

A WALK IN THE PARK

A man comes onto the stage, with a plastic bag on his hand. We see him reaching down to pick up a dog turd. A woman comes onto the stage, walking her dog

- W: Morning
- M: Morning.
- W: That's very public spirited.
- M: What is?
- W: You know, that. Making sure you pick it up. [She indicates. She is rather embarrassed].
- M: Oh this. Yes. Well, you know.
- W: Many don't, you know.
- M: Yes. I mean no. That's right they don't.
- W: I think I've seen you before.
- M: Probably, I'm here most days.
- W: Do you have to...you know...'scoop' every time?
- M: Oh yes. Pretty much the same place as well. Seems to be the favourite spot.
- W: They do have their little ways don't they.
- M: Oh yes.
- [Pause]
- M,W [together]: Just like us I suppose.
- [They both laugh]
- M: How funny. Saying the same thing like that. Listen, awfully rude of me, I'm so sorry, my name's David Alder.
- W: I'm Amanda. Amanda Fairborne.
- M: Amanda. What a beautiful name. I um, I won't...you know...shake hands.
- W: [laughs coyly] No probably not a good idea. Do you want to put it in one of the bins or something?
- M: Oh no no. I'm fine.
- W: [surprised] Oh OK. Fair enough. So, do you live near the Common?
- M: I do, yes, Victoria Rise.

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W: Oooh, lovely. I'm on the other side, Broomwood Road.

M: I don't think I know that one.

W: It's not very... far

[awkward Pause]

W: So which is he then?

M: Which what?

W: Which is your dog?

M: Dog?

W: Yes. I take it that is from a dog. I presume you're not taking your cat for a walk [laughs].

M: Oh, yes, this is from a dog. But it's not mine.

W: Ooooh. Even more public spirited. Walking it for a friend.

M: No, no. I just found this. I don't know which dog it's from.

W: [she visibly recoils] What?

M: There it was so I picked it up. It's a beauty isn't it.

W: I'm sorry?

M: Oh Amanda I'm just a collector. I don't want all the hassle of keeping a dog but I do like the turds. So I come out every day and usually get four or five nice ones of a morning.

W: Did you say collector? You mean to tell me that you... you keep them?

M: Oh yes, yes of course. I take them home you see and dry them in my Aga. Then I apply this special glaze with my toothbrush...

W: I can't believe I'm hearing this.

M: ...I leave the glaze to dry, and when it has you have a beautiful ornament for the mantelpiece if it's from a labrador, or perhaps a...a door stop with the larger ones - you know, your Great Danes, Afghans and so forth. Many of them of course I give away as presents at Christmas and birthdays...or Valentines.

W: Valentines?

M: I sent out 153 last year, all from poodles. Generally regarded as the dog of love

W: Really?

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- M: Would you like one?
- W: What? No! Listen I'm sorry to be rude, but I really must be going.
Ruby!
- M: Ruby?
- W: The Jack Russell, she's, well, she's' ready to head back now. So...
Goodbye then. Ruby!
- M: Has she done one since she's been here do you think?
- W: What? Um, no, she went before we came out.
- M: Pity. I'm rather partial to a Jack Russell. Haven't had one of those for
a while. With a bit of moulding they make beautiful candle holders.
- W: I'm dreadfully sorry.
- M: Are you alright Amanda?
- W: No. I think I'm going to be sick. [SHE IS]
- M: [Comforting her] Goodness me Amanda, bring it all up, there there.
Dear oh dear.
- W: [recovering a modicum of dignity] Yes, well, I'll be off now,
goodbye.
- M: Oh um don't go, just a sec. One last thing Amanda...um...it's been
lovely meeting you and so on and I think you're a fabulous lady. I
hope you don't think I'm being a bit forward in asking.
- W: For a date?
- M: A date? Blimey O'Riley no. I'm trying to achieve a wood chip effect
in my lounge and was wondering if I might have your sick.

black out