SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt - an appetiser, if you will - from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

Take it for a whirl and see if it tickles your fancy!

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

SF PERUSALS

A Passionate Woman

A play

Kay Mellor

Samuel French — London
www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk

This edition © 2010 BY KAY MELLOR

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 M

The Professional Repertory Rights in this play are controlled by SAMUEL FRENCH LTD.

The Professional Rights in this play are controlled by DAVID HIGHAM ASSOCIATES Ltd, 5-8 Lower John Street, Golden Square, London, W1R 4HA.

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.

The right of Kay Mellor to be identified as author of this work has been asserted by her in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

ISBN 978 0 573 01866 4

Please see page iv for further copyright information.

A PASSIONATE WOMAN

First performed at the Courtyard Theatre, West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds, on 5th May, 1993 with the following cast:

Betty	Anne Reid
Mark	Dereck Hicks
Craze	Gary Mavers
Donald	David Hargreaves

Directed by David Liddiment
Décor by Di Seymour
Lighting by Greg Turbyne
Sound by Mic Pool

Subsequently performed at the Comedy Theatre, London, on 7th November, 1994, with the following cast:

Betty	Stephanie Cole
Mark	Neil Morrissey
Craze	James Gaddass
Donald	Alfred Lynch

Directed by Ned Sherrin
Décor by Patrick Connellan
Lighting by Alan Burrett
Sound by Matthew Eagland

The play was subsequently adapted for television and appeared on BBC One in April 2010 with the following cast:

Betty	Sue Johnston (1980s)/ Billie Piper (1950s)
Donald	Alun Armstrong
Craze	Theo James
Mark	Andrew Lee Potts
Margaret	Frances Barber
Graham	Robert Lonsdale
Moira	Barbara Marten
Jo	Anna Skellern
Rick	John Duttine

COPYRIGHT INFORMATION

(See also page ii)

This play is fully protected under the Copyright Laws of the British Commonwealth of Nations, the United States of America and all countries of the Berne and Universal Copyright Conventions.

All rights including Stage, Motion Picture, Radio, Television, Public Reading, and Translation into Foreign Languages, are strictly reserved.

No part of this publication may lawfully be reproduced in ANY form or by any means — photocopying, typescript, recording (including video-recording), manuscript, electronic, mechanical, or otherwise—or be transmitted or stored in a retrieval system, without prior permission.

Licences for amateur performances are issued subject to the understanding that it shall be made clear in all advertising matter that the audience will witness an amateur performance; that the names of the authors of the plays shall be included on all programmes; and that the integrity of the authors' work will be preserved.

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

In Theatres or Halls seating Four Hundred or more the fee will be subject to negotiation.

In Territories Overseas the fee quoted above may not apply. A fee will be quoted on application to our local authorized agent, or if there is no such agent, on application to Samuel French Ltd, London.

VIDEO-RECORDING OF AMATEUR PRODUCTIONS

Please note that the copyright laws governing video-recording are extremely complex and that it should not be assumed that any play may be video-recorded for whatever purpose without first obtaining the permission of the appropriate agents. The fact that a play is published by Samuel French Ltd does not indicate that video rights are available or that Samuel French Ltd controls such rights.

CHARACTERS

Betty
Mark
Craze
Donald

Jo (non-speaking)
Various off stage voices

Scene — the loft and roof top of a pre-war house in the suburbs of Leeds

ACT I Saturday morning, 10 a.m.

ACT II Twenty minutes later

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Where a forward slash (/) appears in the dialogue, the next character to speak should start their dialogue, giving an overlapping, tumbling effect. The script is timed and orchestrated with this in mind. For example:

Mark Aunty Margaret'll do your hair / and you'll look great.
Craze You're beautiful.

Craze starts speaking after Mark has said "hair".

K. M.

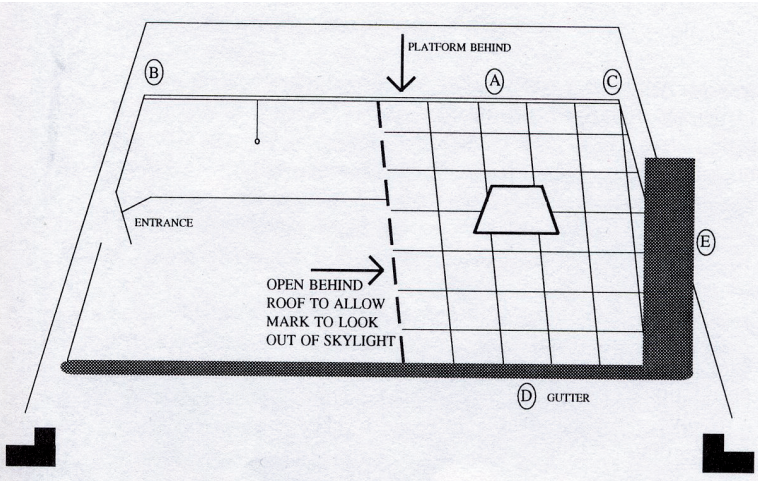
A NOTE ON STAGING

Set details in this text represent the author's original intentions for the production of the play at the Comedy Theatre in the West End, which used a revolve. Amateur groups who do not have the resources to achieve this staging may find the following suggestions helpful:

For stages without trap-doors, build up the set and create one, or use an entrance at the side; Betty can push items *against* a door, rather than placing them *over* one.
The attic and external roof can be seen side by side, with a chimney L for Betty to hide behind in Act II, until she appears when Mark sticks his head through the skylight (page 37). Although the playing space will be tight in this roof "half", all the necessary effects can be accomplished provided that a strong framework has been built to support the main setting. The ladder which Donald climbs up can appear at point A. Craze can walk along B to C. Mark can slip from the skylight to the gutter D. For the stage direction Mark moves effortlessly up the roof as though being pulled by some supernatural force, an inconspicuous nylon rope with a clip strategically placed at the end should run down one of the vertical slate grooves in the roof. The actor playing Mark should, after free-falling down to the projected gutter, attach the awaiting clip to his body harness at the point of the split in his morning suit tails, thereby enabling the stage crew behind the roof area to either winch or simply pull Mark up the roof. The fire brigade hoist can truck on at E and, with a minimum of "flying" space, a hot air balloon basket and bottom end of the coloured silk can appear above the roof. (At this point, Betty's line "I don't believe it" [Page 51] can read "I don't believe it. It's a balloon!")

A small platform can be built behind the roof section, on which Donald and Betty stand before she flies off. A tightening pin spot on Betty, with a darkened surround, can also add to the effect of her “leaving” the stage.

The publishers would be pleased to hear of other staging suggestions.



ACT I

A Saturday morning, 10.00 a.m.

The loft of a pre-war house in the suburbs of Leeds

A centre beam runs across the roof of the loft and two supporting smaller beams are to either side. The roof slopes down towards the back of the stage. To the R *there is a skylight window which looks rather dusty, but a small amount of daylight filters through on to the water-tank underneath. An electric light bulb hangs from a piece of wire; it has been rigged in rather a makeshift way. The light switch hangs from the centre beam on a piece of brown cord. Just off* C *is the opening to the loft; a three-foot-square wooden flap*

The loft is full of various discarded items: an artificial Christmas tree; a box of baubles and old Christmas cards tied up; a brown carrier-bag full of old Christmas cards; used tins of paint stacked on top of an old-fashioned heavy record-player; a box of old LPs; a rolled-up carpet; a lilac wooden high-chair with multi-coloured baubles painted on the tray; parts of a baby's wooden cot; three battered suitcases, including one large, brown one containing clothes, etc.; four dining-room chairs stacked seat to seat near the skylight; a cabinet covered in papers; a trunk; loose rolls of linoleum

The flap suddenly moves, as though someone has banged it from below. Light from the landing streams up, illuminating the head of a sweeping broom poking its nose into the loft space. Then the broom disappears, leaving the flap misplaced. From below we hear the sound of several heavy books being placed one on top of another. A short pause, then we hear someone puffing and panting. The sweeping broom comes hurtling through into the attic with some force. It lands on the loft floor. The flap moves completely to one side and two hands appear

Betty, a middle-aged, homely sort of woman, levers herself up in a rather ungainly manner and manages to get one of her feet on to the frame. As she heaves herself up into the loft, we see she has a lovely face, but her figure is slightly on the plump side. Her hair is set in rather stiff curls around her face and she wears an expensively tailored, dusky pink, two-piece suit, with

a navy hat and accessories. Over the top of the suit she wears a brown-checked nylon overall. She catches her leg on the opening, inspects her tights, tuts, stands upright, looks about the attic and tuts again. She goes over to the brown cord light switch, and switches it on. There is light

Betty I've been to the new Asda. It's really nicely laid out. Our Mark took me last Saturday in his new car ... (*Her eyes fall upon the old wooden baby's high-chair*) It's not brand new, it's new to him, it's very smooth, you can hardly hear it going ... (*She goes over to the high-chair*) He saved up. I wanted us to give him something towards it, but Donald doesn't hold with that, says they have no appreciation of money ... (*she runs her hands along the high chair with great tenderness*) says they have to fend for themselves in this life, says they grow up lazy, says I spoil him anyway. He's just tight really ... (*She decides not to go on with this line of conversation and starts to tidy up*) Anyway don't ask me what it is, 'cos I'm hopeless with cars, it's blue and it's got a boot. I'd asked him a few times to take me, 'cos it's not easy to get to on the bus and they've got bumper bags of cat litter on offer, but you have to catch the number one and it goes right round the ring road past Reginald Terrace where we used to live when we first got married. (*She looks pensive, drops a tin of paint on the floor. She stands motionless for a moment waiting, then*) They have a very nice cheese counter, they had cheeses I've never even heard of ...

We hear a man's voice

Donald (*off*) Betty!

Betty stands motionless for a couple of seconds, then tiptoes across the floor, kneels down and quietly puts the flap back over the opening. She waits for another second, then stands and carries on tidying up on tiptoe. Occasionally she looks out to the audience, but her gaze is always focused to a particular spot, as though she is speaking to one person at a time

Betty (*quietly*) No, I had no idea there was so many cheeses and the girls behind the counter ... they wear these funny little hats, like a trilby with a net at the back, I think they're supposed to keep their hair back, but they just plonk them on their heads, one of them had it hung all over her face, they'd be better with a pony tail or a nice plait ... (*she forgets what she was saying*) anyway if you ask them, they'll give you a bit to taste. I had some of that blue stuff, Donald says that's where the maggots have crawled through, I just had a little bit,

I think it's an acquired taste really. I have to be careful with cheese though, because I tend to put weight on with it. I never used to have a problem, I was a size twelve till I was forty-three, except when I had our Mark, but six months after, I'd be back into my size twelves. I know plenty of women who've had to buy a complete new wardrobe. Our Margaret, me sister, was a size sixteen for years after she had her first, Graham. Mind you that's our Margaret all over, any excuse for a new frock, she's always got what she wanted ... and then she had to go into hospital and have it all taken away ——

Donald (*off; concerned, agitated, louder*) Betty! Are you there? Will you answer me.

Betty waits for a minute then pulls a couple of the suitcases, etc. over the opening to secure it down

Betty — she went dead thin, she had to have *another* whole new wardrobe, it's a good job she wasn't married to Donald, that's all I can say. Mind you that was when it all started, when she got her figure back, she upped and left Eric, that was her husband, ran off with the Ringtons Tea man and took little Graham with her, I mean he was only six, bless him, I blame that for him starting to stammer. He's had speech therapy and everything, it's awful, you want to finish his sentences off for him. I have to bite me tongue. I never took to Eric. He had squiffy eyes, now there's nothing wrong with that. I mean he couldn't help it, but you were never quite sure if he were talking to you or the person stood next to you, it was very confusing, still he was good to our Margaret, he married her and he'd no need to, 'cos there was a bit of a kerfuffle at the time, but as soon as Graham was born, it was clear he was Eric's, he's got the same squint, when I used to look at the pair of them together I'd go all dizzy. It's a shame really. Well, she's on her fourth now, husband that is, well he's not really her husband, they're shacking up together. He's called Mal and he's thirty-seven, now I'm not saying anything, but she tells people she's forty-eight, I tell her "No, Margaret, you're getting confused, love, that's the year you were born", she doesn't like it, but I think she needs telling. I'll tell you what though, do you know what he bought her for her fiftieth? A balloon ride, we were all there, the whole family, Kettlewell, in a field. Off she went like the girl in the Nimble advert, screaming and hanging on to Mal ... for dear life, I said to Donald, now that's romantic, but he thought it was a waste of money, "What have they got at the end of it," he says. I said it's an experience Donald, they've got their memories, but he doesn't understand ... You should have seen her climbing into

that basket, she was showing all her stocking tops, but she didn't care. She was the first to wear seamless you know, I said, "Margaret, you look like you've got nothing on your legs". She said, "Betty! Life's complicated enough without having to worry about straight seams". I thought, "Yes, some people make their own complications, Margaret", but I didn't say it ... She spends a fortune on herself, you name it she's had it, or she's off out to get it. You should see her ... thirty-seven ... she's asking for trouble.

There is banging on the flap and the suitcases move about. Betty looks alarmed—she didn't expect Donald to find her so quickly. She goes and sits on the cases

Mind, there are advantages to being heavy.
Mark (*off*) Mam!
Betty (*surprised*) Oh, it's our Mark.
Mark I know you're up there! Mam? Will you answer me?
Betty No!
Mark (*off*) I want to talk to you! What are you doing up there?

Beat

(*Off*) Talk to me will you?

Beat

(*Off*) Mother.
Betty Go away.
Mark (*off*) Please!... Mam?

Betty moves the suitcases off the flap and Mark levers himself up into the loft. Mark is in his mid 30s. He is a handsome, confident man, dressed in a light-grey morning suit and pink cravat. He struggles to get up inside

Betty Mind your back ... (*She holds her hand out to help him up*) It's the easiest thing in the world to crick your back. When I was pregnant with you, I was cutting your nanna's hair and ——
Mark Mother! / What are you doing up here?
Betty I don't like "Mother", I hate "Mother". You know I don't like it and don't use that language. I was telling you about my back, aren't you interested?

Mark No! / I'm supposed to be ——
Betty How did you know where I was?
Mark Two volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and *The Modern Women's Medical Guide* on top of landing cupboard. You could have hurt yourself.
Betty I know what I'm doing, which is more than you do. You could have seriously hurt yourself the way you pulled yourself up here. Backs are a real problem you know, you have to look after them, once they go, that's it, you'll have trouble all your life, vertebraes popping out all over the place. You have to bend your knees, let them take the strain, I know because that woman from the welfare told me how to lift your nanna. Has your father gone for her?
Mark You know she won't get in me dad's car without you being there.
Betty She'll think we're not coming.
Mark Dad's going berserk looking for you.
Betty Let him.
Mark That's not very nice is it? I mean you went upstairs ... (*he looks at his watch*) nearly half an hour ago to put a spare toilet roll in the bathroom and you disappeared off the face of this earth. He's worried. He's gone down to the shops to see if you're there ...
Betty Well, he'll be disappointed, won't he? (*She puts the lid securely back on the flap and goes to lift the paint tins off the old record-player*)
Mark What are you doing?
Betty Tidying up.
Mark (*exasperated*) I'm getting married in less than an hour!

Betty bends her knees as she tries to lift the record-player

Will you stop doing that. What are you trying to do?
Betty (*starting to walk the gramophone player over towards the flap*) It's all right, I can manage. I want it over there.
Mark Where?
Betty On top of the flap.

Mark stands in front of her to stop her moving the record-player any further. She puts it down. (The record-player remains "plugged in", so the cord should disappear off towards a wall)

Mark I can't cope with this. Mother, will you stop / that and listen to me ——

Betty There's that "Mother" again.
Mark We've got to go down now.

Betty stares at him, then looks down at her tights

Betty I knew they'd run.
Mark We'll buy you some more.
Betty I've got another pair in my drawer, I got them at the Asda, I said I'd better get an extra pair / just in case, don't you remember?
Mark Yes, right, fine, let's go down and then you can find them.
Betty I was telling you something.
Mark (*putting his arm round her and coaxing her away from the gramophone player*) I heard you, you were cutting me nan's hair. You can tell me on the way / down.
Betty No!
Mark (*taking his arm away from her*) Why not?

She turns away from him

Jesus Christ!
Betty You've no need to blaspheme!
Mark I'm sorry, but I'm a bit tense this morning. I think that's understandable. This happens to be the most important day of my life, the day I've been waiting for, for nearly eighteen months and I want things to run smoothly, that's all, so I'm sorry that I blasphemed
Betty And you raised your voice ...
Mark — and I'm sorry for raising my voice. I'm really really sorry, but can we please just go downstairs? ... *Please,* Mum?

Beat

Betty I was cutting your nanna's hair, just trimming it at the back. You know how she always likes me to do her hair, well I must have been about four months' pregnant with you, but I wasn't showing, I carried very neat. I had my yellow fitted dress on, I just leant over so I could get to the hairs on the back of her neck and that was it — it locked. I was doubled up. They had to send for an ambulance. They prodded me about and then I felt something give, like an elastic band and the pain went just like that. The doctor said my stomach muscles were so strong they wouldn't let the baby grow, fancy that.
Mark Have you finished now?

Betty And thirty-six years later they stand arguing with you in your loft and your stomach muscles are knackered.
Mark Mum!
Betty What?
Mark That's swearing.
Betty I might like to swear.
Mark What's the matter with you?
Betty I feel like swearing today. I might even say the "f" word, you never know.
Mark What's got into you. What's wrong?

Beat — no answer

All right, if you feel like swearing, swear. Go on say it.
Betty I'm saving it up for later.
Mark Later when?
Betty Later on.
Mark Well let me know won't you 'cos I'd like me future mother-in-law out of earshot when you do.
Betty Don't worry, I won't embarrass you.
Mark Good ... Look, they'll be all here soon, cars and everything. Come on Mum, this is me you're talking to.
Betty For the last time, eh?
Mark What?
Betty For the last time we'll be talking together.
Mark Y'what?
Betty Well we won't be able to have our little chats anymore.
Mark Course we will.
Betty No. After today, it'll be all / different ——
Mark It's a bit of paper, Mam, that's all it is.
Betty — you'll talk to her now instead.
Mark Mam! ... I can talk to both of you ... Come on. Flowers have come. We've got a lovely spray for your suit.
Betty I'm not a child, Mark.
Mark Well what the bloody hell are you doing up here then?
Betty I prefer it.
Mark You can sit up here all day after the wedding, every day, as much as you like. In fact you can move up here.
Betty It wouldn't bother you would it?
Mark Mam, I just need to get through today with as least hassle as possible. That's all I want. It's not much to ask.
Betty It doesn't pay you in the end you know.

Mark What?
Donald (*off*) Betty.
Mark He's back.
Donald (*off*) Mark! She's not there! Mark!

Betty puts her hand over Mark's mouth

(*Off*) Where's he gone now?

Mark takes his mother's hand away

Mark I don't understand why you're doing this? Are you trying to deliberately hurt him?
Betty How is me being up here hurting him?
Mark He doesn't know where you are.
Betty I'm here.
Mark But he doesn't know that, does he? I mean you could be under a bus, for all he knows.
Betty The house is tidy.
Mark What's that got to do with it?
Betty The spare bed's made up in case anyone wants to sleep, I suppose our Margaret and Mal'll want a bed.
Mark They'll be here soon. Everybody'll be here.
Betty I've baked enough pies to last a year and they're all wrapped and dated in the freezer.
Mark He'll see the books.
Betty I've polished the furniture and cleaned the brasses.
Mark You're going to have to come down sometime, Mum.
Betty I've done the steps ...
Mark Good ...
Betty Mopped the kitchen floor ...
Mark Wonderful ...
Betty Vac'd the carpets ...
Mark Right ...
Betty Harpic-ed the toilet ...
Mark Yeh ...
Betty Washed and ironed the clothes ...
Mark Thanks...
Betty Packed your suitcase ...
Mark Cheers ...
Betty Watered the plants ...
Mark What are you trying to say, Mum?

Betty Put the spare toilet roll in the bathroom ...
Mark You don't have to do all that you know ...
Betty Cleaned the windows ...
Mark Mam!
Betty Changed the litter tray ...
Mark Mam!
Betty Fed the fish ...
Mark Mam!!!
Betty (*shouting at him*) What am I supposed to do now?

Beat. Mark doesn't know what to say

Mark I don't know what you ... Anything you want I suppose ... you can do anything you like now.
Betty (*taking her hat pin out of her hat*) I don't want to do nothing. (*She takes her hat off*) I'm staying here.
Mark You're not! You're coming to my wedding.
Betty (*setting about tidying up again*) Did you ever see such a mess?
Mark You can't stop up here, you're talking ridiculous, what's up with you? ... Come on? ... Tell me.
Betty It's filthy.
Mark It doesn't matter. Nobody comes up here!
Betty I do! I come up here. Me. Betty Derbyshire, née Wilson. This is my place.
Mark All right!
Betty Well then.
Mark Listen Mum, I know this is about Jo, I know you don't like her / but I ——
Betty I do like her, I never said anything about not liking her.

Mark looks at her

All right, she's not what I'd've picked for you, / but ——
Mark You always say that, no matter who it is, I could have brought Lady Diana home / and you'd have said she wasn't right for me.
Betty (*correcting him*) Princess Diana, bless her. (*Of Charles*) Well, she obviously wasn't right for him either.
Mark Well I'm sorry, Mam, but I like Jo, she makes me happy, I don't care if she's not what you'd have picked for me. I'm not asking you to pick for me, I don't want you to pick for me. I can pick for meself.
Betty (*ignoring him*) And Andrew, he couldn't pick either. All that toe-sucking and then that other business.

Mark I'm marrying Jo.
Betty I mean the Queen must have been so shown up. And then there's Anne, she's on her second. There's only little Edward, and heaven knows how long that'll last.

Beat

Mark I can't stay at home forever, Mam.
Betty I didn't ask you to.
Mark Well then.
Betty I don't want you to.
Mark Good, as long as we've got that straight.

Beat

Betty I just don't know why you're rushing.
Mark Rushing? I'm not rushing. I'm thirty-six, I'll be thirty-seven in a couple of months, that's hardly rushing.
Betty You've only known her two minutes.
Mark Eighteen months.
Betty Why don't you get engaged, most people get engaged, our Graham got engaged.
Mark At twenty-three he got engaged, Mam. He's married with two children and he's younger than me.
Betty Well he was lucky to get someone wasn't he, with all his problems. It must have taken him a good hour for him to spit the proposal out and he was probably asking her friend anyway.
Mark (*shocked*) Mother!
Betty (apologetically) Well.
Mark Do you realize that every single one of my friends are married or have been married, some of them are on their second ——
Betty Well that's because they rushed the first.
Mark I'm the last one.
Betty There's nothing wrong with that.

A moment passes

She won't let them call her nanna you know, your Aunty Margaret, they call her Maggie. It's 'cos she's with him. She won't baby-sit either, I think it's awful. Young ones need time of their own. I expect she's too busy having sexual shenanigans with "Mal". She's self, self, self is our Margaret and so is Jo.
Mark No she isn't. You're wrong.

Betty She bosses you about.
Mark That's just her way.
Betty I don't like to see you being bossed about.
Mark I love her, Mum.

Pause

Betty She's very pretty I'll give you that, although she spoils herself wearing jeans that look like they're going to fall down any minute. They show all her middle. I mean why doesn't she get a belt? And she can't cook, so what happens when you start with a family? Oh sorry I forgot, she doesn't want children.

Mark has been through this before

Mark She does, not yet that's all, she's got her career to think of.
Betty I don't even know what software is.
Mark She writes programs for computers.
Betty Programmes! It's all programmes these days. I see enough programmes that your father has on the box. He sits glued to that screen from morning till night. He watches this programme and that programme. He flicks it from this channel to that. If I put the wireless on he tuts, "I can't hear the programme," he says, so I just get on with some housework ...
Mark Mam! Jo's not like that. She's clever, she makes me laugh, I love her and she loves me and that's all there is to it.
Betty Well I hope you'll both be very happy.

Pause

Mark You always knew that one day I'd get married.
Betty You used to say, "I'll never leave, I'll always be there for you".
Mark I will always be there for you.
Betty Well, why Milton Keynes then?
Mark Because that's where Jo's contract is and she earns more than I do and I can get a job anywhere.
Betty She must have applied to Milton Keynes.
Mark I suppose she must have.
Betty Well I think that's terrible. What about her mum?
Mark She's pleased for her, pleased that she's got a job, pleased she's happy, / pleased she'll be ——
Betty All those years she spent bringing her up and that's how she repays her ...

Mark Repays her for what? Giving birth to her, feeding her, what are you talking about?
Betty I'm talking about the years of life that you give up for your children.
Mark Give up? Who asks you to give anything up? Nobody! You decide to have a child, nobody forces you, nobody says ——
Betty You've no idea what you're talking about, wait till you've got children of your own.
Mark I thought the whole point of having children was to make your life richer not poorer.
Betty You don't know anything.
Mark All right, what did you give up for me? Come on, I want to know?

Beat

Betty I could never have left your nanna ——
Mark You're changing the subject.
Betty — I'd have been too worried about her...
Mark I'm talking about me, not me nanna.
Betty Your Aunty Margaret never even told me mother when she ran off to Kirby Overblow with the Ringtons Tea man. It was up to me as usual.
Mark We aren't running off / to some ——
Betty She wants to have you all to herself.
Mark No she doesn't, you've got her all wrong. She's got a year's contract and then we don't know what we're doing, we might come back, we might go on somewhere else. I'll never lose touch with you. I'll always see you and now Dad's retired, you can come and stay with us, have a little holiday.
Betty In Milton Keynes?
Mark What's wrong with it?
Betty Your Aunty Margaret said we could stay with her in Kirby Overblow, but when we went they were never in.
Mark Well we will be. Anyway you can ring first.
Betty For an invitation?
Mark To make sure we're in.
Betty It'll always be "we" now, won't it? You and Jo, Jo and Mark. "Us" 'll be you and her. You'll lose yourself Mark, you'll lose who you are.
Mark I'm marrying her, Mum.
Betty Well go on then, I'm not stopping you. Go and get married to her.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and enjoy other theatre-related larks, do follow us on our spangley social media channels.



Samuel French London



SamuelFrenchLtd

SF **PERUSALS**