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SF PERUSALS

GAMEPLAN

A Comedy

by Alan Ayckbourn

SAMUEL FRENCH

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For Amateur Production Enquiries

United Kingdom and World
excluding north america
plays@samuelfrench.co.uk
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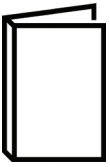
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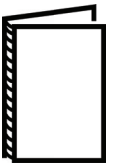
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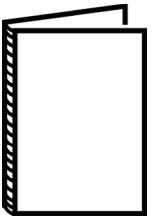
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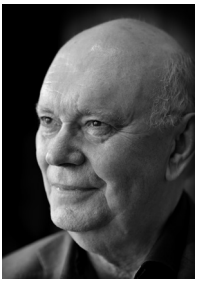
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alan Ayckbourn has worked in theatre as a playwright and director for over fifty years, rarely if ever tempted by television or film, which perhaps explains why he continues to be so prolific. To date he has written more than 79 plays, many one act plays and a large amount of work for the younger audience. His work has been translated into over 35 languages, is performed on stage and television throughout the world and has won countless awards.

Major successes include: *Relatively Speaking, How the Other Half Loves, Absurd Person Singular, Bedroom Farce, A Chorus of Disapproval,* and *The Norman Conquests.* In recent years, there have been revivals of *Season's Greetings* and *A Small Family Business* at the National theatre, in the West End *Absent Friends, A Chorus of Disapproval, Relatively Speaking* and *How the Other Half Loves.* In 2015, Chichester mounted a very successful revival of *Way Upstream.*

Artistic Director of the Stephen Joseph theatre from 1972 – 2009 where almost all his plays have been first staged, he continues to direct his latest new work there. In recent years, he has been inducted into American Theatre's Hall of Fame, received the 2010 Critics' Circle Award for Services to the Arts and became the first British playwright to receive both Olivier and Tony Special Lifetime Achievement Awards. He was knighted in 1997 for services to the theatre.

Image credit: Andrew Higgins.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

After a lifetime of playwriting (I first started as an unpublished writer at the age of ten!) my career has moved steadily forward from the status of untried tyro through to establishment figure to ageing experimentalist!

The work has reflected this. From the early tried and tested plays, (*Relatively Speaking, How the Other Half Loves, The Norman Conquests*, etc.) which thankfully people still seem happy to produce and come to see, through the middle period, larger scale so called "social" pieces (*Man of the Moment, A Chorus of Disapproval*) to the more recent smaller scale departures such as *Private Fears in Public Places, Snake in the Grass* and *Haunting Julia*, I have continued to experiment with shape and form, whilst I hope continuing to deepen my characters.

Throughout this, though, I have always needed to remind myself of the overriding prime directive drummed into me at an early age by my mentor, Stephen Joseph, that above all else a playwright is a storyteller.

To keep an audience in their seats you need to involve them in a constantly unfolding series of unexpected twists and turns. These can, of course, be the narrative of the story itself as in *Relatively Speaking* or, as with *Woman in Mind* say, through the psychological development of the characters.

One of the nicest things people can ever say to me, coming out of a new play for the first time of seeing it, is "Well, I never saw THAT coming!"

Alan Ayckbourn

GAMEPLAN

First performed at the Stephen Joseph Theatre, Scarborough, on 29 May 2001. The same production was subsequently presented by Michael Codron, Lee Dean, Michael Linnit, David Ian for ClearChannel Entertainment and Andrew Lloyd Webber, at the Duchess Theatre, London, on 7 September 2002. The cast was as follows:

LYNETTE SAXON	Jacqueline King
SORREL SAXON	Saskia Butler
KELLY BUTCHER	Alison Pargeter
LEO TYLER	Robert Austin
DAN ENDICOTT	Tim Faraday
GRACE PAGE	Beth Tuckey
TROY STEPHENS	Bill Champion

Directed by Alan Ayckbourn
Designed by Roger Glossop
Lighting design by Mick Hughes
Costume design by Christine Wall

CHARACTERS

SORREL SAXON – a schoolgirl, sixteen
LYNETTE SAXON – her mother, a former businesswoman, forty
KELLY BUTCHER – Sorrel's friend, a schoolgirl, sixteen
LEO TYLER – a retired dry-cleaner, forties
DAN ENDICOTT – a police detective sergeant, forties
GRACE PAGE – a WPC, thirties
TROY STEPHENS – tabloid journalist, thirties

The action of the play takes place in a riverside apartment in London's Docklands.

ACT I

Scene One November, 6 a.m.
Scene Two The same evening, 6 p.m.
Scene Three A week later, early afternoon

ACT II

Scene One The same evening, 11 p.m.
Scene Two A fortnight later, 6 p.m.
Scene Three Three weeks later, 4 p.m.

Time – the present

ACT I

Scene One

A riverside apartment on the Thames, somewhere in London's Docklands.

A main sitting area and an adjoining walk-through kitchen/dining area. Sliding windows at one end of the sitting area lead on to a small riverside balcony. At the other end of this sitting area, an understocked bar. Near the window, a desk and chair. A sofa, an armchair and a heavy coffee table. A few quite healthy pot plants dotted around. Leading off this area is a short hallway leading directly to the front door. Also two archways leading to another area visible to us, the common kitchen/dining space. The kitchen end is tidy and well equipped, evidently regularly cleaned. The other end has a small dining table with four chairs. Leading from this is a further door to the offstage bedrooms.

It is 6 a.m. on a cold late-November morning, not yet daylight.

The room is lit by the soft yellow glow of sodium lights reflected from the river.

After a moment, **LYNETTE**, *a woman in her early forties, enters from the bedroom. She has evidently recently awoken. Although already dressed in sweater, jeans and trainers, she's still half-asleep. She is tired, rundown and all in all not in the best of health.*

She goes straight to the kitchen, lifts the kettle to check it has water and switches it on. She finds a mug and primes it with a tea bag. The effort of this has set her off in a fit of coughing.

LYNETTE *(recovering from this first bout)* Oh, God…

This seems to set her off again. She looks towards the bedroom and, trying to muffle the cough, goes to the windows, grabbing her bag on the way. She slides them open and steps on to the balcony. She half-closes the door behind her. Eventually the coughing fit subsides.

(eyes watering) Oh, dear God.

She clutches her chest and takes a few recuperative deep breaths. More or less recovered, she opens her bag and takes out a packet of cigarettes. She lights up and takes a deep drag. She starts another fit of coughing. Eventually she stops again and takes another drag.

Her daughter **SORREL***, aged sixteen, comes out of the bedroom, still in her pyjamas. She looks round blearily, awoken by the coughing but not immediately locating her mother. She sees* **LYNETTE** *and shakes her head in disbelief. She crosses to the window and opens it.*

SORREL *(in exasperation)* Mum, what do you think you're doing?

LYNETTE Oh, darling, I didn't wake you, did I?

SORREL Will you put that cigarette out at once, please?

LYNETTE Oh, come on, this is only my first.

SORREL I should hope so, it's only six o'clock.

LYNETTE I didn't mean to wake you, go back to bed.

SORREL You promised me again last night that you'd stop.

LYNETTE I will. I'm going to. I can't stop just like that, though, can I? I read somewhere that can be just as bad for you, stopping suddenly, as it is to carry on smoking forty a day.

SORREL Where the hell did you read that?

LYNETTE You go back to bed.

SORREL Have you had any tea?

LYNETTE I'm just making some.

SORREL I'll do it. *(She moves to the kitchen)* It's freezing out there, come in. You'll get pneumonia as well. Mothers! Who needs them?

LYNETTE *(coming back into the room)* I was trying not to wake you, that's all.

SORREL *(starting to make them both tea)* If you don't want to wake me then don't stand out there coughing yourself to death outside my bedroom window.

LYNETTE This is the last one I'm having this morning.

SORREL *(unimpressed)* Great.

LYNETTE I don't know why you don't go back to bed. You don't need to get up for another hour.

SORREL I'll do some revision.

LYNETTE You were up until God knows when. What time did you come to bed?

SORREL About two.

LYNETTE Sorrel, four hours sleep isn't enough.

SORREL It's enough for you, apparently.

LYNETTE I'm older. I don't need sleep. You'll collapse. What were you doing till two o'clock, anyway?

SORREL Nothing. Just on the internet, that's all.

LYNETTE Well, I hope it was nothing – you know...

SORREL What?

LYNETTE You know. Like that.

SORREL Oh, come on, Mum. I'm sixteen, for God's sake. It was just a chat room, that's all.

She brings the two mugs of tea to the table.

Here you are.

LYNETTE Thanks. Chat rooms. I don't know what people find to talk about...

She sits at the table with her mug. She takes a mirror from her bag and studies herself.

SORREL *stands and watches her, sipping her own tea as she does so.*

SORREL I wouldn't bother, you look terrible.

LYNETTE Thank you.

She stares at herself without enthusiasm, jabs at her hair with her fingers and then gives up and puts away the mirror.

SORREL Were you serious last night?

LYNETTE Mmm?

SORREL Were you serious? About us having to move?

LYNETTE We can't afford to live here much longer, that's for sure.

SORREL Where will we go?

LYNETTE We'll find somewhere.

SORREL Where?

LYNETTE Somewhere less expensive than here. I don't know. Maybe even out of London.

SORREL *(outraged)* Out of London?

LYNETTE Possibly. Property's much cheaper once you get—

SORREL What about school?

LYNETTE Well, you may have to commute, I don't know—

SORREL Commute? Where from, Birmingham?

LYNETTE Don't be silly. We all have to make sacrifices. That's the price we pay.

SORREL All except Dad.

LYNETTE What?

SORREL Hell of a lot of sacrifices he's made.

LYNETTE *(muted)* Don't start on that again.

SORREL Sunning himself on some bloody beach with that woman.

LYNETTE Please, Sorrel, that's enough...

SORREL I hope he gets skin cancer...

LYNETTE Sorrel!

SORREL I hope they both do.

LYNETTE Don't say that, even as a joke.

SORREL I'm not joking. I hate him. The bastard. I hate him for what he's done to us. To you.

LYNETTE We were probably both to blame, I don't know...

SORREL *(outraged)* How can you both be to blame? How can you say that?

LYNETTE All right, Sorrel! That will do!

SORREL Our business folds, he does nothing, you nearly collapse with stress and he runs off with your partner. Terrific. Thanks so much, Father.

LYNETTE *is crying softly.*

(contritely) Sorry.

LYNETTE I don't want you to get like this. Please promise me you won't get like this.

SORREL How do you mean?

LYNETTE All...bitter and....vengeful. It's negative. It's pointless. All it hurts in the end is yourself.

SORREL I'll try not to be. Just promise me one thing, though...

LYNETTE What?

SORREL If you ever see me getting seriously involved with a man, that you'll shoot me first.

LYNETTE I've told you. Forget all about Dad. We start again. You and me. New life. Fresh start.

SORREL And you're not even trying to get money out of him?

LYNETTE We don't know where he is.

SORREL Do you think he'll ever get in touch again?

LYNETTE I wouldn't. Maybe for you, he might. Maybe he'll want to see you again.

SORREL Me? He didn't even like me.

LYNETTE Oh yes, he did.

SORREL Anyway, he owes us something.

LYNETTE He hasn't got any money, either. We lost the lot, didn't we?

SORREL It was so quick.

LYNETTE These things are. One minute you've – millions. On paper, anyway – well, not even on paper – on screen. And the next minute...

SORREL Bloody dead loss dot com. Dot utter disaster com.

LYNETTE We weren't the only ones. And there'll be lots more.

Pause.

I'm sorry I shouted at you last night. I was just tired.

She coughs and by reflex reaches into her bag for another cigarette.

SORREL *(warning)* No...

LYNETTE Oh, come on! This is only my sec—

SORREL *(fiercely)* NO!

LYNETTE *hesitates.*

Mum, if you light that cigarette, I warn you I will, I really will walk out and I swear I won't come back. I refuse to sit around here and watch you slowly kill yourself, OK?

LYNETTE *has another small coughing fit but puts away the cigarette, reluctantly.*

Oh, what's the point? You'll light up as soon as you're out the front door, won't you?

LYNETTE No, I won't. I can be strong-willed if I want to be. *(She looks at her watch)* I'd better go.

SORREL Seriously. What are we going to do? We can't carry on like this.

LYNETTE We'll manage.

SORREL We are clearly not, though, are we? We're going to have to move, we've got no money. You haven't even got a proper job. I may finish up moving schools, God knows where we'll go—

LYNETTE I've told you, you are not moving schools.

SORREL It may come to that, mightn't it? We certainly can't afford to live round here any more.

LYNETTE And I have got a proper job.

SORREL What? Temporary office cleaner?

LYNETTE It's a perfectly good job. Hundreds of people—

SORREL Working twelve hours a day?

LYNETTE Nonsense. Dozens of—

SORREL Getting paid next to nothing?

LYNETTE Sorrel, don't be such a snob. It's a perfectly decent job. Lots of people do it!

SORREL Mum, you used to *run* offices, now you're cleaning them.

LYNETTE Times change, don't they? *(She gets up)* I'll see you this evening.

She gets her coat from the hallway and starts to put it on during the following.

SORREL And you still won't let me help?

LYNETTE What do you mean?

SORREL What I said last night. I'm perfectly prepared to try and get a job. Part-time. Help bring in some money—

LYNETTE Sorrel, we talked this to death—

SORREL We shouted it to death. I could manage both, easily—

LYNETTE Forget it. You have wonderful prospects. You're not jeopardising those because of all this. Otherwise it'll all have been for nothing, don't you see? As far as I'm concerned, my life will have been for nothing. Pointless. You're all that matters to me now, Sorrel. And if you want me to be happy, darling, if you care for me in the least little bit, then you will carry on with your life and fulfil all that promise. I will not let you throw it away now. Just because I made a stupid mistake, I refuse to allow it to affect you. That is not going to happen, do you hear me? So, please, let's not talk about it again.

SORREL *is silent.*

See you later, then.

SORREL Yeah. I love you.

LYNETTE *(coming and hugging her)* Love you too. Bye.

SORREL Bye.

LYNETTE *opens the front door.*

And if you love me in the least little bit, then please do not smoke!

LYNETTE *(going, wearily)* Yeah, yeah, yeah...

LYNETTE *closes the door behind her.*

SORREL *stands for a moment, thoughtfully. She goes to the desk and retrieves her own bag. She rummages in it and takes out her mobile. She punches up a predialled number. As she waits for a reply she clears both the mugs to the sink.*

SORREL *(getting a reply)* Hi...yes. Get dressed and come down... No, now... I know it is... I know it is...because I need to talk to you... Listen, if you're my friend, Kell, you'll come down...*now*. Yes.

She disconnects. She rinses the mugs and dries them. She seems to be rehearsing something to herself under her breath, perhaps what she is about to say when her visitor arrives.

The doorbell rings.

SORREL *goes to the door and her friend* **KELLY**, *about the same age, enters.* **KELLY** *is generally slightly in awe of* **SORREL**, *maybe just the tiniest bit in love with her. She has evidently got dressed in a hurry. She wears the school uniform and carries her backpack.*

Come in.

KELLY It's twenty past six.

SORREL Yes, I know.

KELLY Twenty past six. I've never been up at twenty past six in my whole life.

SORREL Welcome to the real world, I'm just going to get dressed.

SORREL *goes off to the bedroom, leaving* **KELLY** *to close the front door.*

KELLY Where are we going?

SORREL *(offstage)* Nowhere. I need to talk.

KELLY Couldn't we have talked on the way to school?

SORREL *(offstage)* It's not that sort of talk. It's private.

KELLY Is it about Jonathan Jacobs, is it?

SORREL *(offstage)* No, it's not about bloody Jonathan Jacobs, thank you very much. I told you he is buried. Seriously buried. I don't want to see him ever again. Ever.

KELLY *(wistfully)* I wouldn't mind him.

SORREL *(offstage)* You're welcome to him, Kelly. He is a jerk and a duplicitous slob, I warn you. And nobody two-times me, I can tell you that.

KELLY *goes into the kitchen and helps herself from the fridge.*

KELLY *(as she does so, to herself with quiet relish)* Duplicitous slob! *(She calls)* Can I take a Coke?

SORREL *(offstage)* Help yourself.

KELLY Did you finish the essay?

SORREL *(offstage)* Yes.

KELLY I haven't.

SORREL *(offstage)* Then you are in trouble, aren't you, kiddo?

KELLY Probably. It's easy for you.

She locates the biscuit tin.

SORREL *(offstage)* Why didn't you finish it?

KELLY I don't know. I was watching something – on television.

SORREL *(offstage)* Then you are a lazy, idle bitch, Kelly Butcher.

KELLY Probably. *(Her mouth full of biscuit)* Can I have a biscuit?

SORREL *(offstage)* Help yourself.

KELLY *wanders back into the sitting-room as* **SORREL** *enters from her bedroom, finishing dressing in an identical uniform to* **KELLY***'s.* **SORREL***, though, wears a prefect's badge.*

KELLY I'm late again this month.

SORREL Are you? *(She goes into the kitchen and also helps herself to a can)*

KELLY That's the second time it's happened.

SORREL You can't be pregnant.

KELLY *(gloomily)* I certainly can't. I haven't been with anybody.

SORREL Give it time, kiddo. It'll all happen, I promise. You'll be fighting them off.

KELLY You think so?

SORREL Yeah. What's your hurry?

KELLY I'd just like to – get it over with. Then I can get on with the rest of my life, really.

SORREL It's not all that great.

KELLY No?

SORREL The earth's never moved for me.

Pause. They sit and drink.

KELLY What did you want, then?

SORREL Listen, I'm in all sorts of trouble, really.

KELLY I know you are. How's your mum?

SORREL She's not good. She's pretending – for me – but she's not at all. She's smoking too much. She's had trouble sleeping, so now she's on pills. I'm always catching her crying – that's when we're not screaming at each other. It's all horrible.

KELLY *(sympathetically)* 'Dear. I wish I could do something.

Silence.

No news of your dad, then?

SORREL He's run off, Kelly, hasn't he? How are we going to get news of him? They're hardly going to send us a postcard, are they?

KELLY You think they're abroad?

SORREL Knowing him, yes. Him and that – woman. How can you do that to someone? How can one woman do that to another one? Her so-called friend? Take her husband away like that?

KELLY My mum took my dad away from someone else.

SORREL I just hate sex sometimes.

KELLY I don't know, I've never tried it.

SORREL It's the cause of all the trouble.

KELLY So what's going to happen, then? With you?

SORREL Well, apparently we're going to have to move because we can't afford to live here any longer and consequently I'll have to leave school as, apart from everything else, my mother's health will very probably break down completely and I'll finish up having to nurse her for the rest of my life.

KELLY *(shocked)* That won't happen, surely?

SORREL It might.

KELLY I hope you don't have to leave.

SORREL So do I.

KELLY I'd miss you terribly.

SORREL Yes, well.

KELLY Since Katie Roberts left you're my only real friend now, you know.

SORREL Yes. You are my friend, aren't you?

KELLY Of course. I said.

SORREL And you'd do anything for me, wouldn't you?

KELLY *(a little cautiously)* Yes. Mostly.

SORREL No, Kelly. Not mostly. If you're my real friend, my truly deepest friend, you'd do anything. Anything. You see?

KELLY All right. *(She pauses)* You don't want me to die, do you?

SORREL No, of course I don't. Don't be stupid.

KELLY I thought you might be planning a suicide pact or something.

SORREL I need your help. A good deal of help, you see?

KELLY I don't have any money. I mean, I have my building society account which Auntie Jenny started but I don't think it would be enough to – I mean, if I did have enough you could have it but I don't have that much.

SORREL Look, I don't want money. All I want is help. Just listen a minute, will you? Listen.

KELLY Sorry.

SORREL Do you remember Angela Bletchley?

KELLY *(puzzled)* Angela—?

SORREL She was in the sixth form when we were juniors…

KELLY Oh! You mean Big Angie… Yes. Wasn't she the one who—?

SORREL Got expelled, right. Do you remember why?

KELLY For – sleeping with people, wasn't it?

SORREL Not just sleeping with people. She was charging for it.

KELLY I remember there was talk at the time. I wonder what ever happened to her.

SORREL She's still charging.

KELLY No! I don't believe it! How do you know?

SORREL Because I traced her. I got hold of her old address from one of her friends and I tracked her from there.

KELLY Why on earth did you do that?

SORREL She's amazingly successful. Got this lovely flat. Much nicer than this one.

KELLY Yes, but what does she have to do to get it, Sorrel? Can you imagine it? All those different men? All those strangers you don't know anything about? Ugggh! *(She shivers)*

SORREL It's not like that at all. As a matter of fact, they're not really strangers. She has quite a select list of clients. She's very choosy.

KELLY *(doubtfully)* Well, I wouldn't want to do it. *(She pauses)* Why are we talking about Angela Bletchley? Why did you go and see her?

SORREL Because I wanted to ask her advice.

KELLY Advice?

SORREL On how to go about it.

Silence. **KELLY** *stares at her incredulously as the penny drops.*

KELLY You're not?

Pause.

You're not?

Pause.

You can't.

SORREL No?

KELLY *gets up and walks about.*

KELLY *(increasingly agitated)* You're going to...you want to... with...just let them...give them...you *can't.*

SORREL Why not?

KELLY Because you can't, Sorrel. It would be wrong. I couldn't bear to think of you doing that. It makes me ill to think about it. You doing that.

SORREL It wouldn't be that bad.

KELLY How could you bear to do it?

SORREL I'd just think about something else, wouldn't I? It wouldn't worry me that much. As I say, I don't think sex is all that great, anyway. It's not going to spoil anything for me.

KELLY God! There must be another way, there must.

SORREL I'd only do it till I'd earned enough money. Then I'd stop.

KELLY I've read they all start out saying that. But most of them in the end, they can't stop. They get addicted.

SORREL That's only when they do drugs as well. I'm not doing drugs.

KELLY Please, Sorrel. There must be something else you can do. Not this.

SORREL What else? I've no qualifications, have I? Not yet.

KELLY What about a newspaper round or something?

SORREL Great! Can you see me earning the sort of money we need from a newspaper round?

KELLY There must be something else.

SORREL Kelly, the sort of money I can earn doing this – it's massive. You should see Angie's flat. She's rolling in it. She says it's money for old rope. It really is.

KELLY But don't you have to – you know – do peculiar things to them? The men. If they ask you?

SORREL *(knowledgeably)* No. Not if you don't want to. Depends what line you go into, of course. I mean, Angie, she's a dominatrix. I'd be straight vanilla, of course.

KELLY Be what?

SORREL Vanilla. That's what they call straight sex. Vanilla. As opposed to, say, S&M or BDSM, or Animal Training or Water Sports or Adults Babies, say.

KELLY How do you know all this?

SORREL Get on the internet, Kell. Your eyes will he opened, girl.

KELLY I can't open anything on my machine. I've still got Net Nanny on mine.

SORREL Oh, come on. You bypass that, don't you?

KELLY I can't.

SORREL God, Kell. No wonder you're still a virgin. Honestly.

Pause.

KELLY So you're seriously going to go ahead with this?

SORREL Yes.

KELLY Where?

SORREL Here.

KELLY In this flat? What about your mum?

SORREL She's at work from six a.m. till six p.m.

KELLY What about the evenings?

SORREL I'll operate daytimes. You can do it in the daytime as well, Kelly. It is allowed.

KELLY What about school?

SORREL I wouldn't do it every day. Then there's the holidays. Plenty of time, then.

KELLY You've really thought it through, haven't you? How are you going to – I mean, you know, get people?

SORREL Clients?

KELLY You're not going to just walk up and down outside, are you?

SORREL For God's sake, Kelly. Internet. Advertise there. Angie showed me one or two reputable sites. All you give is a phone number.

KELLY This phone number? But what if—

SORREL A separate phone number, Kelly. On a mobile. Not even my own mobile. A separate mobile. Business calls only. Miracle of modem technology.

KELLY *(staring at her)* I just don't know what to say. I don't. I thought I knew you. You're my friend. I don't know you at all. Not at all.

SORREL *(smiling)* Well. Urgent needs – desperate measures.

KELLY *(a thought dawning)* And what do you want me to do? Cover for you at school?

Pause.

You don't want me to – I mean you're not planning on – you know, with three of us, are you?

SORREL I wouldn't ask you to do that, Kell. No, I need you to be my maid.

KELLY *(blankly)* Your maid?

SORREL Angie said I should have one. Particularly when I'm starting out. Just in case of – you know, difficulties.

KELLY Difficulties? What difficulties?

SORREL Someone who can open the door and offer them a drink while they're waiting and yell for help if need be.

KELLY I can't do that.

SORREL Yes, you can. Of course you can. Look, it's either you or my mother and I don't think she'd be particularly keen. Quite apart from the fact that she'd be coughing all over the clients, so it's got to be you, Kelly.

KELLY *(in panic)* I can't do that. If my mum found out, she'd go crazy.

SORREL *(fiercely)* Kelly! You promised me you would do anything, remember?

KELLY Yes, but—

SORREL Anything I asked. Remember?

KELLY Yes, but I didn't know you meant this.

SORREL Friendship doesn't come with pre-conditions, Kelly. And if you want to stay my friend you will help me, you hear? I mean it, Kelly.

KELLY *sits miserably. She starts to cry a little.*

Don't start that. Kelly!

KELLY *(through her tears)* I can't be a maid. I've got nothing to wear. What am I going to wear?

SORREL Well, we'll have to go shopping, won't we? Come on, you love shopping up West. There's several shops.

KELLY What, you mean those...weird shops?

SORREL No. Just underwear and things. And...other items. I may have to borrow a little bit from you, Kell.

KELLY What other items?

SORREL You know. Condoms. We'll need condoms. Masses of those.

KELLY I'm not buying condoms.

SORREL Kelly!

KELLY What if a friend of my parents sees me?

SORREL What would a friend of your parents be doing in a sex shop?

KELLY No, true. They're all a bit past that.

SORREL Precisely. So. Are you game? To coin a phrase.

KELLY *(unhappily)* I suppose.

SORREL Cheer up. You'll get a cut.

KELLY A cut.

SORREL A percentage of my earnings. As my maid. Anything I make, you'll get a small share.

KELLY That'll make me a pimp, then. I could go to prison.

SORREL You won't be a pimp. Maybe a Madam. But you've always been that, haven't you?

KELLY How much are you going to charge?

SORREL I'm still working that out. I'll have a sliding scale depending on...on what we...how much they...on the time. Depending. I'm basing it on what Angie told me, though obviously I won't be charging as much as she does. Not to start with. I mean, she's an experienced professional. Whereas I'm really just starting out, aren't I? I mean, it's not that I haven't got some experience, but that was...

KELLY *(softly)* Amateur.

SORREL If you like. OK? *(She holds out her hand to* **KELLY***)* Shake on it?

KELLY *reluctantly takes* **SORREL***'s hand, then on the spur of the moment hugs her emotionally.*

Come on. Don't be like that. It'll be a laugh.

KELLY A laugh? Making love to strange men?

SORREL In the words of the old song, Kell, what's love got to do with it?

KELLY You'll still be lying there touching them...

SORREL Listen, when we did *Romeo and Juliet* at the end of last term, I had to lie in bed and pretend to make love to David Astwick. David Astwick! Can you imagine? Nothing could be worse than that, I promise you. Come on, let's start walking. I need some air.

She takes up the empty Coke cans and heads into the kitchen.

KELLY So do I.

SORREL I'll just get my scarf. Tell you what. If you show me that essay later I'll try and help you finish it, if you like.

KELLY *(intensely grateful)* Would you really?

SORREL *(smiling at her)* 'Course I would. I'm your friend, aren't I?

KELLY *(in a moment of great happiness)* Yes.

SORREL *goes off to the bedroom.*

KELLY *comes down to reality again.*

(to herself) My God, Sorrel! I hope you know what you're doing.

She waits unhappily.

The lights fade to blackout.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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