

SCENE 1

THE SET IS EMPTY VOICES ARE  
HEARD FROM INSIDE A LARGE  
WALK IN CUPBOARD

BERT: Ow! Will you get off my foot

HARRY: Well, you shift over a bit then.

ALAN: Will you two stop shoving. Ooch!

BERT: What's up with you now lad? Stop fidgeting.

ALAN: I'm not fidgeting. There's a brush handle stuck right in my –

HARRY: Well shift over then. Give me a bit of room will you.

BERT: Open the door and have a look lad

ALAN: All right, all right. Hold your horses. It's pitch black in here. Where's the door knob.

BERT: Hurry up lad

ALAN: Okay, okay. Hang on, I've found something. What's this.

HARRY: (CRY OF PAIN) Ow! That's me you idiot

BERT: Just get out and have a look through the window.

ALAN: Okay, stop pushing, I'm going, I'm going.

CUPBOARD DOOR OPENS A  
CRACK

BERT: Get a move on lad. See if it's gone.

ALAN: I can't see anything

CUPBOARD DOOR CLOSES

BERT: Use the binoculars lad. Here. Now stop being a wimp and get out there.

ALAN: Just a sec, don't push

ALAN COMES FLYING OUT OF  
THE CUPBOARD. BINOCULARS  
ROUND HIS NECK

No need to be like that I was going.

GOES TO THE WINDOW AND  
LOOKS OUT USING THE  
BINOCULARS

I can just make something out. It doesn't look like a mine to me.

BERT: (POKING HIS HEAD ROUND THE CUPBOARD DOOR) Look lad  
I was on a mine sweeper during the war and I know one when I see  
one. Where is it now?

ALAN: It looks like it's wedged between the rocks. Down by the jetty.

HARRY: (IN PAIN WITH CRAMP HARRY PUSHES PAST BERT, OUT OF  
THE CUPBOARD) Ah! Ah! OO! OO! Look out, shift, look out. Oo,  
Oo, me foot, me foot, cramp, got cramp, got cramp.

BERT: What are you doing, get back in here, it could be dangerous.

ALAN: Don't be daft you just bend your toes back.....

BERT: I don't mean his cramp you pillock

HARRY: I don't care I'm not going back in that bloody cupboard.

ALAN: Me neither. What with him with cramp every five minutes and you  
snoring. How anybody can sleep standing up is beyond me and there's  
definitely a smell of Tuna.

BERT: Never mind all that. Have another look. Is it high and dry lad?

ALAN: (THROUGH BINOCULARS) Looks like it.

HARRY: One of us ought to go and have a look.

ALAN: It's probably one of those collecting boxes off the sea front. It'll have  
three and six pence ha'penny and candyfloss stick in it.

BERT: You think so? You can go a have look at it then.

ALAN: What?

BERT: It's only a collecting box you said.

ALAN: Ah, but...

BERT: It'll be all right it's been bouncing off the rocks all night.

ALAN: Yeah, I know but...

BERT: No buts lad. Look I'll show you how to defuse it.

ALAN: Hey, now look.

BERT: Don't worry it's easy.

ALAN: If it's that easy why don't you do it?

BERT: Because it requires the steady hand of youth. Look. (HOLDS BOTH HANDS OUT IN FRONT OF HIM. TREMBLING BADLY)

ALAN: Wonderful

BERT: Harry, get me three tins, the colander and a pack of spaghetti.

ALAN: How can you think of food at a time like this.

HARRY GOES TO THE CUPBOARD

BERT: I'm going to show you how to defuse it.

ALAN: By cooking pasta?

HARRY (FROM INSIDE THE CUPBOARD) What kind of tins?

BERT: Any. (TO ALAN) Put them binoculars down. Anybody would think you don't want to learn how to do it.

ALAN: (TAKES OFF THE BINOCULARS AND PUTS THEM ON THE TABLE) Funny you should say that actually...

ENTER HARRY CARRYING THE TINS, COLANDER AND SPAGHETTI

BERT: Ah! Here we are. Just plonk it on the table please Harry.

BERT: Right. Over here lad.

THE THREE GATHER ROUND THE TABLE. BERT ARRANGES THE TINS IN A TRIANGLE. WITH THREE SHORT PIECES OF SPAGHETTI PROTRUDING FROM THE CENTRE

AND PLACES THE COLANDER  
OVER THE TOP OF THE LOT

BERT: Now, pay very close attention to what I'm going to tell you. The colander here is the mine. When you get up close you'll see there is a round plate held by three screws on the side. Undo the screws using the screw driver. When you have done that lift off the cover, carefully and inside you will see three canisters. (LIFTS OFF THE COLANDER) like so. This is the main detonation system. Note there are three wires, represented here by the spaghetti, a green one, a blue one and a red one. Pull out the red one. Got it so far.

ALAN: I think so

BERT: Good. Right, next gently turn the, (LOOKS AT THE TIN) chip shop style mushy peas to the left. (DEMONSTRATES) You will hear a click, when that happens quickly grab hold of your pilchards and yank 'em with all your might (DEMONSTRATES) this will come off in your hand, allowing your meat balls to slide to the left and as my old dad used to say Bob's got lovely bunch of cobnuts. Safe! So did you get all that?

ALAN: I'm not sure?

BERT: It's easy. I'll go through it again quickly. Take off the cap, pull your wire, twist your peas, yank your pilchards and your balls will slide to the left. Ok. You try.

ALAN: Right. Take off the cap, pull me my wire, twist me peas, yank me pilchards, slide me balls.

BERT: He's got it by George he's got it. Get your coat. Now don't forget.

ALAN: Pull wire, twist peas, yank pilchards, slide balls. Pull wire, twist peas, yank pilchards, slide balls.

BERT: Off you go.

ALAN: Pull peas, twist wire, yank pilchards, slide balls. Yank peas, slide wire, twist balls, pull pilchards...

EXIT ALAN STILL MUTTERING  
THE INSTRUCTIONS

BERT: Watch what he's doing Harry.

HARRY PICKS UP THE  
BINOCULARS AND GOES OVER TO  
THE WINDOW

HARRY: (THROUGH GLASSES) He's going over the rocks towards the jetty.

BERT: And?

BERT SLOWLY BACKTRACKING  
TOWARDS THE SAFETY OF THE  
CUPBOARD

HARRY: He's waving. (WAVES TO ALAN) Yoo Hooo. (GESTURES WITH HIS HAND) Keep going, go on, go on.

BERT: (STANDING HALF IN AND HALF OUT OF THE CUPBOARD)  
Well?

HARRY: He's nearly there. Yep. He's got to it. He's looking at it.

BERT: Now what?

HARRY: He's bending down. He's removing the cap.

BERT: So far so good.

HARRY: He's broddling around inside with his hand.

BERT: Right and?

HARRY: That's it lad. Wire, peas, there go the pilchards (PAUSE)

BERT: (RUNS FORWARD TO HARRY) Balls, balls what about the balls.  
(SNATCHES THE BINOCS. NEARLY THROTTLING HARRY)

HARRY: (CHOKING. STRANGULATED VOICE) Bert, Bert, do you mind  
you're chocking...

BERT: Oops, sorry Harry. You look, what's happening? (LETS HARRY  
HAVE BINOCS BACK AND PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW)

HARRY: (THROUGH THE GLASSES) He's picked up a piece of drift wood

BERT: He's done what?

HARRY: I don't believe it. (PAUSE) No. (PAUSE) No, he's not, he isn't, he  
can't be (STILL LOOKING THROUGH THE BINOCS HE BACKS  
SLOWLY TOWARDS THE CUPBOARD)

BERT: (STILL LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW) Can't be what?

HARRY: He is.

BERT: He is what?

HARRY: The dozy...

BERT: The Dozy what, what, what?

HARRY: He's going hit it! (DIVES INTO CUPBOARD)

BERT: Quick - the cup... (FOLLOWS HARRY)

**FX: EXPLOSION AS THE C'BOARD  
DOOR SHUTS. ACCOMPANIED BY  
A FALL OF DUST MAYBE SOME  
DEBRIS**

**BERT EMERGES FIRST AFTER THE  
EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY  
HARRY. THEY ARE COVERED IN  
DUST**

BERT: (COUGH) Jesus Christ! (COUGH) Are you all right?

HARRY: I err think so. (COUGH) Apart from being covered in plaster.

BERT: I told him to be careful. Collecting box my foot.

HARRY: Can you see anything?

BERT: Not a thing. There's too much smoke and dust. Pass me the glasses.

HARRY: Here. Can you see him,.

BERT: No, nothing. It's got to have blown him to smithereens.

HARRY: What are we going to do?

BERT: We ought to go down and have a look. You know, see if there's,  
anything, you know, to, err, you know...

HARRY: Right, yes, you're right. Come on quick.

**HARRY FRANTICLY SEARCHING  
THROUGH CUPBOARD**

HARRY: Where's the first aid kit?

**BERT AND HARRY ARE  
ENGROSSED IN WHAT THEY ARE  
DOING WITH THEIR BACKS TO  
THE OUTSIDE DOOR, WHICH**

OPENS AND A DISHEVELLED  
ALAN, CARRYING A LARGE  
LENGTH OF DRIFT WOOD WITH A  
BURNT AND SPLAYED END. HE  
TAKES A WOBBLY STEP INSIDE.  
THEY DO NOT NOTICE

BERT: He'll need more than a bloody band aid. (PICKING UP A COUPLE  
OF LIFE JACKETS AND A COIL OF ROPE) Here, grab one of  
these

BERT THROWS HARRY A LIFE  
JACKET. THEY BOTH GO TO EXIT

BERT: Here you bring this (GIVES ALAN THE COIL OF ROPE AS HE  
PASSES HIM TO EXIT) Come on lets go... (STOPS SHORT AS HE  
REALISES IT'S ALAN) Alan?

HARRY: Alan? What the..

BERT: Bloody hell lad. What do you think you were doing?

HARRY: How come? What happened?

ALAN: I, I, don't know. I just picked up a bit of wood and gave one of those  
little knobbly bits a bit of a tap and then, I don't remember.

BERT: Those little knobbly bits as you put it are bloody detonators. You  
stupid, gre't, dozy....

HARRY: All right, all right Bert, don't give the lad a hard time. Can't you see  
he's in shock? Come on Alan. Come and sit down. (GUIDES ALAN  
TO A CHAIR AT THE TABLE)

BERT: Hard time, hard time, I'll give him a hard time.

HARRY: Look, Bert, put the kettle on will you. I think we could all do with a  
cuppa.

BERT: (GOES OVER TO THE KETTLE. STARTS TO MAKE TEA)  
Stupid, stupid lad. It's like my old dad used to say, never poke a gift  
horse in the mouth or you might get your fingers burnt.

ALAN: It was only a little tap.

HARRY: Yes, yes. It's all right now.

BERT: He could have been blown to tiny pieces.

ALAN: It was only a little tap, with a little tiny bit of wood.

HARRY: (TAKES THE DRIFT WOOD FROM ALAN) Ok, ok, like I say you're safe now.

BERT: Come to think of it he should have been blown to tiny pieces. He should be splattered all over the rocks. We should be scraping him up into a bucket and trying to get bits of him back off the seagulls.....

HARRY: All right, Bert give it a rest. The lad has been through enough. I don't think you have to keep reminding him.

BERT: Not to mention the damage to my Lighthouse, look at the mess you've made out there.

ALAN: I'm sorry, I'll not do it again.

HARRY: There, there. It doesn't matter. It's all over now.

BERT: I mean how daft can you get. No wonder he failed his degree.

ALAN: It wasn't my fault.

BERT: Of course it was your fault, you clobbered it with a dirty gre't lump of wood.

ALAN: I fell asleep on the bus.

BERT: (COMES OVER TO THE TABLE WITH THE TEA) What the bloody hell's he on about?

HARRY: Come on Al. Drink some of this you'll feel better

ALAN: I woke up in Newark

BERT: He's delirious.

ALAN: It took me four hours to walk back.

HARRY: He might be a bit concussed. Let me look in his eyes. Mmmm. Lights are on but nobody's in.

ALAN: By the time I got there they'd all gone home.

HARRY: I know what he's on about. He's on about when he took, or rather missed his finals for his degree.

ALAN: I even lost my lucky pencil case. Beautiful it was, hand crafted plastic in the shape of a giant pencil.



BERT:

It doesn't surprise me. Young 'uns these days. It's like my old dad used to say. Early to bed, early to rise, clean your teeth and check your flies.

BLACKOUT

END OF SCENE 1