

FRANK: Well I can't argue with that...

STAN: ...the best takeaway in the region.

FRANK: (*turns away*) Look, as I said before, Stan, if it makes you happy then I'd be more than happy to go along with it, but please don't underestimate the fact that an artist such as I does need time to breathe and be creative.

STAN: (*holds up the forms*) But the application. It's brilliant. It's us, we can do this.

FRANK: Well go and fill it out then.

STAN: I need your creative input, Frank.

FRANK: You don't. (*takes the form off him*) Look, prices of cod. You know that, creative value? Zero. Pies or battered sausages? You know the score with that. Creative value to me? Zero.

STAN: (*excited*) Of course I know the score. We do both!

FRANK: Both?

STAN: Pies and battered sausages. We offer the customer so much, that's why we're going to win this.

(*Frank hands back the form*)

FRANK: Look, do you mind if I pop out for a bit?

(*Frank picks up a Costello CD from the corner*)

STAN: You can't keep popping out like this, Frank. Are you okay?

FRANK: I'm fine.

STAN: But? Where are you going?

FRANK: Just to...regain my sanity for a short while. Just a quick drive around town, I can pick you up a paper if you like? I just need to have some music in my ears, need to give you a little space to fill out the form.

STAN: You can put your music on in here if you want?

FRANK: The CD player is broken.

STAN: But how will I cope?

FRANK: With what?

STAN: What if we get busy? But what if we actually do this time? When word gets out that we're going to be on the chippie map they'll be queuing into the streets to get a taste of our tasty grub.

FRANK: That's when word gets out though, Stan. Please, just let me pop out for a moment, please? (*waves his own wrist in the air*) Do you see this? This vein, on my wrist?

STAN: What about it?

FRANK: It's just about to burst, Stan. All this creativity is seeping through my veins and it's dying to come out, it's hurting me. Please, just let me go to my car for a short while. (*looks desperately at his CD*)

STAN: If you're not feeling well, Frank, would you like me to take you to the hospital? Diana would be there to look after you?

FRANK: I don't need hospital I need my fucking music, Stan!

(*Stan doesn't know what to say*)