

## Transformation?

- Scene: Pete & Tone in their usual clothes (long coats, flat caps, scarves etc). There is a sofa on stage (if possible). Pete is on stage doing half-hearted warm-ups for exercise. Tone wanders in eating a pork pie. As soon as Pete sees Tone his exercises get somewhat more vigorous.
- Pete: Nine-hundred and ninety-seven, nine-hundred and ninety-eight, nine-hundred and ninety-nine, WHhhhaaaaannnn Thousand! Phwaaarr.
- Tone: What'cha doing there then Pete?
- (Stands watching somewhat disinterestedly – munching the pie)*
- Pete: Just warming up, just warming up. Getting the blood moving around my body, purging myself of toxins and impurities, honing my muscles to the panther-like perfection that will ensure victory.
- Tone: Victory? What in?
- Pete: I intend to retain my crown as West-Wirral Crown Green bowls champion. My place in the South Irby Squad has been confirmed.
- (Pete's exercises are slowing down markedly)*
- Tone: Oh... so Reg Trout's 'trouble' flared up again then, did it
- Pete: I am unaware of a re-occurrence of Reg's 'trouble' as you so delicately put it. However I received a communication last night from the West-Wirral Crown Green association requesting my inclusion in the squad. The Chairman himself called shortly before the 2<sup>nd</sup> advert break in Heartbeat.
- Tone: Oh yeah? What did he say?
- Pete: He informed me that '*representations*' had been made to him regarding the omission of my name from the squad and he felt the championship would be all the poorer without me. He said and I quote "The fans expect to see athletes in their prime engaging in a contest of gladiatorial proportions" or words to that effect.
- (Pete's exercises almost stop)*
- Tone: So that huge mail-shot you and me did last week paid off then?
- Pete: The 'people' have spoken Tone, the 'people' have spoken. We sporting celebrities owe a debt to our fans and must always remember that we are merely the humble servants to the God-given talent that we have been errrm given.

*(Pete's exercises stop altogether – he's now gasping and wheezing)*

Tone: When is the West-Wirral Crown Green bowls championship taking place?

*(Pete collapses into the sofa)*

Pete: A week Thursday. Assuming the rain holds off long enough to mow the turf, remove all the fag ends, tin cans and empty cider bottles from the green.

Tone: That's not a long time to get from your state back into 'your prime' is it?

Pete: I beg your pardon? [Poss. "How VERY dare you!" If audience likely to know Catherine Tate.]

Tone: I said "That's not a long time to get from your state back into 'your prime' is it?"

Pete: I *know* what you said!

Tone: Well why'd you ask then?

Pete: '*Your state* '!!! I've never been so insulted in my life!

Tone: Are you sure? That time you was mistaken for a tramp when we was queuing at the buffet at old Mrs. Shearness's funeral and they asked what the smell was... that was pretty insulting wasn't it?

Pete: Oh thank **you** so very much for bringing **that** up again

Tone: And that time you were asked to leave the cinema during 'Zulu' 'cos everytime Michael Cain came on screen you kept saying...

*(Mockney Accent)*

'You're only supposed to blow the bloody doors off' or  
'Not a lot of people know that.'

Pete: What I *meant* was...

Tone: Or that time in Blackpool when you sang 'Unchained Melody' for the old folks' Christmas Karaoke and the clicks of the hearing aids being turned off was like an arthritic Mexican-wave rippling across the ballroom.

Pete: I'd never sung it in that key before!

Tone: Neither has anyone else! Or that time...

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Pete: What I **meant** was that I don't need to work too hard at the exercise as over the years I've transformed my body into a finely tuned machine. It's ready and waiting – all I need is a light workout and the old magic is back. Physical fitness never really goes away once you've achieved it – it's like riding a bike – your body never forgets.

Tone: Oh I see. So all the sweating, wheezing and gasping is your body trying to remember how to ride a bicycle is it?

Pete: Yes. No. Well sort of. Feel that.

*(Hold out an arm bend upwards at the elbow to allow Tone to feel the muscles, which he tries to.)*

Tone: Feel what?

Pete: That! The muscles.

Tone: What am I looking for?

Pete: *(Flexes arm)* Try it now.

Tone: It's a bit small.

Pete: It's not the size – it's the stiffness.

Tone: Oooo – I say!

*(Pete hauls himself to his feet. And stands in Bruce Forsythe 'Generation Game' pose)*

Pete: Try it now.

*(Tone gets up too and squeezes muscles on arm and thigh)*

Tone: Oh! Yes. Very nice. *(Sarcastic)*

Pete: See!

*(Sudden spasm of pain and Pete freezes on the spot)*

Pete: Arrghhh. Me back's gone. Arrghhh. Gone. Completely gone. Now look what you made me do 'Doubting Thomas'.

*(Tone sits back down and pulls a packet of crisps from a pocket and starts eating them)*

Tone: Try tensing your lower back muscles while relaxing the muscles in your thighs while exhaling slowly through your nose. Then rotate on the balls of your feet to face me.

*(Pete turns very slowly gasping and making a huge fuss of the pain)*

Pete: What now? Will that help unlock my back?

*(Tone leans forward and puts something in Pete's mouth)*

Tone: I doubt it - I just couldn't be bothered getting up again. Swallow that aspirin I just gave you – that probably *will* help.

*(Pete gingerly un-freezes and sits down again)*

Pete: It's just as well I'm a Yoga expert. I can sort my back out tonight by meditating in the just the right position.

Tone: What's that then? Slumped on the sofa in front of the TV surrounded by empty lager cans?

Pete: Lager? Moi? The very idea! No the good thing about Yoga – it's so practical as well as spiritual. I get an enormous sense of well being after a good night's meditation. I can feel my karma coming into line with all the cosmic forces – especially now my house has been feng shui'd by an expert.

Tone: Feng shui'd?

Pete: Oh yes. All the top athletes are using these techniques to give them that competitive edge. The North Irby mob don't stand a chance this year. You see by then my transformation from the mild mannered man you once knew into a bowling colossus will be complete, physically and spiritually... I'll be 'in the zone'.

Tone: So your house's been feng shui'd has it? How'd you manage that then?

Pete: Well it was the fellow who delivers the Chinese takeaways – he does a bit of it on the side. He only charged me another £30. It's made a huge difference – although having the TV under the bed-side table and the fridge in the bathroom is trifle inconvenient at times, it's been well worth it.

Tone: And your missus doesn't mind then?

Pete: It's *my* house I can have it how *I* like.

Tone: She's still at her mothers then.

Pete: It's transformed my life without a doubt.

Tone: So where'd you get all this amazing information then Pete?

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Pete: Well I've always been pretty clued up you know. Oh yes. I've really caught the Zeitgeist you might say.

Tone: You've caught that have you? Ohh dear. Should have had the jobs for that when you was a kid. Can be nasty that Zeitgeist.

Pete: No. Zeitgeist – spirit of the age. Those of us of a more mystical and prophetic nature are always near the cutting edge.

Tone: You're near the edge of something – that's for sure.

Pete: Oh yes. I expect once this bowling championship's in the bag I shall turn my attention to those less fortunate than myself. I see myself as an enabler, a servant to all, a house-group leader in waiting.

Tone: You'll certainly be waiting.

Pete: It's a slow process this transformation you see. Very hard. A long tough road – many are called but few are chosen, you might say, on this road less travelled.

Tone: I dunno about that. Sounds expensive.

Pete: You can't *buy* it. It comes through sacrifice, dedication, hard work.

Tone: No it doesn't. You buy it. I bought one last week.

Pete: *(Mocking)* This I'd like to see.

Tone: A couple of thousand quid, no questions asked and whoosh... complete transformation.

*(Tone stands up, opens up coat to reveal a large white bra on over top of black jumper)*

*(Lights out)*