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ACCOMMODATION

- DEREK: Kaw, what a laugh. *(Reads aloud from newspaper.)* Milly insisted in Court that she only slept in Trafalgar Square to keep the pigeons company.
- DON: *(Chuckles.)* No. Getaway.
- TONY: *(Grins.)* It don't say that.
- DEREK: *(Tosses newspaper to DON.)* Never a dull moment is there.
- TONY: *(To DEREK, as DON reads.)* Did you read that last week?
- DEREK: Eh?
- TONY: *(Sits on settee arm.)* Some old geezer ... *(Small chuckle.)* got nicked having it away on a park bench.
- DEREK: Oh?
- TONY: In broad daylight too. It was in *The Evening News*. Eighty-eight he was.
- DEREK: *(Grins.)* Nah I'm not having that.
- TONY: No kidding.
- DEREK: How old was the girl?
- TONY: Only eighteen.
- DEREK: Stroll on.
- TONY: Just shows...
- DEREK: The older the fiddle the better the tune.
- TONY: Eighty-eight.
- DEREK: So what happened?
- TONY: Happened?
- DEREK: In Court?
- TONY: Well, the Judge was in two minds. Couldn't quite decide whether to award the pair of 'em medals for bravery or fine them both for indecency instead.