feel pretty tired.

JACK
You want me to rub your back?

LILY
Would you? What are you doing?

JACK
Sit down.

He rubs her back and massages her shoulders.

LILY
That's lovely. I know you hate it.

JACK
What? Massage?

LILY
Window Cleaning.

JACK
Well. It isn't what I got a degree for is it and it's not acting or film making or anything else remotely exciting.

LILY
I am really proud of you.

JACK
Don't be daft.

LILY
I like that.

JACK
You do?

LILY
You've got great hands. What's with the painting?

JACK
(He goes to the painting)
Oh. Nothing much. Just an idea.

LILY
Like what.

JACK
Like just an idea.

LILY
Come on tell me.

JACK

It's nothing.

LILY

You can't do that, set it up, whatever it is, and not tell me.

JACK

It's just an idea, I've called it The Modern Crucifixion.

LILY

And?

JACK

And it's going to be a painting.

LILY

A painting?

JACK

Yes. Well you know that chap I met, Tarquin?

LILY

From the art exhibition in London. I could not believe the price of that crap.

JACK

He was the Gallery owner and it might have been crap but it was expensive. Anyway. I came up with, had, this idea for a piece of art, a painting.

LILY

Christ. You didn't tell him you were an artist.

JACK

Piss artist. No of course I didn't. Well, yes I did actually.

LILY

This is so embarrassing.

JACK

I didn't tell him I was a piss artist.

LILY

I am not talking about that. Don't you ever stop.

JACK

What do you mean?

LILY

Another crackpot idea that won't work and will just make us, you, look stupid!

JACK

Well I agree with you, that it is only I and not you that could possibly look stupid. It will hardly affect you, unless of course it all comes off and you become the wife of a world famous artist.

LILY

I don't believe it.

JACK

Come on, it's only for fun. It might work, you never know, it's a spare time thing. Do you want to know what it does or not?

LILY

No, not really. I thought we discussed this. You would concentrate on one thing, make it work and get out of this mess.

JACK

I am. I have. I am not going to stop thinking of new things you know. I can't stop having ideas and you never know one of them might be the ticket out. Anyway, it is raining you know. I can't possibly clean anymore windows in the rain can I?

LILY

No.

JACK

So? I don't want to clean windows for the rest of my life or hadn't you noticed? I need to do to something I can be proud of, something that does not involve dying a slow spiritual death.

LILY

Pride.

JACK

What's wrong with that?

LILY

Nothing at all. Just do something you really can do and feel proud about.

JACK

What? Window cleaning?

LILY

For now. Not necessarily for ever. I know you hate it but we need the money.

JACK

And when will we have enough money to do what I want to do?

LILY

I'm not discussing this again. What do you want for dinner? I'm cooking.

JACK

Really.

LILY

Yes. Really. Now, what do you want?

JACK
You.

LILY
Got a headache. Next.

JACK
You to listen to my idea.

Lily exits to the kitchen.

LILY
Fish and chips. Drink?

JACK
Imaginative.

Lily leans through the door.

LILY
I'd imagine anything alcoholic. Just tell me.

JACK
Another beer will do. I really don't care.

LILY
Just tell me the idea.

Jack adds some ears to the face.

JACK
Well I figured, using my sadly under utilised degree, that the art world needs another shocker, not a Hurst or anything quite like that, but a piece of art that makes the world sit up and go "hey".

LILY
Hey.

JACK
You know, it challenges some part of society and what bigger part of society than the Christian religion. I don't want it to be rude or upsetting or anything like that, no, just a challenge. A portrait of a modern Christ.

LILY
Well there's nothing different about that.

JACK
Well there is if the subject is the modern man, the modern crucifixion and then it gets clever, right, imagine there are fifteen canvasses placed just like this.

He points to the canvasses

JACK (CONT'D)

Just like this. Imagine there is a huge room with a balcony that people stand on to look at the canvases. From the angle of view the fifteen canvasses..

LILY

But there's only five.

JACK

There will be fifteen and they will look like the whole picture of a crucifixion, but you can also wander among the pictures and look at each of them individually. Each canvass will be a picture in its own right, even though each one will contain a part of Christ's body or the cross.

LILY

Uh humm

JACK

Don't you see. The original picture is Christ dying on the cross, dying for the people. Then the illusion is shattered into tiny pieces, shared by society. Each picture in it's own right would have some intrinsic value or theme, I think, religious or political, something. The core though, the aim, the point would be that all religions share the same significance, parallels, in this case the body of man. Deep, hey!

LILY

Very good. What do you want to eat?

JACK

I thought we were having fish and chips.

LILY

I don't know what I want.

JACK

What do you think of the idea?

LILY

I'm tired. I'm hungry and I don't know.

JACK

He paid me ten thousand pounds retainer.

LILY

Ten thousand pounds, for a picture? Don't lie to me Jack.

JACK

That's what it said on the cheque when I banked it last week.

LILY

Last week?

JACK

Fish and chips with champagne maybe?

LILY

Lily sits down.

I don't believe you. Why didn't you tell me?

JACK

Well, one, I didn't think you would believe me.

LILY

Why?

JACK

And two, I wanted to make sure the cheque cleared first, which it has. And three, I really needed to get it started. This is my fourth attempt and I think I need the practice.

(silence)

JACK (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

LILY

It's not very good, is it.

JACK

Well, no, it isn't.

LILY

I think I need a drink and I think you do too. It might help.

JACK

I'm going to need all the help I can get.

LILY

You could say that.

(silence)

LILY (CONT'D)

Ten thousand! What's a retainer?

JACK

Tarquin pays me, has paid me, ten thousand pounds to paint a picture. When it's finished it will go on sale at his London gallery under the guise of new and exciting artist and when it sells I get half of the proceeds.

LILY

Which might be how much?

JACK

Well, there's nothing in the gallery for less than a hundred thousand.

LILY

Pounds!

JACK

British pound notes.

Lily goes to Jack and kisses him hard on the lips.

LILY

God, I love you Jack.

JACK

I love you too, Lily.

LILY

You're a genius and a bloody fool. What if you don't finish it?

JACK

Not an option.

LILY

What is it called again?

JACK

The Modern Crucifixion.

LILY

Christ Jack, I thought we were in trouble before but this is crazy.

JACK

No Lily. Our troubles are over, for now anyway. We are ten thousand pounds richer with the possibility of a lot more to come.

LILY

Let me get this straight, Jack. You persuaded a London art gallery owner to part with ten thousand pounds for a painting by someone, you, an unknown artist with, God forgive me, no artistic talent at all and he's going to put it in his gallery in London, for sale.

JACK

That's about the size of it.

LILY

But you can't paint Jack.

JACK

Evidently. I was thinking though that we could advertise it as painted by a new "modern" artist.

LILY

What, by someone else.

JACK

No, don't be daft. I could use lines and random shapes, simple colours, make it almost infantile, you know, childlike, like a simple understanding and portrayal of Christ. Make it a truly modernist picture. Less is more.

LILY

That should sing it! Jack, people go to college for years to learn how to paint, what makes you think you can do it just like that, with no training at all?

JACK

Failing that there's always Plan B.

LILY

What's that?

JACK

Tracing paper.

LILY

Oh my God, we're going to need a miracle.

Fade to Black.

INTERVAL

ACT THREE

SCENE SIX

The full size poster of the crucifixion is pinned to the wall in the same place. The canvasses are now placed along the wall beneath the poster of the crucifixion.

Jack enters wearing the same T shirt. There is a camera mounted on a high tripod. He proceeds to take several photographs of the poster.

There is also display board with A5 paper on it facing away from the audience.

Enter Dick from the Kitchen, carrying champagne, beers, glasses and his wallet. He is wearing black tie. He puts everything down on the table.

DICK
Premature ejaculation still a problem?
(looking at the T shirt)
Where's Lily?

JACK
At her Mums, getting chairs and plates for tonight.

DICK
The birthday bash. Why didn't you go with her? She could probably do with the help, being pregnant and all.

JACK
Her Dad's at the other end and I've got things to do.

DICK
On a Sunday?

JACK
Yep.

DICK
What?

JACK
Well, watching rugby for a start, getting ready for tonight and finishing this bloody painting.

DICK
Sounds like it's going to be a fun packed day.

JACK
Where's Susan?

DICK
At home.

JACK
Why? She could have come over.

DICK
What fun would that be.

JACK
That's mean.

DICK
Actually, she's following me down here. Said she had to be somewhere to do something or other later. I don't think rugby is quite her thing.

JACK
I like Susan.

DICK
I like Lily.

JACK
Shut up you pervert.

DICK
He points to the "face of Christ"
What's all this about then?

JACK
The Painting.

DICK
Doesn't look like a painting to me.

JACK
It's going to a piece entitled the "Modern Crucifixion".

DICK
And I thought you were just into photography.

JACK
Not quite. I got this idea for doing a painting of the modern crucifixion. It is painted over fifteen canvasses, which when aligned properly can be viewed from an elevated angle, like a balcony, as an entire picture.

DICK
Yeah?

JACK
Yeah.

A momentary silence. Dick is about to laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't be arsed explaining it to you.

DICK
Yeah?

JACK
Yeah.

DICK
Touchy. Well then it will probably be as good as the fact that you can't paint worth a shit either.

JACK
Odd you should say that, I've thought of that already.

DICK
What, you going to get someone to paint it for you?

JACK
No, can't afford that.

DICK
Didn't think so.

JACK
No, I'm going to take photograph of this.

He points to the full size poster of the crucifixion. He then gets a chair and places it centre stage, turns the display board to the audience and stands on the chair.

JACK (CONT'D)
And project it from a balcony onto the fifteen canvasses.

DICK
He is being obtuse. He takes a chair and stands on it to look at the display board.
Let me have a look. No. I don't see that.

JACK
He draws a diagram on the paper

Get off. Look, I take a photograph of the poster. Then, imagine a big hall. I'm up a ladder with a projector. I aim it at the fifteen canvasses and project the image of the crucifixion onto them.

DICK
No, I don't see that.

JACK

He stands on the chair

Imagine a big hall. I'm up a ladder with projector. I aim it at the fifteen canvasses and project the image of the crucifixion onto them.

DICK
No, I still don't see that. Isn't that the poster I saw last time I was here.

JACK
You're bloody joking aren't you?

DICK
I thought you said it was the modern crucifixion.

JACK
I did. You get it don't you?

DICK
No.

JACK
Look. When the image is projected onto the screens.

DICK
Screens?

JACK
Canvasses. I run over here and draw or trace the images onto the canvasses with a bit of charcoal.

DICK
Or a pencil.

JACK
Whatever.

DICK
A bit like tracing paper.

JACK
You got it.

DICK
Who is holding the projector while you are doing this?

JACK
You are probably. Don't be daft it is on a tripod. You are so obtuse.

DICK

I thought I was acute. What about the pictures themselves?

JACK

What do you mean?

DICK

You know. What's the content man? What's going to be that mentally challenging to me that I'm going to flay my brain and chuck out all my tightly held Zionist concepts to pay three quid to get in to see it.

JACK

You're brighter than you look.

DICK

Well, it's not very modern is it. I mean some byzantine, baroque, whatever painting of Christ dying on the cross is not very bloody modern is it?

JACK

As you kindly brought to my attention earlier, my skills aren't yet fully developed in the painting field. For this reason I am tracing the outline of Christ on the cross to get the lines and the perspective..

DICK

Good technical term.

JACK

And then I would embellish the picture in my own fair hand. De facto, an original Jack Taylor.

DICK

De facto, not an original Jack Taylor, because you traced it. Someone else painted that picture, you can't just colour it in. It would be like being at school and winning the colouring in prize. You can't take ten thousand quid from someone and give them a painting that is "after the school of". If you want to sell this painting or picture or whatever it is then make it yours, make it original.

JACK

Oh shit.

DICK

Back to square one old boy. Let's go to the pub.

JACK

Hang on, wait a minute.

He screws up his face and looks to the ceiling.

DICK

Looking for divine inspiration?

JACK
No. Fighting back the tears.

DICK
Not quite as easy as you thought it would be. It never is you know and that has always been your problem. Great idea though.

JACK
You think so.

DICK
Pub. Rugby.

Jack goes into the kitchen and returns with more lager.

JACK
We don't need to go to the pub. There are plenty of beers in the fridge. You know, you're right. I really need to think about the modern crucifixion as an original concept.

DICK
I thought you knew what that was. Don't say I've challenged your cerebral artistry.

JACK
Piss artistry more like.

DICK
Do you know what Christ's last words on the cross were?

JACK
No.

DICK
Aaargh!

They laugh.

JACK
You are so deep, it's frightening.

DICK
I am so shallow it's surprising I care at all.

JACK
I need to be original.

DICK
That's the bastard. You know, your life would make a great film.

JACK
Yeh. No one would believe it.

DICK
A stage play, maybe. A farce perhaps.

JACK

I think that if Lily thought I was going there again she would definitely leave me. Good idea though. I'll think about that. Oh, fuck it.

He tears the sheet off of the display board.

What time is it?

DICK

By the Rolex.

He looks at his watch.

JACK

It's a fake.

DICK

Bugger it's started and no it is not a fake, I paid good money for this.

JACK

A fool and his money are soon parted. What channel is it on?

DICK

I don't bloody know and you wish you could afford a Rolex.

JACK

It's on satellite and no I don't, such baubles do not interest me, besides which, I never wear a watch.

DICK

Yes, I've always seen you in a simple loin cloth and a crown of thorns. So, which satellite channel is it on?

JACK

I haven't got satellite.

DICK

There's a bloody surprise. Haven't got a Rolex and haven't got satellite. Window Cleaning wages don't stretch to luxuries.

JACK

Shall we go to the Pub?

DICK

Pub, a finer plan I have never heard.

JACK

Better take my car too. Might have to pick up Lily later. You go on, I'll see you down there.

DICK

See you in a mo.

Dick leaves.

JACK
(he calls after him)
What about Susan?

DICK
(offstage)
Leave her a note.

JACK
Alright.

Jack goes to the radiator to get the money that is drying. He reaches down to retrieve some money that has fallen behind. His back locks. He cries out in pain.

JACK (CONT'D)
Aargh! Not again. Dick. Dick!

He crawls toward the sofa. He is unable to climb on so lies prostrate on the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)
Aaarghh!

He attempts to crawl to the telephone but is in absolute agony. His progress is very slow.

The door bell rings. The front door is in the opposite direction to the telephone.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ah, bollocks.

SUSAN
(off stage)
Lily? Anyone in. The door was open.

She enters.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Hello? Oh my God!

Susan enters wearing a cocktail dress. She notices Jack crawling on the carpet.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
You alright?

JACK
No.

Where's Dick?
SUSAN

Gone to the pub.
JACK

I thought that was his car. Saw him racing off, thought you were with him.
SUSAN

Lily's not here.
JACK

Oh. Well I'd better help you up. Can you move?
SUSAN

No.
JACK

Of course you can. You can't stay there. Come on, let me help you. Let's get you on the sofa.
SUSAN

I think I should stay here.
JACK

Are you comfortable?
SUSAN

No.
JACK

Well, come on then.
SUSAN

Help me roll over.
JACK

She stands and taking his hand helps him to rollover onto his back.

Ok. Now hold my hands and pull gently. Oh my God.
JACK (CONT'D)

She pulls him almost to his feet and toward the sofa.

Oh my God. Oh my god. Oh my God.
JACK (CONT'D)

Nearly there Jack.
SUSAN

Oh my God! Aaarggh!
JACK

He loses his balance and collapses on top of Susan on the sofa.

Bloody hell. JACK (CONT'D)

Ouch! You're on my hair. SUSAN

Sorry. JACK

Oh my God! He tries to move.

Ouch. Ah,Ah, Ah. SUSAN

Oh my God. Sorry. Aaargghh! JACK

Just stop a minute. Stop. SUSAN

OK. JACK

Christ. SUSAN

Jesus will do. JACK

They both laugh a little.

Bit of a predicament. JACK (CONT'D)

Good job Dick's not here. SUSAN

He'd want to join in. JACK

Yes. SUSAN

Bloody good job. Could do with some help though. JACK

Where's Lily? SUSAN

Keep still. Aaarggh! JACK

Sounds like Dick. SUSAN

Too much information and it hurts to laugh. JACK

They laugh.

Aaarggh!
JACK (CONT'D)

Where is Lily?
SUSAN

At her Mums.
JACK

Will she be back soon?
SUSAN

Doubt it.
JACK

Happy birthday.
SUSAN

Best present ever.
JACK

Well, look, we can't stay here forever.
SUSAN

Dick will be back eventually.
JACK

And you want him to see us like this?
SUSAN

There is a noise off stage.

Someone's here. It might be Lily.
JACK

I thought you said she was at her Mum's.
SUSAN

Thank God for....
JACK

Dick enters

Forgot my bloody wallet. Susan. What the f...
DICK

Am I doing? What does it look like Dick? Having a bath?
SUSAN

Having a bloody shag is what it looks like.
DICK

With my clothes on.
SUSAN

JACK

Don't be so bloody stupid Dick, give us a hand, my bloody back's locked up. I'm in pissing agony.

SUSAN

He's not the only one.

Dick goes to help lift Jack

DICK

Well, since you've still got your pants on, highly bloody suspicious though.

SUSAN

Don't be sodding daft and give us a hand will you.

He lifts Jack

DICK

Highly bloody suspicious.

JACK

Aaargh! Be bloody careful.

Dick lifts Jack up and sits him on the sofa.

SUSAN

Thank God for that.

DICK

Just what do you two think you were doing?

SUSAN

Jealous, Dick?

DICK

No.

SUSAN

You are, aren't you?

DICK

No. You've got to admit, it is bloody suspicious. I just go out to watch the rugby and come back to find my missus underneath my mate.

JACK

Just shows you care.

SUSAN

He's kind of cute when he's angry.

JACK

Thanks mate.

DICK

You're welcome. You alright now?

JACK

Yes thanks.

DICK

My wife you arse. You think I care about you.

Lily enters

LILY

Hello. Hi guys, didn't expect you over so soon. Thought you would be watching the rugby.

DICK

Had a little accident, or that is what it looks like anyway.

LILY

Oh yes?

JACK

Back locked up again. Luckily Susan came to the rescue.

DICK

I came back and found the two of them on the sofa, on top of each other. Highly bloody suspicious.

SUSAN

He landed on top of me Dick.

LILY

You feel alright now?

JACK

Not really. I'm going to sit still for a while.

She kisses Jack and then gives Susan a peck on the cheek.

LILY

Hi Susan. Thanks for coming to the rescue.

DICK

Am I the only one who finds this a tad suspicious?

Lily goes to the table

How much?

JACK

Four hundred and ten pounds.

LILY

Brilliant. Don't give up your day job.

JACK

I wasn't planning on it just now.

DICK

I wouldn't if I was you and where's my bloody kiss?

LILY
You know what time it is?

JACK
No.

LILY
Quarter to seven. They will be here at seven thirty.

JACK
Bloody hell. Is that the time?

He starts to get up.

JACK (CONT'D)
Aaargh!

LILY
Great timing, on your birthday.

JACK
Love you too.

LILY
I'm going to get changed.

JACK
Give us a hand.

LILY
And we are agreed, we keeping the party in the stable, yeah?

JACK
Yep.

LILY
I don't want anyone seeing that bloody painting.

JACK
It's not that bad.

DICK
Good job you've got a stable, eh.

JACK
Oh, by the way, I'm taking on two people on Monday.

LILY
You're not.

JACK
I am.

LILY
But we can't afford it.

DICK
Here we go

JACK
We can.

LILY
We've done this before and come unstuck.

JACK
No we haven't.

LILY
We have!

SUSAN
I'll fetch some drinks, Dick, coming?

DICK
No, I think I'll stay here.

JACK
Look, I've run much bigger businesses before.

LILY
A much bigger business which we had to sell after that play and film fiasco.

JACK
I know you don't like taking risks.

LILY
No, I don't.

JACK
And this isn't a risk.

LILY
It is a bloody risk and we are just getting back on track.

DICK
It is a risk, Jack.

JACK
Shut up Dick. I don't want to clean windows forever and the business is growing.

LILY
But you are earning enough now.

JACK
You want to own a house. We can't go and buy anything, get a mortgage, unless I make it bigger.

LILY
And we can't afford to lose it all either.

JACK
We won't, I know what I am doing.

LILY
Really? And that bloody painting?

JACK
Yes. Really, now please let me get on with it.

LILY
I don't bloody believe this.

Lily exits upstairs.

SUSAN
Dick!

She exits after Lily.

DICK
What did I say?

Jack stays resignedly on the sofa.

JACK
Ah. Bollocks. Great start to the evening.

DICK
The trouble and strife.

JACK
You got that right.

DICK
Ahh.

JACK
Susan?

DICK
Upstairs with Lily conspiring I imagine.

JACK
Christ.

DICK

He picks up the bottle of champagne and two glasses.

Stealthy buggers they are. You alright?

JACK
Alright? Yeah. Not really. Just another bloody row. Just taking on two cleaners. What's the point in trying.

DICK

Ahh. Well, since it is your birthday, perhaps this will cheer you up then. Champagne, not that you window cleaners get to taste the likes of this very often.

JACK

Ha, Ha.

DICK

He takes out a wrap of cocaine and his wallet.

Also, I was saving this for later, a very special little present, a nice little cheeky snorter, a little wall of china to keep your spirits up and the commies out.

JACK

Thanks mate. Yes to the champers, no to the naughty stuff. Nice thought though.

DICK

Oh, come on birthday boy. Blow jobs don't count you know.

JACK

What, and on that basis a little cocaine isn't going to matter? Lily wouldn't like it.

DICK

High days and holidays. It's up to you.

He proceeds to empty the packet on the table and cut it up with his credit card.

JACK

Susan's upstairs.

DICK

She won't be down for a bit. You know what those two are like.

JACK

You carry on, I'll pour.

Dick makes two lines of cocaine.

JACK (CONT'D)

Brings back memories.

DICK

High days and holidays.

JACK

Those are enormous. What would Susan do if she saw you?

DICK
Be very disappointed I should imagine.

He rolls up a £50 pound note and snorts
a line.

DICK (CONT'D)
Your turn.

JACK
No thanks.

DICK
No thanks. Don't be so bloody stupid. High days and holidays!
It's your bloody birthday. Cheer yourself up, you can't do
anything else right. Probably make you back feel better.

JACK
Probably wouldn't feel it at all. Oh fuck it. Go on then.

Jack snorts the remaining line while
Dick pours the champagne.

JACK (CONT'D)
Bad day.

DICK
Just like the old days.

He sniffs appreciatively.

JACK
I'm so ashamed of myself.

DICK
Just like the old days.

JACK
Just like the old days. Bloody hell. That's good. How much
was it?

DICK
Can't remember. Pissed when I bought it.

JACK
Shouldn't have done that.

DICK
Shouldn't have done what? Bought it or given it to you?

JACK
She'll know.

DICK
Drink more, it'll calm you down. Happy Birthday mate!

JACK
Cheers.

They drown their glasses.

DICK

Another?

JACK

Don't mind if I do old chap.

They pour another glass each and drown them.

DICK

Bloody marvelous.

JACK

It certainly is. Thanks mate.

DICK

The temptation of Christ. Seven years in the wilderness and you fall at the first hurdle.

JACK

Always think a bit of champers goes rather well.

Enter Susan.

SUSAN

Happy Birthday Jack. Shall we start again.

Jack stands. They hug.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Feeling better? That's amazing. How are you feeling?

JACK

Alright thank you. Much better. Good job you came when you did.

DICK

(aside)

She better bloody not have done.

They kiss on the cheek. Susan turns for a kiss on the other cheek.

JACK

Two kisses. Lucky boy. I always forget.

DICK

Told you, you would feel better.

Dick wipes the table discreetly.

JACK

Champagne?

SUSAN

Yes. That would be nice. I hope you haven't finished that already.

JACK

Not yet. I'll get you a glass.

Jack exits to the kitchen. Dick and Susan do not talk. Jack returns with another bottle of champagne and two more glasses.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here you are.

He fills all the glasses.

JACK (CONT'D)

Where's Lily? Still cross with me?

SUSAN

Just getting ready. Be down soon I should imagine.

JACK

Well, you look lovely tonight, Susan.

SUSAN

Thanks, Jack. I'm not sure Dick thinks so.

JACK

Domestic anyone?

DICK

Cheeky sod.

JACK

Bliss. Domestic bliss, I can tell.

Lily enters dressed in a red cocktail dress.

DICK

You look lovely, Lily.

JACK

You don't look so bad yourself, Dick. In fact you all look lovely, especially you, my darling wife.

DICK

Didn't know you cared that much.

JACK

Now, what were we arguing about?

LILY

You're not dressed yet, Jack.

JACK

Oh, bugger, yes, won't be a minute. When is everyone coming?

Jack exits upstairs.

LILY

Any minute. He's feeling better. I thought he would be glued to the seat all night.

DICK

Well, can I start again too? Hello Lily. Missed my kiss earlier.

They embrace, Dick hanging on just a little too long.

DICK (CONT'D)

You look very lovely.

LILY

Thanks.

SUSAN

Alright, that's enough Dick. You're like one of those little dogs that humps everything in sight. When is everyone arriving Lily?

LILY

I said for seven thirty.

SUSAN

Who is coming?

LILY

About thirty, Peter, Rachel, Simon, Phillippa..

A bell rings.

DICK

Good timing.

LILY

It's the oven. Excuse me.

She exits.

SUSAN

Have you been snorting?

DICK

No.

SUSAN

You know Lily hates it. Why do you have to do it?

DICK

I haven't. Just champagne, that's all. What do you think of Jack's picture?

SUSAN

I wasn't born yesterday, you know. I can tell.

DICK

I haven't been doing anything. He's calling it the modern crucifixion.

SUSAN

Has Jack been at it as well?

DICK

I don't think so. Do you?

SUSAN

I don't believe you and no I don't like it. It's not very good is it?

DICK

No it isn't and Jack hasn't done it since he married Lily.

SUSAN

What?

DICK

Cocaine.

(aside)

Seven years in the wilderness.

SUSAN

If only the same could be said for you.

DICK

Looks like Rachel and Peter are here. Must go to the loo, why don't you show them where the stable is?

He exits to the toilet. Susan exits to the kitchen from which there is the sound of the door bell and then a babble of voices

Jack enters. He is dressed in a kilt and black tie. He crosses to the stereo and puts on some dance music (trance). He closes his eyes and jiggles to the beat. He checks his nose in the mirror over the fireplace.

The toilet flushes and Dick enters.

JACK

Hope you haven't been knocking one out.

DICK

Yep. Gives me the horn.

JACK

You filthy sod. This isn't the office you know.

DICK

Where's Lily and Susan?

JACK

Greeting the troops and tending oven.

DICK

I thought you had made a remarkable recovery until I saw you in that outfit again. You're not even Scottish.

JACK

Honorary Scot and you're just jealous.

DICK

I don't know why Lily puts up with you.

Lily enters.

LILY

Easily when I've got such a gorgeous husband.

She kisses Jack.

DICK

I'm feeling a bit left out.

She kisses Dick on the forehead.

LILY

Feeling better now.

DICK

Yes, thank you.

JACK

Pathetic.

LILY

Going to join the party, boys?

DICK

Just keep me away.

JACK

Sounds like Peter and Rachel are here.

LILY

Yes they are, but exactly who are they?

JACK

Rachel is Dick's secretary.

LILY

Why is she here, we don't know her.

JACK

That's a little uncharitable.

LILY

You know her well enough to invite her to your party, do you Jack?

JACK

No, not really. Only met her at Dick's office.

LILY

So, why is she here?

Enter Susan.

SUSAN

Yes, why is she here Dick?

Dick looks vacant. He shrugs and looks to Jack.

JACK

Well, I, err, actually invited them, turns out her boyfriend lives near here, gets his windows cleaned by us. We got on pretty well. Been meaning to invite them over, seemed like a golden opportunity, you know without having to throw a dinner party or anything like that, I mean we might not get on....

He glares at Dick.

JACK (CONT'D)

Small world, eh?

DICK

Coincidence eh!

SUSAN

What is? That Jack should know her boyfriend?

JACK

Yep. Drink anyone? I'll get another bottle.

He exits, singing Summer Time.

LILY

He's a bloody soft touch. I really don't know why he invited them. What are they like? Do you know them Susan?

SUSAN

Met her at a do in London. Don't know him. She looks like a tart to me. She was all over him that evening and Christ knows what they got up to when I went to bed.

Dick remains still.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Is she a tart, Dick?

DICK

I don't think so. Certainly not to my knowledge.

SUSAN

Not to your knowledge.

Jack returns with a bottle of Moet et Chandon.

JACK

You mean you have no recollection. Sounds like you are running for President to me.

LILY

What?

JACK

Running for president at his club. Did you know that the chavs actually got it right. The french pronunciation is actually MO ET Chandon. Not many people know that.

DICK

Rock it to me, suck it to me.

JACK

There's a song in there.

DICK

Frankie goes to Hollywood.

JACK

And Dick stays at home.

DICK

Wanking, which reminds me of a joke.

SUSAN

You are disgusting. You can go to hell for all I care.

Susan storms out.

LILY

You're a silly boy, Dick.

Lily looks at Jack and follows Susan.

JACK

What have I done?

DICK

This guy goes to the Doctor's. "I'm baffled by your orange penis", says the Doctor, "does anyone else in your family have this condition?". The chap says no. "Do you handle any chemicals at work?". " I don't work", says the chap. "Well what do you do all day?", says the Doc. Watch porn and eat cheesy Wotsits!" Says the chap.

They roar with laughter.

DICK (CONT'D)

Close call on that Presidential line.

JACK

I have no recollection.

DICK

Ha Ha. I think I'm in trouble.

JACK

Why is she here, anyway?

DICK

Eye candy.

JACK

Is that all? It's not worth your marriage.

DICK

Do you clean Peter's windows?

JACK

No.

DICK

Great. Well thought up though.

JACK

You're a nightmare.

DICK

Nothing wrong with inviting your secretary to your mate's birthday party.

JACK

Bit insensitive.

DICK

Well, maybe my wife should be a little nicer to me then. Maybe if I got my oats once in while I wouldn't look elsewhere. Not that I would do anything about it.

JACK

Not that you could do anything about it. Pissed and obnoxious is no way to go through life boy. You're lucky to be married to such a hot woman at all, in fact to any woman at all. If I was you I would look after what you've got.

DICK

Look, I earn the money, she doesn't work. All I want is to come home, have my dinner on the table, a glass of scotch and a blowjob I don't have to ask for.

JACK

Maybe that is where you are going wrong. A little sensitivity goes a long way.

DICK

Touchee. Oh Fuck it. Let's go, I'm racing. Dance floor calling Dick. Dance floor calling Dick.

Dick exits.

JACK

Happy Birthday!

Jack turns up the volume, goes to the painting and picks up a marker. He draws eyebrows on the face. After standing back to admire it he then scribbles all over it. He exits to the kitchen.

The door opens and Dick enters with Susan. They are gyrating, making trance boxes and laughing out loud. They are very drunk. They start dancing closely, he dances behind her, as he does so they begin to simulate sex. Suddenly they stop.

SUSAN

She looks up at the poster of the crucifixion.

Christ.

DICK

Yes.

SUSAN

What are we doing?

DICK

What are we doing, we are about to have sex.

They look at each other momentarily.

SUSAN

Sorry, I can't do this.

DICK

Why not?

SUSAN

Why do you think?

DICK

Why can't you be like Lily. I bet Jack gets it all the time.

SUSAN

He told you that did he?.

DICK

Yes. Not in so many words.

SUSAN

Just like you to compare notes. What did you tell him, that your frigid wife won't shag you.

DICK

Well, that's not true. We did the other day.

SUSAN

I bet you told him that as well.

DICK

Well, who else am I going to tell. I can't talk to you about it. Every time I bring it up you turn off.

SUSAN

I do wonder sometimes.

DICK

Wonder what? Why you married me?

SUSAN

Come to think of it. Yes I do.

DICK

Yes. You do. I don't believe it. Everything is a huge chore with you. I don't know why I bother.

SUSAN

(cooly)

What do you want out of this marriage, Dick.

DICK

I tell you what I want. I want what I married. Sexy. Gorgeous. Dirty. I want to come home, have a drink, relax, get a blow job that I don't have to ask for.

SUSAN

You don't have to ask for. Why does everything have to be some sort of porn show for you? Why can't you be gentle and loving instead of such an arse, expecting sex all the time.

DICK

All the time? Chance would be a fine thing.

SUSAN

You never once tell me how beautiful I am. Maybe I'm not, but I am your wife and unless I'm much mistaken, the only one that you have got. You're always telling Lily how fucking beautiful she is.

DICK

Jealous?

SUSAN

Yes. Sometimes.

DICK
I do think you are beautiful.

SUSAN
Then why don't you tell me?

DICK
I don't know. I guess I think you don't want to hear it.

SUSAN
I do. I love who I married. You used to be tender. Why did you stop?

DICK
I thought you'd lost interest in me.

SUSAN
Never.

DICK
So?

SUSAN
You've been an arsehole.

Silence

DICK
He looks at the floor
Come here.

She goes uncertainly to him. He holds her and looks into her eyes.

DICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

They embrace and kiss tenderly.

DICK (CONT'D)
I want to be gentle and loving.

They kiss again, softly.

SUSAN
God, you turn me on when you kiss me like that.

DICK
Do I? Well, I'd better do it again. Bit out of practice you know.

They kiss passionately.

.

SUSAN
I fancy you Dick Frobisher.

DICK
I love you, Susan Frobisher.

Susan takes him by the hand and leads
him to the toilet.

DICK (CONT'D)
Where are we going?

SUSAN
The toilet.

They exit.

SCENE TEN

Jack enters. He is clearly in a hurry. He is carrying a wooden crucifix which he drops on the carpet. His back hurts from carrying it, he stretches and grimaces in pain.

JACK

Original piece of art. Christ. Well, I guess I do embody the modern Christ. Self sacrifice.

He wedges the cross upright against the wall. He sings Gethsemany from Jesus Christ Superstar.

JACK (CONT'D)

Imagine if I got caught doing this. Still nothing can go wrong. Famous last words.

The telephone rings.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes. Tarquin. Yep. Yep. Yep. Yep. Yah. Just putting the finishing touches on now. Yah, the photograph, no I never said it was a painting. Yah. Well you assumed that. Alright. Tomorrow? Tomorrow! Yah. Absolutely. Yah. Call me.

He puts the phone down.

JACK (CONT'D)

How on earth did I get into this mess. Fucking deadlines. I'm an artist. Well no, I'm not. Con artist. Piss artist. Hopeful artist. I just don't know. Still Chelsea gallery. Unknown artist - that's better. Kill myself and it will be worth millions, the best sort of publicity.

He puts on a crown of thorns which cuts his head.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck that hurts.

He lines up the camera and then undresses to his boxer shorts. He keeps singing and then lines up the camera to the crucifix. He grabs a chair and places it before the crucifix. He has a small remote control in his hand. He dashes to the stereo and switches it off. Just as he climbs onto the chair he exclaims with pain as his back jars.

JACK (CONT'D)

Aaargghh.

He climbs onto the plinth of the crucifix.

Evidently in pain he takes a deep breath and slides his arms into the ropes on the cross members.

JACK (CONT'D)

Aaargghh. At least the pain is real.

He points the remote control at the camera, presses the button and drops it to the floor.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ten seconds. Three seconds. Aargghh!

He screams in agony as the camera flashes.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fuck I can't move.

He settles into a contorted position and is in absolute agony.

JACK (CONT'D)

What time is it?

He looks around but cannot see a clock.

JACK (CONT'D)

Must be nearly five. She'll be home soon. She can't see this. Aarrgghh!

He shudders with pain again. He goes quiet as he grimaces and closes his eyes.

The light fades.

Jack opens his eyes in horror.

JACK (CONT'D)

I need a piss.

He becomes hysterical.

JACK (CONT'D)

Hi Lily. Good day at work sweet heart. Why are you so late. What are we having for dinner? Great. Love you too.

JACK (CONT'D)

Aaargh!

Mimicking Lily

Did you have good day too dear, oh yes, a little crucifixion, pain and photography. All in the average window cleaning day!

He appears to faint temporarily. As he regains consciousness he mutters

JACK (CONT'D)

God! Why have you forsaken me, again!

He laughs hysterically and then slumps, fainting, apparently dead.

Blue lights are flashing in the window. There is heavy knocking.

DICK

Let me in! Let me go in please. No, you bloody well stay out here.

Dick bursts through the door which slams against the wall.

Dick enters and stares dumbfounded.

DICK (CONT'D)

You stupid bastard.

He calls off stage to the policeman.

DICK (CONT'D)

You had better come in, we're too late.

Jack stirs.

JACK

Don't.

Dick is startled.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't. Lily will kill me.

DICK

Calling off stage and running to the door.

Better stay out. My mistake, he's alright.

He turns back to Jack

JACK

What are you doing here?

DICK

You locked the door. Lily came round. She couldn't get in.

JACK

Oh no.

DICK
She called the police and then she called Susan.

JACK
The police. Oh no.

DICK
What the fuck are you doing anyway?

JACK
Knocking one out, what does it bloody look like. I've bloody crucified myself haven't I. I think I going to wet myself.

Dick laughs hysterically. He can't speak.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where's Lily? Where's Lily?!

Dick is still laughing.

DICK
Outside.

JACK
Oh no.

DICK
With Susan.

JACK
Oh God. I'm so tired. Get me down will you. Before she comes in.

DICK
Come on old man.

Dick stands in front of Jack, his face is level with Jack's crotch as he tries to lift him by the legs.

DICK (CONT'D)
Bet you didn't know I cared.

JACK
Just get me down.

DICK
I'm only human you know.

JACK
Just get me bloody down.

DICK
Alright.

JACK
Don't let the police in.

DICK
What do you want me to do first?

JACK
(Sarcastically)
Let the police in.

DICK
OK.

He goes toward the door.

JACK
No, you bastard. Get me down.

Dick climbs up and unties the ropes from Jack's arms. He frees Jack's arms from the cross member. Jack screams in pain.

DICK
What's the bloody matter now.

JACK
My back.

He falls awkwardly on top of Dick, screaming in agony. They topple into the sofa.

DICK
Jesus. That hurts.

JACK
(almost crying)
It's bloody sore.

DICK
You're telling me.

JACK
Don't move.

DICK
What?

JACK
I'm in spasm.

DICK
You're in spasm! I can't bloody move.

JACK
Aaargh!

LILY
(offstage)
What's going on?

SUSAN
She's his wife.

Enter Lily.

LILY
I don't bloody believe this.

Enter Susan

SUSAN
What the bloody hell are you doing?

JACK
Lily, Susan. It's not what it looks like.

DICK
You can give me a hand if you like.

SUSAN
Not bloody likely.

LILY
Is it sore?

DICK
I should think so.

SUSAN
Don't be disgusting.

JACK
I certainly wouldn't recommend crucifixion to anybody.

LILY
Not on a regular basis anyway.

The characters come to the front of stage and take a single bow. The lights go dark and immediately come on again to reveal the cast having finished their performance for the night.

SCENE ELEVEN

The actors are just finishing a curtain call and are turning toward the stage.

Jack lays on the floor with his legs in the air. Dick sits on the sofa. Susan and Lily stand.

They are all exhausted.

JACK

Congratulations everybody. Good show.

LILY

How's the back, Jack. Do you want me to rub it for you?

JACK

Thanks Kate, but I think my wife would kill me if she walked in.

DICK

A new mother and full of hormones. Which reminds me of a joke..

SUSAN

Don't pay her. Is she in tonight?

JACK

No, she's at home, packing.

SUSAN

Packing?

JACK

Yeah. We are moving next week. Bought a house in Kent.

LILY

Congratulations times two.

JACK

Thanks. You Ok Dick?

DICK

Tired, elated, can't get used to it.

JACK

Well you'd better.

He gets up and goes to the kitchen.

DICK

Where are you going?

JACK
Just stay there. I got a surprise for you all.

He exits to the kitchen.

LILY
Where's he gone?

DICK
Fuck, I'm knackered.

SUSAN
Hard work isn't it.

DICK
Not what I expected.

Jack returns with a tray of champagne
and glasses and newspapers.

JACK
I thought we would celebrate our first week.

LILY
It's not cold tea again is it?

JACK
I don't think so.

DICK
Why the papers?

JACK
Thought we could read our reviews at the same time.

He uncorks the bottle and fills their
glasses.

DICK
Oh my God!

JACK
Thank you for your hard work. That should sing it!

ALL
That should sing it! Cheers.

SUSAN
I'm dreading the reviews.

LILY
Me too.

DICK
Oh God, the moment of truth. Why can't they come out on the
first night.

JACK

This is the fringe.

LILY

Come on, Jack, read them. I'm so exited.

DICK

I really don't want to know. Will I ever live this down?

JACK

Well you can always go back to commercial estate agency.

LILY

Come on, read them.

SUSAN

Let's get this over with.

JACK

Reading from the newspaper

Fat Christ Banned. The controversial new comedy, Fat Christ has opened in London this week. Promotional posters for the play, featuring the crucifixion of a chubby man, fucking chubby I don't believe it, in pink boxer shorts has been banned from the London Underground. Fat Christ is based on the exploits of Jack Taylor, played by himself and his real life friend Dick Frobisher and revolves around the creation of The Modern Crucifixion (see page three) The play also stars Kate Davis and Elizabeth Michaels. Doubtless Fat Christ will benefit from the suburban, do it yourself crucifixion by the author so heavily reported recently.

He keeps one paper.

SUSAN

Anyone for the pub?

JACK

Not tonight thanks. Got to get home. Rain Check?

LILY

Dick?

DICK

No thanks. Tonight I am going home to my wife.

SUSAN

See you both tomorrow then.

LILY

You mean Tuesday.

SUSAN

Oh, thank goodness for one day off! Unless you think we should squeeze an extra one in, Jack?

JACK

Don't be daft. Have a good weekend. See you Tuesday.

They exit.

DICK

How do you feel?

JACK

Lucky. Here, read this.

He hands Dick the paper.

JACK (CONT'D)

Page three.

DICK

"Artist in do it yourself crucifixion." That's an old one. How old is this paper. Oh. Hang on. "Spread over fifteen canvasses... shattered... truly the modern crucifixion..." Says here, " yesterday the Modern Crucifixion was sold for an undisclosed sum" to a foreign collector."

JACK

Mr Taylor is described as being "extremely happy" with the sale.

DICK

How much did you get?

JACK

A lot.

DICK

I bet. Have you told Lily?

JACK

Not yet. I will when I get home.

DICK

Reading from the paper.
"Looking forward to his next creation"

JACK

What next?

DICK

The Turin Shroud?

JACK

I was thinking, My Mother, a Study in Narcissism. Maybe not, I like the Turin Shroud though.

DICK
Congratulations, mate, I am so bloody proud of you.

He hugs Jack.

DICK (CONT'D)
You are the luckiest bugger.

JACK
Yeah. Well. Don't forget the stigmata.

DICK
Thanks for letting me be in it.

JACK
Don't be daft, you were brilliant. Couldn't have done it without you.

DICK
I doubt that somehow.

JACK
Something original you said, and you were right.
I owe you.

DICK
You owe Lily. You are a lucky man. Now, I really must get home to my lovely wife. See you Tuesday.

JACK
That should sing it! I'll pick you up, four o'clock.

DICK
Good luck packing.

JACK
Lily will have finished it by now. See you Tuesday.

He looks around the stage.

JACK (CONT'D)
That should sing it.

He goes to the cross and looks up at it.

JACK (CONT'D)
That should sing it.

He climbs up and settles into the cross. He starts to laugh. His back jars.

JACK (CONT'D)
Aaargh! Not again. Dick!

THE END.

CURTAIN.

