

ACTOR B - MALE - EARLY 30s - BRITISH

The role of BRIAN in *Benched*. Three men are watching a Sunday league football match. The twist at the end of the play is that the three men are watching their kids football match. The Sunday games provide the opportunity for these dads to catch up, chat and discuss their lives.

Brian: Anyway, I'm stuck in this traffic and it's bumper to bumper and I see this car in front of me doing a twenty-seven-point turn in the road. So, I put my window down and I shout, alright sweetheart, are you gonna turn that car round or what, I've got a match to get to.

Kieran: What was it? The car?

Brian: *(annoyed that his story has been interrupted)* I don't know, do I? A Yaris or something. Anyway, finally, this car turns. It pulls up alongside me and the window goes down. The driver is a huge bloke, he's got to be 6ft 6 *(he gestures)* sideways. He's got a barbed wire tattoo around his neck as if his head has been transplanted onto his body. He points at me and goes, you talking to me mate? Really aggressive. Absolutely not I said, I was just shouting at the radio. They're banging on about the challenge of, erm, erm, o...besity in this country, and I was saying, to myself, that people can be, you know, as.....fat as they want, why should it be anyone else's business? Anyway, this bloke just stares at me and shouts, knobhead! Takes one to know one I said! Obviously, I had my window up by then.

Kieran: Obesity? Why did you say that?

Brian: That's all I could think of when I looked at him *(he shouts - watching the football match)* Our ball! Easily our ball! That was our ball! Referee, are you blind? I've seen better eyes on a potato!

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The role of BARRY in Single Malt. A bittersweet short drama as two estranged brothers reconnect while planning their mother's funeral. Secrets are shared and barriers come down. This play shifts moment to moment, from dark humour to sorrow and tenderness

A waiting area. Two men sit side by side. A moment passes.

ADAM: We should have waited in the pub. What are they doing?

BARRY: *(Shrugs)* Preparing her.

ADAM: But isn't she already prepared? We brought the clothes.

BARRY: I brought the clothes.

ADAM: All right, you brought the clothes. *(Beat)* What did you bring?

BARRY: White blouse, navy skirt. Tights. And her orange cardigan.

ADAM: Cardigan?

BARRY: Yeah. *(Beat)* What? *(Beat)* You raised your eyebrows. *(Beat)* That means something.

ADAM: No, well. A cardigan.

BARRY: She liked it.

ADAM: Right.

BARRY: What would you have put her in?

ADAM: I don't know.

BARRY: Go on, you have opinions don't you.

ADAM: A jacket, maybe.

BARRY: What sort of jacket?

ADAM: Something smart. Sunday best.

BARRY: She didn't go anywhere on a Sunday, she wore slacks and slippers.

ADAM: She definitely had a suit because she wore it when Dad died.

BARRY: So you'd put her in a suit.

ADAM: I don't know.

BARRY: No, you don't.

ADAM: Look, it doesn't matter. She's got the cardigan on now, what are we going to do, change it?

BARRY: *(Pause)* If you had such strong opinions, if you were so particular, you could have made a suggestion instead of relying on me to do everything, couldn't you? I mean, you could have bought her something from John Lewis if you were that bloody bothered.

ADAM: Calm down.

BARRY: *(Looks away)* Calm down.

ADAM: I was just saying.

BARRY: No, no one is ever just saying, there is no just saying. No one ever opened their mouth because they wanted to just say something.

ADAM: Okay.

BARRY: Martin Luther King wasn't just saying he had a dream, was he?

ADAM: Turn it down, would you?

BARRY: I'm making a point.

ADAM: You've made it.

BARRY: You started it.

ADAM: You started it, what are you going to do, tell mum.

(Regretful silence)