

(Enter MONTY. He picks up his Tupperware snack box.)

SID What you got there comrade?
MONTY Jammy Dodgers.
SID / BILL Phwoargh!
(SID and BILL take his Jammy Dodgers. MONTY is unhappy.)
SID All property is theft, Monty.
MONTY Listen, the girls are not happy.
BILL Whar's their problem? You've had her ain't yer, that Connie?
MONTY None of your business, is it.
SID There can be no personal secrets in the revolution comrade.
MONTY Me and Connie was a long time back.
BILL Who else you had in that shed, comrade? Beryl?
SID Urgh! Sandpaper.
SID / BILL Rough.
SID So, they won't sign?
BILL No, Connie's not happy.
SID I'm not Sneezzy.
BILL And I'm not Doc.

SID Comrade, I represent two thousand engineers. Bill here –
BILL – One thousand fitters –
SID – and every one of them's got a proper man's hairy arse.
BILL It's only your two hundred effing women that are effing it up.
(SID spots MR HOPKINS walking towards the Convenor's office.)
SID Management. Hopkins?
BILL Wahey! Must've had the yanks on the blower, are we letting him
 in?
MONTY I don't have a problem with Hopkins.
BILL That's because you're a bourgeois revisionist running dog.
MONTY And what are you?
BILL West Ham.
(BILL goes to let him in.)
SID Wait! Anyone got any farts?