

Memoirs Of a Bouncer

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(An empty stage.)

Bouncer: It all started at Christmas... My first and most significant memory of that year was as a night's entertainment security officer, or what is more commonly known as a Bouncer, was on my second night of duty. It is so rare that destiny offers a hand, but that evening I was offered the full arm, and a well-sculpted shoulder blade. For it was on that night that I met the love of my life: the illustrious Tracy.

(Enter Tracy).

Bouncer: Alright love... got any I.D? When I first heard her speak, her tones were angelic.

Tracy: I.D? You saying I look under 18? I've been having sex since I was 12 mate!

Bouncer: My ears were dripping with honey; I just didn't know what to reply.

(He looks at Tracy)

Bouncer: Soz love, didn't mean to offend – you come here often? My heart leapt at her sweet, innocent reply.

Tracy: Fuck yeah! Pint of Stella's only two quid. Haven't seen you round much, how long have you been working 'ere then?

Bouncer: This is my second night.

Tracy: Well best of luck! I'm gonna go get wrecked now. See you around!

Bouncer: How true that statement was. Over the coming months I laid my eyes on her as much as I could, every week in fact. Sometimes, I would even join her for a quiet drink.

Tracy: You coming for a pint then knob head?

Bouncer: We had so much in common. Our topics for conversation were limitless. I love pork scratchings me.

Tracy: I do as well, like – do you know what else I love?

Bouncer: What?

Tracy: Hollyoaks.

Bouncer: Not only did she make me grow to love my tedious employment, but a new world of twisting plots and excellent character progression was opened up to me. Soon enough, I fell for her.

(He looks at Tracy)

Bouncer: I like ya tits.

Tracy: Thanks, I'm not even wearing a bra.

Bouncer: Lust overcame me as I leant in for true loves first kiss.

(Bouncer and Tracy start tonguing each other unglamorously).

Bouncer: It was that week that we consummated our relationship in that moonlit car park... behind Aldi.

(Bouncer presents a condom)

Bouncer: Wanna use a...?

Tracy: Fuck no – I never use 'em – it's like wearing wellies in the bath.

Bouncer: As time moved on we soon fell into a blissful routine; After a hard afternoons work, Tracy would bring back what was left from the chippy. We'd eat together and watch deep, penetrating drama.

Tracy: I bloody love Hollyoaks!

Bouncer: As the evenings turned to night we'd even discuss current affairs facing the world. Tracy just loved global politics.

Tracy: Do you 'ear? That black bugger's president of America?

Bouncer: Yeah.

Tracy: Is he the first black one then?

Bouncer: No... there was that guy... Martin Luther King.

Tracy: You mean King Martin Luther? Wasn't he doing the Queen?

Bouncer: I decided to take on another night's entertainment security officer position, with times being tough, people don't think it but the credit crunch even affects us bouncers. Tracy strived to improve her place of work and minimise financial loss with her inspired business ethics and ideas.

Tracy: My boss is a twat. He's told me to start "rationing" gravy *(she uses air quotations)*. After he told me what "rationing" meant, I was like what? Curry sauce is not as popular as gravy, but its more expensive. We should start "rationing" that instead. But dick head wouldn't listen.

Bouncer: That's shit that is.

Tracy: Yeah! You always know how to cheer me up.

Bouncer: Wanna shag?

Tracy: Yeah. But hurry up, Corrie's on in ten minutes.

Bouncer: Days turned into weeks, weeks into months and before I knew it, we'd been courting for nearly a year. Seasons changed, plants withered and died, but our love blossomed through the onslaught of winter.

Tracy: Fuck me it's cold! You could juice lemons on me nipples.

Bouncer: Do you want me to?

Tracy: Nah, it's not *Friday* night. Anyway, I need to tell you something.

Bouncer: What?

Tracy: You know how we've been in the 'bath' a lot... and we've not been wearing wellies'... well...

Bouncer: This was the second most significant night in my life.

Tracy: I'm up the duff.

Bouncer: Oh. Is it mine?

Tracy: Course it is! (*Looks dodgy as eyes dart from side to side*)

Bouncer: She was 2 months with child. In 7 months time this duo was to become a trio. While the fruit of my loins grew within her I was anxious about the new role fate was handing me- fatherhood. The happy day arrived and within moments of the birth, my latent paternal instincts took root.

(*Looks at Tracy*)

Bouncer: Shit! I'm a fucking dad! What should we call her?

Tracy: Ruby. It's such a classy name. She'd be well respected with a name like that. Plus we can sing that Kaiser Chiefs song to her, you know... 'I predict a riot'.

Bouncer: Her wit knew no end. Naturally the next step was marriage.

Tracy: Chippy said they'd cater. Where's the do after?

Bouncer: Work's give me the night off. We can 'ave it there. They're getting a new dart board.

Tracy: Brilliant! Who's the best man?

Bouncer: My brother couldn't get bail. So Willy said he'd do it.

Tracy: Cross Eyed Willy?

Bouncer: You know what he thinks of that name!

Tracy: Well, I can never tell if he's looking at me tits or face.

Bouncer: Don't be silly, ya know he's lookin' at ya tits... The arrangements were made, the guests were invited. The beer flowed. The pork scratchings sated our insatiable hunger. Tracy and I were bound in the rights of holy matrimony.

(*He looks at Tracy*)

Bouncer: I fucking do.

Tracy: Me too. (*Both snog inappropriately again*).

Bouncer: The night was surreal. I felt as if I was dancing on air to our first song... then... times became hard with a new mouth to feed. Ruby's hunger could not be satisfied.

Tracy: You've sucked my tits dry and you want more food you fat cow?

Bouncer: Parenting hit Tracy hard. Tracy worked the diner all day; working for her man she'd bring home her pay. It's was tough, so unbelievably tough. How was work love?

Tracy: Shit.

Bouncer: Oh

Tracy: I'm going to bed; look after Ruby

Bouncer: I noticed she had started to become distant and isolated.

Tracy: When you get in from work tonight sleep on the couch, I'm not having you wake me up again.

Bouncer: It was from this point on that my Utopian world began to decay. What was once the known had become the unknown. The uncertainty that had been plaguing my fears and anxiety became certainty in one crushing statement from my beloved Tracy.

Tracy: I'm leaving you for ya mate....

Bouncer: Cross-eyed Willy? But I'm the one that loves ya! And... he's fucking cross-eyed! What about Ruby?

Tracy: I'm taking her with me. Willy's shown me there's a world out there. I know now that you've been holding me back. I've got dreams. Ones I can't fulfil with extra salt and vinegar.

Bouncer: But... you... can't

Tracy: Sorry mate, See you later. I've left you some battered sausage in the oven. (*touches his face, looks away and begins to leave*).

Bouncer: I was that battered sausage...

(*He turns to Tracy*)

Bouncer: Aren't you forgetting something?

Tracy: Oh yeah (*picks up Ruby*). Stupid cow!

Bouncer: Carpe Diem, seize the day- today seized me by the gonads and crushed them just as Tracy crushed my heart, but time helped seal those wounds. True, Tracy and Ruby had left, but I soon got myself together. It all ended at Christmas... With a whole year behind me... These are not the memoirs of a Queen; nor are they the memoirs of a Geisha. These are the memoirs of a Bouncer.

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