Lucky Sods & Passion Killers

This volume brings together two bittersweet comedies from ‘one of the best contemporary British playwrights’.

Financial Times

Lucky Sods
Jean bought the lottery ticket. Morris picked the numbers. They sat, they watched, they won. It happened to them. Nothing on Friday and £4 million on Saturday. Lucky Sods. But is it a dream come true?

Passion Killers
Amid the sun, sea, sex and sangria of the Mediterranean, Andy and Tom find themselves torn between sexual promise and commitments back home. Will they succumb to the advances of Trish and Karen, or do their lusty young rivals, Scott and Ray, get there first?

John Godber was born in Upton, near Pontefract, in 1956. He trained as a teacher at Bretton Hall College, Wakefield, gained an MA in Drama and did five years part-time MPhil/PhD research into drama at Leeds University. Since 1984 he has been Artistic Director of Hull Truck Theatre Company. His plays include: Happy Jack, September in the Rain, Bouncers (winner of seven Los Angeles Critics Circle awards), Up 'n' Under (Olivier Comedy of the Year Award, 1984), Shakers and Shakers Restirred (both with Jane Thornton), Up 'n' Under 2, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Teechers, Salt of the Earth, On the Piste, Happy Families (commissioned by British Telecom for the Little Theatre Guild of Great Britain and premiered by forty-nine amateur companies on the same night in October 1991, achieving the biggest ever theatrical opening), The Office Party, April in Paris, Passion Killers and Lucky Sods.

Television and film work includes: The Ritz, The Continental, My Kingdom for a Horse, Chalkface (all BBC2), episodes of Crown Court, Grange Hill and Brookside and screenplays for On the Piste and Up 'n' Under. He is an honorary lecturer at Bretton Hall College and a DLitt. of Hull University.
by the same author

April in Paris
Blood, Sweat and Tears
Bouncers
Happy Families
Happy Jack
On the Piste
Salt of the Earth
September in the Rain
Shakers (with Jane Thornton)
Shakers Restirred (with Jane Thornton)
Teechers
Up 'n' Under
Up 'n' Under 2
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Lucky Sods
Lucky Sods was first performed by Hull Truck Theatre Company at Hull Truck Theatre on 9 April 1995. It transferred to the Hampstead Theatre, London, on 20 September 1995. The cast was as follows:

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Directed by John Godber
Designed by John Godber
Lighting by George Morris
Act One

Scene One

A large raked stage. A standing lamp, two chairs and a TV with no back to it are the only pieces of furniture. House lights, and preset fade to blackout. Jean and Morris enter. Jean is in her early forties, she is sat with her feet up watching the box. Morris is a few years younger. Morris is stood away from the TV. Hot Chocolate’s ‘It Started with a Kiss’, plays. Lights come up quickly as music quickly fades. Jean and Morris have been watching the lottery show. They haven’t won, as the lights fade up they groan in unison at their disappointment at not winning.

Jean Oh, I’ll tell you this; what I wouldn’t do if I won twenty million!

Morris Why, what wouldn’t you do?

Jean Well, I wouldn’t give you any of it for a start!

Morris Very good, a mile offside, but very good.

Jean Look at that, I didn’t get a number . . .

Morris Neither did I.

Jean I usually get one at least.

Morris I’ll never win it, I’ve had my share of good luck marrying you.

Jean I usually get one.

Morris Well, you’re lucky then, aren’t you?

Jean I’ve not been lucky this week, have I?

Morris You’ve got more chance of flying to the bloody moon than winning that.

Jean Twenty million this week. Somebody somewhere . . .

Morris drifts around the house and picks up a paper.

Morris Forty-one in August and my life’s just going.
Jean And mine isn’t?
Morris Oh, I can’t talk to you any more.
Jean No, answer me, Morris, do you think mine isn’t?
Morris I’m not saying that.
Jean Because my life’s going as well, in fact I sit in that chair sometimes and I wonder where the bloody hell the last twenty years have gone. That’s why I do this, at least it gives me sommat to do.
Morris This is what I’m saying, we’re both in the same boat. But I had something different and you’ve only just started work again.
Jean Seven years ago.
Morris It’s not a competition.
Jean I’ve been at the video shop for seven years.
Morris All right, seven years.
Jean Seven years last March. And that’s flown.
Morris They never get any decent videos in that bloody shop anyway, can’t you do sommat about it?
Jean They do.
Morris I’ll tell you something in the last seven years I bet you haven’t seen a decent bloody film from that video shop.
Jean You wouldn’t know a good one anyway!
Morris All I’m saying is, I miss the excitement.
Jean What, playing Goole Trades and Labour Club was exciting?
Morris It was.
Jean How?
Morris Well, you were lucky if you got out alive.
Jean But you were never at home?
Morris I’m never at home now, am I?
Act One, Scene One

Jean It was every night though. Weekends. Every night.

Morris All I'm saying is, it was exciting, it was something different every night. And when I think of sitting in that hut watching over a scrap yard from ten till eight, for the next fifteen years. The thought of playing 'Three Times a Lady' in New Biggin Social Club is very enticing!

Jean I know why you miss it.

Morris I've just told you why I miss it, Jean.

Jean Don't give me that.

Morris Why do I miss it then?

Jean Because of her.

Morris Who?

Jean You know who?

Morris Connie?

Jean Come on . . .

Morris What?

Jean You always fancied her.

Morris What?

Jean (mocking him) What? Don't come the innocent.

Morris Oh, come on.

Jean You fancied her right from the start.

Morris Oh eh . . . ?

Jean Did you think I didn't know?

Morris Oh eh, come on?

Jean She knew you did and all.

Morris How did she?

Jean She played up to you.

Morris No, she . . .
Jean She knew.

Morris I didn’t fancy her.

Jean You were too slow to make a move, you mean?

Morris I haven’t seen her for three years.

Jean You knew who I meant though?

Morris That’s funny that is.

Jean Yeh, but you knew who I meant.

Morris Jean?

Jean You knew who I meant.

Morris There was only one bloody woman in the band. Unless you thought I was having a fling with Gordon. Mind you to be honest I always thought Gordon fancied me.

Jean And you think you’re funny.

Morris I’m not as funny as you.

Jean No, you’re not.

Morris I know that. The sad thing is you don’t know when you’re being funny.

Jean All you do is shout.

Morris I’m not shouting now, am I?

Jean I’m glad you work most nights.

Morris So am I. I’ve been having nightmares this last month.

Jean I’ve never been able to get a good night’s sleep with you anyway. You’re all over the bed.

Morris Where has this come from?

Jean In fact, you make me wonder about you.
Act One, Scene One

Morris I thought you were on about me shouting? Gooor you've got to have a brain like Einstein to keep up with you.
Jean You've always been all over the bed.
Morris Well, I'm not all over you.
Jean I know that.
Morris I'm not all over you.
Jean You never have been.
Morris Where has all this come from?
Jean You never have been really.
Morris I have.
Jean It's like sleeping with a barrel organ. You snore like an old pig.
Morris See what I mean. Jean, I can't keep up with you love.
Jean Your chins wobble when you snore.
Morris Oh right.
Jean Your stomach's all over the place.
Morris Oh right.
Jean It's like sleeping with somebody who's pregnant.
Morris We've mentioned Connie have we?
Jean And your breath . . . ?
Morris This is why they have television. It's to stop people like us speaking to each other like this.
Jean You get on your back and you start snoring straight away. Sometimes I hold your nose. That stops you.
Morris There's no wonder, is there.
Jean I hold your nostrils together till you waken up.
Morris You don't, do you?
Jean I just pinch your nostrils together that stops you.
Morris: There's no wonder I'm having nightmares, is there, I'm sleeping with Dr Crippen!

Jean: What would you have done if you'd've won?

Morris: I'd live out my fantasies. And I'd have this bloody great grin on my face, all the time. I wouldn't spend a bloody penny.

Jean: No change there then!

Morris: Why, what would you do?

Jean: I'd go to Hollywood.


Jean: You go to Brid then. And then I'd go to Venice. I can just see me sat in Beverly Hills with all the stars. Then when I'd come back I'd kick you out, and get myself a Chippendale!

Morris: If you won I'd leave anyway. I couldn't stand it!

Jean: No, I wouldn't want to start with somebody else all over again, you only end up being here.

Morris: I hope not.

Jean: They'd have to give me a fortune to swap you.

Morris: Oh aye?

Jean: I'd buy a nice big house with a big front lawn and I'd play croquet.

Morris: Croquet? Whatever for?

Jean: I've never played it.

Morris: It's boring.

Jean: How do you know?

Morris: I'll tell you sommat I'm glad we've not won.

Jean: Why?
Act One, Scene Two

Morris: Well, can you imagine what we'd be like? We can't agree what to do with nothing, how would we go on with all that lot?

Jean: I dunno.

Morris: Mind you, I know what you'd do. You'd buy a bloody video shop wouldn't you, that's what you'd do.

Jean: I'd do that studio tour.

Morris: Twenty million.

Jean: Yeh.

Morris: Twenty million.

Jean: We'd never worry about a bill again.

Morris: Twenty bloody million.

Jean: Don't forget to take that cheque in.

Morris: Twenty million.

Jean: It's overdue as it is.

Morris: I'd be happy with sixty quid.

Jean: You wouldn't know what to do with it anyway!

Morris: Twenty million, and I didn't even get one number. That's the story of my bloody life that is.

Morris exits with the paper. Jean watches TV.

Music. Jim Capaldi's 'Love Hurts'.

Blackout.

Scene Two

Jean watches Blind Date, music fades. Morris enters. He has an outside coat and his security jumper which he dons during the scene.

Morris: They should ban that.

Jean: Why should they?

Morris: It's disgusting.
Jean  It isn't.

Morris  I don't think it should be on the telly.

Jean  Why not?

Morris  It's pornography.

Jean  It isn't.

Morris  It is.

Jean  How is it?

Morris  It's obscene.

Jean  It isn't.

Morris  It is. It's rotting this nation that. It's polluting minds is that. That's why there's violence on the streets, that's why the hooligan is back. They're protesting about that rubbish.

Jean  It's not rubbish!

Morris  Look at it.

Jean  I'm trying to, but you're in the bloody way.

Morris  I can't watch it.

Jean  It's only Blind Date.

Morris  I know what it is.

Jean  It's a laugh.

Morris  What are they wearing, look what she is wearing? They're all dogs all three of 'em.

Jean  Listen who's talking.

Morris  They don't even make up their own lines.

Jean  They do.

Morris  They don't, they don't. It's obscene. They get these bits of kids, put them on the telly, humiliate them in front of millions and then whoosh finished you never hear of any of
them again. There are kids who think the height of achievement in this country is to appear on *Blind Date*. I mean, what a way to meet somebody.

*Jean* I like it.

*Morris* ‘Hello, if you were my tennis coach I’d let you win game set and match with me every time.’ I mean, come on? Who talks like that? What are they going to talk about for the rest of their lives, forehand top spin?

*Jean* I like it.

*Morris* I bet he chooses her, I bet he chooses number three, look at her, oh no, look at her. What’s she say?

*Jean* I don’t know, I can’t hear it for you.

*Morris* What did she say?

*Jean* I can’t hear it.

*Morris* Told you, told you he’d choose number three, look at her, she’s seven feet tall, he’s a midget. Oh, it’s sad, look at it, it’s sad. And look at Cilla, what’s she wearing?

*Jean* I didn’t know she’d got a limp, did you?

*Morris* I can’t watch it, it’s just sad.

*Jean* Oh, she’s got a limp, that number three.

*Morris* *puts on an outdoor coat.*

*Morris* I’m going to get off then.

*Jean* I knew you’d have to go.

*Morris* I’m only going to be there an hour because I’ll be at the hospital till nine.

*Jean* There’s some magazines in the kitchen, take them with you, she likes reading ’em.
Morris I mean, it's not exactly great fun sitting with my mother for an hour, is it?
Jean Your Vera should go.
Morris I mean that's another situation that's in the lap of the Gods.
Jean You always look on the black side.
Morris Well, it is.
Jean Oh, by the way, before I forget, I changed your numbers.
Morris Eh?
Jean I changed your numbers.
Morris What for?
Jean Because they were wrong.
Morris Wrong?
Jean Yeh.
Morris Wrong?
Jean Yes!
Morris How can my numbers be wrong?
Jean Well, they were.
Morris I picked 'em, how could they have been wrong?
Jean Well, I looked and . . .
Morris I don't believe this.
Jean Well, I . . .
Morris You changed my numbers . . .
Jean You never have twenty-six.
Morris How could you?
Jean You had twenty-six.
Morris  I've spent all week working out that bloody sequence.

Jean  Well, I thought . . .

Morris  I've been working out a sequence all week, I've been listening to the dogs bark, counting bloody magpies, looking how many pieces of scrap are stacked in one square yard just to get my numbers. And you've changed the buggers!

Jean  I thought it was a mistake.

Morris  It is now!

Jean  You always have eighteen, don't you?

Morris  It's my birthday.

Jean  But on your list, you didn't have eighteen, you had twenty-six.

Morris  I know.

Jean  And I thought, oh, he's made a mistake, he's forgotten his birthday.

Morris  How would I forget my own birthday?

Jean  Well, you forget nearly everything else.

Morris  Do I change yours?

Jean  No.

Morris  Do I fiddle about with yours?

Jean  No.

Morris  So don't change mine.

Jean  All right, well, I'm sorry.

Morris  Yeh, what if twenty-six comes up?

Jean  Sorry.
Morris You read about this stuff in the paper, some poor sod in Windermere had his numbers changed and lost four million. I can't believe this, what if twenty-six comes up and we miss the chance?

Jean You've got to get the others and all.

Morris This is just typical, isn't it?

Jean Eighteen might come up.

Morris Oh aye, I can just see that. Pigs might fly and all. I bet six eighteens come up!

Jean Well, it might.

Morris I mean, this is just absolutely typical of you. You have to interfere, you have to change everything. You have to be like my mother. I've already got one mother, Jean. She's dying in hospital, I don't want another one. Wives should always be lovers too, not mothers, lovers. Did you know that?

Jean Is that what you used to play?

Morris You have to change everything I do. I mean, good grief you even tell me what to wear.

Jean Well, it's a good job isn't it?

Morris Is it?

Jean If I didn't say anything you'd be going out dressed up like Coco the bloody Clown.

Morris is exasperated.

Morris I don't know, there must be more to life than this!

Jean Go out if you're going, you're late as it is. She'll wonder where you are.

Morris Yes, Mother.

Jean I've got to mother you you're so bloody ridiculous.

Morris is about to depart. He notices the numbers on the TV.

Morris Hang on.

Jean What.
Morris  Let's just see what's happening.
Jean  You have to cause an argument, don't you?
Morris  I just want to see if twenty-six comes up.
Jean  Oh, leave it, go if you're going.
Morris  Just let's see.
Jean  What's it at this week?
Morris  Eight million.
Jean  Get a pen.
Morris  Hang on.
Jean  First one's coming.
Morris  Six.
Jean  Six. I've got that.
Morris  I have.
Jean  Six has been out nearly every week.
Morris  Has it?
Jean  Seven. No. You have. You've got seven.
Morris  I've got seven.
Jean  Good start, then.
Morris  Told you I felt lucky, didn't I?
Jean  Probably not get any more.
Morris  Thanks!
Jean  Knowing your luck.
Morris  Shut up you!
Jean  Ten? No. Low numbers this week, aren't they?
Morris I've got that, I've got that. I've got ten. I've got them three.

Jean That's a tenner.

Morris I'm in here.

Jean Come on eighteen.

Morris Come on eighteen.

Jean Oh, oh . . . I'm shaking.

Morris Oh, whooooo!

Jean What's happened to it?

Morris Come on.

Jean Come on eighteen.

Jean is animated, she is jumping around.

Morris Sit down, woman, you're putting the speck on it.

He points at the TV.

Oh, look at this, look at this, there's a fault.

Jean Oh no.

Morris A temporary fault.

Jean It's probably with the weather.

Morris A temporary fault.

Jean Bloody hell?

Morris A temporary fault, oh, come on lucky eighteen . . .

Jean Come on eighteen.

Morris Watch it be twenty-six.

Jean Come on eighteen.

Morris If it's twenty-six I'll kill you I will honest.

Jean It could be eighteen and twenty-six.