

JEFF. You two are well away, aren't you?

DAD. Tell me something, mate, what's your ambition, your dream? I mean, apart from playing hide the sausage with my Jeffrey, what would you really like to do in life?

GREG. My secret dream? My really, truly secret dream?

DAD. Have you got one?

GREG. Oh yes. *(His soul smiles a little.)* I'd like to plant a forest.

DAD. *(Thunderstruck.)* That is—magnificent.

GREG. Isn't it a beauty? You see, I met this bloke once, he was a violin maker, well, apprenticed to it, and he told me there's these famous violins made, oh, centuries ago, by some Stradvarious bloke, he used wood that was anything up to four or five hundred years old, and one of the reasons no one can make a violin as good as his is because they can't get wood that's old enough. All the forests being chopped down, the new trees aren't given time to grow anymore. That's when I got the idea. To plant a whole forest, and watch it grow, and stand in the middle of all the great trees and say, I planted this, I made this.

DAD. Do it! That's wonderful, eh, Jeffrey?

JEFF. *(Thinks that Greg could walk on water if he wanted to.)* My oath. Make a fair old swag of violins, too.

DAD. "A fair old swag of violins?" Haven't you got any respect for the English language?

JEFF. What's wrong with the way I talk?

GREG. I like it, it turns me on.

*(JEFF's chest swells about two inches.)*

GREG. Sorry, Mr. M—Harry—bit bold.

DAD. Please. Pretend I'm not here.

JEFF. Oh, yes, please.

DAD. Why don't you give the young man another whisky, Jeff?

GREG. No, I shouldn't.

JEFF. Go on, just a taste, freshen it up.

GREG. Well, this is really the last. I might do anything.

JEFF. Feel free. I'll get some more ice. *(HE goes.)*

DAD. *(Waits till the coast is clear, then fishes in the book cupboard.)* I'm very pleased you like my boy, Greg. He doesn't push himself enough sometimes, but he's got a heart of gold and he likes you.

GREG. I think he's very nice.

DAD. But—if you need anything to—well, he can be a bit of a lump sometimes—I've got these magazines—*(HE produces three gay porn magazines.)*

DAD. You know—if you need help—getting started—

GREG. Are these Jeff's?

DAD. No, I bought them. I wanted to find out what Jeff got up to. I had a pretty good idea, of course, but there's a few things in there I could never have imagined. And this one, it's all about safe sex. I was worried about this dreadful AIDS thing, who isn't these days, and I wanted to know if Jeff—if he was safe. He's my son, it's important to me. I left it lying about for him, so he'd know what to do, but he said he already knew about it.

GREG. It's all right, Mr. M., I do safe sex too.

DAD. Well, there you go, In case you need a turn-on. And—um—have a good time, won't you?

GREG. Yeh, ta very much.