

Play for Watford Writers

August 24th 2020 (deadline)

I'm not putting up with that!

Setting is in a pub in August 2020.

Stan comes from by the bar and sits near Ron. Both are in their 50's or 60's. Both are working men and this is their local. Ron is the more dominant of the two and Stan wants to stay on his good side.

Stan	Brightly,	All right Ron? <i>Why the long face?</i> as the barman said to the 'orse.
Ron	Hangdog look. Slightly tetchy	All right Stan? Nah, it's just everything, int it? And don't sit too close mate. Don't want any of that Corona stuff.
Stan	More serious.	Sorry mate – yeah, didn't like it when it was a drink, and don't like it now neither. So, what's up?
Ron	Becoming more animated.	Right - and don't get me going – you know that Nazi of a traffic warden. The one with the little moustache.
Stan		Hitler, you mean?
Ron	Becoming more animated.	Yeah, that's the one – well I'm parked on the high street – two minutes that's all – and along he comes with his little black book and stands right in front of the bonnet (Yeah, I <i>was</i> tempted!) and starts jotting down me number. <i>Oi!</i> I says, <i>put it away!</i> I mean, I'm not putting up with that!
Stan		Quite right Ron...and you're not one to be messed with aintcha?
Ron	Slightly dismissive of Stan	Nah...and <i>then</i> – ooh it makes me mad just finking about it – that young copper-
Stan		The one just out of nappies?

Ron	Speaks officiously when quoting policeman	Yeah, 'im, he goes <i>'If you're about to enter that shop, sir, you'll have to utilise a mask'. Utilise a mask? I said, well for your information, officer, I was utilising masks before you were born-</i>
Stan		What - last year?
Ron	Slightly dismissive of Stan	Yeah, <i>and I do not now intend visiting the said establishment.</i>
Stan		That told him, Ron.
Ron	Really getting into the story. Animated.	Yeah, pumped up little prig. I said to him: <i>it's a fascist state, mate, and I'm not putting up with that!</i> And then I walked off.
Stan		Nice one! I reckon that's: Big Ron 2 Fascist State 0
Ron	Getting angrier.	Yeah, and it's only half time, mate.
Stan		What? There's more?
Ron	Darkly	Oh yes! Mr Melville. The neighbour from hell-
Stan		Ex geography teacher, chairman of the local residents' association?
Ron		The very one.
Stan		Fascist.
Ron		Nazi.
Stan		Up to his old tricks?
Ron		Worse. I gets home and parks the car. Rips the ticket off the screen and chucks it in my bin.
Stan		Understandable Ron. You're a reasonable man but you can only take so much.
Ron		So, he sticks his head over the privet and says <i>Ronald-</i>
Stan		Ooh, y'hate that don't you?
Ron	Slightly dismissive of Stan	Yeah... <i>Ronald, if you dispose of that ticket in that manner I will have no option but to report you to the relevant authorities.</i>
Stan		Ooh! Red rag to a bull!

Ron		<i>So, I says Mr Melville, you can stick your relevant authorities right up your-</i>
Stan		You didn't!
Ron	Very pleased with himself.	<i>I did.</i> I told him, <i>I'm not putting up with that!</i>
Stan	Longish pause	A hattrick Ron! Three nil! Anyhow, how are the kids? And Vera?
Ron	Implying he's boss	Kids are fine. And Vera ... well she knows where she stands.
Stan	Spots something over Ron's shoulder	Good man Ron! ... Isn't that her just come in? Looks like she's spotted you.
Ron	Gulps down pint. Looks cowed. Leaves straightaway.	Got to go mate. Lovely speaking. Power to the people.

Dialogue just under 500 words