

**Jean** No. Do you know what we do do, though?

*She goes to an iPod dock and plays. Jean holds out her hand, and he smiles, going to her reluctantly.*

**David** Sorry I missed it last week, what is this?

**Jean** Just a waltz, we'll go slow. You don't mind me leading?

**David** Never, Jean.

*They dance, turning for a bit.*

**David** You were very cross.

**Jean** So were you. You look ugly when you shout, should stop it. You lose that handsome, like, twinkle in your eyes, and you go all . . . dunno.

**David** . . . So you're not going to go, then, if the local party tries to oust me. If Margot does stands?

**Jean** Oh look course, I'm not leaving, I was just upset.

**David** Is that because you can't leave the party, or you can't leave me?

**Len** *knocks and enters.*

**Len** Hullo. Thought I'd send out the search party.

**David** I'm sorry, Len, I kidnapped your wife.

**Jean** No, it's me, I'm sorry, David was in a bit of a – and so I –

**Len** It's alright, I get it.

**Jean** *(wrapping up the food)* Look, we've hardly touched it, just wait there, I'm going for a wee and I'll be back and we'll go, OK?

*She runs out. A moment. Len comes further in.*

**Len** Sorry about today. Not being there, for the Chinese. It's . . . complicated.

3

**David** . . . Sure, Len.

*Beat. Len takes a look inside David's box. Takes out some photos.*

**Len** What are these? Is that university? Oh, you acted? You were in shows?

**David** Oh, no, well, sort of, I try to keep it . . . I don't like to –

**Len** Blimey, is this you . . . tap dancing? I thought you couldn't dance.

In fact, wasn't that the point of all those hours, week after week, with Jean? The learning of . . . (*Beat. Flicking through photos.*) Because you told her you couldn't . . .

**David** . . .

*They look at each other. Unsure. Len puts photos back in the box.*

**David** OK, it's not um . . .

**Len** What? What is it not?

**David** It was actually just because she wanted to / do something as –

**Len** Do you know what, it's *me*, David.

**David** Yes, I know she loves you, that's what I'm saying –

**Len** I mean the coup. I'm behind the coup, it isn't Margot, I want you out. I've wanted you out since the day I met you. The day you came back to this town.

*(Aware of Jean upstairs, quietly.)* It should be me. This . . . should be *me*. I'm 'real', you're a – a 'nothing', always have been, this is *mine*.

**David** . . . You actual bastard.

**Len** You Red Tory cunt.

Get out – of my party.



**David** . . . She doesn't know? Jean? That you're plotting away to remove –

**Len** Jean has this warped sense of loyalty towards you, but she'll come round. Three of the key officers on board with me, I just need one more for a majority –

**David** . . . Well, I'll tell. I'm telling her, she won't go / along with it –

**Len** You won't, David –

**David** Jean!

**Len** (*hissing*) Wait! (*He produces his iPhone.*)

**Jean** (*from upstairs*) Just a second up, will yer, I'm pissing!

**David** *looks at the iPhone, confused.*

**Len** I was there. At the council today. When you 'rang', could hardly believe it actually. Played it back a couple times, I recorded it, modern technology, ey?

*He plays the recording. We hear the answer machine message David left in Act One. 'Sahill. David Lyons. Sorry to call on a Saturday, but you called me, yer bastard. Anyway, Jean Whittaker . . . uh, look. I would say – I would say 'no'. Actually. I don't think you should take her on. She's . . . her heart's in the right place. But . . . I would personally look elsewhere.'*

**Len** *presses stop. Smiling at David.*

**David** . . . That's not actually what it sounds like –

**Len** You aren't going to tell her. Because if you do, you will lose her.

**David** She should know who she's really married to, a little snake –

**Len** She's married to the next MP. And if the party aren't smart enough to deselect I'll just stand anyway, an independent, next time, and the next, and the next.

**David** (*trying not to lose it, starting to pace . . .*) God, you could never quite bear it, could you, that I was actually part of the wave that *won*, that Got Us In, not part of your narrative, is it, the outsiders, the plucky anti-establishment protest / party, well –

**Len** Where you did nothing but / damage the movement, and the party that I love –

**David** – yes, I know. (*Louder now, not caring, pacing around.*) YES, it should have been better, but why can't you be *man* enough to champion the things we – like I don't know! Lifting millions out of poverty! Record investment in hospitals, schools, police! Civil partnerships! Tax credits! Instead of you / constantly sabotaging –

**Len** Yes and the hundreds of thousands of dead Iraqi civilians, the –

**David** Which I voted against! Which I lost my cabinet role for! / ANOTHER thing that you have NEVER –

**Jean** *has returned* –

**Jean** Oh no, God! You two, honestly! You're like fucking children!

**David** Your side doesn't have a monopoly on caring, you know, Len, on – on loving the thing we – (*Half at Jean, accidentally.*) that we both care about. I happen to care a great deal, have given up nearly everything because of it. Right? So don't talk to me like I'm just, just PASSING THROUGH! After one marriage and twenty-one years!

*A moment* – **David** *having lost it maybe more than he had meant . . .*

**Len** . . . OK. Alright, OK. (*To Jean.*) I'm sorry, love. Just a little . . . exchange of ideas. In the very best tradition of, of Gaitskellites versus Bevanites. Multilateralist versus unilateralists. Healey against the Bennites. All in good faith, all . . . all good fun.



*He attempts a smile at David, offering his hand. David, reluctantly, Jean watching, takes it.*

**Len** Shall we? (*Heading out. Jean slowly following*).

**David** . . . Je . . . Jean?

**Jean** (*turning, perhaps hopefully*) What?

**Len** Jean, come on.

**Len** *heads out through the door. Jean hovering back, looking at David.*

**Jean** You shouldn't think so badly of him, honestly, he is a good man, really, and he does . . . he does care about . . .

. . . yeah?

*Beat. David nods. She smiles and kisses him on the cheek, before leaving.*

*He's alone, for a moment.*

*Blackout.*