

STICKS AND STONES

By

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FADE IN:

INT - LOUNGE BAR - DAY

Alfie and Mo are two old age pensioners who often meet in the same bar for a pint and a chat. Alfie was a tank driver who's hearing has suffered greatly and Mo is an ex Wren tackling life head on with a few cards short of a deck.

MO

(Cheerful and loud) Hello Alfie,
how's tricks? Have you got a drink?

ALFIE

(Three parts to the wind already)
Bugger off sonny, buy your own!

MO

(Louder still cheerful) Ha, Ha.
Alfie you deaf old sod it's me MO!

ALFIE

(Looking but not really seeing) Mo?
Mo! Good job you came, I woz 'bout
to show some whipper snapper a
thing or two!

MO

(With a smile and points) Or three
Alfie, you're flying low again!

ALFIE

(Does himself up and try's badly to
regain composure) D'ya wanna drink
Gal?

MO

(Sits down, looking depressed)
Can't drink Alfie, doctors got me
on pills for me blood pressure,
gotta get meself in shape again.
Losing George hasn't done me any
good at all I'm afraid.

ALFIE

(Try's to put and understanding face on whilst piecing together what little of the conversation he picked up, realizes Mo is waiting for a response) Sooo, how long did they say 'twould take ta find it?"

MO

(Looking confused) Find what?

ALFIE

(Realizing he is on rocky ground) Err, whatever it was that George lost!

MO

(Looking confused) What are you going on about? You deaf old bugger? You didn't hear a word I said did you? Do you want another drink?

ALFIE

(With no hesitation) Lovely, pint please Mo!

MO

(Comes back from the bar with a pint for Alfie and a glass of water sits, speaks loudly and straight at Alfie)

MO (CONT)

Alfie, I want you to sponsor me, I'm doing a sponsored walk for the British Legion next month.

ALFIE

(Clearly amused) Don't be bloody daft girl, you're too old to join the foreign legion.

MO

(A little frustrated) I really don't know why I bother coming in here every week to talk to you, it's a one way bloody conversation and I can have that with me budgie Fred!

ALFIE

(Surprised) Your budgies dead, poowr little begger!

MO

(Getting exasperated but still trying to get through) No, me budgie isn't dead you silly old fart, its George me cat that died!!

ALFIE

(Looking more surprised) Your cat's died too! No wonder yer in a tis sweetheart.

MO

(Given up trying now so more talking to herself) Dear gods Alfie, I swear if I have to keep this up for much longer I'm going to completely bonkers. (**Shouts**) I'M DOIN A SPONSORED WALK!!!

ALFIE

(Hears this time) Bloody ell Mo, aint ya wore out enuff without all that sort of nonsense?

MO

(Chuffed that she has finally got through) It's for a good cause Alfie, you know I get bored easily now I'm not working" Anyway (**places form in front of him**) I WANT YOU TO SPONSOR ME!

ALFIE

(Looking like she's asked for blood) You'll be lucky Mo, you know I only 'av me pension!

MO

(Dismissively) Don't give me that you tight fisted old git, you manage alright in here all week. A couple of quid won't hurt you!

ALFIE

(Squirming) Bugger it, don't suppose I'll get any peace and quiet 'till I do, put me down for a quid then.

MO

(Filling out the form) OK Alf, a pound a mile it is then!

ALFIE

(Starts a coughing fit) Eh? Whaddya mean a pound a bloody mile, 'ow far are ya going? You'll bankrupt me.

MO

(With a look of dismay) 3 miles Alfie, just 3 miles, now keep your hair on, (**under her breath** what's left of it), and give me your dosh!

ALFIE

(With a look of someone that thinks they are being ripped off) Now you 'old on a minute, whaddya mean give me your dosh, you 'aven't bleedin well done it yet!

MO

(Can't believe what she's hearing) ALFIE POTTS! You are a stubborn, ill-mannered, tight fisted, pig-headed, arrogant and selfish human

being, I don't know why I bothered asking you in the first place, I should have known!

ALFIE

(Looking hurt trying his best to be understanding) Now then luv, it's not worth getting yerself all upset over a couple 'o' quid, why don't you sit down and 'av a proper drink?

MO

(Finally feeling defeated) I suppose you're right Alfie, maybe just a little one would help right now. Funny I go all week without a drop, two minutes in here with you and I'm gasping again.

ALFIE

(Matter-of-Factly) Well I s'pose some folks just don't have the will-power Mo. You wanna be careful too, looks like you've been overdoing them after-eights again too!

MO

(Dismissively) Well if that's the level of this conversation for the evening, I'm off! I'll get my own drink and you can just sit here talking to yourself.

ALFIE

(Not listening) Been 'ere all bloody day, listening to everybody's problems, not allowed to smoke in 'ere anymore, me dog's gotta stay outside AND apparently I'm not allowed to clean me teeth in me pint either, don't know why I bother coming in at all anymore!

MO

(Starting to feel sorry for him)
Alfie, look let's start again, how
have you been?"

THE END