Paul – BUS 2:

**THE CUSTOMS SHED**

***Returning from a booze run to Calais in a borrowed school mini bus, Gary and Sheila have been pulled over by UK customs. As they await inspection, their 35-year marriage begins to unravel in a froth of cheap lager and recrimination.***

**Gary – early60s**

**Sheila – late 50s**

**Both are from Ipswich.**

**GARY:** Do I? I know what I’ll tell them.

**SHEILA**: What?   
**GARY:** The truth.   
**SHEILA**: Good!

**GARY:** That it was all your idea.

**SHEILA**: What!?

**GARY:** And that you blackmailed me.

**SHEILA**: Don’t talk rot. Anyway, you’re the driver. I haven’t even got a licence.

**GARY:** That’s why you blackmailed me.

Sexual blackmail can make an honest man do strange things.   
Oh yes.

**SHEILA**: But we don’t even have bloody sex!

**GARY:** They don’t know that. Sexual blackmail. I’m desperate, Sheila.

If I’m going down. You are too.

**SHEILA**: Chance’d be a fine thing. Look you’re being silly now. I’ll go over and tell them we might be over the limit.

**GARY:** No comment.

**SHEILA**: What?

**GARY:** No comment! You keep your trap shut right. No comment. That’s all you have to say.

**SHEILA**: No comment?

**GARY:** NO COMMENT! That’s all. Two words. Even you should be able to remember that.

Right, without making it obvious, what are they doing now?   
Still in their little hut?

*(Silence)*

Sheila?

**SHEILA**: No. Comment.

**GARY**: I’d forgotten you could be like this.

**SHEILA**: No. Comment.

**GARY**: You have no idea how deep the doo-doo is that WE are in. And that’s not a royal WE, sunshine.

**SHEILA**: No. Comm...

**GARY**: STOP SAYING NO COMMENT!! Sheila, in America, if you deal drugs near a school, you can forget about it. You’ll never see daylight again. They lock you up and drop the key down the drain.

**SHEILA**: We’re not in America you ridiculous little man.

**GARY**: Same principle. What are you sat in?

**SHEILA**: Not America, I know that!

**GARY:** A minibus. A school minibus. A primary school minibus.

More specifically, a minibus from a primary school where YOU work.

**SHEILA**: So what? The car’s being serviced. Mr Palmer gave us permission to borrow it for the weekend.

**GARY:** You. He gave you permission, Sheila. Or Mrs Stanway, as you are more usually referred to by the Board of Governors. Who will be reading about this case in the paper.

**SHEILA**: Stop it, Gary. Stop it.

**GARY:** Smuggler Stanway. How does that sound? You might be hearing that one at the school gates. Once you get out. And if - BIG IF - they take you back.

**SHEILA**: FUCK OFF!!!    
*(Silence)*

**GARY:** Well. We’re not at home for Mrs Rude. Who’s over-reacting now? Eh?

**SHEILA**: Easy for you to say. Mr Palmer didn’t lend you the mini-bus did he?   
**GARY:** I wouldn’t worry. It’s your first offence and all that.   
**SHEILA**: Well I am worried. Thanks to you. Happy now?

**GARY**: Look under the seat.

**SHEILA**: Must I?   
*(She half glances)*

It’s your beer.

**GARY**: Nah. That’s not my beer. Mine’s over there.