

UEA Creative Writing Anthology 2011

Tom O'Sullivan

Barry

This monologue is based on a real conversation with an actual 'cabbie', also named Barry, with whom I had the great fortune of sharing a terrifying journey home.

(A single light shines directly onto a round, scrubbed, wooden table casting a circular glow onto its surface from above. Outside the table top, all is dark. A figure sits just outside of the lamplight, his rotund upper body's physique just visible. He wears a white vest, stained in places. He has a few days' worth of stubble on his chin, and is nursing a double gin. He leans forward into the spot and begins to speak in a thick East Yorkshire accent.)

Barry:

So I was outside that bloody awful new Fuel nightclub place, right, and I picked up this pair of dykes. Not lookers, y'know, not great ... one on 'em had a bald head. I thought it was a bloke at first, till I saw its tits. Massive they were, straining out o' this black, shiny, leather top thing like a couple of zeppelins under a tarpaulin. (*He guffaws.*) T'other one

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had hair at least, but she were still a bit of a bushpig. Her face was all scrunched up – looked like a bulldog chewing wasps. Double paper bag job, if ever I saw one. They ask me if I can take 'em to Gilberdyke for under a tenner. Gilber ... dyke. I thought; for that irony love, I'd take you to fuckin' Lesbos. One of 'em told me a joke. How do you get, she says, four poofters on a bar stool? Turn it fuckin' upside down! (*He chuckles for longer, then his face turns deadly serious.*) Ever noticed how it's all right for queers to call other queers queer? Course, it's not OK when it's anyone else ... (*Amicable once more.*) Anyhow, so I'm driving 'em home and all's quiet on the Western Front. I had a suspicion they were necking a bit in the back, so I do what any other (*enunciates with effort*) 'eterosexual male would do in my position – I slow down and watch 'em doing it in me mirror. T'aint very nice though – just a bit of a stiff-jawed lip rape, really. Couple o' fucking shop winda Popeye dummies being banged together for the 'ell of it. I lose interest halfway down Spring Bank East, and concentrate on the road instead ... it was two-thirty, but you never know when some stupid cunt's gunna jump out in front of you, and then it's whoop, splat, a

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fucking disciplinary and a fuck off
stain to clean off the windscreen.

So, whilst mindin' me own little
business, what should I hear, but
one of the two rug munchers saying
something, real quiet like. 'Bite me'.
So I turn around and the cancer-
patient one with the huge knockers
has 'em out and the other one has
got her nipples in her teeth. Well, I
wasn't gunna say anything, me bein'
the gentullman I am – but then the
Nazi's breathing started getting
louder. It started coming in rasps
like a fucking hacksaw; she sounded
like she'd inhaled a fucking penny
and got it caught in her fucking
carpet sucker: wont fucking pretty, I
can tell ya. S' things like that really
put you off yer driving. So here's
me, all playing the saint, saying,
'Jesus girls, can't you fucking wait
till yer home before you eat each
other? Ant you ad your tea or
summat?' And the cheeky bitch
with the red fucking hair just says:
'Oh, lighten up, cabbie.'

I turn back to the wheel. Fucking
outraged I was. Outraged. This ugly
bint had the fucking cheek to call
me ... 'Cabbie'! What the fuck am I,
Dick van bastard Dyke? All down
Spring Bank West the Nazi was
fucking oohing and ahning,
moaning like an auld biddy in a

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home, with me just keeping the fuck quiet. I just get onto Ferensway, and I notice the kinky little bitch has actually drawn blood. That's fucking it for me, I tell 'em 'Put a fuckin' sheet down or do it in your own home! I don't want any fucking DNA traced back to my car when you two fucking eat each other!' Know what they said to me? Know what they fuckin' said? 'Keep quiet, and we'll suck you off at the Gipsyville roundabout layby.'

Well, that fuckin' shut me up. A sucking off's a sucking off, after all. Even if it is given to you by a fuckin' moose. 'Or wouldn't wifey like that?' they're sayin' to me, as the Nazi whore slips her hand into the other one's pants. She starts bucking and rolling around, spazzin' out like a ... well, like a spaz, an' I just say: 'Fuck wifey! I haven't in twenty years, don't see why I should start now!' And one of 'em, not sure which, slips a foot out of her shoe and starts rubbing me off, well slowly with it. So there we are, weaving side to side down Ferensway, the fuckin' 'Cabbie' with a big fuck off smile on his face, not to mention the first proper bang on I've had in decades; and Fraulein Himmler giving the redhead's cunt a four-finger salute!

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Then, suddenly, I sense summat's wrong. No one's stroking my cock anymore, for one thing. And those two sluts are just laughing in the back. All sat upright and proper, laughing their fucking heads off, and they're laughing at ... me. So I says to 'em, 'Why the fuck're you stopping? I ain't gunna tell anybugger!' and they laugh and laugh, me all red faced and hard-cocked, and they finally say: 'Sorry, Grandad, we only fancy girls. Or hadn't you heard?' But my knob hasn't heard. It doesn't fuckin' care whether they're queer or straight, willing or fuckin' unwilling; all it sees is six holes to choose from when it hasn't had one to scrape together before, and it likes it. My cock feels like a fuckin' iron fencepole – no, worse – this erection is pumping blood all through my body, all around my poundin' head, ripping off my entire fucking skin and shooting my bloody pride into the sky. And they start fucking kissing again, fucking horrible it is but I'm still just beggin' 'em; 'Let me have a bit o' that! Please! Look, there's a layby there, I'll just stop off and have a wank! Oh, go on, ya nasty bastuds!' And I'm fucking haggling with these two whores, haggling for their fuckin' pity, haggling for a chance to get this

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poison, *(tears at his pubis)* this
fucking boiling acid the fuck out of
me and they're just laughing and
laughing their ugly fucking mugs
off.

*(Pause. Barry shakes bodily and downs
half of his gin.)* So it's simple. I stop
the car, pull them by hair and tit out
of it, give 'em both a clip round the
fuckin' ear, and I leave 'em half
naked in a freezing, filthy fucking
puddle. I get back into the car and
turn around in the layby. This is
fucking miles from Gilberdyke; and
as I pass them again, all hard done
to now, one o' them's crying, the
other's just shaking and looking like
she might throw up; as I pass 'em, I
shout out of the window. I says 'My
name's Barry – Ask for me again!'
*(He chuckles, downing the gin. He
leans back, out of the light, still
chuckling.)* 'Ask for me again' ...

(Fade to blackout.)

Tom O'Sullivan was born in Bavaria, but grew up in a small village in deepest, darkest Yorkshire. He has been studying scriptwriting for the last four years at UEA, and hopes to write for television, film and the stage. He also has a fond aspiration towards writing for video games.