

Dialogue: No smoking

[Restaurant Garden. No smoking sign prominent.

2 men + 1 woman finish eating.

1 man and 1 woman light cigarettes.

The solitary man on the table next to them moves his crockery and newspapers and bags to a table at the other end of the garden. He does this in stages and with some exaggeration.]

Woman: *[To solitary man]* What's your trouble?

Solitary man: No trouble.

Woman: Then why are you moving? We smell or something?

Solitary man: You're smoking.

Woman: Doesn't matter.

Solitary man: It does to me. I smelt it straight away. I don't like it.

Woman: You don't want to believe all that nonsense.

Solitary man: I don't want to believe any nonsense, thank you.

Woman: Well then.

Solitary man: I don't like the smell of smoking. I also know that it is dangerous. Including indirect smoking.

Woman: It ain't.

Solitary man: So you say.

It's also forbidden to smoke here.

Smoking man: Bollocks.

Solitary man: *[moving the last of his possessions]* I thought you might say that. Which is why I have moved.

Smoking man: Your kind make me sick.

Solitary man: What kind is that?

Smoking man: Smug gits.

Solitary man: I don't think I'm being smug.

Woman: You are. Imposing your views on us. Thinking you know better. Smug.

[Silence between the two of them for a little while. The three speak to each other quietly and confidentially, two continuing to smoke, blowing out their smoke demonstratively. The solitary man reads his paper at his new table.]

Waiter: I'm sorry, Sir, Madam; but smoking isn't permitted in the garden.

Woman: Sorry. We didn't know. Well... we're finished and we've paid; so we'll go.

Waiter: As you wish.

[They leave.

Woman comes back almost immediately]

Woman: *[To solitary man]* You're a cunt.