

Apples, Pears, Peaches and Plums
Samuel Wordsmith

Int. Bar/ Pub. Empty set, apart from a table and two chairs. BISH walks on with a pint in his hand. LOGAN can be heard from off stage shouting to BISH.

LOGAN
(Telling him where to sit)
Bish. Bish. Bishop... That one...

BISH:
Where, here?

Bishop puts his pint down on the table. He takes off his coat, groaning as he takes his right shoulder out of the coat.

He is still exhaling with discomfort as Logan comes and sits down beside him but quickly masks his pain.

LOGAN:
How much was your pint?

BISH:
Huh? Oh, about Three Twenty I think.

LOGAN:
Mine was Three Ten. You should go and get your 10 pence back mate. They keep taking the mick with these prices. It changes hour by hour.

BISH
Oh, it doesn't matter. It's only ten P.

LOGAN:
It's your money mate.

They both take a swig of their beer.

LOGAN:
So, since when have you been 'Johnny Big Plan Maker' all of a sudden? It's always me that's arranges the beers.

BISH:
That's because you always make the plans conveniently before you've been paid so I have to get the rounds in.

LOGAN:
(Laughing)
Oh shut up you soppo tit. I can't help it. I just get thirsty before pay day. Besides, you're the city boy now anyway.

BISH:
(Laughing dismissively)
City boy? I wouldn't call myself a city boy. I've just got a contract with those city boys.

LOGAN:

Well your suit says city boy.

BISH pulls his blazer over his right shoulder a little bit and looks down to his side. Still smiling but hiding something.

LOGAN:

What is that "Verstacio" or something?

BISH:

What? Who's "Verstacio"?

LOGAN:

I dunno. One of them fruity toot designers that make all those fancy suits I bet your Misses loves all that, don't she?

BISH retains a smile but is clearly uncomfortable by the mention of his partner. He takes a large gulp of his beer.

LOGAN:

Speaking of your bird, she let you out the coop tonight has she?

BISH:

What?

LOGAN:

Did you tell her you were coming out for a drink with me tonight?

BISH:

Nah, she isn't at home. She's gone to see her Mum.

LOGAN:

Oh there we go, that's why you've got your big boy pants on tonight.

BISH:

Well, to be honest that's sort of why I gave you a buzz...

We see a man, GAV, walk from the stage right, at the back to the centre, past the BISH and LOGAN. He is drying his hands on himself as he walks past. He glances at BISH and then back towards where he's going then darts his glance back to BISH. He comes over and gives him pat on the shoulder. BISH winces a little. LOGAN sees his discomfort.

Gav:

Hello mate! I nearly didn't see you. You just out for a quiet one?

BISH:

Alright Gav. Yeah this is my mate LOGAN from school. Me and GAV go to the same gym.

GAV and LOGAN shake hands and exchange greetings.

GAV:

Well, I used to see you at the gym. I haven't seen you for a couple of weeks.

BISH:

Oh I've just had a lot of work on. I've been really tired and you know how is.

GAVIN:

Yeah. Tell me about it. Listen, I've gotta shoot off. My wife's got some dinner for me in twenty minutes. She'll go bonkers if I'm not back. But hey, we should er, we should play some squash again soon. Send me a calendar invite or something and we'll... cause a racket.

GAV makes racket swinging gestures with his hand pleased with his little pun.

BISH:

Yeah will do mate.

GAVIN:

Great stuff.. We'll arrange something for next week, yeah? Have a nice evening though.

GAV starts walking away.

BISH:

Sure mate.

Gavin:

(As he is walking away, with a smile)
I haven't forgotten I owe you for those mineral waters.

BISH:

(Shouting after him)
Don't worry about it mate.

LOGAN:

(Mocking GAVIN)

"Oh my wife is waiting for me at home and if I don't get back quickly I'm going to have to give her a foot rub!"
Why are you going to the Gym with that Nancy rag?

BISH:

He isn't a Nancy.

LOGAN:

You should come to my gym. None of this squash and mineral water. It's just weights. You train till you can't no more. That's how men do it.

BISH:

I don't need new a gym. I just need some time to sort everything out. De-stress, y'know.

LOGAN:

What's a cushty fella like you need to de-stress for? You've got it made mate. Nice house, flash motor. Dolly bird wife.

BISH:

Not always. I don't know. Me and Gabs. We're not sweet at the moment.

LOGAN:

Oh here we go.

LOGAN looks around the pub. Gesturing for people to come over

LOGAN:

If there are any of the cast of Loose Women here, BISH needs to chat through his feelings.

BISH:

(Forcing a laugh)

Oh come on mate I don't need anything like that.

LOGAN:

Tell you what. I'll give it a go. Go on then, what's tugging your testis.

BISH:

We're just... We'll she's just arguing so much. And I know she always has done but I don't... It just seems to be getting worse.

LOGAN:

So what? Just go out for a beer when she starts hamming off on you.

BISH struggles to get out what he wants to say. He starts to feel awkward to so he starts to laugh awkwardly while he speaks.

BISH:

The other day, I had just walked in the door. I was still in the doorway and she just starts shouting at me. Then she slams the door into me. I only just got my arm up to stop it from hitting me in the face. Really hurt my arm though.

LOGAN:

(Making a joke)

Was you letting the draft in standing there? Maybe she was just thinking of your energy bill.

BISH:

Yeah... The other day as well, she threw her dinner plate at me. Again, I only just got my arm up. The plate smashed over me.

BISH rolls up his sleeve to reveal the cut on his arm. Quite a deep one but healing. He shows LOGAN.

BISH (cont.):
Look, can you see it.

LOGAN:
Good thing you got your arm up.

BISH:
Yeah. Do you think I should tell anyone about this?

LOGAN:
Oh come on. It's healing well enough. It's only a bloody scratch you tart. Any doctor would just tell you go home if you turn up with that.

BISH nods but looks deflated by the answer. He realises LOGAN didn't understand that he meant, 'tell someone about his abusive partner.'

They both take another gulp of their beer. BISH's phone begins to ring. He gets his phone out. His face looks troubled.

BISH:
It's Gabs. Gimme two secs...

LOGAN:
Oop. Get your guard up...

BISH gets up walks down to stage right away from LOGAN where he takes the phone call.

BISH:
(Tentatively)
Hello... No, I'm just leaving work... Well the lads went to the pub but I'm just leaving... I know... I know... Please don't... Gabs please... I'm not... Why though? I haven't...

BISH walks back to his seat where LOGAN is on his phone. They both put their phones away.

LOGAN:
I reckon I've got it you know. I bet it's all this Fifty Shades of Grey sex stuff. All these women fancy a bit of rough now.

BISH:
I don't think it's that.

LOGAN:
(Dismissing BISH)
Yeah course it is. Go out and get some masks and whips and all that and just get it all out. I bet she'd love it if you give her a little knock back. Nothing too much - You don't want to be one of them fellas.

BISH:
(Clinging on to the last statement by Logan)
What if she's one of those though?

LOGAN:
What, a wife beater?

BISH:
(Leaning forward)
No obviously not a wife beater but..

LOGAN:
Look BISH, mate. She's just a bit of a firecracker. She needs you to be a man, hop on and get her off. She'll calm down after that.

BISH:
...Maybe. Maybe I don't know...

(Silence)

Logan's phone gets a text. He reads it and smiles to himself.

LOGAN:
Well that's my bat signal.

LOGAN gets up and put's on his jacket and has another swig of his pint.

BISH:
Where are you off to?

LOGAN:
That dumb blond bird from the bar the other night. Maybe I should take some whips with me.

(Laughing)

Listen, buzz me. We'll have a jar next week or something. Your treat, ey?

BISH stands up and grabs LOGAN's arm.

BISH:
(Frantically)
What if I can't make next week?

LOGAN:
Alright, the week after or whenever.

BISH:
(Calming himself a little)
...Course. Yeah, we'll just play by ear.

LOGAN:
...Ok. Are you alright BISH?

BISH:
I'll be fine yeah. Just a lot on my mind, you know.

LOGAN:

Alright geez. See you later, yeah?

BISH:

Yeah. Yeah.

LOGAN exits to the stage right leaving BISH standing up at the table. He stays there for a moment looks around as if searching for something. He eventually gathers up his coat, wincing as he rotates his shoulder. He gets out his phone again and makes a phone call.

BISH:

Hello. It's me. I know we only just spoke but this time I need you to hear me out properly..

Fade to black

THE END