

### **The Takeaway**

**Sebastian and Kevin** are stood in the 'takeaway' section of an Indian restaurant.

**Sebastian:** All I'm saying is, if they're allowed in, then what are we going to do?

**Kevin:** What do you mean? (to **The Chef** behind the counter) and two loads of poppadums' please, cheers.

**The Chef** exits.

**Sebastian:** They're taking over.

**Kevin:** Taking over what?

**Sebastian:** The city. They're bloody everywhere.

**Kevin:** I wouldn't say they're everywhere...

**Sebastian:** Every street corner, every estate, every café...

**Kevin:** (Awkward) Well, they're not doing any harm?

**Sebastian:** You seen the housing market?

**Kevin:** Yeah, but...

**Sebastian:** It's shot up.

**Kevin:** That's not their fault though?

**Sebastian:** Isn't it?

**Kevin:** Is it?

**Sebastian:** I'd say so.

*Beat*

Don't even get me started on 'unemployment'.

*Silence.*

Don't even get me started.

*Silence.*

It's on the up.

*Silence.*

There's more than ever now. Homeless, benefits scroungers, the unemployed...

**Kevin:** (*Hushed*) I don't see how that's *their* fault, though?

**Sebastian:** They're taking all the jobs. All the decent jobs, that good *English* people should be doing, being taken by *them*.

**Kevin:** (*Looking around*) Well I wouldn't say...

**Sebastian:** They are, Kevin. It's a fact. Just ask Kristen.

**Kevin:** Who?

**Sebastian:** Kristen.

**Kevin:** I don't know a Kristen.

**Sebastian:** Kristen. Costa Kristen.

**Kevin:** I don't go in Costa.

**Sebastian:** She doesn't work at Costa; she just likes it.

**Kevin:** Oh.

**Sebastian:** She told me. Last Tuesday.

*Beat.*

**Kevin:** In Costa.

**Sebastian:** No, we were in The Mute Swan.

**Kevin:** Right.

**Sebastian:** Kristen said “English people can’t get decent jobs, because they’re all being given to...that lot.”

**The Chef** *comes back to the counter.*

**The Chef:** How many of the rice was it?

**Sebastian:** Three mate.

**Kevin:** *(To The Chef)* Anything’s fine, really. Thanks, thank you.

**The Chef** *exits.*

*Beat.*

**Sebastian:** *I’d* want a decent job.

**Kevin:** You already have a job.

**Sebastian:** Suppose I wanted a new one?

**Kevin:** *(Sighing)* You don’t *need* a job, Sebastian.

**Sebastian:** Say I don’t like my job.

**Kevin:** You love your job.

**Sebastian:** I don’t. My desk is basically a waste disposal unit for unsuccessful floorplans.

**Kevin:** *(Agitated)* Why don’t you quit then?

**Sebastian:** Huh?

**Kevin:** Why don't you quit? You just said you wanted a new job.

**Sebastian:** I said suppose.

**Kevin:** Well, supposedly say you wanted a new job.

**Sebastian:** What job would I do?

**Kevin:** What kind of job would you like to do?

*Beat.*

**Sebastian:** I don't know.

**Kevin:** Suppose you could do anything.

**Sebastian:** Anything?

**Kevin:** Suppose it.

**Sebastian:** Absolutely anything?

**Kevin:** Supposedly.

**Sebastian:** I like travelling.

**Kevin:** Good shout!

*Beat.*

What about cabin crew?

**Sebastian:** And wear a stupid uniform?

**Kevin:** I think they look rather smart.

**Sebastian:** Won't catch me in a bright orange vest.

**Kevin:** There are other options...

**Sebastian:** BA is the only decent airline; I wouldn't lower myself to EasyJet.

**Kevin:** Why don't you apply?

**Sebastian:** Too claustrophobic. All that time in such a small space? No way.

*Beat.*

**Kevin:** You could teach then.

**Sebastian:** Teach what?

**Kevin:** English. They always need English teachers in China or India.

**Sebastian:** Couldn't go there, too cramped.

**Kevin:** Somewhere smaller then, closer to home. What about Europe?

**Sebastian:** Nowhere North; I need to understand the accent.

**Kevin:** South then, Greece?

**Sebastian:** I love Corfu.

**Kevin:** There you go!

**Sebastian:** All that sun...

**Kevin:** You'd have to learn Greek though.

**Sebastian:** Nah, they speak English over there.

**Kevin:** What, everyone?

**Sebastian:** Course they do, it's the language of the world.

**Kevin:** Well, the more remote parts might be a bit behind on the times...

**Sebastian:** I fancy somewhere more central, anyway. I'm thinking Crete, or maybe Athens?

**Kevin:** What if they don't have jobs going in Crete or Athens?

**Sebastian:** They always have jobs for people like us Kevin, they rely on our work ethic. It's British values that they aspire to have. Maybe you should think about moving out there yourself?

**Kevin:** I couldn't, what with looking after Mum and all.

**Sebastian:** Oh, yeah. The curse of the elderly parent. Glad I don't have that hanging over me.

**Kevin:** Have they both passed now?

**Sebastian:** Dad's still alive and kicking, somewhere. Mum went two years ago. Didn't matter much though; hadn't spoken to her in almost a decade, anyway.

**Kevin:** What happened?

**Sebastian:** Dropped all contact with us once the divorce came through, said she never wanted to see me again.

**Kevin:** God, that's horrible.

**Sebastian:** Understandable really, I reminded her too much of Dad.

**Kevin:** Did he cheat on her?

**Sebastian:** For years. All those 'business trips' to the Caribbean, can't believe the woman never guessed. Turned out I had three Barbadian half-sisters and a brother called Eric.

*Beat.*

**Kevin:** *(thinking aloud)* Eric?

**Sebastian:** Yes, Eric.

**Kevin:** Okay.

*Beat.*

**Sebastian:** What's wrong with the name Eric?

**Kevin:** Nothing.

*Beat.*

It's just not very...

**Sebastian:** Very what?

**The Chef** *comes back to the counter.*

**The Chef:** Two minutes for the Vindaloo.

**Sebastian:** *(To Kevin)* Very what?

**Kevin:** *(To The Chef)* Brilliant, cheers mate. That's great. Thanks, thank you.

**Sebastian:** Very what, Kevin?

*Kevin watches until The Chef is out of ear-shot. The Chef exits.*

**Kevin:** *(Whispering)* It just sounds very... traditional.

**Sebastian:** It is traditional.

**Kevin:** Traditionally British?

**Sebastian:** Yes? My dad was a traditional British guy.

**Kevin:** With a secret wife in Barbados?

**Sebastian:** Yes.

*Beat.*

**Kevin:** Did you ever meet him?

**Sebastian:** Who?

**Kevin:** Eric.

**Sebastian:** I see him every month, have done for the last eight years.

**Kevin:** What does he do?

**Sebastian:** Works for Royal Mail up in Halifax.

**Kevin:** Oh. So, you mean he's...

**Sebastian:** What?

**Kevin:** (*Hushed*) Over here?

**Sebastian:** Yes?

*Beat.*

I always wanted one a brother. It's amazing how alike we are.

**Kevin:** You mean 'personality-wise', I'm guessing.

**Sebastian:** Huh?

**Kevin:** You're alike in terms of your personality.

**Sebastian:** Why do you say that?

**Kevin:** Well, I presume you don't look the same...

**Sebastian:** What?

**Kevin:** You must look, you know, different. From each other, that is...

**Sebastian:** We have the same Dad.



**Kevin:** Yeah, but...

**Sebastian:** But, what?

**Kevin:** Nothing.

**Sebastian:** What are you trying to say?

**Kevin:** *(Looking around)* Just keep it do-. Honestly, it's nothing.

**Sebastian:** Just because he isn't from round here, you think we can't get on?

**Kevin:** I didn't say that...

**Sebastian:** You implied it.

**Kevin:** *(Hushed, embarrassed)* I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything by it.

*Beat.*

**Sebastian:** You shouldn't just assume we aren't alike because he isn't from here. Eric is my brother by blood and I see him every third of the month at The Rose & Crown, without fail. Sometimes he brings his girlfriend down. She and Claudia go out shopping together; they're like two peas in a pod. I've seen him a lot recently because they're going to have a baby and he's asked me to be Godfather. Do you know what, Kev? I cried when he asked me. Yeah, I cried, because I have never been so humbled in my life. So why don't you just give people a chance, Kevin, alright? You should try taking that silver spoon out of your arse once in a while and just appreciate the people around you.

*Beat.*

**Sebastian** *receives a text message.*

*Beat.*

**Kevin:** That Eric?

**Sebastian:** No, Kristen.

**Kevin:** Costa Kristen?

**Sebastian:** That's the one.

**The Chef** *comes back to the counter with two paper bags.*

**The Chef:** *(Handing Kevin the bags)* Your order.

**Kevin:** Thank you, cheers mate, it looks great. Sorry for the...Thanks again, have a good night!

**The Chef** *couldn't care less, and exits. Sebastian is still checking his phone*

*Beat.*

**Kevin:** Alright?

**Sebastian:** Yeah, she's just having a moan.

**Kevin:** What's up with her?

**Sebastian:** She's having her conservatory done. Says the builders have drunk her out of house and home. Came back from work and the tea cupboard was ransacked, got no more PG Tips apparently.

*Beat.*

Bloody Polish bastards.