

NEXT PLEASE

A DOCTOR SITTING AT HIS DESK. GIVES HIS BELL AN IRRITABLE PING-PING. NO RESPONSE. HE DOES IT AGAIN.

DOCTR: (WELSH, IRRITABLE) Next please! (TO HIMSELF) Come on.. another bloody disabled layabout I suppose.

THE DOOR LURCHES TO AND FRO. HE WATCHES IT WITH RESIGNED EXASPERATION MOUNTING TO INDIGMANT PUZZLEMENT. EVENTUALLY A YOUNG MAN ENTERS WITH A GIRL CLASPED ROUND HIS MIDDLE, HER LEGS WOUND BEHIND HIS BACK. HE STRUGGLES OVER TO THE DESK, RESTS HER BUM ON IT.

DOCTOR: God.. what... look here... mind my papers...

BOY: Can't help it guv.

DOCTOR: Get off of there, what's the matter with you?

BOY: Can't you see?

DOCTOR: No I can't, what the devil d'you think you're doing?

BOY: I should have thought that was obvious.

DOCTOR: Well you can't do it here!

GIRL: Oh blimey.

BOY: We don't bloody want to do it here. We want to stop doing it.

DOCTOR: What do you mean, stop doing it? Get her off.... coming in here like this, I've got a ~~waiting room full of people out there~~ waiting room full of people out there.

GIRL: Not any more you haven't.

DOCTOR: What? HE GOES TO THE DOOR AND LOOKS OUT.
Where have they all gone to?

BOY: It's what you might call the generation gap.

DOCTOR: (WALKING ROUND THEM) God bless my soul.. I'm going to be home early tonight for a change. You mean to tell me really can't.. ah... ~~uncouple~~.. disconnect...

BOY: Look... sweedie.. would I have struggled all the way up from bloody ~~Hyde Park~~ ^{Hyde Park} with this bird wrapped round me less I fucking had to.

DOCTOR: Don't use that language in here. ^{this is not the rugby field.} You could have taken a taxi.

GIRL: We tried.

BOY: People don't want to know. See a bit off trouble, piss off.. look the other way, bust out laughing... we sor a cab..

GIRL: I put me hand out...

BOY: What does he do..

GIRL: Slows up....

BOY: ^{Song} Straight into the nearest bollard.

GIRL: ~~We tried~~ to hitch a van...

BOY: One look...

GIRL: Straight through Harvey Nicks to Young Idea. AND we tried the number fifteen bus.

DOC: Wouldn't they let you on?

BOY: ~~xxxx~~ Oh we got on all right.. after a bit of a struggle... halfway to the next stop bloody Paki bus conductor turns us off.. no standing inside.

~~GIRL: We tried to argue but he said it was against his religion.~~

DOCTOR: Well, I don't know what to do. There's no call for this sort of treatment, it would require medical consultation. I've had anal splinters this morning and a woman splashed her bum last week after giving her lav a Harpic shampoo but this beats all. I do remember a patient once.. STARTS TO LAUGH BEHIND HIS HAND.. oh dear, oh dear... RECOVERS HIMSELF... but even that wasn't true. I shall have to write this up.

BOY: You might start by giving me something for bloody ballsache, I'm in pain, I can tell you ~~that~~, shift up a bit love.

DOCTOR: Have you tried a bucket of water?

BOY: Look, we didn't exactly come out equipped for this event-
-uality.

DOCTOR: There's no need to be sarcastic. Yes, I think that
should do the trick. What you want is something to..ah...to...

GIRL: Turn him off, that's what I keep telling him.

BOY: Question of what, innit?

DOCTOR: (GETTING THE BUCKET OF WATER) Ever had this trouble
before, son?

BOY: No.

DOCTOR: I must say it's a most interesting -

BOY: Oh get on with it mate....oohrah! AS THE WATER HITS HIM.
Warr...urrahhh!

GIRL: Ohh... oohh.... lovely!

BOY: Ooerh... aarh!

DOCTOR: Hasn't that done it then?

BOY: Done it? Ten times worse, mate.

GIRL: Ooo... ooo...

BOY: (TO GIRL) Look.. lover.. you're a nice kid..great.
But enough's enough.

GIRL: So who's hanging around?

BOY: For Christ's sakes, you are! Look, doc, you gotta
help us! For Gawd's sake there must be something.. some
pill or injection... something.

DOCTOR: (MIXES A GLASS) Try this.

BOY: What is it?

DOCTOR: What do you mean, what is it? It's an emetic,
that's what it is. Make you sick.

GIRL: (KNOCKING THE GLASS AWAY) Not over me it won't. He's
not being sick all over my Biba tanktop.

BOY: Thanks very much. What do you suggest, Big Mouth?

GIRL: Big Mouth?

BOY: Well I don't know your name, do I?

DOCTOR: You mean you two don't know each other?!

GIRL: ~~Well I have been trying to turn him off but everything I say makes him think of you know what.~~ Not exactly unless you call two his and a what about it a formal introduction.

BOY: It's not as though we got a relationship.

DOCTOR: Good God.

GIRL: Psychology. That's what we want. Somethink to turn him off.

DOCTOR: Surely you can manage that between yourselves.. given the Casual nature of this encounter.

GIRL: Well I have been trying...but everything I say makes him think of you know what.

DOCTOR: You're very attracted to her..physically.

BOY: Yeah. That way yeah. Well it's evident, ain't it? And all the jogging up and down like... keeps it in mind, know what I mean.

DOCTOR: There must be something... some person or object that will divert the psycho-physical attention.. arithmetic... homework... overtime... I know... Adolf Hitler!

BOY: Oooh, lovely... ugh... beautiful... whips, torture chambers, all them jackboots...

GIRL: Swastikas, hells' angels...oooh! Boys in ~~stank~~ wetlook, sweaty ^{crutch} crutchsmells, blackheads...oooooh!

DOCTOR: Stop it.. stop it at once.

BOY: Hopeless man.

GIEL: Yeah. He was trying to turn us on. I reckon he enjoys seeing us like this.

MAN: Yeah.. humiliating..

GIRL: Sadism..

BOY: Own a mackintosh, do you doc?

DOCTOR: You can just stop that sort of talk, I don't have to put up with that, any more of that I shall put you out.. and if you'd seen as many private parts in a day's work as I do you wouldn't be in the predicament you are - bread and butter to me, that side of things is.. bread and butter.

BOY: Sorry doc, you were only trying to help.

GIRL: Yeah. We're ever so sorry. Could you think of somethink else for us.. I bet it'll work.

DOCTOR: (THINKS.. THEN) Enoch Powell.

BOY: Ooh, ah, beautiful... thrash the spades...

GIRL: (SCREECHES) Rivers of blood...

BOY: Picaninies.. General Amin... ooch, erahhh...

GIRL: Yowoo!

DOCTOR: ~~Hang on!~~ Pack it up for God sake, they'll think I'm on the B and C lark.

THEY WAIT FOR HIM TO COME UP WITH SOMETHING BETTER.

DOCTOR: I don't know. The Queen.

BOY: (IN REPROOF) Steady on. ~~She's a very nice woman.~~

GIRL: She's a very nice woman.

BOY: Yeah. Come round our Borstal once. Bit laddish but no side to her... you know she goes up the freaks bin, up Hovehampton half a dozen times a year, talk to the lads. You'll have to wash your mouth out doc.

GIRL: Very good complexion, all that family.

DOCTOR: I'm Welsh myself.

GIRL: It's all very well.. they can't fight back, you know. Look at Princess Margaret.

DOCTOR: What for?

BOY: Come on Doc!....

DOCTOR: I don't know. Justin de Villeneuve... Clement Freud... Rolf Harris!

THE TWO DO A DOWNBACKER ROUND THE ROOM.

DOCTOR: Bob Monkhouse.. Andie Williams... The Archers!

RENEWED ACTIVITY WITH PIG, HORSE AND COW SOUNDS.

DOC: All right then... Come Dancing!

THEY BREAK INTO A WALTZ.

GIRL: My favourite programme!

DOC: Peter West... Margaret Thatcher... ah, you paused..you paused!

BOY: Nah..nah, I LIKE buck teeth!

RENEWED ACTIVITY.

BOY: Show us your teeth,love...ooh, them lovely clackers.. it's the sort contrast, teeth and tongue, all red and moist and juicy, and these shiny white things, clashing away round the edges, ready to get you, aw, it's so dangerous....

DOCTOR:(GETTING AFFECTED HIMSELF AND STEADYING HIMSELF ON HIS DESK) Do stop... I don't like this sort of talk, really....
..... Richard Nixon! Richard Nixon!

THIS DOES CAUSE A PAUSE. SHE MAKES A FACE AND THE BOY HALTS AND BEGINS TO SHAKE HIS HEAD.

DOCTOR:(PUSHING HIS LUCK) Spiro Agnew!

BOY:(BEGINS TO GET GOING AGAIN) Awerh....

DOCTOR: No,no....Richard Nixon, Richard Nixon....Richard Nixon?

MAN: (RODGERING ROUND THE ROOM AGAIN) Spiro Agnew, Spiro Agnew, Spiro Agnew... ever looked at the shape of his head, mate? Remind you of anything? Waw...Spiro Agnew...

DOCTOR: All right, all right. Ted Heath.. Harold Wilson..
~~Judith Chalmers...~~
~~Robert Carr...~~ General Franco. I give up.

HE TOTTERS TO HIS DESK, SITS, REACHES FOR HIS PAD AND BEGINS TO WRITE.

GIRL: What you doing?

DOCTOR: ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ I can't cope with this. You'll have to be admitted.

BOY: You mean -

DOCTOR: ~~xxxxxxxx~~ I'm sending you round to casualty.

GIRL: Hospital? How far is it?

BOY: (TOGETHER) How we going to get there?

THE DOCTOR RAISES HIS EYES, MUTTERS TO HIMSELF. HE REACHES FOR THE PHONE AND DIALS 999.

DOCTOR: Ambulance service please.

GIRL: What my going to say to my Mum?

DOCTOR: Ambulance? Dr. Price's surgery... Pork Mews. Admit two. I can't say. (IRRITABLE) No, I really can't begin to say on the telephone..they'll see for themselves, girl. Put it down as stoppage. No stretchers. Wait, ah.. tell them to bring up the wheelchair. Right. PUTS DOWN PHONE.

BOY: Thanks doc, I appreciate that.

DOCTOR: Well, try and make yourselves comfortable. I'd better take your particulars. Name?

BOY: Who?

DOCTOR: Well all right.. you first.

GIRL: Do we have to give our names?

DOCTOR: If I'm to get paid for treating you, you do.

GIRL: But you haven't done nothing. He hasn't done nothing.

DOCTOR: You've taken up my time - disrupted -

GIRL: Nothing at all. You could have offered me a tranquilliser, I bet if I was a private patient.. how do you

GIRL: (CONTINUED) think it feels to be stuck up here, you feel ever so silly.

DOCTOR: Name?

GIRL: Greta Garbo. I'm not giving you my real name, it might get in the papers.

DOCTOR: Michael Parkinson!

GIRL: That old trendie...Mr. Deepfreeze.. the man with the cash register eyes, even my Mum wants a bit more than that.. honest!

DOCTOR: Malcolm Muggeridge...Mary Whitehouse... Ian Paisley...

BOY: Look, mush, don't bring Northern Ireland into this.. my mother's an Irish lady.

DOCTOR: I'm just trying to assist detumescence, that's all.

GIRL: Eh?

DOCTOR: Look, I'm sorry but I must have your details.

BOY: Come on love, give us your name.

GIRL: All right.. I still fancy you. Sharon Pierce, 4, Mikado Villas, S.W.18.

DOCTOR: And your name son?

BOY: (MUMBLES) Rohcowr.

DOCTOR: Beg your pardon?

BOY: Cowr.

DOCTOR: Will you spell it?

GIRL: Yeah, come on, what's your name.. fair's fair.

BOY: It's Bob.

GIRL: Bob what?

BOY: Carr.

GIRL: Carr... like in car?

BOY: Yuh that's it.

GIRL: Carr... Bob Carr?

DOCTOR: Bob short for Robert, right?

BOY: Right.

DOCTOR: Robert...Carr. Address?

GIRL: Hang about. Robert Carr? Is your name Robert Carr?

BOY: Sright.

GIRL: The same as him... you know.

BOY: Yeah.

DOCTOR: Address?

GIRL: That won't be necessary.

SHE CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE BOY WHO IS CAUGHT SHORT AND COVERS HIMSELF.

GIRL: Bloody Robert Carr... you mean I've had me legs open round the donker tree in Hyde Park with a geezer same name as... who do you think you are?

BOY: Wssup?

GIRL: What do you think my name'll be? I've gotta live this down. Christ all mighty... meet a guy in the park, two minutes chat up.. round the back, get stuck, Very embarrassing, all the way past the Albert Hall looking for a say-ah...never ^{mentions} never thinks to open his down south.. all the time.... it just goes to show, you can't trust nobody, you've made me look a right smawk...

BOY: I can't help ~~it~~ ^{Me name.}
it,

GIRL: You can change your ~~name~~ ^{XXXXXXXXXX}, can't you? What about Reggie Maudling.. or Jim Callaghan... my Dad's always laughing about them.. honest, where's my bag....^{TO THE DOCTOR...}pity you never thought of asking his name in the first place, saved ever so much trouble.

DOCTOR: If you'd ^{two'd} bothered to behave like normal, civilised human beings with a respect ^{ed} for each other~~tax~~ instead of -

GIRL: Never mind Dad. They're all so deprived. He should have asked you your name, that would have put me right off, straight?

BOY: I'll remember that next time.

GIRL: Fancy trying to put us off with old Enoch... and Princess Margaret....

BOY: As I always say, royalty can't answer back. I've thought of changing me name to Bob Dylan, you know.

GIRL: What about David Bowie.. that's a very nice name.

THEY GO, IGNORING DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: Typical.. typical. Well, at leas they cleared the surgery. ~~I shall have an early night.~~

THERE IS A TAP, TAP AT THE DOOR.

Oh no... not another patient! LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. AND he's just made it, bugger. Come in, come in.

A MAN STICKS HIS HEAD ROUND THE DOOR, HESITANT.

DOCTOR: Come along in then!

PATIENT: Doctor, you're never going to believe this.

HE HAS GOT HIS FINGER STUCK UP HIS ASS.