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- ARNOLD: Let's get something to eat. There's a pub across the road that ... (*Discovers the door is now closed.*)  
Hello, what's this? (*Small chuckle.*) Don't tell me we're locked in. That's all we need.  
(*Tries door.*) Bloody hell! We are! We bloody well are!  
(*Shouts.*) Open up! We're still in here!  
(*Bangs hard on door.*) Open up! Don't believe it!  
The dozy sod's locked us both in!  
(*Bangs on door.*) Hello! Hello!
- DOREEN: Oh my God, he's gone home. He's locked up and gone home.
- ARNOLD: Don't panic. Alright? Open up! We're still in here!  
Open up! Open up! Open up!
- DOREEN: Hello! Hello!
- ARNOLD: Open up! We're still in here! Open up! We're still in here!
- BOTH TOGETHER: OPEN UP!  
*Pause.*
- DOREEN: What'll we do?
- ARNOLD: Have to break down the door.
- DOREEN: Think we can?
- ARNOLD: (*Doubtful, shakes head.*) It's like a fire door ...
- DOREEN: (*Looks around.*) There's no other way. There're no windows.
- ARNOLD: Christsake! God what a prat! What a stupid dickhead!  
*ARNOLD kicks the door, hard, then winces, groans, clutches foot.*