SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.

This sample is for perusal only and may not be used for performance purposes.

You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.

We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about licensing or about purchasing a play or musical, please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

SF PERUSALS

The Scottish Play

A play

Graham Holliday

Samuel French – London
New York – Sydney – Toronto – Hollywood

© 1989 BY GRAHAM HOLLIDAY

Rights of Performance by Amateurs are controlled by Samuel French Ltd, 52 Fitzroy Street, London W1T 5JR, and they, or their authorized agents, issue licences to amateurs on payment of a fee. **It is an infringement of the Copyright to give any performance or public reading of the play before the fee has been paid and the licence issued.**

The Royalty Fee indicated below is subject to contract and subject to variation at the sole discretion of Samuel French Ltd.

Basic fee for each and every performance by amateurs in the British Isles — Code L

The publication of this play does not imply that it is necessarily available for performance by amateurs or professionals, either in the British Isles or Overseas. Amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised in their own interests to apply to the appropriate agents for written consent before starting rehearsals or booking a theatre or hall.

ISBN 0 573 01679 8

Please see page 61 for further copyright information

CHARACTERS

Michael
Lynne, his wife
Frank
Alan
Barnaby
Eric
Geraldine
Sally
Fiona
Mary
Daisy
} members of the Shellsfoot Thespians

Les Dye, an estate agent
Jackie, a receptionist

The action of the play takes place in various locations

Time: the present

The Scottish Play

The original version of *The Scottish Play* was a 55-minute radio play, broadcast on BBC Radio Four, on 19th September, 1985, with the following cast:

Michael	Geoffrey Collins
Lynne	Carole Nimmons
Frank	Edward de Souza
Alan	Graham Chinn
Barnaby	Robin Summers
Geraldine	Mary Wimbush
Jackie	Jenny Funnell
Les Dye	David Sinclair
Porter	Peter Acre
1st Witch	Tessa Worsley

Directed by **John Cardy**

It was subsequently performed as a rehearsed reading by members of the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Almeida Theatre, London, on 19th July, 1986. The cast included Ian Talbot as Michael and Janet Dale as Lynne

TO JILLIE

SETTING

The various locations should be distinguished by the use of lighting, different areas of the stage, and a few pieces of furniture. The places depicted are: various parts of the church hall (the stage during a performance of a country-house thriller, the dressing-room, the stage during auditions and rehearsals, and the auditorium during a jumble sale); the offices of Cooper & Dye; Michael's and Lynne's lounge and dining-room; a table in a pub; and Shellsfoot Town Hall (the stage, the women's dressing-room, and the lighting box). In addition, some sections take place inside Michael's mind, and we should see his face lit and the figures in his imagination moving in shadow.

ACT I

The play begins in Michael's mind, in black-out and silence. Michael is standing at one side of the stage, and Sally, Fiona and Mary—as the three witches in "Macbeth" Act One Scene One—form a tableau at the other. Three long gusts of wind, each growing in volume to a peak then subsiding. Then a quieter and continuous sound of wind, which lasts until the witches' exit

Michael Thunder.

A roll of thunder

Lightning.

A flash of lightning, too brief for us to see anything distinctly, and an immediate crash of thunder. Michael's face is now lit by a gradually brightening spot

Enter . . . three . . . witches . . .

The witches are now seen, in murky light

Sally When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Fiona When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.
Mary That will be ere the set of sun.

They freeze

Michael All three of them should be clothed in black, and seen against a backcloth of black velvet. Three witches, matching figures, but each a distinct character. The first . . . (*he thinks it out*) . . . domineering, with a strident, piercing voice.

Sally Where the place?

They freeze

Michael The second, a warped humourist, delighting in the evil of her spells.

Fiona Upon the heath!

They freeze

Michael Number three, now, what for her? . . . secretive, yes, dark and muttering. The most dangerous of them all.

Mary There to meet with——

Michael (*the idea suddenly occurring to him*) All three together!

Sally
Fiona
Mary } (*together*) Macbeth!

Thunder

Michael Now . . . the cries of wild beasts, and shrieking spirits . . .

We hear cries and shrieks as he says it

Sally I come, Graymalkin!
Fiona Paddock calls!
Mary Anon . . .

The witches move closer together

Michael (*intense*) They draw together like three drops of water, losing their identities as they merge. Three into one, they link hands——
Sally
Fiona
Mary } (*together*) Fair is foul and foul is fair——
Michael Turn their backs on the audience——
Sally
Fiona
Mary } (*together*) Hover through the fog and filthy air!
Michael And . . . vanish!

The light on the witches goes out, the wind grows in volume, and they leave, laughing in the darkness

Black against black, they melt into the night, and take possession of it. The world is charged with evil; all things are under its control. And the play begins.

The wind reaches a climax, then cuts off. The lights go up suddenly on the stage of the church hall, during a performance of "A Bullet in the Back" by the Shellsfoot Thespians

Michael is part of it, a young man in an ill-fitting dinner-jacket. But he is obviously paying no attention to what is going on around him. Also on the stage are Geraldine, expensively dressed and made up to look much younger than she is, Frank as a plain-clothes detective, and Eric as a respectable-looking middle-aged man

Geraldine Don't be ridiculous, Inspector. I wasn't anywhere near the place. I was out walking . . . with Howard. Wasn't I, Howard?

She looks at Michael, who does not respond. Geraldine looks into the wings, sniffs with contempt at the prompter's absence, and repeats her line a little louder

Don't be ridiculous, Inspector. I wasn't anywhere near the place. I was out walking . . . with Howard. Wasn't I, Howard?

Still no response from Michael

Frank (*improvising pretty well*) I'm sure Mr Garningham will . . . will corroborate your story, Lady . . . Lady Penfold . . .

Geraldine, oblivious of Frank, insistent that Michael gives her his line, goes over to him and directs the cue loudly into his ear

Geraldine Don't be ridiculous, Inspector. I wasn't anywhere near the place. I was out walking . . . with Howard. Wasn't I, Howard?
Michael (*snapping to*) Of . . . of course you were. Lady Penfold was with me, Inspector. In the woods.
Frank In the woods, eh? Well, we should be able to check that.
Geraldine (*flinching violently*) Oh . . . should you? How?
Frank Don't you remember? Constable Parry was walking through the woods when he heard the shot fired. (*He smiles*) No doubt you met him there, Lady Penfold.

They freeze, Geraldine gaping at him. The sound of a curtain coming across, and applause

Alan comes in and starts moving the furniture around

Frank goes off

Michael is about to follow him

Geraldine (*as soon as the curtain is closed, hissing loudly*) How dare you! You ruined my scene!
Alan Demarcation, boss, that's *her* job.
Michael Oh . . . sorry, Geraldine . . . I was miles away . . .
Geraldine You'd be hounded out of the professional theatre!
Michael Yeah, yeah, sure . . .

He hurries out after Frank

Geraldine (*turning on Alan*) What are you smirking at?
Alan Just admirin' the way you 'andled it.
Geraldine One has to be prepared for anything in this world. No, not there—there. (*Pointing to a cushion on the sofa*)
Alan Where d'you mean?
Geraldine There! (*She moves it a couple of inches*)
Alan 'Mazin'! Makes all the difference, dunnit!
Geraldine Just observe me, my boy, and you'll learn a great deal about the way things are done in the drama.

They go out

The lights crossfade to Frank, changing in a cramped dressing-room

Michael comes in

Pause

Michael Don't say it.
Frank I wasn't going to.

Pause

Michael What?
Frank Mm?
Michael There's obviously something in particular that you weren't going to say.
Frank Well, since you mention it, I wasn't going to pass any remark about the complete balls-up you made of that last scene.
Michael That's very considerate of you, Frank.
Frank Under normal circumstances, I'd say it could happen to anyone, and it's not your fault. But you must admit you've hardly been the embodiment of concentrated effort these last few weeks. It's not even as if we're half-way through a two-year run—it's only the first night of three.
Michael I really appreciate the way you're avoiding the subject.
Frank Oh, what are friends for?
Michael But it's so bloody boring! It's formula stuff, bang bang, body in the library, least likely suspect and Bob's your bloody uncle. How can you dedicate yourself to a load of crap like that?
Frank One can take a certain pride in one's performance, even if the play's rubbish. One can . . . try to . . . arrange it artistically in the dustbin.
Michael Well, I can't.
Frank Look, Michael, why did you take the part? Nobody held a gun to your head.
Michael Oh, worse than guns. Moral pressure. Blackmail. Bail out the Thespians in their hour of need—I had a lead in the last two shows—duty to the Group—Henry was desperate for a man——
Frank
Michael } (*together*) As usual——
Michael And I couldn't think of an excuse fast enough. That's my trouble, I'm reliable. I'm pliable. I'm easily swayed because I don't have strong enough views one way or the other.
Frank You seem to have quite strong views about this.
Michael That's precisely it. When you fall properly in love, it throws everything else into perspective.
Frank What are you on about?
Michael Ah, the great passion of my life! Shall I tell you?
Frank I'm intrigued, but you'll have to be quick; I'm on again soon. Is my hair OK?
Michael You've youthened a bit. Hold still.
Frank Ta.
Michael (*spraying Frank's hair with dry shampoo*) Yes, it's been preying on my mind for weeks now, ever since I read it again. I've always had a thing about it, even at school. Did it for O level, great stuff. And now it's all the stronger for having lain dormant all these years. I keep getting ideas, Frank, new ways of staging the scenes—insight into characters . . . there's a great production welling up inside me, and I'm damned if I'm not going to do it sooner or later.
Frank Must be quite some play. Let me guess . . . *Rookery Nook*?
Michael *Macbeth.*

Frank Michael! (*He jerks away, gaping at Michael, and gets spray on his face*)
Michael Sorry, I——
Frank Are you mad? We're in the middle of a show!
Michael What's the matter?
Frank And you go and mention——
Michael Oh, that! Surely you're not superstitious.
Frank Of course not, but there are limits. You can't go round spouting—that word, backstage. There's a curse on it. All the stories of people breaking their legs—even dying during productions of it . . . oh, for God's sake, get out of the room and come in again.
Michael Frank——
Frank Quick!
Michael Oh, if it'll keep you happy.

Michael goes out

Frank As if there haven't been enough disasters already tonight.

Michael returns

Michael All right, is that——
Frank Ah, ah, don't speak yet. Turn round three times.

Michael, gesturing in mockery, does so

Now swear.
Michael What?
Frank Any swear word.
Michael I've gone blank.
Frank Oh, bugger it, Michael——
Michael Bugger it!
Frank Thank God for that.
Michael I've never seen you like this before.
Frank That makes two of us. You've never struck me as the sort to harbour a grand passion.
Michael I suppose there's a first time for everyone. Do you want me to tell you some of the plans I've got——
Frank No! . . . Afterwards.
Michael As you wish. Oh, it's good to have someone to talk to about it.
Frank (*not wanting to hear*) Aha.
Michael I don't know why I've kept it bottled up . . . scared to have it all evaporate, I suppose, before it had . . . any real substance in my mind. But I'm confident now.
Frank That makes one of us.
Michael I'm sure I can do it, if I——
Frank Will you just shut up about it!
Michael Yes, yes. Sorry.
Frank Think of something else.
Michael OK . . . (*He tries to*) . . . Er . . . Oh, Lynne sends her love.

Frank Does she?
Michael Yes. I mean, to everyone.
Frank Ah! That's good. She coming to see the show?
Michael Yes, on Saturday. I tried to talk her out of it, but she's got this ludicrous sense of duty. Tonight and tomorrow she's just popping in at the end to whisk me away. Timing it so she doesn't get roped in for anything.
Frank Chauffeur service, eh?
Michael Oh, this is the new-look Michael and Lynne. It's called "making an effort".
Frank What is?
Michael We had a little meeting last week, Lynne and I. Sat down in the kitchen and thrashed things out.
Frank Sounds violent.
Michael She thought it was necessary.
Frank You don't have to tell me this, you know.
Michael No, I don't mind. The truth is, we've been going through what's known in the trade as a "bad patch".
Frank Oh, dear. I'm sorry.
Michael Lack of communication, getting on each other's nerves, long silences, icy glares, snide remarks—you know the sort of thing.
Frank I'll take your word for it.
Michael She reckoned we weren't giving it a chance. Not spending enough time together. Not sufficiently . . . what's the word? (*He gestures*)
Frank Overacting?
Michael Demonstrative.
Frank Ah. Hence the chauffeur treatment.
Michael Yeah.
Frank God, I'd better go, I'm on in a second—— (*He starts to go*)
Michael She even told me she'd been on the brink of an affair.
Frank (*stopping suddenly*) Ah . . . ! . . . my goodness. Did she . . . give any details?
Michael No. I don't want to know. Past history now. It's the future that counts. More effort, more togetherness, more . . . em . . . (*He gestures*)
Frank Demonstrations.
Michael And no acting for a while. Neither of us. We're to spend more time at home together. Apparently there's loads of decorating and gardening and things that need doing. She reckons we'd be better off if we gave the Thespians a miss for a year or so.
Frank I see. How do you feel about it?
Michael Well, I've hardly had a ball with this play, have I? And what's the programme for next year? Another West End comedy, an Agatha Christie, and a daring stab at a whole new genre . . .
Frank
Michael } (*together*) *Blithe Spirit.*
Michael And this November of course it's Bill's little ego trip.
Frank No, it's not.
Michael What?

Frank He's had to pull out, didn't you know?
Michael No, I didn't. So who's going to direct *Boeing-Boeing*?
Frank Nobody-nobody. Bill's always wanted to do it, so they're holding it over for him till the year after next. Treat to look forward to. His father's very ill, you know.
Michael Well, that's marvellous. They haven't got anyone else, have they?
Frank Not yet. There was talk of reviving *The Body in the Bidet*, but I can't see it myself.
Michael November. Well, it's a bit short notice, but . . .
Frank What are you thinking about?
Michael *Macbeth*, of course.

Frank turns on him

Frank Mich——

Sally rushes in

Sally Frank, for God's sake! You've missed your entrance!

Black-out. The sound of wind

After a short pause, the lights go up on the offices of Cooper & Dye. Front stage, an empty desk. Behind, a receptionist's desk, Jackie sitting at it with a typewriter in front of her, talking on the phone

Dye enters

Jackie (*on the phone*) Yes. . . . No, I'm sorry, 'e's still not in—can someone else be of assistance? . . . Righto, then, I'll tell 'im. . . . Thank you for callin'. (*She puts the phone down*)
Dye Dare I ask *who*'s still not in?
Jackie That was Mrs Dixon, she's rung twice already. (*She gives Dye some letters*) Some sort o' crisis with exchangin' contracts an' she wants Michael to sort it out. Says 'e seems the reliable type.
Dye He's fooled a lot of people that way.

Dye wanders away, looking through his letters. Jackie starts typing

Michael comes in stealthily

Jackie looks up and sees him, and is about to call to him when she sees he is trying to be inconspicuous. He sits at his desk. He shuffles some papers, then an idea comes to him and he gazes out front. Dye turns and sees him, and comes to behind his shoulder. He stands there for a while as Michael dreams

Fascinating, isn't it, that bit o' wallpaper?
Michael Oh! Hi, Les, hi. Just . . . er . . . working out a valuation. Property I saw yesterday.
Dye We pluck figures out o' the air these days, do we? I'm too old for this game, it's gettin' to be such a science.

Michael laughs

Late again, aren't you, Mikey?

Michael Am I? (*He looks at his watch*) Good God, yes . . . I really had no idea what time it——

Dye Save it, save it. Save it for when it's true. There's a young couple wants to see the showhouse on the Mountview Estate. Any offers? (*He looks round as if the office were full of people*) Er . . . Mikey. How about you?

Michael Sure, Les, sure. When?

Dye Seven o'clock.

Michael Ah . . . not this evening, I'm afraid . . . I'm in a play, if you remember.

Dye Ah, yes, yer amateur dramatics. Don't worry, I'll go meself.

Michael I'll work through my lunch hour, is that OK?

Dye I had a lunch hour once. A Thursday, it was. Lasted nearly five minutes.

Michael laughs

I 'spect you think I'm a workaholic, but you're wrong. I'm all in favour of lee-sure activities. Windin' down after the 'urly-burly of the day.

Michael "When the battle's lost and won."

Dye Eh?

Michael Nothing—it's just funny, that phrase you used——

Dye Tropical fish.

Michael Er . . .

Dye Me, it's tropical fish. My lee-sure activity. Sit an' look at 'em for hours, I can.

Michael Really.

Dye I once thought o' bringin' a tank to the office, brighten the place up, make a focal point, as they say. But I resisted the temptation. An' d'you know why, Mikey?

Michael I can't imagine.

Dye It's bad psychology. Here, sellin' properties. Home, tropical fish. Don't mix 'em. Business an' pleasure, keep 'em apart.

Michael I quite agree, Les.

Dye Course, in an ideal world, business would be a pleasure. (*He turns on him, cuttingly*) Wouldn't it?

Black-out. Sound of much animated conversation, as in a theatre bar. The lights come up on the bar in the church hall. The second performance of "A Bullet in the Back" has just finished; two or three members of the audience have stayed behind to drink with one another or the cast. To us, the members of the audience are invisible; all we see are the Thespians talking to them. The bar itself is just off-stage

Sally and Fiona are sitting at a table; Barnaby is talking to someone; another table is empty

Alan comes in with a pint, looks round, and heads straight for Sally and Fiona, passing Barnaby

Alan Hi, Barnaby. Done a good job?

Barnaby Oh, yeah, Alan. Fifty-seven tonight. That's five more than last night.
Alan Good stuff.
Barnaby Wasn't it great, eh? They all remembered all their lines, nearly.
Alan Yeah, an' some of 'em came in the right places too.
Barnaby You did the lightin' great.
Alan Thanks. Who's that bird with Sally?
Barnaby She's called Fiona. She's new. Ever so nice.
Alan See you, mate. (*He goes to join Sally and Fiona, and sits at their table*)

Geraldine enters, still in costume and make-up. She looks round the room as if searching for someone

Barnaby Oh, Geraldine! Well done, you were great!
Geraldine Thank you, Barnaby. Is the mayor still here?
Barnaby No, he had to leave at half-time. But he spoke to me before he went. He said it was a jolly good show and . . . what was it . . . you can all be very proud of yourselves. A jolly good show and you can all be very proud of yourselves.
Geraldine Did he single out anyone in particular?
Barnaby No, I don't think so.
Geraldine Typical. Jumped-up little socialist shopkeeper. Well, I may as well go and change, then.

Geraldine goes out

Sally He wants to do what?
Alan *Macbeth*. It's by some Midlands geezer, 'parently.
Sally I thought it was Shakespeare.
Fiona Course it is. We're not thick, you know.
Sally He's out of his mind.
Fiona Which one is Michael?
Sally The one who got murdered in the last act. Serious-looking bloke, with his flies undone.
Fiona Oh, him.
Sally I can't see him being much cop as a director. I've always seen Michael as a bloke who'd not got enough drive to get himself 'ome.
Alan You done much actin' yourself, Fiona?
Fiona Not a lot. Wouldn't mind being in something like *Macbeth*, though. Exciting.
Sally Borin', if you ask me. Long speeches an' blokes standin' around in tights.
Alan He's got lots of great ideas. Been tellin' me the sort o' set he wants——
Sally If we do it.
Fiona Oh, I hope we do. I liked it when we read it at school. I was Second Witch.
Alan Play your cards right, you might get First Witch this time. I have influence, you know.

Fiona gives him a bored grimace

See 'er ladyship just now?

Sally Could I miss 'er! Chargin' into the bar in full costume an' make-up.

Alan She's afraid of her fan-club rushin' off before she can squeeze the praise out of 'em.

Fiona Who's her ladyship?

Sally Bloody Geraldine. The big lady with the wig. She thinks she owns the Thespians.

Fiona She's certainly got presence.

Alan So would you if you were her size an' stood centre stage mouthin' everyone else's lines. Geraldine's the only person I know who can mask someone by standin' behind 'em.

Fiona You don't half think a lot of yourself, don't you?

Michael and Frank emerge, each carrying a pint. Michael also has a gin and tonic

Frank Who's the g and t for; Lynne?

Michael No, no. Wait and see.

They go to the empty table, where Barnaby intercepts them

Barnaby Well done, Frank—Michael. You were both great again tonight.

Frank Nice of you to say so, Barnaby. Got a drink?

Barnaby Oh, yes. (*He holds up an orange juice*) I'm making it last. Hey—I sold fifty-seven programmes tonight.

Frank Very good.

Barnaby Beats me how you remember all them lines.

Frank Question of having to, lad. You'll find that out when you get on stage yourself.

Barnaby Who, me?

Michael looks heavenward

Frank You never know.

Barnaby Oh, you can't see me on a stage! I mean—can you? Not that I wouldn't love to . . .

Frank You should have a go. We all had to start sometime.

Barnaby What a thought, eh! (*He laughs delightedly*) Oh—'scuse me—hey, Arnold . . . Arnold—you were great . . .

He scuttles off-stage

Michael Can you picture him on stage, Frank?

Frank Course. You'll need all the able-bodied men you can find if . . . your production goes ahead.

Michael Yes, but I'd rather they were able-minded as well.

Frank And what does Lynne have to say about it all?

Michael I . . . haven't got round to telling her yet.

Frank Oh? Is this part of the new communicative relationship?

Michael Just waiting for the right moment. It may not happen, after all. No sense in broaching it if it's a non-starter.

Frank P'raps not.

Michael But I'm damned if I'll let it not happen. I've sounded Alan out—he's raring to go. And you're keen, aren't you?
Frank Oh, yes. It's a great idea. Ambitious, undeniably, but——
Michael So the only person I have to convince is Geraldine.
Frank Hold on. There's five of us on the committee. Sally, Henry, Geraldine, Arnold and me.
Michael So three's a majority. And have you ever known Arnold vote against Geraldine?
Frank The mind boggles. She'd confiscate his keys.
Michael Exactly. So guess who the gin's for.
Frank You wily old sod.

Alan comes over to join them

Alan Hi, boss. Ta for the pint.
Michael That's OK, Alan.
Alan I'll get you one, shall I? Soon as I land myself a job. (*He sits*)
Michael You'll have a full-time job with *Macbeth*, my lad. (*To Frank*) It's ideal, you know, Alan being unemployed. He'll be able to spend as much time as he needs to on the show.
Alan That's me, boss, born lucky. Er . . . that new girl, Fiona. You know the one, sittin' with Sally? She likely to get a part?
Michael I don't know yet. I've never even heard her speak.
Alan Oh, she's . . . got quite a tongue on 'er.
Sally I think he fancies you.
Fiona Sticks out like a sore thumb. I can't stand blokes like that, think they're God's gift.
Sally Alan's all right.
Fiona What's he do, anyway?
Sally He's unemployed just at present. But he's ever so clever.
Fiona I bet he told you that.
Frank There's just one thing, Michael—do you think you could try to avoid mentioning it by name?
Michael What, *Macbeth*?
Frank If you wouldn't mind.
Alan I thought that was only in the dressin'-room.
Frank Well, it's particularly dressing-rooms, but one really can't be too careful.
Michael It's typical of amateur theatre, this. The only thing most people learn from the pros are their camp terminology and their superstitions.
Frank Thanks very much.
Michael I've already had Eric screaming at me for mentioning it backstage.
Alan How can you put on a play without usin' its name? "The Shellsfoot Thespians proudly present *Thingummy*"?
Frank The Scottish Play. You call it The Scottish Play. And the leading character's called Scottish Person.
Michael Honestly!
Frank Please, Michael.

Michael What, on the posters, and the programme? And the name does come up occasionally in the course of the play, you know.
Frank Of course not, but wherever it's possible to avoid——

Geraldine returns

Michael Hold your horses, here she is.
Alan Oh, yeah. I thought the sun'd gone in.
Frank Michael, if she does agree to doing it, how in the world are you going to stop her playing . . . er . . .
Alan Lady Scottish Person.
Frank Quite.
Michael One step at a time, Frank. (*He calls*) Geraldine! Over here.
Geraldine Oh, hello.
Michael Gin and tonic all right for you?
Geraldine (*joining them*) My goodness. Yes, thank you. I did ask Arnold to get me one, but he appears to have forgotten.
Alan There goes next week's allowance.
Michael You know, if it hadn't been for you, Geraldine, we'd never have had a bar in this place at all.
Geraldine That's quite true. I'm glad it's not forgotten. The original plans were for a poky little place like the hall at St Martin's Westdale. But when I realized how useful it would be to the Thespians, I had a little chat with the vicar——
Alan From which he barely emerged with his life——
Geraldine And this is the result. A good-sized stage, lighting facilities that are the envy of every club in the area, and of course the bar.
Frank We owe a great deal to you and Arnold, Geraldine.
Geraldine I hesitate to attribute our influence to the small contributions we regularly make to the church fund . . .
Frank I know the vicar has the highest regard for both of you.
Michael Is it true, by the way, that *Boeing-Boeing*'s been postponed?
Geraldine Yes; isn't it sad? We haven't a play or a director at the moment. I'm toying with the idea of directing myself; but I can't help feeling my real place is on the stage.
Michael I was wondering . . . I have an ambition to direct something . . .
Frank Careful, Michael.
Michael It's not the sort of thing we usually do, but I think we could make a success of it.
Geraldine Would I have heard of it?
Michael I hope so. It's Shakespeare.
Geraldine Ah. Not many good parts for women. Which play?
Michael *Macbeth.*
Geraldine Aaah! (*She rocks back in her chair, and almost falls off it*)
Frank The Scottish Play, that is, of course, Geraldine.
Geraldine Michael, are you insane? With one performance still to go, you mention that!
Michael I am sorry, I was forgetting.
Geraldine Turn around three times, for heaven's sake.

Michael gets up resignedly and turns round three times

Frank Hasn't he got to leave the room first?
Alan I thought it was only in the dressin'-room.
Geraldine No, no, three times, then spit.
Frank Spitting! I forgot that.

Michael spits into his empty glass

Geraldine Swear—but it needn't be a strong one. I usually say "dash it".
Michael Dash it.
Geraldine There.
Frank Doesn't he have to leave the room?
Geraldine Of course not. Why on earth should he do that?

Frank gestures with meek speechlessness

Michael Anyway. I was saying——
Frank Yes. It may seem like a strange idea at first, but just think about it, Geraldine. It grows on you.
Geraldine The Scottish Play? Here?
Frank He's got some really original ideas, he's been telling me.
Geraldine With the Thespians?
Michael There's the old Magic Circle trick of using black velvet as a backcloth. In certain lights, if you wear black, you can't be seen against it.
Geraldine The Scottish Play . . .
Michael That's for the witches and the apparitions. Then I'd like a small hill to be built on one side of the set. The stage would have to be extended, of course . . .
Frank It needn't be as expensive as it sounds.
Geraldine The Scottish Play . . .
Frank Of course, Michael wants your blessing before he thinks too deeply about it. But wouldn't it be prestigious for the group? Our first Shakespeare?
Geraldine The Scottish Play . . .
Michael I can cast it virtually without thinking . . . certain people are obvious for certain parts.
Frank Michael, for God's sake . . .
Geraldine (*suddenly, standing up*) "We fail? But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll not fail!"
Frank (*applauding*) Bravo!
Geraldine I learned that speech in elocution lessons, you know. "When Duncan is asleep . . ." and so on. You know, Michael, it's not nearly so stupid an idea as it sounds.
Michael Thank you very much.
Geraldine "When in swinish sleep, their drenched natures lie as in a death, what cannot you and I perform upon the something Duncan?"

Lynne comes in

Michael "Unguarded".

Lynne Oh, there you are, Mike.
Michael Oh! Oh, God . . . em . . . hi, darling. On our way, then? (*He gets up*)
Geraldine "What not put upon his spongy officers——"
Frank (*evenly*) Lynne. You're looking well.
Lynne (*evenly*) So are you, Frank.
Geraldine "Who dares receive it other, as we shall make our grief and clamour roar upon his death?"
Lynne Isn't it bad luck to go round quoting *Macbeth*?

Frank crosses himself

Michael Well, we'd better be going.
Geraldine We'll all be doing it soon, Lynne. Your clever husband! (*She pinches Michael's cheek*)
Michael I expect you're double-parked as usual, eh?
Lynne What's going on? Why is Michael suddenly clever?
Michael I'll tell you all about it when we——
Geraldine We're doing The Scottish Play in November, Lynne. Michael's directing it.
Michael It's not definite yet, of course——
Geraldine Oh, yes, it is.
Michael I was going to——
Lynne But that's lovely for you, Mike. You've always wanted to do it, haven't you?
Frank He really has got some wonderful ideas for it, Lynne.
Lynne Good. Well, you can tell me all about it when we get home. Better dash now, darling——
Michael Er . . . won't you stay for a drink?
Lynne No, it's getting late. I expect you're tired out. Bye, everyone.
Michael Er, right . . . good-night . . . see you tomorrow . . .

They all say good-night

Michael and Lynne leave

Geraldine "To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate . . . what's done cannot be undone . . ."
Alan (*indicating Michael and Lynne*) Somethin' tells me the drama's just about to begin.
Frank Poor chap, I hope she's lenient with him.
Geraldine To think, at last, Shakespeare at the Thespians! Oh, it's so exciting. So very exciting. I've been looking for something I could really get my teeth into . . .
Alan What's up with the glass you usually use?

Black-out

In the darkness, Frank speaks

Michael enters and stands front stage

Frank Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?

A light comes up on Michael's face; Frank is seen vaguely, in shadow

Michael Now, is there to be a real dagger? Does the audience see it, or is it just in Macbeth's imagination?

Frank (*reaching in front of him*) . . . a dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat oppressèd brain?

During Michael's next speech, Frank slips away

Michael Yes, that's right. There *shouldn't* be a real dagger. The witches were real, the apparitions later are real, so the audience sees them too. But this is Macbeth's own creation, just like the Ghost of Banquo at the feast . . . *he* sees them, but *we* don't.

The lights snap up—we are in Michael's and Lynne's lounge, and he has a bowl of cereal in his hand. She is seething. Without speaking, she picks up some cereal off the floor where he has dropped it, and plops it back into his bowl. Then she goes to the sofa and sits there with a newspaper. He looks at her helplessly

Lynne, I *am* sorry . . .

Lynne Aha.

Michael I was meaning to tell you——

Lynne Oh, good.

Michael I just didn't seem to find the right moment . . .

Lynne No.

Michael Honestly . . . you were the sixth . . . seventh person to know . . .

Lynne Really.

Michael Well, I've said I'm sorry, and . . . what more can I say?

Lynne (*softening a little*) Mike, you are silly. Of course you've got to do *Macbeth* if there's an opportunity. You've always wanted to, you can't throw away the chance. What hurts me is that you didn't tell me. Why didn't you tell me?

Michael I . . . I suppose I thought you might make difficulties.

Lynne Then you don't understand me. Or you think I'm some sort of ogre. I don't make difficulties when there's no reason. I might have presented you with a few pros and cons to think about, because knowing you they won't have crossed your mind. Is that what you were afraid of?

Michael I don't know.

Lynne But to hear about it by accident, and from Geraldine of all people! How do you think I felt?

Michael I can still do the decorating, you know, and gardens don't grow in autumn——

Lynne Who told you that?

Michael They don't, do they?

Lynne You won't have the time. And you certainly won't have the energy.

It's far more sapping than being in a play, you know. I did some directing at college—it's bloody hard work. But I've told you, it doesn't really matter. It's not jobs around the house that were the real problem, anyway. It's more an attitude, it's a way of thinking about us. I can get started on the painting—it'll be easier with you out of the way. I might even run to sticking up a few rolls of wallpaper.

Michael But you can't.

Lynne No, it's *you* that can't do wallpaper——

Michael I don't mean that. I mean . . . you're going to be Lady Macbeth.

Lynne Oh! Thanks for telling me.

Michael Well, of course you are. Who else could play the part?

Lynne (*after a deep breath*) In the first place, there's something called auditions——

Michael Formality.

Lynne In the second place, you can't go round giving the leading part to your own wife.

Michael If I'm directing the play——

Lynne Third, I'd like to get at least the lounge decorated by Christmas, and fourth why the hell didn't you ask me?

Michael I suppose I took it for granted.

Lynne Exactly!

Michael I'm asking you now.

Lynne (*exasperated*) Ohhh! (*She gets up and crosses the room*) Who's Macbeth, anyway? I s'pose that's all sewn up. (*She turns*) You're not thinking of doing it yourself?

Michael No, don't be silly.

Lynne Thank God for *small* mercies.

Michael Frank, of course.

Lynne Oh! I see. Well, that settles it. I couldn't possibly be Lady Macbeth in that case.

Michael I thought you liked Frank.

Lynne (*as if explaining to a child*) Yes. But what would people say if you gave the two leads to your wife and your best friend?

Michael I don't care what people say. He's head and shoulders above the rest of them. He's the right age, he's got the build for it . . . he can speak verse, he's done Shakespeare before. And no-one else approaches him for sensitivity and intelligence . . . let alone his dedication to the job . . .

Lynne (*icily*) Perhaps you ought to have married Frank.

Michael (*sitting down*) Then the two of you—you act so well together. Remember *Separate Tables*? There's a definite rapport there, there's a chemistry . . .

Lynne, unseen by him, throws up her hands with a silent scream

I keep thinking of Two: Two, Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. You know the bit I mean?

The lights start to dim

Whenever I think of it, it's your voices I can hear. The great warrior—

deep, resonant voice—but just at this point it's wavering a little, he's not sure of himself. And she's got no fears, no doubts. A light, feminine voice, but strong as steel.

The lights go down to black-out, except for a spotlight on Michael's face

She won't bend like Macbeth in all the violent winds. Eventually, though—she'll snap.

Lynne He is about it:
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugged their possets
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die . . .

Michael Then suddenly the lights change, and everything's bathed in crimson. Red.

The light suddenly becomes red. Lynne as Lady Macbeth is seen in shadow

The whole forestage lit as if by luminous blood. The murder is done.

Frank enters, as Macbeth

Throughout the rest of the terrified, terrible scene, the crimson light remains. She goes to gild the faces of the grooms with Duncan's blood . . .

Lynne goes out

And then the knocking starts.

A regular series of knocks on a great door begins

Every few seconds, three steady knocks. Louder each time. A hopeless, heart-rending prayer:

Frank Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst! (*He moves to one side of the stage*)

Michael The red light concentrates, upstage, on the porter's brazier . . .

Barnaby emerges, carrying a small table that glows red in the prevailing light

Drunken, red-faced, red-lit, he warms his hands at the flames of hell. The forestage now in shadow, and the knocking goes on . . .

Eric (*speaking the porter's lines; they sound as if they come from the shadowy figure of Barnaby*) Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key . . .

The knocking continues; the lights go up. No pause, but Barnaby takes over the speech. He is standing next to the table, innocuous in the new light, in the centre of the stage. We are in the church hall; at the auditions. Michael is sitting on a chair behind a table, with another chair beside it, on one side of the stage; on the other side are a few other people sitting or standing—Frank, Alan, Fiona, Sally and Eric. It is clear as the scene progresses that they are not the only ones there—the hall stretches beyond the stage, and there are other auditionees off-stage

Barnaby (*reading slowly and painfully*) Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, ith name of Beel . . . Beez . . . Beeble-zub? Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on thex—pec—tation of plenty——

Michael Thanks, Barnaby, that'll do.

Barnaby Oh, I—I thought it was the whole speech.

Michael Yeah, I think we can leave it there. There're enough murders in this play as it is.

Barnaby Right!

Quite happy, he walks over to Frank. Michael makes notes

Frank Well done, lad.

Barnaby I don't think he liked me much.

Frank You can never tell with Michael.

Barnaby I couldn't do a part like that, though. I'd never learn it. Just a tiny bit, that's what I want. Just to be on the stage, with Michael directing me. He's so clever, isn't he?

Sally Wonder where Lynne is? I thought she was tryin' for Lady M.

Alan An' 'ere's me thinkin' you'd poisoned 'er.

Fiona Poisoned?

Sally He's just bein' funny.

Fiona Oh, thanks for telling me.

Sally Lynne might speak posher than me, but I've always thought I've got more feeling than she has. More sort o' natural talent. And she's never 'ad much of what you'd call presence.

Alan Specially tonight.

Fiona Don't you ever stop joking?

Alan I'm tryin' to relax yer nerves, pet. Help you feel better.

Fiona Try falling under a bus.

Michael Right! I think I've heard as much as I need from everybody now, and I've got a pretty good idea of the casting, but . . . er . . . if you'd like to hold on just a few more minutes—Alan, can I have a word?

Alan Sure, boss. (*He crosses to Michael*)

Sally I feel sick.

Fiona Me too.

Barnaby Frank, this servant, in Act Three. Is that the smallest part in the play?

Frank Let's have a look. Well, couldn't get much smaller.

Barnaby That's the part I want, then. Act Three Scene Two, Lady . . . Scottish Person . . . enters with a servant.

Frank Good lad, you remembered.

Barnaby And I think you should play Scottish Person.

Alan Well, what d'you reckon? Can you cast it?

Michael Just about. But it means giving parts to people like Walter . . . and Barnaby, God forbid.

Alan What 'bout your missis, in't she comin'?

Michael Oh, Lynne'll do Lady Macbeth. She doesn't want to, but she'll do it. There's no viable alternative, anyway. The one thing I'm really grateful for is Geraldine not turning up. I can't imagine why she hasn't, but it lets

me off lightly. I wasn't looking forward to her reaction to the cast list.

Alan You got a part for . . . er . . . Fiona?

Michael Oh, yeah. Second Witch.

Alan Great. Be fun strikin' 'er with lightnin'.

Michael What I was going to ask you—you know that other group you used to belong to?

Alan St Luke's?

Michael Yeah. Any good men there?

Alan Can you do that?

Michael I can do what I like. The object is to get a good cast for the play. I'd use professionals if we could run to it.

Alan Well, there's a couple of blokes I see down the pub now an' then. I'll sound 'em out, if you think it's kosher.

Michael If they're any good, I'll hear them. (*To everyone*) Right!

Sally I'm goin' to be sick.

Michael Before I read out the cast, there's just one thing I want to say.

Sally Oh, God.

Michael I want you to realize what sort of a commitment you're taking on. This is a very difficult play. Very few of you have done anything of this period before, and you've made it quite clear to me tonight that there'll need to be a lot of work done on your verse-speaking. For most shows we rehearse two nights a week. Well, for *Macbeth*——

Frank crosses himself

—it'll be four nights, seven-thirty till ten, and every Sunday afternoon from three till six. If that's not acceptable to anyone, please will they tell me now.

There is muttering. He surveys the assembly

Sally What, an' never know what part I was gonna get?

Frank Clever lad.

Michael Great; you're all behind me. There's no backing out now! This is the cast, then. It's not absolutely final, but I'll let you know any changes as soon as I can.

Fiona What does he mean by that?

Michael Macbeth——

Frank crosses himself

Geraldine bursts in

Geraldine So sorry I'm late, Michael dear. I couldn't get away. We're at a dinner party tonight, but it's friends of Arnold's I can't stand, so he stayed and I came over, just for a few minutes. It's only right that I should go through the motions of an audition—the same rules for everyone! But Arnold simply couldn't, it would have looked too bad if we'd both walked out on them. Anyway, he would like to double Porter and Duncan. My idea, actually. You don't need to hear him for that, do you?

Michael Actually, Geraldine——

Geraldine Now, what shall I do? I was thinking of the sleepwalking scene, if you're agreeable. Perhaps Frank could read in the doctor and Sally the gentlewoman—I expect she'll be playing it anyway.

She grabs Frank and Sally and positions them

Michael Geraldine——

Geraldine I've always envisaged this scene as taking place on a staircase, Lady Scottish Person standing on the top stair with her arms stretched out to heaven——

Alan Like King Kong on the Empire State Building.

Geraldine climbs on a chair and begins. Michael rests his head in his hands

Geraldine "Out, damnèd spot! Out, I say!

The lights go down

All but Geraldine and Michael exit

Geraldine continues her speech; Michael is now seated at a table in one room of his house, with a model of the "Macbeth" set and chessmen to represent the characters. When there is total darkness, Geraldine stops; Lynne, who has entered, takes over the speech. The light will come up first on Michael, hearing Lynne's voice in his head, and Lynne, actually reading the speech in another part of the house, with a copy of the play in her hands. The two lit areas are separated by darkness

One: two: why, then, 'tis time to do't. Hell is murky! Fie, my lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it——

Lynne —when none can call our power to account."

A light comes up on Michael

Michael Pause just a little for the searing effect of the next line——

Geraldine exits

A light comes up on Lynne

Lynne Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Michael And the doctor steps back, almost struck dumb by the revelation. "Do you mark that?" (*He moves one of the chessmen*)

Lynne The Thane of Fife had a wife, where is she now?

There is a ring at the door. Michael does not react

Oh, that'll be her. (*She calls*) Don't worry, Mike, I'll get it.

She goes out, and we hear a door opening

(*Off*) Oh, hello.

Frank (*off*) Evening.

Lynne (*off*) Won't you come in?

Frank (*off*) Thanks.

Door closes, off

Frank and Lynne enter

Lynne I suppose you're wanting to see the Master.
Frank He's not here, is he?
Lynne Yes, he is. Bodily, anyway, he's in the dining-room. But if you want to enter his plane of existence, you'd better start sleepwalking or dress up as a tree.
Frank I thought he was going to see Alan tonight. Working on a model of the set.
Lynne That's all been done! Alan brought it round this morning—he was so keen he spent all night on it. I must say it's very impressive.
Frank Good old Alan.
Lynne And I've never seen Mike so happy. He's been playing with that model ever since he got in. I had to stop him taking it to work with him.
Frank I was like that with my first dog.
Lynne How old were you?
Frank Eight.
Michael The doctor's a timid man, quite out of his depth—an ordinary person swept up in great and bloody deeds.
Lynne He's plotting all the moves with chessmen. You're the black king and I'm the black queen.
Frank Ha.
Lynne So it isn't Mike you've come to see.
Frank Not exactly, no.
Lynne Well, that narrows the field. Sit down, won't you? I've made some coffee.
Frank Thanks, but, er . . .
Lynne What is it?

Frank looks towards the dining-room

Don't worry about him, he's safely tucked up in Scotland.
Michael I don't want any of the old stately Mrs Siddons business of plodding across the stage with her candle in the air like a priest in a procession. She's agitated—darting this way and that—even coming right up to the doctor and addressing him directly. (*He moves a chess piece*)
Lynne It is a new side to him—I've never known him get so absorbed in anything. With the possible exception of me.

She pours him some coffee and they sit together

Frank Thanks. I take it from your presence at rehearsal last night that you're definitely doing the part.
Lynne What choice did I have? It was another *fait accompli*, wasn't it? If I'd refused, he'd have been miserable, looked silly and made life hell for me.
Frank And we'd probably have had Sally as Lady Scottish Person. Or Geraldine, of course.
Lynne That thought did cross my mind. Tell me, how *did* Geraldine take the news?
Frank She was so flabbergasted, or angry, or something, I don't think she

could trust herself to speak. She just stood there for a while with a white face and her mouth open—then she turned and stormed out.

Lynne Didn't Mike say anything to her?

Frank Oh, yes—he told her that her style of acting wasn't suitable for Shakespeare—you know how tactful he is. Then as she was leaving he called out: "Oh, Geraldine, could you tell Arnold the first rehearsal's seven-thirty sharp on Tuesday."

Lynne Poor old bag.

They laugh

Frank So here we are.

Lynne The jolly old butcher and his fiend-like queen.

Frank So much for our determination to keep apart.

Lynne Indeed so.

Pause

Frank And what are we going to do?

Lynne Be little professionals, I suppose. Act the parts and forget everything else.

Frank It's not easy. I can do passionate scenes with people I quite like, or even with people I can't stand, but with you——

Lynne You did OK last night.

Frank It may not have been affecting my acting, love, but it was killing me. (*He takes her hand*)

Lynne (*withdrawing her hand*) Please.

Frank That's what I mean. If Scottish bugger's allowed to, why can't I?

Lynne It should have been a cleaner break, shouldn't it? One of us should have left the group altogether.

Frank For what ostensible reason? We've been through all that. No. I can't help thinking that fate or something's trying to tell us——

Lynne I don't want to hear that sort of nonsense. I made my choice a while back, and I haven't changed my mind. You've allowed yourself to forget that I still love Michael, and that he's your friend as well, and that neither of us wants to hurt him.

Frank Yes. I'm sorry.

Lynne I hope you didn't come round here expecting anything else.

Frank I didn't, no. I came round to make sure that you *were* intending to play the part. And, if you were, to give you prior warning that I'm going to drop out.

Lynne Oh, no.

Frank One of us has to, and you can't.

Lynne But for Macbeth——

Frank Lynne!

Lynne wheels round, as if Michael has come in

Lynne What?—Oh, I'm sorry—em—Scottish Person. That's too much of a sacrifice, Frank.

Frank Not really. You know me and acting. It's not exactly in my blood,

the way it is with some people. I may have a bit of a talent for it, but I've got other interests. To tell you the truth, I don't relish the prospect of spending four nights a week between now and November hanging around a draughty church hall. Not even for Scottish Person.

Lynne So what are you going to say to Mike?

Frank I can cobble together some plausible story about business commitments. I'll give him a ring at the office in the next few days.

Lynne I suppose it's the only thing we can do. He'll be very upset.

Frank Cruel to be kind. Right then.

Lynne Yes.

Frank Better be going. (*He takes her hand, squeezes it, and does not let go*)

Lynne S'pose so.

Frank Or . . .

Lynne "At once, good-night. Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

Michael suddenly gets up from his table, and walks into their room, carrying and reading his book. He pours himself a cup of coffee and returns to the dining-room, ignoring Lynne and Frank, who are still holding hands

I've made up my mind not to get really worried until I see him rubbing his hands.

Black-out. Wind. Then the noise of a pub at closing time takes over, with a landlord calling "time". The lights go up on a table in a pub, and Sally, Fiona and Barnaby in the process of sitting down at it, with their drinks

Sally Only just made it.

Barnaby Shouldn't we get drinks for Michael and the others?

Sally No. At this rate they won't be through rehearsin' till gone eleven. He's turned out a real slave driver—I'd never have thought it.

Fiona You can't tell with these introvert types, can you?

Sally And talk about inconsiderate. You know Bob's 'ad to miss 'is darts match to come to rehearsal? Well, he's been stuck in there since half-seven, and Mike's not even got to 'is scene yet.

Fiona I didn't think you were called tonight, Barnaby?

Barnaby No, I wasn't. But I wasn't doing anything else. I like coming along—you sort of get more involved, don't you, the more you watch.

Sally If you say so.

Barnaby An'—like tonight—I mean, Terry didn't turn up, did he? Someone had to read his lines in.

Fiona Yeah, Michael did.

Barnaby Well, he *could* have chosen me. But—he couldn't have done if I hadn't been there.

Sally You're really into it, aren't you, love?

Fiona Oh, no.

Sally What?

Fiona Lighting person.

Sally Oh, Fiona, he's not so bad.

Fiona He's not after you, is he? Honestly, makes me sick. Every time he

opens his mouth he comes out with some stupid joke, then he looks at me to see if I'm impressed. I can't stand these men who just talk and never *do*.

Sally Well——

Fiona All he has to do is flick a few switches, doesn't he? There's no skill.

Alan (*off*) Bollocks.

Fiona Oh, good, they won't serve him.

Alan enters with the model of the set for "Macbeth"

Alan Hi, kids, I was gonna top you up, but they've stopped servin'.

Fiona Shame.

Barnaby You can have mine, Alan.

Alan (*looking at Barnaby's orange juice*) That's OK, mate.

Fiona There's lots of empty tables over there.

Alan (*sitting*) You know, that's what I like about you, Fiona. You're so informative. Always handy with a choice morsel o' conversation.

Sally We was just sayin' how hard Mike's workin' everyone. There's ever such a lot of grumblin' already.

Barnaby Steve says he's going to pull out—and he's got thirty-eight lines.

Sally There's another thing—Mike hasn't a clue about budgeting. I tried to pin him down tonight to some figures, but he's so vague. "Wait an' see," he kept sayin'. An' he's never heard of the word "economy". I said to him, what about usin' some of the costumes we already got—that'll save a few quid. I mean, that last pantomime, the men were all dressed up in a sort o' soldier's gear, an' all the women had old-fashioned dresses—they'd do for this show, wouldn't they? He got really ratty.

Alan No imagination, that's 'is trouble.

Fiona Hey, what're you doing with that model?

Alan I'm takin' it 'ome with me. Start work on the lightin' tonight.

Fiona I hope you're careful with it, then. There's a lot of work gone into that.

Alan You don't say.

Sally Alan did make it, you know.

Fiona What?

Alan Yeah. Who did you think?

Fiona Well, I thought . . . Michael . . .

Alan Na. He's an ideas man. His idea of DIY's knockin' nails in with a screwdriver.

Sally D'you remember once when we was set-buildin' round at Brian's place, an' Mike was sawin' up strips of 'ardboard on Brian's kitchen table?

Alan Yeah. We're still usin' bits o' that table.

Fiona But it's ever so clever, this model. Really . . . intricate.

Alan Yeah, 's one o' me best.

Fiona All these different bits of curtain, the way they all pull across.

Alan It 'elps when I'm designin' the lights, I can see just where the sightlines are.

Sally You wait till you see the real thing.

Fiona Who builds the set, then?

FINISH READING THIS SCRIPT

Visit our website to purchase the full script or to explore other titles.

www.samuelfrench.com
www.samuelfrench.co.uk

To stay up to date on all that we are doing, follow us on social media:

*Titles for licensing are subject to availability depending on your territory.

SF PERUSALS