

MARSHA: Oh 'allo.

BEV: *(Still smiling dreamily)* Hiya...

ROSE: Beverly, I can't get a sensible answer out of your nan, are these the takings before expenses?

TREV: I could do wi' some more red sauce...

MARSHA: *(To Bev)* I know that look – What's got you all starry eyed?

(Bev blushes)

ROSE: We are seriously going to have to cut back on costs.

MARSHA: *(To Bev)* That lad off the bin wagon, isn't it?

(Bev nods)

TREV: It's just the dregs in this –

ROSE: I mean, do we really need serviettes? -

MARSHA: *(Sparking a cig).* Ooo, tell me everything, have you done *it*?

ROSE: It's a greasy spoon not the friggin' Ritz –

Bev shakes her head

TREV: I'd settle for brown at this point –

MARSHA: Fingers?

Bev shakes her head.

TREV: Just anything moist –

ROSE: *(To Trev, snapping)* For god's sake there's plenty in it, just bang it hard! *(To Bev and Marsha)* And you two get back to work. You're going to have to start paying for your lunches an' all. Trev, I'm taking a sausage back. Three down to two. New menu. *(and she does so, putting it back on the hot plate)* I'm not running a bloody soup kitchen. Right, I'm off.

BEV: Yes, Rose. See you next week.

ROSE: It's 'Mother'

BEV: Yes. Sorry. Mother.

ROSE: *(To Marsha)* Goodbye, Mother.

MARSHA: I don't know who you're talking to but it ain't me

Rose exits.

MARSHA: Right then, love! Spill the beans!

Throughout Bev talking, Trev is still rhythmically banging on the sauce bottle.

BEV: Oh, Nan! Well, he's called Andy. He works for the council -

MARSHA: *(Impressed)* Oh, aye –

BEV: - he's a 'Refuse Collector'. He's so hunky, like Hasslehoff in a Hi-vis. He says he can't get enough of my baps -

Trev's sauce bottle explodes on his crotch – he groans. Bev and Marsha look at him with an eyebrow raised

TREV: Balls! Bev, can I get a new sauce, please? I've been pounding away so long, me meat's gone cold.

BEV: There's one in the Datsun from tea last night.

BEV gets up to go to the car, with the keys out. MARSHA snatches the keys off her and throws them at TREV.

MARSHA: Get it yourself, I wanna know more about this Hi-Vis Hunk -

TREV is visibly a little put out.

BEV: No! Nan! I'd rather go – *(attempting to be discreet to Marsha)* I've things in there, y'know

MARSHA: Like what?

BEV: *(Flustered)* Oh, just things...

TREV: *(Standing. Reassuringly)* I don't mind – Jean's all sorts

BEV: *(Grasping)* Well! It's very messy!

MARSHA: You've got to move out of that car, luv.

TREV: *(moving to the door)* I won't go looking for any thing. Well, except the sauce.

BEV: *(Exasperated)* It's in the glove compartment!

TREV: As in "it's" in the glove compartment, or the sauce is in the glove compartment?

MARSHA: The sauce is! – She's not gunna tell you where to find her lacy knicks and tampons is she? Honestly, you're doing nowt to disparage the big boobs no brains stereotype, you! Now, go! And if you're not back in 30 seconds, I'm slinging your Full Monty!

TREV: *(Heading out the door)* All right!

TREV exits.