

DIG

Written by

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FADE IN

1957.

Two men enter the woods in the fading light of dusk. They are both dressed in well worn 3 piece wool suits commonly worn by the working classes in the 1950s. Both wear dark coloured narrow woollen ties. Their shoes have seen better days.

GORDON (45) is from Glasgow. He leads the pair carrying a spade in one hand and holds aloft a lit hurricane lamp in the other to light the way. MICK (47) is a cockney geezer and follows behind. He wears a soft cloth cap and also carries a lit lamp in one hand. Under his arm is a spade and in his other hand he has a small metal brazier.

As he walks, GORDON is closely scanning the terrain and comes to a halt.

GORDON  
This'll do.

GORDON stabs his spade into the ground and hangs up the hurricane lamp on a nearby branch.

MICK drops his spade on the floor and sets down the brazier. He keeps hold of his lamp to see around him.

Together the pair collect some firewood for the brazier. They talk as they collect wood.

MICK  
Why is it us got a do the diggin  
again?

GORDON  
I know. I cannee see why he didn't  
get Jeff or pumped up Phil for some  
of this shite manual labour.

Mick bends to place some kindlin in the brazier. Its all puffing and panting with Mick.

MICK  
Bleedin liberty. He knows about me  
back.

Gordon places some wood in the brazier. He stops and uses a nearby tree to steady himself while he flexes his dodgy knee.

GORDON  
Your back? What about my knee?  
Bloody agony all this tramping  
around.

Gordon drops another few bits of wood next to the brazier. Mick strikes a match and lights some screwed up paper. The kindlin takes and the brazier starts to glow. Mick stays at the brazier to make sure it's well lit.

MICK  
 (gesticulating towards the  
 spades)  
 'Oose this one for then?

GORDON  
 Some toe-rag who hasn't paid up I  
 reckon. Serves 'em right too.

Gordon picks up his spade and jerks his head to Mick to do likewise. Gordon starts digging.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
 You borrow the money, you pay the  
 money. Its not Sputnik is it?

MICK  
 You what?

GORDON  
 Rocket science!

Gordon looks pleased at his put down. Mick is amused at the quip. With a few extra puffs, he's now got the brazier burning well.

MICK  
 I 'erd we 'ad a snitch. 'Erd that  
 Janet talking on the blower.

Mick now joins Gordon and reluctantly picks up his spade. He starts to dig.

GORDON  
 A snitch? Fuck me. Who'd snitch on  
 the boss?

Gordon uses the moment to rub his knee one last time and then continues to dig.

MICK  
 I 'erd that it's one of the boys  
 down south.  
 (he pauses and leans on  
 his spade)  
 Makes sense though don't it. We  
 know all the ins and outs but we  
 keep our mouths shut. Those fuckin'  
 south of the river fuckers..

GORDON  
(defensive)  
I would nay say we know all the ins  
and outs...

Mick takes out his dirty hanky and wipes his sweaty brow.

MICK  
Do me a favour. I'm out all 'ours  
collecting, chasing depts. And big  
Phil is there to H'administer  
reminders.

Mick starts digging again.

MICK (CONT'D)  
We know the ins and outs and ups  
and downs, the 'ole fuckin' lot.  
Shit if I went to the Old Bill with  
what I know, I bet I'd get a  
whacking great reward. Set me and  
Marge up for life that would.

GORDON  
Y'd need new names and new  
identities wouldn't ye? Cos  
otherwise a pair of hoods like us  
would come knocking and this would  
be your hole we'd be diggin.

Gordon stops digging to rub his hands.

MICK  
'Ow about a ransom ticket? You  
know, snatch and grab, giz the cash  
or we'll, you know...

Mick mimes some sort of death blow to an imaginary body.

GORDON  
Nay I reckon this is for some funny  
business with the bosses misses.  
(beat)  
Who wouldn't eh? She's got a great  
rack. She always gives me the eye.

Mick throws another log on the fire and returns to digging.

MICK  
(unsure)  
Not sure I know what you mean.

GORDON

I heard she's been having it away  
with one of the crew right under  
the boss's bulbous schnozz.

Gordon indecently acts out feeling up an imaginary lady in  
the shape of his spade.

MICK

No chance. He'd know straight off  
the bat...I'd imagine.

Mick momentarily struggles with a tree root which he cuts  
through with a foreable slicing action of his spade.

MICK (CONT'D)

Did he make any mention of who this  
fuckin 'ole was for?

GORDON

Did nay say, 'cept something about  
making it wider than normal.

MICK

I'm not dragging some fat sod all  
the way down 'ere. Maybe that's  
what's occupying Phil tonight?

The two dig on in silence except for the puffing and panting  
of their combined digging efforts.

Gordon pauses.

GORDON

'ock you missed out on a crackin  
night at the club last weekend.

MICK

Oh yeah, who was on?

Mick continues to dig but struggles with his spade work.

GORDON

That shelly girl from Shoreditch.  
What a great set of pipes.  
(sees Mick struggling)  
Hold on.

Gordon unhooks the lamp and brings it in for a closer look at  
what Mick is struggling with. Its some rocks. He helps pick  
out the stones.

MICK  
 (tentative)  
 I was..  
 (bit more conviction)  
 I was busy that weekend.

GORDON  
 Busy? You? With what exactly?

MICK  
 Can't say me ole mate. Me ole mum  
 used to say, it's for me to know  
 and for you to find out.

A smug grin spreads over Mick's face.

GORDON  
 You playing silly beggars now.

MICK  
 You know what you were saying about  
 the boss's missus?

GORDON  
 Aye?

MICK  
 Well me ole kilt wearer , its me!  
 I'm the one that's been givin 'er  
 one on the side.

Gordon stops mid spade thrust and shocked turns to Mick.

GORDON  
 You what?

A sly grin creeps over Mick's face, a sense of boastful  
 pride.

MICK  
 I've been seein to her needs is  
 what.

GORDON  
 (disbelieving)  
 You nay have.

MICK  
 I 'ave.

Mick is now grinning like an idiot, his well kept secret now  
 revealed in all its sordid glory.

Gordon shrugs it off as a lie and gets back to digging.

GORDON  
Ye talkin shite man.

MICK  
Fraid not - Gospel truth. I sir  
'ave been attending to all her  
needs, and I do mean all, for  
several weeks now.

Gordon shakes his head.

GORDON  
Are you right in the head? Did ye  
get slapped last time we were  
having a scrap?

Mick carries on digging proud in the knowledge his boast is out.

GORDON (CONT'D)  
You've got balls I'll say that for  
you.

MICK  
And she loves 'em mate.

Gordon makes a face. Too much information.

MICK (CONT'D)  
You talk about me missing the club,  
what about you the other week. I  
seem to recall and you didn't show  
for the collection job. 'Ad to  
cover your back I did.

Mick is once again feeding the brazier with wood.

GORDON  
I was sick wasn't I.

MICK  
Sick? You? A man of your Highland  
constitution?

The hole is now taking shape as they both continue digging away.

GORDON  
Some sort of lurgy. Coming out all  
ends I can tell ye.

MICK  
(interrupts)  
Yeah alright.

(MORE)

MICK (CONT'D)

I don't need the full story.

(beat - Mick remembers  
that day)

'Old on, you were in fine fettle  
the day after, you know, when we  
went round to see Dobbs.

GORDON

(bit sheepish)

It cleared up. Overnight.  
That...and I may well have been,  
moonlighting.

Mick stops digging, intrigued.

MICK

Moonlightin? What you mean,  
moonlightin?

Gordon carries on digging but has a mischievous look on his  
face.

GORDON

I say 'moonlighting', actually it  
was more, how can I put it?  
Stealing.

MICK

You what? Stealing? From who?

GORDON

As it turns out, from the boss man  
himself.

MICK

(gobsmacked)

You're 'aving a giraffe. Stealing?  
From the boss? You mad or somfin?

GORDON

Nay not mad, clever. Bin doing it  
for months now, on and off. A few  
quid here and there from the dues  
we've been collecting. Then that  
day, the day I was (feigns  
coughing) ill there was a shipment  
coming in. Ciggies straight off the  
boat. I waited 'til delivery, then  
nipped in and filched a wee  
portion. Sold 'em not two hours  
later for a tidy profit.



Mick is still leaning on his spade, his chin dragging on the floor as Gordon tells his tall tale. Then he starts digging again.

MICK

But what about the recor...

GORDON

Records? Yeah I might just have tampered with that too. It'll nay be missed. Its not been missed before.

MICK

Flippin 'eck Gordon, I thought I had balls. But you mate, you got a rosy right solid brass pair I can tell you.

Mick had paused in his digging. He mimes holding aforementioned heavy brass pair of balls.

GORDON

(smiling)

We've both got a lively pair my friend.

The two are both smirking and carry on with the digging, safe in the knowledge that now each other know the truth of their misdemeanours.

JUNE

Gentlemen.

The two man immediately swing round to see where the voice came from. Mick rises his spade ready to strike.

Silhouetted by the lamps and the light from the brazier, is JUNE, a solid looking hard arse brassy female (50) stands, her face in shadow. She is wrapped in a mans trench coat, her hair done in a beehive. Leather boots. In her be-gloved hand, a gun is pointing at the men.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Sounds like you two have been takin the piss somewhat.

MICK

Who the 'ell are you?

JUNE

Who I am is not important. But the boss knows exactly what you two idiots 'ave been up to and to put it mildly, he's not 'appy. So 'ere I am.

A dawning realisation hits Gordon as he looks down to the hole and back to Joe.

GORDON

The hole...its for

JUNE

Bingo.

Two shots ring out. Mick and Gordon slump into the shallow grave they've just been digging.

June carefully holsters her gun.

She reaches down and picks up one of the spades and starts to shovel the earth back over the two now lifeless bodies. Here face now softened, June starts to whistle a little tune as she shovels the earth.

THE END