

Rachel, Francis

FRANCIS. That went quite well. *(Francis continues ironing.)*

CHARLIE. *(Off.)* I'm like you, I prefer cash —

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* Just my luck! It's my other guvnor, Roscoe, with Mister the Duck. *(Enter Rachel and Charlie.)*

CHARLIE. It's not like Dino to let me down.

RACHEL. Your failure to deliver means that I will have to change my plans.

CHARLIE. Give me the weekend. I'm playing golf Sunday with —

RACHEL. — shut it! Francis, look in my trunk, find my diary. *(Francis asks one specific woman in the audience for help identifying Roscoe's trunk.)*

FRANCIS. Oh no! Can you remember which trunk is Roscoe's? This one? Thank you. Madam. You are a lifesaver ... *(Francis reaches into Stanley's trunk and takes out a diary with letters tucked inside, and he hands it over to her.)* There you are guv.

RACHEL. This is not my diary.

FRANCIS. *(To audience member who "helped" identify trunk.)* Stupid cow! *(Francis threatens stupid cow woman with the iron.)* No, it's mine. I've been looking for that! *(He tries to take it off Rachel but Rachel haps onto it.)*

RACHEL. But you handed it to me, thinking it was mine.

FRANCIS. The reason is ... I haven't owned it for very long, so I don't yet recognise it that easily. *(Rachel moves downstage.)*

RACHEL. *(Aside.)* This diary is Stanley's. These are the letters in which I express my love for him, letters and diagrams which celebrate the most intimate details of our love-making. Oh my God! But how... *(To Francis.)* Francis! How come this diary, and these private letters, are in your possession?

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* I've gotta be very careful what I say here. *(To Rachel.)* I bought it off Paddy.

RACHEL. The ironing expert?

FRANCIS. Yes. Who was given it in lieu of payment, by my previous employer just before he died. *(Aside.)* If it ain't broke, don't fix it. *(Rachel is stunned into silence.)*

RACHEL. He died, did he?

FRANCIS. He did.

RACHEL. How did he die?

FRANCIS. He died of disease.

RACHEL. Where?

FRANCIS. Where was the disease, or where did he die of disease?

RACHEL. Where did he die of disease?

FRANCIS. Dorking.

RACHEL. And where was the disease?

FRANCIS. In his diaphragm.

RACHEL. So he died of a disease of the diaphragm in Dorking?

FRANCIS. He did didn't he?

RACHEL. Do you know Dorking?

FRANCIS. I don't. Do you know Dorking, Mister Duck?

CHARLIE. Indeed I do. Dorking is directly north of here.

RACHEL. One might pass through Dorking on the way to Brighton?

CHARLIE. If you're daft and don't know what you're doing, definitely.

RACHEL. *(Aside.)* Definitely Stanley. *(Letting her disguise drop now.)* Stanley! Dead?! No! My love, dead?! No! This cannot be! Without Stanley my life is nothing. I do not want to live, here, on this earth, alone without him. I have given him my life, my love, my body. *(Charlie and Francis are confused.)*

FRANCIS. *(Aside.)* Bloody hell, he's a woman!

CHARLIE. Roscoe? You're not Roscoe, you're Rachel?

RACHEL. Yes. I am in disguise as my twin brother. Who is also dead. I have lost a brother, and the love of my life both in the one week.

CHARLIE. You proper fooled us. I take my hat off to you. I guess it was easy enough 'cause you and Roscoe was identical twins.

RACHEL. Roscoe was a man. I, as you can see, am a woman. So we cannot be identical twins.

CHARLIE. Why not?

RACHEL. — Excuse me, gentlemen. I am in mourning. For a brother, and a husband. *(She exits to her room.)*

CHARLIE. I better go tell Harry Dangle this. His lad'll be chuffed to bits. Unless he's been and gone and done an Hamlet by now.

FRANCIS. What's an Hamlet?

CHARLIE. An Hamlet is when you flip, kill everyone including yourself.

FRANCIS. That's a bit rash.

CHARLIE. Not rash enough. The last time I saw it, it took him five hours. *(Exit Charlie. Scene change with Lloyd and Clarence playing "Cabypso" steel drums with Clarence dancing cabypso-style.)*

End

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