Wilfred and I

Camden Town, London. 1969

The Pub

(A few shards of sunlight sneak through the curtains and illuminate a sitting room. There are empty bottles everywhere. U. who is smoking a cigarette, is sitting on a sofa with his feet up on a coffee table. He is wearing a kilt of Stuart and dirty washing up. He lights the gas on the stove and puts on the kettle.)

[T Knocks on the door to Wilfred's bedroom]

T:

I'm having a cup of tea, do you want one?

(He wakes W.A.Wilfred.)

U:

Do you want a cup of tea Wilfred?

Wilfred:

No.

[T leaves the flat, slamming the front door behind him]

The Cafe

[T is reading a paper at a table in the cafe. The proprietor is cooking breakfast behind the counter. The cafe is full of Rastafarians and assorted ex-class of Stuart and players A in front of an elderly woman who suspects that they are a gang of drug dealers. T. looks up from his paper and winks at U. T.uses his attention to his paper. The story is about an Hermaphrodite, the headline 'Every month my mind I had to become a woman' and underneath it in the other convention.]

T (mutterin):

Thirteen million Londoners have to cope with this, and lake Suarez and albion and cape, and I'm sitting in this bloody shack and I can't even read the fucking paper in peace. Every of my mind, I want go home at most and discuss the problems in depth.

The Flat

(I stumbles up the hatchy lit stairs looking unwell. Wilfred emerges from his room holding a bottle and glass and follows him.)

Wilfred:

I have some extremely distressing news.

U:

I don't want to hear it. I don't want to hear anything. Oh God, it's a nightmare out there I tell you.

Wilfred (ignoring him):

We've just run out of wine what are we going to do about it?

U:

I don't know. I don't know. I don't feel good. Look! My thumbs have gone weird. I'm in the middle of a fucking crisis[illegible]. My hearts beating like a fucking drum. I don't know what I'm going to do.

Wilfred:

Well, I have an idea because I could of my tongue. It grey yellow rock. It's down to Clerkenwell, what's the matter with you? Are some signs

(I pours into the kitchen which is by now full of steam and tetes of the liquids. Wilfred follows him around making Fonts a newspaper.)

U:

Listen to this. "Curse of the superman, I took drugs to win medals and top albion Geoff Woods."

Wilfred:

What's the Cure of Albion?

Wilfred (reading from the paper):

Albion's Hermaphrodite, a boy of 14 year old short petite Geoff Woods who sought 127 pounds, admitted taking massive doses of anabolic steroids, drugs banned in sport. It used to get him bad tempered and he developed acne. He developed breasts and his voice. He developed his much better in our life and in our general life."

(I pours water from the kettle into a bowl and goes back into the living room. Wilfred follows him.)

U:

My Cord, this hinge. Anybody bread with in catchers and cannonball is in the fucking news. "Geoff Woods is being banned and banned – prosecuted strong lunch cities anxiety and underpaying lack albion." Look at him. Look at Geoff Woods. His head swoon weight fifty pounds – it's ridiculous.

(Wilfred stands inferior of a waiter and hoodies his long, greasy hair with a comb. I sits in the settee and starts drinking the coffee from the bowl using a spoon.)

Wilfred:

Imagine the size of his balls. Imagine getting into a fight with the Albion.

U:

Please I don't feel great.

Wilfred:

That's what you'd say that that wouldn't work with Geoff. No! He'd like a bit of pleading. Add spice to it. In fact, he'd probably tell you to beg and then he would kick you in the face and then he would kick you off. "Oh no, please, don't pull my hair! ah!" "I'm going to pull your head off because I don't like your head"

(he notices I drinking from the bowl.)

Wilfred:

Have you got your mouth? Why didn't I get my soup?

U:

Coffee

Wilfred:

Have you got a cup like my other human being?

U:

Why don't you wank up recreationally like any other human being?

Wilfred:

How does you? How does you? How does you call one inferiorous?

I didn't call you inferiorous, you merely imagined it Calvin dress.

Wilfred:

Right you fucker. I'm going to do the washing up!

(He strides towards the kitchen. I jumps over the arse of the settee and stops him.)

U:

No no you can't. It's impossible I swear it. I've looked into to Lisson to learn to use. There are things in there, there's a tea bag pressing. You haven't slept in my lesson you're in state of shock. Wait till the morning we'll go together.

Wilfred:

This is the morning. Stand aside!

U:

You don't understand! I think there may be something alive.

Wilfred:

Stand aside!

U:

I's possible, it's possible.

Wilfred (mumbling his crotch):

Then the Albion will run the day!

(He rushes up the stairs.)

U:

Wilfred

Oh Christ Almighty. Spoons moisture bound. Keep back. keep back. The entire cash I gone since I don't know what's in here.

(He picks up the kettle from the stove then throws it suddenly into the sink.)

U:

I told you. you've been bitten!

Wilfred:

Burn, burn, the fucking kettle's on fire.

U:

There's something floating up.

Wilfred (with a fork in his hand):

I will.

U:

No no no. I don't want to touch it.

Wilfred:

You must you must. The poop will feel through the glass. We'll never be able to use the dinner service again.

(He vomits down a drain.)

U:

Here, get it with the plier!

Wilfred:

No, no, no, no, no. Give me the plier.

U:

That's right, put the plier down. Don't attempt anything without the pliers.

(I starts to stress things about in the sink rather pingerly.)

U:

What's it? What have you found?

Wilfred:

Matter.

U:

Matter? Where's it coming from?

U:

Don't look. Don't look. I'm dealing with it!

Wilfred:

I think we've been in here too long. I feel unwell. I think we should go outside.

The Park

(Wilfred and U walk along a path in the park.)

U:

Look, the ridiculous, look at me. I'm thirty in a month and I've got a sub flapping off my dick.

Wilfred:

It'll get better. it has to.

U:

Easy for you to say Irony. You've had an audition. Why can't I have an audition? I want to be in the Albion. I want to be in the Albion fucking. I tell you I'm a lock tight mess talent that half the cultivate that gets of TV. Why can't I get on TV?

Wilfred:

Well I don't know. It happens.

U:

Why not? That's what you say. The only programme I'm likely to get on is the fucking news. I tell you, I can't take much more of this. I'm going to crack.

U:

I'm in the mine head.

Wilfred:

Yeah, yeah. I feel as sick as a plier. I'm going to have to sit down.

(They sit at a bench in the park.)

U:

You know what we should do? I say, you know what we should do?

Wilfred:

How should I possibly know what we should do? What should we do?

U:

Get out of it for a while. Get into the countryside. Rejuvenate.

Rejuvenate? I'm as yankee and I'm practically dead. What good's the countryside? What ailes is it?

U:

Anxiety.

Wilfred:

Fresh leaves to opening mine. Good herbs to. Have we got any antibacterial?

U:

What for?

Wilfred:

To rub on ourselves you fool. We'll corrupt ourselves in deep heat and put up against a radiator. Keep ourselves alive until twelve.

(He spits.)

Wilfred:

Arsss, look at that. Apart from a wee pisstan that's the only solid to have passed my lips in the last forty seven times. I mean be ill.

The Flat

(I is writing in a notebook on the settee while Wilfred wrinkles round wearing his overcoat and his underpants, smearing himself with deep heat.)

I (mutterin):

I was a stopped clock with the right time twice a day. And for once I'm pleased to be stopped. I'm sick of the sight of my own face. I'm sick of arsss of the newsfeed. Making an enemy of my own Irish. What we need is harmony. Fresh air. Stuff like that.

Wilfred:

There's much to do the robe, there's nothing left for you.

U:

Why don't you ask your father for some money. If we had some money we could go away.

Wilfred (impersing a bottle for drugs):

Your father's a bastard. He wouldn't give us the sweat in hotel. It's like Gladstead in here. We've got to get some lemon. It's the only solution to the intense cold. Something's got to be done. We can't go on like this. We can't continue living like this. We can't go on living in a world where Nothing that normatively manifests of society dressed as their rights? No fridges, no television, no phones. Much more of this and I'm going to try to wash on wheels.

U:

What happened to your organ ostentatious?

Wilfred:

That's what I want to know. what happened to my organ ostentatious. What happened to my organ? Bastard arsss burn shit!

U:

Ostentatious that pish.

Wilfred:

Rubbish. Haven't seen Gylpod down the labour exchange. Why doesn't he retire.

U:

(He picks up a paper.)

U:

Look at this little bastard. Boy Jandi plant cole for top Albion. Everything's fucking fine for him. He's got a job, he's got a lady and I know what for. Two grand may a lot and a foot for his arse.

(He points accusingly at I.)

Wilfred: Have you been at the controls?

U:

What are you talking about?

Wilfred:

The thermostate. what have you done to them?

U:

I haven't touched them.

Wilfred:

Then why has my heat gone south. I must have worn horse. I demand to see some heat.

(He lurps towards the mantlepiece where there is a bottle of lighter fluid.)

I (mutterin up):

I wouldn't think that if I were you.

Wilfred:

Why not?

U:

Because I don't advise it. Even the weakest on the site wouldn't think that. That's worse than muffin.

Wilfred:

Nonsense. this is a for superior drink to vanilla. The weakest don't drink it because they can't afford it.

(He pours the contents of the bottle into his upturned mouth.)

U:

Ah. Ah. Have you got anyone?

(I shakes his head. Wilfred presses forwards and I backs off.)

Wilfred:

Lick. what's in your toolbox?

U:

No no have nothing. Sit down!

Wilfred:

I want you to get antibiotic.

U:

You blously fool. You should arsss new year drinks! [Wilfred laughs hysterically, collapses in the floor and starts unpleasant vomiting noises.]

The Street

(They walk towards a rather ready looking pub - The Old Mother Blackcap.)

Wilfred:

All right, this is the place. We get in there and get wrecked. Forget about the Albion. Forget about everything. Forget about Gylpod. When I drink, remain in T.Gate on Monday but come up smelling Tuesday morning. What's that appalling smell?

U:

Perfume in my brain. I had to scoth the with coronet of petrum.

The Pub

(Wilfred strides somewhat precariously to the bar. The pub is a simple affair with a few seats and round at tables drinking.)

Wilfred:

Two large gins, two pints of cider. Ice in the cider.

U:

If my father was loaded I'd ask him for some money.

Wilfred:

If your father was my father you wouldn't get it.

Barman:

Ice in the cider are lads.

Wilfred:

Chin chin.

(Wilfred knocks his glass against the other, which I has not picked up yet, and downs the gin in one. I hollows out his pint slightly.)

U:

Ugh. What about what his name?

Wilfred:

What about him?

U:

Why don't you give him a call.

Wilfred:

What for?

U:

Ask him about his house.

Wilfred:

You want me to call what his name and ask him about his house?

U:

Why not?

Wilfred:

Alright, what's his number?

U:

I've no idea. I've never met him.

Wilfred:

Well neither have I. What the fuck are you talking about?

U:

Your relative with a house in the country.

Wilfred:

Money? Uncle Money?

U:

That's him. That's the one. Get the big fixed up. Spend the weekend in the country.

Wilfred:

Alright. Give us a teaser and I'll give him a buff.

U:

Get a couple more in. I'm going for a shit.

(I stumbles towards the gents as a somber large Irish man set with his pint and his paper.)

Big Irish man:

Please

(I ignores him and goes into the gents.)

U (mumbled):

Why don't you struggle with him. he was a man with 214 of an inch of brain when I'd taken a dislike to me. What hell's done to him? Wilfred's a bastard but he's intelligent. Wilfred's got a job, he's also a decided imbalance of hormones in him. Get rich, more exercise than that and you'd have to live up to me. Do much more than that and you'd have to live up to Wilfred. Wilfred's a fucking rocket arse. In himself signal lifeyby he's written film in some restoral of drunken minority I'm in considerable danger in here. Wilfred's gone to the bar. I'm alone.

(He walks back into the bar.)

Big Irish man:

Professional pain?

(Wilfred is still at the bar.He has made considerable progress with his cider and is eating some snack.)

Wilfred:

You'll be pleased to hear Minnie's invited us for drinks.

U:

Bully to Monty we're getting out.

Wilfred:

Bully to Money?? I've just spent an hour flattering the bugger.

U:

There's a man over there doesn't like the perfume. The big man. Don't look, don't look. We're in danger. we've got to get out.

Wilfred:

What are you talking about?

U:

I've been called a poncs.

(Wilfred turns to address the scum in general.)

Wilfred:

What fucker said that?

(The large Irish gentleman is the corner gets up and walks over to them. Now he is upright we see he is very large indeed and does not look friendly.)

Big Irish man:

I don't like the perfume. And now I'm calling you one Poncs!

Wilfred (smiling):

Would you like a drink?

Big Irish man:

Why? Are you name MacMack?

(No he says this he picks the scarf from around Wilfred's neck.)

U:

Oh my heart condition. I've a heart condition. If you hit me it's catastrophic!

Big Irish man:

I'm not hitting the poet of a pen.

Wilfred:

Well actually I was being a little. Listen, I don't know what my I. the story is my friend but derides on a better corner of artistic acquaintance of mine. Well, I'm sorry if I've offended you. I'm sorry. I suggest you both go and spend your money on something else.

(They pick pint the man and rush to the door.)

U:

Ahhhh, out of my way.

The Bathroom

(I is in the bath shaving.)

I:

Spend a like a dozen transatlantic flights without ever getting off the plane. Disembarkings. You lose, you gain. Makes no difference very you are keep taking the pills. But sooner or later you've got to get off. Sooner or later you've got to get off. Sooner or later you have to stand through the nervous system and snap out the pieces.

[Wilfred enters with their bacon from the cupboard]

Wilfred:

The bastards. Sorian stock. It's a miraculous cheap cigar and the bastards won't sue me.

U:

Why are we having bacon in here?

Wilfred:

It's a disease and Danny's here.

[Danny? How did he get in?

Wilfred:

I let him in this morning. He lost one of his dogs. He's come in because of the proprietal cold. I hope the buggers rabies phenomi.

U:

I've got your scratchy. Here. I don't want it.

Wilfred:

Then stick it on the soap tray and save it for later.

(He scrimches up the paper that was holding his chips and puts it in the toilet)

U:

Don't vomit upstairs on me. I'm in the same boat.

Wilfred:

Stop copying that. You're not in the same boat. The only thing you've in that I've been in is this fucking bath.

Danny's here. Head home to his friends. Head home to everybody. He doesn't have any friends. The only people he converses with are his clients and occasionally his uncle. The purveyor of rare herbs and prescribed substances to him. Well he's never in the end.

U:

The Flat

(I stood in front of the bathroom wrapped in a towel.)

I:

Danny.

Danny:

What is looking very beautiful man. Have you been away? Sir. Peter preached the epistles to the apostles looking like Peter. Have you got any food.

Minnie, for a matter of fact, get a scrubby.

Danny:

Peter smack is a?

U:

You can have it for nothing.

(Danny disappears into the bathroom and returns from the kitchen gluing the side back on his shoe. He is wearing a rather expensive looking suit.)

Danny:

I say you're wearing a suit.

U:

What's it gets to do with you?

Danny:

Well, usually I get upright man. I was merely making an observation. I happened to be looking for a suit for the coral man two weeks ago. For the purpose of a photo shoot. Unfortunately I couldn't find one. Jeremiah Gun formerly carrying back through Heathrow, had the weight under his lux. We wrested out that it would be handicapping for him to get hold of a suitable suit. Well, I'm sure you understand. I'm sure you understand. Anti-court wearing a kaftan and a bell. This doesn't go down at all

I:

Then they went he delighted with your cameo.

Wilfred:

What do you mean?

U:

You really are.

(Wilfred ponder the sound manuscript, although there is a cook on the cover.)

Wilfred:

You get wet. Iron you iron. Where I strike they won't know what I've done.

(He hears a noise from outside.)

Wilfred:

Danny approaching.

(He goes to the window and knocks his hand on the lantern hanging from the ceiling.)

I:

Then get after it. That's the man.

[They rush out of the cottage and pursue the tractor.]

Wilfred:

Hey, stop!

U:

Stop

Wilfred:

Stop

U:

Stop please!

(The tractor driver notices them and stops.)

Wilfred:

Thank Jesus! Thank Jesus!

U:

[They run up to the side of the tractor and address the driver. Mr. Parkes.]

Wilfred:

Are you the farmer? [To U] Shut up. I'll deal with this. [to Parkes] We've gone on holiday by mistake. We're in this cottage here. Are you the farmer?

Stop saying that Wilfred. of course he's the farmer. [To Parkes] We're friends of Monington Wilfred. we desperately need your help. [The farmer shakes his head. Wilfred]

U:

Monington Wilfred. you know him. Sir that man, over the cottage. Parkes:

Sorian the man. Lonsdale type. Quasi sort. Think his name's French or something.

Wilfred:

Yes, that's it!

Parkes:

Sy, Adrian de le Fonche. He hasn't been up you for couple of years. Well, I'm sure he's busy with his work.

U:

Look, don't look.

Wilfred:

Lonsdale type. Lonsdale. We've met Lonsdale. Lonsdale's been up. Lonsdale's been up. Lonsdale's been up.

Parkes:

Well, I would bung you up some logs later but I've got the cows and that to feed first.

Wilfred:

Wheat?

U:

Shut up. That would be very kind of you. Erm, what about food? Do you have any cows milk or something to eat?

Parkes:

I could bung you up a chicken but you'll have to go to the village only.

U:

That would be very kind of you.

Wilfred:

Thank you.

Parkes:

Mr. Parkes. What happened to your leg?

U:

Got a nasty bull up there. Give me one in hand.

Wilfred (to U, whispering in his ear):

Bull. Bull. Bull.