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SF PERUSALS

ABIGAIL'S PARTY

A Play

by Mike Leigh

SAMUEL FRENCH

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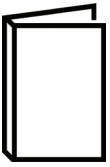
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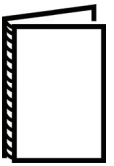
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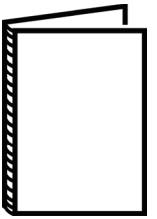
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Mike Leigh trained at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, at Camberwell and Central Art Schools in London, and at the London Film School.

He has written and directed over twenty stage plays. These include *Babies Grow Old* (1974), *Abigail's Party* (1977), *Ecstasy* (1979), *Goose-Pimples* (1981), *Smelling A Rat* (1988), *Greek Tragedy* (1989), *It's A Great Big Shame!* (1993), *Two Thousand Years* (2005) and *Grief* (2011).

His first feature film was *Bleak Moments* (1971). This was followed by the full-length television films, *Hard Labour* (1973), *Nuts In May* (1975), *The Kiss of Death* (1976), *Who's Who* (1978), *Grown-Ups* (1980), *Home Sweet Home* (1982), *Meantime* (1983) and *Four Days In July* (1984).

Other feature films are *High Hopes* (1988), *Life Is Sweet* (1990), *Naked* (1993), *Secrets & Lies* (1996), *Career Girls* (1997), *Topsy-Turvy* (1999), *All Or Nothing* (2002), *Vera Drake* (2004), *Happy-Go-Lucky* (2008), *Another Year* (2010) and *Mr. Turner* (2014).

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ABIGAIL'S PARTY

First performed at the Hampstead Theatre, London on 18 April, 1977, when the cast was as follows:

BEVERLY	Alison Steadman
LAURENCE	Tim Stern
ANGELA	Janine Duvitski
TONY	John Salthouse
SUSAN	Thelma Whiteley

Directed by Mike Leigh

Designed by Tanya McCallin

In the subsequent revival at the Hampstead Theatre, which opened on 18 July, 1977, and in the television version which was transmitted as a "Play For Today" on BBC 1 on 1 November, 1977, the part of Susan was played by Harriet Reynolds.

The action takes place in Laurence and Beverly's house

ACT I Early evening in spring

ACT II Later that evening

ACT I

The ground floor of **LAURENCE** *and* **BEVERLY***'s house. An early evening in spring.*

The floor comprises a living area, a dining area and an open-plan kitchen. In the living area are a three-piece leather suite, an onyx coffee table and a sheepskin rug. Above the settee is a room-divider shelf unit, on which are a telephone, a stereo system, an ornamental fibre-light, a fold-down desk and, prominently, a bar. The hall and front door are unseen.

As the curtain rises and the lights come up, **BEVERLY** *enters. She puts on a record – Donna Summer:* ***"LOVE TO LOVE YOU, BABY"****, then lights a cigarette. She places a copy of "Cosmopolitan" in a magazine rack, then pours a gin and tonic. She goes to the kitchen, gets a tray of crisps and salted peanuts, puts them on the coffee table, and sits on the settee.*

After a pause, **LAURENCE** *enters with an executive case.*

LAURENCE *(kissing her)* Hullo.

BEVERLY Hi.

LAURENCE *puts his case on the armchair.*

You're late.

LAURENCE Sorry? *(***LAURENCE** *turns down the music which plays on to the end)*

BEVERLY I said, you're late.

LAURENCE *pours himself a scotch.*

LAURENCE Yes. Sorry about that – unavoidable.

BEVERLY What happened?

LAURENCE Oh, some clients, they were late.

BEVERLY Laurence, don't leave your bag on there, please.

LAURENCE I'll move it in a minute.

BEVERLY D'you get something to eat?

LAURENCE No.

BEVERLY No? *(Rising)* I had to throw your pizza away, I'm sorry.

BEVERLY *gets from the refrigerator two small platefuls of home-made cheese-and-pineapple savouries – each consisting of one cube of cheese and one chunk of pineapple on a cocktail stick.* **LAURENCE** *opens the desk, gets his case, opens his notebook, goes to the telephone.* **BEVERLY** *returns and puts the plates on the coffee table.*

LAURENCE Just got to make a couple of phone calls.

BEVERLY D'you want me to make you a little sandwich?

LAURENCE No, I must get these out of the way first. *(He stops the record)*

BEVERLY Laurence, you want to have your bath and get changed: they're going to be here soon.

LAURENCE Yes.

BEVERLY *sits.*

(on the telephone) Oh, is Mr O'Halligan there, please? ... O'Halligan...

Yes. Well, he's big. He's bald, with red hair... Thank you.

Pause.

BEVERLY Laurence, you're going to get heartburn.

LAURENCE *(on the telephone)* Mr O'Halligan? ...Mr Moss here, Wibley Webb. Hullo. D'you realize I've been trying to contact you all afternoon? ...I know you've been out! Now, where's that key to Fifteen Clittingham Avenue? ...Ah, but you were supposed to have it back before lunch! That's no good, I need it now. Will you be in tomorrow morning? ...Tonight! Where? ...Belfast? What time's your plane? ...All right, train then... A party? I thought you just said you were going to Belfast! ...Well what time are you going to Kilburn? ... Well, what time are you having your bath? I'm not asking you to bath in cold water – I just want the key to Fifteen Clittingham Avenue; I've got another client who wants to view the property... What about you, Mr O'Halligan? ...Well, Mr O'Halligan, if you'd like to come in on Monday morning with your deposit, and go ahead and get in touch with your building society, we'll see how things go. Now what about this key? ...All right, I will come and get it! Now!

BEVERLY Laurence – no!

LAURENCE *(on the telephone)* Yes, I've got the address... Yes, I know how to get there... Okay – I'll see you shortly. Goodbye! *(He hangs up)* Stupid man.

BEVERLY Oh Christ, Laurence.

LAURENCE What?

BEVERLY How long's all this going to take, please?

LAURENCE Oh, yes – I'm sorry. It won't take long. *(He dials another number)*

BEVERLY D'you get those lagers?

LAURENCE Er, no, I didn't have time.

BEVERLY Laurence! *(Pause)* Well, you'd better get them when you go out, and don't forget, please.

LAURENCE *(on the telephone)* Hullo, Mrs Cushing? ...Laurence Moss here, Wibley Webb! ...Yes, Mrs Cushing, we have run

him to ground, and you'll be happy to know that I'm now in the throes of retrieving the key!

BEVERLY *gets herself another drink.*

Not at all, not at all – all part of the service! ...Ah. Ah, yes – now, when would be best for you? ...No, no, I'll fall in with you, Mrs Cushing. How about tomorrow morning?

BEVERLY Laurence!

LAURENCE *(on the telephone)* My pleasure, Mrs Cushing, my pleasure.

Now, what time would suit you best? ...No, I'm at your service, Mrs Cushing, he who pays the piper calls the tune! You name the hour, and I shall appear! ...No, really: I insist... What time? Eight o'clock? Sure, surely.

BEVERLY *Laurence.*

LAURENCE *(on the telephone)* Early? Not at all, Mrs Cushing – up with the lark, you know... Don't mention it, Mrs Cushing, it's my privilege. Bye, Mrs Cushing – see you tomorrow morning! Bye now! *(He hangs up)*

BEVERLY You're going to kill yourself, you know, Laurence.

LAURENCE Yes. Well it can't be helped.

BEVERLY It's ridiculous.

LAURENCE It's not a nine to five job – you know that, Beverly.

BEVERLY You can say that again.

LAURENCE *sits with* **BEVERLY**.

You gonna get changed?

LAURENCE Yes. I'll drink this; I'll get changed; then I'll go out.

BEVERLY And don't forget those lagers.

LAURENCE Beverly – where are the olives?

BEVERLY In the kitchen, Laurence. Laurence, if you want olives, would you put them out, please?

The front doorbell chimes.

LAURENCE *(jumping up)* They're early, aren't they?

BEVERLY No they're not. And you've not changed.

LAURENCE I know that. *(He goes to answer the door)* Beverly, get the olives.

LAURENCE *exits.*

BEVERLY *composes herself, then rises, and prepares to receive guests, going to the door.*

ANGELA *(offstage)* Hello, you must be Laurence!

LAURENCE *(offstage)* That's right.

ANGELA *(offstage)* I'm Angie.

LAURENCE *(offstage)* Do go in, won't you?

ANGELA *(offstage)* Thank you. This is my husband, Tony.

TONY *(offstage)* How d'you do.

LAURENCE *(offstage)* Hullo.

ANGELA, LAURENCE *and* **TONY** *come in.*

BEVERLY Hi, Ang.

ANGELA Hello, Beverly – what a lovely dress!

BEVERLY Thanks.

ANGELA Were we meant to wear long?

BEVERLY No, no, it's just informal, you know...

ANGELA This is my husband, Tony.

BEVERLY How d'you do, pleased to meet you.

TONY How d'you do.

BEVERLY He's got a firm handshake, hasn't he?

ANGELA Yes.

BEVERLY Yeah, fantastic. Like to go through?

TONY Ta.

ANGELA This is the suite I was telling you about. It's nice, isn't it?

TONY Lovely.

ANGELA We've just bought a new three-piece suite, but ours isn't real leather, like this – it's "leather look".

BEVERLY Oh, the Leather Look? Great.

LAURENCE Drink?

TONY Yes, please.

BEVERLY Laurence, would you like to take Angela's coat, please?

LAURENCE Surely.

ANGELA Thanks.

LAURENCE Pleasure.

LAURENCE *takes* **ANGELA***'s coat out.*

BEVERLY It's funny, 'cos he's a lot bigger than I thought he was. Yeah – 'cos I've seen him across the road, Ang, and I thought he was about the same size as Laurence—

ANGELA Oh, no...

BEVERLY —but he's not, he's a lot bigger, yeah, great. Would you like a drink?

TONY Yes, please.

BEVERLY What would you like?

TONY Bacardi and Coke, please.

BEVERLY Ice and lemon?

TONY Yes, please.

BEVERLY Great, How about you, Ang?

ANGELA Have you got gin?

BEVERLY Gin and tonic?

ANGELA Please.

BEVERLY Ice and lemon?

ANGELA Yes, please.

BEVERLY Great.

LAURENCE *enters.*

Laurence, would you like to get the drinks, please? Tony would like Bacardi and Coke with ice and lemon, Angela would like gin and tonic with ice and lemon, and I'd like a little fill-up, okay?

LAURENCE Surely.

BEVERLY D'you like lager, Tony?

TONY I'll be all right with Bacardi, thank you.

BEVERLY No – as a chaser, a little bit later on; because Laurence is gonna get some.

TONY It'll be okay, thank you.

BEVERLY Or a light ale. Which d'you prefer?

TONY Light ale.

BEVERLY Light ale? Laurence, would you get some light ale as well, please?

LAURENCE Yes.

BEVERLY Actually, Ang, it's going to be really nice, because I've invited Sue from Number Nine.

ANGELA Oh, lovely.

BEVERLY Yeah, so I thought it'd be nice for you to meet her as well. Yeah, 'cos her daughter's having a party. Well, she's

only a teenager, so I said, well pop down and spend the evening with us.

ANGELA That'd be really nice, 'cos I want to meet all the neighbours.

BEVERLY Yeah, just say hello, Ang, and break the ice.

ANGELA 'Cos that was what was so nice when you came over, 'cos it really made me feel at home.

BEVERLY Well, Ang, I know what I felt like when I moved in – I was lonely. So I thought, well, that's not going to happen to you.

ANGELA Well, you're the friendly type, aren't you?

BEVERLY Yeah, yeah. It's funny, 'cos as soon as we met, I knew we were gonna get on.

ANGELA Well, we're alike, aren't we?

BEVERLY Yeah, yeah.

LAURENCE *gives* **ANGELA** *and* **BEVERLY** *their drinks.*

Thanks.

ANGELA Thanks.

LAURENCE *gives* **TONY** *his drink.*

TONY Thank you.

BEVERLY Cheers, everyone!

ANGELA Cheers!

BEVERLY Cheers, Tone!

TONY Cheers.

LAURENCE *gets his glass from the coffee table.*

LAURENCE Cheers!

ANGELA Cheers!

BEVERLY What are you doing, darling? Are you staying, or going?

LAURENCE Er, I'll stay for a while.

BEVERLY Laurence has to pop out on business, I'm afraid, so... Now: anybody like a cigarette? Laurence, would you, please?

LAURENCE *offers the cigarette box.*

Angela?

ANGELA No, thanks.

BEVERLY Tony, would you like a cigarette?

TONY No, thank you.

ANGELA We've just given up.

BEVERLY Oh, yeah. Sorry!

LAURENCE Now, who'd like some olives?

BEVERLY Not for me. Ang?

ANGELA No, thanks.

BEVERLY Tony, d'you like olives?

TONY No, I don't.

BEVERLY No, they're horrible, aren't they?

ANGELA Yes.

BEVERLY They've got a very bitter taste, haven't they, Ang?

ANGELA Yes.

BEVERLY I told you nobody'd like olives, Laurence.

LAURENCE Not nobody, Beverly: I like olives. And that's twenty-five per cent of the assembled company.

ANGELA We've met you before, haven't we?

LAURENCE Really?

ANGELA He is the one you remember, isn't he?

TONY Yeah.

ANGELA D'you remember us? We came looking for a house.

LAURENCE I can't say I do; of course we see a lot of clients.

TONY We saw a lot of estate agents.

ANGELA Yes, we went to all the ones in the area. We got the house from Spencer's in the end – Anthony Spencer.

BEVERLY Oh, Anthony Spencer, yeah, yeah.

ANGELA Well it was Nicholas Spencer who was dealing with us.

BEVERLY Yeah?

ANGELA He's very nice. D'you know him?

LAURENCE Yes, I know him.

ANGELA Have you seen those boards they have outside?

BEVERLY Ang, aren't they beautiful?

ANGELA Yes, they're lovely. With the house and the family and the car and the tree. When I saw them I thought, "I hope we get a house with one of those boards." I expect they sell a lot of houses because of the boards. Don't you think so?

LAURENCE No actually, I don't.

ANGELA Oh, don't you? We were very lucky, actually, 'cos we got the price of the house down from twenty-two thousand to twenty-one thousand.

BEVERLY Really? Oh that is fantastic, Ang, that's really great.

During the following, **BEVERLY** *offers cheese-pineapple savouries to* **ANGELA** *and* **TONY**. *So does* **LAURENCE**, *though superfluously as it turns out.* **TONY** *says "ta" where appropriate.*

Is it your first house?

ANGELA Yes, we were in a furnished flat before.

BEVERLY Oh, that's a bit grim, isn't it, furnished flat? Yeah.

ANGELA Yes. Well it was nice for us while we were saving.

BEVERLY Yeah.

ANGELA But the trouble is, with it being furnished, it means we haven't got much furniture of our own together yet.

BEVERLY Yeah, and you feel it when you move, don't you?

ANGELA Yes.

BEVERLY *(sitting)* Mind you, Ang, your house is smaller than this one, yeah, because I know they are smaller on your side, yeah.

ANGELA Yes. Mmm. These are lovely.

BEVERLY Yes, they're dainty, aren't they? Your bed arrived yet, Ang?

ANGELA Oh, don't talk about that – it's a sore point.

BEVERLY Is it?

ANGELA Well, it's funny, really, 'cos I came back from work today, 'cos I'm not working nights any more, I'm on days.

BEVERLY Yeah?

ANGELA And I came home, and I saw this big parcel in the hall, and I saw his face, and he was looking furious, and I thought, what's happened? And you know what? The bed-head had arrived, and no bed.

BEVERLY No, Ang! Laurence, did you hear that? How many weeks ago is it you ordered that bed, Ang?

ANGELA Four.

BEVERLY Four weeks ago they ordered a bed, and it still hasn't arrived. It's disgusting.

LAURENCE Well, you can't trust anybody these days.

ANGELA No.

BEVERLY It's disgraceful. I mean, you've been sleeping on the floor, haven't you Ang?

ANGELA Yes. Well, we've got a mattress from Tony's mum, but it's not the same.

BEVERLY No. Well, let's face it, Tone, you can't do much with a bed-head, can you? D'you know what I mean?

Pause.

LAURENCE What line of business are you in?

TONY Computers.
ANGELA He's in computers. *(speaking together)*

BEVERLY Oh, really, Tone? That's funny, 'cos my brother's in computers, actually.

ANGELA Is he?

BEVERLY Yeah, he's a – programmes analyst.

ANGELA Oh yes? Tony's just an operator.

BEVERLY I know it's a fantastic job, though, Tone, 'cos my brother, he had to go to college and get exams. I mean, he was studying for years, wasn't he, Laurence?

LAURENCE Oh, yes.

BEVERLY Did you have to do all that, Tone – go to college?

ANGELA You didn't really, did you?

TONY No.

ANGELA No.

BEVERLY I know it is a fantastic job, though, Tone, 'cos my brother, he's got a fabulous house and he gets great wages, y'know? Yeah.

LAURENCE Nine to five is it?

TONY No, it's not, actually; there's quite a bit of variation.

ANGELA Shift work.

TONY It's a two-weekly system: one week I work from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, and the following week I work from four till midnight. I get every other Saturday off.

BEVERLY Oh, great. Were you off today, Tone?

TONY Yeah, I was, actually.

ANGELA Yes. It's lucky, 'cos if I'm working on a Saturday, he can do all the shopping.

LAURENCE Oh yes? Where do you shop?

ANGELA
TONY } Sainsbury's { *(speaking together)*

LAURENCE Ah, we usually go to the Co-op. I find they have a much wider range of goods there.

BEVERLY Don't you find shopping boring, though, Ang?

ANGELA Mmm.

BEVERLY Oh, I do – I hate it. He takes me down in the car, and I get me wheely, Tone, and I whizz in, and I grab anything I can see, and I bung it in the wheely, he writes me a cheque, we bung it in the car, bring it home, and it's done for the week, d'you know what I mean?

LAURENCE Beverly is not very organized: she doesn't believe in making shopping lists. You have a car, do you?

TONY Yeah.

ANGELA Yes, an Escort.

LAURENCE A yellow one?

ANGELA That's it.

LAURENCE Yes, I've seen it.

BEVERLY Yeah, it's beautiful, actually.

ANGELA Beverly was saying you only like Minis.

LAURENCE No, not at all. I don't only like Minis – I like lots of other cars. But I find the Mini economical, efficient and

reliable, and the most suited to my purposes. Of course, I change my car every year.

BEVERLY Yeah, but what I say, Ang, is this: what is the point in changing your car if all you change is the colour?

LAURENCE That's not all you change, Beverly; the design does alter. But then you're not a motorist, so of course you just don't understand these things.

BEVERLY Yeah, okay. I know I failed my test three times.

LAURENCE Three times.

BEVERLY But, I'm his wife, Ang, and I reckon a wife should have a little say in the choosing of a car.

LAURENCE Well, when you've passed your test, Beverly, then you can have your little say. Until then, please leave it to me.

BEVERLY Let me put it to you this way, Ang. When we chose the furniture, we chose it together; when we chose the house, we chose it together; but, when it comes to the car, I'm not allowed to have a say.

LAURENCE *goes.*

BEVERLY Don't forget those light ales!

LAURENCE No – and the lagers, yes!

ANGELA You going to take your test again?

BEVERLY Yeah, I'm going to have another try, yeah. Don't get me wrong, Tone, it's not that I can't drive – in fact I'm a good driver, but, let me put it to you this way, when I get to my test my nerves fail me, d'you know what I mean? I mean it was me nerves that failed me the last time, to be honest with you, because you know the way they take you out in threes, Tone, right? I started off behind this bloke – he was a Chinese bloke actually. Now, my bloke had told me to turn left, right? Now, we came to the first "Give Way", and the bloke in front slammed his brakes on. Now, I'm going behind him, and I suppose I'm going a little bit too quick

with me nerves; so I slam on my brakes, and I went slap in the back of him.

ANGELA Ah.

BEVERLY Now, I reckon that prejudiced my examiner against me.

ANGELA What a shame.

BEVERLY Yeah, it was, actually. Can you drive, Ang?

ANGELA No. I'd like to learn, but Tony won't let me. He doesn't think I'd be any good. And it's a shame, 'cos it's so awkward for me to get to work since we've moved.

BEVERLY Is it, yeah?

ANGELA And you see, I could use the car when he wasn't working.

BEVERLY And that would make you completely independent of Tone, wouldn't it?

Pause.

D'you pass your test first time, Tone?

TONY Yeah.

BEVERLY I thought so, actually – he looks the type, doesn't he? *(She goes to the bar)* Who's for another drink? Ang?

ANGELA Thanks.

BEVERLY How about you, Tone?

TONY Ta.

BEVERLY Yeah? Great.

LAURENCE *enters.*

What's the matter?

LAURENCE Nothing. Tony, I wonder if you could give me a hand for a moment please?

BEVERLY Won't the car start?

LAURENCE No.

ANGELA Go on, Tony!

TONY All right!

TONY *follows* **LAURENCE** *out.*

BEVERLY Mind you don't go getting dirt on your suit. All right, Tone?

BEVERLY *concludes pouring drinks.*

Ang.

ANGELA Thanks.

BEVERLY Cheers.

ANGELA Cheers.

BEVERLY Ang – would you mind if I asked you a personal question?

ANGELA No.

BEVERLY Now, please don't be offended when I say this, but, what colour lipstick are you wearing?

ANGELA A pinky red.

BEVERLY A pinky red! Now, can you take a little bit of criticism? Please don't be offended when I say this, but, you're wearing a very pretty dress, if I may say so; now, you see that pink ribbon down the front? If you'd chosen, Ang, a colour slightly nearer that pink, I think it would have blended more with your skin tones; d'you know what I mean?

ANGELA A paler colour.

BEVERLY A slightly paler colour. Now, can I give you a tip?

ANGELA *(after a brief pause)* Yes.

BEVERLY Now, okay. I can see what you've done: you've just sat down in front of your mirror, and you've put your lipstick on. Now, this is something I always used to tell my customers,

and it always works. Now, next time, just sit down in front of your mirror, and relax. And just say to yourself, "I've got very beautiful lips". Then take your lipstick and apply it, and you'll see the difference, Ang. Because then you will be applying your lipstick to every single corner of your mouth, d'you know what I mean? Will you try it for me next time?

ANGELA Yes.

BEVERLY Just sit down in front of your mirror, and relax, and say to yourself...

ANGELA "I've got very beautiful lips".

BEVERLY And I promise you you'll see the difference, Ang! Okay?

ANGELA Thanks.

The front door bell chimes.

BEVERLY Would you excuse me just one minute, Ang?

BEVERLY *goes out.*

ANGELA *helps herself to a cheese-pineapple savoury.*

BEVERLY *(offstage)* Hi, Sue.

SUSAN *(offstage)* Hello, Beverly.

BEVERLY *(offstage)* Come in.

SUSAN *(offstage)* Thank you.

BEVERLY *and* **SUSAN** *enter.* **SUSAN** *carries her handbag and a wrapped bottle.*

BEVERLY All right, Sue?

SUSAN Yes, thank you.

BEVERLY Come through.

SUSAN I'm sorry I'm a bit late.

BEVERLY Now, don't worry, Sue, that's all right. Would you like to slip your jacket off?

SUSAN Oh, thank you.

BEVERLY Everything all right, Sue?

SUSAN Yes, I think so. I hope so.

BEVERLY Come through and say hullo. Ang, this is Sue. Sue, this is Ang.

ANGELA Hello.

SUSAN How d'you do.

BEVERLY Sue's from Number Nine.

ANGELA Oh, we've just moved into Number Sixteen.

SUSAN Oh, really?

BEVERLY Yeah, you know the Macdonalds' old house, Sue?

SUSAN Yes.

BEVERLY Yeah. Sit down Sue. I'll just pop your coat in the hall. *(Going)* Won't be a sec. Make yourself at home, Sue!

BEVERLY *exits with* **SUSAN***'s coat.*

SUSAN Thank you. *(She puts the wrapped bottle on the bar, and proceeds to sit down, putting her handbag on the floor)*

ANGELA We've only been here a fortnight.

SUSAN Oh, really?

BEVERLY *returns.*

BEVERLY *(referring to the bottle)* Did you bring that, Sue?

SUSAN Yes.

BEVERLY Is it for us?

SUSAN Yes.

BEVERLY Oh, thank you, Sue!

SUSAN It's nothing very special, I'm afraid.

BEVERLY Ah. Isn't that kind, Ang?

ANGELA Yes.

SUSAN Not at all.

BEVERLY *(unwrapping the bottle)* Oh, lovely! 'Cos Laurence likes a drop of wine, actually. Oh, it's Beaujolais. Fantastic! Won't be a sec, I'll just pop it in the fridge. *(She goes to the kitchen)*

ANGELA I'm so pleased to meet you. I want to meet all the neighbours.

SUSAN Yes.

BEVERLY *returns.*

BEVERLY Now Sue: what would you like to drink?

SUSAN I'll have a glass of sherry, please.

BEVERLY Sherry, are you sure?

SUSAN Yes. Thank you.

BEVERLY 'Cos we've got everything. There's gin, whisky, vodka, brandy, whatever you'd like. Would you like a little gin and tonic, Sue? 'Cos me and Ang are drinking gin and tonic, actually.

SUSAN All right – thank you.

BEVERLY Ice and lemon?

SUSAN Yes please.

BEVERLY Great.

ANGELA It's a nice drink, gin and tonic, isn't it?

SUSAN Yes, it is.

ANGELA Refreshing.

TONY *enters during the following.*

Sometimes I drink lager and lime. Say I'm in a pub with my husband, I'll drink that. But I prefer this.

TONY Can I wash me hands, please?

BEVERLY Yes, just one second, Tone, while I finish making Sue's drink.

Sorry: Sue – this is Tony.

ANGELA My husband.

SUSAN
TONY } How d'you do. { *(speaking together)*

ANGELA Did you push it all right?

TONY Yeah. The battery was flat.

BEVERLY Sue!

SUSAN Thank you.

BEVERLY Cheers.

SUSAN Oh, cheers.

BEVERLY Now. Tony, hands! Come through. *(She takes Tony to the kitchen)* Soap and towel there. Okay?

TONY Ta.

ANGELA D'you work?

SUSAN No. No. I don't.

ANGELA I'm a nurse.

SUSAN Oh.

ANGELA At St Mary's in Walthamstow.

SUSAN Oh, yes.

ANGELA Beverly says your daughter's having a party. Is that right?

SUSAN That's right, yes.

ANGELA Has it started yet?

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