

CHARITY BEGINS

BY

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Series One, Episode Three, “Changing Rooms”

SCENE ONE**ATMOS: INT. THE BACK ROOM. MORNING.****F/X: RUSTLING BAGS, CLICK OF TAGGER.**

BEV I said to 'im, I said, 'Seamus, I am a woman, not a builder – you have to come and fix the changing room door.'

EVIE Tea?

BEV Please.

EVIE So what did he do?

BEV He rang Des, didn't he? I tell you: men! – just because he has bronchitis he thinks he can laze about in bed all day.

EVIE Sugar?

BEV Not today, Evie, I'm trying those new-fangled sweeteners – they're up the cupboard between the peppermint tea and the Bovril.

F/X: CUPBOARD DOOR OPENED.

EVIE The natural alternative to sugar?

BEV I don't know about that, but they're free on Bulge Busters.

MARTIN ENTERS

MARTIN I'm back! Deborah's sent the new brochures; apparently we're now operating a delivery service. She's got a new man – he has a Transit.

BEV What're we delivering?

EVIE Anything over twenty pounds is eligible. His name's Sven.

BEV Who's?

EVIE Deborah's new fella – brew, Martin?

MARTIN Please – she says he's the best thing to happen to her since Colin.

BEV She said that about Brad.

EVIE She's talking marriage.

MARTIN In Constantinople.

BEV Where's that?

EVIE (Non-committal) Salford.

F/X: PHONE RINGS.

MARTIN I'll get it ... good morning, The East Cheshire Relief Fund for the Bewildered Elderly, how can I help? ... yes she's in, I'll just get her. Evie, it's for you.

EVIE Thanks Martin ... hello ... speaking ... what? ... oh no! ... but I confirmed three weeks ago ... I've sent out invitations ... yes I am

quite aware of the month, but it doesn't do to be late with these things ... well thank you very much!

F/X: PHONE SLAMMED.

BEV What's wrong, Evie?

EVIE The venue for the Christmas Do. It's been shut down.

BEV Why?

EVIE The owner was found in a compromising position with the pastry chef.

MARTIN How compromising?

EVIE If I told you you'd look differently at profiteroles.

BEV What do we do now?

EVIE Have a brew.

F/X: CUPS OF TEA ARE MADE.

MARTIN Thanks Evie – does this mean new venue?

EVIE I don't know, new venue, menus, flaming invitations.

MARTIN You could send them via email.

BEV Don't be thick, Martin, half the volunteers still think type-writers are a technical sensation.

EVIE She's right, I'll just have to start all over again.

BEV I don't see why Deborah can't do it.

MARTIN Deborah couldn't arrange cheese on a cream cracker. She's been talking about getting someone to fix that changing room door for three months.

EVIE And all that time spent over hors d'oeuvres.

BEV I said you should've gone with aubergine.

MARTIN Do you even know what an aubergine is, Bev?

BEV Don't be cheeky, Martin, of course I know – I've been making guacamole for years.

F/X: MARTIN AND EVIE SNICKER.

BEV What? Why are you laughing?

EVIE Nothing.

BEV It must be something – go on, Evie.

MARTIN Avocado, Bev, avocado.

BEV That's what I said – honestly, Martin, you should get your ears tested, you'll have people thinking I don't know me broad beans from me mushy peas.

EVIE All right then – Martin you go on the till, Bev you can stay in here and sort.

BEV Thank you, Evie, there's nothing more I wanted to do today than sort through old potties and rags.

EVIE If you want to go on till, you can do, but I can't have you throwing lemon buns at folk like last time.

BEV Last time was different.

EVIE How?

MARTIN She threw a lemon bun at a customer?

BEV They kept poking fun at my trousers. How was I to know they weren't pedal-pushers but jeans for overweight teens?

EVIE You could've read the label.

BEV Don't start, Evie.

MARTIN But you threw a lemon bun?

BEV I know – what a waste. I'd paid two pounds for it as well.

EVIE The customer phoned the police.

BEV I only got a caution.

MARTIN And you wonder why Evie doesn't put you on the till?

BEV Fine. Fine! Martin you go on the till, I'll sit here with the donations.

EVIE And the tea and the kettle and the variety of biscuits. (Sniggers.) Now, I'm going to go and look at menus – do you think the volunteers would be all right with deep-fried mince pie and chips?

MARTIN What?

EVIE It's a seasonal offer from that chip shop on Mill Street. They offer a complimentary barm cake.

BEV I think you've got some thinking to do, haven't you, Evie?

EVIE All right – I'll be in my office if you need me.

EVIE LEAVES

MARTIN I thought she were never going to leave.

F/X: ZIP OPENED. NEWSPAPER RUSTLES.

BEV What've you got there, Martin?

MARTIN You know we've got to read newspapers for my Sociology course – past and present?

BEV No, I didn't, but go on.

MARTIN I didn't want to say anything with Evie around, but look what I found in an old newspaper.

BEV Is that our Evie?

MARTIN In the beige.

BEV That's not beige, that's buff.

MARTIN What's buff?

BEV Never you mind what buff is – where'd you find this newspaper?

MARTIN At the library and have you seen who that is?

BEV That's never?

MARTIN It is – Derek – he's just won some darts match apparently.

BEV Yeah he seems something of a –

F/X: DOOR OPENED.

BEV Quick, hide that before anyone sees.

F/X: NEWSPAPER RUSTLES. ZIP PULLED SHUT.

EDITH AND ALF ENTER

EDITH It's only us!

MARTIN Nan, what're you doing here?

EDITH That's not a very nice way to speak to your grandmother, tell him Alf.

ALF I'm not getting involved – I've got a Coca-Cola at the Queen's with my name on it.

EDITH He treats me as though we only met each other yesterday. Honestly, Alf, do you think I don't know Coca-Cola is code for Guinness?

ALF She knows my secrets, Martin – call MI5 they could do with our Edith in their ranks.

MARTIN You just want her out of the country.

ALF Too right I do – I'd finally get to watch Groundforce.

EDITH He has unnatural intentions for that Charlie Dimmock.

BEV You should come round ours, Alf, you and Seamus could watch the telly whilst I get on with my exercises.

MARTIN Does he always need someone with him when you're doing your exercises?

BEV Last month I lost grip on my dumb-bells and they fell on his head. He didn't wake up until three hours later in A&E with a bandage around his head, sat next to a contortionist from Carlisle. They thought she had appendicitis, but it were only indigestion.

ALF Were Seamus all right?

BEV He got over the concussion and made me throw out any equipment that might cause anyone harm – remember, I brought in that skipping rope?

MARTIN And that could harm folk how?

BEV He thought it might get wrapped around a lamp-shade and pull the ceiling down. We keep meaning to get the house re-plastered, but I have a problem with Des.

MARTIN He's a transvestite, Bev, not a serial killer.

BEV He has an obsession with Louis Vuitton boots – I wouldn't be so sure.

(Beat.)

EDITH Anyway, Martin, your grandfather has kindly decided to buy me my new hat.

MARTIN What do you need a new hat for?

ALF It's our half anniversary – don't you remember? – your Nan's been going on about it since nineteen-forty-six.

F/X: EDITH SLAPS ALF.

EDITH You make me sound like I chew your ear off.

ALF And we all know you haven't tried anything that funny since I got that ear infection in Paris.

EDITH Don't be vulgar, Alf, it doesn't become you.

ALF Forget *Fifty Shades of Grey*, I don't have the time to look at the paint samples from Dulux.

MARTIN Shall we look for that hat?

EDITH I was thinking of something in mauve.

SCENE TWO**ATMOS: INT. SHOP. MORNING.****F/X: BELL ABOVE THE DOOR TINKLES.**

MARTIN Thank you, see you again!

SAMANTHA AND GEOFF ENTER

SAMANTHA Here's a small plate, Geoff.

GEOFF I don't want a small plate.

SAMANTHA You said you wanted an ash tray.

GEOFF That's an executive ash tray is that.

SAMANTHA You should aspire to be executive.

GEOFF I wasn't built to be executive. Don't they have a chipped dish?

SAMANTHA Let's get this plate.

GEOFF I don't want a small plate.

SAMANTHA I'm buying it.

F/X: PLATE PLACED ON COUNTER.

SAMANTHA We'll take this, please.

MARTIN Would you like it wrapped?

SAMANTHA Don't worry about it, love, hopefully it'll smash on the way home and he'll use it.

MARTIN That's a pound then please.

SAMANTHA A pound and he calls it executive.

GEOFF Are you talking about me?

SAMANTHA No, the voices in my head, they're telling me to shoot you.

GEOFF I wish you bloomin' would – I've had enough of *Jeremy Kyle*.

SAMANTHA Well fine then!

F/X: TILL DINGS. BELL ABOVE DOOR TINKLES. DOOR SLAMS
SHUT.

MARTIN Thank you, see you again ... hopefully.

EDITH What do you think of this one, Martin?

MARTIN It's purple.

EDITH Yes, I suppose it is. No – I don't think this one will do. How about this one?

MARTIN Where's Grandad taking you?

EDITH I've been thinking about somewhere in Prestbury – you know you get refinement in Prestbury.

MARTIN Couldn't he stretch to Knutsford?

EDITH Martin, I want to look refined not pretentious. Now, what do you think of this hat?

MARTIN It's covering your eyes.

EDITH But don't you think that adds an air of mystery?

MARTIN If the mystery is, will you fall off the curb then yes.

EDITH Fine, but I'm not sure you're quite able to appreciate the allure of ladies headwear.

MARTIN I should have become a milliner!

EDITH Oh, Martin, if only you'd had these aspirations when you were younger.

MARTIN I give up.

SCENE THREE**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. MORNING.****F/X: BAG RUSTLES, TEA SLURPED.**

BEV Do you know who I'll never understand, Alf?

ALF Who will you never understand, Bev?

BEV Andrew Lloyd Webber. I don't understand the appeal. I mean, yes he might have made a few good musicals, but he still looks like the love child of Mr Toad and Ann Widdecombe.

ALF I've never been one for musicals, I haven't.

BEV I used to like that one about the twins – it were set in Liverpool. What was it called? The Blue's Brothers.

ALF Blood Brothers.

BEV That's right. So, what do you like then?

ALF I used to have a thing for Westerns, but then I met Edith.

BEV She didn't like them?

ALF No, the Westerns were fine, but she started fawning over John Wayne. She wanted me to dress up like a Red Indian – I had an allergic reaction to the face paint.

BEV That's rough is that. Hang on a minute! This is brilliant.

ALF A duvet?

BEV No, Alf, it's a skirt – in *my* size. I have a different body type – have to buy most of my clothes from catalogues. I'm going to have to try it on!

ALF (Tutting.) Women.

SCENE FOUR

ATMOS: INT. SHOP. MORNING.

F/X: SCRAPE OF CLOTHES ON RAILS. TILL DINGS. DOOR OPENS.

BEV ENTERS

BEV Martin! Key, now.

F/X: KEY RING RATTLING.

MARTIN What's so urgent?

BEV It's a skirt, Martin – a skirt! I've been in jogging bottoms for too long. To the changing room!

F/X: BEV RUNNING OFF.

MARTIN Are all women like this?

EDITH Martin, if men can get excited about how the weather will affect a pitch, then women are allowed to get excited about a skirt. Now, tell me, does this fascinator look like a spider sat on my head?

MARTIN Yes.

EDITH Where's Evie? I think I'll go and ask her – pass me that box of hats.

F/X: EDITH HEAVES BREATH AND WALKS AWAY.

MARTIN Are you sure you can manage?

EDITH I need a like-minded individual, Martin, not a man.

EDITH EXITS.

F/X: BELL ABOVE THE DOOR TINKLES.

DES ENTERS.

MARTIN Morning, Des.

DES Morning, Martin – now I need your help.

MARTIN Sure, what can I do for you?

DES Have you got a floral print dress?

MARTIN We might do – if you check the rails?

DES Will do.

BEV (Calling from changing room) Martin, is that the transvestite?

MARTIN I'm sorry about Bev, she's not very politically correct.

DES It's quite all right, if I had her hips, I wouldn't be.

SCENE FIVE**ATMOS: INT. OFFICE. MORNING.****F/X: HUM OF COMPUTER. CLACK OF KEYS. PAPERS RUSTLING.**

EVIE (On the phone.) I rang a few weeks ago – you said it was too early – how can it be too late now? I'm sorry, but I find it difficult to believe that all your Christmas Meal spaces have been taken up in the space of two weeks ... Oh, I bet you could find me space for three times the price, well I trust you know where you can shove your brussel sprouts. Goodbye.

F/X: KNOCK ON DOOR. DOOR OPENED.**EDITH ENTERS**

EDITH Sorry to interrupt, Evie, but my grandson is utterly terrible at helping me choose hats.

EVIE No, it's fine, Edith, I didn't know you'd got here. How are you?

EDITH Oh, I'm fine, still haven't got the blinds sorted in my front room but I can't complain. How about you? Everything going well, I hope.

EVIE Not really – I thought I finally had the Christmas Do sorted, when the venue rang me up and told me they'd been closed down. Now I'm ringing around and everyone's saying they're either fully booked, or there's a more expensive fee.

EDITH Where are you looking now?

EVIE I'm about to try the chip shop on Mill Street.

EDITH I wouldn't bother, they're not allowed to serve deep-fried mince pies anymore. One blew up last year and the customer was taken to hospital with oesophageal burns.

EVIE (Glum) Well that's that then.

EDITH I'd offer you the luxury of my conservatory, but Martin's using it as a study.

EVIE It's nice of you to offer but we've got over thirty volunteers apparently. I'm the shop manager, I should know how many we've got but I never see them – last week Mavis came in only to disappear again with claims of a stomach upset.

EDITH And Martin's forever telling me stories about a Caroline Braithwaite.

EVIE Carol-Ann, her mother didn't want to upset her mother-in-law.

EDITH That's considerate.

EVIE It was, if she hadn't run off with the postman, I'm sure the mother-in-law wouldn't have had a heart attack.

EDITH So ... what do you think of this hat?

EVIE It covers your eyes.

EDITH I can tell.

EVIE Will Alf be leading you everywhere?

EDITH I should hope so.

EVIE And will he be drinking?

EDITH This is Alf we're talking about.

EVIE Then no – do not let him buy that hat – if it covers your eyes, then it's probably not the best example of headwear.

EDITH I knew I should have gone to Sue Ryder.

SCENE SIX**ATMOS: INT. SHOP CHANGING ROOM. MORNING.****F/X: SCRAPE OF HANGERS ON RAILS. BELL OVER DOOR**
TINKLING. CUSTOMERS MUTTERING.

BEV (To herself.) Come on Beverly, you can zip up this skirt, look at those fingers, they're small – you have been known to unwrap a Curly-Wurly in nought point five seconds you can zip up a skirt. Oh, thighs, you are the bane of my life – cellulite must have been invented by a man, they're the only people who could find skin the texture of hummus appealing. Zip up!

F/X: BEV HEAVES, BREATHES HEAVILY, GROANS, THE ZIPPER
PULLS UP.

BEV There we have it! I knew you could do it, Bev, you haven't cut down to three Crème Eggs a week for nothing. That is a nice skirt, and it sways, oh I feel just like Pippa Middleton. If I grew my hair and juiced it up a bit – oh who are you kidding, you look more like Nora Batty than Pippa – only your wrinkled stockings are varicose veins. How does it look from the back? Now that is all right – although do you want a bum that looks like a triangle? I suppose it is a shape – not the right one, but I'd rather a triangle to a circle any day.

F/X: KNOCK AT DOOR.

MARTIN (Calling) Is everything all right in there, Bev?

BEV Course it is, Martin – I'm just talking to myself. I need to know what other people think about this skirt.

MARTIN And they're the people in your head?

BEV Just wait a second and you can tell me what you think.

F/X: KEY TURNED. DOOR HANDLE CREAKS. DOOR CATCHES.

BEV It won't unlock. The key won't turn.

MARTIN Are you turning it the right way?

BEV (Sarcastically) Am I turning it the right way? Of course, I'm turning it the right way, Martin. You might be a student, but I don't need a degree to know how to unlock a bloomin door!

MARTIN All right, try again.

F/X: BEV HEAVY BREATHING. KEY TURNED. DOOR HANDLE CREAKS. DOOR CATCHES.

BEV The door wants to open it just can't.

MARTIN Is there another key?

BEV I don't know – get Evie.

DES I found a floral print, would it be possible to try it on? Purely for educational purposes.

MARTIN I'm afraid we're having a situation with the changing room at the moment.

DES Really, what?

BEV The door won't bloody well open will it, you raving drag queen, now will someone go and get Evie.

DES Charming – I tell you it's the hips.

BEV If I were out there you'd be getting my flaming fists.

DES Promises, promises.

MARTIN Ladies, please! (To Des.) Oh, no, I'm sorry.

DES I don't mind – if only my father were so accepting.

SCENE SEVEN**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. MORNING.****F/X: HUM OF COMPUTER. CLACK OF KEYS. RUSTLING OF BAGS.**

MARTIN Evie! Bev's stuck in the changing room, I've had to put my Grandad on the till, and I'm not sure how that's going to go considering the last time we let him do anything with money he ended up in court on fraud charges.

EDITH I would like to emphasise the charges were, in fact, dropped.

EVIE What do you mean, stuck?

EDITH Yes, Martin, do make yourself clear – honestly, I do not know where he gets it from. When I was in Hull with the WI, we met a young fellow – he kept asking us for money – well, we thought he was the waiter, and gave him our orders instead. Only a week later we found out that he was on the run from the law. I believe the police wouldn't have found him had it not been for the helping hand they received from the Women's Institute.

MARTIN Thanks Nan, but how does that help this situation at all?

EDITH If he'd made it clear he was on the run from the law, he would have saved himself some time.

MARTIN I don't even – Evie, what do we do?

EVIE Has she tried throwing the key under the door?

MARTIN No – but I'm not sure doing that would help either, the lock's jammed.

EDITH This happened once with an Asian lady at the church.

MARTIN And how did you fix that?

EDITH I don't quite remember as I'd just popped off for a tea and a scone and didn't find out about it until three hours later, upon my return.

MARTIN Nan, please, if the stories aren't helpful, don't tell them.

EVIE Martin, I'm not quite sure -

EDITH Look at him – thinks he knows better than his own grandmother.
I raised you –

MARTIN We aren't debating that – we're trying to get a member of staff out of the changing room so that the transvestite from Tintwistle can go in and try on a floral print dress in the hope that his father might now accept his alternate life choices.

EVIE Could we just –

EDITH Oh, I don't care what hoo you're hahing, just don't get me started on cheese and bacon quiche – such a travesty when you consider the actual religious implication, not to mention the cholesterol.

EVIE I need to find the master key.

SCENE EIGHT

ATMOS: INT. SHOP. MORNING.

F/X: BELL ABOVE DOOR TINKLES. HANGERS SCRAPED ON RAILS. CUSTOMERS CHATTER.

ALF Here's your receipt and change.

CUSTOMER Thank you – you can put the penny in your charity box.

ALF Are you sure?

CUSTOMER What am I going to do with a penny?

ALF If you save enough, you might just be able to afford a pint at your local ale house.

CUSTOMER I don't drink.

ALF Neither do I, but it doesn't stop me hoping.

CUSTOMER (Affronted.) Bye!

CUSTOMER LEAVES

ALF And that's a penny towards the ale fund.

MARIE ENTERS

MARIE I wondered if you might be able to help me.

ALF You'll have to ask me wife.

(Pause 1.5 seconds.)

MARIE Oh, oh, yes. Well, since I don't have time to ask your wife, could you help me?

ALF How can I be of service?

MARIE I'm looking for a floral print dress – now it absolutely must match the one from Zara, but can't cost more than three pounds and seventy five pence, because I'm going to get my hair done and I'd like to stop in Tesco for a coffee afterwards.

ALF A floral print, you say? Now are we talking like my wife's floral prints, or are we talking teenage floral prints that are the height of fashion, because our Edith says there is a difference.

MARIE It's Zara – of course it's the height of fashion. This isn't Bon Marche, you know – you can't fob me off with an emphasised crease in the trouser. I'm too young for shoulder pads.

ALF Do you have a bus pass?

MARIE I might – but I've never had a Botox injection.

ALF Is that what that is? I thought you were having a stroke.

MARIE Well I never!

ALF I'm sure you didn't. Now, I have seen a floral print dress somewhere around 'ere. I don't know where it were, mind you, I only came in so as our Edith could buy an 'at.

MARIE Whilst that is a very nice story, I will have to rush you.

ALF All right, calm down, this is a charity shop, not the greyhound track. I can tell the difference – for one, you don't get many transvestites down there, I can tell you. Although, I suppose there is Rick.

MARIE Transvestite?

ALF Over there, I've spoken to him – top bloke – knows a thing or two about cabbages I can tell you. I've been having some trouble down the allotment.

MARIE I'm sorry, but your anecdotes are bordering on the tedious.

ALF I would've said the same thing about your perfume, but our Edith says I've got to behave like a gentlemen when serving customers.

MARIE That dress! He's got my dress. You!

DES (Shouting) Me?

MARIE Yes, you.

F/X: MARIE STORMS ACROSS THE SHOP TO HIM, PUSHING PAST AFFRONTED CUSTOMERS.

DES You're not another one of them therapists are you? Me father tried to send me to one of those, I couldn't believe it, they thought that all this was put on for attention. I mean, is it impossible for a member of the male sex to see the appeal of a M and S blouse with bust darts?

MARIE I can't let you have this dress.

DES It's my thighs, isn't it? It's one of the pains about being a man – I should never have cycled as a child, sure it's given me great benefits, but my legs are too muscular to be seen without a girdle and tights.

MARIE I can't say I'd paid much attention to your legs, actually.

DES Oh, then why can't I have this dress?

MARIE Because I want it. No, I don't merely want it, I need it – I'm going to a do.

DES As am I.

MARIE Then wear a suit – honestly sometimes women have to make sacrifices as well. I once had to make the choice between open toed high heels or steel toe cap boots – ingrown toenail. Nightmare. I looked terrible, but I said to myself, I said, 'Marie, you have to toughen yourself up a bit, you can't spend every day of your life giving off this image of a down and out, you are a sensible, powerful woman, choose a pair of shoes and let your hair down.'

DES And that means I should give you *my* dress?

MARIE I had to wear open-toed sandals with a fungal infection, I'm not quite sure you understand the implications this had on my social status.

SCENE NINE**ATMOS: INT. CHANGING ROOM. MORNING.**

BEV (Calling.) Is anybody coming to help me?

MARTIN We won't be long, Bev!

BEV (To herself.) All right, calm down, Bev, calm down. They haven't forgotten you – it's not the first time you've been stuck in this position. Look at that time you went to Leek and got trapped in the Butter Market with Seamus and his flatulence – you pulled through it, you haven't been able to look at egg and cress since, but you pulled through. You've only got to cope with the slight sniff of damp here, and when hasn't the airing cupboard been damp?

MARTIN Bev, throw the key under the door, we'll try and unlock it from this side.

BEV Could you not find the master key?

MARTIN Evie's on the phone to the office – they say it should be in the filing cabinet.

BEV But the filing cabinet's broken.

MARTIN We've got my Nan with a chisel – she was a Girl Guide.

BEV Sixty years ago!

MARTIN Just throw me the key!

BEV All right.

F/X: KEY RING RATTLES – ROLLED ALONG TILED FLOOR.

BEV Got it?

MARTIN Got it.

F/X: KEY TURNED. DOOR HANDLE CREAKS. DOOR CATCHES.

BEV It didn't work.

MARTIN I might have turned it the wrong way, hang on.

F/X: KEY TURNED. DOOR HANDLE CREAKS. DOOR CATCHES.

MARTIN What did you think of the skirt by the way?

BEV I've taken it off – it isn't me. My bum's flatter than a pancake and larger than a bus.

MARTIN You shouldn't talk yourself down, Bev.

BEV I might pack in Bulge Busters altogether.

MARTIN And what will that achieve?

BEV I'll finally be able to have a Kit-Kat and not feel guilty.

CUT TO: -

INT. SHOP. MORNING.

MARIE Will you please intimate to this customer that I shall be the one purchasing the dress and that he should give up now?

ALF Now, I'm afraid I can't do that, Des did have it first.

MARIE I'm a long-serving customer!

DES So am I!

ALF Are you sure you can't find another at the British Heart Foundation?

MARIE Me? At the British Heart ... are you senile? You sent me there last time. They said they had a Ming Dynasty vase. Do you know what it was? A Homebase Garden Ornament. I had it sat in the centre of my kitchen table when Mrs Butterworth from Number 42 popped round and told me. It was supposed to be a dinner party around a genuine Ming Dynasty Vase, it ended up drinks and nibbles in the sitting room watching *Downton Abbey*, I could've died.

DES And that means you should get my dress?

MARIE I have had a life of disappointments.

DES I have a father who still thinks I'm going through a phase.

MARIE Just give me the dress.

DES Give it back!

F/X: DES AND MARIE FIGHT OVER THE DRESS. THEY KNOCK INTO RAILS AND CUSTOMERS. BOXES SLAM, CLOTHES TEAR.

MARTIN Grandad, what have you done?

ALF I tried to sort it out, Martin, honestly.

MARTIN I'm getting Evie!

ALF Be quick, they're going to go through a wall in a minute.

F/X: DES AND MARIE SCREAMING. THERE'S A CRASH. BEV YELLS.

EVIE (Exclaims) What's going on in here?

BEV Knocking the door into me? I have sciatica. I should've known it would be you.

MARIE You've torn the dress.

DES Then you may as well have it, hadn't you?

F/X: DES HEAVES BREATH. DOOR PICKED UP, PLACED AGAINST WALL.

DES I'll come back this afternoon and fix your door for you, Evie.

EVIE Thanks Des.

DES Let her take the dress, it means more to her, I think.

DES EXITS

BEV Let me through, Evie, I'm bursting for a wee.

MARIE What about me?

ALF That'll be three pounds and seventy five pence please.

MARIE It's ripped.

ALF I'd thank your lucky stars you don't have to pay for the door.

SCENE TEN**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. AFTERNOON.**

EVIE Edith's on the till – are you going out for lunch, Martin?

MARTIN Not today, I don't think, Evie.

ALF I was kind of hoping you would, Martin. If Evie doesn't mind.

EVIE Why would I mind?

MARTIN What do you want now, Grandad?

ALF It'd only be a loan – I could pay you back within the year – only I don't have enough money to pay for your grandmother's hat.

MARTIN So you want the money off me?

ALF He is smart, isn't he, Evie?

EVIE I'm not getting involved.

MARTIN Coward. Fine, do you mind if we go now?

EVIE Not at all.

MARTIN Come on, Grandad, I'll buy you a ham sandwich.

ALF I'd prefer a pork pie.

MARTIN And a hat for your wife?

ALF Now you're catching on.

MARTIN AND ALF EXIT**BEV ENTERS**

BEV He's fixed the door – he changed the lock as well, the key shouldn't stick again.

EVIE That was good of him. Did you let him have that dress?

BEV He wouldn't have it – I gave him a pair of boots he'd been after.

EVIE The brown ones with the strap?

BEV Yeah.

EVIE They would've gone nice with that dress.

BEV I do dislike that Marie.

EVIE She is a funny one. You didn't like the skirt then?

BEV Did you ever watch Nellie the Elephant?

EVIE That bad?

BEV I looked the spitting image of her. If we get another floral print in, shall we save it for Des?

EVIE I think we will, after all, it is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of the right boots, must be in want of a floral print dress.

[END]