

Two young men sit at a bar in a gay pub, each cradling a glass in his hands. Both appear less than enthused as they idly observe the various people who come and go before them at a point somewhere beyond the fourth wall. As each unseen patron passes their field of view – from left to right and vice versa – their heads follow, sometimes in unison, as they offer their critiques.

MIKE

(His eyes following someone across the room.)

Done him.

JIM

Done him.

(Pause. Another passer-by crosses their view.)

MIKE

Done him.

JIM

Yep, done him.

(Pause. Another passer-by crosses their view.)

MIKE

Done him, as well.

JIM

Yeah, done him, too.

(Pause. Another passer-by crosses their view.)

MIKE

I've *definitely* done him.

JIM

Who hasn't done him?

(Pause. MIKE takes something from his shirt pocket and puts it in his mouth, swallows it and washes down with a swig from his glass. Another passer-by crosses their view.)

MIKE

Not sure if I've done him.  
(Beat.)  
Looks familiar, though.

JIM

I've done him.

MIKE

Have you?

JIM

Oh, yeah. Done him not long ago, as a matter of fact.

MIKE

Have I done him?

JIM

How should I know? Ask him.

MIKE

Think I've done him... I'm just not sure.  
(Beat.)

Well, you've done him – if I haven't done him should I do him?

JIM

(With a shrug.)  
Up to you. Personally I wouldn't do him again.

MIKE

Mmm.

(Pause. This time JIM takes something from his shirt pocket and puts it in his mouth, swallows it and washes down with a swig from his glass. Another passer-by crosses their view.)

MIKE

Now, I've done *him* a few times.

JIM

I done him once, but... God knows when. Years ago, that's for sure.

MIKE  
One time five of us did him at once.

JIM  
Tight squeeze.

MIKE  
Very funny.

JIM  
That explains it, then.

MIKE  
Explains what?

JIM  
Why he walks like that.

MIKE  
Like what?

JIM  
Like Donald Duck.

MIKE  
No, he always walked like that. I think he thinks it makes people think he's got a big cock.

JIM  
Does he?

MIKE  
'Course not, that's why he does it. If there was truth in advertising he'd be pigeon-toed.

JIM  
You'd think I'd remember, wouldn't you? Aren't I awful?

MIKE  
Aren't we all?

(Pause. MIKE, again, takes something from his shirt pocket and puts it in his mouth, swallows it and washes down with a swig from his glass. Another passer-by crosses their view.)

(Mischievously.)  
Have you done him?

JIM

(Beat.)  
I don't remember.

MIKE

So you have done him?

JIM

I said I don't remember.  
(Beat.)

MIKE

And if I have done him it was probably because I was depressed...and bored...and couldn't find anything to wear that made me feel attractive to the same sex...and 'cause I looked in the mirror that morning and saw the first signs of my face losing its natural elasticity...and 'cause I'd left my contact lenses in the cleaning solution too long which meant I couldn't wear them that night which meant I was half blind...and 'cause that day that bitch Janice at work told me I looked like I was "filling out" which was her way of saying I looked like a fat pig who'd be more at home stuck on a spit roasting over an open fire, which completely sapped my confidence and is exactly where she should be, with the flames licking up around those ugly Marks-&-fucking-Spencer's business suits she prances around in!

(Beat.)  
But...like I say...I'm not saying I have done him – I just don't remember.

(Gleefully.)  
I *knew* it!

JIM

And you haven't?

MIKE

Sorry, dream boat, you're on your own there.  
(Beat.)

JIM

Oh, no.

What?

MIKE

Your old shag – look what she's doing.

JIM