

# Menu for Change

## Dramatis personae

Gino	<i>an Italian, owner of a cafe</i>
Becky	<i>a waitress at the cafe</i>
Hannah	<i>a biochemist</i>
Trish	<i>Gino's wife</i>
Lennie	<i>a local ne'er-do-well</i>
Mark	<i>an electrical engineer</i>

*The ages of the characters are flexible depending on the availability of actors, but Hannah and Mark are the same age.*

## Synopsis of Scenes

*The action takes place on three consecutive Friday afternoons in a shabby cafe.*

### Act I

*Scene 1      Friday afternoon.*

*Scene 2      A week later.*

### Act II

*Scene 1      Another week later.*

*Scene 2      An hour later.*

## Menu for Change      Act I Scene 1

*The interior of a shabby cafe. Friday afternoon. Up stage left is a counter. Off up stage left is a kitchen. Off stage right is the exterior door to the street. Down stage left is a door to the toilet. There are 3 small tables with chairs.*

*Becky, the waitress is cleaning tables. Gino, the "chef" shouts from the kitchen.*

**Gino**            Hey, Becky. You ordered those-a sausage for-a tomorrow?  
**Becky**          Not yet. I'll do it later.  
**Gino**            You know how-a my customers they like-a big the sausage.  
**Becky**          Only too well.  
**Gino**            *Entering* . Hey. What-a is-a wrong? You not happy today? Come to Gino. You know he will make-a better.  
**Becky**          You said we'd be in our own Italian restaurant in a year. And here we are, still, three years later.  
**Gino**            I know. I know, Becky. You know how much they want for the lease?  
**Becky**          You said.  
**Gino**            Well, then. I give you the big cuddle. And you will feel better. Safe in the arms of Gino.

*He puts his arms around her from behind.*

**Becky**          Mmmmm.  
**Gino**            You know how much I love you. Mia gattina.  
**Becky**          Mmmmm.  
**Gino**            One day we will have best ristorante in the city. A small band will play musica romantica. All the lovers will come. A red rose on every table. Soft lighting. Candles.  
**Becky**          And you will be knocking up pasta in the kitchen and I will be rushed off my feet with all the orders.  
**Gino**            But-a they will be Italian orders.  
**Becky**          That's true.  
**Gino**            I tell-a you what. We close-a early tonight and I take-a you out-a dancing?  
**Becky**          That would be nice.  
**Gino**            And we can spend all the evening close like this.  
**Becky**          I haven't got anything to wear.  
**Gino**            I like-a the sound of that.

**Becky**        You know what I mean.  
**Gino**            And you know what-a I mean.

*Gino returns to the kitchen.*

*Enter from street, a customer, Hannah. She sits at a table.*

**Becky**        Hi. What can I get you?

**Hannah**    I'll have a chamomile tea, please.

**Becky**        *To Gino off.* Gino. Do we have any chamomile tea?

**Gino**           *Returning.* You want chamomile tea? What-a you think-a this is?  
A bloody herbalist? Filthy stuff. You lucky we do English tea. If I had-a my  
way we do just Italian coffee.

**Hannah**    Tea doesn't grow in England. Nor coffee in Italy. Tea is either from  
China, India or Africa.

**Gino**           You think-a yourself bloody clever? Why it say English Breakfast  
Tea on the packet, then? Look. If you want-a put weeds in pot with boiling  
water you can go home and do that.

**Hannah**    I'm sorry. I'll have some English Breakfast Tea.

**Gino**           We do good coffee considering we don't have-a the right machine.

**Hannah**    I'll have tea.

**Gino**           Gaggia.

**Hannah**    Pardon.

**Becky**        It's a coffee machine.

**Gino**           The best. If only I could afford a Gaggia. Ma papa. He had-a one in  
Roma. When I was a boy I had-a to polish it until I could see mia faccia. Ah.  
Those-a were the days. Did you know, it was Italian bartender Achille Gaggia's  
passion to produce the most delicious coffee in Milano. It's-a rich  
aroma. A seductive froth. There is no pleasure greater in life.

*Gino returns to the kitchen.*

**Becky**        You'll have to forgive him. It's that Italian passion.

**Hannah**    I'd never have known it.

**Gino**           *From kitchen singing*    "Arrivederci Roma"

**Becky**        Anything with your tea?

**Hannah**    No, thanks. I'm on a diet.

**Becky**        Aren't we all?

**Gino**           *Coming to the kitchen door.* You want-a something to eat?

**Becky**        She's on a diet.

**Gino** You want-a fatten yourself up, like-a ma mamma. She is-a real woman. Not like-a these stick insects you see in the fashion magazines. She has plenty bosom-as. You want-a nice pastie?

**Becky** He means a pastry. We don't sell pasties,

**Gino** I make-a them myself. Full of cream. You like-a the cream horn? Very big. Very filling. You like? I put special cherry on the top.

**Hannah** No, thank you.

**Gino** Please-a yourself, then. Stay-a skinny.

**Becky** I'll order those sausages now, Gino.

*Gino and Becky return to the kitchen. Hannah gets out a book and starts to read it. Gino returns and puts the pot of tea, cup and saucer and milk on Hannah's table.*

**Gino** English Breakfast Tea. Freshly picked from the lower slopes of Ilkley Moor.

*Enter Trish from the street carrying a bag.*

**Trish** Here I am.

**Gino** I didn't expect you back so soon.

**Trish** No. Well, mother wasn't as sick as she made out on the phone.

**Gino** I thought you wouldn't be back until Monday.

**Trish** Ain't ya pleased to see me?

**Gino** Of course.

**Trish** Bloody train was late. Somebody took a dive in front of it. Held us up for 2 hours just outside Doncaster.

**Gino** How terrible.

**Trish** I should say so. The bar ran out of gin. I had to do with vodka and tonic.

**Gino** No. I mean how terrible to want to commit suicide like that.

**Trish** Bloody inconsiderate if you ask me. Making the train late. Why couldn't they just have taken a load of pills? That's nice and easy on everyone. No mess to clear up. Just plonk 'em in a coffin and, Bob's your uncle, into the furnace.

**Gino** That's not what we do in Italy. Italian funerals are times of gravity and dignity.

**Trish** I'm sure they are, so when your time comes I shall just pop you in a box and send you back to Italy.

**Gino** That's-a very good of you.

**Trish** Don't mention it. You know me. All heart.  
**Gino** Hmmm. If you say so.  
**Trish** So...what's new?  
**Gino** Nothing is new.  
**Trish** Same old, same old, eh?  
**Gino** Si.  
**Trish** Well, I mustn't hang about. Places to go, stuff to buy.  
**Gino** As you say.  
**Trish** Give us a hundred out the till, will you?  
**Gino** You think I've taken a hundred today? You must be joking.  
**Trish** Come on. I'll make it worth your while tonight.  
**Gino** I'm not sure what time I will be home tonight.  
**Trish** Come on.  
**Gino** I can't take it from the till. *He looks in his wallet.* Here. There's forty. That's all I can manage. *He gives her £40.*  
**Trish** You old skinflint. I'll probably be asleep when you come home. Don't bother to wake me up. *(She exits to street)*  
**Gino** *Aside.* Don't worry. There's no chance of that.

*Enter Becky from kitchen*

**Becky** She been asking for money again?  
**Gino** Si.  
**Becky** But you gave her a hundred last week.  
**Gino** I know.  
**Becky** Don't know why she can't get herself a job.  
**Gino** I think the dancing might be difficult tonight.  
**Becky** Oh, Gino.  
**Gino** Perhaps I can stay late at the flat, though.  
**Becky** That would be nice.  
**Gino** Si.  
**Becky** I wish you could make it more often.  
**Gino** Me too.  
**Becky** I don't know why you put up with her when you don't love her.  
**Gino** I did... once.  
**Becky** So why do you stay with her when we could be together all the time?

*Gino kisses her cheek and exits to the kitchen. Enter Lennie from the street. He shambles up to counter.*

**Lennie** Cup of tea, please, darlin'.  
**Becky** Hi Lennie. *She gets the tea.* You got the dog with you?  
**Lennie** He's outside. Tied up. I know you don't like him in here. And a bath bun.  
**Becky** That's two pound.  
**Lennie** *Searches his pockets.* Only got one fifty.  
**Becky** You know Gino won't give you tick.

*Lennie takes the tea and wanders across close to Hannah's table. He stops and looks at her, and takes a large slurp of tea.*

**Lennie** Watcha reading?  
**Hannah** It's a thriller.  
**Lennie** Is it dirty?  
**Hannah** No. *Looking at the cover.* I only bought it today.  
**Lennie** Did you get it at the charity shop?  
**Hannah** No. Waterstones.  
**Lennie** Only if you go round the back of that charity shop down the road they chuck out all the dirty books.  
**Hannah** I suppose they are difficult to sell if they are soiled.  
**Lennie** I've found some crackers round there in the bins.

*Hannah gets a text on her mobile phone. She reads it.*

**Lennie** Bad news?  
**Hannah** Oh, nothing.  
**Lennie** Can't be nothing.  
**Hannah** My husband. He's not able to get back tonight from his sales conference.  
**Lennie** Conference, is it?  
**Hannah** Yes.  
**Lennie** He'll be away tonight then?  
**Hannah** Yes.  
**Lennie** You'll miss him then.  
**Hannah** He's often away.  
**Lennie** They've got Bath buns here. I like a nice Bath bun. Nice bit of sugar on it. I like sugar. Gives me energy. I need energy. To keep me going. Or else I'll fall over and die.

**Hannah** Oh for goodness sake. Here (*taking money from her bag, gives him £1*) Go and buy yourself one, and please sit on another table.

*Lennie goes to counter*

**Lennie** I'll have that Bath Bun, Becky. What's up with her then? Getting her knickers in a twist. You seen her in here before?

**Becky** No. Never. Perhaps she's waiting for someone.

**Lennie** Perhaps she's got a bit on the side. I wouldn't mind a bit on the side. Actually I'm not fussy. On the side. From behind. Whatever. You ever read Masters and Johnson, Becky?

**Becky** Can't say as I have.

**Lennie** I found a well thumbled copy behind the Oxfam shop. It's all documented. Very scientific. Groundbreaking in its time.

*He takes his bun and tea and sits down at a small table.*

*Enter Mark, from the street, and approaches the counter.*

**Mark** Are you still doing all day breakfasts?

**Becky** That's what it says on the window. All day means all day.

**Mark** Well, it is getting on a bit.

**Becky** There's those who can eat a sausage at any time.

**Mark.** I'll have the Big Breakfast then.

**Becky** Gino! One Big Breakfast. (*To Mark*) Sausage, streaky bacon, two fried eggs, grilled tomato, mushroom, baked beans and crispy herb potatoes. You can manage all that?

**Mark** I haven't eaten all day.

**Becky** Bread and butter?

**Mark** Please. And a cup of tea.

**Gino** *Sticking his head out of the kitchen* You wanna two sausage?

**Mark** Why not. I'll live dangerously.

**Becky** I'll bring it over.

*Mark pays her and sits at another table. He gets a newspaper out of his bag and starts to read it. Becky comes over with knife and fork and cup of tea.*

**Becky** Just passing through?

**Mark** I'm working on the new solar panels they're putting on that big warehouse roof in the industrial park. I expect I'll be up here quite a bit over the next few weeks, on and off.

**Becky** We don't get much sun here.  
**Mark** We can still generate electricity without direct sunlight.  
**Becky** I love the sun. I've been promised a trip to Italy next year.  
**Mark** You must go to Florence. It's beautiful.  
**Becky** I think it will be Rome.

*There is a lot of swearing from the kitchen.*

**Gino** Merda! Dio dannato ! Brutto figlio di puttana bastardo!  
*(Shit. God damn it. Ugly son of a bitch bastard)..... Entering from kitchen.*  
That-a bloody cooker has-a stopped-a working again. It's-a that bloody interlock system. The fan is on. I push-a the red button. I twist the red button. There still is no gas. Nothing is working. Bloody Health and bloody Safety. They make us-a have this. Just because-a it gives off a little carbon monoxide. It never-a did ma papa any harm. Bloody solenoid has burnt out again. How we gonna make any money like-a this? *He puts his head in his hands.*  
I cannot do your Big Breakfast, my friend. All day breakfast is off. *He recovers his calm.* I can do you a Tomato, Mozzarella & Pesto Panini. Is very good.  
**Mark** A bit exotic for me. I'll make do with a cheese and pickle sandwich. Sliced white'll do.  
**Gino** You-a bloody philistine.

*He goes back to the kitchen, and Becky behind the counter. Mark starts to read his paper, as Lennie takes his cup to the counter. Mark gets a text. He looks at it as Lennie comes over.*

**Lennie** That's a nice phone.  
**Mark** It does the job.  
**Lennie** Bad news?  
**Mark** My wife.  
**Lennie** Bit of all right, is she? Bit of a looker?  
**Mark** She was, but looks aren't everything.  
**Lennie** Oh, I dunno.  
**Mark** We don't really get on these days.  
**Lennie** Trouble in the bedroom, is it?  
**Mark** No. That was fine. Just trouble in all the other rooms.  
**Lennie** I see.  
**Mark** And in the garden.  
**Lennie** Oh.



**Mark** And in the car. In fact, I preferred the sat nav to her voice in the end. The decree absolute comes through next week.

*Becky brings the sandwich.*

**Becky** There you are. Plain and simple. That will stick to your ribs.

*She returns to the counter.*

**Lennie** That looks nice. I like a nice cheese sandwich. Is that pickle in it? I like pickle. I'm very partial to pickle.

**Mark** Are you hungry?

**Lennie** Well. I haven't had any lunch.

**Mark** *Giving him £2* Get yourself a sandwich.

*Lennie goes to counter.*

**Lennie** Nice man, Becky. Cheese and pickle sandwich please. And plenty of pickle.

*Lennie gets his sandwich and sits back at the small table. Mark eats his sandwich and drinks his tea, looking at his paper. He looks up and across to Hannah's table. A long look. He goes over to her table.*

**Mark** I've met you somewhere before.

*Hannah looks up from her book.*

**Mark** Your hair was longer then, but those eyes haven't changed.... or that mouth.

*Hannah looks at him with a half smile.*

**Mark** Hannah Edwards.

**Hannah** Mark Davis. Hello.

**Mark** We were at Manchester together.

**Hannah** You were studying Electrical Engineering.

**Mark** And you, Biology, wasn't it?

**Hannah** Bio sciences.

**Mark** What are you doing here?

**Hannah** I was doing a bit of shopping and then picking up my husband from the station. I thought I'd have a cup of tea while I waited. So I just popped in here. There's nowhere to get a drink at the station.

**Mark** No. You can't even get on the platform without a ticket.

**Hannah** My Granny said that the waiting rooms used to have coal fires?

**Mark** Ooo, nasty stuff, coal. *A pause as he looks at her.* You know, you haven't changed. Still as lovely as ever.

**Hannah** Don't be silly.

**Mark** No, really. I always thought you were good looking.

**Hannah** You weren't so bad looking yourself. You had more than your fair share of admirers. You had to fight them off.

**Mark** I wouldn't say that.

**Hannah** I would.

**Mark** I didn't have to fight you off.

**Hannah** No.

*A pause*

**Mark** Look. How long to your train? Do you fancy another cup of tea?

**Hannah** I've got all evening. My husband's just texted me. He's got to stay over at his conference.

**Mark** *Calls over his shoulder.* Can we have another tea, please?

**Becky** I'll bring it over.

**Hannah** *Rising.* I must just go to the loo. *Exit to loo.*

*Mark smiles and sits down. Lennie comes over to him, standing.*

**Lennie** You'll be all right there, mate.

**Mark** What?

**Lennie** I said you'll be all right there.

**Mark** I thought that. Once.

**Lennie** She likes you. I can tell.

**Mark** Oh yes?

**Lennie** The way she looks at you. There's a sort of longing, and a sense of regret.

**Mark** You can tell that can you?

**Lennie** Oh yes. I have special powers.

*Becky brings over the teas.*

**Becky** The only special power you have, Lennie, is being able to get people to buy you a bun and a sandwich.

**Lennie** You ever been really hungry, Becky?

**Becky** Bit difficult when you're surrounded by sausage, egg and beans all day!

**Lennie** Well I have. When there's food on offer, never refuse it. You don't always know when you're gonna eat again.

**Mark** My granddad used to say that. He lived through the depression in the thirties. Twenty-five percent unemployment. Nobody locked their doors because nobody had anything worth stealing.

**Lennie** For some of us things ain't changed that much.

**Becky** You aren't that badly off, Lennie. At least you've got a job.

**Lennie** Oh yes. A bookie's runner. I am rolling in it.

**Mark** I thought that bookie's runners were a thing of the past.

**Lennie** Well. I does little jobs for Stan the man.

**Mark** Stan the man?

**Lennie** Down the road. Honest Stan, the bookmaker. He's about the only private operator in the town now. I does his little jobs. When he needs someone fingering.

**Becky** Oh, come off it, Lennie. You just help out in the shop. You're being a bit melodramatic.

**Lennie** And what do you know about it, Becky, my love? Here you are, servicing sausage all day long. What do you know about it? Eh?

**Mark** Serving sausage, surely.

**Lennie** How do you know what she gets up to when they're closed? I'm off. Fang needs his walkies.

*Lennie leaves the cafe.*

**Mark** Fang?

**Becky** It's got big teeth. Some kind of Doberman-cross.

**Mark** Oh. Yes. That dog tied up outside. It looks a bit mean.

**Becky** I won't go near it.

*She collects Lennie's plate and goes back to the counter and into the kitchen. Hannah returns from the toilet and sits down. She smiles.*

**Hannah** It's very clean. I like a clean toilet.

**Mark** I remeber.

**Hannah** That one in the house you and your mates lived in was pretty foul.

**Mark** The whole place was pretty foul. But it was cheap.

**Hannah** I could never understand why no-one washed up after they'd had a meal.

**Mark** You had to wash up before you had a meal. Otherwise there were no clean pots, plates and stuff. Who wants to wash up twice?

**Hannah** I suppose it only takes one inconsiderate person.

**Mark** We were all inconsiderate.

**Hannah** You weren't too bad. At least you cleaned your room.

**Mark** And changed the sheets.

**Hannah** I never saw your sheets.

**Mark** No. You didn't.

**Hannah** At least you had a bed. Not like that Jesus fellow who had a mattress on the floor.

**Mark** You remember him? He did look like Jesus though. Beard. Long curly hair. And Jesus boots.

**Hannah** I wonder what happened to him.

**Mark** I tried to find out. I heard he became a primary school teacher. And then he seemed to disappear off the face of the earth.

**Hannah** Like the real Jesus.

**Mark** Absolutely.

**Hannah** Happy days.

**Mark** Yeah....we even did a bit of studying from time to time.

**Hannah** Rather a lot in my case.

**Mark** And you got your First.

**Hannah** For what it's worth.

**Mark** I scraped a Desmond. I had to have a viva.

**Hannah** I didn't know that.

**Mark** Asked me questions I knew nothing about.

**Hannah** How on earth did you manage to get the two-two then?

**Mark** I told them that the lecturer was crap. And that I didn't get on with the spidery hand written notes he used to give out.

**Hannah** What did they say when you said that?

**Mark** Nothing. They asked me a question I could answer.

**Hannah** What are you doing now?

**Mark** I'm managing the installation of some solar panels on a factory roof in town. I have to come up every week to see how they're getting on. I am called "the consultant engineer."

**Hannah** That sounds very important.

**Mark** Without me they'd mess the whole thing up. Last time I was up here they had to strip out all the wiring. They'd used the wrong cable.

**Hannah** Sounds very complicated.

**Mark** Not really. (*a pause*) And you? Did you marry Simon? I thought you two would be joined at the hip.

**Hannah** We split up three months after graduating.

**Mark** Why?

**Hannah** He didn't think that I'd been faithful to him. He kept on about that time when you and I spent a lot of time together.

**Mark** But nothing really happened, did it?

**Hannah** Didn't it?

**Mark** Just cuddling. That's all. We were good friends. We liked each other.

**Hannah** Simon thought we liked each other rather too much.

**Mark** But we never.....

**Hannah** No.

**Mark** I mean...I wanted to. But...we didn't.

**Hannah** You wanted to with quite a few girls, Mark. And you did.

**Mark** I was a naughty boy.

**Hannah** You were indeed a naughty boy. I told him that we hadn't. But I guess he didn't believe me. He was a one girl guy. I was meant to be the one. In the end he didn't believe me that nothing much had really happened. But we really liked being together, didn't we.

**Mark** It was easy. Warm.

**Hannah** Did nothing really happen between us, Mark?

(*A pause*)

**Mark** Are you working?

**Hannah** I was, until recently. Charles thought that it would be nice for me to stay at home and look after the house and garden.

**Mark** Charles.

**Hannah** My husband. We met at work and married soon after. I got a job in a drug company doing research. He was in middle management at the time. He's quite important now, or at least he thinks so. He's off at conferences left right and centre.

**Mark** But why did you give up working?

**Hannah** I was made redundant. Or that's what I was told. I think that Charles engineered it. But he denies it.

**Mark** Children?

**Hannah** No.

**Mark** Me neither.

**Hannah** Married?

**Mark** Not after next week. *(he looks at his watch and gets up)* Blimey. I've got to go. My train's in five minutes. See you again? Next Friday? Same time?

**Hannah** Why not? *(She gets up)*. I'll pay for the teas.

*Mark goes to the door and turns. There is a look between them and he turns and leaves. Hannah walks over to the counter and puts down the money for the teas. She looks at the table where they have just sat, pensive, and walks to the door and leaves.*

*Becky enters from the kitchen, goes over to the table and clears the tea cups to the kitchen. Gino enters and goes to the cafe door. He looks out and turns the sign to "Closed." and sits at a table. Becky enters again from the kitchen.*

**Gino** No point in staying open when we can't cook.

**Becky** No.

**Gino** I've phoned for the gas man.

**Becky** Let's hope he cometh.

**Gino** It won't be until Monday.

**Becky** So what will you do about tomorrow?

**Gino** You want-a open? No hot sausage.

**Becky** We could have a weekend off.

**Gino** And-a what would we do?

**Becky** *She puts her arms round his neck.* We could go somewhere ...that...needed "nothing to wear".

**Gino** You-a very persuasive girl.

**Becky** I seem to remember that you can be a very persuasive boy. *She kisses him.* What about Trish?

**Gino** I will think of something.

**Becky** You keep saying that.

**Gino** Is difficult. She has no idea about us.

**Becky** You must tell her.

**Gino** We had some good times.

**Becky** But that was years ago.

**Gino** No-one in my family has-a had a broken marriage. Ma mamma would-a be so ashamed.

**Becky** Would your mamma want you to stay with someone you don't love?

**Gino** Divorce is a complicated matter in Italy.

**Becky** Pity you hadn't married her in the UK.

**Gino** Beware of the holiday romance.

**Becky** I don't want to have to lie about us anymore.  
**Gino** No.  
**Becky** I must tidy up in the kitchen.

*She goes into the kitchen. Throughout the following there is occasional clattering of pans, plates and cutlery. Gino sits at one of the tables and reads the paper that Mark has left behind.*  
*Lennie enters from the street.*

**Gino** We are closed, Lennie.  
**Lennie** Door's not locked.  
**Gino** The gas is broken. So no cooking.  
**Lennie** I know. What a shame.  
**Gino** Is very bad for the business.  
**Lennie** Oh dear. That is bad news.  
**Gino** Yes. Very bad news. We closed tomorrow as well.  
**Lennie** Could be longer than that, Gino.  
**Gino** No. I have been promised. Monday we will be open. And hot sausage by lunch time.  
**Lennie** You and your bleeding sausages.  
**Gino** No blood, Lennie. We serve the finest pork. No black pudding. I have no taste for blood.  
**Lennie** But I might.  
**Gino** *Gets up from the chair.* What-a you want, Lennie?  
**Lennie** Don't you know?  
**Gino** I know you not so friendly now.  
**Lennie** Stan sent me.  
**Gino** Stan sent you. What for?  
**Lennie** You know what for.  
**Gino** That is between me and Stan.  
**Lennie** Not now, it ain't. He's asked me to pay you a visit.  
**Gino** And what would that-a be about?  
**Lennie** You bloody know what it's about!  
**Gino** I've-a told-a Stan I will pay him by the end of the month.  
**Lennie** Oh yes. The end of the month. That's what you told him last month.  
**Gino** I will have it by next week.  
**Lennie** He ain't gonna wait much longer, Gino.  
**Gino** Next week.  
**Lennie** When next week?  
**Gino** Friday. Come next Friday. After we close.  
**Lennie** Do you like dogs, Gino? Only Fang.... he likes you. He likes a taste of sausage. Do you get my drift, Gino?

**Gino** I will have by Friday.  
**Lennie** You better had, Gino.

*Lennie turns and leaves the cafe. Gino goes to the door and locks it. He returns looking a bit shocked. Becky enters slowly from the kitchen.*

**Becky** What was all that about?  
**Gino** Nothing.  
**Becky** I heard what he said.  
**Gino** It's nothing. I sort it out.  
**Becky** You owe some money.  
**Gino** Just a little.  
**Becky** He wouldn't make that fuss about a little.  
**Gino** No. *He sits down.*  
**Becky** Gino. *No response. She sits down with him.* Gino. *No response.*  
You know we always share our troubles. What is going on?  
**Gino** You don't-a want-a know, Becky.  
**Becky** I do. Perhaps I can help.  
**Gino** Why? You got-a a lot of savings, then?  
**Becky** I've got a bit put by.  
**Gino** How much?  
**Becky** A few hundred.  
**Gino** Is not enough, Becky.  
**Becky** You owe Stan more than that?  
**Gino** A lot more, Becky. A lot more.  
**Becky** Why? Why do you owe him so much?  
**Gino** I not like to say.  
**Becky** We should have no secrets.  
**Gino** Well. You know I had a bit saved from the cafe profits.  
**Becky** You had a bit saved? You mean you don't anymore?  
**Gino** No. Is all gone.  
**Becky** How?  
**Gino** *Reluctant to admit it.* I bet it away. Is all gone.  
**Becky** All gone?  
**Gino** And more.  
**Becky** More?



**Gino** I owe Stan the Man. He does his regulars a favour sometimes. He let me run up a debt. I was sure I could win it back. He gave me some tips, but they came to nothing.

**Becky** How much?

**Gino** Too much.

**Becky** And the money towards the lease?

**Gino** All gone. I thought if I had a few wins I could make it up to what we needed for the lease. The profits from here, they just aren't enough, Becky.

**Becky** And what about our plans for our restaurant in the city?

**Gino** We be lucky to keep this place.

**Becky** Lucky to keep this place! Oh no, Gino. I'll be out of a job and somewhere to live.

**Gino** Is true. The flat will go too.

**Becky** Can you get the money by Friday?

**Gino** Is very unlikely.

**Becky** And then what?

**Gino** Fang will get to taste my sausage.

**BLACKOUT**

Want to read more?

Contact me through the website for a full script.

***Chris Chelu***