

## Hand In Glove – Selected scenes

*One car. Three contestants. How far will each of them go to win?*

1 -	Tanya tries to hold on	-	Pgs 1 - 4 of this document
2 -	Tanya takes a shower	-	Pgs 4 - 7 of this document
3 -	Tension mounts as Fraser challenges Ken	-	Pgs 7 – 8 of this document

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### 1

The opening to the play: With only a few minutes to go till the break, will Tanya be able to last?

*(After a moment, TANYA slowly crosses and uncrosses her legs, FRASER yawns and eye's TANYA's leg movements with interest and KEN checks his watch and rubs his tired legs. Throughout these actions, each has been careful to keep their gloved hand firmly on the car bonnet)*

FRASER: Beginning to...?

TANYA: *(stops moving her legs)* No!

FRASER: You sure?

TANYA: Positive.

FRASER: Had enough?

TANYA: Of you. Yes!

FRASER: Charming. How you doing, Ken?

KEN: Fine. Aching but fine. Yourself?

FRASER: I could do with a beer.

TANYA: I could do with a fag.

KEN: I wouldn't mind a cocoa.

FRASER: Bed time drink, Ken? That wise? You might dose off.

KEN: I like my cocoa. Marge usually brings me my cocoa about this time. It's a ritual.

FRASER: Is it? How fascinating. *(yawns)*

TANYA: You're so rude.

KEN: Missed it these last few days.

FRASER: Me too and I'm not talking about the cocoa!

TANYA: *(to KEN)* How long we got?

KEN: Not long. Are you okay?

TANYA: Sort of. *(She starts crossing her legs. Softly to KEN)* How long is "not long"?

KEN: About six minutes, by my watch.

FRASER: Eye, eye. What's all the whispering? You two conspiring against me? That's not allowed. And you're doing that again, with your legs.

TANYA: Leave me alone. *(to KEN)* Six minutes?

KEN: Yes. Leave her alone.

FRASER: Butt out of it Grandad.

KEN: That's not very nice, Fraser.

FRASER: Who ever said I was nice?. So what's with the legs, Tanya?

TANYA: Piss off! Sorry, Ken. *(softly)* 360, 359, 358,357...

FRASER: Mmm...This is a bit of a challenge. What I need right now while I'm waiting for my nice cold beer.

TANYA: ...327,326,325...

FRASER: Making me so thirsty thinking about the wetness of that cold, wet beer.

TANYA: ...311, 310, 309...

FRASER: What about you, Ken? Looking forward to your nice hot, wet, cocoa?

KEN: No, I've gone off the idea.

TANYA: ...296,295, 294...

FRASER: I used to run a pub. Long hours, hard work but the customers were a great laugh. I spent half my life pouring drinks for them. Pouring all night long...how the beer flowed when I was the landlord.

TANYA: ...263,262,261...

FRASER: Just flowed, like a flowing waterfall of...wet beer.

KEN: Stop it. Leave the poor girl alone.

TANYA: 233,232,231...

FRASER: Why, what you going to do about it?

TANYA: ...220,219,218...

KEN: Don't be so rotten.

FRASER: What are you like, Grandad?

KEN: Don't call me "Grandad". Have some respect.

FRASER: Sorry, pops!

*(KEN moves towards FRASER. They face each other)*

TANYA: 205,204,203...(To FRASER) Leave him alone.

FRASER: I wouldn't if I were you...you know what'll happen if you do.

*(FRASER makes a goodbye gesture to KEN. KEN sighs and backs away slowly)*

Nice try. Perhaps you should have hit me and then it would just be me and the incontinent woman here.

TANYA: How much longer?

KEN: Not much longer. Three minutes.

TANYA: Three minutes! That's a bloody lifetime.

*(She clenches her muscles tighter)*

FRASER: Oops...lavatory moment coming.

KEN: You okay?

TANYA: What do you think! Agony.

FRASER: Is it? Do you want a bottle?

TANYA: You...are...pushing your luck...Ken, talk about something. Anything!

KEN: Erm...

FRASER: Great lakes of the world...or Waterfalls I have seen and loved.

KEN: I remember a trip Marge and I took to Niagara Falls...ever so nice.

TANYA: This is not...helping.

KEN: Sorry. Just over a minute.

FRASER: 60 seconds. 59. 58. 57. Hope your watch is accurate.

KEN: It is. Hold on, Tanya.

TANYA: I'm trying...pain...the pain.  
*(TANYA clenches her non-gloved hand into a fist then bites on it)*

KEN: Time's up.

FRASER: Is it? Must be fast your watch.

TANYA: Oh, God...I can't hold it...can't flipping hold it.  
*(TANYA writhes in agony but still keeps her gloved hand on the car)*

FRASER: You can't do it here. I'll complain.

TANYA: Believe me...if I could aim it, you'd get it!

FRASER: Charming.

KEN: I don't understand. It's a new battery.

TANYA: I'm not...going...to be...beaten.

KEN: Can't be much longer. A few seconds more...

FRASER: Trickle, trickle.

KEN: Hold on, love, hold on.

TANYA: Can't.

KEN: Where is it? Where...?  
*(A loud klaxon sounds. TANYA rushes off and exits. KEN and FRASER slowly release their gloved hands. KEN stares at FRASER in disgust. After a moment, KEN shakes his head and slowly limps away. He wanders over to his "area". All of them have a little rest area.)*

2

Tanya attempts to take “a shower” while still holding onto the car with one gloved hand.

*(TANYA turns away in disgust. Short pause. Then TANYA slowly turns round and begins to scratch at her hair)*

FRASER: Fleas?

TANYA: Dirty hair. Dirty all over. Need a shower.

FRASER: Shower?

KEN: Prefer baths myself.

TANYA: *(running her hands through her hair and down her neck)* No, I love showers. The feel of the water...

FRASER: Water? On your skin?

TANYA: Yes. Warm.

FRASER: And... wet.

TANYA: Yes, so wet. Wait. While I undress.

KEN: Tanya, please!

FRASER: Please. Let her. You undress. Better hurry up, while the water's hot.

TANYA: Hot? Is it?

FRASER: Boiling. Almost scolded myself.

TANYA: Poor you.

*(TANYA begins to mime taking off her clothes)*

Don't look.

KEN: You can't.

FRASER: Sssh, Ken.

KEN: They won't allow it.

FRASER: They will. Get in.

TANYA: As long as you don't look.

FRASER: I won't.

KEN: This isn't allowed.

TANYA: I'm so dirty.

FRASER: Very dirty.

*(TANYA, with her gloved hand still on the bonnet, mimes the act of removing her blouse and skirt)*

TANYA: Don't look. You said you wouldn't look.

FRASER: Not looking.

TANYA: I see you looking, Fraser. Cover your eyes.

FRASER: *(covers his eyes with his hand)* Okay, okay.

KEN: This is shameful. Think of your son.

TANYA: He's used to me naked.

FRASER: Lucky kid.

TANYA: No peeking. *(mimes removing bra and knickers)* Off with the bra and away with the knickers. See how dirty I am.

FRASER: Can't see. Won't let me.

TANYA: Peek.

FRASER: May I?

TANYA: Just a little.

FRASER: *(uncovers his eyes)* Beautiful.

TANYA: So dirty. Getting in now.

FRASER: Get in, close the door.

TANYA: Feel the heat. Hot.

*(She mimes climbing into a shower)*

FRASER: Oh, God.

TANYA: Hot and wet. Water pouring all down my body.

FRASER: Oh,...God.

TANYA: Join me. Come on. *(holds out her hand)*

*(FRASER leans forward and is just about to reach out to her when KEN cries out)*

### 3

#### Tension mounts as Fraser challenges Ken

FRASER: *(to KEN)* You moved your hand off the car.

KEN: I did not.

FRASER: Yes, you did. *(to TANYA)* Didn't he?

KEN: I did not move my hand.

TANYA: Won't last. Never lasts.

FRASER: I saw it. She saw it. Means you're out, old man.

KEN: No, my hand did not move.

FRASER: You're out. No use denying it.

TANYA: I'm giving up, straight after this.

KEN: Doesn't have to be nasty.

FRASER: Your hand moved off the car. We both saw it.

KEN: You saw nothing. Tanya?

TANYA: I can beat it. No more ciggies.

FRASER: Almost made it. The last three. Marge'd be very proud of you.

KEN: No, not listening to you.

FRASER: It came off the car. We saw it. They saw it.

KEN: Did they? I don't think so. They're not here so I'm still in.

FRASER: You're out, old man. Accept it.

KEN: Bully boy tactics...*(coughs and begins to lose his breath)*  
...won't...won't work on me.

FRASER: Stop it. Stop that pitiful show of...weakness.

KEN: It's...not pitiful.

TANYA: Probably eat a lot of sweets and put on weight...always happens.

FRASER: You're out.

KEN: No, I'm not!

TANYA: Maybe if I make myself vomit everytime I go to light up?

KEN: No...no need for this. Tanya?

TANYA: There can only be one winner. Your hand moved off.

KEN: Don't believe what he...what he wants you...to believe.

FRASER: Bye Grandad.

KEN: Your word against mine. They're not coming...so...I must still be...in.

FRASER: Will you stop gasping for frigging air!

TANYA: Fraser! Oh...now, I've got a craving again.

KEN: My hand...never...moved.

FRASER: Yes it did.

KEN: No it didn't...Get a bible.

TANYA/FRASER: What?

FRASER: Last rites?

KEN: So,you can swear...swear before God...that you saw...my hand move.

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