

HAROLD Rome wasn't built in a day. This is a crisis! Secretary of State for Taking on the Unions, have you got the balls for it?

BARBARA I know I have.

HAROLD I've never seen them.

BARBARA I've been hiding them under a bushel.

HAROLD Barbara, you're the right man for the job, don't let me down.

(HAROLD *exits*.)

BARBARA Right! You! Jump to it! I want a working lunch with the TUC, in here, today. What do we need?

AIDE 2 We'll need six pork pies, twelve scotch eggs and a party can of Watneys Red Barrel.

BARBARA Good.

AIDE 2 Anything for you ma'am?

BARBARA I'll have a cup of tea and a chocolate finger.

(*End of scene.*)

SCENE SIX

Ford Social Club. Enter our ensemble and the place transforms. A FORD MACHINIST is there leading the dance in her blue overalls.

Music No. 7: PAY DAY

ENSEMBLE
PAY DAY
OUR DAY
CASH IN MY POCKET
GUNNA DRINK IT ALL AWAY

PAY DAY
WHADYASAY?

RUN TO THE BAR AND
GET A ROUND IN STRAIGHT AWAY

GET A LITTLE MERRY
MAKE A LITTLE MESS
CAN'T DO QUITE AS MUCH
NOW WE'RE PAID A LITTLE LESS

PAY DAY (HEY HEY)
THE WEEK IS NEARLY DONE

PAY DAY
OUR DAY
FORGET ALL YOUR TROUBLES
AND KISS THEM ALL AWAY

PAY DAY (PAY DAY)
DEE JAY (DEE JAY)
PLAY ANOTHER TUNE
SO WE CAN DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY

GET A LITTLE MERRY
MAKE A LITTLE MESS
CAN'T DO QUITE AS MUCH
NOW WE'RE PAID A LITTLE LESS

PAY DAY (HEY HEY)
THE WEEK IS NEARLY DONE

STAN
WHAT YOU DRINKIN'?

ENSEMBLE
CHERRY BRANDY
WHAT D'YA SAY?
SHERRY
WATNEYS
DUBONNET
DOUBLE DIAMOND

ROOT BEER
SANGRIA
OVER HERE!

I THINK THEREFORE I DAGENHAM
WE ALL DRINK BEER AND BABYCHAM
BROWN ALE, BABYCHAM
BROWN ALE, BABYCHAM

BABY, BABY, BABY, BABY

MC The barman wants his glasses back at the bar. He can't see a thing without them.

RITA Oi Connie, what are you doing over there? Come here.

CONNIE I've got to get this bloody speech done.

RITA Speech?

CONNIE TUC conference next month. Unless I write it all down I'll never get through it.

BERYL Give the revolution a break will ya. Get pissed and forget. We're celebrating.

SANDRA Rita's tenth wedding anniversary.

CONNIE Rita! What did he get you?

TRACEY Flowers?

RITA Flowers? You'd be lucky! Do you know what he got me for Christmas?

SANDRA A baby doll nightie?

RITA A tartan shopping trolley.

(They laugh.)

BERYL Don't let this put you off marrying Ken, Clare. I had seven happy years wiv my husband, and seven out of twenty-five ain't bad.

(EDDIE and STAN arrive with pints. They are greeted with silence.)

STAN Go on then, why ain't B grade good enough for you, then?

CLARE Cos we're, you know . . .

CONNIE – skilled.

EDDIE Yeah, but you're sitting down all day.

BERYL Did Ford give you a test to see if you could stand up?

EDDIE No.

BERYL Standing up ain't a skill then is it!

STAN None of you can lift three hundred Cortina wheels in a day.

RITA You don't get it, do you?

STAN You can't have six thousand hairy arsed blokes sweating away earning less than a woman.

(The MC takes the microphone. RITA refuses to look at EDDIE. EDDIE waves his hand in front of her face and gets no response.)

MC Ladies and Gentlemen, our first act of the evening, back by public transport – lovable, larger than life Chubby Chuff!

Music No. 7a: CLUB MUSIC

(CHUBBY takes the stage. He is the archetypal fat bloke in suit.)

CHUBBY Took the mother-in-law on safari last year. She got attacked by three lions. My wife says "Aren't you gonna help?" I said no, three should be enough.

(Some laughter.)

CHUBBY She's a big woman, the mother-in-law. She joined one of them gymnasiums, got on the rowing machine and the bloody thing sank.

(Reaction.)

She came round for dinner last night and I did one of them Freudian slips. I meant to say "could you pass the butter please" but what I actually said was "you fat ugly bastard you've ruined my life".

RITA You got any jokes about fat men?!

CHUBBY Oh hello gorgeous, women's libber, hey? Burn your bra – I'd pay to see that.

BERYL Don't you slag off our Rita or I'll come up there and sit on your face!

CHUBBY I'm serious, if I was her dad, love, I'd still be doing bath time.

ALL Oi! / Watch it, you! / Whadyermean! / I can't believe he said that.

(BERYL takes the mic and improvises a gag.)

BERYL There's a fat bloke, and another really fat bloke. *(To the girls.)* Ha, ha. What!? I dunno! And another really fat ugly fat bloke in a pub on their own cos they're all really fat and ugly and smelly and then the ceiling falls in and ^{bloody well} fucking kills them!

MC Off the stage, off the stage. We've got another act coming.

EDDIE Alright Rite, that's enough.

RITA Don't you tell me what to do, Eddie O'Grady.

EDDIE What've I done?

RITA You don't even know what you've not done, do you?

CONNIE What's today?

EDDIE Oh no. Is it?

BERYL bloody well
It fucking is.

EDDIE I'm sorry love. What can I say?

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TO YOU . . .

MEN / EDDIE
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU –

RITA I'm going home. It ain't my birthday!

(RITA leaves the stage, exits the club.)

EDDIE What? It ain't her birthday?

BERYL How long you been married, Eddie?

EDDIE Er . . . Millwall's last season in Division 3 South, so that's 1958. I
been married about ten years.

CONNIE Ten years exactly.

EDDIE Exactly. What? To the day? Oh shit!

CONNIE Go after her, Eddie! All she needs is sorry.

*(EDDIE runs after her. GIRLS leave the club. The next act takes the
stage and the mic.)*

CLUB SINGER
MOON OVER DAGENHAM
SHINING UP ON HIGH
FILL ME FULL OF LOVE AND JOY
THEN PASS ME THAT PORK PIE

*(Outside the club. RITA has gone. EDDIE comes out into the night air.
During the next the girls exit the club. RITA is standing in the street,
crying. She's waiting for EDDIE.)*

EDDIE *(Into the night air.)* Rite! Rita! Wait!

RITA It's our anniversary, Eddie, and you forgot!

EDDIE I remember every second of our honeymoon. I do. Test me.

RITA Test you?! Piss off. I don't need reminding that we loved each other ten years ago!

Music No. 8: I'M SORRY I LOVE YOU

EDDIE
I KNOW I'M A GIT
BUT YOU HAVE TO ADMIT
WHEN IT COMES DOWN TO IT
I ADMIT I'M A GIT . . .

(Beat.)

I AIN'T GOT A CLUE

RITA
WELL THAT MUCH IS TRUE

EDDIE
ALL I CAN SAY IS . . .

RITA Here it comes . . .

EDDIE
I'M SORRY I LOVE YOU.

I'M JUST A MAN
WITH A FOOLISH BRAIN
I PROMISE THAT I'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER,
NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, EVER,
NEVER FORGET AGAIN
WHEN YOU'RE NOT HERE
I'M NOT ALL THERE

THERE AIN'T A SINGLE THING I CAN DO
I'M SORRY I LOVE YOU

RITA
EDDIE, I'M A SOFT TOUCH

I DON'T ASK FOR MUCH
AND THAT'S WHAT I GET IN RETURN
BUT ONE DAY A YEAR
I DON'T GET IT, ED
WHY DON'T YOU LEARN?!

EDDIE
LOOK IN MY EYES
SEE THEY'RE REGRETFUL, BUT YET FULL OF JOY
THAT'S GOTTA BE WORTH
MORE THAN FLOWERS OR CHOCOLATES
OR SOME STUPID CUDDLY TOY

I'M JUST A MAN
WITH A FOOLISH BRAIN
I PROMISE THAT I'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER,
NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, EVER,
NEVER FORGET AGAIN
YOU SUCKER PUNCH MY SOUL
WITHOUT YOU I'M NOT WHOLE
THERE AIN'T A SINGLE THING I CAN DO
I'M SORRY I LOVE YOU

RITA
I'M SICK OF IT

EDDIE
SORRY

RITA
I'M TIRED OF IT

EDDIE
SORRY

RITA
I'VE HAD ENOUGH

EDDIE
I'M SORRY

RITA
OH COME ON, ED

EDDIE
I'M SORRY

RITA
I'M SICK OF . . .

EDDIE
SORRY

RITA
SICK OF IT

EDDIE
SORRY

RITA
SICK OF IT

EDDIE
SORRY

RITA
I'M SICK OF . . .

EDDIE
SORRY

RITA
S. I. C. K.

EDDIE
S. O. R. R. Y.
I'LL SHOUT IT FROM THE ROOFTOPS
I'LL SCREAM IT TILL I'M HOARSE
EVERYTHING THAT'S MINE IS YOURS
APART FROM THE BIKE OF COURSE
TELL ME JUST HOW MANY TIMES
YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU

HOW MANY TIMES I'M SORRY
I GOT LOST AT NINETY-TWO
I'M SORRY
I'M SORRY
BUT I LOVE YOU

MEN (♫ EDDIE *ad lib.*)

HE'S JUST A MAN
WITH A FOOLISH BRAIN
HE PROMISES THAT HE'LL NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER,
NEVER, NEVER, NEVER, EVER,
NEVER FORGET AGAIN
YOU SUCKER PUNCHED HIS SOUL
WITHOUT YOU HE'S A RIGHT ARSEHOLE
THERE AIN'T A SINGLE THING HE CAN DO

EDDIE

I'M SORRY I LOVE YOU

MEN

IF YOU WANT HE'LL BEG
LOOK HE'S DOWN ON ONE LEG
NOW HE'S DOWN ON ALL FOURS

EDDIE

WHATEVER THE WEATHER,
WHEREVER, FOREVER
WHATEVER THE WEATHER,
WHEREVER, FOREVER

MEN

WHATEVER THE WEATHER,
WHEREVER, FOREVER

EDDIE

I'M SORRY, I'M
ALWAYS YOURS

MEN

ALWAYS YOURS

HE'S SORRY, HE'S ALWAYS YOURS
HE'S SORRY, HE'S ALWAYS YOURS (*Repeat 6 times to fade.*)

(Huge, lush orchestral sweep as they exit into the sunset.)

EDDIE Enough!

(During the song they sit on a park bench.)

RITA We're alright, ain't we?

EDDIE Yeah we're alright. Course we're alright.

(EDDIE gives RITA a kiss.)

RITA Mr Buckton, is caning our Graham. It ain't right.

EDDIE Remember Mr Perkins?

RITA Virgin Perkins?

EDDIE Yeah. Woodwork. He used to put me head in a vice and burn me with cigarettes.

RITA What's your point?

EDDIE It didn't do me any harm.

(RITA falls asleep on EDDIE.)

RITA I think he canes him 'cause he's a scholarship boy. I'm gonna go into the school to complain. (*Beat.*) I love you, Eddie.

EDDIE
HEY THERE SLEEPY DREAMER
I JUST WANNA SAY
I LOVE YOU LOADS

RITA
YOU STUPID SOD

(They both fall asleep. End of scene.)