

Appendix: The 'Last' scenes scripts

Derek Neale

Last Sausage

A hairdressers. A HAIRDRESSER and a SANDWICH SELLER. The HAIRDRESSER sweeps the floor, the SANDWICH SELLER sits in one of the waiting seats.

SELLER: You was dead earlier.

HAIRDRESSER: What?

SELLER: Round about twelve.

HAIRDRESSER: Twelve?

Pause.

SELLER: I popped my head round the door.

HAIRDRESSER: Oh, yes?

SELLER: You must have been out the back. You was dead. Not a curler in sight.

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Yes, it was dead this morning.

SELLER: Yes, I noticed.

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Pause.

SELLER: I sold my last roll just after. Yes. About twelve thirty.

HAIRDRESSER: Sold your last then, did you?

SELLER: Yes, my last roll, sausage it was. Went about twelve twenty five.

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Sausage, was it?

SELLER: Yes.

Pause.

SELLER: Sometimes it's the bacon and egg.

HAIRDRESSER: Ah.

SELLER: Or the . . . the . . . whatyacallit.

HAIRDRESSER: The veggie.

SELLER: No, not the veggie, the veggies always go quick.

HAIRDRESSER: The chicken.

SELLER: That's it, the coronation chicken. Sometimes it's the chicken.

Pause.

SELLER: All I had left this morning was the sausage.

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Then that went, did it?

SELLER: Yes.

Pause.

SELLER: Quick off the mark this morning.

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: You didn't have any left, then?

SELLER: No. Not after I sold that one.
Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: It was after that you must have come by here then, was it?

SELLER: No, I popped my head round the door before.

HAIRDRESSER: You didn't say hello though, did you?

SELLER: When?

HAIRDRESSER: I mean, you didn't say hello and that, did you?

SELLER: What, about twelve?

HAIRDRESSER: Yes.

SELLER: No, I went up to the office.

HAIRDRESSER: No, I thought I didn't see you.

SELLER: I sold the last roll, then I had to go up to the office.
Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Yes, it was dead this morning.
Pause.

SELLER: I went to see if I could get hold of Liz.

HAIRDRESSER: Who?

SELLER: Liz.
Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Liz who?

SELLER: Liz . . . Liz ... whatyacallit.

HAIRDRESSER: Oh, Liz.
Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Did you get hold of her?

SELLER: No. No, I couldn't get hold of her. Weren't available.

HAIRDRESSER: She ain't available much now, is she?

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: When did you last see her then?

SELLER: Oh, I haven't seen her for I don't know how long.

HAIRDRESSER: No, nor me.

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Used to be quite a talker.

SELLER: What do you mean, talker?

HAIRDRESSER: Yes, a talker alright.

SELLER: She was never a talker.

HAIRDRESSER: Quite a talker.

Pause.

SELLER: Not when I knew her.

Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Weren't available then?

Pause.

SELLER: Yes, it was the sausage tonight.

HAIRDRESSER: Not always the last though, is it, though?

SELLER: No. Oh no. I mean sometimes it's the chicken.
Sometimes it's one of the
other rolls. Even one of the sandwiches.

HAIRDRESSER: Yes?

SELLER: Sometimes. No way of telling. Until you've got your last
one on the shelf,
of course. Then you can see.

HAIRDRESSER: Yes.
Pause.

SELLER: Oh, yes.
Pause.

HAIRDRESSER: Quite a talker.

Last Body

A hospital lift. A DOCTOR and a HOSPITAL PORTER. Both wait to reach their floor – an empty wheeled stretcher is also in the lift, the charge of the porter who has just delivered a patient for surgery.

The lift 'rings' and announces 'please stand clear of the doors'.

DOCTOR: You appeared to be terribly busy. Earlier. So I believe.

PORTER: When was that, then?

DOCTOR: Two. I needed a blood sample sending. Sharpish. No one to be found.

PORTER: Two, you say?
Pause.

DOCTOR: I called the porter's room. Repeatedly. No response.

PORTER: Oh, yes?

DOCTOR: I dare say you had your hands full.
Pause.

PORTER: Yes, it was busy earlier.

DOCTOR: Yes, so I believe.

Pause.

PORTER: Supposed to be my last run about then. Yes. About two.

DOCTOR: Your last one, eh. And yet you're still here?

PORTER: Body to the mortuary. About one fifty.

Pause.

DOCTOR: A fatality, eh?

PORTER: Yes.

Pause.

PORTER: Sometimes it's a blood sample.

DOCTOR: Ah.

PORTER: Or the . . . the . . . you know.

DOCTOR: One for surgery.

PORTER: That's it, one of these.

Pause.

PORTER: All I had this morning, a body. Nice and tidy.

Pause.

DOCTOR: And that went smoothly, did it?

PORTER: Yes.

Pause.

PORTER: Quick as you like.

Pause.

PORTER: No rings. They can be a problem. Getting them off, and they cause paperwork.

DOCTOR: And you didn't have any further duties?

PORTER: No.

Pause.

PORTER: It was after that you must have called then, was it?

DOCTOR: Yes, it must have been.

PORTER: Short staffed you see. Lots off sick. They asked me to stay on.

DOCTOR: Well, it's very good that you're able to accommodate.

PORTER: I mean, you did get seen to? In the end?

DOCTOR: What, about two?

PORTER: Yes.

DOCTOR: No, I took it upon myself, under the circumstances, to deliver the sample by hand.

PORTER: No, I thought I didn't see you on the list.

DOCTOR: I went up to the lab myself.

Pause.

PORTER: Yes, it was busy earlier.

Pause.

DOCTOR: I went to see if I could get hold of Dr Jenkins directly.

PORTER: Who?

DOCTOR: Dr Jenkins.

Pause.

PORTER: Dr who?

DOCTOR: Jenkins . . . Dr Jenkins.

PORTER: Oh. I see.

Pause.

PORTER: Did you find him?

DOCTOR: No. No, he didn't seem to be open for business.

PORTER: He's not around much now, is he?

Pause.

PORTER: When did you last see him then?

DOCTOR: Oh, I haven't seen him for some time now.

PORTER: No, nor me.

Pause.

PORTER: Had marital issues. So they say.

DOCTOR: Marital issues?

PORTER: Yes.

DOCTOR: I think you might be mistaken, and in any case ...

PORTER: She left him. So they say.

Pause.

DOCTOR: No, you're mistaken.

PORTER: For another doctor. So they say.

Silence.

PORTER: Yes, it was a body to the mortuary. No rings. Looking forward to my tea, I was, my last run.

DOCTOR: Not entirely your last though, was it, eh? As it turned out.

Pause

DOCTOR: So I believe.

PORTER: No. Oh, no. As it turned out.

DOCTOR: Yes, indeed.

PORTER: No way of telling what's round the corner. Until you get that call.

DOCTOR: Indeed.

Pause.

PORTER: Yes, marital issues. So they say.

Lift voice either rings or announces that 'you have now arrived at floor 6'.

Last Pizza

A heli-taxi in the year 2097. WAITER and a HELI-TAXI DRIVER – the waiter is having her usual lift home. Intermittent sound of helicopter blades – but an electric rather than contemporary engine, sounds like a fan.

Automatic announcement 'Please ensure your safety buttons are pressed; do not interfere with belt as it fastens around you; we will be taking off in thirty seconds'. A beeping sound.

WAITER: Looked like you were buzzing all over town tonight.

DRIVER: When was that?

WAITER: When did I see you buzzing?

DRIVER: Yes.

WAITER: When? Nine, thereabouts, when I took my break.

DRIVER: Nine?

Pause.

WAITER: Nine, thereabouts.

DRIVER: Oh, yes, that's right, I guess. Lot of fares round about then.

WAITER: You weren't bringing the punters here.

Pause.

DRIVER: No, it's been a buzzing old night.

WAITER: Sold my last pizza thereabouts, nine, just before my break.

Pause.

DRIVER: Your last one, eh. And you still stayed right til the end?

WAITER: Margatrixa with extra B3 and D1 topping. Three hundred mil.

Pause.

DRIVER: Margatrixa, eh?

WAITER: Yes.

Pause.

WAITER: Some folk like even more of the old time stuff, they want olibs or salani.

DRIVER: Ah.

WAITER: Or . . . or . . . whatyamacallit.

DRIVER: Cheese.

WAITER: That's it, one of those real old, real cheese pizzas.

Pause.

WAITER: Tonight it was just a margatrixa. That was my last one.

Pause.

DRIVER: They satisfied with what you give them?

WAITER: Yes.

Pause.

WAITER: Down in a flash. Wolfed it.

Pause.

DRIVER: And you didn't have any more takers?

WAITER: No, not after that margatrixa.

Pause.

DRIVER: It was just after that you saw me, then?

WAITER: What?

DRIVER: Nine.

WAITER: Yes, nine. Thereabouts. Buzzing you were.

DRIVER: You didn't call me though, did you?

WAITER: When?

DRIVER: I mean, you didn't call in for your lift home, early? Not then.

WAITER: What, at nine?

DRIVER: Yes.

WAITER: No.

DRIVER: No, I thought you didn't. Lot of fares tonight. Could have missed you.

WAITER: Yes, I made a call. But not to you.

Pause.

WAITER: Yes, I wanted to get hold of Zamos.

DRIVER: Who?

WAITER: Zamos.

Pause.

DRIVER: Zamos? Zamos who?

WAITER: Zamos. Zamos.

DRIVER: Oh.

Pause.

DRIVER: Did you get through to him?

WAITER: No. No, he didn't take the call.

DRIVER: He doesn't take many calls nowadays, does he?

Pause.

DRIVER: When did you last talk to him then?

WAITER: Oh, I haven't talked to Zamos for a while.

DRIVER: No, nor me.

Pause.

DRIVER: Had very bad eczema.

WAITER: Eczema? Zamos?

DRIVER: Yes.

WAITER: Zamos never had eczema. One of the few people I know who didn't.

DRIVER: Very bad eczema.

Pause.

WAITER: No, he didn't have eczema.

Pause.

WAITER: Yes, it was a Margatrixa. My last pizza.

DRIVER: Margatrixa was it?

Pause

WAITER: Yes, a margatrixa.

DRIVER: And nothing after nine.

WAITER: Thereabouts.

Pause.

DRIVER: Very bad eczema.

Bleeping sound and tenor of electric engine alters – to land.



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