

A TALE OF TWO BRIAN'S
(A SUPERNATURAL COMEDY BY PHILIP
GILLIVER)

Characters

Brian Hingle 1 & 2– Jack-the-lad and potential psychopath/ Gullible, unwitting, forgetful, soft confident

Lynda Broom – Brian 1's mistress

Kirsty Hingle – Brian's wife

Anthony Startlight Hughes – Welsh psychic

Edina Mallory – Crime Boss

Tryfan Jones – Welsh psychic leader

Henchman 1

Henchman 2

Barnaby – Ghost boy

ACT I

Scene 1-Hingle Home

(We see a projection in the background of an upstairs bedroom window. We hear two people speak (offstage). One is Brian Hingle, the other is Lynda Broom (his mistress). This could be a recording. Sound: Sexual noises, very soon they cease, a match being lit and someone taking a puff of a cigarette).

(All the following is spoken offstage)

BRIAN: Well?

LYNDA: : Well, what?

BRIAN: How was it then?

LYNDA: : How was what, when?

BRIAN: That!

LYNDA: : Oh that....it was, nice.

BRIAN: : Nice? Nice? I am a sex God
Lynda a tiger. Now, let me
hear you say it Lynda!

LYNDA: : You are a sex God, Brian!

BRIAN: That's better! You don't call
the actions of a sex God, nice.
You say flowers are nice, you
say kittens are nice. No, forget
that. I hate kittens.

LYNDA: : Yes, sorry. It was fantastic. All five
and a half seconds of it.

BRIAN: And don't you forget it!

LYNDA: : Brian.

BRIAN: What?

LYNDA: : Have you, noticed anything
different about me lately?

BRIAN: Yeah. You're getting fat.

LYNDA: : There's a reason for that.
 There's something I want to
 show you. Are you ready for
 this?

BRIAN: Oh, that's gross. Put that away!

LYNDA: It's only my belly Brian.

BRIAN: Stop it. There's only one way I wanna
see that..... in the dark.

LYNDA: : Brian I'm pregnant!

BRIAN: Yeah, fine!! Guess what? I had
 a text from Marco this
 morning, you'll never guess.
 Steve Fish is getting married
 again. You know what that
 means? Stag weekend!

LYNDA: : Brian didn't you listen to what I've just said to you?

BRIAN: : So, you're getting fat. Get yourself down the gym. That's what my Kirsty does. She tried her wedding dress on last week and it still fits. She looked gorgeous. I could have had her, there and then on the bed. I did as a matter of fact.

LYNDA: : We need to talk.

BRIAN: And that.... is my cue to leave.

LYNDA: Can't you be with me for one whole day, just this once?

BRIAN: No.

LYNDA: : You said you were going to tell her, about us.

BRIAN: I say a lot of things, doll. I'm

supposed to be picking up the ball and chain from the airport at eleven. What time is it now?

LYNDA: ; Twelve!

BRIAN: Shit! (*A mobile phone goes off. The ringtone is 'Sex Bomb.'*)
That'll be her. you'd better untie me. Oh, and I'll need the whip back!
(*The slide changes to the rear of a sports car. SFX Car engine. Brians phone rings again. He answers it.*) Hello, Mrs. Mallory What? Of course I've still got your package. What? Now? I can't now, I've got to pick my missus up fro... Alright Mrs. Mallory I'm on my way. (*SFX: A beep of a cancelled call, followed by dialling.*) (*To himself.*) The roads are a bit foggy all of a sudden. (*Back on the phone.*) Hello Craig! Listen, you know that package I gave you to hide? What? How the bleeding hell did you know it was drugs? Did you open it? Never mind, I need it. Bring it to the

usual place in twenty minutes.
You know what Craig, you are
a real nosy git for a ten year
old. Yeah, bye! (*To himself.*)
What's that ahead?. There's
something in the road. It's a
boy. Get out the way you
stupid...

*(Sound: Screeching tyres followed by
a smash and a car alarm).*

*(Silence, and then a child's voice
whispers, "Thank you!")*

Blackout

Scene 2 - The Hingle Living Room

Caption on slide: 'One Year Later'.

*(We begin in total darkness. It has
been a year since the accident.
Brian isn't the same man.
Lights up: We see Brian sitting in a
chair in a living room. There are
two armchairs and a door stage left.
Brian is only 31, but he is dressed
like someone's granddad. Brian's
voice is now different. Not the
confident, philanderer anymore, but
fairly boring. A sort of geeky, Moss*

from The IT Crowd. Kirsty his wife enters. She is getting ready to go out She dashes past him whilst applying make-up and various other things to her person).

KIRSTY: I bet you haven't moved from that chair all day.

BRIAN: Au contraire, my dearest. I've just got back from returning your Christmas present to the store. I'm still a little confused. When I said I was getting you the Suckomatic 750 Deluxe, you seemed delighted.

KIRSTY: That was before I found out it was a vacuum cleaner. You wouldn't have got me a household appliance before the accident.

BRIAN: It was a very good one. It had lots of useful attachments, so you can reach all those little places that are hard to get at.

KIRSTY: There's no need to rub it in. Now, do you remember what Doctor Bartholomew said?

BRIAN: To keep an account of all my thoughts, because it might trigger something that will help me remember who I was before the accident.

KIRSTY: Well, don't let me stop you.

(Brian retrieves his laptop from the side of the chair.)

BRIAN: Already ahead of you my sweet, in fact I have started a diary.

KIRSTY: I hate the way you are now, the clothes, the stupid voice. I want my tiger back!

BRIAN: Where are you off to by the way, dearest?

KIRSTY: The gym!.

BRIAN: Dressed like that?

KIRSTY: Ah, you see when I say 'gym', what I meant to say is, I'm

going out for a meal with
Gary, my personal trainer.

BRIAN: I see, why?

KIRSTY: You know what I've been
telling you about him, about
his wife, about how she's
going to leave him, because
he's been seeing this married
woman, and he got so
depressed about it that he tried
to do himself in by tying
himself to the railway line at
the back of the hospital, only
to find it's been out of service
since 1996, and all the visitors
going into the hospital at
visiting time were laughing at
him?

BRIAN: I forgot all about that. Well, if
anyone can perk him up dear,
you can.

KIRSTY: I knew you'd understand. Oh, and
don't wait up, he's booked a room.

(A car horn sounds outside. Kirsty gives

Brian a peck on the cheek and leaves)

(Brian opens up his laptop and boots it up ready to start the entry for the day. He starts typing, and reads aloud.)

BRIAN:

Dear Diary Kirsty is off out again, with that Gary of all people. I'm not happy about it. He came round the other morning to drop her knickers off, and I gave him a piece of my mind. On the positive front, I took a bus into town to Crawford's department store with Kirstys cleaner this afternoon. The woman on the customer services desk wasn't happy with me. She could tell at a glance I'd tried it out. Silly woman, of course I did. How else was I supposed to know if it could suck up a half a pound of nails like the one on the advert?

(The doorbell rings.)

BRIAN: Shame, I was just getting into that.

(Brian get's up and moves to the door.)

BRIAN: *(Peeking through the peep hole.)*

It appears to be a woman. I can't be opening the door to strangers at this time of night. I know how to handle this. *(Shouts out.)* There's nobody here. The house is empty! *(To himself.)* Now that was a stupid thing to say, wasn't it?

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* What?

BRIAN: I don't mean it's empty, we're both out, I mean, the person you wish to talk to is out.

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* Then who is that talking? Come on Brian think on your feet... I know it's you.

BRIAN: *(To LYNDA:.)* They have a parrot, it's him talking to you

now, I'm in the front room,
in a cage.

LYNDA: *(Offstage)* Who has a parrot?

BRIAN: Mr and Mrs Hingle, the couple who live
here. He's called Percy.

LYNDA: *(Offstage)* If that's a parrot it's got a
very good vocabulary.

BRIAN: That's because they bought
him from an Oxford
professor, at a car boot sale.

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* Come on Brian I
know it's you despite that
stupid voice! I've just seen
Kirsty go out so we probably
haven't got long.

BRIAN: Blast! Just a minute!

(Brian opens the door to reveal

*LYNDA: She is wearing a low
neck dress and a short skirt. She is*

beaming.)

LYNDA: Brian we need to have a serious chat.... Brian why are you wearing those clothes?

BRIAN: Because madam, to answer the door without them, would be a gross contravention of the Sexual Offences Act of 2003.

LYNDA: What's this all about?

BRIAN: Whatever do you mean?

LYNDA: You're going to a fancy dress party am I right? Going as a pervert? God Brian you're so dark.

BRIAN: Madam, I don't know who you are, but can you please state your business, or leave the premises immediately?

LYNDA: You can drop the act now Brian I've got the joke.

BRIAN: I assure you, whoever you are, that being on another person's property and spouting

incomprehensible nonsense, is not a joking matter. I implore you, desist woman, and take your basket of melons somewhere else. I have absolutely no interest in what you have on display.

(Lynda hones in for a closer look. Her eyes go up and down his body. She touches his cheek and he pushes it away).

LYNDA: So, this isn't a joke? Oh I'm so stupid. It's the accident. Is it brain damage? I'm so sorry Brian.

BRIAN: Now I get it! Now I get it!

LYNDA: Get what?

BRIAN: I understand completely now. You're one of those people, aren't you! I've heard about your sort. You scan the dailies for information about someone who's had an accident. You find out where they live and go around, and blackmail them into giving you money, to keep hush about

something they didn't even do, although they might have for all you know. Because they had a car crash a year ago this week, and their brain won't let them remember yet.

LYNDA: I'm not like that Brian you know that. Look at me. Don't you remember... LYNDA: Broom? You used to, you know, visit me. I even came to see you in hospital, when you were in a coma.

BRIAN: What are you blithering on about woman? Why on earth would I want to visit you?

LYNDA: That must have been some bang on the head. We used to..... you know, work together!

BRIAN: Work together?

LYNDA: Yes! That's where we met. Farley's Pharmaceuticals. You were a rep and I worked on reception.

BRIAN: And I used to visit you?

LYNDA: Yes, but only when Kirsty was
away.

BRIAN: Just me? Not my wife?

LYNDA: No, just you.

BRIAN: Why not? Do you only have
two chairs in your house? Was
there nothing else to
accommodate a third
posterior?

LYNDA: No.oh, bloody hell, you really
can't remember? Let's sit down.

(They sit)

BRIAN: I have decided I will hear you
out, and then you will leave.
My wife will be back soon,
shagged out, I shouldn't
wonder.

LYNDA: Here goes. I noticed you
before you noticed me. You
walked past the desk every
morning for three years before
you knew little me was sitting

there. Twice a day for three years, to the lift and back again. That's two-thousand, one-hundred and ninety days, I've done the maths. No, wait, I forgot, that's minus Saturdays and Sundays, Bank Holidays, time off sick, Christmas and a couple of weeks in the Summer. Let's just say it was a long time before you even looked in my direction.

BRIAN: Hang on a mo. You said I was a representative of the organisation. It appears we have found a loophole in your story madam!

LYNDA: You worked in sales, up until then. The day you got your news from your boss, you came over to me and chatted me up.

BRIAN: Why? What was different?

LYNDA: These! (*LYNDA: indicates her breasts*) I had a boob job. It cost me a fortune. I had to save up for three years.

BRIAN: So, what you are telling me is.
I, had no interest in you
whatsoever, until you
purchased implants?

LYNDA: Yes!

BRIAN: In that case, why didn't you
just buy a pair off the internet
and give them to me?

LYNDA: It was my understanding that you
would prefer them attached to me.

BRIAN: Well, I'm sorry Ms. Broom,
but you are in possession of
some erroneous information.
As far as I am aware, I am a
happily married man and
would be beyond such sordid
activities. I'm sorry, but I am
going to have to ask you to
leave.

LYNDA: Fine! Have it your way. But
there is something you need to
hear. *(She gets up; Brian follows
her to the door.)* If you think for
one minute that you were
beyond such things, think

again. When we were together,
you were a two-timing,
narcissistic, sadomasochist,
criminal low-life scumbag.
You had your nasty little
fingers over everything Brian,
especially me, and mixed with
some very dodgy people.

BRIAN: Then why on earth would you want
anything to do with me?

LYNDA: (Crying) It doesn't matter! (*She
leaves*)

BRIAN: I think I've been sexually harrassed.

Blackout

Scene 3 – Edina MALLORY:'s Office

(Mrs M is seated behind a desk.

Her two henchmen enter).

MALLORY:: Give me some good news guys, or
get lost I'm busy.

HENCHMAN#2: You need to be sitting down
for this boss.

MALLORY:: I am sitting down you imbecile.
What's this about?

HENCHMAN#1: Are you ready for this? 'ingle's
at 'ome, in his 'ouse!

MALLORY:: What?

HENCHAN#1: Hingle's out of his coma.
We've just found out. He's at
home recou.. recou..
recomper.. whassername?
Getting better Mrs Mallory.

MALLORY:: At last! It's been nearly a year
now. I could have made a
fortune out of those pills. I
could have retired to the south
of France, and all that last git
has been doing is having a kip.

HENCHMAN#1: What's different about this lot Mrs M? I mean, you've lost shipments before and it's not bothered you like this.

MALLORY: : I don't pay you guys to ask me questions. I pay you to shut your mouths and do as you're told. All you need to concern yourself with is finding that package and nothing else.

HENCHMAN#2: It would help if we knew what to look out for, Mrs M.

MALLORY:: Alright, about a year and a half ago, there was word about a brand new drug. It was called Branzamonzytoxihalatetradine, they had really wide labels on the bottles. It was an all revolutionary, all new, antidepressant, a wonder drug. This stuff was brilliant. It worked instantly, not like regular pills. One of these and you forgot you ever had any problems, ever. Anyway, they were given the thumbs up from the medical board and

you could get them on
prescription. Then...

HENCHMAN#1: Then what, boss?

MALLORY:: They found out about the side
effects, and were withdrawn
from circulation.

HENCHMAN#2: Side effects? Like headaches?
Vomiting, dizziness, that sort
of thing, boss?

MALLORY: : Yeah, and erm... death!

HENCHMAN#1: Death? You mean they kill
you?

MALLORY: Yes, Norman, things that kill
you, usually do cause death.
The two go together for some
reason. I haven't quite worked
out why yet.

HENCHMAN#2: Then why do you want them?

MALLORY: Because boys, before they kill
you to death, which is only a
one in five possibility by the
way, they make you very, very,
very happy.

HENCHMAN#2 : I still don't understand why you want to peddle them.

MALLORY: Explain it to him will you?

HENCHMAN#1: She means that, OK, so the pills kill you, we can't help that, but on the upside, they also take your mind off it at the same time.

HENCHMAN#2 Clever!.

MALLORY: Exactly! Swings and roundabouts. And of course, these tablets are very rare, which means I can charge an absolute fortune for them. Now, is there anything else you guys need to know, or are you going to get out there and do a day's work?

HENCHMAN#1: Just one thing boss.

MALLORY: What?

HENCHMAN#1: How come this Brian bloke
has got them?

MALLORY: This Brian bloke, is a
pharmaceutical rep. He is also
corruptible, knew where they
were and how to get hold of
them. *(Pause)* Well? Don't just
stand there you two!

Scene 4 – Hingle living room

(Brian enters).

BRIAN: Well, that was embarrassing.
They are all rubbish down at
that police station. You tell
them somebody has just
assaulted you with their
enormous bosoms, and they
laugh at you. That woman and
her breasts are going to haunt
me forever. At least they have
agreed to assign a bobby to
the area, with pressure I must
add.

(Kirsty enters)

BRIAN: Your back. Was it another one of your
all-nighters?

KIRSTY: If you mean I went out when it was dark, and came back when it was light again, then yes.

(Brian picks up up his laptop)

BRIAN: I had rather an odd dream last night. Would you like to hear about it?

KIRSTY: No!

BRIAN: I was just about to write about it. Do you know that sit-upon lawn mower I was telling you about down at the garden centre?

KIRSTY: No!

BRIAN: I dreamed I'd purchased it, and was trying it out on our lawn, only it was summer again. The lawn was huge, with rolling hills. Anyway, I fired her up and off I went. I was chugging along fine for a while. Would you like to know what happened next?

KIRSTY: No!

BRIAN: I shot off down the garden. I couldn't stop, because there weren't any brakes. I'm thinking about popping into the garden centre later on and telling them about that. They may want to iron out all the flaws before they start boosting their sales. This is not the behaviour you would expect of a garden appliance, and they need to know. I hit a tree, an oak if you will. Anyway, I looked up and you wouldn't believe who was sitting in the branches. A little boy, and do you know what he said to me?'

KIRSTY: Brian, was I in this dream?

BRIAN: No!

KIRSTY: Then no, I don't.

BRIAN: He said 'thank you'. I asked him what for, but he didn't say. He just vanished. Do you think it means anything..... my dream?

KIRSTY: Brian, do you remember anything about the way you used to be at all?

BRIAN: Why, do you think I used to be a gardener?

KIRSTY: No, you used to hate gardening. You used to say it was for people who were too sad to have sex.

BRIAN: What was I like?

KIRSTY: It was difficult to tell. You were hardly ever in the house. When you weren't at work, you were out. You never said where you were going or what you were up to. You just gave my arse a slap, gave me a wink and a peck on the cheek and I wouldn't see you until dawn sometimes.

BRIAN: That's very odd behaviour for a married person

KIRSTY: You used to spin discs sometimes..... DJ. I assumed that was what you were doing.

BRIAN: What? Do you mean like, Sir Terry Wogan?

KIRSTY: No Brian not like Terry Wogan. Somehow I don't see him pulling shapes down at The Swan and Bugle on a Friday night to Smack My Bitch Up, and a kebab afterwards.

BRIAN: That sounds dreadful

KIRSTY: That's how we met. You were very gallant. You held my kebab for me while I was being sick. You really knew how to impress a girl. You had mysterious depths. There was something about you that was dangerous and exciting.

BRIAN: Then, Kirst my dearest, it is perhaps time to wave good riddance to that horrid man and welcome into your bosom Brian mark 2, the new, improved, dependable Brian. You want interesting? Well, I've been thinking about getting a hobby. What do you say about me immersing myself in the exciting cut and thrust world of 00 gauge model railways?

KIRSTY: Oh gawd! This is probably the perfect time to give you my news.

BRIAN: You mean, you have been considering a hobby also?

KIRSTY: No, I'm going away.

BRIAN: Oh? On your own?

KIRSTY: With Gary. You see, last night wasn't enough for him. It's being here in Woolwich, It's

making him depressed. He needs to get away. He's booked us into a nice hotel for a couple of nights, in the West End. Until we can decide what we are going to do next.

BRIAN: Has he now? I don't think I like this Gary all that much.

KIRSTY: You might if you met him. He's a lot like you, the way you used to be. It's only until he feels better. Just keep typing away. Wait, that's an idea right there.

BRIAN: What is?

KIRSTY: You could turn detective and find out for yourself about the old you. You can use all this free time to surf the internet, perhaps talk to some old friends from work, old acquaintances. You could be you again, my Brian, the normal, everyday, exciting, dodgy-dealing, sex god. You're not like that now. I told you last week I wanted to

experiment in bed, and what
did you do?

BRIAN: I bought you a chemistry set.

KIRSTY: Get better Brian, and I will tell
Gary that he can go and cure
himself, and we can get on the
next flight to Magaluf, get a bit
of sun and do some clubs
again like the old days.

BRIAN: But I am counting on you to help me
remember.

KIRSTY: You'd stand a better chance
without me here, thrusting
Gary's frustrations all over me,
I mean you.

BRIAN: Perhaps you have a point, dearest.

KIRSTY: There you are!

BRIAN: Do you really think that the
old Brian is still there
underneath, waiting to get out?

KIRSTY: I do.

BRIAN: Do you think he will, you know, come back, like you say?

KIRSTY: Here's wishing!

BRIAN: Que Sera! Oh, by the way. If you see a policeman standing outside the door when you go out, he's just there to protect my person from molestation. Don't worry about it.

Scene 5 – The Hingle living room (*Following day*)

(The lights dim and then go up. Brian is alone in the house. Kirsty has gone. He is pacing about, talking to himself).

BRIAN: Here I am, Brian Hingle, living the single life.... for a while. I could rebel, I could do absolutely anything I wanted to do. For instance, I could drop this cushion carelessly onto the rug and guffaw like a buffoon. *(He does just that)* I could leave all of the washing

up piling in the sink, shower every other day instead of daily, and not bother about washing my ear-holes. I could rearrange all the DVDs, so they weren't in alpha-chronological order. I could purchase tabloid newspapers, and get titillated by the third page should I so desire, put my feet on the coffee table whilst in a slapdash fashion, toss my rubbish onto the carpet like a petulant child. *(He thinks about it)* I could always have a quick tidy round afterwards. *(The telephone rings. Brian stares hesitantly at it for a moment and then lifts the receiver).* Hello, Hingle Manor!

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Hingle Manor? How long have you been calling our home Hingle Manor?

BRIAN: Just me being whimsical.

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Well, don't. It's 49 Serenity Drive. Never mind, I'm just ringing to say I forgot about Jason.

BRIAN: Jason who?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Jason.... my nephew Jason. He's coming to stay with us on Friday. Well I suppose he's staying with you now. Be careful, won't you?

BRIAN: Are you afraid I will lead him astray?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Not really. I know you don't remember what it's like being fifteen, but just give him his space and you'll both be fine.

BRIAN: A bit of male company. Well, I suppose the debaucherous lifestyle will have to be put on hold.

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* I beg your pardon?

BRIAN: Perhaps you are best not knowing. How's this Gary thing going?

(Ding dong noises and voices echoing over a Tannoy - heard over phone)
Are you at the airport by any chance, dear?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Ah, you caught us out.

BRIAN: Why are you at the airport?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Ah, well, I'm afraid I've had to take Gary's therapy to another level. We're going on a trip for a few days. Just a short excursion. We shouldn't be long.

BRIAN: Where to, pray?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Jamaica!

BRIAN: That's interesting. Did you know that the capital is Bridgetown, the currency is the Jamaican Dollar and it is around 10,990 square kilometres. It's very popular with scuba divers, and muggers ...

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Bye Brian

BRIAN: Perhaps it was a mistake to have mentioned scuba diving.

Kirsty suffers from terrible asthma. Now, let's research teenagers shall we? Ah, teenagers, there we are. They are spotty, smelly, they eat a lot, they always think they

know more than you, they like painting everything black, and they like playing games about murdering prostitutes. What an odd lot.

(The telephone rings again Brian picks it up).

BRIAN: Don't tell me, you've forgotten your passport?

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* Hi Brian it's me, Lynda, Lynda Broom.

BRIAN: Not you again! What do you want?

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* Brian, we need to talk. Can you meet me at The Dirty Duck in half an hour?

BRIAN: I'm afraid I do not know where said establishment is. You will have to come here.

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* I've tried that. This copper told me to move on. He said he'll take me into custody if I go near the house. What have you said to the police?

BRIAN: Only what needed to be said.

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* It doesn't matter now. We haven't got long. My babysitter has to leave in an hour.

BRIAN: Oh, very well then. You'll have to give me directions.

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* You really don't remember? We used to have all our romantic nights out there. We held hands across the table. I had G and T's, you had a pint of bitter with a whiskey on the side, with a lager and a spare whiskey. We put on all your favourite songs and then at the end of the night we would go into our special, romantic little alleyway behind the taxi office.

BRIAN: I am afraid, that despite your somewhat fragrant description, I am still none the wiser.

LYNDA: : *(Offstage)* Head towards town and follow the smell of drains.

(There is a click as she puts the phone down. Brian gets up, puts his coat on and goes out of the door. As soon as he is the other side we hear

*someone break a pane of glass.
Mallory's two henchmen enter
sneakily. They are dressed in house
breaking gear).*

HENCHMAN#1: You didn't need to break the window. The idiot left the door unlocked.

HENCHMAN#2: How was I to know that? You can't tell by looking.

HENCHMAN#1: Forget it. You check upstairs, I'll do down.

HENCHMAN#2: Why should I do up?

HENCHMAN#1: Because Mallory put me in charge and I say you do up.

HENCHMAN#2: I can't do upstairs.

HENCHMAN#1: Why not?

HENCHMAN#2: You know why not. I don't do heights.

HENCHMAN#1: Hang on. You once told me you were a window cleaner.

HENCHMAN#2: On a caravan park.

(There is a knock on the door and the squeak of a flap).

PC PEABODY *(Offstage)* Hello? Is there anybody there. It's the beat constable, Colin Peabody. Just checking to see if you're alright.

HENCHMAN#1: *(Whispers)* Old Bill. Scarper!

Blackout

Scene 6 – The Dirty Duck public house

(Brian and Lynda sit at a small table).

BRIAN: So, this is it then?

LYNDA: Yes.

BRIAN: Gone down hill has it?

LYNDA: No, they've brightened the place up actually.

BRIAN: There's a dead cat on the bar
Lynda I saw the landlord use it to mop up spillage. Look, there he is, wringing out the

excess beer into one of the ash trays.

LYNDA: Like I said, they've brightened the place up. BRIAN:, we haven't got long. I'm going to show you something. It might come as a shock.

BRIAN: Madam, I am a married man, and have already seen enough of your limbs to last a lifetime.

LYNDA: Not my body, this. (*She takes out her phone and fiddles with it, and hands it to Brian*). Look at this very carefully, and tell me who the little girl reminds you of.

BRIAN: Why are you showing me a picture of your child?

LYNDA: It doesn't matter. Who does she look like? Think!

BRIAN: It looks like the actor, Morgan Freeman.

LYNDA: No she doesn't. I'll give you a clue. She has YOUR hair, YOUR eyes, YOUR cheekbones, YOUR cheeky, impish smile, YOUR nose...

BRIAN: Urgh! Madam, you are sick.
 You require help. Get away
 from me this instant.

LYNDA: I need help?

BRIAN: Yes, you most certainly do, to do such a
 thing, to a small child

LYNDA: Do what to a small child?

BRIAN: That! I think that's disgraceful. You
 should be put away.

LYNDA: What is? You're not making any
 sense, as usual

BRIAN: Don't deny it woman. It's
 obvious what you've done!
 You are so obsessed with me,
 that you have even had your
 child surgically altered, to
 make her look like me.

LYNDA: Good grief! I haven't made my
 child look like you. She already
 looks like you! The last time
 we met, I tried to tell you, but
 you wouldn't listen. Brian, it's
 not me who needs help, it's
 you. There is something
 wrong with you, and I don't
 know what Kirsty has told

you, but it goes a lot further
than just memory loss.

BRIAN: I see, so, you are a doctor now are you?

LYNDA: I'm not saying that, I just
know you. I'm worried for you
Brian. It's like you've been
back to the manufacturers and
had the wrong parts put in.

BRIAN: Doctor Bartholomew has
informed me that it is memory
loss. Who am I to argue?

LYNDA: Doctors don't always get it
right Brian. What if this isn't
one for doctors?
*(She picks up a leaflet from the
table.)* Now that's a
coincidence if ever there was
one.

BRIAN: What is?

LYNDA: There's one of those mediums,
playing at the town hall,
Anthony Starlight I've heard
of him, he's a Welsh bloke, but
he's alright. He does spirit
channeling and everything.

BRIAN: What are you suggesting?

ANTHONY: Why not? The little bastard keeps running off before the start of the show. Who else should I blame? That's the fifth time now Barry and I'm sick of it. He's doing it on bloody purpose, I know he is.

BARRY: Well, can't you get a replacement?

ANTHONY: He's a spirit guide Barry, not a bloody Ford Focus, I can't just place an ad in the Woolwich Trumpet.

BARRY: Perhaps you should stop shouting at them.

ANTHONY: Shut up Barry I can get another agent tomorrow. It's spirit guides are hard to get, not you lot.

BARRY: Fine! Oh, I meant to tell you, there's a lady and a gentleman outside, asking to see you.

ANTHONY: I'm exhausted Barry. Be a poppet, and go and ask them politely, if they wouldn't mind sodding off and haunting somebody else.

BARRY: Perhaps, after tonight's fiasco, you might welcome the

opportunity to leave someone
with a good impression.

ANTHONY: Alright, send them in, on your way
to the job centre. Only joking! – Not!
 *(Barry leaves and Brian and Lynda
enter).*

LYNDA: Mr. Hughes?

ANTHONY: If you're after autographs,
you're wasting your time. I'm
not in the mood. Me Shakra's
gone right out of kilter.

LYNDA: We're not after autographs Mr.
Hughes.

ANTHONY: *(l looks up and down at
Lynda.....then Brian)* Alright
then. But not while he's
watching. It's just too weird.

LYNDA: What? We haven't come here for,
that!

ANTHONY: What is it then?

LYNDA: I want you to look at my friend.

ANTHONY: Why, what's wrong with him?
Apart from the obvious.

LYNDA: His name is Brian Hingle. I'm Lynda Broom. My friend had an accident about a year ago, and he's changed. He's acting really, odd.

ANTHONY: And you've only just noticed?

LYNDA: He's been in a coma.

ANTHONY: Really? What makes you think he's come out of it?

LYNDA: Are you going to carry on being rude, or are you going to help us?

ANTHONY: Why should I?

LYNDA: I did nearly have second thoughts, when I saw the show.

ANTHONY: Excuse me. Who the bloody hell do you think you are?

LYNDA: The first thing you said to the audience when you went on was, (*Imitating Anthony*) I'm looking for a woman with lots of cats, who likes to put fruit

and savoury products into jars
in a sort of charity situation.

ANTHONY: I found one didn't I?

LYNDA: We saw you talking to a group
from the Women's Institute in
the foyer before the show.
And if that wasn't bad enough,
you went on with.... 'is there a
Terry, no a Tony, no a Tim,
no a Tom, no a Simon, could
even be a Vicky or a Zoe'?

ANTHONY: Alright, shut up then and let
the fox see the rabbit. So
what's changed about him?

BRIAN: May I remind you both that I am in the
room?

ANTHONY: Ooh, is that really his voice? He
sounds like a sex offender.

LYNDA: Just get on with it, please.

ANTHONY: Listen you, I'm going to place
my hand on your head. It's
nothing to worry about.

BRIAN: Go on then.
*(Anthony places his hand on Brian's head and then rapidly
pulls it off).*

LYNDA: What was that, did you feel something from the other side?

ANTHONY: No. Hasn't he's got greasy hair? I'll have another go. (*He tries again*).

There is something. I can feel it. It's like you're all knotted up inside. You sir, are a cauldron of confusion, a mixture of voices and emotions, some gentle, some angry. I'm getting a voice from someone who is disappointed and angry. Such anger, such rage. You wouldn't think to look at him would you...? (*Horried, he pulls his hand away again.*) I'm sorry lady, but I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

LYNDA: Why? What did you feel? What was it?

ANTHONY: Horrible. Evil. Just get out please.

LYNDA: But we need to know.

ANTHONY: Leave me your address and telephone number, I'll come and see you. I don't have a mobile phone. I find the microwaves mess with my psychic frequencies.

LYNDA: Please tell us!

ANTHONY: Not until I've spoken to the
Spiritual Council. Any further
probing needs to be done
under advisement. What a
night. I'm a wreck and it's only
half past ten.

*(Lynda jots something down on a
pad and hands it to him. They leave
and Barry -enters)*

BARRY: What did they want?

ANTHONY: Too much I think. Barry are
you familiar with the concept
of a man being trapped inside
another man?

BARRY: No. But my wife has She works at A
and E.

ANTHONY: Something bad is going to
happen Barry. The man inside
that man, is trouble.

Blackout

Scene 8 – Hingle Home

(It is evening, Brian is on the phone to Kirsty).

BRIAN: Yes, he has arrived Kirsty. He turned up this morning. Not exactly the chatty type, he just asked which room was his and then coughed in my face. This was at eleven. I haven't seen him since. He seems to like having his hood up all of the time. Is he a monk?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Definitely not. Don't worry about him. I doubt you'll see all that much of him.

BRIAN: That's a shame. I was hoping for a bit of male company. Men need other men Kirsty

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Yes, Brian, so do some women.

BRIAN: Yes, the casual rugged and lewd banter between two kindred spirits. There's nothing like it. So, how is Gary coming along? Any sign of recovery?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* We've both just had a massage. Other than that, it's all quite manic here Brian. The

parties go on all night. And just when you're knackered out from one, along comes another straight after. It's not all bad though, we've met this lovely couple and been doing foursomes.

BRIAN: Do you know what Kirsty You really are a saint.

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* It's a thankless task Brian. I don't know how these therapists cope, I really don't.

BRIAN: Well, you two keep at it and I'll see you soon.

KIRSTY *(Offstage)* Thanks. Just thinking, why don't you get a hobby, like you mentioned. You can get some of those toy trains and join a toy train club? You'll meet people just like you, you know, challenged.

BRIAN: Please do not be so naive dearest. They are not toys, but scaled, working models of respected engines. However, you have given me an idea. I will search the internet the minute I get off the phone. I'm sure there will be

something for me to help
occupy my time.

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* Kelly, a friend from
work was telling me that
there's this chap she knows
who does memory regression.
We could book you in for a
session when I get back, what
do you think?

BRIAN: That sound's fascinating
dearest. We could have a go at
that. Who knows, I could find
out that I used to be someone
really interesting. Oliver
Cromwell's barber, or Tony
Hancock's postman. Would
you like to be married to Tony
Hancock's postman Kirsty?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* No. Look, I need to get
ready. We're going out for a meal.

BRIAN: At eleven o'clock at night?

KIRSTY: *(Offstage)* We are six hours
behind you. It's only six here.
Look, I've got to go. Hey, just
had another thought. This
thing started because of an
accident.

BRIAN: That is correct!

KIRSTY: (*Offstage*) Why don't you, go for a drive in the car?

BRIAN: Now, now Kirsty, you know I've forgotten how to drive.

KIRSTY: (*Offstage*) All the better. The accelerator, is the one on the right. It doesn't matter about the others. Anyway, got to go! Bye!

BRIAN: Farewell my lovekins. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.
(He puts the phone back on the receiver - There is a knock on the door).

BRIAN: Who on earth can that be, at this ungodly hour? I do hope it's not cold callers. They'd bother you in your sleep if they could, haunting your dreams, with their Accidents For You. Hello?

LYNDA: (*Offstage*) It's me again, Lynda!

BRIAN: What do you want? You and I should both be in bed. In our own beds I mean, not each others, or at the same time.

LYNDA: (*Offstage*) Can you let me in?

(He opens the door and she enters).

LYNDA: This is really embarrassing. But it's the only time I can come here. The beat copper knocks off at half-five. First thing in the morning Brian I want you to phone the station and tell them there has been a mix-up.

BRIAN: You have not answered my question. What do you want?

LYNDA: I was going through an old box in the spare room and I found something *(She pulls a small, black book from her bag/pocket and holds it in front of his face)* this. It's one of your old appointment diaries. I was just flicking through it and noticed something that might help find out about your old self.

BRIAN: Ah yes, Brian mark one, as I have begun to call him.

LYNDA: There's some scribbling in the back, I thought was quite interesting. It's your log in details for your email account. I thought while it's quiet, we could have a look at some of your old messages and see if there are any clues that might spark some memories.

BRIAN: Very well then. I'll get my laptop computer and we can get cracking.

(He picks up his laptop, places it on the coffee table and switches it on.)

Ah yes, there is an email account in the shortcuts. I just need my email address and my password if you please.

LYNDA: *(Reading)* OK. Your address is sexgod69@net.com and your password is Viagramachine. All one word, upper-cased V.

BRIAN: *(Keying it in)* Viagramachine, got it! I wonder what one of those is? What is Viagra? Is it one of those new fancy Italian coffees, that keep you up all night.

LYNDA: Just press enter, Brian. Try your sent folder first.

BRIAN: Why?

LYNDA: Because it will be all things you have said to other people. It might give you some idea of how you used to put yourself across to people.

BRIAN: Very well. Here's one to someone called Craig.

LYNDA: Read it out.

BRIAN: Hi Craig! How's it hanging dude? Long time no hear. I'm beginning to think you've left the country you little b..... That's a swear word, so I won't read it out. I am going to need to see you soon, need a favour. Cheers! Brian.

LYNDA: Odd message. Any others?

BRIAN: Hi R. I wonder what the R stands for. I couldn't get you on your usual number this afternoon. Were you out with hubby? No worries. Just wondering, not that I don't trust you or anything babe. You're a clever girl, but are you remembering to delete my

messages like I am yours? I don't know about N but K reads everything, and so you can't be too careful. Great time last night, K's rubber nurse outfit looked great on you. I must have it back soon though, before she notices it's missing. B, and look, there's a nice big kiss. That's very sweet.

LYNDA: (*Not at all impressed.*) Next.

BRIAN: Dear Whip-Me-Quick LTD. I want to complain about one of the items you sent to us, namely the type C4 inflatable transgender Luvly Lavina doll. I assume you haven't noticed its visually obvious fault. For your knowledge, it has two penises. I can understand to the perversely minded among us, this could be something of a bonus. But I, personally, do not fit into this category. I prefer my lady-boys to have just one, so to fit in with an average human being's idea of reality. Needless to say, I will return this freak of fantasy to you right now, and in return, I expect either a full refund, or

what my wife and I ordered to begin with, namely a normal bloke with tits. B Hingle. I don't understand any of that.

LYNDA:

It was the kind of man you were Brian. You had some very questionable habits. Not all of them pleasurable to the woman involved. Next.

BRIAN:

Another to the elusive Craig. Hi Craig! What's happening, dude? I'm ringing your number and it's dead. Have you changed your phone or something, man? Get back to me quick. Brian.

LYNDA:

I wonder what he wants with this Craig. He could be a mate from work. There was a Craig, who worked in accounts. Let's have the next one Brian.

BRIAN:

Dear Whip-Me-Quick LTD. Please disregard my last email message to you, about your Luvly Lavina transgender inflatable doll. While I, personally, think it is an ugly and deformed piece of crap, my wife seems to have taken to it. We will be back to you

again, as soon as we have had a good browse through your new catalogue. B. Hingle. Another?

LYNDA: Go on, let's have it!

BRIAN: There's a logo on this one, Lonely Souls Internet Dating. Hi Cheryl. I've booked a room in the most amazing hotel. I didn't really want to come across as too ostentatious, but hey, you're worth it. I can see by your profile picture that you are a really, really special lady. My last movie did really well at the box office and so it's only fair that we should be living the high life in Blackpool. Let's call it a treat for the two of us. Shame LA is a no-goer. Unfortunately, my private jet failed its MOT due to a faulty clutch. Never mind, we can cuddle up at the back of the coach. Brian. P.S. You can pay me back when you see me next. Meet me at the bus depot at 6am.

LYNDA: Why were you, was he, looking at profile pages, on a bloody date site. This is

horrible. *(She glares at Brian but Brian has an innocent, empty face).*
It doesn't matter. Carry on.

BRIAN: Wow Lynda whoever would have
believed it?

LYNDA: What?

BRIAN: There is a gentleman here, a
Ugandan Prince apparently,
and he wants to deposit Forty-
nine thousand pounds into my
bank account. Isn't that
marvellous. He just needs my
account details...

LYNDA: You've become really naive since
the accident haven't you? Next!

BRIAN: There isn't anything else.

LYNDA: Try the trash bin.

BRIAN: Very well! Oh, this one is to a woman
by the name of Edina Mallory.

Hi Mrs. M. As promised I
have picked up the pills. I
broke into the warehouse last
night. There is a bit of bad
news. As I was taking them
from the shelf, I was rudely
interrupted by a security
guard. Don't panic Mr. M, as it

is my understanding that he is in a nice, comfortable hospital bed, ha ha! The problem is, Farley's Pharmaceuticals are starting searching employees, so I can't keep it in my car like I have done up till now. Please don't be concerned. I do have someone who can hold them for me until it all blows over. A guy called Craig. And there's another one. Hi Craig. I've got another favour to ask. Another parcel. Usual deal, usual arrangement. What was that video game you wanted, Psycho Axe Killer 3? Oh, you kids today. See you in the usual place. Uncle Brian. I wonder what that was all about.

LYNDA: Haven't you worked it out Brian? He's giving drugs parcels to a child to look after. How low is that? I knew he was a bad sort, but this is really the lowest of the low. Perhaps this was a bad idea.

BRIAN: You know there could be a perfectly rational explanation for all of this.

LYNDA: Really, like what?

BRIAN: I don't know. Perhaps, he didn't know he was a child.

LYNDA: Exactly how would you not know you were giving a parcel of drugs to a child?

BRIAN: He could have mistaken him for a dwarf. It's easily done. Kirsty said that one Christmas, we were walking through the arcade, when she saw this child wandering around all by himself. She grabbed him by the hand, and tried to take him to find a security guard. He kicked her in the shin and ran off shouting. He was there to advertise the panto, apparently. Which when you think of it, explains why he was dressed up as an elf.

LYNDA: Well, I know Brian 1, and he wouldn't have made that mistake. In fact, he probably would have utilised him in some way, knowing him.
(Pause) Do you know what?

BRIAN: No, I don't know what.

LYNDA: This is the third time since the accident, we've been close to one another, and you haven't tried to get my clothes off once. In fact, you haven't even laid a hand on me.

BRIAN: Perish the thought Lynda Broom! Though I must confess that you are charming company, and dare I say it...

LYNDA: Yes, please say it!

BRIAN: Attractive individual.

LYNDA: Yes?

BRIAN: I promise you this...

LYNDA: Yes?

BRIAN: You will never, ever have to worry about my wandering hands interfering with your person.

LYNDA: Oh, right! It's just that I was thinking, this is nice. I mean you might have a weird voice, and an odd way of thinking about things, but you're still a good looking bloke Brian.

BRIAN: I know what you are about to add, so let me do this for you. You were just going to say that you find me attractive also, but I am a married man, so that situation could never arise, and we must never speak of such things ever again.

LYNDA: Yes, Brian.

BRIAN: And may I also add, one other thing which must never be mentioned again, is that nonsense earlier about your child.

LYNDA: No Brian.

BRIAN: Good! Now what is our next plan of attack Lynda Broom? (*Lynda seems frozen in time*). Earth to Lynda Broom. Are you receiving me?

LYNDA: (*Snapping out of it.*) Sorry?

BRIAN: I was just wondering what we are going to do next, about Brian 1. Kirsty has suggested a hypnotherapist who might help me remember.

LYNDA: Why didn't you say that earlier?

BRIAN: You didn't ask.

LYNDA: I'm going to have to go, babysitter again. *(She is about to give Brian a peck on the cheek, and then thinks better of it, She stands.)* I'm off. When's Kirsty back?

BRIAN: She hasn't said.

LYNDA: Where is she?

BRIAN: Jamaica. They're having a lovely time, apparently.

LYNDA: They?

BRIAN: Yes, her and Gary, her trainer. He's depressed and she's making him feel better.

LYNDA: Really? Anyway, I'll ring you tomorrow. Keep looking through the emails. *(She rises and goes to the door).* Oh, and Brian!

BRIAN: Yes?

LYNDA: Don't forget to go to the station and call off the police.

BRIAN:

First thing tomorrow Lynda.
*(Lynda exits through the door.
Brian closes his laptop and gets up
from his seat). (To his laptop)* I'll
see you again tomorrow,
lappy. Time to scale the
wooden mountain to
Beddlington. *(Walks slowly off
and stops.* Phew! All this global
warming, yet it's getting colder
in the evenings now. *(Sound: a
ghostly cry is heard).* What on
earth was that?

BOY

(Offstage Voice) Thank you!

Blackout

Scene 9 - An Alleyway

*(Anthony is waiting. He is
obviously cold. His coat is done up
to the top and he is shaking it off.
Tryfan Jones enters. He is another
Welsh psychic).*

ANTHONY:

At bloody last Tryfan Jones.
You know the witching hour
is nearly upon us, and it's a full
moon tonight.

TRYFAN: I don't know why you couldn't
just come to my office
Anthony I really don't.

ANTHONY: You haven't got an office. You
work at the exhaust centre during the day.

TRYFAN: Just get on with it, will you? I
haven't got all night.

ANTHONY: Tryfan, I'll jump right to it, I think
I've got a lodging.

TRYFAN: And instead of going to your
GP, you thought you might
bring me out here to freeze
my bollocks off?

ANTHONY: Not that kind of lodging, a
spiritual one. I've got this
client. Well, I say client, but he
isn't exactly on my books. I
touched his head and there
was something. I don't know
what, but something.

TRYFAN: Explain what you mean by,
something?

ANTHONY: I just told you, I don't know
what. It was like voices. Don't
you see it Tryfan Voices,
plural. Not just one. There are
two souls in that body, I'm
damn well sure of it.

TRYFAN: Before you carry on and tie yourself in knots, let's put your mind at rest shall we mate? We all know you are a bloody fraud, you know you are a fraud your act is a joke. You can't keep your spirit guides they keep bugging off. Even dead people don't want to work with you Anthony. You aren't even a bone fide member of the psychic council, you're crap, so God knows why I'm even talking to you.

ANTHONY: I know it was like that in the past Tryf. But you weren't there. There were emotions, intense, wild emotions, all wrapped up in this, powerful electricity. I felt it Tryf. The psychic forces coming out of that body were tremendous. They nearly threw me across the room.

TRYFAN: And where was this?

ANTHONY: This community centre, it doesn't matter.

TRYFAN: (*laughs*) Now why aren't I surprised? It was probably some run down scout hut in the back and beyond, with dodgy wiring. When you experienced this, electricity, were you leaning against the light socket by any chance?

ANTHONY: No, and don't you patronise me Tryfan Jones. You're a bad man you are.

TRYFAN: Why do you want my help then?

ANTHONY: Because I'm scared Tryfan, I touched him, and it was as if the devil grabbed my hand from inside him.

TRYFAN: So, what you are saying is, that what we have here is a demonic possession?

ANTHONY: I don't know Tryf. I just know that whatever it is, is evil.

TRYFAN: You are serious aren't you?

ANTHONY: Deadly, with a capital D, and also the rest in capitals as well.

TRYFAN: If that's what you fear, then you'd better confine him to the house, until we can decide

what to do. I'll do some research on exorcism. I wonder if we need to get a priest involved. Ring him now Anthony.

ANTHONY: I can't. I haven't got a phone.

TRYFAN: What is it with you and phones? Look him up in the directory when you get in. See you in chapel, Sunday!

ANTHONY: See you!

Blackout

Scene 10 – Hingle House

(It is the next morning. Brian enters. He is in his cardigan and slacks as usual. There is a knock on the door. He answers it. It is the postman. We don't see him).

POSTMAN *(Offstage Voice)* You've got a parcel.
I need a signature.

BRIAN: Righty ho! Excuse me, I'm all fingers and thumbs. I have a

blinding headache. I have no idea why.

POSTMAN There's a bug going round. Just sign there, please mate. *(Brian signs)*

Thank you. Have a good day!

(Brian comes centre stage holding the parcel with one hand and clutching his forehead with the other. Suddenly his expression changes, as if he has just come out of a trance. When he speaks next, he is the old Brian. Brian 1. Speaks in the voice we heard at the start).

BRIAN 1:

What the! *(He becomes aware that he is holding a parcel).* The drugs, thank god! Mallory That's it, they're her pills. *He opens the parcel. It isn't drugs at all. It is the trains that Brian 2 ordered from the internet.* What's this on the front? Mall... Mall... The Mallard? Introducing the Marvellous Mallard engine? Trains? *He throws down the parcel and tugs at his clothes.* What the bleeding hell is this all about? Where's my suit? What's happened to me? I look like a sex offender. The accident. That's it, the accident. The car. Someone

fixed the brakes on my motor,
and I know who. He'll pay for
this in blood. Now, I wonder
which husband it was? *(He
walks to the doorway and stops).*
I'll get changed first.

End of Act 1

ACT 2

Scene 1 – Hingle Home

*(Brian enters through the front door.
He is wearing the suit he went out
in. He is completely unaware that it
is covered with blood. We don't
know it yet, but he is back to being
Briian 2. He is carrying a carton of
milk and a newspaper).*

BRIAN:

That is the last time I use that
corner shop. It's like black
Friday in there, on pension
day! *(He sniffs the air).* What a
peculiar aroma. Jason must be
smoking French cigarettes.
Either that, or it's the pot
pouri I put on the landing. *(He
walks to the phone and checks for
messages).*

(SFX Beep # 1)

KIRSTY:

(Offstage) Hi Brian. Just to say,
I hope all is well. Look, the

therapy sessions haven't gone as well as expected. My fault, I was stupid enough to trust Gary, and I caught him with some tart of a maid. So, I'm coming home. Let's see this chap together and get this sorted shall we. Let's get your memory back. Chow for now!

BRIAN: What a cad that Gary is. Not the way a married person should behave in my books.

(SFX Beep #2)

LYNDA: *(Offstage - She is obviously drunk)*
Brian It's me Lynda, lovely Linda with the big boobs *(giggles)*. The big, big boobies. Look Brian I just wanted to say that I think you are lovely. You're a bit strange, but lovely. I know Kirsty, that horrible cheating bitch, wants you to change back again. But I really hope you don't. I wouldn't want the old you around our Little Fiona. Now, as you can guess, I've had a little, teensy, bitsy drink. But that's not because I'm an alchy-frantic, fronic. It's only because I feel happy again. I

miss our cuddles. Hey, here's an idea, why don't you come around here and give me a nice big ...

(SFX Beep # 3)

ANTHONY:

(Offstage) Oh, I really do hate these things. I'm sure they emit radiation. I could be impotent of all my powers by the end of this call. Ah well.... a message for Brian Hingle. I hope you are well and enjoying good karma and everything. I just want to say, whatever you do, don't leave the house, because I've just found out that it is quite possible you are possessed by a demon, and if you go out in public, you could end up killing somebody in a violent rage. You need an exorcism. I'm researching this minute. Anyway, see you soon, happiness, love, light and joy to you all. Bye! Bye!

(SFX Beep #4)

LYNDA:

(Offstage) Brian Lynda again. I am so sorry. Ow, my head! Whatever I might have said to

you last night, I'm sorry.
Feeling better now. Can we
talk again? I'm coming round,
don't go anywhere.

BRIAN:

What is it with that woman?
She always wants to talk.
Anything, emails, dead cats,
mutant babies. (*Examining
himself*) What in Alan
Titchmarsh is this all about? I
am wearing a suit. I don't
remember putting that on
when I got up. My memory
must be slipping. Have I been
to a wedding, I wonder? That
must be it. You'd think I'd
remember a thing like that.
That is very odd. I only went
out for a pint of milk, to the
best of my knowledge. Never
mind, I shall toast the happy
couple, whoever they are,
later, with a small glass of
barley wine. (*He turns and sees
his parcel by the door*). Hello!
What's that? (*He approaches it
and picks it up*). A parcel..... It's
my trains! The Mallard has
finally arrived at Hangle
Manor. I'd better put that in
my diary later. The packaging
is a bit dishevelled. (*He
examines the letter-box and then the*

train). D'you know, the ordinary, everyday British Postie is absolutely marvellous. I wouldn't have thought in a million years, that an item as large as this, could fit through that narrow letter-box. But he's done it. Funny, when I ordered that tiny memory stick for my laptop, I had to walk all the way to the sorting office to pick it up. *(He sits, and picks up his laptop)*. There was something I'd meant to do yesterday, what was it? *(He thinks)* I know, look for somebody to talk to on the internet. Hello, what's this in Brian 1's favourites bar? I never noticed that before. Lonely Souls? Well, I certainly have been lonely since Kirsty went. I'll just click on that. Right.... name? *(He starts typing)*. Brian Hingle..... Age? I'll leave that one blank..... Preference? What? Oh, there's more. Men, women, don't mind.....Men of course. I don't want to be chatting to women all day. That Lynd's bad enough, and anyway, what would we talk about? *(He types)*. Now what's it asking

me? Hobbies.... I'll just put gardening and trains. *(He types)*. Upload a picture of yourself by clicking on this link. I'll do that afterwards, when I've acquired one. Email address, sexgod69@net.com. What's this? Now tell us about yourself, so we can match you up. Very well, here goes. *(He types a couple of paragraphs)*.
.....And...send. That wasn't difficult. Ah well, better tidy up if that woman is coming round again. Where shall I start? *(Brian get's up and is about to move off, when there is a pinging noise coming from his laptop)*. What on earth is that? Oh, it's a reply. That was quick. There's a message from somebody called 'Ronald'. "Hello there shy boy"! A peculiar way to address a stranger. "I see from your profile that you are a like-minded individual, who is keen on trains. Guess what"? What is he asking me questions for? He can't hear me. The man must want his bumps feeling, if he thinks I'm capable of doing that. "I work for British Rail as a train

driver. I'm 42 and a bit of a party queen. I like, dancing, French cuisine, I'm a very good cook, and like weepy movies and walking around in the rain through long grass and keeping in shape. I have blue eyes, straw blond hair and my friends say, I have very good cheekbones for my age. My friends call me 'Randy' Ronald, and if you are a good boy, you will soon find out why". Why on earth is he telling me all of this? I only want a chat about the gardening. Not sure I like the photo. Very odd. What kind of man carries a dog around in a small bag? I bet he's a right handful for his wife. I'll reply to that later. There's my diary entry to do. Gawd, I've got an awful headache. I could do with the recuperating power of a couple of aspirin. *(Brian goes off to the kitchen. He returns empty handed).*

Very odd. I am supposed to be a drugs rep, yet there is not a tablet to be seen in the whole house. Not only that, the fridge is empty again. It's that Jason. He only comes down in

the night, and that's to steal the food. I'm going to have a word with him about that. (*He leaves again*).

(As soon as he walks off, the lights dim and back up, as if to show the passing of time).

BRIAN: (*Offstage*) Jason. I'd like to bend your ear if you please!

(Lights up: Brian is back in the living room).

BRIAN: Well, that was easier than I thought. He was quite obliging too. Teenagers are supposed to be argumentative. I must have got that all wrong. I told him off, for pinching all the supplies from the Hingle Manor larder, and he was quite nice about it. He was even quite sympathetic when I mentioned my headache. He even furnished me with this special pill. 'This will sort you out,' he said. How kind that lad is. (*He takes the pill, and after pulling a few weird faces, beams like an idiot*).

(The lights go down, and after a few seconds return. Brian enters carrying a baguette. His clothes are dishevelled, and he is wearing his underpants on his head).

BRIAN:

Very peculiar. Very, very peculiar. I've got to get this down for the record. *(He picks up his laptop and starts typing)*. Dear diary. What has just happened is going to sound incredible, but I am compelled to write about it. After receiving a tablet from Jason, I experienced the oddest side-effects. Not only have I lost four hours, but have just been informed by the aforementioned, that my behaviour in between was most questionable. According to him, I went on a sacred quest to find the something entitled underpants of fortune, now on my head. I've just been whacking the tumble drier, with a baguette until they fell out.

Right what's this? An email from Randy Ronald. He has invited me to dinner at his place, promising dim lighting, romantic ambience and the

guarantee we will not be disturbed. His friends are all excited that he has found someone at last, and it's already all over the Pink Hippo. That must be a pub. We are having Chestnut Soup with Crème Fraiche for the starter, Cognac Shrimp with Beurre Blanc Sauce for the main, and for the sweet we are having Chocolate Torte with Blueberry Wine Coulis. I haven't the foggiest what any of that means. There's an awful lot of kisses here. I think I know what it is about him that's different now, he's French. I'll just reply to that. Yes, that sounds marvellous. See you later, Brian. *(SFX The doorbell rings)*. Who's that?

LYNDA: *(Offstage)* Usually, you need to open the door to find that one out.

*(Brian gets up and opens the door.
As soon as she sees Brian she screams)*.

BRIAN: Do you mind? I wouldn't have opened the door if I knew you were going to do that.

LYNDA: Brian! Oh my god! Your suit. What have you been doing?

BRIAN: Just a bit of tinkering about on the computer, why?

LYNDA: Are you blind? You have blood all over your shirt.

BRIAN: *(Looks)* Oh my word, you're right. How did that get there? I was only surfing the internet.

LYNDA: What were you doing before that? Think!

BRIAN: A magical quest, and before that, quite possibly I went to a wedding. Although looking at this, it might have been an abattoir. Perhaps it was one of those themed weddings.

LYNDA: Magical quests? Weddings? I don't think so. I know that suit, it's one of the other Brian's. He had this thing about the Kray twins. I'm really worried now. It looks like you've been in a fight. That was the only thing about the old you, there were always repercussions. We never knew

what you were up to. I've got a very bad feeling about this.

BRIAN: Why's that?

LYNDA: It looks to me like the old Brian has popped back into our lives.

BRIAN: I thought that was what you wanted.

LYNDA: I did like him. I l... like him quite a lot really.

BRIAN: So what's the problem?

LYNDA: If you'd asked me that last year, I'd have said there wasn't one. Now, seeing you like this, nice, has made me realise how things could have been, and what a complete idiot I was. I only saw him once every other month if I was lucky, he never said any nice things to me, like, "You look a million dollars in that dress," never bought me any flowers, even though I really made the effort. I took a cookery course so that we could have special meals together when he came round, an evening course it was. Every single time he just said, 'Sod that girl! Pants off,

upstairs as quick as you like.’
Sometimes, he’d have bruises,
because he’d been in a fight
with someone. But I got the
idea he liked all that. You see,
you were odd, I mean, he was
odd. He was into being tied
down while I whipped. I never
liked doing it. I hated it.
Although I have to admit,
there were times, when it came
in handy.

BRIAN: So what you are saying is, I didn’t go to
a wedding.

LYNDA: Brian, what does Kirsty think of
this..... you?

BRIAN: Funny you should ask, but she
keeps telling me to turn back
into my old self. I mean I’ve
had a go. For some reason,
standing in front of the
bathroom mirror and saying,
off you pop then, isn’t doing
it.

LYNDA: She would feel like that, and I
can imagine she would hate
you being like this. Yeah, she’s
just as bad. She is just the
same as you used to be, off

shagging anything that
breathed oxygen.

BRIAN: What! You mean, my Kirsty is... having
an affair?

LYNDA: Wake up Brian, who the hell goes
on holiday with their personal trainer?

BRIAN: I'm shocked madam! How long has this
been going on?

LYNDA: How long have you been together?

BRIAN: She tells me, five years.

LYNDA: Five years then. You told me
Kirst didn't mind what either
of you did, as long as you
never mentioned any names,
no descriptions about what
happened, and under no
circumstances whatsoever, you
never, ever met. Look, I'm
going to fetch that Anthony
Starlight bloke. Wait here until
we get back.

*(She exits through the door. There
is another knock on the door).*

BRIAN: She must've forgotten something. And
I thought I was a muddle brain.

(He get's up and opens it). Oh,
who are you then, prey?

MALLORY: *(Offstage)* The last face you're ever
gonna see, sunshine.

*(A pair of hands grab Brian, and
he is yanked through the door).*

Blackout.

Scene 2 – Edina Mallory's Office

*(Brian is tied to a chair. Mallory
and her two benchmen stand over him).*

MALLORY: Well, here we are again Hingle.
Just like old times. Two old
friends getting together for a
chat. A laugh and a joke about
the past, culminating in a drink
together down the pub
afterwards, to raise a glass to
the memory of your testicles.

BRIAN: I don't have any.

(The two benchmen laugh)

MALLORY: What?

BRIAN: I don't need them. My eyesight is perfect thank you very much. Drop a pin on the floor and I'll spot it. Like an owl I am, except I don't eat small mammals, and lack the ability to rotate my head three hundred and sixty degrees.

MALLORY: What are you banging on about? Testicles, Hingle. Your wedding tackle, your meat and two veg, your low hanging fruit, all of which will be dangling from my Christmas tree this year, if you do not tell me where my bloody parcel is!

BRIAN: I don't think we have been introduced.

MALLORY: What's with the voice Hingle? You sound like, a sex offender.

BRIAN: That's very interesting, but you aren't the first person to call me that. Just the other day, and you'll laugh at this, a woman turned up at my house with some breast implants, feeding me this ludicrous story about me having a daughter. We went to see this psychic to sort my brain out, only he had an electric shock off my head,

and then I went to a wedding
and came back with a pint of
milk.

*(Mallory takes the henchmen to the
side).*

MALLORY: 'Ere! Is he having a giraffe or what?

HENCHMAN 1: I reckon he's barkin' guv!

HENCHMAN 2: Lost the plot guv!

HENCHMAN 1: I reckon he wouldn't be able
to find the plot, with sat nav, a
map and Bear Grylls guv!

HENCHMAN 2: I reckon that if you gave him
the plot, he would say, 'Ooh,
what's this all about then? I
don't recognise this,' and then
he'd lose it again, and we'd be
back at square one guv!

MALLORY: Shut up, bloody sycophants!
Just tell me if you think he's
swinging the lead.

HENCHMAN 1: He did have an accident, and
he was in a coma for a year.
Could have, damaged his loaf!
Then again, he was always a
cunning git!

MALLORY: So, how are we going to tell? Come on you two Einsteins.

HENCHMAN 2: I know, as I recall, he really liked being tied down. I reckon we get some rope and, oh wait.

HENCHMAN 1: There's only one way to get the real Brian Hingle to come out. He had a very short fuse. Here, watch this. (*Approaches Brian.*) Hey Hingle, I've had your wife!

MALLORY: That's no bloody good. They're practically swingers, them two. You got to get in deeper, you got to threaten his masculinity.

HENCHMAN 2: Hey Hingle! You've got blood all over your shirt and your tie, and your suit. How are you gonna get that out, get your mummy to wash it for you?

BRIAN: Apparently, with dried blood, you can get it out with white vinegar. There's this marvellous tip on the internet...

HENCHMAN 1: That's no good. Oi, Hingle. I see you've been in a fight. What happened, get beaten up by another five year old?

BRIAN: I don't think so.

MALLORY: He'd be going mad by now. One more try. *(To Brian)* I hear you like going out, with other blokes, on dates.

BRIAN: Well, as a matter of fact, I'm going round for a meal tonight with this lovely chap I met on the internet. He's a train driver called Randy Ronald and he has a small dog.

MALLORY: You what? I want to know where this parcel is Hingle.

BRIAN: You must be Craig's mum. Please to meet you.

MALLORY: Who the bloody hell is Craig's mum?

BRIAN: Craig is the boy with the parcel. Is it yours?

MALLORY: Yes, as in a matter of fact, it is.

BRIAN: The one with the drugs inside it?

MALLORY: That's the one!

BRIAN: If it's drugs, I wouldn't tell you.

MALLORY: Brian, I think we have a little misunderstanding here. You see, these, drugs, aren't for distribution.

BRIAN: No?

MALLORY: Of course not. That would be very bad. They're... for my husband.

HENCHMAN #2: Husband? Tight-arse Ronnie Mallory Master of vacuum?

MALLORY: Shut up! *(To Brian)* You see, he get's this terrible... wind.

BRIAN: Really? He should try a spot of bicarbonate of soda.

MALLORY: That's no good. You see, *(feigning tears)* It's, terminal.

BRIAN: Really?

MALLORY: He's lying in this hospital bed this very minute, blowing the sheets off like Old Faithful, and the only thing that can save him are those little pills.

BRIAN: Save him? From what, pray?

MALLORY: Fart attack! So, you see I need you to get my tablets back, before he, blows not so gently into that good night. Will you do that for me Brian?

BRIAN: Oh dear! It seems your hubby is an accident waiting to happen.

MALLORY: Good boy! *(To the other two.)*
Untie him! *(Brian is untied and Mallory hands him a business card).* When you find out, bring the package to this address, and don't tell anyone. Now bugger off! *(Brian exits).*
Looks like after a year, it might be finally happening.

Blackout.

Scene 3 – Hingle Home

(Brian enters, through the door. He is wearing nicer clothes, after his meal with Ronald).

BRIAN: Well, that was an experience and a half. My first meal with a

Frenchman. Such a strange race they are. I didn't know they liked to hold hands after a meal, and I don't like being kissed when I leave, at least not like that. Do you know, I don't think he is French. You never saw Thierry Henry behaving like that, at least not off the pitch. Anyway. I mustn't be rude.

(He goes to his laptop and types some words in an email). Just to say, thank you for a marvellous meal. You must give me the recipe, so that I can cook it for my wife. Looking forward to seeing you again very soon, merci, Brian. There we go, and send! *(Brian is about to close the door behind him, when Lynda rushes in. She is very excited).* Oh, hello Lynda. I was just off to bed.

LYNDA: You've been out? Where?

BRIAN: Dinner with a Frenchman if you must know. We had some very nice food and watched *Gone With The Wind*, the poor bloke didn't stop crying. I thought train drivers were

tougher than that, what do you want?

LYNDA: What? Oh, it doesn't matter. I'm sorry it's late. I've been having a long chat with Anthony Starlight. He's very worried about you. He needs to talk to you, urgently.

BRIAN: Can he not reschedule for tomorrow?

LYNDA: No! What he has to say to you is very important. He's been doing some research about what happened when you had your accident. He's on his way over with another chap, a psychic specialist.

(The door opens again. This time it's Kirsty She is laden with luggage).

KIRSTY: God, that flight was knackered! Nine hours, glued to a seat, between a fat geezer and some woman with a screaming kid. I've got a bleeding, headache now. You changed back yet? *(She notices Kirsty)*. Who the bleeding hell are you?

LYNDA: Don't worry about me. I was just going.

KIRSTY: What are you doing in my house?

LYNDA: I work with your husband. I just dropped by to see when he was going to be fit enough to go back to work, but I'm off now. Nice to have met you!

BRIAN: Lynda is such a nice lady, poppet. Apparently Brian one used to visit her every other month, and they have a child together. How was your flight?

KIRSTY: What!

LYNDA: And that as well!

BRIAN: Now, about this Gary ...

KIRSTY: Shut up! A child together?

LYNDA: This wasn't how I wanted everybody to find out, believe me. You two must have a lot to talk about, so I'd better be off.

(Lynda tries to pass Kirsty in the doorway, but Kirsty stops her from leaving).

KIRSTY: You are going nowhere you rotten skank. I want to know what right you have, coming here, as soon as my back was turned.

LYNDA: Skank, am I? Tell me Kirsty, how was the holiday? How's Gary? Feeling better now?

KIRSTY: At least I told Brian who I was going off with, and when. Not some dirty tumble in some run down cottage bedroom, whenever it happened to be convenient.

LYNDA: Brian didn't know what you were really up to. You told him you were giving Gary therapy, and he believed you. He isn't the full load at the moment. You know that.

KIRSTY: So you thought you'd pounce on him while he was missing a few brain cells?

LYNDA: We haven't, done anything. I wouldn't dare take advantage of somebody, in his mental condition. Anyway, do you think doing what you've been

doing is appropriate? Leaving him while he's like this, vulnerable?

KIRSTY: I'm gonna kill you!

(Kirsty is just about to land a punch on Lynda when there is a knock on the door).

ANTHONY: Hello? *(To Lynda)* I'm glad I've caught you at home Mrs. Hingle. We need to have a chat with your husband.

KIRSTY: Oi! I'm over here. I'm Mrs. Hingle if you don't mind.

ANTHONY: Oh, but I thought...

KIRSTY: Never mind what you thought. *(To Lynda)* You've been living here, as husband and wife, with my husband?

LYNDA: No! I've popped round every now and again. He needed help finding out who he was.

KIRSTY: *(To Anthony)*. So, who the hell are you, and what do you want?

ANTHONY: I, am a psychic Mrs. Hingle, Mr. Anthony Starlight Hughes,

radio receiver to the afterlife,
and I am here to explain what
has been happening to him
over there.

*(He points at Brian, The girls
disperse and he enters).*

KIRSTY: My husband just has a
memory problem. He doesn't
need to see a psychic, so sod
off!

ANTHONY: He does. He's all blocked up Mrs.
Hingle, that's why.

KIRSTY: What, like drains d'you mean?

ANTHONY: In a way. The other day Mrs.
Hingle, I touched your
husband, and something
marvellous happened. It was,
electricity.

KIRSTY: Oh god! Not you too. I just
can't leave him alone without
everybody wanting to fiddle
with him.

ANTHONY: It was nothing like that Mrs.
H. It's something we don't
often encounter in our works.
This is a very rare case. I
didn't know what it was

before, but I do now. Your husband is possessed by, a penultimus.

LYNDA: Penultimus? What's one of them?

ANTHONY: Have you ever been walking along and it felt like there was somebody beside you? Or have been sitting in a room on your own, and it felt like there was somebody else there with you, you couldn't see? Or, have been in the bathroom and felt there was someone watching you, naked, while you were in the shower?

(Kirsty and Lynda stare into space for a while).

ANTHONY: Well?

KIRSTY:/LYNDA: No!

ANTHONY: Well, if you ever do, there will be a very good reason for it. Do you know of anybody who has had twins?

KIRSTY: Yes, *(giggles)* me!

BRIAN: Really dearest? I thought you said once, you were infertile.

LYNDA: That's not what she meant Brian
and that's disgusting!

ANTHONY: If I may continue. Twins can
often appear the same, but can
develop different personalities.
Sometimes you get one that is
really, really good and one
who ends up being a nasty
little swine.

KIRSTY: So what's your point?

ANTHONY: Brian here, is twins.

*(They all stare at Brian, Brian just
waves back).*

KIRSTY: No, he's not.

ANTHONY: He is, or at least he was meant
to be. You see, it is my belief
that two spirits were there at
Brians birth, but only one
body. When this happens, the
other has to walk the earth
beside the brother or sister
throughout his or her life.
When Brian had the accident,

his spirit tried to leave, but before it was possible, his would-be brother stepped into his physical vessel before he could get out, leaving the two trapped together, like they are now.

KIRSTY: What a complete load of bollocks!

LYNDA: I believe him.

KIRSTY: You would. I bet you believed him all the times he said you two had a future together.

LYNDA: No, I didn't. He never said that.

ANTHONY: Are you two going to listen to this, or what? We need to get him an exorcism.

KIRSTY: Hang on a minute, he's not possessed. He's hit his head and forgotten who he was, that's all. Doctor Bartholomew said that cranial injuries can sometimes result in personality changes. Brian will come back, but in his own time, and not because of some freak waving a magic wand over his head. These things have to be handled right, and

without insulting the man's intelligence. Give him some credit, some respect. (*To Brian*) It's alright lover. I have faith in you, even if they don't.

LYNDA: Why don't we ask him what he thinks then?

KIRSTY: Him? It's no good asking him, he's got a warped brain.

LYNDA: Brian, how does it feel?

BRIAN: How does what feel?

LYNDA: Being you at the moment.

BRIAN: Like two people who bought a pair of trousers, and wanted to try them on in the cubicle, at the same time and ended up with stuck in the same leg.

ANTHONY: There you go!

KIRSTY: That doesn't mean anything, he always talks crap.

LYNDA: I think there's something you need to know. The other Brian's been back. He was in his suit and there was blood all over him.

KIRSTY: *(Beaming)* Really? Brian, I'm so proud of you!

ANTHONY: Damn! Now, he'll keep coming back, and while he has to share the same body with... *(points)* him, he'll just keep getting angrier and angrier. I can do the exorcism myself, but I'll have to read up about it. I'll pop to the library and get a book.

LYNDA: Can't you do it now, before he comes back?

ANTHONY: It's a very complicated procedure Lynda usually performed by priests. I have to be sure to get the right one out, or more importantly, that I don't expel them both.

KIRSTY: Just one thing.

ANTHONY: What?

KIRSTY: How come, a stage psychic is doing exorcisms?

ANTHONY: It's the twenty-first century Mrs. Hingle. We have to diversify to survive. Like I say,

I need to do a bit of research.
I'm going to ask you to do
something that Brian here,
might not like.

KIRSTY: Try me!

ANTHONY: I'm going to have to ask that you
tie him up.

KIRSTY: No, he's always hated that.

ANTHONY: It's for his own good. In the
meantime, may I suggest that
you two discuss which Brian
you want to keep and which
one you want to get rid of.
The good one, or the bad one?

KIRSTY: What's it got to do with her?

ANTHONY: It is important that the two of
you stay. It might provide
balance if you did.

KIRSTY: What's that supposed to mean?

ANTHONY: Well, just like him there, one of
you is nice, and the other one is, horrible.

KIRSTY:/LYNDA: Thanks!

ANTHONY: Stay with him, until I get back, and
tie him up, for god's sake!

LYNDA: Let me phone my babysitter. Honestly, the kid's going to start calling the girl mummy and asking for pocket money before long.

Blackout

Scene 4 – Hingle Home

(Brian is tinkering with his laptop. He is seated. The two girls are standing as far away from each other as possible. There is definitely an air between them).

LYNDA: I still think we should tie him up, like the man says.

KIRSTY: Shut up! I don't like the idea of you being in my home. So do us all a favour, and just pretend you're not here.

LYNDA: Just saying!

KIRSTY: God, look at him, sitting there grinning like a buffoon. He was never like that before the crash.

LYNDA: What? Happy you mean?

KIRSTY: Happiness doesn't suit him. My man is a mean, dirty, say it like it is kind of guy. A real man. A man who can take a riding crop across the arse, and not even wince. I look at him now, and all I want to do is hit him over the head with a shovel.

LYNDA: I keep telling you Kirsty, it's not a memory relapse. Hitting him over the head won't bring him back.

KIRSTY: I know that, I just want to hit him over the head with a shovel!

(Pause) So what's this about a kid?

LYNDA: He has a daughter, Fiona.

KIRSTY: And you've done the maths?

LYNDA: Not that I needed to.

KIRSTY: What makes you think she's his?

LYNDA: She looks like him, and there hasn't been anyone else, ever.

KIRSTY: I'm not having that. I know my old Brian, and he wouldn't

have done anything without protection.

LYNDA: It shows how much you know, Brian said he couldn't wear them, because he's allergic to rubber.

KIRSTY: Ha! Is that what he told you?

LYNDA: Yes!

KIRSTY: You want to look in my wardrobe darling, you'll soon see that definitely isn't true.

LYNDA: Never mind, he's different now. I much prefer this Brian. He's nice, and caring.

KIRSTY: Well, I don't. He was a tiger once. Not that you could tell by looking at him now. I want my tiger back.

LYNDA: I wonder what he's doing. I'll ask him.

KIRSTY: Oh no you don't! What he's doing isn't anybody's business but his own. You show my husband some respect when you're in my house, a bit of trust. Leave him be. *(To Brian)* What are you doing, Brian?

BRIAN: Looking for drugs, dearest.

KIRSTY: What? Is this for Jason, cos I'm telling you if it is, I'm having words with him.

BRIAN: No, silly. It's for a nice person I met yesterday. Not the bloke who kept trying to kiss me, while we were watching a video, the one who tied me to a chair, and wanted to cut off my genitalia.

(The two girls glare at each other in horror).

LYNDA: And you didn't think to say?

KIRSTY: *(To Lynda)* You were here, and you let him out the house? Didn't he tell you what happened with the vacuum cleaner?

LYNDA: I don't think I want to know, thanks!

KIRSTY: What's this about drugs Brian what have you gone and done?

BRIAN: Mrs Mallory asked me to find something for her. A parcel I

had before the accident,
containing her hubby's fart
pills apparently. She should
have trusted the post office to
do that.

KIRSTY: *(To Lynda)* Mallory? Edina
Mallory?

BRIAN: Yes, do you know her dear?

KIRSTY: The name rings a bell. I'm sure
the name's crept into
conversation at some point.
This is why we need to get
him back to normal, so that he
can sort this thing out.

LYNDA: I'm not sure I want him back to
normal Kirst.

KIRSTY: Well, I do, and he's married to
me not you. You're just some
tart with her fruit and veg on
display for passing blokes to
tweak for freshness.

LYNDA: No, I'm not. I didn't want
these, you know. I was happy
with my old breasts. It was
Brian one. I overheard him,
saying to one of the guys in
accounts that he likes big
boobs. Now I've had them

done, all he can do is run away from them. It's like I'm waving a pair of snarling ferrets in his face. I like that though. It shows he's not such a sexist anymore. I don't like the Brian I met any more. I'm having second thoughts about this. Let me give Anthony Starlight another bell. I'll tell him to stop this Tryfan bloke from turning up.

KIRSTY: Don't you bleeding dare!
(Kirsty snatches the mobile phone now in Lynda's hand. There is a tap at the door. Anthony enters. He is carrying a large book and a carrier bag).

ANTHONY: Hello! It's only me. Sorry this has taken so long. I had to be sure I had the right book.

LYNDA: Oh no. You mean, you're going to do this on your own? I thought your friend was going to do it with you. The experienced one.

ANTHONY: I am afraid Mr. Tryfan Jones has been called away on what is a very urgent matter. He is working on a very high profile

case, in the Maldives, for a fortnight, all inclusive. So you are going to have to put up with me. You'll have to bare with me mind. My spirit guide Barnaby, has gone missing again, and I'm at a loose end. I've tried putting up posters on all the lamp posts. You know the sort of thing, if you find him, ring this number. But the public hasn't been very helpful so far. Some nasty graffiti all over them, there is. Some very perverse individuals, there are in our midst. It's all very distressing.

KIRSTY: Go on then, give us a laugh!

ANTHONY: I assure you, madam, that dabbling with spiritual forces is no joking matter.

BRIAN: I've found Craig's address Lynda. Just going to jot that down,
(Brian scribbles the address on a Post-it).

LYNDA: Did you hear that? He spoke to me, not you Kirsty.... me.

ANTHONY: What's the matter with him?

KIRSTY:

Don't worry about him. Come on then. Let's see if you can turn this meerkat back into a lion.

(Anthony positions himself behind Brian. He picks up the book and opens it to the first page).

ANTHONY:

(Reads.) So, you want to be an exorcist. Well, now you have purchased the first edition of *Being an Exorcist* at the introductory offer at 99, you can start collecting the rest at £ 9.99 full rrp, and insert them into the free binder provided. Free crucifix with issue two. No, that's no bloody good. Turn to page twenty-two. What have we here? Position yourself over the head. Right, I've done that. Both hands over the cranium. Hang on.

(He delves into his bag and pulls out a pair of oven gloves). I've been down this road before, remember? OK Brian. I am going to touch your head again. Do not be alarmed. *(He reads again, murmuring to himself).* Yes, yes, right! Get out you! Get out, will you please!

KIRSTY: Is that it? Get out? Is that the best you can do?

ANTHONY: I'm doing what it says here.
Now, if you don't mind,
madam, I've got a job to do.
Which one do you want out?

(The girls look at each other).

LYNDA: We'll go with whatever comes out.

ANTHONY: You know it's not like the lottery,
don't you?

(He clasps Brian's head).

BRIAN: Oi! Do you mind?

ANTHONY: Brian's other spirit, I compel
thee to leave this vessel at
once and go to the afterlife
where you belong, Brians's
other spirit! Go into the light
Brians's other spirit!

KIRSTY: Aren't you going to speak some
Latin at him?

ANTHONY: Do I look like I can speak
Latin Mrs. Hingle? I could try
a little Welsh if you like.

KIRSTY: Forget it!

ANTHONY: You are not welcome here
 Brian's other spirit! This vessel
 is already occupied, bugger off
 to Heaven will you! Go now!
 *(The lights begin to flicker. There is
 a sound like crackling electricity).*
 Ooh. I wasn't expecting that.
 Brian leave this body!

*(Brian's face is now contorting, as if
there is a great struggle going on).*

BRIAN: I feel weird, stop it!

LYNDA: Stop it Anthony!

ANTHONY: I command thee leave! I command
 thee once....

BRIAN: *(as BRIAN: 1)* Ah, I'm
 back, ladies. Oh, you're both
 here. That should save some
 time. Come on girls, who's
 first?

ANTHONY: ... I command thee twice!

BRIAN: Oh, that was odd!

BRIAN: 1 Get 'em off girls! *(Screams)*

BRIAN: 2 Oh, my word.

BRIAN: 1 I'm not going anywhere, you
Muppet!

KIRSTY: Brian come back to me!
BRIAN: 1 Watcha doll! Missed me?

KIRSTY: Yes!

ANTHONY: I command thee thrice!

Blackout

(Brian screams)

LYNDA: The lights have gone.

KIRSTY: Oh you're clever!

ANTHONY: Has anybody got a pound for the
metre?

KIRSTY: He must have tripped a switch.

LYNDA: Is it over? Which one is he?

ANTHONY: Brian which one are you? Speak to
me! Speak!

BRIAN: I wouldn't mind a cup of
Rosie Lee if you wouldn't
mind. Why is it so dark?

KIRSTY: Jason, sort the trip switch out!
Shit! Ah well Brian, that's just
like you, bugging off when I
need you! Good riddance to
you! *(Pause)*
(The lights come back on).
Thanks love!

*(The ghost boy enters. He drifts in
slowly. There are gasps all around.
He approaches Brian).*

BOY Thank you!

BRIAN: Why do you keep saying that?

*(The boy smiles. He starts walking
back, glares at Anthony kicks him
in the shin and runs off).*

LYNDA: What the hell was that all about?

BRIAN: That's the little boy who has
been visiting me, here and also
in my dreams.

ANTHONY: Barnaby!

LYNDA: Your spirit guide?

ANTHONY: I really should be going. It has
been lovely to have met you all.

LYNDA: Why is he haunting Brian?

KIRSTY: Answer her!

ANTHONY: Thank you Kirsty.

KIRSTY: Shut up!

ANTHONY: Alright then. When I was a lad, in Abergerveny, I had this paper round. Well, my old Boss, Mr. Pritchard, a right nasty little shit he was. I told him I wanted to pack it in. I had this promise of a job at the post office see, and my Mam and Dad reckoned that twenty-six was a bit old to be going round on a bicycle delivering the dailies to the locals at six o'clock every morning. He wouldn't let me though, Mr. Pritchard, not until I got someone else to take my place. So I had to hang around the schools, which got me some right looks, let me tell you. It was right embarrassing. But I had to find a replacement see, before I could move on with my life.

KIRSTY: What is he banging on about?

ANTHONY: You see? I adopted the same rules for Barnaby's contract. Don't get me wrong. I made it clear from day one, 'you will not be released from my services into the afterlife, until you have found somebody else, to deliver the papers, I mean to be a spirit guide for me.

LYNDA: Barnaby was a slave you mean.

ANTHONY: He was nothing of the sort. It was a mutual agreement.

KIRSTY: Then why did he run off when he saw you?

ANTHONY: I don't know what you mean. I'm off. There's bloody gratitude for you!

(He exits)

KIRSTY: Perhaps I've been too hard on Gary. I said to him, don't do anything I wouldn't do. But I keep forgetting, there isn't anything I wouldn't do. Brian I want a divorce. I can't cope with any more of this. I'll put all this down to unreasonable behaviour. You can put the house on the market. I'll be in

touch. *(To Lynda)* Oh, and you're welcome to him.

(She exits)

LYNDA: Right. There's just one more thing to tie up now.

BRIAN: What's that then?

LYNDA: Give me Craig's address!
(Brian hands Lynda the note, she picks up a phone and dials).
Police please! Thank you!

BRIAN: What on earth are you doing?

LYNDA: Hello! I have some information about some missing drugs. Name? I'd rather not say. If you go to 37 Halbourne Close now, you will find a Mrs Edina Mallory, who I believe is known to you. You will also find some drugs, which were stolen from the warehouse at Farley's Pharmaceuticals over a year ago. If you get a squad car down there quick, you should catch them. You're welcome. Bye! Brian Have you got Mrs Mallory's address by any chance?

BRIAN: Yes, she gave me a business card!

LYNDA: Ring her up, and give Craig's address.

(She hands Brian back the Post it note, together with her mobile phone).

BRIAN: Hello, Mrs Mallory? You would be delighted to know, I am sure, that I have located your parcel. It is at 37 Halbourne Close. He's called Craig. Goodbye Mrs Mallory. *(Glances at his laptop screen)*. Oh look. Another email from Randy Ronald. I am a complete and utter bastard, apparently, for not telling him I was married, and straight. But in my face, because he's back with his ex , and he's better looking and has bang tidy abs. I never knew he was gay. He kept that quiet.

LYNDA: Come on you. Let's go and see your daughter.

BRIAN: Very well. *(They walk to the door)*. I've been thinking about my voice, and how I can make it more husky and manly again. I could take up smoking. But

the thing is, I don't know if I'd like it. I might start with nicotine patches and work my way up.

LYNDA: No you won't, Brian.

Blackout

(Lights up on Anthony Starlight Hughes. On stage. There is applause. It is the start of the show).

ANTHONY: Welcome once again, to the Anthony Starlight Hughes Experience. Love and light everybody, and peace be with you, whether you are alive or dead. Tonight, I will be your conduit into the spirit world. The great big hole, if you will, in the fence that separates this world and the next. Before I start, I have some news for you. As I have been telling you, Baranaby, my spirit guide, who, let's face it, has had his troubles for a while now, has now passed on.

(SFX Applause).

Which means there exists a situation vacant in my life. Well, not any more. Ladies

and gentlemen. I give you, my
new spirit guide, Brian!
(SFX Applause).

CURTAIN