

WWWA KEVIN, DAVE, JOHN, LINDA, STEVE

SCENE 11

*The lights change to the disco. Stage changes to a bare space. Music: "**Bring Your Daughter to the Slaughter**" (Iron Maiden). Steve and Linda exit. A few girls come on and dance timidly round a handbag. Some boys, including Kevin and Dave prowl around them in a circle almost like hunting cavemen. A few seconds of this then Kevin and Dave break down stage to a table with soft drinks on it. The lights change again and the music becomes quieter as it is now coming from an adjacent room. The lights of the disco can be seen flashing through the doorway to the dance floor Music mixes into "Teenager In Love"*

KEVIN

What a fucking disaster! It's 10.30. Hardly anyone's dancing.

DAVE

John's dancing. Still, it's alright for him. He's good at it.

KEVIN

Yeah! I just look like I've got a food-mixer stuck up my arse. How am I supposed to pull looking like this?

DAVE Try this.

KEVIN

Please! No more soft drinks!

DAVE Try it.

KEVIN (takes a swig)

Wow, Now that's what I call the real thing! How did you -

DAVE

I stashed a bottle of whisky in the loo earlier today.

John enters from disco. He should also wear a white shirt.

JOHN God I'm drunk!

DAVE

You too! How are you getting on with Jenny?

JOHN

She actually danced with me just now.

KEVIN

Fiver says you don't pull her.

JOHN Done!

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He empties his glass quickly. Goes towards disco. Steve and Linda enter from the disco where they have been dancing. Steve and John bump into each other in the doorway. They look at each other briefly as Linda continues to the table. John continues into the disco. Dave and Kevin whisper in a corner about Linda. Steve slowly goes back to the door to the disco and through it he watches John dance offstage. Linda continues to the table and pours herself a soft drink. Kevin hones in on her. Music mixes into “Go West” (Pet Shop Boys)

KEVIN

Hi. I'm Kevin. And you are?

LINDA Thirsty. Steve!

Steve ignores her, fixated on John in the next room dancing. Dave exits to disco.

KEVIN

Hi. Having a good time?

LINDA

Until five seconds ago. Steve.

Drink?

KEVIN Fancy a real drink?

KEVIN

LINDA No thanks.

KEVIN

Something else. Er ... Diet Coke?

She ignores him.

KEVIN

You know, I really like cuddly girls.

LINDA

Jesus! Steven. Save me.

KEVIN

So ... Kirsty, what are you doing after? Fancy a kebab?

LINDA I don't think so.

KEVIN

Well, I could see you home?

LINDA Steven's seeing me home.

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KEVIN

You mean you and Carter ... fuck me!

LINDA No thanks.

KEVIN Your loss, darling.

LINDA I'll live.

KEVIN So you're not a bender after all Carter. Still, not exactly an oil painting is she

LINDA

No she's not. She's cuddly, and until a few seconds ago you assumed that because I am a fat girl instead of a slim oil painting I should be gagging for the delights of a quick Shish followed by a quick grope in the doorway of Toys R Us..

STEVE

Linda!

LINDA

LINDA

Because, mate, there are only fifteen minutes to go and you haven't pulled yet. I can't imagine why! What girl, especially a fat, unattractive girl could resist you? Fag- breath, shit-for-brains and zits too! I can just imagine sex with you. The pathetic fumbling to undo a bra-strap. The slobbery kisses. Belching into some poor girl's mouth because you've have too much chilli sauce, and then the main event which is either over in seconds or not at all because you're too fucking pissed!

Beat

KEVIN

Shall I take that as a definite no?

LINDA

Take it up your bum!

KEVIN

I thought that was your boyfriend's department. Oi, Carter. Why did God make poofs? So that fat women would have someone to go out with.

He exits to disco.