

FITTING UP THE GENTLEMEN

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

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The year is 1973, Edward Heath has just won the election from Harold Wilson, inflation is 8%, the unions are striking.

The staff in the formal wear hire department of Webber and Son, West End of London Branch continue to fit out the gentlemen with outfits for Ascot and the Derby and with formal evening wear. As they discover, their world is fast changing.

SETS: There are 2 sets:

1. The large store room for the formal wear outfits.
2. The fitting area with four fitting rooms and a cash register on stage – and two fitting rooms and a cash register off stage.

CHARACTERS:

JACK METCALF. 54 years of age. Formal Wear Hire Staff.

VINCE PETTIT. 51 years of age. Formal Wear Hire Staff.

HARRY KENT. 57 years of age. Formal Wear Hire Staff.

TEDDY HARRIS. 43 years of age. Formal Wear Hire Staff.

MRS FRESHWATER.

CUSTOMERS (*possibly actors playing more than one part*):

Messrs Penrose, Rogers, Johnson, Evans, Smith, Simmons, Binstead, Jimmy and punter, Taylor, Barton, Duncan, Stevens, Rowlandson, Norris, Yates, Williams, Deaken.

ACT ONE.

1. THE STORE ROOM:

JACK METCALF IS HANGING UP MORNING COATS AND PUTTING AWAY TROUSERS, THEN WAISTCOATS, SHIRTS, CRAVATS, AND ACCESSORIES. THESE GARMENTS ARE THOSE OF A 'GREYS' OUTFIT FOR THE DERBY AND ASCOT.

VINCE, WITH 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT GARMENTS ENTERS AND MAKES HIS WAY TO THE RAILS ON WHICH MORNING COATS ARE HANGING.

HE PROCEEDS TO HANG UP THE COATS AND PUT AWAY THE TROUSERS, WAISTCOAT AND SHIRTS AND ACCESSORIES.

VINCE: The gentleman, he comes in, he wants to hire right through to Ascot, hire just the once for the Derby and Ascot. I say to him I'm sorry to say we don't do that, sir, I say. Against Company policy.

JACK: (AS HE HANGS UP AND PUTS AWAY GARMENTS): Trying it on, eh? Eh, Vince? Everyone making out they're feeling the pinch. Eh?

VINCE: (AS HE HANGS UP AND PUTS AWAY GARMENTS): I say to him. Tell you what, sir, I say, you'll not be saying anything to management, it being you, sir, I'll chuck in the top hat for nothing. Thanks very much, the gentleman says – he slips me a couple of quid. He saves himself no more than a couple of quid on the hire of the topper - but he reckons he's got something for nothing. He goes off very happy about it. Two quid in my pocket, I'm not too down in the dumps about it myself. Eh? Eh, Jack?

TEDDY HARRIS ENTERS TO SELECT AN OUTFIT. ('GREYS' – MORNING COAT, WAISTCOAT, TROUSERS, ETC) FOR HIS CUSTOMER MR JOHNSON.

VINCE: Hello – Teddy Harris on the move. Eh, Teddy? His two boys at private – private school, eh? – got to pay their school fees, eh, Teddy? Got to drum up the commission to pay the school fees. (UNDER HIS BREATH): Arsehole. (TO JACK): Eh, Jack? Teddy. Mrs Harris breathing down his neck.

TEDDY: We can't all afford to buy property in Spain, Vince.

VINCE: No. Careful financial accounting, that's me. Don't live above my means – my station in life.

HARRY ENTERS TO SELECT A SHIRT, CRAVAT AND ACCESSORIES (COLLAR STUDS, CUFFLINKS,) FOR HIS 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT FOR HIS CUSTOMER MR EVANS. (HE HAS ALREADY FITTED HIM WITH THE COAT, AND HAS LEFT HIM IN FITTING ROOM 1 TO TRY ON THE TROUSERS.) HARRY HAS TROUBLE WITH HIS KNEES WHICH PHYSICALLY IMPEDE HIM.

JACK: All right, Harry? Eh?

HARRY: Hanging in there, Jack. Shirt, collar, cravat. Never say die. That's it.

JACK: That's it.

WE HEAR ALEC OUT IN RECEPTION SPEAKING ON THE TANNOY SYSTEM.

ALEC (VO – ON THE TANNOY): Mr Harris to reception, please.

TEDDY: Yes, yes. All right. All right.

ALEC (VO – ON THE TANNOY): Mr Harris, your customer Mr Johnson is here for you, please.

TEDDY: I'm fitting him – the stupid sod. The bloody man doesn't know who's come in and who hasn't.

HARRY: Tell us a new one, Teddy.

ALEC (VO – ON TANNOY): Mr Harris, your customer Mr Johnson is here, thank you.

TEDDY: Bugger off.

(JACK AND VINCE: (WITHOUT EMOTION): Shut up.)

(HARRY: (WITHOUT EMOTION): Shut up.)

JACK: They get rid of Fred. They stick him in – Alec - down from accounts on the second - making a balls up of it. They say they're getting in a new departmental manager out there – supposed to be a new departmental manager – coming in today, Alec says. Where is he? Eh?

HARRY: He's coming in today, Alec says.

JACK: Well, I don't see him. If he was coming in today he'd have come in this morning. Come in this morning.

HARRY: He'd have come in this morning, Vince.

JACK: That's it.

VINCE: If anyone, if any of my regulars come in, I'll be paying a visit to Ladbrokes.

ALEC (VO ON TANNOY): Mr Metcalf to reception please – your customer Mr Penrose has arrived.

JACK: Hello. My Mr Penrose. Off we go. 'Good afternoon, very good to see you, sir. If you'd kindly pop in to the cubicle here, sir. Thank you, sir.'

JACK EXITS (TO GO TO RECEPTION).

VINCE: Right. I'm off. Back in five, ten minutes. Don't you go fitting out any of my regulars, Teddy Harris. Right? You'll have my knee hard into your bollocks, chum - your Mrs Harris, it isn't likely she'd appreciate the consequences of that. Eh? On the other hand, come to think of it, maybe it won't make any difference, it won't bother her at all. Right.

VINCE EXITS TO LEAVE PREMISES.

TEDDY: (OUT OF VINCE'S HEARING): Fuck off.

AFTER A WHILE:

ALEC (V.O ON TANNOY): Mr Harris your customer Mr Johnson is here, thank you.

TEDDY: Jesus. The sooner they put him back in Accounts, the better.

2. FITTING AREA.

JACK LEADS MR PENROSE INTO THE FITTING AREA – AND TO FITTING ROOM 2.

JACK: Here we are, sir. If you'd kindly pop into the cubicle here, sir. Hope you had a pleasant weekend.

PENROSE: Yes, thank you.

JACK: Have you fitted up in no time at all, very smart as you'd expect, sir. Thank you, Mr Penrose, sir.

PENROSE: Thank you, Mr Metcalf.

JACK: May I take your jacket, sir? It's the Derby, is it? Thank you. I haven't had the pleasure of seeing you here for a quite a long time now, have I, sir?

PENROSE: I've been in the New York – this past six months - work.

JACK: Ah, yes. We've had a few changes over here while you've been away. Mr Wilson out, Mr Heath in, sir. The unions going mad. Terrible.

PENROSE: The country is a damnable mess, that's for sure.

JACK: So it would verily seem, sir. (JACK IS HANGING UP MR PENROSE'S JACKET.) The Unions. NUM. The miners, the trains, and the rest of them – bringing the Country to her knees. Inflation over 8%. It's the Arabs – holding onto the oil – got us by the goolies, if you'll pardon the phraseology.

PENROSE: You're right, Mr Metcalf – no doubt about it. Ted Heath, I don't know how he is going to do any better than Harold Wilson.

JACK: Exactly, sir. The changes, as I say - it's the same here, sir, at Webber and Son. You may have read. We've been taken over by Johansen Perry. The big white chief Sammy Webber sold out to Johansen Perry. It's a date I'll never forget – 21st January 1973 – last January, Mr Penrose, sir. Johansen Perry take over, they bring in new terms of employment. Reduced basic pay, increased commission.

ALEC (VO ON THE TANNOY): Member of staff to reception, please.

JACK: That's Alec Garfield, Mr Penrose, sir. He's down from accounts. Deputising in reception till we get a new department manager out there. New department manager who we're all told to expect. Alec Garfield, he's not cut out for the job. We'll be glad when he gets back to where he comes from. Just take your measurements, if I may. Thank you. They get rid of Mr Roy, Edmund Roy – you remember him, Mr Penrose - him in his smart grey suit. (JACK PROCEEDS TO MEASURE PENROSE'S CHEST.) Edmund Roy, he wore a tie, a nice blue, same as the rest of us, only Edmund Roy, his tie had a red dot on it. He liked to stand out from the crowd. Lovely smile. Breath of fresh air. His regular gentlemen, they loved him. Chest: 44 – thank you. (ESTIMATING THE ARM LENGTH): Arm length: regular. You'd hear him singing. Mr Roy. Not over loud. Not so as to frighten the horses. You may remember, sir.

PENROSE: Short chap. Very jolly.

JACK: That's him. Waist, if you allow me. (JACK PROCEEDS TO MEASURE PENROSE'S WAIST) Johansen Perry comes in, they get rid of Mr Roy. They get rid of Fred Robinson, him in his slippers in reception.

PENROSE: They get rid of Mr Robinson?

JACK: Old Mr Fred Robinson, all those years he's serving the gentlemen at Webbers – on his feet all day 9 to 5.30 Monday to Friday, every third Saturday morning in the month, he gets these bunions. Waist: 42 - thank you.

PENROSE: Mr Robinson in reception? Elderly chap?

JACK: That's him. Hire assistant on the floor 33 years. Those bunions of his. The size of a walnut, Mr Penrose. Sammy Webber, he comes down from Sales on the first floor, brings down a pair of black leather slippers, makes a present of them to Fred, sits him comfortably behind the desk in reception. That was Sammy Webber in the old days. Sammy Webber gives Fred Robinson the pair of slippers, Johansen Perry comes in, they give Fred the boot. That was Johansen Perry for you. Inside leg, if you

been so good, Mr Penrose. If you'd hold the end of the tape here up into your V, thank you. (JACK PROCEEDS TO MEASURE THE INSIDE LEG).

TEDDY HURRIES ACROSS THE STAGE.

HE BRINGS WITH HIM MR ROGERS WHO HE HAS COLLECTED FROM RECEPTION, AND HE HAS THE 'GREY'S' OUTFIT FOR HIS MR JOHNSON WHO IS IN THE OFF STAGE LEFT FITTING ROOM 5.

TEDDY: (TO MR ROGERS): Here we are, sir. There we go, Mr Rogers. We'll pop you in fitting room 6, sir. I won't keep you a moment.

JACK: (TO PENROSE): Inside leg: 33.

TEDDY: (TO MR ROGERS): I've got another gentleman in fitting room 5 – just hand over his set of greys to him. I'll see to you right away, thank you.

TEDDY AND MR ROGERS EXIT TO THE FITTING ROOMS 5 & 6 OFF STAGE LEFT.

JACK: (TO MR PENROSE): That's Mr Harris, sir. Like the rest of the Country, like Mr Heath, he's got financial problems. Clutching at straws. As I say, like the rest of us. I don't know. Mr Robinson, Mr Roy gone, it's just Mr Kent, Harry Kent, Mr Vince Pettit and me, and Mr Teddy Harris. Mr Kent, Mr Pettit and me, we've worked in the formal wear hire department of Webber and Son in London's West End for coming up to a total of 78 years. Harry Kent: 28. Vince Pettit: 23. Me: 27. Mr Kent's knees have pretty well given up. All these years standing, standing on his feet, his knees have thrown in the towel. Well, can't let it get us down, eh? We've got to keep our end up - make the best of it. Try to keep to the old principles.

PENROSE: A steady hand in the midst of a perfect storm, that's you, Mr Metcalf, eh?

HARRY ENTERS WITH SHIRT AND ACCESSORIES FOR HIS MR EVANS IN FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: Thank you, sir. Collar size, Mr Penrose?

PENROSE: 16 ½.

JACK: 16 ½ it is. I'll just pop off, find you a nice outfit, just the job, sir.

JACK: (AS HE IS ABOUT TO PASS HARRY ON HIS WAY TO EXIT): All right, Harry? Keep the flag flying.

JACK EXITS TO STORE ROOM TO SELECT 'GREYS' OUTFIT FOR PENROSE.

HARRY ENTERS MR EVANS' FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: Here we are, Mr Evans, sir. Got you a shirt, cravat. How you getting on with the trousers? Yes. Very nice. Turn around. That's it. Nice fit. Comfy, are you, sir?

EVANS: They seem jolly good, thank you.

HARRY: (TO MR EVANS): You get back into your civvies – your smart suit. I'll come back in a minute. All right?

HARRY PICKS UP AN UNWANTED MORNING COAT AND EMERGES FROM THE FITTING ROOM 1. HE CLOSES THE CURTAIN BEHIND HIM.

HE BEGINS HIS (PAINFUL) JOURNEY BACK TO THE STORE ROOM.

ALEC (VO ON TANNOY): Member of the staff to reception, please.

3. STORE:

JACK ENTERS TO SELECT A 'GREYS' (MORNING COAT) OUTFIT FOR MR PENROSE IN FITTING ROOM 2.

HE SEES A YOUNG MAN (PAUL WHITELEY) WAITING.

JACK: Hello, who are you?

PAUL: Personnel say as how I'm to report to Teddy Harris.

JACK: What?

PAUL: I'm a trainee.

JACK: You're a trainee? Personnel sent you down here, did they? You got a name?

PAUL: Paul.

JACK: Paul. Paul what?

PAUL: Whiteley.

JACK: Right. Jack Metcalf. A trainee, eh? Personnel haven't chosen the best of times, have they? They get rid of long-standing staff – and with talk of further redundancies.

HARRY ENTERS WITH A NUMBER OF UNWANTED GARMENTS WHICH HE WILL HANG UP AND PUT AWAY BEFORE RETURNING TO HIS MR EVANS WHO IS GETTING BACK INTO HIS 'CIVVIES' IN FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: This is Paul. Paul Whiteley. Trainee. (TO PAUL): Harry Kent.

HARRY: Trainee, is he?

JACK: Personnel's sent him down. Says he's to report to Teddy.

HARRY: Personnel not mention anything about a trainee, did they?

JACK: (TO PAUL): You ever done anything like this before, eh? You been in formal wear hire before?

PAUL: I worked in a shop.

JACK: What sort of shop?

PAUL: Clothes. Jeans, T-shirts, jackets and that.

JACK: Casual wear's not the same as formal wear hire here, you know. When it comes to formal wear hire, fact is you're starting out at the beginning. Eh, Harry?

HARRY: You're starting from scratch.

JACK: You've got a lot to learn, lad, make no mistake. We're a team here, Paul – we work as a team. Always have done. Isn't that, so, Harry?

HARRY: We work as a team.

JACK: Some of our gentlemen, the customers, they've been coming here for years, decades. I'll bet you live at home, eh? Go on, tell me I'm wrong. You live at home, right?

PAUL: Yeah.

JACK: Right. Turns up, looking nice and smart. Nicely ironed shirt, eh? I say to myself: lives at home.

TEDDY ENTERS TO SELECT A 'WHITE TIE' OUTFIT (FULL EVENING DRESS) FOR HIS 2ND CUSTOMER MR ROGERS (IN FITTING ROOM 6) AS WELL AS SHIRT, CRAVAT AND ACCESSORIES FOR JOHNSON.

JACK: This is Paul Whiteley – trainee. Personnel say he's to report to you.

TEDDY: Trainee? What we want a trainee for? What they want him to report to me for?

JACK: Well, no problem. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune as the bard has it.

TEDDY: I've got Mr Johnson and a Mr Rogers, I've got the two of them out there I'm fitting. What's Personnel think I'm doing all day - sitting on my arse?

JACK: We'll manage. Eh, Paul?

ALEC: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Mr Pettit to reception, please.

JACK: Vince.

HARRY: I saw him, in reception. He's come back in.

TEDDY: (SELECTING A 'WHITE TIE' FULL EVENING DRESS OUTFIT FOR MR ROGERS – AND SHIRT, CRAVAT AND ACCESSORIES FOR MR JOHNSON): Those prats Personnel, they sit up there on the third - think they own the place.

JACK: Where you come from?

PAUL: What?

JACK: I'm saying: where you come in from – where you live?

PAUL: Kentish Town.

JACK: Kentish Town.

TEDDY: They send us in a trainee. There's no call for a trainee. This new lot. Bloody mad.

JACK: Yes. Well. There you are. You come in on the underground, do you? Eh? The Northern. The misery line, eh? Old Benjamin Davids, he used to come in on the Northern, when he was here, eh, Harry?

HARRY: He used to come in on the Northern.

JACK: He used to say: that bloody Northern Line, it's what's turned my hair grey. Which was a bit of a joke, see, as he was as bald as the proverbial coot. Potters Bar - that's me. 7.51. Kings Cross, 8.55. Piccadilly Line to Leicester Square. Used to take an hour. I say used to. (JACK IS SELECTING A 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT FOR MR PENROSE.) Mr Penrose: 44, regular arm. I'll be frank, no offence intended, you're a worry, lad, you are. Northern Line, cattle trucks, eh? Harry, he's Ladbroke Grove.

HARRY: I'm Ladbroke Grove. Hammersmith and City Line. Change Baker Street. Charing Cross. Used to be 30 minutes.

JACK: 30 minutes.

HARRY: More like 40 now.

JACK: Teddy comes up from Orpington. Kent. Bought a house in Orpington. Dear God. We'll take a 2nd extra morning coat for Mr Penrose, shall we? – to save the coming and going.

TEDDY: Personnel can think again. I'm not training him.

JACK: We must make the best of things – make sure he respects the way things are here, the way things are done. Right. (*possibly cut the following store layout information*) The morning coats, ‘Greys’, as we call them, Derby, Ascot, Buckingham Palace Garden Parties, Weddings - the small sizes are from down here – up there large to 50 plus. ‘White Tie’ full evenings dress, likewise, up along here, there, where Teddy is. (INDICATING): Black tie – dinner jackets – there. Right. Trousers. Second pair of trousers for Mr Penrose, eh? – just to be sure. This is the collars. Waistcoats here – different sizes. Here we are. Waistcoats. Studs, cufflinks, so on - in here. Braces, see. Cravats. Bow ties. Here we are, white bow ties. Black bows. All clearly marked, see. You can’t in all honesty go wrong, can you, eh? Here we have the shoes. Black patent. Black leather. There’s not much demand for the shoes, not in the ordinary course of events.

HARRY: It’s the Japs and Americans what you hire the shoes to. It’s the commission, Paul, see.

JACK: Right. The commission.

HARRY: The more you hire out, the more commission.

TEDDY EXITS WITH A ‘WHITE TIE’ FULL EVENING DRESS OUTFIT FOR HIS MR ROGERS IN FITTING ROOM 6 AND A SHIRT, CRAVAT AND ACCESSORIES FOR MR JOHNSON IN FITTING ROOM 5.

JACK: (TO PAUL): Don’t take any notice of Teddy. Likes to keep himself to himself. He’s got a mortgage I’d not wish on my worst enemy. On what he earns – him and his wife earns. (JACK IS SELECTING A WAISTCOAT) You remember where the morning coats, large sizes are? You’ll get the hang of it in time.

4. FITTING AREA:

VINCE IS MEASURING HIS CUSTOMER MR SMITH IN FITTING ROOM 3.

VINCE: Chest 44. The family all well, I trust.

SMITH: Very well, thank you, Pettit. Boys doing well at Lancing. The captain of the House 1st XV.

VINCE: Good, good. Congratulations, sir. Waist, if you wouldn't mind. (AS HE MEASURES SMITH'S WAIST): I don't know about you, sir, but that Mick McGaffey, sir, the NUM, the miners – communists, the lot of them. Holding the Country to ransom.

SMITH: That Arthur Scargill fellow, him and that Jack Jones, they're another of them. They should be shot.

VINCE: That's it. My view completely. Waist 40.

TEDDY ENTERS FROM THE STORE. HE CROSSES THE FITTING AREA AND EXITS OFF STAGE LEFT TO TAKE THE WHITE TIE / EVENING DRESS OUTFIT TO MR ROGERS IN FITTING ROOM 6 – AND TO TAKE THE SHIRT AND ACCESSORIES TO MR JOHNSON IN FITTING ROOM 5.

VINCE (WHO HAS HEARD TEDDY CROSSING): You're going to have to apply for a loan from the IMF, Mr Harris. (TO SMITH): Teddy Harris, sir – in a bit of a tizz. Suffering from the new terms of employment. Well, we all are. Mr Harris keeps himself to himself by the fitting rooms and cash register round that back here – along with the cleaners' cupboard and so forth. Good old Mr Harris. Collar size?

SMITH: 15 ½ .

VINCE: Inside leg measurement. If you'd kindly hold your end of the tape measure up into your V, Mr Smith, sir. Thank you.

VINCE BENDS DOWN AS HE TAKES THE OTHER END OF THE TAPE MEASURE TO THE TOP OF SMITH'S SHOE.

SMITH: The NUM, they're demanding a 25% increase in pay. (REFERRING TO HIM HOLDING THE TAPE MEASURE INTO HIS V): Up high enough?

VINCE: (BENT OVER AT THE TOP OF SMITH'S SHOE): It's for you to judge, sir.

VINCE: Inside leg: 33. No change there from last time, as I recall – inside leg - still 33. Thank you. It's unbelievable, isn't it?

SMITH: What?

VINCE: The miners –25%.

SMITH: Why not 50%, why not 100 %?

VINCE: I know, I know. As you say, where's it all going to end, they ought to be shot, eh? Collar size. Sir?

SMITH: 16.

VINCE: 16. That's it. I'll just pop off and find you a set of greys – the best in the building. Eh, Mr Smith?

SMITH: Thank you, Petitt, thank you.

VINCE: Thank you, sir.

VINCE IS EXITING TO THE STORE ROOM AS:

JACK AND PAUL ENTER - JACK WITH A 'GREYS' OUTFIT AND WITH EXTRA SECOND COAT AND SECOND PAIR OF TROUSERS FOR MR PENROSE IN FITTING ROOM 2.

JACK: (TO VINCE): A new trainee.

VINCE: Trainee? Oh yes?

JACK: Been showing him the ropes. These things sent to try us.

VINCE: So it seems. Sodding trainee now. Very nice.

VINCE EXITS TO THE STORE ROOM.

JACK: (TO PAUL): He likes you. (TO MR PENROSE IN FITTING ROOM 2): So sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr Penrose, sir. My sincere apologies. Bit of a run on your sizes, Greys, sir. Here we are. This young man, sir, is our new member of staff – young Mr Whiteley. Who, one might say, might be considered the future. A good lad, I think. Would it be agreeable with you if he's with me, so the speak – learning the ropes.

PENROSE: Not at all. Good afternoon.

PAUL: Hello.

JACK: He means 'Good afternoon, sir', don't you, Mr Whiteley?

PAUL. Yes.

JACK: 'Good afternoon Mr Penrose, sir'.

PAUL: Good afternoon, Mr Penrose, sir.

JACK: Well, we all have to learn, that's true. He's nicely turned out, that I think we can concede. His mum ironed his shirt. Eh?

PENROSE: Very smart.

JACK: If you'd just try on this coat, sir. Thank you.

ALEC (VO ON THE TANNOY): A member of staff to reception to serve a gentleman, please.

JACK: That's it, that's it. If you'd kindly turn around. Very nice. Very nice. Yes.
(REFERRING TO THE SECOND COAT): Let's just try this one on, sir, shall we? I have a feeling this coat might well be an even better fit. It's the cut, Mr Whiteley. Different tailoring.

JACK STARTS TO REMOVE THE FIRST COAT AND THEN HELP MR
PENROSE INTO THE SECOND COAT AS:

TEDDY, CARRYING JOHNSON'S OUTFIT CASE, CROSSES THE FITTING
AREA WITH JOHNSON - JOHNSON HAVING PAID HIS BILL AT THE
OFFSTAGE LEFT CASH REGISTER.

TEDDY: This way, sir. Thank you. Thank you very much.

JACK: (SEEING TEDDY AND JOHNSON): Mr Harris nicely fitted you up, Mr
Johnson? Looked after you well, one hopes, has he?

TEDDY: I'll see you out, Mr Johnson.

TEDDY AND JOHNSON EXIT.

JACK: (TO PENROSE): Yes. That's a lot better. This coat. Just the job. Notice the shoulders, Mr Whiteley, smooth – no ruckles – can't have ruckles. If you'd kindly turn about.

PENROSE: The unions, the TUC – Jack Jones and that lot – the NUM, ASLEF – they've been infiltrated, they're run by the communists.

JACK: Well, all I can say is, let's thank the good lord we here haven't been infiltrated by them. (REFERRING TO THE COAT): Yes, nice.

PENROSE: The Russians - word has it – from a very reliable source – you can trust me on this – the Russian Embassy is secretly delivering funds, cash, to the British Communist Party every month.

JACK: Is that so, sir?

PENROSE: In a brown leather holdall.

JACK: A holdall, you say? Well, I never. (REFERRING TO THE MORNING COAT): That looks nice. (TO PAUL): How about that young Mr Whiteley? The state of the nation, eh? We're having to make a stand here – holding out against the enemy within. A brown leather holdall, you say – well.

HARRY ENTERS. HE GOES TO MR EVANS IN FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: (TO PENROSE): The collar sitting nicely. Thank you. The fall of the coat, Mr Whiteley. Neat. Not too tight. That's the thing to watch. Looks very good, I think, don't you, sir? To tell you the truth, you'd got the figure for morning coats, if I may say. Some gentlemen have the figure, some haven't. You have, sir. Thank the Lord.

HARRY: (TO EVANS WHO IS GETTING INTO HIS CIVIES): Here we are, Mr Evans, sir. How you getting on, sir? Ah. There we are. If it's agreeable with you, we'll make our way to the cash register. Pack this lot up.

JACK: (TO MR PENROSE): Now then, if you try the trousers on, try the waistcoat, Mr Whiteley and I'll pop off and select a shirt, a cravat, studs. You'll not be wanting shoes? No. No hurry.

HARRY EMERGES FROM THE CUBICLE TO BE FOLLOWED BY MR EVANS.

HARRY: (TO MR EVANS): Let's hope it's nice for the Derby. We need a nice warm sunny day. Not like last year as I recall.

TEDDY ENTERS FROM RECEPTION WITH MR SIMMONS WHO IS ONE OF VINCE'S REGULARS AND STARTS TO CROSS TO THE FITTING ROOMS OFF STAGE LEFT.

JACK LEAVES MR PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM 2. AS HE DOES SO, HE SEES TEDDY WITH MR SIMMONS, ONE OF VINCE'S CUSTOMERS.

JACK: (CALLING TO TEDDY): Mr Harris.

TEDDY EXITS WITH MR SIMMONS TO THE OFFSTAGE FITTING ROOM 5.

JACK: (TO HARRY): You see that? Teddy fitting up one of Vince's regulars.

HARRY: He'd not be not wise to do that, Jack.

MR EVANS EMERGES FROM THE CUBICLE.

JACK: Mr Evans, sir – very good to see you with us again. Mr Kent here looking after you? The new addition to our team, Mr Evans – Mr Whiteley – Mr Whiteley is the future.

EVANS: How do you do.

PAUL: Good afternoon, Mr Evans, sir.

JACK: That's it. (TO PAUL, HANDING HIM THE SPARE COAT HE TRIED ON PENROSE): You can take this back(– bit of practice for you - hang it up in its right place in the store room). Thank you, Mr Whiteley.

PAUL EXITS WITH THE SPARE COAT.

JACK: Mr Kent fitting you up, Mr Evans, sir? Rest assured there's none better than Mr Kent.

HARRY: Thank you, Mr Metcalf. (LEADING MR EVANS TO THE CASH REGISTER AND OUTFIT CASES, WHERE HARRY WILL BEGIN BY EXPERTLY FOLDING THE OUTFIT AND PACKING IT IN THE OUTFIT CASE): This way, if you please, Mr Evans.

AS HARRY PACKS MR EVANS' OUTFIT IN THE OUTFIT CASE, JACK, EMPLOYING A WELL-HONED TECHNIQUE, CHATS UP MR EVANS WITH THE INTENTION OF INCREASING HARRY'S CHANCES OF RECEIVING A BIGGER TIP THAN HE MIGHT OTHERWISE RECEIVE.

JACK: Some of the gentlemen here they don't know what Mr Kent here suffers, goes through, eh? Suffers in silence, that's Mr Kent. Mr Kent and me, Mr Evans, we've worked in the Formal Wear Hire Department of Webber and Son here in London's West End for a total of 55 years. Mr Kent: 28. Me: 27. We started here just after the end of the war. I was in the Royal Engineers, Mr Kent in the Army Ordinance Corps. 28 years he's been here. On his feet day in day out Monday to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5.30, every third Saturday morning in the month, his knees have given up on him. You tell him, Mr Kent.

HARRY: They've waved the white flag, Mr Evans.

JACK: He has to go and see a physio, St Mary's Hospital, every second Wednesday in the month. He won't say anything about it – as I say, suffers in silence. Can't afford to give up, stop working. You tell Mr Evans, Mr Kent.

HARRY: My physio, she says to me, 'Mr Kent,' she says, 'your knees are on their last legs,' she says.

JACK: She's a nice young woman, his physio. A blonde. Big tits. It's nice having a physio with big tits. Eh, Mr Kent?

HARRY: Big tits don't go amiss, Mr Evans. Not when you've got knees such as mine.

ALEC: (VO ON THE TANNOY): Mr Metcalf, please. Mr Binstead is in reception for Mr Metcalf.

JACK: (IN RESPONSE TO ALEC'S VO): My Mr Binstead come in. Very big in the City – fingers in pies – you may have heard of him, Mr Evans - chairman or something or other of the Arts Council of Great Britain. It's good to see you, Mr Evans, sir. You're in good hands, there, sir. Thank you.

JACK GOES TO MR PENROSE'S CUBICLE.

JACK: (TO PENROSE IN FITTING ROOM 2): How you getting on, sir? Looks good. The trousers. Well done, sir. You get back into your civvies. No hurry. (TO HARRY AND MR EVANS): Mustn't keep my Mr Binstead waiting, eh, Mr Kent?

HARRY: No.

JACK: No, right. Best collect the trainee from the store room – before he destroys it. Thank you, Mr Kent. Good day to you Mr Evans, sir.

EVANS: Goodbye. Thank you.

JACK EXITS TO COLLECT PAUL FROM THE STORE ROOM AND THEN MR BINSTED FROM RECEPTION.

HARRY: (TO MR EVANS – APPEALING FOR SYMPATHY FOR JACK, WITH THE WELL PRACTISED INTENTION OF HOPEFULLY SECURING A LARGER TIP FOR HIMSELF): You must excuse Mr Metcalf. He's not usually so outspoken. His wife died couple of weeks ago. It's got to him.

EVANS: Of course.

HARRY: It's only natural.

EVANS: Indeed. I'm so sorry.

HARRY: Cancer. The Big C, sir.

EVANS: Yes. Terrible business.

VINCE ENTERS WITH A 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT WITH AN EXTRA COAT AND PAIR OF TROUSERS FOR MR SMITH.

HE DOES SO AS:

TEDDY CROSSES FROM THE OFFSTAGE FITTING ROOM 5 TOWARDS THE EXIT – TO SELECT AN 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT FOR VINCE'S MR SIMMONS.

VINCE: All right, Teddy?

TEDDY EXITS TO THE STORE ROOM.

HARRY HAS FINISHED PACKING THE OUTFIT CASE AND HAS TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO THE CASH REGISTER.

HARRY: (TO MR EVANS): There we are, sir. Your bill, if you please, sir. Thank you.

MR EVANS GETS OUT HIS CHEQUE BOOK.

VINCE HAS ENTERED MR SMITH'S FITTING ROOM 3 TO FIT HIM IN HIS 'GREYS' OUTFIT.

VINCE: Here we are, sir. Try the coat on, sir. Thank you. Yes. Very nice. Perfect. Perfect. No trouble with you, sir. Now, if you'd try the trousers. You try the trousers. I'll come back to you in a minute. I'll go and get you the shirt, cravat and that. Thank you. Thank you.

MR EVANS HAS BEEN WRITING OUT AND SIGNING HIS CHEQUE.

VINCE EMERGES FROM MR SMITH'S FITTING ROOM 3 WITH THE NO LONGER REQUIRED EXTRA MORNING COAT - TO EXIT TO THE STORE ROOM.

AS MR EVANS SIGNS HIS CHEQUE, VINCE PROCEEDS TO PERFORM THE GRATUITY IMPROVING SCENARIO – 'THE AMERICAN JUST DEPARTED'.

VINCE: Mr Kent. Such a busy afternoon – forgive me. I forgot. (TO MR EVANS): I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir. (TO HARRY): Mr Kent, the gentleman who you just fitted up, the American, Mr Kent, he said as how he's very sorry not to have seen you before he had to go, (but) he asked me to thank you very much and to give you this 3 pounds as a mark of appreciation for all your help and excellent service, Mr Kent.

HARRY: Oh, that's very nice of him, I must have done him well, it's usually 1 pound he gives me. Much obliged, thank you, Mr Pettit.

VINCE: Not at all. (TO MR EVANS): Sorry to have interrupted your business in hand, sir. I trust Mr Kent here has been looking after you, sir, as is always to be expected of him. Despite the fall he had back home last Thursday. Thank you, Mr Kent.

VINCE EXITS TO GO TO THE STORE ROOM, PROUD AS PUNCH AND SINGING, NOT TOO LOUDLY, 'Oh, Sweet Mystery of Love At Last I've Found Thee'.

EVANS: The fall?

HARRY: We won't talk about it, sir. Right. That's it. The outfit all here.

EVANS: (FISHES OUT 3 POUNDS FROM HIS WALLET TO GIVE TO HARRY): Thank you very much.

HARRY: Oh. Thank you, sir. Thank you.

EVANS: It's enough, is it?

HARRY: Oh. Yes. Most generous. Very grateful. Always a pleasure.

EVANS: The top hat.

HARRY: The top hat. That's it. You want a top hat. I'll go and get it. The top hat. You have a seat over there. (LEADING MR EVANS TO A CHAIR IN THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO RECEPTION AND THE STORE): Over here. Can't have you standing about on your feet.

EVANS: (SEATED): Thank you.

HARRY: Shan't be a moment, Mr Evans, sir.

HARRY EXITS TO GET THE TOP HAT.

JACK AND PAUL ENTER WITH MR BINSTED, WHO IS WORSE FOR WEAR FROM 'DRINK' AFTER HIS LUNCH.

JACK: (PASSING EVANS IN THE CORRIDOR): You all right, sir?

EVANS: Mr Kent has gone to get me a top hat.

JACK: Very good, sir.

JACK, PAUL AND BINSTED HAVE ARRIVED AT FITTING ROOM 4.

JACK: Here we are, Mr Binstead. In we go. Half a moment.

JACK DELIVERS A SHIRT AND ACCESSORIES TO MR PENROSE IN FITTING ROOM 2.

JACK (TO PENROSE): Getting on all right, sir? Getting back into your civvies now, are you? Right. No hurry.

JACK RETURNS TO BINSTED AND PAUL IN FITTING ROOM 4.

JACK: As I say, I have our new trainee Mr Whiteley with us this afternoon. Would that be agreeable to you, sir? Training him. Mr Whiteley.

BINSTED: Ah, yes. Good afternoon.

JACK: 'Good afternoon Mr Binstead, sir'.

PAUL: Good afternoon, Mr Binstead, sir.

BINSTED: Trainee, eh? The young ones coming in to the business, eh? Good show. Mind if I sit?

JACK: Not at all, Mr Binstead. You have a seat. No hurry. Just come from your lunch, sir?

BINSTEAD: That's right. Lunch. Right.

JACK: Rules, Maiden Lane?

BINSTEAD: That's it. Jolly good. Steak and kidney. Fenton's gone, you know. Retired. Head waiter.

JACK: I am sorry.

(Room 1 is empty. Penrose is in room 2. Smith is in room 3. Binstead in room 4. Simmons in room 5. Room 6 is empty)

BINSTEAD TAKES OUT A BOTTLE OF BRANDY.

BINSTEAD: Bloody dreadful, Mr Metcalf. Terrible. What I've been through. Marriage. Forget it. No more. The fourth one. That's it. Finish. The shortest marriage ever known to man. Lasted, Mr Metcalf, forty five minutes. Forty five minutes. Bugger it. Took me for a ride. Bitch.

JACK: Yes, I remember you telling me, sir.

BINSTEAD: Took me for a bloody ride.

JACK: (TO PAUL): You go and see to my Mr Penrose. He's been known to have some difficulty getting back into his trousers. You may have to help him. Go on.

PAUL GOES TO MR PENROSE'S CUBICLE.

JACK: You make yourself comfortable.

BINSTEAD: This woman, Mr Metcalf, old chap, you know the sort. What she's done. (REMOVING THE BOTTLE TOP): You don't mind, do you, Mr Metcalf?

JACK: Not at all, sir.

BINSTEAD TAKES A SWIG FROM THE BRANDY BOTTLE AS:

PAUL ENTERS MR PENROSE'S CUBICLE. MR PENROSE IS HAVING DIFFICULTY GETTING HIS OWN TROUSERS ON.

PAUL: You want help with the trousers, sir? Oops. Other leg. Wrong leg, isn't it?

AS PAUL BEGINS THE STRUGGLE TO GET MR PENROSE'S TROUSERS ON, HE CLOSSES THE CUBICLE CURTAIN.

BINSTEAD: This woman – Marianne – we're married - at the registry office, Kensington. We're joining the guests, friends, so forth, at the Dorchester. I didn't tell you this, did I – eh?

TEDDY ENTERS WITH A GREYS MORNING COAT OUTFIT FOR VINCE'S GENT SIMMONS IN FITTING ROOM 5.

JACK: No.

BINSTEAD: No. No. I didn't.

TEDDY HAS CROSSED THE FITTING AREA AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE OFFSTAGE FITTING ROOM 6.

BINSTEAD: First of all - you understand – we go back to the flat back of Albert Hall. The new wife – the bitch – Marianne – change her dress and that, eh? – we take a taxi. She goes off to the bedroom to change, do her make up and that – all right, I'm in the living room, pour myself a scotch, she comes in, she's standing in the doorway of the

living room, she's holding up a Tampax - you know, Mr Metcalf - lady's tampax. She's holding it up in the air. 'What's this?' she says. 'What's what, sweetie?' I say. 'This tampax, whose is it?' she says. 'It's not mine, sweetie,' I say. 'It was in the toilet,' she shouts, 'What is a tampax doing in the toilet?' she shouts. She's very angry. She's irate, Mr Metcalf, old chap. Fucking high drama. I tell her, I tell her, 'I don't know, I didn't put it there, sweetie.' We're in the toilet - no bloody room in there - she's pointing down into the toilet basin, she's saying: 'That thing was in the toilet. You've had a woman here,' she shouts. 'No, no,' I tell her, 'There's not been any woman here, apart from the cleaning woman, not anyone but you'. She storms off, back to the bedroom. I pour myself another scotch, sit myself down, armchair - bloody hell - we just got married. She comes back in, she's got a couple of suitcases - she's got that tampax thing - she shouts 'you fucking bastard' - she hurls it at me, Mr Metcalf, my dear. It hit me in the face, knocked off my glasses. My glasses were sent flying across the room. I'm on my knees, trying to find them. She, Mrs Marianne Binstead - the fucking bitch - she picked up her suitcases, buggered off - buggered off out of the flat. Hailed a taxi. That marriage, my fourth wife, it lasted 45 minutes. The woman, she sues for divorce on the ground of mental cruelty. The law being what it is, eh - she took me for 60 grand. 60 grand for 45 minutes of married life. It would have been a good sight cheaper to have had a wank.

JACK: Well, I am sorry to hear this, Mr Binstead. Most distressing. You have a bit of a nap - 40 winks. I'll come and see you a little later on.

A DISHEVELLED (BEDRAGGLED) PAUL, IN STRUGGLING WITH MR PENROSE TO GET MR PENROSE'S TROUSERS ON HIM, BACKS OUT FROM THE CUBICLE. THEY STRUGGLE TO ACHIEVE THEIR TASK.

JACK COMES OUT OF BINSTEAD'S CUBICLE.

PAUL: Nearly there, Mr Penrose, sir. Pull the trousers up at the back - back of the bottom - bottom of the leg. For Christ's sake. That's the left leg. That's it. I think I'll get Mr Metcalf. (SEEING JACK): Ah. His trousers.

JACK: (DISMISSING HIM): All right. Thank you.

MR JIMMY AND HIS CLIENT ENTER.

JACK: Mr Jimmy. Good afternoon.

MR JIMMY: Good afternoon.

JACK: (DIRECTING MR JIMMY AND CLIENT INTO FITTING ROOM 1): If you'd like to go in. Thank you.

MR JIMMY AND CLIENT ENTER FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: (TO PAUL – DISCREETLY): Everyone has to make a living best they can, Paul. Never more than now. Mr Jimmy, he - what shall I say – he has his male clients – you know? We've this arrangement. He comes

in, pays us – Vince, Harry and me – a small rental, as it were. If it wasn't us, it'd be someone else. You can't change human nature. The archetypal demands of the libido. No call to talk about it to anyone – let alone management – we'll see what we can do – hand over a few bob in your direction. Teddy – he's not in on it – Teddy hasn't the stomach for it.

Each to his own. Right. Mr Penrose. You take these back to the store, eh? Good lad. Well done. Off you go.

JACK ENTERS MR PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM 2, CLOSES THE CURTAIN BEHIND HIM.

MR EVANS ENTERS THE FITTING AREA FROM HIS SEAT IN THE CORRIDOR.

PAUL GOES TO MR EVANS.

PAUL: (TO MR EVANS): Are you all right, sir?

EVANS: I'm waiting for my hat. Mr Kent went off to get me a top hat – what seems ages ago.

PAUL: Oh. Right, sir. Sorry about that. I'll go and find him. Tell you what, I'll get you one myself, sir.

EVANS: Thank you.

PAUL: You hat size, Mr Evans?

EVANS: Seven and a quarter.

PAUL: Thank you, sir. It's Mr Whiteley, sir.

EVANS: Thank you.

PAUL: I'll be just a jiffy, sir.

PAUL EXITS.

JACK AND PENROSE IN FITTING ROOM 3 STRUGGLE WITH PENROSE'S TROUSERS.

JACK: Leg in there – leg in there – to your right, Mr Penrose, sir. Right. No, no, no, right. Right. Good. That's it. Pull them up. Lift your feet up. Christ. Right. Well done. Nicely done.

JACK COMES OUT OF PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM. HE GOES TO BINSTEAD IN FITTING ROOM 4.

BINSTEAD: (SEATED AND DRINKING): There you are, Mr Metcalf, my dear.

JACK: You're all right there, Mr Binstead, are you?

BINSTEAD: I'm fine and dandy, old chum.

TEDDY CROSSES THE FITTING AREA FROM OFF STAGE FITTING ROOM 6 WITH ROGERS.

TEDDY: This way, sir. Thank you, sir. Very good to have served you.

BINSTEAD (TO JACK): Take your time. Having a snooze.

ROGERS: Thank you. Goodbye.

TEDDY: Goodbye, sir.

TEDDY RETURNS TO VINCE'S GENT SIMMONS IN FITTING ROOM 5.

HARRY ENTERS WITH A TOP HAT FOR MR EVANS.

HARRY: I'm sorry to have kept you, sir. Here we are.

HARRY PLACES THE HAT IN A HAT BAG

AND:

JACK IS ON HIS WAY TO MR PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM 2.

JACK: (TO HARRY): Mr Jimmy is here – fitting room 1, in there.

HARRY: Mr Jimmy.

JACK ENTERS PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM 2.

JACK: (TO PENROSE AS HE CLOSSES THE FITTING ROOM CURTAIN): That's it. All ready to go?

HARRY: (TO MR EVANS): You have a very enjoyable day at the Derby. Let's hope the weather keeps fine for it. Thank you, sir.

EVANS: Thank you. I can't stay.

HARRY: No, no. Thank you. All the best. Been a great privilege, sir, fitting you up. Looking forward very much to having to honour of fitting you up again in the not too distant future. Goodbye, sir. Goodbye.

MR EVANS EXITS.

JACK: (TO MR PENROSE): All set then, Mr Penrose? You look lovely. Very distinguished, if I may say so.

JACK MAKES WAY FOR THE EMERGENCE OF A DISHEVELLED MR PENROSE NOW IN HIS CIVVIES.

JACK (TO DISHEVELLED PENROSE WHO ENTERS FROM THE FITTING ROOM 2): Here we are, sir. Thank you.

HARRY HAS STARTED TO TIDY UP THE PACKING CASES NEAR THE CASH REGISTER.

JACK COLLECTS THE UNWANTED OUTFIT GARMENTS FROM PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM 2.

HARRY: (TO JACK): Mr Jimmy in number 1?

JACK: That's it.

PAUL ENTERS WITH A TOP HAT FOR MR EVANS.
HE SEES THAT MR EVANS HAS LEFT.

PAUL: I got Mr Evans his hat.

JACK IS OUT OF PENROSE'S FITTING ROOM 2.

HARRY: He's got his hat. I got it.

JACK: (TO PAUL): Never serve another member of the team's gentleman, Mr Whiteley. Take the hat and this lot back to the store room.

PAUL: Right-oh.

WOMAN: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Mr Kent to reception, please, thank you.

JACK AND HARRY AND MR PENROSE FREEZE, ALARMED. MR SMITH APPEARS AT THE ENTRANCE OF HIS FITTING ROOM 3. TEDDY APPEARS FROM THE OFF STAGE FITTING ROOM 5.

WHERE HE HAS BEEN SERVING MR SIMMONS. HE TOO IS ALARMED. MR JIMMY POPS HIS HEAD OVER THE FITTING ROOM CURTAIN. PAUL IS ALSO PRESENT.

JACK: Who's that?

HARRY: It's a woman, Jack.

JACK: I know it's a woman. It's not Alec. Not unless he's had the operation.

TEDDY: They've put a woman in reception.

JACK: All right, Mr Jimmy.

MR JIMMY DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE FITTING ROOM CURTAIN.

HARRY: That'll be the new Department Manager.

JACK: No.

WOMAN: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Would Mr Kent please come to reception for your customer, please, thank you.

JACK: Dear God. A woman calling for you, Harry.

VINCE ENTERS WITH A SHIRT, COLLAR, CRAVAT, ETC FOR MR SMITH.

AS VINCE ENTERS:

TEDDY, SEEING VINCE, HURRIEDLY RETURNS TO VINCE'S REGULAR MR SIMMONS IN FITTING ROOM 5.

JACK: (TO VINCE): There's a woman in reception, Mr Pettit.

VINCE: So I've heard. No woman is coming between me and my gentlemen. (TO MR SMITH WHO IS IN HIS CIVVIES): Not to worry yourself, Mr Smith, sir. Here we are. Ah – you've got back into your own suit – the morning trousers fitted? Very good. Off we go then. Settle up, shall we, sir?

JACK: We're going to have to look into this, Mr Pettit.

VINCE: All in good time, Mr Metcalf.

JACK: (TO PENROSE): We'll pack this lot away, Mr Penrose, shall we? Then I'll make out the bill. (SEEING VINCE AND MR SMITH AT THE CASH REGISTER AND OUTFIT CASES): We'll go along to the cash register just round by fitting room 6, Mr Penrose, sir. (TO PAUL): Come along, Mr Whiteley. Cashing up. (TO PENROSE): Thank you, sir.

PENROSE: I am in rather a hurry, Mr Metcalf. Got a lot behind.

JACK: You have indeed, sir.

PENROSE: What?

JACK: (INDICATING PENROSE'S SHIRT TAILS OUTSIDE HIS TROUSERS AT THE BACK): Shirt tails.

PENROSE: What? Oh.

PENROSE TUCKS HIS SHIRT TAILS INSIDE HIS TROUSERS.

JACK: Won't take a moment, sir. Rest assured.

WOMAN: (VO ON THE TANNOY): Would Mr Kent come to reception, please, thank you.

JACK AND PAUL ARE STOPPED IN THEIR TRACKS. THEN THEY EXIT WITH PENROSE TO THE CASH REGISTER OFFSTAGE LEFT.

VINCE: (TO SMITH): A woman, sir – don't be alarmed. A temporary aberration, no doubt. A technical hitch, sir. Someone down from ladies sales on the 2nd, lost her way - in all probability.

HARRY HESITANT.

VINCE: (TO HARRY): A customer waiting for you, Mr Kent. A brief sortee perhaps.

HARRY EXITS TO GO TO RECEPTION.

VINCE HAS BEEN PACKING UP MR SMITH'S OUTFIT IN THE OUTFIT CASE.

VINCE: (AS HE WRITES OUT THE BILL AND RECEIVES A CHEQUE OR CASH FROM MR SMITH): That's morning suit, coat, trousers, waistcoat, shirt, cravat, stud. (HANDING HIM THE BILL): There we are, sir. Thank you. (AS MR SMITH GETS OUT CASH): It's be a pleasure serving you, Mr Smith, sir. I don't know about you, sir, the way things are going, as we said, inflation, the unions – God

help us – I sometime wonder how I'm going to manage – the four daughters, sir – Mary, Katy, Jane, Harriet - all in their teens, the cost of those four daughters of mine - want this want that, need that – stands to reason, eh? – clothes, books, education. Love them, all four of them, as I do, sir, they'll be the death of me, sir. You can imagine. Force me into bankruptcy they will. Heigh ho, have to do what you can – grim and bear it, eh?

MR SMITH HAS PAID THE BILL AND NOW HANDS HIM A TIP.

VINCE: Thank you, sir. Oh, - oh – oh, thank you, Mr Smith. Very kind. Quite unexpected. My pleasure to have fitted you up – very nicely. Thank you, sir. Need a taxi, sir?

SMITH: No. Thank you, Pettit.

VINCE: Right-oh. Hope to see you again, sir. In the not too distant future. All best now. (AS SMITH GOES): Try not to be too unduly disquieted or horrified as you pass by the woman in reception, Mr Smith, sir. Have a nice day.

MR SMITH HAS EXITED.

VINCE CHECKS ON THE AMOUNT HE'S BEEN TIPPED.

VINCE: The way things are going it's going to have to be five daughters, isn't it?

VINCE RETURNS TO AND ENTERS THE CUBICLE WHERE HE FITTED MR SMITH AND COLLECTS UP UNWANTED GARMENTS.

TEDDY ENTERS FROM STAGE LEFT WITH MR SIMMONS (VINCE'S REGULAR). THEY CROSS THE STAGE TO EXIT STAGE RIGHT TO RECEPTION AND THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

TEDDY: (TO MR SIMMONS – DISCREETLY): This way, Mr Simmons. Thank you.

SIMMONS (EXITING): Right-oh. Give my best regards to Mr Pettit. Sorry not to have seen him.

TEDDY AND MR SIMMONS EXIT.

VINCE STEPS OUT OF FITTING ROOM 3 WITH THE UNWANTED GARMENTS, HAVING OVERHEARD MR SIMMONS MENTION HIS NAME.

AFTER A MOMENT:

MR JIMMY AND HIS CLIENT COME OUT OF FITTING ROOM 1.

VINCE: Ah. Mr Jimmy. Didn't know you were here. (TO THE CLIENT): Good afternoon, sir.

MR JIMMY: The woman.

VINCE: You'd be advised to use the emergency exit.

MR JIMMY: I don't like the woman.

VINCE. No. My sympathies.

MR JIMMY HANDS THE RENT MONEY TO VINCE.

VINCE: We wouldn't want to lose you, sir. Goodbye.

MR JIMMY AND HIS CLIENT EXIT.

AFTER A MOMENT:

WOMAN (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): A member of staff to reception, please, thank you.

JACK AND PAUL AND MR PENROSE ENTERS FROM THE OFFSTAGE LEFT
CASH REGISTER.

JACK AND PAUL ARE TO SEE PENROSE OUT.

VINCE: Wasting no time, Mr Metcalf. That's it. Can't keep the gentleman waiting.

JACK: Thank you very much, Mr Penrose. Do have a greatly enjoyable day at the Derby. Back the winners, eh? Good day.

PENROSE: Goodbye.

PAUL: Goodbye.

PENROSE EXITS (TO LEAVE THE PREMISES).

JACK: God help us. Who I she, eh? The woman?

VINCE: Harry's gone to find out. He's got a regular come in.

HARRY ENTERS WITH HIS REGULAR CUSTOMER MR TAYLOR.

VINCE: Here we are.

HARRY: If you'll walk this way, sir. Thank you.

JACK: Harry.

VINCE: Mr Kent, sir.

HARRY WITH MR TAYLOR GOES TO FITTING ROOM 1. HE IS ABOUT TO
USHER TAYLOR INSIDE.

VINCE: (TO HARRY): Mr Jimmy just come out and gone.

HARRY: (TO MR TAYLOR): One moment, sir

HARRY TURNS AND GOES TO THE CASH REGISTER AREA FROM WHERE HE FISHES OUT A SPRAY CAN OF AIR FRESHENER AND DISINFECTANT. HE RETURNS TO THE FITTING ROOM, DRAWS BACK THE CURTAIN, LAVISHLY SPRAYS THE INTERIOR.

HAVING DONE SO, HE INVITES TAYLOR TO ENTER.

HARRY: Like to the keep the place fresh, sir. If you'd care to enter sir.

TAYLOR ENTERS THE FITTING ROOM 1 – SOMEWHAT OVERWHELMED BY THE SPRAY.

HARRY DOES NOT ENTER. HE CLOSES THE FITTING ROOM CURTAIN.

HARRY: (TO VINCE AND JACK): The woman out there. She's Mrs Freshwater. She's the new manager of the department.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): A member of the staff to reception please, thank you.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

5. THE STORE ROOM.

JACK AND PAUL ARE ENTERING.

JACK: Dear God. A woman. In all my years. Since Webbers came into being, you can believe me. Sammy Webber, he's turning in his grave.

PAUL: You want me to go and have a look?

JACK: What? No. What for? I don't want anything to do with her. I'm not going out, that's for sure. I go out there – I'm not taking any responsibility for my actions.

HARRY ENTERS TO SELECT A 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT AND A SECOND MORNING COAT FOR MR TAYLOR IN FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: I've never known – anything - not like this, Harry. I can't believe it.

HARRY: Never known anything. My Mr Taylor here. 'Greys'.

JACK: Mrs Who?

HARRY: Mrs Freshwater. She doesn't look too good to me, Jack. A big woman. Powerful looking. She must be all of 13 stone. Rough estimate: Chest 40, regular arm, waist 38 – inside leg 32. As I say, chest 40, cup double D / G – the cup not being a thing I have the appropriate professional expertise by what to make an accurate estimate.

JACK: No, of course not. Neither of us, that's for certain, Harry.

HARRY: You and me being in the gentlemen's formal wear hire, us not having no experience of the ladies' formal wear.

JACK: Dear God. A woman. Department Manager. Formal Wear Hire.

HARRY: Nevertheless-

JACK: What?

HARRY: Mrs Freshwater's chest: 50 - her cup, however you look at it, substantial. Her length of arm regular, the waist 38. Inside leg, at a guess, 32. Speaking conservatively, I have to say there's a great deal of Mrs Freshwater. She's big. And she has a handbag, Jack.

VINCE ENTERS TO SELECT AN OUTFIT FOR A CUSTOMER MR BARTON.

HARRY: She's got a handbag, Vince.

VINCE: The woman?

HARRY: Mrs Freshwater. She's a big-un, Vince.

JACK: I don't know, I really don't know what the hell the customers, the gentlemen are going to say. I don't.

VINCE: I got a gentleman come in. Mr Barton. Snooty bugger. Very full of his own importance. A suitable case for The Dry Cleaners in Villiers Street, I think. Eh?

HARRY: The Dry Cleaners In Villiers Street.

JACK: This the time for Villiers Street, is it? I mean with her.

VINCE: I'm not letting no fucking woman putting me off, Jack Metcalf. I've been here 23 years – right? Webber and Son for 23 years – this fucking lot Johansen Perry can stick a fucking woman in – that's up to them – I'm doing The Dry Cleaners in Villiers Street. (HAVING SELECTED A FRAYED, SHABBY AND ILL-FITTING MORNING COAT): Here we are. This should do the trick. Quasimado here. Get the tea on.

VINCE EXITS WITH THE MORNING COAT TO THE FITTING AREA.

HARRY: The Dry Cleaners in Villiers Street, Paul. This is a drama. This one. Eh, Jack?

JACK: Oh, for Christ's sake. I'll get the tea up. (REFERRING TO THE KETTLE – TO PAUL): Don't you think of using this. Only to be used by me, Harry, Vince and Teddy.

HARRY: Vince Pettit, he's the King of Gratuities, eh? None to beat him there.

JACK: Dear God. Dear, dear God.

HARRY: You want to learn how to make money, you watch out for Vince. He's a great man, he is. He can't miss in that department. He leans on his gents. Leans on them. Eh, Jack?

JACK: (SPOONING TEA LEAVES INTO A TEAPOT)) Tea?

HARRY: Right, thanks.

JACK: Paul? Sugar?

PAUL: Two.

HARRY: Vince, he has them by the cash register, with the outfit case, they're all ready to leave, paying their bill, Vince he leans on them, so to speak, tells them about his imaginary four or however many daughters. He's a genius. Eh? Right. Nice set of 'greys' for Mr Taylor. Nice gentleman, Mr Taylor.

JACK: (PREPARING TEA): That woman, Harry. I never thought. In all my life.

6. THE FITTING AREA:

VINCE ENTERS WITH THE SHABBY AND ILL-FITTING MORNING COAT FOR MR BARTON IN FITTING ROOM 3.

VINCE: Here we are, Mr Barton, sir. Thank you. If you'd try the coat on. Thank you. (HELPING HIM ON WITH THE COAT) That's it. Right. Oh, my God. No, No. That doesn't look right at all. If you'd turn about. No, no. I'm not at all happy about this, sir. I don't know what to say. We've had such a run on the greys, the morning coats, sir, there isn't anything left, not that I'd ask you to wear, sir. Not you, sir. I couldn't do it. I'm sorry, sir, I am not letting you out of these premises not wearing that coat or none like it. I wouldn't sleep, sir. You could try Moss Bros or Lipman's, sir, Lipman's in the Charing Cross Road, but I hear they're in the same pickle as what we are, sir. They've had the same sort of run on the greys, the morning coats as we have, sir. I tell you what. Sudden thought. I don't know whether I ought to do this, sir. There is one possible solution, sir. The firm's dry cleaning premises in Villiers Street, sir. Mr Williamson, him and me are good friends, he owes me a favour. Give me five minutes, sir, just five minutes, if you have the time, I'll run, run, sir, down to the firm's dry cleaning premises in Villiers Street, slip Mr Williamson a couple of quid, a couple of quid, if that's all right with you, sir, get him to hand over one of the morning coats, the greys outfit that has come in only this morning and has, as is the custom here, been sent down to Mr Williamson for cleaning, sir.

HARRY ENTERS WITH A 'GREYS' OUTFIT AND A 2ND EXTRA COAT FOR MR TAYLOR.

HE OVERHEARS VINCE'S SPIEL TO HIS MR BARTON, AND, HAVING HEARD IT MANY TIMES BEFORE, ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY SPEAKS SOME OF VINCE'S LINES.

VINCE: (CONTINUING): Now, sir, if I do this, and I would very much like to do this for you, sir, we can't have you or anyone saying anything about it to management – cos it's against management rules, sir – and if they find out I'm favouring one customer such as your good self over and above any other, Mr Pettit here is likely to be handed his cards, if you take my meaning. So how do you feel about this, sir?

HARRY ENTERS MR TAYLOR'S FITTING ROOM 1 WITH THE 'GREYS' OUTFIT.

HARRY: Here we are, Mr Taylor.

BARTON: (TO VINCE): You haven't got anything better than this in here?

VINCE: I am sorry, sir – no. I haven't.

TEDDY CROSSES FROM FITTING ROOM 6 AND EXITS TO THE STORE ROOM TO GET HIS GENT MR DUNCAN A 'WHITE TIE' FULL EVENING DRESS OUTFIT.

(VINCE SEES HIM???)

BARTON: (TO VINCE: UNCERTAIN): Right.

VINCE: Well, it's up to you, Mr Barton, sir.

BARTON: Two pounds for him, this fellow in the Dry Cleaning, you say?

VINCE: That should do it, sir.

BARTON: Well. You won't be long?

VINCE: No, sir. I'll leg it as fast as I can. As the Bard wrote: I'll put a girdle round about the earth in 40 minutes. Puck, sir. In The Midsummers Night's Dream.

BARTON: 40 minutes?

VINCE: That was for round about the earth, sir – with regard to Villiers Street it's 5 – 5 minutes at the outside.

BARTON: If that's the best you can do.

VINCE: Thank you, sir. Thank you.

VINCE EXITS TO GO TO THE STORE ROOM.

HARRY: (TO HIS MR TAYLOR REFERRING TO THE COAT): There we are, sir. That looks just the job. Yes. Yes. Nice. You try on the trousers, sir, and I'll come back in a jiffy. You going to look very smart. If I may say so. Hangs very nicely. Very smooth. Nice cut. You put on the trousers. Thank you.

HARRY SOON TO EXIT TO THE STORE ROOM, TAKING WITH HIM THE UNWANTED 2ND COAT.

7. THE STORE ROOM:

JACK AND PAUL ARE DRINKING THEIR TEA. THERE ARE ALSO BISCUITS.

TEDDY IS SELECTING A 'WHITE TIE' FULL EVENING DRESS OUTFIT FOR MR DUNCAN WHOM HE HAS GOT IN FITTING ROOM 6.

JACK: A woman. We can't have this. Eh? It's the union. We've got to join the union, join USDAW. Don't get me wrong, I've no truck with unions, not in general. But – I mean – we can't have it – we got to get them in – onto this – put an end to it - that's my view. We're going to have to rally round the customers, the gentlemen – they're not going to like it, not at all – we got to find out – get onto them.

VINCE ENTERS.

VINCE: Part one The Dry Cleaners in Villiers Street all done. Nice cup of tea. Biscuit. Garibaldi.

JACK: I was saying – we're going to have to get the union, get USDAW onto it, Vince – whether we like it or not, eh? We ought to get up a petition – get up a petition - petition the gentlemen.

VINCE: Yes. Right. Good idea. We'll work something out. Think something out. (TO TEDDY): Got another gent, have you, Teddy? Don't wear yourself out – your missus has all that housework for you when you get home before you go out to the petrol station. You having a cup of tea? No? He's too busy, Paul? He's got that mortgage to pay on that house of his in Orpington. He has to work weekends, eh, Teddy? – works in a petrol station.

HARRY ENTERS WITH THE SPARE COAT TO HANG UP. HE SITS HIMSELF DOWN AND RESTS HIS KNEES.

JACK: You think we can get their names, Vince? – the gentlemen somehow?

VINCE: Good idea, Jack. Good idea. Nice cup of tea, Harry. Garibaldi.
Doing Dry Cleaners In Villiers Street. Can't keep my man, Mr Barton, waiting too long – he's the impatient sort of fucker.

HARRY: Dry Cleaners in Villiers Street.

VINCE: No woman is stopping me in my tracks – no, no one.

HARRY: (TO PAUL): Dry Cleaners in Villiers Street is Vince Pettit's speciality. Vince's major role, no doubt about it. You witness Vince Pettit executing The Dry Cleaners In Villiers Street, take my word for it, you're watching a star on the stage of a West End of London theatre.

PAUL: Villiers Street?

VINCE: Off The Strand. The Dry Cleaners, it doesn't exist, chum.

HARRY: No one, no one, even if they were given the chance, could perform The Dry Cleaners In Villiers Street like Vince Pettit.

VINCE: Thank you, Harry.

HARRY: He'll take your breath away. That's it. You can forget your Ibsen, your Shakespeare, your Harold Pinters, The Dry Cleaners In Villiers Street can rightfully be claimed the greatest drama to be witnessed anywhere and in any theatre in London's West End. Forget John Gielgud, forget Laurence Olivier, Sir Donald Wolfit, Dame Peggy Ashcroft, forget young Albert Finney, Vince Pettit in The Dry Cleaners In Villiers Street is a star. He's top of the bill.

MRS FRESHWATER ENTERS.

AN ALARMED AND SHOCKED JACK, HARRY, VINCE AND PAUL RISE.
TEDDY REMAINS STANDING AND STILL.

FRESHWATER: Good afternoon. I'm Mrs Freshwater. I hope I'm not disturbing your tea and biscuits. We haven't been introduced, have we? (SHE CALLS OUT THEIR NAMES FROM A LIST SHE HAS): Mr Metcalf.

AS EACH OF THEM HAVE THEIR NAMES CALLED, EACH PUTS HIS HAND UP AS IF A SCHOOLBOY AT THE CALLING OF THE REGISTER.

FRESHWATER: Mr Harris. Mr Pettit - ah, yes. Mr Kent. (RE: PAUL): Ah. Mr Whiteley. How are you getting on?

PAUL: I'm all right.

JACK: He's doing all right.

FRESHWATER: Good. As you know – you may put your hand down now Mr Kent – as you will know, the management have begun to introduce a number of changes, this with the intention of modernising the department's procedures, of widening our customer base. In a sentence, on bringing the department up to date. Over this coming weekend the cash registers in the fitting area are to be removed. And from this coming Monday all payments by the customers will be made to me at the cash register in reception. This, it is intended, will speed things up and increase productivity. Security cameras have been, this weekend, installed throughout the premises, in reception, the fitting area, and here in the store room. If you care to look about you, you may see if you can spot them.

JACK, HARRY, VINCE, TEDDY AND PAUL, AS ONE MAN, TURN THEIR HEADS, LOOKING ALL IN THE SAME DIRECTION FIRST THIS WAY, THEN THAT, IN AN ATTEMPT TO LOCATE THE CAMERAS.

FRESHWATER: I have been instructed that an engineer will shortly be arriving – and it is hoped the cameras will be operable before the end of the afternoon. Cameras, as you are probably aware, are now the standard practise in retail. In combating theft.

JACK: Theft?

FRESHWATER: With a view to creating a welcoming relaxed atmosphere for our customers and our staff, and again in keeping with modern practice, music is to be played during opening hours. The music will be relayed from speakers which, some of you may have already observed, as with the security cameras, have, over this weekend, been installed in the store room here and in all areas of the department.

JACK, HARRY, VINCE, TEDDY AND PAUL, AS ONE MAN, LOOK FIRST
HERE, THEN THERE, TO SEE IF THEY CAN SEE THE SPEAKERS.

HARRY: There's one.

ALL LOOK.

FRESHWATER: Well done, Mr Kent.

VINCE: That's it, is it?

HARRY: I found that one, Jack.

FRESHWATER: I expect you'll find another, Mr Kent.

THEY ALL TURN THEIR HEADS, LOOKING FOR THE SECOND SPEAKER.

HARRY: That's it.

FRESHWATER: No.

JACK: There.

FRESHWATER: Warmer.

JACK: I give up.

HARRY: No. That's it, is it?

FRESHWATER: Well done again, Mr Kent.

VINCE: Three cheers for Harry Kent. Harry Kent, this month's winner of the Johansen Perry Gentlemen's Formal Wear Hire Best Performing Award, and much deserving recipient of the BMW 2800CS Coupe.

FRESHWATER: I won't keep you from your work any longer. I know you're busy. You know you're not allowed to smoke in here, Mr Pettit. Thank you for your time.

FRESHWATER EXITS.

JACK: Cameras? Cameras everywhere. Dear God. Dear God in Heaven. What's going on? The cash registers taken away. Well, that's goodbye to the gratuities, isn't it? Eh? How are we to get tips when the gentlemen are paying up to her out there in reception? Eh? What the fuck is going on?

TEDDY IS ON HIS WAY TO EXIT WITH THE OUTFIT FOR MR DUNCAN WHO IS IN FITTING ROOM 6.

VINCE: Set back for you, eh, Teddy? Gratuities. Teddy, he's going to have to take on a newspaper round on top of everything, eh? That's it.

TEDDY EXITS WITH THE OUTFIT FOR MR DUNCAN WHO IS IN FITTING ROOM 6.

JACK: Cameras, cash registers – bloody music. What’s all this about music? The gentlemen don’t want music. We’ve never had music. Never. Not once.

MUSIC PLAYS.

VINCE: We have now, Jack.

JACK: She’s not wasting any time. Is she? How are we going to work, fit up the gentlemen with that bloody row going on? They’ll be a rebellion. Turn it down.

VINCE: (HAVING FINISHED HIS TEA): Right. Villiers Street Part Two. I’m getting 5 quid out of this fella, if it kills me.

VINCE SELECTS A SMART GREYS COAT AND TROUSERS, SHIRT AND ALL ACCESSORIES FOR HIS MR BARTON.

VINCE: Coat. Trousers.

HARRY: (TO PAUL): This is something you can remember for the rest of your life, Paul Whiteley.

VINCE AND HARRY: Waistcoat. Shirt. Collar. Accessories.

VINCE: That’s it. Here we go.

VINCE HAS BEGUN TO RUN UP AND DOWN, AND ON THE SPOT, GETTING A SWEAT UP.

HARRY: There he goes. ‘Oh, sir, sorry to have kept you waiting, sir, Mr Williams, sir, on his holidays’.

VINCE: Right. Dry Cleaners, Villiers Street - Part Two.

VINCE EXITS WITH THE SMART 'GREYS' MORNING COAT OUTFIT FOR HIS MR BARTON WHO IS IN FITTING ROOM 3.

HARRY: There he goes, Paul. The man's a star.

JACK: (REFERRING TO THE MUSIC PLAYING OVER THE SPEAKERS):
Bloody hell. What the hell is she playing now?

HARRY: It's Perry Como. Isn't it?

JACK: I know it's Perry Como. I'm not agin Perry Como, no, nice voice, but not at this volume – not like this, top volume. We've got to tell her to turn it down.

PAUL: Tell her to put on Life In A Tin Can by the Bee Gees – The Beatles - Pink Floyd, The Dark Side of The Moon – Fleetwood Mac –The Grateful Dead.

JACK: No, thank you. You want to get rid of the gentlemen? (THE MUSIC VOLUME GOES DOWN): Thank God for that. I never thought – I never – that it'd come to this. Never.

HARRY: No.

HARRY GOES TO SELECT A SHIRT AND CRAVAT ANDD ACCESSORIES FOR HIS MR TAYLOR IN FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: I best get to my Mr Taylor.

JACK: The knees?

HARRY: Fight the good fight, as one might well say.

JACK: Jesus.

PAUL: Led Zeppelin, House of the Holy, that's what she want to play. Liven it up.

(JACK: God help us.)

8. THE FITTING AREA:

Fitting rooms: 1: Soon in this scene, Harry with shirt and accessories for Taylor. 2: empty. 3: Vince enters at top of this scene with dreadful outfit (Villiers St) for Barton.

*4: Binstead (who Jack has forgotten about because of the arrival of Freshwater.)
5: Empty. 6: Teddy, already before the start of this scene, fitting Duncan in 'white tie'.)*

VINCE IS PREPARING HIMSELF TO ENTER MR BARTON'S FITTING ROOM
3.

HE PUSHES ASIDE THE CURTAIN, ALL OUT OF BREATH, BARELY ABLE TO HOLD HIMSELF UP FROM THE EXERTION, HANGS ONTO THE SIDE OF THE DOOR FRAME.

VINCE: Sorry to have kept you so long, sir. Mr Williamson, he not there, sir, on his holidays, quite forgot, his assistant there, Mr Dixon, not an easy fellow, sir, took a bit of persuading if you know what I mean, had to give him an extra quid, sir. On top of the 2 quid as arranged. Got a lovely outfit, morning coat here. Just newly cleaned, sir, almost brand new, if you'd be good enough to try it on for me, sir, thank you. That's it. Lovely. Though I say it myself, sir, you look lovely. Lovely, sir. Turn about. Lovely. Fits a treat. Thank God for that. The trousers. You put them on. I won't go away, but only if that's agreeable with you, sir. Don't want to hold you up any further. You've been unduly patient, if I may say so. Lovely. Down they go. Off they go. On. On. On they go. Very good. Showing promise. On their way up. That's it. If you'd turn. Dear God, perfect. Comfortable, sir. Comfy?

BARTON: Seems fine.

VINCE: It does, sir. Fits you like a glove. All worth the effort, if I may say so, I think you might well agree. Right. Let's have them off. You slip back into your own clothes. That's it.

HARRY ENTERS WITH SHIRT AND ACCESSORIES TO GO TO MR TAYLOR'S FITTING ROOM 1.

VINCE: (TO MR BARTON): Coming on nicely. There we are. (REFERRING TO BARTON'S OWN SUIT): Very nice suit, sir, by the way. Aquascutum. That's my bet. Yes. Yes. Nice bit of tailoring. A gentleman who knows how to acquit himself, no doubt about it. My Mr Kent, my colleague remarked, after he saw you come in. Smart gentleman you got there, Mr Pettit, he said. He's not going to settle for any old thing. Eh?

DURING VINCE SPEECH ABOVE:

HARRY, ON HIS WAY TO MR TAYLOR IN FITTING ROOM 1, ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH VINCE, UNDER HIS BREATH, SPEAKS VINCE'S WORDS AS ABOVE: 'A gentleman who knows how to acquit himself, no doubt about it. My Mr Kent, my colleague remarked.'

HARRY ENTERS MR TAYLOR'S FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: That's it, sir.

VINCE AND HARRY COLLECT TOGETHER THE GARMENTS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CUSTOMERS WITH A VIEW TO PACKING THEM IN THE PACKING CASES AS:

TEDDY AND MR DUNCAN ENTER FROM THE OFFSTAGE LEFT FITTING ROOM 6 AND CASH REGISTER, AND CROSS THE FITTING AREA – TEDDY TO SEE MR DUNCAN OUT.

TEDDY: There we are. Thank you. It's been a pleasure to serve you.

DUNCAN: Right. Jolly good. Here.

DUNCAN TIPS TEDDY.

TEDDY: Oh, thank you, sir. Do you need a taxi?

DUNCAN: No, no. No.

TEDDY: I'll get back and tidy up. Goodbye.

DUNCAN: Goodbye.

DUNCAN EXITS.

HARRY: (TO TAYLOR): All's well that ends well. We'll pack up the outfit, sir.
Settle up.

TEDDY EXITS TO THE OFFSTAGE FITTING ROOM 5 AND CASH REGISTER.

VINCE: (TO MR BARTON – ON HIS WAY TO THE CASH REGISTER AND
OUTFIT CASES): Right. All set. Very nice. If you'll walk this way. We'll have you
off and on your way in the shake of the proverbial lamb's tail.

HARRY: (TO MR BARTON – HARRY EMERGING FROM FITTING ROOM 1 –
OBSERVING VINCE AND BARTON AT THE CASH REGISTER): Ah. We'll go
to the cash register round at the back. (CALLING OVER TO VINCE – WITH THE
INTENTION OF ENCOURAGING BARTON TO GIVE VINCE AN EVEN
BIGGER TIP THAN ONE CAN ALREADY EXPECT VINCE TO EXTRACT): All
right, Mr Pettit? Gawd, you look a bit tired. You should have a sit down, cup of tea,
biscuit – that heart of yours. (TO TAYLOR): If you'd come along with me, sir.

VINCE: Thank you, Mr Kent.

HARRY: Thank you, Mr Taylor.

HARRY AND MR TAYLOR EXITS TO THE CASH REGISTER BEYOND THE OFFSTAGE FITTING ROOM 5 AND 6.

Fitting rooms: 1: empty. 2: empty. 3: empty. 4: Binstead. 5: empty.

6: where Teddy is collecting unwanted garments. Off stage cash register: Harry with Taylor.

VINCE: (TO MR BARTON, HAVING EXPERTLY AND RAPIDLY FOLDED AND PACKED THE 'GREYS' OUTFIT IN AN OUTFIT CASE): That's it, sir. (AT THE CASH REGISTER): That'll be. Here we are, Mr Barton, sir. 18(??) pounds seven and sixpence(??). And the 3 pounds, sir. I'm sorry about that – for Mr Dixon – had hoped it'd have been Mr Williamson – not my day –

BARTON: (HANDING VINCE CASH): 18 pounds(??), and – 3, you say – thank you. And 2 pounds for you. I must get off. A Treasury meeting. Thank you, Mr – er -

VINCE: Pettit, sir. I am much obliged, sir. Should you require to visit us again, please do ask for me in person.

VINCE: Taxi, sir? You wish me to hail you a taxi?

BARTON: No, no. Thank you.

VINCE: Goodbye, sir. Goodbye.

MR BARTON EXITS.

VINCE: (POCKETS THE TIP): Lovely, jubbly.

MR ROWLANDSON (A SHORT, MOUSY, UNPLEASANT MAN), ENTERS. HE WEARS A LONG OUTSIZE RAINCOAT. HE CARRIES A LARGE EMPTY PLASTIC HARRODS BAG.

VINCE: Hello. Hello, Mr Rowlandson. A bit of business, have we?

ROWLANDSON: What's this music – that woman out there? I thought I'd come to the wrong place.

VINCE: Widening our customer base. Moving with the times. What's it this time?

ROWLANDSON: 'Greys'. Big fella. 50, 48, 33. Wants them on the cheap.

VINCE: You tell them, your punters, times are tight. Prices gone up.

ROWLANDSON: Oh, yeah?

VINCE: Inflation. Progress.

ROWLANDSON: I don't like that woman being out there. I thought she was going to stop me coming in.

VINCE: We'll have to work something out. Get in here. (USHERING

ROWLANDSON INTO FITTING ROOM 3.) Get the coat off. 50 what?

ROWLANDSON: 50, 48, 33.

VINCE: I'll see what I can do.

VINCE COMES OUT OF ROWLANDSON'S FITTING ROOM 3 AND CLOSES THE CURTAIN.

TEDDY ENTERS FROM THE OFFSTAGE LEFT FITTING ROOM 6 WITH AN EVENING TAIL COAT AND A WHITE WAISTCOAT TO RETURN TO THE STORE ROOM.

VINCE: (TO ROWLANDSON): I might be a little while. (TO TEDDY): Ah. That's it. Teddy Harris. Don't say I didn't warn you, Teddy.

VINCE BANGS HIM UP AGAINST THE WALL, KNEES HIM IN THE BOLLOCKS AND PROCEEDS TO PHYSICALLY ASSAULT HIM.

AT SOME POINT DURING THIS, ROWLANDSON, ALERTED BY THE NOISE, PEERS ROUND THE CURTAIN OF HIS CUBICLE.

VINCE: (AS HE BEATS HIM UP): I told you, didn't I. Eh? You don't fucking fit up my regulars. I'm not having anyone fucking me up. Right. Mr Simmonds, eh? You think I'm fucking blind, fucking stupid?! You keep your hands to yourself, you spineless little turd, you and your fucking private boarding school. Eh? Going up in the fucking world are you, fucking Teddy Harris. Ideas above your station. Your fucking wife, eh? All lah-di-dah. Steve Carter, you remember Steve Carter, Steve Carter, he fucked your wife, eh? – fucked her, saw it for myself, at Sammy Webber's farewell party, fucked her in the store, back of morning coats 42 long, stretched out there with her legs apart on trouser drawer 38, 33. Steve Carter not the only one, Teddy. You prat. Keep your fucking hands off my gentlemen!

VINCE STEPS BACK FROM THE FALLEN TEDDY.

ROWLANDSON: (AT THE ENTRANCE TO HIS FITTING ROOM 3 – CONCERNED THAT VINCE HAS NOT FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE OUTFIT FOR HIS PUNTER): Vince.

MRS FRESHWATER ENTERS.

ROWLANDSON DUCKS BACK INTO HIS FITTING ROOM 3.

FRESHWATER: Mr Pettit. You're to report to Personnel on the third floor.

VINCE: (REFERRING TO TEDDY): This is a staff relations matter.

FRESHWATER: Mr Pettit, what has been happening between you and Mr Harris – I assume it is Mr Harris – is not something into which I am prepared to enquire or investigate at this moment in time. However, Personnel informs me they require you to see them immediately. Thank you.

VINCE: Right. I enjoyed our little chat, Mr Teddy Harris.

VINCE PICKS UP THE GARMENTS TEDDY HAD WITH HIM.

VINCE: (HANDING THE GARMENTS TO MRS FRESHWATER): They may need cleaning – try Villiers Street.

VINCE EXITS TO GO TO PERSONNEL.

TEDDY STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET AND IS IN A BAD WAY.

FRESHWATER: Mr Harris. Do you need a doctor? I believe there's a first aid box on the 2nd floor. Do you need any help, Mr Harris?

TEDDY: I'm all right.

FRESHWATER: Well, may I suggest you go and clean yourself up.

TEDDY: I'm all right.

FRESHWATER: If you want the rest of the afternoon off, I suppose, under the circumstances, you best do so.

TEDDY EXITS STAGE RIGHT.

FRESHWATER IS ABOUT TO EXIT WITH TEDDY'S UNWANTED GARMENTS – TO TAKE TO THE STORE ROOM – AS HARRY AND MR TAYLOR ENTER FROM OFFSTAGE LEFT.

HARRY SEES FRESHWATER AND IS STARTLED BY HER PRESENCE IN THE FITTING ROOM AREA.

FRESHWATER: Good afternoon again, Mr Kent.

HARRY: Yes.

HARRY RAISES HIS HAND.

FRESHWATER EXITS STAGE RIGHT.

HARRY: It's a woman, Mr Taylor. No problem. This way, Mr Taylor. Thank you.
Thank you.

TAYLOR: Thanks very much again, Mr Kent.

HARRY: My pleasure, sir. As always. Always a pleasure. You can see yourself out all right, sir?

TAYLOR: I should hope so. (AS THEY EXIT): I know the way out. Goodness me.

HARRY: I'll say goodbye then, sir.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

TAYLOR: Goodbye. Till next time.

HARRY AND TAYLOR EXIT TO GO THEIR SEPARATE WAYS.

9. STORE ROOM:

PRESENT: JACK AND PAUL. JACK IS WASHING UP THE TEA THINGS.

MRS FRESHWATER ENTERS WITH TEDDY'S UNWANTED GARMENTS.

FRESHWATER: Mr Metcalf, I want Mr Whiteley to start serving the customers.

JACK: Mr Whiteley has only just arrived this afternoon.

FRESHWATER: I am sure you've explained to him what to do. While you were enjoying your tea perhaps. We have a customer who has been waiting in reception for quite some while.

JACK: Mrs Freshwater – don't let's be too hasty, shall we? It takes a long time, quite a time, to learn how to fit out a gentlemen here in formal wear hire properly, so as to come up to the gentlemen's, many of them regulars, expectations. Measuring itself is a difficult procedure and requires training and supervised experience. I'll go and see to the gentleman.

FRESHWATER: Thank you, Mr Metcalf, but no –I am saying Mr Whiteley is to serve the customer.

HARRY ENTERS (HIS GENT MR TAYLOR HAVING EXITED THE PREMISES.)

JACK: Harry. I'm explaining to Mrs Freshwater here – she wants Paul to fit up a gentleman – I'm telling her he hasn't the requisite experience, he doesn't know what to do.

HARRY: No. Well. He's only just arrived, hasn't he? Eh?

JACK: Exactly. I recognize fully your wish to encourage the young man, but these things, take it from me – I have been here along with Harry Kent for well over 20 years - these things take time. We don't want any accidents. Any unforeseen circumstances.

HARRY: We don't want any unforeseen circumstances.

FRESHWATER: Mr Metcalf - Mr Whiteley will now go to reception and attend to the gentleman patiently waiting for assistance. Thank you, Mr Whiteley.

PAUL (PLEASED): Right.

FRESHWATER: Now, Mr Metcalf, Mr Whiteley.

PAUL: Right. Tape measure.

FRESHWATER: (HANDING HIM A TAPE MEASURE SHE'S BROUGHT IN WITH HER): Here we are.

PAUL: Right. Thanks. Right.

PAUL, COCK-A-HOOP, EXITS TO RECEPTION.

FRESHWATER: These garments, Mr Metcalf. Would you take them. Thank you. Mr Harris, I believe, was intending to bring them back in here.

JACK TAKES THE GARMENTS FROM MRS FRESHWATER.

FRESHWATER: Mr Pettit and Mr Harris seem to have come to blows in the fitting rooms. Mr Harris appears to have come off the worse. Perhaps one of you should go and see to him. He's in the staff toilets. I have to say – I am dismayed by what I have seen this afternoon. I am shocked. Before I started here at Johansen Perry I didn't for one moment believe that I'd be faced by this sort of behaviour.

FRESHWATER EXITS.

JACK: I'll go and find Teddy. Bloody hell. What's going on? Vince. I don't know. Fact is... of course it's her coming here, the changes, the cameras, the music, the cash registers, everything, it's got to him, to us all – Vince no exception – it's pushed him over the top.

JACK EXITS.

HARRY REMAINS, RESTING HIS KNEES, PRETTY WELL WORN OUT.

AFTER A WHILE:

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THEN TANNOY): Would a member of staff please come to reception to attend to a customer – thank you.

HARRY IS RELUCTANT TO MOVE.

BUT HE SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY RISES (TO EXIT).

10. THE FITTING ROOM AREA.

f/Rooms: 1: Soon - Jimmy. 2: Soon – Paul. 3: Rowlandson.

4: Binstead. But then he leaves f/room – and soon Harry with Vince's Mr Norris enter and occupy and untidy 4 till 1 is free again.

5: empty. 6: empty.

BINSTEAD, DRUNK AND TROUSERLESS, COMES OUT OF FITTING ROOM
4.

BINSTEAD: Jack Metcalf. The trousers. Can't get into the buggers. Buggers all over the place.

ROWLANDSON APPEARS AT THE ENTRANCE TO FITTING ROOM 3.

BINSTEAD: (TO ROWLANDSON): The morning trousers, old boy – the Derby - I can't wear them - won't go on. Have you seen Mr Metcalf?

ROWLANDSON: No. I'm waiting for Vince Pettit.

ROWLANDSON CLOSES THE FITTING ROOM CURTAIN.

BINSTEAD: Morning trousers, you see. Everything all over the place. Got to find the trousers. (AS HE EXITS STAGE LEFT): Jack Metcalf.

BINSTEAD EXITS STAGE LEFT.

PAUL ENTERS WITH HIS CUSTOMER MR STEVENS AND CONFIDENTLY LEADS HIM TO FITTING ROOM 2.

PAUL: This way, Mr Stevens, sir. Thank you, sir. In we go, thank you. 'Greys', sir? The Derby, is it?

STEVENS: Big do – in the City – 'white tie'. Thank you.

PAUL: 'White tie' it is, sir. Very nice. Lovely. If I may have the honour of taking your coat, Mr Stevens. Thank you.

PAUL HANGS UP STEVENS COAT. AS HE DOES SO:

MR JIMMY AND A PUNTER ENTER. MR JIMMY CAN'T SEE ANY OF THE STAFF WHO'LL ACKNOWLEDGE HIS ARRIVAL.

ROWLANDSON OBSERVES MR JIMMY'S ARRIVAL.

PAUL: (TO MR JIMMY): Oh. Mr Jimmy.

MR JIMMY: Good afternoon. Right. (TO HIS PUNTER – INDICATING FITTING ROOM 1): In here, I think, sir.

MR JIMMY OPENS THE CURTAIN OF FITTING ROOM 1 AND ENTERS WITH HIS PUNTER.

PAUL: (TO MR STEVENS): If I can measure your chest, Mr Stevens. Please. Thank you. Round we go. Chest. Chest. Here we are. It's 42! Winnie the Pooh, 42. Length of arm. Mustn't forget length of arm. Length of arm: short – regular – short-regular. We'll go for regular, eh? Waist, if you'd be so good, Mr Stevens. Oh, yes. Yes. Here we go. Christmas cake, 38. I reckon you keep fit, don't you, sir. One can see that. Not like some we've known here. Right. Inside leg. The big one. You stick the end of the tape measure up into your what's-it, sir. Your wedding tackle. Here I go. (TAKING HIS END OF THE TAPE MEASURE TO THE TOP OF STEVENS' SHOE) Bit dark down here.

PAUL OBSTRUCTS THE VIEW OF THE FITTING ROOM BY PARTLY CLOSING THE CURTAIN.

HARRY ENTERS WITH MR NORRIS (WHO IS ONE OF VINCE'S REGULARS). HE TAKES HIM TO FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: If you step this way, Mr Stevens, sir. If you would.

HARRY PULLS BACK THE CURTAIN OF FITTING ROOM 1 AND DISCOVERS MR JIMMY AND HIS PUNTER IN THERE.

HARRY, NOT HAPPY ABOUT WHAT HE HAS SEEN, QUICKLY CLOSES THE CURTAIN AGAIN.

HARRY: That one's taken, sir.

HARRY TRIES FITTING ROOM 2 BUT PAUL AND STEVENS ARE IN THERE.

HARRY: Oh.

PAUL: Fitting up Mr Steven, Harry.

HARRY WOULD TRY FITTING ROOM 3, BUT ROWLANDSON IS STANDING AT ITS ENTRANCE.

HARRY: Right

ROWLANDSON: You seen Vince Pettit, Harry? I'm waiting for my outfit – you know? 50, extra long arm, 48, 33.

HARRY: 50, extra long arm, 48, 33.

ROWLANDSON: He's just buggered off. For God's sake.

HARRY: Vince. Mr Pettit. Yes. I'll have a word. I'll do what I can.

HARRY BRIEFLY LOOKS INTO FITTING ROOM 4, EXPECTING TO FIND BINSTEAD IN THERE. BUT THE FITTING ROOM IS VACANT, ALTHOUGH IT IS IN A MESS WITH GARMENTS ALL OVER THE PLACE. EXHAUSTED AND IN URGENT NEED TO SPEAK WITH JACK, HE DECIDES TO PUT NORRIS INTO FITTING ROOM 4, AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT.

HARRY: We'll go in here, shall we, sir? Sorry about this, sir. Just for a moment. We'll clear it up. Make you comfortable. I'll be back in a moment, in a while – sorry, sir. Thank you, sir.

HARRY, AS HURRIEDLY AS HE CAN MANAGE, EXITS.

PAUL: (IN FITTING ROOM 2 WITH STEVENS – ON THE FLOOR, TRYING TO MEASURE HIS INSIDE LEG): Could do with a torch down here. 54, is it? Clean the floor, 54?

STEVENS: It can't be 54.

PAUL: No. You'd be on stilts if you were 54. Wait. Wait. It's - Danny La Rue, 52.

STEVENS: I'm 32.

PAUL: Yep. 32. That's it. Up we come. You have to be fit for this lark, eh?

TEDDY ENTERS WITH ANOTHER GENT, MR YATES, TO GO TO OFF STAGE LEFT FITTING ROOM 6.

ROWLANDSON: Teddy.

TEDDY DOES NOT RESPOND TO ROWLANDSON.
HE EXITS WITH YATES TO FITTING ROOM 6.

PAUL: Collar size, sir?

STEVENS: I'm not sure.

PAUL: Right. We'll have quick measure. (NEARLY THROTTLING HIM WITH THE TAPE MEASURE): 16, 17, 18.

STEVENS: (BEING THROTTLED): 17.

PAUL: 17. That's it. 17, it is. I'll buzz off then now, get you the 'white tie' outfit, coat, trousers – the lot. Thank you. Won't be more than a jiffy, sir.

PAUL EXITS TO THE STORE ROOM.

ROWLANDSON IS LEFT WAITING.

ROWLANDSON: It's fucking Paddington Station.

12. STORE ROOM.

PRESENT: JACK.

HARRY ENTERS (HAVING LEFT MR NORRIS IN
FITTING ROOM 4.)

JACK: Oh there you are. Teddy – he doesn't look so good. Vince has had a real go at him. Fact is – of course, it's Mrs Freshwater turning up, the changes, cameras, this music, cash registers, it's got to Vince – to all of us, of course. Anyway, Teddy, he's all right – well, I suppose – he's gone and got himself another gent – he's not giving up. He's determined, is Teddy. He told me, fact is, his wife, can't go to work now, she's not bringing anything in. She's got cervical cancer.

Harry: Jack. Jack. Vince has been sacked. He's been given his cards.

JACK: What?

PAUL ENTERS FOR A 'WHITE TIE' EVENING TAILS OUTFIT FOR HIS MR STEVENS.

PAUL: Evening tails, 42, regular arm, 38, 32.

JACK, WISHING TO GET RID OF PAUL, HELPS HIM TO SELECT THE EVENING TAILS AND TROUSERS.

JACK: 42 regular. There. Take it. Trousers.

PAUL: 38 – inside leg 32.

JACK: There we are. The best. I know that outfit. Go on then.

PAUL EXITS WITH THE WHITE TIE EVENING TAILS OUTFIT FOR MR STEVENS.

JACK: Vince is what?

HARRY: I go to reception – a gentleman come in – it's Mr Norris – one of Vince's regulars.

JACK: Mr Norris?

HARRY: Mrs Freshwater tells me to fit him out. I told her Mr Norris is one of Vince's gentlemen. She says to me the gentleman is not Vince's. I insist, I say the gentleman is. The gentleman, Mr Norris, he says he is. Mrs Freshwater, Jack, she says Vince is no longer employee of the Company.

JACK: What's the woman talking about – Vince, no longer an employee or whatever?

HARRY: I say what does she mean? The gentleman Mr Norris, he says what does she mean? Mrs Freshwater takes me aside. Mr Pettit, she says, has been dismissed. He's been dismissed on charges of embezzlement.

JACK: Embezzlement? No. No. What's she on about? That's not Vince. Eh? That's not Vince Pettit. Embezzlement. They can't do that. He won't stand for that. No. No.

TEDDY ENTERS TO SELECT A 'BLACK TIE' (DINNER JACKET, DRESS TROUSERS, SHIRT, BLACK BOW TIE) OUTFIT FOR MR YATES IN FITTING ROOM 6.

JACK: Teddy. Vince has been given his cards.

TEDDY DOES NOT RESPOND.

HARRY: They're saying it embezzlement.

JACK: Embezzlement, my arse. Fuck it.

TEDDY: (CONTINUING TO SELECT BLACK TIE OUTFIT): I'm not surprised.

JACK: What?

TEDDY: They should have got rid of the bastard a long time ago.

JACK: God help us.

TEDDY EXITS WITH THE 'BLACK TIE' DINNER JACKET OUTFIT FOR MR YATES.

JACK: It's fucking unbelievable, Harry. No, I mean. Not Vince. I mean - the odd scam, Villiers Street, the proceeds from the odd overpaid bill maybe - but embezzlement?

VINCE ENTERS. HE MAKES FOR A TROUSERS' DRAWER.

JACK: What's all this about, this we hear, Vince?

VINCE: I'm leaving. I'm off.

JACK: You can't go, not like that, not like this, after 23 years on your feet 5 days a week, 9 to 5, every third Saturday morning in the month.

VINCE: I'm leaving. I'm not having their accusations. Accusing me. I don't work my bollocks off for Webbers then Johansen Perry only to have myself accused, embezzlement. I'm out.

JACK: No, no.

HARRY: No, no.

JACK: We can't have you doing that. For God's sake. The place'll never be the same. We're a team, for God's sake. We always have been. Webbers, Johansen Perry - without Vince Pettit?

HARRY: The gentlemen coming in after their lunch, they're not going to like that, they're not going to stomach that. No.

VINCE IS FISHING OUT OF THE TROUSER DRAWER: TROUSERS, AND A BROWN LEATHER HOLDALL.

JACK: What you got in there?

VINCE: Mind your own fucking business.

JACK: The holdall.

HARRY: As Jack says, we're a team. Eh?

VINCE: You and your fucking team. Look about you. You're on your own. Everyone for himself, you oughta know that.

JACK: No.

VINCE: You look after number one, Jack, Harry. That's how it goes.

VINCE EXITS WITH THE BROWN LEATHER HOLDALL.

JACK: I'm shocked.

HARRY: He's gone, Jack.

JACK: That holdall, that Mr Penrose tells me about.

TEDDY ENTERS WITH THE BLACK TIE OUTFIT HE SELECTED EARLIER.
HE IS TO SELECT A 'WHITE TIE' EVENINGS TAILS OUTFIT FOR YATES.

TEDDY: He doesn't want 'Black Tie'. He wants 'White tie'. Why don't people know what the hell they want. The arsehole.

HARRY: Vince has gone.

TEDDY: The man's bent. He's had his bleeding fingers everywhere. That's how he comes to own the two places in Spain, isn't it?

JACK: He's got the one place in Spain. That was from the money his mother left him.

TEDDY: Two. He told me. Sammy Webber's Leaving Party.

PAUL ENTERS.

PAUL: (PROUD AS PUNCH): He's tipped me a quid fifty.

JACK: Your gentleman? It didn't take you long – fitting him?

PAUL: He only wanted the coat and the trousers. He was in a hurry, he says. In and out.

FRESHWATER: (VO ON THE TANNOY): A member of the staff to reception please, thank you.

PAUL: I'll do it. Reception.

JACK: I don't approve of you fitting up the gentlemen, you've only been here this afternoon. It's against nature. Still you go ahead, old chap.

PAUL EXITS TO RECEPTION.

TEDDY: (HAVING GOT THE 'WHITE TIE' FULL EVENING DRESS OUTFIT FOR HIS MR YATES): Harry's leaving. You know that? That's right, isn't it, Harry? Yes. Well. Alec in Accounts told me.

TEDDY EXITS WITH THE WHITE TIE FULL EVENING DRESS OUTFIT FOR YATES IN FITTING ROOM 6.

JACK: Harry? You're leaving?

HARRY: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: You're leaving? Dear God.

HARRY: I was going to tell you(, Jack). Only, I didn't want to upset you. I was waiting for the right time. Sorry, Jack. I've got a job, part-time, 3 days a week, Austin Reed.

JACK: Austin Read?

HARRY: I can't go on, not full time. Not with the knees. I'm taking early retirement, so to speak. I'm working 3 days a week Austin Reed, menswear sales. Give the knees a rest, Jack. The physio, she's told me, she's told me if I don't slow down, I'll have no more knees no more to complain about.

JACK: You working 3 days a week.

HARRY: I got the letter Saturday. I wasn't certain. Had to think, over the weekend. Then I thought. I can't go on, not here. It's a big wrench. I'm sorry, Jack. I didn't want to let you down.

JACK: No.

SILENCE.

JACK: Dear God.

HARRY: I'm sorry, Jack.

JACK: No. No.

SILENCE.

JACK: You leaving. We've been here, Webbers and Son, 27, 28 years. The Freshwater woman, the cash registers, cameras - the fucking music. My wife - Janice, she dying, three weeks ago. Harry Kent, eh?

HARRY: Sorry, Jack. The knees.

JACK: Yes. I know, I know. No. I know. I understand. Well, it won't be the same without you. We going to meet again? Eh?

HARRY: Yes. Right.

JACK: 'We'll meet again', as the song goes. Tell you what - - you've never been to my house, Potters Bar, eh? In all these years. Neither of us been to each other's place, so to speak. Only here, eh? Known each other here - well, that's for certain. You come over - I'll knock up a Sunday dinner. Eh? Janice, did the cooking, mostly, but - there's no reason - I could get something in - Take-Away. You like curry? The house, it's a bit empty now.

HARRY: I won't say no to a curry. Not too spicy, eh?

JACK: You going. Bloody hell.

HARRY: (I'm sorry, Jack.) I got Vince's gentleman Mr Norris in 4.

JACK: 4?

HARRY: Mr Jimmy, he's in 1. Paul, he was in 2, Mr Rowlandson 3. He's waiting for Vince to bring him the outfit he's after.

JACK: Mr Binstead's in 4.

HARRY: Yes. He wasn't there. Fitting room 4. – Trousers, coats, everywhere. I put Mr Norris in 4 - I come to see you about Vince going.

JACK: Jesus. Mr Binstead. Where the hell's he got to?

HARRY: I best go. Mr Norris, he's been waiting all this time.

JACK: You sit there – rest your knees. No problem, eh? I'll see to Mr Norris – tell him you're on your way. Rowlandson, eh? Best get him sorted out and off the premises.

HARRY: Rowlandson, he says Vince getting him 'Greys' 50, extra long arm, 48, 33. That's it. 50, extra long arm, 48, 33. I think it was.

JACK: (SELECTING THE 'GREYS' OUTFIT FOR ROWLANDSON): 50, extra long arm, 48, 33. I'll handle him. First Mr Binstead. I'll have a look - then your Mr Norris – Rowlandson. Right. You sit.

JACK EXITS WITH ROWLANDSON'S GREYS OUT – AND TO GO TO RECEPTION TO LOOK FOR BINSTead.

HARRY REMAINS SITTING. THEN RISES.

13. THE FITTING ROOM.

*(F/Rooms: 1: Jimmy. 2. Paul to go into with Williams now.
3: Rowlandson. 4:Norris. 5. empty. 6: Teddy with Yates.*

PAUL ENTERS WITH HIS (2nd) GENTLEMAN MR WILLIAMS.

PAUL: (INDICATING FITTING ROOM 2): Here we are, Mr Williams, sir. You pop into the fitting room, sir. I'll have you fitted out and out of here in no time at all.

WILLIAMS: Thank you, young man. (You're a handsome young fellow.)

PAUL: May I take your jacket, sir? It's the Derby, is it, did you say?

WILLIAMS: Shall we have a little privacy?

PAUL: What? Right.

PAUL CLOSES THE CURTAIN AS:

DRUNK AND TROUSERLESS MR BINSTEAD ENTERS FROM STAGE LEFT.

BINSTEAD STOPS AT FITTING ROOM 4. HE OPENS THE CURTAIN.

BINSTEAD: (SEEING MR NORRIS IN FITTING ROOM 4): This is my fitting room.

NORRIS: What?

BINSTEAD: I was in here. Who are you?

NORRIS: Norris.

BINSTEAD: Norris. Those are my trousers, are they?

NORRIS: What? No.

BINSTEAD: I got stuck in the cupboard – brooms, buckets - cleaning stuff – foot stuck in a bucket. You want a swig, Norris?

NORRIS: No.

BINSTEAD: Have you seen my trousers? Jack Metcalf ran off with my trousers.

NORRIS: What? No. I haven't seen them.

BINSTEAD: Right-ee-hoh. No offence. Sure you don't want a swig?

NORRIS: No.

BINSTEAD CROSSES THE FITTING ROOM AREA TO EXIT STAGE RIGHT.

NORRIS STARES AFTER HIM, NON-PLUSSED.

ROWLANDSON APPEARS FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN OF HIS FITTING ROOM 3 AND WATCHES AS BINSTEAD CROSSES AND EXITS.

ROWLANDSON AND NORRIS RETURN TO BEHIND THE CURTAINS OF THEIR FITTING ROOMS.

PAUL OPENS THE CURTAIN OF MR WILLIAMS FITTING ROOM 2.

PAUL: (OPENING CURTAIN IF NECESSARY): Right, Mr Williams. That's the chest, the waist. Now it's the inside leg. If you'll just hold this end up into your how's-your-father. (PAUL TAKES THE TAPE MEASURE DOWN TO WILLIAMS' SHOES).

WILLIAMS: I'm not sure how to do that.

PAUL: Shove it up as high as it goes.

WILLIAMS: Would you like to do it for me?

PAUL: No. I don't know if you've been in here recently. We've seen some changes here. The new lot coming in, new management. Some of the old members of staff found redundant. Us young ones hanging on by the skin of our teeth, hoping to still be in the job by the end of the week, so to speak. Where's the money coming from. Eh? Everyone feeling the squeeze, eh? Right. I don't know about you, sir, but I reckon Mr Heath is going to have a lot of trouble with the unions – the miners – that man what's running it – the unions.

WILLIAMS: Scargill. You mean Scargill? Miners Union.

PAUL: That's him, Mr Williams.

WILLIAMS: The fellow is a scoundrel.

PAUL: Inside leg 33. I'll pop off – get you the outfit – for the Derby. Thank you, sir.

PAUL EXITS TO GO TO THE STORE FOR THE 'GREYS' OUTFIT FOR MR WILLIAMS AS:

JACK ENTERS WITH THE 'GREYS' OUTFIT FOR ROWLANDSON.

PAUL: (CHEERFULLY TO JACK AS THEY PASS EACH OTHER): Jack.

JACK: Mr Whiteley.

JACK GOES TO ROWLANDSON'S FITTING ROOM 3.

JACK: Mr Rowlandson. (HANDING HIM THE OUTFIT): Here. 'Greys' 50, extra long arm, 48, 33. Put them on. I'll be back.

ROWLANDSON: Where's Vince Pettit got to?

JACK: Been called away.

JACK GOES TO MR NORRIS IN FITTING ROOM 4, WHERE JACK HAD LEFT MR BINSTEAD.

JACK: Sorry you've been kept waiting, Mr Norris. Mr Metcalf, sir.

NORRIS: What's going on here? I've been waiting for ages.

JACK: Bit of a hold-up this afternoon. This is a mess in here. Sorry about this.

NORRIS: I'm always served by Mr Pettit.

JACK: Yes. He's on sick-leave. (JACK HELPING MR NORRIS WITH HIS JACKET AND MEASURING HIM FOR HIS OUTFIT): Mr Kent, I am given to understand, is deputising for him. I'm sorry to say Mr Kent's knees have been playing up something terrible – between you and me – staff and a number of the gentlemen coming in, we're raising money so he can have special treatment not available on the NHS. It's the only way, Mr Norris, sir. He has to work, if you get my meaning. Can't afford to stop – so it's this expensive treatment or him stuck at home on benefits with three mad women living below him cooking on an upturned electric fire, with a bottle of paraffin next to it, and the occasional Council carer coming in to him once in a while – and him after all the years service he's put in here – and a terrible burden on the British taxpayer.

NORRIS: Yes, well, of course I'm sorry to hear about that. A fella comes in here – asking after you – lost his trousers. Certainly wasn't wearing any.

JACK: (CONTINUING TO TAKE NORRIS' MEASUREMENTS): Mr Binstead. Sorry about that. Never known him like this before. Between you and me, he's just been divorced by his 4th wife, had to dish out 60 grand – it's broken his heart, unsteeled him, sir – left him nigh on bankrupt. Staff, we're thinking, once we and along with the gentlemen have raised what Mr Kent requires for the expensive treatment for his knees, staff, we're thinking of having a whip round between ourselves, help him, help Mr Binstead out somehow. Otherwise he might well find himself stuck on his own in his penthouse apartment behind the Harrods Emporium in Knightsbridge depending on benefits and the occasional social services carer popping in once in a while. And from what we understand, living above him a family of Arab folk who eat goat and rice on the bare boards in the living room above him and whose children, 10 or 11 of them, running around above his head and never going to bed till 2 o'clock in the morning, this being the normal time, so we understand, for Arab folks' children to retire to their beds for the night. It's multi-culturalism, Mr Norris, sir. (REFERRING TO NORRIS' MEASUREMENTS): 38, 36, 30, that's it.

HARRY, REFRESHED, ENTERS AND MAKES HIS WAY TO FITTING ROOM 4.

JACK: Ah, Mr Kent. Here he is now, sir. Not one to shirk his duty. Eh? Just crossing the finishing line, eh, Mr Kent?

HARRY: Sorry to have kept you waiting, sir. A little rest – got a new lease of life.

JACK: As one can see.

MR JIMMY AND HIS PUNTER COME OUT OF FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: Ah. Mr Jimmy. Everything gone well, I trust sir?

MR JIMMY: (HANDING JACK THE 'RENTAL'): Thank you. I don't like that woman.

JACK: Go out the emergency exit.

MR JIMMY AND HIS PUNTER EXIT STAGE RIGHT.

JACK: Mr Kent, Mr Norris, sir – may I suggest, Mr Kent, you fit up Mr Norris in your fitting room here – fitting room 1. More beeseeming and comformable, Mr Norris. And we'll try and find Mr Binstead and get him back in number 4 here – unless of course he's left the building. Eh?

HARRY: Fitting room 1. That's it.

JACK: Good idea, eh? A man of stalwart character, that's Mr Kent, sir.

HARRY: If you'll give me a moment or two, Mr Norris.

NORRIS: What?

HARRY TAKES THE SPRAY CAN FROM THE CASH REGISTER AREA. HE GOES TO FITTING ROOM 1 AND SPRAYS UNSPARINGLY.

HARRY: In we go, sir.

NORRIS ENTERS FITTING ROOM 1.

HE IS SOMEWHAT OVERCOME BY THE FUMES.

NORRIS: What's this?

HARRY: (READING BACK OF AEROSOL SPRAY): 'Violets, oak moss, sandalwood and sea musk warmed with sunny notes of tangerine and orange blossom'.

HARRY ENTERS FITTING ROOM 1.

JACK: Right. Find Mr Binstead.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Mr Metcalf to reception, please, thank you, Mr Metcalf.

JACK: Dear God.

JACK BEGINS TO EXIT STAGE RIGHT AS:

PAUL ENTERS WITH A 'GREYS' OUTFIT FOR MR WILLIAMS.

PAUL: (TO JACK, CHEERFULLY AS THEY PASS EACH OTHER): 'Greys' outfit, for Mr Williams, Jack.

JACK: Here in the fitting area my name's Mr Metcalf, Mr Whiteley.

JACK EXITS STAGE RIGHT.

PAUL ENTERS MR WILLIAMS FITTING ROOM 2.

AS HE IS DOING SO:

TEDDY, HAVING CASHED UP AT THE CASH REGISTER OFF STAGE LEFT, AND CARRYING MR YATES OUTFIT CASE, ENTERS WITH MR YATES FROM STAGE LEFT TO EXIT.

TEDDY: (CROSSING THE FITTING AREA): You're going to look very good in the full evening dress, sir. No doubt about it. Thank you.

PAUL: (CALLING CHEERFULLY FROM FITTING ROOM 2): All right, Mr Harris?

TEDDY: (TO MR NORRIS): I'll see you out.

BOTH MR YATES AND TEDDY EXIT.

PAUL: (TO WILLIAMS, ABOUT TO HELP WILLIAMS INTO THE MORNING COAT): Try this on, sir. That was Mr Harris, on his way out with his gentleman. Mr Harris, he's feeling the pinch. Got a mortgage –

on our wages. Blimey. (ATTENDING TO THE COAT): There. That looks nice. Eh? Nice. Turn round. Nice. Nice. Couldn't better that. Try the trousers. Here we are. The trousers. I'll go and get you the shirt, cravat and so on.

PAUL GOES TO EXIT TO THE STORE ROOM.

JACK ENTERS WITH ANOTHER GENTLEMAN, A MR DEAKEN.

JACK: Here we are, Mr Deaken, sir.

PAUL: Mr Metcalf.

JACK: Mr Whiteley.

PAUL EXITS TO GO TO THE STORE ROOM

JACK: (TO MR DEAKEN): Fitting room 4, sir.

ROWLANDSON: (AT THE ENTRANCE TO FITTING ROOM 3 AND NOW ATTIRED IN AN OVERLARGE SET OF MORNING COAT AND TROUSERS, AS JACK AND MR DEAKEN PASS TO GO TO FITTING ROOM 4): Jack.

JACK: In a moment, Mr Rowlandson. (TO MR DEAKEN): Here we are. Bit of a mess in here. Soon tidy it up. Had a bit of a farrago this afternoon. One of my regulars, he was in here, he's gone missing. Reception having a look for him. Proper

search party. All very rum. Rum-ti-tum. There we are. Now, if you'd give me a moment or two. I'll be back in the shake of the lamb's tail. Thank you, Mr Deaken, sir.

JACK COMES OUT OF FITTING ROOM 4 AND GOES TO ROWLANDSON IN FITTING ROOM 3.

(F/Rooms: 1: Norris. 2: Williams. 3: Rowlandson. 4: Jack and Deaken. 5. empty. 6: empty.)

JACK: (TO ROWLANDSON): Right. Here we are. Let's have a look.

JACK TAKING PINS FROM HIS POCKET AND SWIFTLY PROCEEDING TO PIN UP ROWLANDSON'S OUTFIT.

Right. See what we can do. Push the sleeves up. You might do well to take on customers more your own size, if I may say so. That's it. Pin in here. Pin. Should do the trick.

PAUL ENTERS WITH A SHIRT FOR MR WILLIAMS

PAUL: (TO MR WILLIAMS): Here we are. How you getting on, sir? Oh, the trousers.

WILLIAMS: A little tight.

PAUL: Yeah. Tight. I'll say. Try these on. Try them.

PAUL COMES OUT OF THE FITTING ROOM 2.
HE WATCHES JACK 'PIN UP' ROWLANDSON.

JACK: (TO ROWLANDSON): That's it. Legs. Right. Roll them up. Roll them. Right. On with your coat. Got everything?

ROWLANDSON FINISHES PUTTING HIS OWN CLOTHES INTO THE LARGE PLASTIC CARRIER BAG HE BROUGHT IN WITH HIM.

JACK: Come on. Right. 20 quid. (*Check prices 1973*).

ROWLANDSON: 20 quid?

JACK: You want it or don't you?

ROWLANDSON: Vince charges me £15.

JACK: Inflation. Circumstances beyond our control. 20 quid.

ROWLANDSON: (PAYING UP): I'm going to have a word (about this) with Vince.

JACK: Good luck. Give him my best wishes. Sell it to your fellow for 40. He'll still get it half price. (*Check prices 1973*). Bye, bye now. Thank you.

ROWLANDSON EXITS.

PAUL: That looks all right.

JACK: Cook's perks, Mr Whiteley. We all need that extra bit of incentive – 9-5 Monday to Fridays, every third Saturday morning, 27 years fitting the gentlemen, you'd go crazy with the tedium if you didn't have a bit of extra-mural incentive. Eh? You'll find out. Don't forget your gentleman, Mr Whiteley.

JACK RETURNS TO MR DEAKEN IN FITTING ROOM 4.

PAUL RETURNS TO MR WILLIAMS IN FITTING ROOM 2.

JACK: (TO MR DEAKEN): Here we are. Sorry to have kept you, Mr Deaken, sir.

PAUL (ENTERING NORRIS' FITTING ROOM 2): How you doing in here?
(REFERRING TO THE SECOND PAIR OF TROUSERS): Oh. Yes. They're ok.

HARRY COMES OUT OF MR NORRIS' FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: I'll get you the outfit, Mr Norris, sir.

NORRIS: Mr Metcalf took my measurements already. I told you. I told you. You're so damned slow.

HARRY: Unfortunately, busy as we are this afternoon, Mr Metcalf would appear to have been unable to pass the results on to me, sir.

NORRIS: Jesus Christ. The next time I need an outfit, I'm going to Moss Bros.

HARRY: If you'll be kind enough to wait a minute or two.

HARRY EXITS TO GO TO THE STORE ROOM.

PAUL: (TO MR WILLIAMS): You got the braces? Yes.

JACK: (TO MR DEAKEN): May I help you off with your jacket?

PAUL: (TO MR WILLIAMS): You get back into your civvies. I forgot the cravat.

WILLIAMS: Don't be long, there's a dear boy.

PAUL: Right-oh.

PAUL EXITS RIGHT TO GO TO THE STORE ROOM.

JACK: (HELPING DEAKEN OFF WITH HIS JACKET AND HANGING IT UP):
Evening tails – the 'white tie'? Very nice. Big do, eh? We've seen a lot of changes here, sir – here and the country and all.

DEAKEN: I like the music.

JACK: The music. Yes. Very nice. Cheers the place up. Got to keep up with modern trends. The woman out there – not altogether appropriate, we think - the staff – the long-standing staff – woman in gentlemen's formal wear hire.

DEAKEN: No. Well.

JACK: Chest, if you please, sir. Thank you. Then there's the security cameras, Mr Deaken.

JACK MEASURES DEAKEN'S CHEST.

DEAKEN: What?

JACK: Chest: 40. They've put in security cameras – everywhere – putting them on sometime this afternoon so the woman tells us – you and I could be on the tele, sir. On the monitor. We don't like it, sir. To be absolutely frank. We don't think our regulars, our gentlemen coming here will like it. Waist, sir. Thank you. The cameras and the woman – and they're doing things with the cash registers – don't ask me - I was wondering, we're hoping to sort of petition our gentlemen coming here – waist 38 - set up a petition – protesting – to the management.. I don't know what you think, Mr Deaken.

DEAKEN: Well, if you think it'd do any good.

JACK: Get together the names, the contact details of our gentlemen – a round robin – see if we can raise support, to be frank.

DEAKEN: Yes. Well.

JACK: Inside leg. 32. Thanks. I don't know if you'd like to leave your address, telephone number – not wishing to pry – to appear impertinent or that, sir.

DEAKEN: Well, I suppose. Yes.

JACK: Thank you very much, sir. I'll pop off and select you a nice full evening dress outfit. Best get you something special. Eh? I've got just what you need. Keep it aside for my much-preferred highly-valued gentlemen. Reserve stock. Back in a mo. Thank you, sir. That's it. We'll come through this together.

JACK EXITS TO THE STORE ROOM.

PAUL ENTERS WITH THE CRAVAT FOR MR WILLIAMS.

HE ENTERS THE FITTING ROOM 2.

PAUL: (MR WILLIAMS NOW BACK IN HIS CIVVIES.): That's you done. Eh?

WILLIAMS: Lovely, laddie.

PAUL: Very nice. We'll settle the bill. Eh?

14. STORE ROOM.

PRESENT: HARRY AND TEDDY.

HARRY IS SELECTING AN OUTFIT FOR MR NORRIS.

FRESHWATER: (VO ON THE TANNOY): A member of staff to reception please, thank you.

JACK ENTERS.

AS JACK ENTERS:

TEDDY THROWS A MUG AT THE TANNOY.

TEDDY: (AS HE THROWS THE MUG): Fuck off.

JACK: Hey! Who's that mug you throwing about? That's my mug. I've had that mug for the past 15 years – Fred Robinson, him in his slippers, on my birthday gave me that mug.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): A member of staff to reception, please, thank you.

JACK TAKES TEDDY'S MUG AND THROWS IT AT THE TANNOY. IT HITS THE TARGET, AND THE MUG SHATTERS.

HARRY TAKES HIS OWN MUG AND HURLS IT AT THE TANNOY. HIS THROW IS WIDELY OFF TARGET. THE MUG SAILS OVER AND LANDS BEYOND COAT RAILS.

THERE IS A SURPRISED CRY.

JACK: Hello. What's that?

JACK AND HARRY HURRY OVER TO WHERE THE SOUND HAS COME FROM, WHERE THEY DISCOVER HALF-NAKED MR BINSTEAD, VERY DRUNK, (BOTTLE IN HAND), LYING PROSTRATE ON A TROUSER DRAWER.

MR BINSTEAD SINGS: 'Scargill has only got one ball....'

JACK: Dear God. It's Mr Binstead. Bollock-naked. Fucking hell. You all right, sir? Mr Binstead. Mr Binstead.

BINSTEAD: (SINGING): MacGaffey has none at all, Wilson has got a tiny prick, Jack Jones

JACK: Best leave him to it. Keep him warm – and decent. Eh?

HARRY AND JACK DRAPE MORNING COATS OVER HIM.

BINSTEAD CONTINUES TO SING.

AS JACK AND HARRY PLACE COATS OVER MR BINSTEAD THEY CALL
OUT THE SIZES.

JACK: 38 regular.

HARRY: 40 long.

JACK: 38 short.

HARRY: 40 regular.

JACK: All right, Mr Binstead?

HARRY: 40 long.

BINSTEAD CONTINUES TO SING.

JACK: My Mr Deaken.

JACK AND HARRY BEGIN TO SELECT OUTFITS FOR THEIR GENTLEMEN.

HARRY: (REFERRING TO BINSTEAD'S SONG AND THE SONG ON THE
SPEAKERS): Mr Binstead, what he's singing, it doesn't go (too) nicely with the
Andy Williams, does it?

JACK: Right.

JACK EXITS WITH 'WHITE TIE' (FORMAL EVENING TAILS) OUTFIT FOR
MR DEAKEN.

SOON HARRY WILL EXIT WITH AN OUTFIT FOR MR NORRIS.

HARRY: Busy, busy as a bee. Hard at it. Rushing here, rushing everywhere.

BINSTEAD CONTINUES SINGING: 'Scargill has only got one ball..'

15. THE FITTING AREA.

PAUL: (WITH UNWANTED GARMENTS AND TO MR WILLIAMS, HAVING BEEN PAID FOR THE HIRE OF THE OUTFIT): That's it. Very nice, sir. Can I get you a taxi, Mr Williams?

WILLIAMS: No. Thank you. Here. (TIPPING PAUL A QUID): Here. Start you off at the beginning of your career.

PAUL: Oh, thank you, sir. Very nice.

WILLIAMS: My card. If you fancy a spot of lunch sometime, give me a call. Fancy a bit of lunch?

PAUL: Oh. Yes. Thank you. Very nice.

WILLIAMS EXITS TO LEAVE THE PREMISES.

PAUL INSPECTS THE QUID AND THE CARD.

PAUL: Quid, eh?

JACK ENTERS WITH TWO 'GREYS' OUTFITS FOR MR DEAKEN.

PAUL: (TO JACK): Quid. His card.

JACK: Keep the place tidy, Mr Whiteley. That's how we like it.

PAUL: Right-oh – Mr Metcalf. A quid. Can't be bad. Eh?

PAUL, GREATLY CHUFFED, EXITS TO GO TO THE STORE ROOM WITH THE UNWANTED GARMENTS.

JACK: (ENTERING MR DEAKEN'S FITTING ROOM 4): Here we are, sir. Sorry for the delay. I think you'll like this, Mr Deaken, sir.

BINSTEAD CAN BE HEARD IN THE STORE ROOM SINGING 'SCARGILL HAS ONLY GOT ONE BALL..'

JACK: Our Mr Binstead, sir. Came in after his lunch at Rules, enjoying a digestif.

DEAKEN: Oh, yes.

JACK: The coat on. Up we go. Very nice at the back. Snug. The song. You recognize the song? The gents coming in during the power cuts 3

years ago, eh? The unions. Out went the lights, eh? Mr Fred Robinson in reception brings out the candles. Everyone enjoying a sing-song. Not too tight, sir?

DEAKEN: Feels all right.

JACK: Turn about, sir. Thank you. They said at the time, eh? – in the City – 'get over to Webbers formal wear hire, have a sing. Sammy Webber, he loved it – good for business, he said to me – for the company image. We'll not see the like again.

(REFERRING TO THE COAT): Yes. Yes. Could have been made for you. Bespoke.

DEAKEN: Looks good.

JACK: (REFERRING TO THE SECOND COAT HE HAS BROUGHT IN): Try this one, sir.

16.

STORE ROOM.

PAUL IS PUTTING AWAY GARMENTS – MR BINSTED CONTINUING TO SING.

PAUL: All right, Mr Binstead?

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Mr Whiteley.

PAUL STARTLED, LOOKS TOWARDS A TANNOY SPEAKER.

PAUL: Yes.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): We're focusing the security cameras. Would you please move a little to your left.

PAUL: Left?

PAUL MOVES A LITTLE TO HIS LEFT.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Bit further – three paces more.

PAUL MOVES AS REQUESTED.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): Back a bit.

PAUL MOVES AS REQUESTED.

FRESHWATER: (V.O. ON THE TANNOY): The other security camera now. Mr Whiteley, move ten paces to your right. More. Two more. Good, that's about right. We've covered the whole area now. Thank you.

PAUL STARES AT THE TANNOY SPEAKER.

17.

THE FITTING AREA.

HARRY ENTERS WITH AN OUTFIT FOR MR NORRIS IN FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: Sorry to have kept you, sir. I think you'll like this one. Yes. Coat, sir. Up. Arm in sleeve. That's it. (REFERRING TO MR BINSTED SINGING): Mr Binstead, sir. Pissed as a newt. Yes. Now then. Look nice. Nice. Very nice. Let's have a (HE TURNS MR NORRIS ABOUT TO VIEW THE BACK OF THE COAT): Yes. Fits nicely.

NORRIS: I read in The Times – you read it?

HARRY: The Times, sir?

NORRIS: This lot who own the place now. They're selling up. To Tesco's. Turning it into a supermarket. It was in The Times.

HARRY: No. Well. Well, Well. Coat very nice, Mr Norris, sir. You're suited to the 'Greys' morning coat outfit.

NORRIS: Right.

JACK: (TO MR DEAKEN): Yes. This one – very nice. Right. If you'd care to try on the trousers, Mr Deaken, sir. I'll put a girdle around the earth in 40 minutes.

JACK COMES OUT OF FITTING ROOM 4. HE IS A SOLITARY FIGURE.

HARRY: (TO MR NORRIS): Very nice. Well. If you'd care to try the trousers on, Mr Norris, sir. I'll be back in the twinkling of an eye, sir.

NORRIS: Right.

HARRY COMES OUT OF FITTING ROOM 1.

HARRY: Mr Metcalf. Jack. You all right, Jack?

JACK: (REFERRING TO THE SONG PLAYING ON THE SPEAKERS): Like this one.

HARRY: It's Andy Williams. (THINKING UNCERTAINLY OF TELLING JACK ABOUT WHAT HE HAS HEARD FROM NORRIS): Jack.

BINSTEAD IS SINGING 'SCARGILL HAS ONLY GOT ONE BALL..' AGAIN.

JACK AND THEN HARRY JOIN IN SINGING 'SCARGILL HAS ONLY GOT ONE BALL....'

THE SONG ON THE TANNOY HAS CHANGED IT IS NOW 'WHEN YOU'RE SMILING, WHEN YOU SMILING, THEN THE WHOLE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU....'

THE VOLUME OF THIS SONG SWELLS.

JACK AND HARRY JOIN IN – SO DO THE GENTLEMEN – AND SO DOES THE CITY OF LONDON.

SUDDENLY AND BRIEFLY WE ARE WITNESSING A MUSICAL.

THE END