

# **CHARITY BEGINS**

**BY**

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**Series One, Episode Two, "Cat in a Black Bin Liner"**

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**SCENE ONE**

**ATMOS: INT. THE BACK ROOM. MORNING.**

**F/X: RUSTLING BAGS, CLICK OF TAGGER.**

BEV I said to 'im, I said, 'Seamus, you do not have the sex appeal of Patrick Swayze – if you must continue, I'll put *you* in the bleeding corner.'

EVIE Tea?

**F/X: KETTLE BOILING, CHINK OF CUPS.**

BEV Please. (Pause) Do you know what he did?

EVIE We're out of tea bags.

BEV What? How am I meant to cope without my morning cuppa?

EVIE We have some peppermint tea – Carol-Ann Braithwaite left it last week – she's decided she's got irritable bowel syndrome.

BEV I thought she were diabetic.

EVIE She got a stomach ache at a service station.

BEV Has she been to the doctor?

EVIE She won't go – ever since they told her her brain tumour was a migraine.

**F/X: CHAIR PUSHED BACK, COAT RUSTLING.**

BEV I'll bob to the corner shop and get some tea bags – maybe some better quality biscuits. Do we need anything?

EVIE I don't think so.

BEV Vodka and tramadol?

EVIE No – I drank three glasses of Merlot last night watching *Newsnight*.

BEV All right – I'll be about five minutes.

**F/X: THE BACK DOOR SLAMS, MARTIN ENTERS, GROANING.**

EVIE Martin, why're you wearing sunglasses?

MARTIN I – I'm a bit ...

BEV Hungover?

MARTIN That.

BEV Make him a coffee, Evie – but for Pete's sake, turn on the extractor fan. I'm going to get tea bags.

**F/X: SHUFFLING OF SHOES ON CARPET, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.**

EVIE What did you drink?

MARTIN Everything.

EVIE Everything?

MARTIN            Everything.

EVIE                I don't know – binge drinking – did you forget you were in here today?

MARTIN            This were my grandad.

EVIE                Alf?

MARTIN            I took him to play dominoes with the lads.

EVIE                How's he?

MARTIN            In the shed.

EVIE                The shed?

MARTIN            I don't know where he puts it. (Groans) Who've we got in today?

**F/X:                    A CUP OF COFFEE IS MADE AND PLACED ON THE TABLE.**

EVIE                No one – Mavis has gone to the hospital about that bunion, Blanche has gone to Abersoch with her cousin and Ernest's daughter's given birth in a kennel between a German Shepherd and a Chihuahua with impetigo.

MARTIN            I don't think I can cope on the till.

EVIE                You've got ten minutes. Drink your coffee.

**SCENE TWO**

**ATMOS: INT. SHOP. MORNING**

**F/X: TILL DINGS AND IS SLAMMED SHUT.**

MARTIN (Glum) Thank you, see you again.

MARIE You owe me eighteen pounds thirty change.

MARTIN Really?

MARIE I gave you a twenty pound note.

MARTIN You're sure?

MARIE Of course I'm sure, I had a twenty pound note in my purse, I bought one pounds seventy worth of merchandise.

MARTIN And paid with a twenty pound note?

MARIE Yes.

MARTIN Well that was stupid. What if I didn't have change? Honestly.

MARIE Am I getting my change or not?

MARTIN You're too fussy. Hang on a second; I'm not the bleeding Flash.

**F/X TILL DINGS AS IT'S OPENED**

MARIE Who?

MARTIN I'm not going to stand here explaining pop culture references when I've got the worst hangover since hangovers were invented. (Counts out change.) Eighteen pounds and thirty pence, wasn't it?

MARIE Yes.

MARTIN (Handing over money) Thank you, see you again.

**F/X THE BELL ABOVE THE DOOR TINKLES AS IT'S OPENED.**

MARIE I can't say I was best pleased with the service.

MARTIN And I can't say I was best pleased with the custom.

BEV Martin!

MARTIN (Groaning) Don't shout, Bev, I've got a splitting headache.

MARIE You deserve a good ear-bashing.

BEV Oh, bugger off will you, go and flash fry a kumquat.

MARIE Well I never!

**EXIT MARIE**

BEV Look, Martin, I despise that woman as much as the next charity shop assistant, but we have to be civil. Next time you feel like punching a customer in the face, go into the back and smash some pottery – only the chipped ones though, we do have to make some money.

MARTIN Sorry Bev.

BEV

It's all right – now I'm going to take these biscuits and tea bags into the back, press the bell if you need anything.

MARTIN

Okay.

### SCENE THREE

ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. MORNING.

F/X: FRIDGE DOOR OPENED AND CLOSED. BAG RUSTLING AS BEV PUTS IT AWAY. ZIP AS BEV REMOVES COAT. CRINKLING BISCUIT PACKET.

BEV I got some of those posh biscuits – you know the ones all nuts and chocolate. I know I'm doing Bulge Busters but you can have a treat every now and then.

EVIE You had three bourbons yesterday – and a Curly-Wurly.

BEV That was then and this is now.

EVIE Yes, but I'm not sure you're meant to treat yourself on *every* now and then.

BEV You'd be surprised. (Pause.) Shall I make that brew?

EVIE You can do – I'm trying to sort through menus, what do you think of vol-au-vents?

F/X: CLICK AND HUM OF THE KETTLE AS IT'S SWITCHED ON.

BEV I think they're pointless – I mean what's wrong with Quiche Lorraine?

EVIE What's right with it? This isn't the nineteen-eighties, Bev, I can't fob the volunteers off with a pork pie and an extra helping of salmonella.

BEV I never said anything about salmonella.

EVIE                      Anyway, if you had to organise the party of the *New Millennium* what would you have?

**F/X:                      CLICK OF KETTLE. A CUP OF TEA IS MADE.**

BEV                      Aubergine.

EVIE                      With what?

BEV                      Just aubergine – it doesn't stray too close to being pretentious but it can make any ruffian seem middle-class.

EVIE                      I don't think they'd appreciate aubergine.

BEV                      Well, it's your party. (Quietly) How is everything?

EVIE                      What do you mean: everything?

BEV                      You've been a bit off-colour since that whole 'Derek' business.

EVIE                      (Anxious) I don't know what you're talking about.

BEV                      Who is he, Evie?

EVIE                      He's a man from my past.

BEV                      We'd gathered that.

EVIE                      And I'd prefer him to stay firmly *in* the past.

BEV                      That too, but Evie –

EVIE                    But nothing, Bev – Derek means as much to me as gloves mean to a gooseberry.

BEV                    I'll take Martin his brew.

EVIE                    Take him a cracker as well – Lord knows we don't need him vomiting on the bric-a-brac.

**SCENE FOUR:**

**ATMOS: INT. SHOP. MORNING.**

**BEV ENTERS**

BEV Here you go, Martin, a nice cuppa, it'll help perk you up.

MARTIN The only thing that'll perk me up is an electric shock.

BEV That can be arranged – go and turn on one of those lamps in the back, Evie's not sent them off to be tested yet.

MARTIN I was joking.

BEV I wasn't – what if you fall asleep and someone gets away with Evie's Royal Worcester?

MARTIN I'd be sacked.

BEV Aye, after she'd slaughtered you. I can see the headlines now.

**F/X: BELL ABOVE DOOR TINKLES AS DOOR IS OPENED.**

**LIL ENTERS**

LIL I was wondering whether you may be able to help me.

BEV I can try my best.

LIL Do you accept donations?

BEV Of course we do – did you not read the notice on the door – donations welcome – you can't miss it.

LIL                   What do you take?

BEV                   Everything, apart from televisions – don't ask why, it's unknown, like the reason overweight people eat cous-cous when you know they just want to stuff their faces with three pork pies and a Kit-Kat.

LIL                   So will you take underwear? Only my aunty's just been put in a nursing home.

BEV                   I'm sorry to hear that.

LIL                   Oh there's nothing wrong – she's just developed an unhealthy obsession wi' Alan Titchmarsh – she keeps sticking dead slugs on tooth picks and lining them up outside.

BEV                   As a threat to other slugs?

LIL                   Something like that. It's not why we put her in the home – she kept setting fire to pot plants; we took her to the dentists and out came the lighter. The judge said to her it were either a three year prison sentence for arson or she went into the nursing home, I think she enjoys it.

BEV                   Y'see I've never liked Ground Force – but then again I get chronic hayfever; I only have to hear the word florist and I look like Ann Widdecombe.

LIL                   I did like her on *Come Dancing*.

BEV                   My face gets swollen and I look like I'm melting.

LIL                   That's awful is that. Now – about this underwear.

BEV                   What underwear?

LIL                   My aunty's underwear?

BEV                   I'm not sure what you're getting at.

LIL                   Can I donate my aunty's old underwear?

BEV                   Well that depends.

LIL                   On what?

BEV                   If she's still wearing them.

LIL                   Of course she isn't wearing them!

BEV                   Oh, okay then, then we accept everything, if it can't be sold it can be recycled.

LIL                   I'm sure they'll be fine. A few questionable stains but I'm sure they'd come out with some Vanish.

BEV                   I'm afraid we don't have the facilities to clean people's donations – if it's a washing machine you need I'd try Oxfam, although that's purely speculation.

LIL                   If you can't use them as underwear I'm sure they'd do as dish rags; just bleach them first, she was a fan of chilli con carne.

BEV                   (Under her breath) Brilliant.

LIL                   Pardon?

BEV                    Nothing – I was just wondering where these donations are.

LIL                    They're in the car – shall I go get them?

BEV                    Do you need any help?

LIL                    No, thank you, I was junior shot put champion at the Astbury Fete.

BEV                    And when was that?

LIL                    Nineteen-seventy-eight, but you never forget.

## **SCENE FIVE**

**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. MORNING**

### **EDITH ENTERS**

EDITH                   Hello! Only me. Martin left his identification badge in the Renault. It's his own fault; if you will get squiffy on a school night, you must face the consequences.

EVIE                     He's in the shop, Edith, should I get him?

EDITH                   No, it's quite all right, mustn't disturb him in his work.

EVIE                     It's early, not a lot of customers.

EDITH                   Oh really – now I didn't expect that, not first thing. Honestly, it's these twenty-four hour supermarkets, some people have forgotten what daylight looks like. I have a friend – more of an acquaintance really – cards but no money, you know the type.

EVIE                     I'm not sure I do.

EDITH                   Well of course you do. Anyway, she's given up day time altogether, sleeps whenever she feels like it. She calls it narcolepsy I call it bone-idleness, but that's just me; I've always been controversial.

EVIE                     Are you sure I can't get Martin?

EDITH                   I can't do with hypochondriacs. I once volunteered at Samaritans. I had a caller tell me that he'd been living a lie for too long. I said, 'Well so have most of us, but we don't call complete strangers in the middle of the night to talk about it.'

EVIE                   What happened?

EDITH                 He hung up, didn't he? I did see an article a week later saying a man had left his wife for her father and run off to the Seychelles.

EVIE                   At least he found happiness.

EDITH                 In the Seychelles? You must be joking.

EVIE                   I'll just fetch Martin.

**F/X**                   **SHUFFLING OF STEPS ON CARPET AS EVIE**  
**APPROACHES DOOR.**

EVIE                   Martin! Can you come back here please?

**MARTIN ENTERS**

MARTIN               What's up? Oh, hi Nan.

EDITH                 Feeling better?

MARTIN               No.

EDITH                 Good – waking me up at three in the morning – at least your grandfather had the decency to sleep in the shed.

MARTIN               He thought you'd bought a bungalow – I'd disinfect the wheelbarrow if I were you.

EDITH                 You would, would you? I don't know; my drunken grandson thinking I don't have the common sense to bleach a wheelbarrow.

MARTIN I'm sorry Nan.

EDITH Telling me how to run my own home.

EVIE ID!

MARTIN What?

EVIE Your Nan's been kind enough to bring your ID badge in, you know how important that is.

MARTIN Oh right, thanks Nan.

EDITH It was no bother. You might need it, you're looking short on the ground today.

EVIE Our volunteers had some issues.

EDITH I do empathise.

EVIE And I've got to arrange the hors d'oeuvres for the Christmas Do.

EDITH (Questioning) You are aware of the month.

MARTIN (Through his teeth) Best Christmas Do of the millennium, Nan.

EDITH Oh, that's what you were talking about! I've told you not to tell me important things when I'm watching *Masterchef*.

EVIE We have advertised for new volunteers but the last one had a nervous breakdown in a fishmongers. She's all right, but I'll never look at halibut the same way again.

EDITH Evelyn, now I have a crazy suggestion for you, so do stop me if it's too wild. Why don't I volunteer – for today only of course.

MARTIN Nan, I'm not so sure.

EVIE I wouldn't want to impose.

EDITH Nonsense! I volunteer at the church sale. It's much smaller than this – there's no till – we didn't get a calculator till two-thousand-and-nine. Not that I need it.

MARTIN She's probably still on the abacus.

EDITH Don't be rude, Martin, it doesn't become you. Besides, I haven't entirely forgiven you for vomiting on my Royal Doulton tea set.

MARTIN I already told you, that was –

EDITH Go on, Evie, what harm could it do?

**SCENE SIX**

**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. MORNING**

**F/X: BAG RUSTLES**

BEV                      What in God's name?

**F/X: BEV SCREAMS**

MARTIN                That could go in the window.

BEV                      (Incredulous) It's a dead cat!

MARTIN                It could be worth something.

BEV                      It's a dead cat, Martin, not a piece of modern art meant to overthrow the bourgeois, bin it.

MARTIN                It's stuffed.

BEV                      Does that make it any less dead?

MARTIN                Well, no, but ...

BEV                      But what, Martin? I am not a prude (aside) I've been to Butlins, but donating a dead cat to a charity shop? It makes you question people's integrity.

MARTIN                Who donated it?

BEV                      Doctor Wicks.

MARTIN                Who?

BEV                    The bleeding vet! We took our Bruce to him when he had that problem with his teeth.

MARTIN              The vet?

BEV                    No, the dog. Honestly, Martin, getting through to you – I'd have better luck with Henry the Hoover.

MARTIN              You said he leers at you.

BEV                    I would take my chances with a perverted vacuum cleaner any day.

MARTIN              (Groaning) I think I'm just going to go and get some air.

**MARTIN EXITS**

**F/X:                    MARTIN HEAVING.**

BEV                    Men – and we've still got to go through Lil's underwear.

**SCENE SEVEN**

**ATMOS: INT. SHOP. MORNING**

**F/X: DOOR THROWN OPEN, STAMPING FEET ON LAMINATE FLOORING.**

**SAMANTHA AND GEOFF ENTER**

**F/X: SCREECHING OF CLOTHES HANGERS ON THE RAIL.**

SAMANTHA Here's a t-shirt.

GEOFF I don't want a t-shirt.

SAMANTHA You could wear it under your shirt.

GEOFF I don't want a t-shirt.

SAMANTHA Not even under your shirt?

GEOFF I will not wear a t-shirt.

SAMANTHA Here's a shirt – extra-large – will that do?

GEOFF (Exclaiming) Yes!

**F/X: SAMANTHA APPROACHES COUNTER AND DROPS SHIRT DOWN.**

SAMANTHA We'll have that then, please.

EDITH Would you like a bag?

SAMANTHA It's got short sleeves though, Geoff, do you mind?

GEOFF I don't mind.

SAMANTHA We'll take it then, how much is that?

EDITH Three pounds please.

**F/X: TILL DINGS AS EDITH KEYS IN PRICE. TILL OPENS.**

SAMANTHA Here you go.

**F/X: TINKLING OF COINS AS THEY'RE HANDED OVER. TILL  
CLOSED.**

#### **SAMANTHA AND GEOFF EXIT**

EDITH (Exasperated) Well I never!

#### **BOB APPROACHES**

BOB I'll take these please.

EDITH Did you find everything you were looking for?

BOB I'm sending these to me ex-wife in the Isle of Man. You can't get good charity shops over there.

EDITH I should imagine it's the crime rate. I did consider going to the Isle of Man myself once, but I can't wear paisley.

BOB She likes these CDs.

EDITH And she's your ex-wife?

BOB                    Yes.

EDITH                You're sure she likes these CDs?

BOB                    I'm trying to win her back.

EDITH                If she's on the Isle of Man you'd have better luck joining a building society.

BOB                    But I love her!

EDITH                I'd put these back and write her a nice letter.

BOB                    Really?

EDITH                Oh yes – a letter should woo her – and if it doesn't she can always put it in the recycling.

BOB                    I suppose.

EDITH                Something along the lines of, 'Dear' – I'm sorry what's her name?

BOB                    Anthea.

EDITH                'Dear Anthea, I need you in my life to make it complete, you are the braces that keep my trousers up, the Ball to my Cannon, you complete me, forever in your service ...' I'm sorry I didn't catch your name.

BOB                    Bob.

EDITH                    Bob. Bob? Well that won't do. I mean there's your problem entirely. A woman wants a nice exotic name – she wants a Donald – you won't even get as far as Tunbridge Wells with a name like Bob.

BOB                      We were in love!

**F/X:                      BELL TINKLES AS FRONT DOOR OPENS.**

**MARTIN ENTERS**

MARTIN                (Groans) I'm back.

EDITH                    *You* might've been, but I can assure you that Anthea will have been stuck in an entirely prosaic, one-way relationship. She would spend her days considering ending it all, and at her worst, she would have thought she could make herself love you.

MARTIN                Nan!

EDITH                    Oh hello, Martin, love, are you feeling better?

MARTIN                You can't say things like that to customers.

BOB                      I don't mind.

EDITH                    See? I don't mince my punches, Martin, I was a Girl Guide; when you're in a caravan park with thirteen girls all under the age of fourteen, and only one toilet, you realise you'll get nowhere pussy-footing around.

BOB                      I think I'm going to go.

MARTIN                I'm sorry for my Nan, she's getting help, honestly.

BOB                    No, it's fine, I've always wanted to be publically humiliated by an old aged pensioner with an attitude problem, it's just what I needed, after my wife took our kids and left me in a bedsit with more asbestos than wallpaper, where my neighbours play punk rock until three in the morning and teenagers with more ASBOs than GSCE's get drunk on methylated spirits on the roof. It's really fine; I've always been a fan of Prodigy.

**F/X:**                    **FRONT DOOR OPENED**

**BOB EXITS**

EDITH                    Well that went well.

MARTIN                    Give me strength.

## **SCENE EIGHT**

**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. AFTERNOON.**

EDITH                    It could be a ceremonial totem – I once went on a safari.

MARTIN                 She means she went to Knowsley.

EDITH                    Martin, you're my grandson, I love you, but I will not be interrupted. I'm providing a humorous anecdote.

**F/X: A FEW SECONDS SILENCE.**

BEV                      No.

EDITH                    No what?

EVIE                      Look, will someone find out if this cat is of any importance. I am up to my eye-balls in menus back there.

MARTIN                 Do you need any help?

EVIE                      No, I need you to get back on the till.

EDITH                    I'll go – men – I tell you, they only invented self-service checkouts because testosterone prevented them from manning their station.

BEV                      It's a charity shop, not the front line.

EDITH                    That's where you're going wrong, Beverley, those customers are just looking to steal a second hand Donny Osmond CD and when they do, we have to be prepared to strike.



**SCENE NINE**

**ATMOS: INT. OFFICE. AFTERNOON.**

EVIE Vol-au-vents, pigs in blankets, mini sausage rolls – I want the Christmas Do of the millennium and I'm offered children's fifth birthday celebrations! That's a no.

**F/X: DOOR BELL RINGS**

EVIE (Shouting) It's the back door, I'll get it!

**F/X: EVIE STANDS, PAPER RUSTLES. FOOTSTEPS. DOOR UNLATCHED AND OPENED.**

**DEREK ENTERS**

EVIE You're not welcome here.

DEREK Come on, Evelyn, we have to talk.

BEV (Calling) Who is it, Evie?

EVIE No one! (To Derek, under breath) We have nothing to talk about: we didn't before, we don't now. How did you even get the idea?

DEREK It was a spur of the moment thing; there was an old sign in the window – and I knew you worked here.

EVIE Do you work for the charity at all?

DEREK I were made redundant three year ago. Ann-Marie left me and took the kids, and after thirteen years at the bakery I've discovered I'm a coeliac.

EVIE                    So no?

DEREK                I knew you worked here. I saw you in the window.

EVIE                    This isn't Amsterdam.

DEREK                Too flaming right it isn't!

**SCENE TEN**

**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. AFTERNOON.**

**F/X: SOUND OF COMPUTER LOADING. CLICKING OF  
KEYBOARD.**

BEV I don't know why we can't bin it, Martin. How many people do you know who think the one thing missing in their life is a stuffed cat?

MARTIN You'd be surprised – did I ever tell you about my Aunty Jane from Somerset?

BEV Is this the one who had the affair with a toaster?

MARTIN No (Beat) That were the milkman.

BEV Anyway – Aunty Jane? Somerset?

MARTIN What about her?

BEV What has she got to do with a stuffed cat?

MARTIN When her husband had his leg chopped off – she asked if she could have it hollowed out and keep it for umbrellas.

BEV I don't know; what is the world coming to? When my Seamus had his appendix out I didn't ask to keep them to garnish Martinis.

**F/X: CLICKING OF MOUSE.**

MARTIN Bloomin' heck, Bev! Look at this!

BEV                    What is it?

MARTIN              Old Bagpuss 'ere is a collector's item.

BEV                    What d'you mean?

MARTIN              This dead cat could pay for a six month cruise, and a first class train to Oswaldtwistle.

BEV                    That's good; if we can't bury him at sea, we can tie him to the tracks.

## SCENE ELEVEN

ATMOS: INT. OFFICE. AFTERNOON.

EVIE                    Why are you here, Derek?

DEREK                I've changed; improved who I am.

EVIE                    You haven't changed, you'd like me to think you have, but you're still as self-absorbed as a budgerigar.

DEREK                What did I do wrong?

EVIE                    / made the mistake. Can we leave it at that, please?

DEREK                I want to be a better person.

EVIE                    And I want to have less cellulite, but you're too sure of yourself and I enjoy lemon buns.

DEREK                I thought you of all people would help me.

EVIE                    Why would you think that? Did you wake up one morning, and think, 'do you know what, I've not seen her in eleven years, but Evie could help me see the error of my ways.'?

DEREK                So there is something wrong?

EVIE                    No! Look, if you want a conscience hire Jiminy Cricket, because I have work to do.

DEREK                (Accusatory) Selling second-hand under-crackers in a charity shop; I'm sure.

EVIE                                We only sell underwear if it's new with tags, not that that's any of your business.

DEREK                              (Apologetic) No, you're right, it isn't, I'm sorry, Evie.

**F/X:                                KNOCK AT DOOR. MARTIN ENTERS WITHOUT WAITING FOR A REPLY.**

MARTIN                            Evie! You'll never guess what! What's he doing here?

DEREK                              Hello (Beat) Martin wasn't it?

MARTIN                            Should I get Bev?

EVIE                                No; Derek was just leaving.

DEREK                              I was?

EVIE                                You've got your answer, now clear off; those second-hand under-crackers won't sort themselves.

**F/X:                                DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS.**

**DEREK EXITS.**

MARTIN                            What did he want?

EVIE                                Nothing. What will I never guess?

MARTIN                            That stuffed cat is worth something.

EVIE                                Tag it and put it in the shop then.

MARTIN                            No, Evie, it's *worth* something.

EVIE                    A stuffed cat?

MARTIN                I don't know what it is with you and Bev; you've no eye for  
treasures.

EVIE                    I know what a treasure is, Martin, but I doubt I'd find a stuffed  
cat in Aladdin's cave.

**SCENE TWELVE**

**ATMOS: INT. SHOP. AFTERNOON.**

**F/X: RING OF TILL. BELL TINKLING. DOOR OPENED AND SHUT.  
CLOTHES HANGERS SCREECHING ON RAILS.**

**MARTIN ENTERS**

EDITH                    Oh, Martin, you can't put that in the shop, think of the customers.

MARTIN                 Nan, this cat is worth a lot of money.

EDITH                    I should imagine it is, but don't you think it rather (Under her breath) lowers the tone.

MARTIN                 There's no need to whisper. (Shouting) Who 'ere would like to buy a stuffed cat; glass eyes an' all!

EDITH                    You can't go around shouting like that! Some people are of a sensitive disposition.

MARTIN                 Nan –

EDITH                    Just wait a minute, Martin. (Exclaiming.) Oi! You with the hair!

MARTIN                 Nan –

EDITH                    Not now, Martin.

**F/X: STOMPING OF FOOTSTEPS ON LAMINATE FLOORING AS  
EDITH SPEEDS ACROSS THE SHOP.**

EDITH                   Excuse me!

CUSTOMER             Me?

EDITH                   No, I just shouted at the customer who didn't shove a CD in their back pocket.

**F/X:                   MARTIN APPROACHES EDITH.**

MARTIN                Nan you can't just –

EDITH                 Go on, put the CD back before I –

CUSTOMER             Before you what?

EDITH                 Before I give you a thick ear.

CUSTOMER             I'd like to see you try.

EDITH                 Right.

**F/X:                   EDITH WHACKS THE CUSTOMER WITH THE STUFFED  
CAT. THE CUSTOMER YELLS IN PAIN AS EDITH BEATS  
HIM.**

MARTIN                Nan, what are you doing? That's valuable merchandise.

EDITH                 For goodness sakes, Martin, it's a dead cat.

CUSTOMER             Get her off me!

EDITH                 Martin! Get the key for the changing room.

MARTIN                But Nan!

EDITH                    Just open the pigging door.

**F/X:                    EDITH CONTINUES TO BEAT THE CUSTOMER WITH THE STUFFED CAT.**

CUSTOMER            Leave me alone!

**F/X:                    DOOR UNLOCKED AND OPENED. EDITH BEATS THE CUSTOMER.**

EDITH                    Go on! Get in there, you filthy beggar!

CUSTOMER            Let me go!

**F/X:                    DOOR SLAMMED SHUT.**

EDITH                    You can come out when you give us back the CD.

CUSTOMER            It were Vivaldi for crying out loud.

EDITH                    I don't care if it was Dean bloomin Martin, you'll give us the CD back.

### **BEV ENTERS**

BEV                      What's all this racket?

MARTIN                (Glum) Nan you've ruined it.

BEV                      Ruined what?

EDITH                    I have incarcerated a thief.

MARTIN                    A customer had pocketed a CD. Nan beat him with the cat. Look at him, he's lost a glass eye – oh and his legs snapped the wrong way around.

BEV                         It's not like he can tell, he is dead.

**F/X**                    **BANGING ON DOOR**

CUSTOMER                Will somebody let me out please.

BEV                         Shut up you. (Gleeful) Edith, lord knows you're a pain in the backside, but you've just made my day; beating a thief *and* destroyed Ol' Tiddles over 'ere, I could just kiss you.

EDITH                     You won't though?

BEV                         Well no.

EDITH                     Good, because I don't believe in outward displays of emotion.

CUSTOMER                Please let me out, I've got to catch a train.

EDITH                     You should've thought about that before you decided to steal a CD.

MARTIN                    Let him out, Nan, I'm going to go and put Garfield in the skip. (To himself.) Say goodbye to Oswaldtwistle.

EDITH                     Oswaldtwistle?

BEV                         I don't know – he's hungover; I haven't understood a word he's said all day.

**EVIE ENTERS**

EVIE                      Why has Martin gone in there with a face like a cow's backside?

CUSTOMER              (Weary) Please let me out, I'll give you back the CD.

EDITH                    Apparently it's my fault. I have locked a thief in the changing room – I beat him with the stuffed cat, and in the process may or may not have destroyed it.

EVIE                      Right, let the thief out – Bev, bar 'im. Edith, you get on the till.  
I'm going for a brew.

**SCENE THIRTEEN**

**ATMOS: INT. BACK ROOM. AFTERNOON.**

**F/X: BAGS RUSTLING. A CUP OF TEA IS MADE.**

BEV                      Here you go, Evie, do you fancy a posh biscuit?

EVIE                     Not really – what a day it's been, eh, Bev?

BEV                     A day of dead cats and dirty knickers.

EVIE                     And we still have this bag left to go through.

**F/X: BAG RUSTLING. EVIE GROANS AND DROPS A HEAVY  
BOOK ONTO THE TABLE.**

EVIE                     The Collected Works of William Shakespeare.

BEV                     'Romeo, Romeo, where for art thou, Romeo?'

EVIE                     Knowing my luck he's in Pontefract.

[END]