



HANGMEN

BY MARTIN
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DRAMATISTS
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INC.



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HANGMEN was first performed at the Jerwood Downstairs, Royal Court Theatre, London, opening on September 18, 2015, presented by the English Stage Company Limited and directed by Matthew Dunster. The scenic and costume design was by Anna Fleischle, the lighting design was by Joshua Carr, and the sound design was by Ian Dickinson. The cast was as follows:

HARRY	David Morrissey
MOONEY	Johnny Flynn
ALICE	Sally Rogers
SHIRLEY	Bronwyn James
SYD	Reece Shearsmith
BILL	Graeme Hawley
CHARLIE	Ryan Pope
ARTHUR	Simon Rouse
INSPECTOR FRY	Ralph Ineson
CLEGG	James Dryden
PIERREPOINT	John Hodgkinson
HENNESSY	Josef Davies
GUARD	Mark Rose

The production transferred to London's West End at Wyndham's Theatre, opening on December 7, 2015, presented by Playful UK Limited, Robert Fox Limited, and Royal Court Theatre Productions Limited, with the following cast changes:

SYD	Andy Nyman
BILL	Tony Hirst
INSPECTOR FRY	Craig Parkinson

The production had its US premiere in New York, opening on February 5, 2018, presented by Atlantic Theater Company with Robert Fox Limited, Playful US Limited, and Royal Court Theatre Productions Limited. The cast was as follows:

HARRY Mark Addy
MOONEY Johnny Flynn
ALICE Sally Rogers
SHIRLEY Gaby French
SYD Reece Shearsmith
BILL Richard Hollis
CHARLIE Billy Carter
ARTHUR John Horton
INSPECTOR FRY David Lansbury
CLEGG Owen Campbell
PIERREPOINT/GUARD Maxwell Caulfield
HENNESSY Gilles Geary

The Royal Court Theatre/Atlantic Theater Company production then transferred to Broadway, opening at the John Golden Theatre on April 21, 2022, presented by Robert Fox for RMJF, Inc, Jean Doumanian Productions, Elizabeth I. McCann, and Craig Balsam. The cast was as follows:

HARRY David Threlfall
MOONEY Alfie Allen
ALICE Tracie Bennett
SHIRLEY Gaby French
SYD Andy Nyman
BILL/GUARD Richard Hollis
CHARLIE/GUARD Ryan Pope
ARTHUR/GOVERNOR John Horton
INSPECTOR FRY/DOCTOR Jeremy Crutchley
CLEGG Owen Campbell
PIERREPOINT John Hodgkinson
HENNESSY Josh Goulding

CHARACTERS

HARRY

MOONEY

ALICE

SHIRLEY

SYD

BILL

CHARLIE

ARTHUR

INSPECTOR FRY

CLEGG

PIERREPOINT

HENNESSY

GOVERNOR

DOCTOR

GUARDS

HANGMEN

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Lights up on a prison cell in 1963. Table centre, at which sits James Hennessy, head on the table, terrified, two prison guards sitting on either side of him, looking at each other. A clock starts chiming eight, and Hennessy raises his head, just as the cell door behind him swiftly opens and Harry Wade, in a suit and dicky bow, and Syd Armfield, his assistant, enter, prompting Hennessy to jump to his feet, knocking his chair over. The guards stand also. The governor and doctor stay outside, looking in.

HENNESSY. (*London accent.*) Oh, you punctual bastards!

HARRY. It'll all go easier for ya, lad, if you just accept it and don't make a fuss.

Hennessy backs up over the table.

HENNESSY. Of course I'm going to make a fuss! I'm an innocent man!

HARRY. Get the strap on, Syd. Guards...

HENNESSY. What's the strap for? Who are them at the door?

GOVERNOR. It's the governor and the doctor, James.

HENNESSY. Gawking at doors! This is *my* cell, get out!

Hennessy grabs on to his metal bedstead for dear life, curled up on the floor. The men try to prise him off throughout.

HARRY. Just go easy, lad!

HENNESSY. No I *won't* go easy! You go easy! You're hanging an

innocent man! I never even *met* the girl! I've never even *been* to Norfolk!

HARRY. That's all just the whys and wherefores. That's nowt to do with me.

HENNESSY. Of course it's to do with you, you northern bastard!

HARRY. We'll have none of that "northern" palaver neither!

HENNESSY. What's he saying? He can't even talk normal and he's hanging an innocent man! They could've at least sent Pierrepoint!

This strikes a raw nerve, stopping Harry in his tracks.

HARRY. I'm just as good as bloody Pierrepoint!

HENNESSY. Hung by a rubbish hangman, oh that's so me!

SYD. He *is* just as good as Pierrepoint, Mr. Hennessy.

HENNESSY. Well he's shit so far!

HARRY. That's your bloody fault! Get his bloody arms!

They peel some fingers off the bedstead but don't get much further.

HENNESSY. It's only because I'm scared, isn't it? I'm not normally like this.

HARRY. And I've told ya, if you'd just relax, it'd be all the easier for ya.

HENNESSY. It won't be easier for me. I'll be dead.

HARRY. Everybody says you're a good lad.

HENNESSY. I *am* a good lad.

HARRY. We know you're a good lad.

HENNESSY. What are you fucking hanging me for then?!

HARRY. It's the courts that's hanging ya, not us.

HENNESSY. Well I'm holding *you* and *you* personally responsible. Not you two, (*The guards.*) you were nice. *You* two. I will come back to whatever northern shithole you live in and I will fucking haunt you.

SYD. Well that's not a nice thing to say, is it?

HARRY. Syd! You're just standing around having a chat like a bloody mouse!

HENNESSY. He's allowed to stand around having a chat like a bloody mouse if he wants to.

SYD. No, but he's right, Mr. Hennessy. If you'd've just tried to relax you could've been dead by now.

HENNESSY. Is he having a laugh? Is the mouse having a laugh? I'm getting hung by nincompoops!

The struggling continues.

SYD. "Hanged."

HENNESSY. Ay?

SYD. You're getting "hanged" by nincompoops.

HENNESSY. I've heard it all now! Correcting me English at a time like this!

HARRY. Let go of that bedstead now.

HENNESSY. I let go of this bedstead, I'm a dead man, so no, I won't let go of this bedstead, actually.

Harry takes out a billy club, looks at the governor, from whom he gets no response, then goes over to the struggling group...

HARRY. He's right, of course.

...and thwacks Hennessy across the head. Groggy but still conscious, he slumps and releases his grip on the bed. The men outside the room let out an audible gasp.

GOVERNOR. Oh, I say...

HARRY. Shut it! Shut your bloody mouths. Stand him up.

The guards stand Hennessy up and Syd quickly starts tying Hennessy's arms behind his back with the strap.

(To Syd.) Having a nice chat, were we?

SYD. I wasn't, Harry.

HARRY. "You're getting hanged by bloody nincompoops."

HENNESSY. Don't do it tight, I've got a bad wrist.

HARRY. You didn't have a bad wrist when you were clinging to that bedstead!

HENNESSY. I did!

HARRY. Do it tight!

Syd does so.

And get ahold of him.

The guards do so.

And follow me.

A noose has appeared downstage of the cell. Hennessy sees it and his body sags. Harry walks towards it and the trapdoors it's hanging over, and the guards and Syd walk Hennessy to it. Governor, priest, and doctor quietly follow.

HENNESSY. No no no no no, it's not fair. I never even met the girl, Mr. Wade. I've never had a problem with the ladies. Ask anybody. Why would I do a nasty thing like that?

HARRY. It's nowt to do with me, is it, lad?

HENNESSY. But I've never even *been* to Norfolk. Or anywhere in East Anglia.

Harry slips the hood and noose over Hennessy's head as Syd swiftly straps his legs.

What's that, a hood? I don't want a hood. Can I not have the hood? I promise I'll go quietly if I don't have to have the hood...

Almost before the words are out, Syd rolls away from the strapped legs, Harry pulls a lever to one side, the trap beneath Hennessy's feet falls, and his body drops below floor level, rope pulling taut, breaking his neck, hanging him there, out of sight. Harry and Syd step up to the edge of the trapdoors, looking down on the hanging body, followed by the others.

HARRY. Where's Doctor?

DOCTOR. Here, sir.

HARRY. Well go down and bloody check on him, lad.

DOCTOR. Right!

The doctor heads down, out of sight, to check the body.

HARRY. Have *somebody* do their bloody job properly today. (*To the guards.*) Where'd they get you two? Window at fucking Debenhams?! (*To Syd.*) And as for you!

SYD. What were I supposed to do, Harry? He were clinging on to that b-b-bedstead...

HARRY. “Bedstead.” Here comes the stutter...

SYD. B-b-bedstead...

HARRY. “Bedstead.”

SYD. For dear life.

HARRY. Finished, have ya? “Bedstead”? *(To governor.)* And we’ll have none of this going down int’ bloody report, neither!

GOVERNOR. Oh yes, no. Of course.

HARRY. He went to his death protesting his innocence. End of story. Saves his blushes, saves these lads’ blushes, saves “bedstead’s” blushes. Are we right?

GOVERNOR. We’re right, yes.

HARRY. We’re right, good.

Pause.

“Albert bloody Pierrepont.”

The doctor comes back up, taking his stethoscope off.

DOCTOR. Yes, he’s dead. Quite dead.

HARRY. Course he’s quite dead. What else would he be?

Pause.

Now where’s our bloody breakfast? I, for one, am fucking starved.

Blackout.

Scene 2

A large, old-fashioned pub on the outskirts of Oldham circa 1965, two years after the previous scene. Harry behind bar in his usual dicky bow, pulling pints with his wife, Alice. Five men at the bar: the three “cronies”—Bill, Charlie, and Arthur, the oldest and a touch deaf; Clegg, a local journalist; and a plainclothes policeman of Harry’s age, Inspector Fry. All are from the north of England and when they get going, they speak at quite a pace.

CLEGG. But you must have a comment, Harry.

FRY. Must he?

HARRY. I do have a comment, lad. "No comment."

The cronies laugh.

CHARLIE. That were a good one, Harry. "No comment."

ARTHUR. What were it?

CHARLIE. Newspaper lad says "But you must have a comment, Harry." Harry says "I do have a comment. No comment."

ARTHUR. That were a good one! He just said same thing first lad said.

CLEGG. Oh Harry, I've driven all the way up from Manchester.

HARRY. You'll be driving all the way down to Manchester an' all. Commentless!

Laughter from all.

ARTHUR. What did he say?

CHARLIE. He said "Piss off back to Manchester"...

HARRY. I didn't say "Piss off," Charlie...

CHARLIE. "Commentless!"

ARTHUR. What-less?

CHARLIE. "Commentless!"

ARTHUR. That were good!

FRY. Do you want us to arrest him, Harry lad? Or just give him a bloody hiding?

CLEGG. Arrest me for what, Inspector?

FRY. For being underage in a public bar, for a start off. How old are ya, twelve?

Laughter.

HARRY. Five, more like!

Much more laughter.

CHARLIE. Inspector says, "How old are ya, twelve?" Harry says "Five more like!"

ARTHUR. Ha ha, younger, I get it.

CLEGG. Come on, Harry, it's not every day they abolish hanging, is it? You must have summat to say.

HARRY. It's not, lad, you're right. And I know that's why half o' you bastards are in here today...

ALICE. Language, Harry!

HARRY. And I *do* have my opinions on this abolition business. How could I not, like? Same as I've had a variety of opinions over the years, on a variety of subjects...

BILL. He's had a variety of opinions on subjects over the years, I've heard 'em...

HARRY. But one thing... You *haven't* heard 'em, Bill, that's what I'm saying, cos one thing I've always prided myself on, for right or for wrong, I'm not saying I'm a special man, but one thing I've prided myself on is that, on the subject of hanging, I've always chosen to keep me own counsel. I've always chosen not to say a public word on this very private matter, and why have I chosen to do that, you may ask?

ARTHUR. Why?

HARRY. For the past twenty-five year now I've been a servant of the Crown in the capacity of hangman. "A what of the Crown?" did you say? "A *spokesman* for the Crown?"

CHARLIE. No. A *servant* of the Crown!

HARRY. A *servant* of the Crown. And when was the last time you heard a servant making speeches...?

BILL. *Russia*...

HARRY. *Never*...

HARRY. "Russia"? You'd be shot if you made a speech in Russia, what are ya talking about, Bill?

BILL. No, I were thinking in the olden days.

HARRY. Well it were even worse in the olden days, stop talking daft, Bill. Bill's talking daft again! A *servant* of the Crown. I let the other people make the speeches: the politicians, the ministers, the... devil's advocates. Sometimes the police inspectors when they've sobered up enough, oops, sorry Inspector Fry, I didn't see ya there!

Laughter.

FRY. Apology accepted, hic!

CHARLIE. "Sobered up," he were saying, and then the police inspector says "Hic!"

ARTHUR. Aye. I don't get it, but I don't know the man.

CHARLIE. You *do* know the man...

HARRY. Me? I keep me own counsel. A day *will* come when fellas finally see some sense and ask me my opinion...

A young stranger called Mooney comes in, takes his overcoat off, sits at a side table. Harry keeps an eye on him.

...But until that bright day comes, I will be quite content to keep me own counsel, as I see fit, and leave the jibber-jabber to the riff-raff, the riff-raff being you sorry lot, now who wants a bloody pint?!

All except Clegg call for a pint. Harry and Alice pour and serve among a general hubbub.

CLEGG. But that day *has* come, Harry. We *have* seen sense. I *am* asking your opinion.

HARRY. (*With an edge.*) Aye, and I already told ya, lad...

FRY. He already told ya, lad...

HARRY. (*Calling out to Mooney.*) And there's no table service!

Mooney slowly gets up and ambles over.

ALICE. Ease up, love. Lad's only just took his coat off...

HARRY. Well I know the type, don't I? Sitting down.

ALICE. (*To Mooney.*) Pint is it, love?

MOONEY. (*London accent.*) Pint, yes, and a small bag of peanuts.

ALICE. We've only the one size. I'll get you them.

Alice gets the nuts and starts pouring his pint.

HARRY. London, are ya?

MOONEY. Round that way.

HARRY. Well you either are or ya aren't.

MOONEY. Exactly.

BILL. (*To Clegg.*) I've got a quote for ya, lad.

CLEGG. Yeah, what's that then?

BILL. "Hangin's too good for 'em." Cos it is, int it?

CLEGG. (*Sarcastic.*) Oh right, aye. Thanks.

BILL. The country thinks that, the people think that. It's only the

politicians disagree, which is the crossroads at which we find ourselves today. In a right jam. Int that right, Harry?

HARRY. Int what right?

BILL. That hanging's too good for 'em.

HARRY. Didn't I just do a big bloody speech about keeping me own counsel, Bill? I wouldn't be keeping me own bloody counsel if I made a comment on that, would I? Ya daft pillock! Why do I even try?

CHARLIE. It's true, Harry! You shouldn't even try!

BILL. No, I were just saying. I were just agreeing, like. Hanging's too good for 'em, int it?

Harry stops and glares at him. Fry smiles to himself.

HARRY. Have yourself another pint, Bill. And try to keep up!

BILL. I'll have another pint, Alice!

Laughter from the men as the slight tension is diffused.

Religion and politics, int it? They say you should never something something something.

ALICE. *(To Mooney.)* There's your pint and your peanuts, love. That's a shilling.

MOONEY. That's very good value.

Mooney pays and a muttered hubbub continues as Harry and Mooney look at each other on his way back to table, where he sits with his pint, back to the bar, opening his paper and nuts, reading.

ALICE. So what were up with her then, George? Phyllis Keane, you were saying earlier.

FRY. What were up with her?

ALICE. That you'd have to do summat that drastic.

FRY. I'll tell you what were up with her. Every car number plate that passed, she'd have to read it out, out loud. *Every* car, mind. That's a lot of cars in Burnley. Every broken paving stone she passed she'd have to...either step *on* it or *not* step on it, I can't remember which, but again, Burnley, you'd be hopping all day. And what were t'other one?

ALICE. That's a famous one though, int it, paving stones? I wouldn't go by that.

HARRY. Oh give over, Alice.

ALICE. What?

HARRY. You're always defending daft uns.

ALICE. I'm not.

FRY. Bodies of water! She'd have to walk clockwise around bodies of water. Lakes or bridges, like. Clockwise.

HARRY. Burnley, you'd be alright.

FRY. No, anticlockwise. She'd have to keep them on her left.

ALICE. Yeah, but we all have things like that, don't we, George? Quirks. It's no call to put a poor girl in a mental home.

HARRY. *I don't have things like that!*

FRY. *I don't have things like that!*

HARRY. *I don't have quirks! I don't have to read out every car number plate that passes! I don't do that, you don't do that!*

ALICE. Sometimes I'll read one out in me head, if they're a funny one.

HARRY. Well how is reading something out in your head, reading something out out loud?!

ALICE. No, he's right there!

HARRY. On top of the bloody paving stones! On top of the bloody clockwise!

FRY. Anticlockwise.

HARRY. Anticlockwise.

ALICE. It's no call to put a girl in a home is all I'm saying. At fifteen, like.

HARRY. Who the hell are we talking about, any road?

FRY. Phyllis Keane.

HARRY. Who?!

ALICE. She's a school friend of our Shirley's.

HARRY. Oh. Does our Shirley know?

FRY. No, she were only sent down this afternoon.

HARRY. Let's not tell her till bedtime, Alice. It's any excuse to mope with our Shirley.

ALICE. Teens, int it? It's the music, for me.

HARRY. Int the music. It's the sitting on your fat arse all day, / mooning...

BILL. (*Overlapping.*) Reading.

HARRY. What?

BILL. "Sitting on your fat arse all day, reading."

HARRY. Not "reading." Mooning.

BILL. Oh.

HARRY. You stay out of it any road.

MOONEY. (*Calling out.*) Could I have another pint, please? I'll come over once it's poured.

Harry glares at the back of his head, but Alice pours the pint.

ALICE. Don't mind him, love. He just don't know the ropes, does he?

HARRY. There's ropes and there's ropes, though, int there?

FRY. Well that were my afternoon, any road. Driving nutters about. Then I thought I'd pop o'er here to *your* nutters, and make sure you didn't get any shite from newspaper reporters or underage drinkers... Oh sorry, Clegg, are you still here, lad?

Laughter from cronies. Mooney picks up his pint.

MOONEY. Thanks. I'm only halfway through the nuts so I won't get any more of them.

ALICE. Alright, love.

MOONEY. I'm slow with nuts.

CHARLIE. Another two here, Harry, please.

As Mooney returns to his table he whispers something in Clegg's ear, which Clegg is a little startled by...

CLEGG. What was that?

MOONEY. You heard.

...and continues back to his table, leaving Clegg somewhat perplexed, as down the stairs behind the bar comes Shirley, Harry and Alice's fifteen-year-old daughter.

HARRY. Speak of the devil!

SHIRLEY. The devil? Me? How Dad?

FRY. Howdo, Shirley.

SHIRLEY. Howdo Inspector Fry. Lads.

HARRY. Well are you helping pull pints or are you just going to stand there like a cloud?

SHIRLEY. Oh, aye.

Shirley starts helping behind the bar.

Stand there like a what?

HARRY. Like a clown.

SHIRLEY. Oh. I thought you said "cloud."

CLEGG. I think I'll go now then, Mr. Wade.

HARRY. Alright, lad. I suppose your mam'll be wondering where you are.

Laughter from cronies.

CHARLIE. His mam!

ARTHUR. He said his mam and he's not even that young, he's probably got his own place to stay, like a flat!

CLEGG. No. The paper said I were to speak to Albert Pierrepoint too, see if he's got...

The pub suddenly goes silent and Harry stops what he's doing to stare at him. Mooney quietly closes his paper.

...owt to say about this abolition business.

Pause.

Him being, y'know...the Number One hangman all them years.

Pause.

And that.

HARRY. Oh aye?

CLEGG. Aye. Over at his pub. What's it called again?

MOONEY. "Help the Poor Struggler." It's a very good pub, actually.

HARRY. Pierrepoint's pub's Failsworth. You'd've passed Pierrepoint's pub ont' way. Why didn't you pop in on road o'er?

CLEGG. Why?

HARRY. Aye! Why?!

CLEGG. Well...it's obvious, isn't it?

HARRY. (*Cold.*) If it were obvious, lad, I wouldn't be asking, would I?

SHIRLEY. Dad...

MOONEY. He does have a point. Why didn't you just ask at Pierrepoint's pub ont' road oèr?

CLEGG. (*Stalling.*) Well...I wanted a quote from *the* hangman, didn't I? The hangman that was still called upon at hanging's dying days. The one whose opinion *matters*. Not from some bloody has-been who quit his post ten years since.

Pause.

Y'know?

Mooney smiles and returns to his paper, as Harry finds a freshly poured pint in his hand.

HARRY. (*To Clegg, cheerily.*) Was this your pint, lad?

CHARLIE. No, it were...

CLEGG. I were just going, Harry...

CHARLIE. It were mine...

HARRY. Stay for your pint, lad, it's poured now.

ALICE. It's on the house.

HARRY. It int on the house but it's poured now, so you're having it. Right. Now, I don't mind talking to ya, but we'll be doing it upstairs, away from the prying ears of these bloody jackdaws...

Groans from the nosey cronies.

BILL. Oh Harry!

HARRY. And I'll be talking to ya off the record because, as I believe I said to ya before, I like to keep me own counsel. Now step this way...

CLEGG. But there's no point talking, Harry, if it's going to be off the record.

HARRY. Don't push your...

CLEGG. Pierrepoint wasn't going to be off the record...

HARRY. Don't push your fucking luck, alright? Don't push your luck. *(To Mooney.)* And what are you smirking at?!

MOONEY. There's a photo in the paper of a funny-looking black chap.

Pause.

HARRY. Upstairs if you want to chat.

Harry heads upstairs, Clegg following, taking his pen and notebook back out.

ALICE. But it's a pigsty upstairs, Harry...

HARRY. Well whose bloody fault is that?!

They're gone, the cronies a little miffed.

CHARLIE. Oh...

ARTHUR. Is Harry gone?

ALICE. Looks like it, don't it?

ARTHUR. How long's he going to be gone for?

ALICE. Well I don't know, do I? This is a circus, not a... This is a pub, not a three-ring bloody circus!

Pause.

ARTHUR. Will he be a while?

Alice sighs and heads towards the pub's front doors, taking her cigarettes out.

SHIRLEY. Where are you going, Mam?

ALICE. Fag.

SHIRLEY. I can't serve on me own!

ALICE. Yeah ya can. It'll do you good. Take you out of yourself.

She's gone. Shirley shyly collects glasses, etc., tries to make herself small.

ARTHUR. I were going to have another pint, but if hangman's gone off I might go. I don't even like the pints here, but they've a hangman.

FRY. This is the hangman's daughter, Arthur. Shirley.

ARTHUR. I know. I know that from before. Where's this t'other hangman's pub?

CHARLIE. Failsworth.

ARTHUR. Failsworth? Failsworth's miles. Well I don't know whether to wait for the hangman to come back or to go. I only came for t' hangman.

FRY. Have another pint, Arthur! Jesus!

ARTHUR. I will!

Mooney finishes his pint and goes up to the bar.

MOONEY. I'll have the same again, please, miss.

SHIRLEY. Oh. Which one were it? I weren't here.

MOONEY. I dunno. Doesn't really matter, does it, they're all the same, really, aren't they?

FRY. They're not.

MOONEY. They're all the same up north, aren't they?

SHIRLEY. I don't drink, so I don't know.

MOONEY. Good for you. Shirley, is it? Why don't you do a lucky dip, Shirley, and I'll have that one?

SHIRLEY. Really? Shall I? Like a lucky dip? Alright...

Shirley starts doing a count under her breath, like the children's picking game...

You are not it...

She continues the count, ruling the first one out.

MOONEY. Could take quite some time.

FRY. Have I met you before, I'm thinking?

MOONEY. Me? How am I supposed to know? I do get about.

SHIRLEY. *(Counting.)* You are not it.

She starts the count again, ruling out the first two...

You are not it! It's Guinness!

She goes to pour a Guinness.

MOONEY. Oh, actually, I don't like Guinness. I meant any of the other ones.

SHIRLEY. Oh...

MOONEY. I thought you understood. I'll just have a pint of mild.

She smiles and pours a mild.

It's quite specific, isn't it, Guinness.

SHIRLEY. Yes, it's quite Irish, isn't it.

MOONEY. It is, isn't it. I'd say nothing gets past you.

FRY. You look more of a Babycham man, from where I'm standing.

MOONEY. I look more of a whatman?

FRY. A Babycham man. A man drinks Babycham.

SHIRLEY. Leave off, Inspector.

MOONEY. I don't know what that is, a Babycham man.

SHIRLEY. It's like a fizzy wine what's got a reindeer on it. Or a normal deer, I can't remember.

MOONEY. I wouldn't know anything about it. I'm not from around these parts, you see.

FRY. Babycham's not from around these parts, is it? It's a southern drink.

MOONEY. Is it?

FRY. It is, aye.

MOONEY. You seem to know a lot about it.

FRY. I don't. You do.

MOONEY. We've established I don't.

FRY. You going to have any more peanuts with your mild, or have you had enough peanuts?

MOONEY. I've still got a couple left from before.

FRY. Have ya?

MOONEY. Yeah. I saved a couple for emergencies.

SHIRLEY. For peanut emergencies?

MOONEY. Yeah. In case I get trapped in a lift with a gorilla.

Shirley laughs.

Or a policeman.

FRY. Alright!

SHIRLEY. Does that happen to you often?

MOONEY. Only when I'm in Wales.

SHIRLEY. You want to stop going to Wales then.

MOONEY. I know, but I keep getting drawn back. It's the gorillas, isn't it?

FRY. You wanna watch yourself, lad. We're not all friendly up north.

SHIRLEY. I am!

MOONEY. She is.

FRY. She's not everyone, is she?

MOONEY. She could be if she tried harder.

SHIRLEY. That doesn't make any sense!

Beat.

MOONEY. Oh really. And how's your friend Phyllis?

SHIRLEY. Phyllis? Do you know Phyllis?

MOONEY. Phyllis? No. Phyllis Keane? No.

SHIRLEY. You do. You know her name.

FRY. Alright lad. Very good.

MOONEY. Did you like that? Did you like how I made that turn, Officer?

FRY. We'll leave it at that then, shall we?

MOONEY. No more of this Babycham business then. I know only too well what Babycham is. I know all of its connotations. Alright?

Mooney drinks his pint in one.

Shirley, do you know of anyone renting rooms out around here?

SHIRLEY. Our mam used to rent rooms out but then she stopped.

MOONEY. Why, what happened?

SHIRLEY. Nothing happened. I don't think. She just stopped. Maybe people were getting too nosey.

FRY. That were it.

MOONEY. Nosey about what?

SHIRLEY. Well, me dad.

MOONEY. What about your dad?

Shirley looks to Fry for help.

The play doesn't end here...

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