

Francis, Dolly

half. Your job is to try and work out what that might be. *(Enter Dolly, miniskirt, boobs, etc. She doesn't see Francis. Francis leers at her.)*

DOLLY. Pauline's written one letter to Alan today, and one letter for Roscoe.

FRANCIS. Are we going then? Majorca?

DOLLY. *(Aside.)* Oh, it's him. I like him. *(To Francis.)* I've got a letter here for your guvnor. Can I trust you with it?

FRANCIS. "Confidential" is my middle name.

DOLLY. What are your other names?

FRANCIS. Francis ... Henshall.

DOLLY. So your full name is *Francis Confidential Henshall*?

FRANCIS. At your service, gorgeous.

DOLLY. *(Aside.)* Calling a woman "gorgeous" is patronising, and chauvinist, obviously, but since I fancy him rotten, and I haven't had a proper workout for a while, I'll forgive him. *(To Francis.)* You've got honest eyes.

FRANCIS. Thank you. Baby.

DOLLY. No trouble. Big boy.

FRANCIS. A friend of mine likes you.

DOLLY. What's his name?

FRANCIS. Paddy.

DOLLY. What's he look like?

FRANCIS. Could be a film star.

DOLLY. Godzilla?

FRANCIS. He's a good-looking lad. He's, er ... big-boned.

DOLLY. And how did he get big bones?

FRANCIS. The usual. Nature/nurture.

DOLLY. Partly genetic, partly pies?

FRANCIS. He likes his food, yeah.

DOLLY. Does he prefer eating or making love?

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* Mmm. Tricky one that, innit. *(To Dolly.)*

Would you like to meet him?

DOLLY. I wouldn't want to interrupt him if he's eating.

FRANCIS. I'll go and get him. Stay there. Don't put your glasses on. *(Francis enters the inn.)*

DOLLY. *(Aside.)* I've done a lot worse. We've all done a lot worse haven't we girls? We've all woken up "the morning after the night before" before, taken one look at the sorry state of the bloke lying next to us, and we've all leapt out of bed, sat down and written to Parliament demanding that tequila should be a controlled drug.

(Beat.) Just me then? *(Francis returns from the inn wearing a big green hat.)*

FRANCIS. *(Irish accent.)* Now hello there! I'm Patrick. Me friends call me Paddy and I'm in love with you, I am so.

DOLLY. Are you really?

FRANCIS. Yes, I'm a hopeless case. I'm like a cork, tossed on an ocean of desire.

DOLLY. Is that difficult?

FRANCIS. It's exhausting. There's only so much tossing a man can endure. I grew this rose for you now, I did, so, aye.

DOLLY. That's very sweet of you.

FRANCIS. Any chance of a kiss? *(They kiss. Francis uses the newspaper to cover an erection.)* I'd better go now. I left me horse double-parked. *(Francis exits.)*

DOLLY. He's like a big kid. I've always liked that in a man, immaturity. *(Francis returns.)*

FRANCIS. What do you reckon to Paddy? D'yer like him?

DOLLY. Why can't you, Francis, as Francis, just ask me out for a date?

FRANCIS. I've asked you to go to Majorca.

DOLLY. I can't just go to Majorca with you. We need to go on a date first.

FRANCIS. Alright. *(Aside, as a question to a female member of the audience.)* What's a good first date from the girl's point of view? *(Audience member might say dinner, theatre, whatever. This is an opportunity for improvisation.)* No! She's got to feel relaxed, secure, not under pressure. Er...? *(To Dolly.)* Dolly? How about me and you, you know, I was wondering, Saturday, Saturday afternoon, not evening,

no pressure, would you like to go on a rabbit shoot?

DOLLY. I think you should *(Use the audience suggestion.)* — thank you. And maybe we can go for dinner afterwards. We could give the relationship a go, see if it's got legs.

FRANCIS. And if it hasn't got legs, and neither of us can stand up, we'll have to find something that both of us can do lying down.

DOLLY. You've got everything worked out, haven't you, Francis?

FRANCIS. I'm a man. We plan. We don't just waddle into things with our eyes closed, doing fluffy stuff because it feels right, like women do. *(Dolly stands and moves away from him.)*

DOLLY. It's been nice knowing you, Francis!

FRANCIS. What've I said now?

DOLLY. It's not gonna work.