

TINNED GOODS

by Fiona Whitelaw

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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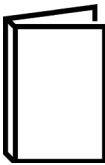
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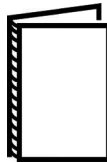


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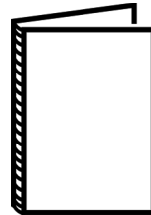
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TINNED GOODS

TOUR DATES

- 11 March, Brindley Studio, Runcorn
- 12 March, Salford Arts Theatre
- 18 March, mac Birmingham
- 19 March, Artrix, Bromsgrove
- 24 March, Storey Theatre, Lancaster
- 30 March, Greenwich Theatre
- 31 March, Garrick Theatre, Lichfield
- 1 April, Nottingham Arts Theatre
- 2 April, Unity 2, Liverpool
- 3 April, Arcola Theatre, London

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Theatre includes: *Acceptable Damage* Angelic Tales Theatre Royal Stratford, *Chosen* Home Theatre UK Theatre Royal Stratford, *Clearance* (commissioned by Lumenis Theatre and performed Southwark Playhouse, Old Red Lion, Camden People's Theatre) also performed Mind The Gap Theater NYC, *Walker* Mind The Gap Theater NYC, *Separate Reality* Just Jones, *Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella* (10 forum plays commissioned by Central & Cecil). *42 Days* Teatro Vivo, *Think It True & If You Were Cecil* GLYPT, *A Visit To The Launderette* Sydenham Arts Festival.

Film: *Acceptable Damage* feature in post production. Currently under commission for a second feature.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

All of us who lived through the 80s remember the havoc wreaked on the trade union movement by the Thatcher government. Not least the deliberate targeting of the NUM and the destruction of the mining industry in the UK with the resulting decline in those communities and towns that lost their livelihoods.

The Women Against Pit Closures march in August 1984 was and still is the largest female protest recorded. The women who joined this movement found their lives transformed as they gained a political voice and released unlocked skills, potential for leadership and a passion to protect the rights of their sisterhood and families.

It is for these women I wrote the play to celebrate their graft and generosity of spirit. To give voice to a story that is often told from a male point of view. As one of the audience at our show at Lichfield Garrick said, "We don't want to be just a paragraph in the history books".

It is also for the generation of women who follow after, so that they will know what went before, honour it and learn from these women. We all have a voice, and we can all use it.

**FIONA WHITELAW AND TEA AND TENACITY WOULD LIKE TO
THANK**

Liz Bagley. Sarah Berger of The So and So Arts Club

ABOUT TEA AND TENACITY

Tea and Tenacity performs new work that provokes discussion, represents the female voice and experience and aims to create opportunities for Midlands-based artists. We would welcome your feedback.

Please visit us online and say hello at

@TeaTenacity

www.facebook.com/TeaandTenacity

www.teaandtenacity.co.uk

We are extremely grateful for receiving support and funding from the following organisations: **Arts Council England, Unite the Union, Sir Barry Jackson Trust and SERTUC.**

THE COMPANY

Rachel **Caroline Frewin**
Charlene **Jade Samuels**
Brenda **Jenny Stokes**
Bethany **Laura M Tipper**
Sue **Fiona Whitelaw**

Directed by **Alison Belbin**
Stage Managed by **Rob McNally** and **Zoe Carrico**
Theatre designed by **Zoe Rolph**

Caroline Frewin

Drawn to playing strong and complex characters, Caroline's recent work has included playing German scientist Dr Clara Immerwahr in the Arts Council funded *Home Fires Burning* and the survivor of domestic abuse in a charity film for Safeline. A runner up in the Norman Beaton Fellowship she has also worked with BBC Radio Drama, Birmingham Rep and RSC.

Jade Samuels

Jade is a proud alum of Rose Bruford's Acting course. Since graduating some of her credits include the musical *The Good Enough Mums Club*, appearing as episode guest lead in BBC's *Doctors*, and winning the 3 Minute round of Triforce Promotions 'Monologue slam'. She's thrilled to be involved with an all-female cast and a Midlands-based theatre company!

Jenny Stokes

Jenny has credits for TV, short film and stage, recently playing Gracie in *Holding Baby* by Jan Watts at the mac, Birmingham; Mrs Hanning, in comedy horror, *Cannibals and Carpet Fitters* (winner 2014 dead shorts) and Brenda in *Aston Telling Tales* directed by Ali Belbin (Women and Theatre). She has devised and performed her comedic alter ego, Dolly Grip at comedy festivals around the country.

Laura M Tipper

A recent graduate of renowned Ecole Philippe Gaulier in Paris, Laura is delighted to perform with Tea and Tenacity. Whilst training at Gaulier Laura played Sophocles' Electra, Shakespeare's Cleopatra and Nina in Chekhov's *The Seagull*. A lover of improvisation she recently devised Person Birds with Maison Foo and toured a physical theatre production with Highly Sprung Performance Company.

Fiona Whitelaw

Theatre credits include *Muncitor* for Theatre Royal Stratford East, *The Knitting Circle* in a national tour for Vital Xposure, *Love on the Dole* for Finborough Theatre, *Asylum Monologues* for Sheffield Crucible and *More Soup and Tart*, for the Barbican. Television work includes *Tales from the Old Bailey – The Suffragettes’* and *Princess and the Pea* for BBC2.

Director – Alison Belbin

Ali has worked across television, radio and theatre as an actress and in theatre also as a director. She played Maggie in three episodes of the BBC Drama series *Doctors* and directed *Other* by Lorna Laidlaw for a Midlands tour in October 2014. She also wrote and performed a one-woman play for Sandwell Women’s Aid in Spring 2015 and co-wrote *Marks* (about self harm) for Women & Theatre which she also directed.

Stage Manager – Robert McNally is a recent graduate from Birmingham School of Acting. He has been fortunate enough to work on a variety of productions since graduating including *Brummegegem Pals* (DSM) *In the Night Garden Live* (ASM) and *The Father*. (ASM)

Designer – Zoe Rolph is a Worcester-based theatre designer. She designed Tea and Tenacity’s debut production, *First Do No Harm* as well as shows for Tread the Boards in Stratford Upon Avon (*Sense and Sensibility*, *Present Laughter*, *Aladdin*).

*Dedicated to the women of The North Staffordshire Miners Wives Action
Group and all the women involved in the dispute.*

CHARACTERS

SUE – wife of a striking miner, forty-five

BETHANY – Sue’s daughter, sixteen

CHARLENE – Bethany’s best friend, sixteen

RACHEL – wife of a working miner, forty-six

BRENDA – Rachel’s aunt, seventies

DON, PICKETS, POLICE, WORKING MINERS, and all other roles played by the company.

The play is set in a mining community during the strike of 1984-85.

The set is a kitchen that has been deconstructed and ripped apart, doors are hanging off cupboards and the cupboards are empty apart from a few cans of basic goods. Sides of cupboards can be removed to construct barricades, vehicles or other locations.

There is a table centre stage which is used for kitchen, police station and vehicle scenes. Rubble surrounds the outer edges of the stage: bricks, cardboard boxes, placards, truncheons, shields, objects for making Foley sound effects. Possibly the shields are not actual shields, but plastic dustbin lids to represent the “short shields” used by the Met police at the time.

ACT I

Scene One

It is early evening Friday 3rd August 1984 in SUE's house. She is sitting at the kitchen table piling cans of food into a pyramid; there is a cardboard box next to them and a packet of Smash. She is totally focused on the task.

We can see RACHEL outside the back door holding three Sainsbury's bags. She hesitates.

SUE rearranges the cans and then sweeps them off the table, she puts every last ounce of energy into the task.

RACHEL hears the noise, concern overrides her hesitation and she tries the door. It is open, she puts the shopping bags down, enters.

They look at each other.

This is both a familiar and totally new situation.

Silence. RACHEL looks around.

SUE They've taken the telly away, we couldn't make the payments.

RACHEL ...I know yer door always used to be open gone tea time, but I didn't...not any more...wasn't sure...

SUE Yesterday afternoon, in case yer curtains were twitching.

RACHEL They weren't.

SUE What do you want Rachel?

RACHEL I wouldn't, not at all, you know me?

SUE Do I? Now?

RACHEL The noise, I heard a right noise, just checkin' that yer alright?

SUE I'm alright.

RACHEL Don't say that, don't be like that.

SUE Like what?

RACHEL Well...

SUE On strike?

RACHEL You're not on strike.

SUE Am I not? Tell that to the kids when I've to give them this muck for their tea.

RACHEL I...

SUE Don't think me ungrateful, I am grateful for the parcels and all the nice bits they pop in, but what can I make with a tin of mince, some cherry pie filling and a packet of Smash.

RACHEL (*picking up a can*) There's peas.

SUE Oh well then, that sorts it then, the peas have saved the day.

RACHEL I just meant...

SUE You're livin' off a food parcel and it's Friday night so we'll be havin' our fish and chips and watching Blockbusters.

RACHEL No.

SUE BBC now is it?

RACHEL I didn't mean that, I wanted to (*beat*) I've been trying to come round for weeks and...

SUE Not trying very hard then.

RACHEL How would you know?

SUE You'd've made it. Two doors down, it's hardly an expedition. No need for your Datsun.

RACHEL You're making this hard.

SUE I'm making this hard? You made a choice and now you want me to make it easy for you.

RACHEL You made the choice, you stopped speaking to me.

SUE One hundred and fifty three days it's been since we came out.

RACHEL Since you drew a line down the street, made the school gates a battle zone.

SUE It is a war.

RACHEL But not against me, not with me, you're me mate, "Feathy Tech girls against the world".

SUE The world has changed.

RACHEL We're not "the world", we're us aren't we, still us, we can still be.

SUE Tell your Bob to come out on strike then.

RACHEL You know he's not going to do that, he thinks there should have been a ballot.

SUE That's old news, we are where we are.

RACHEL He can't afford to go on strike, it's not just us he's to support, there's the maintenance and...

SUE And you think Don can, do you think he likes me queuing up at the welfare and trying to feed his family on tinned good, hand-outs from strangers down south.

RACHEL No, I don't, I don't think he likes it, but I have to stand by Bob.

SUE You don't have an opinion of yer own then, can't think for yerself.

RACHEL I can, I do... I do think it's wrong, what the Coal Board is doing. I do, I...

SUE Then why don't you come with me on Saturday?

RACHEL Can we just, can we just speak?

SUE We're speaking.

RACHEL We're not, are we, you're still, you're making everything about the/

SUE The strike. Everything is about the strike, what the closures will do to us, to our families, our future, to the country, dividing us, splitting us, picking us apart.

RACHEL We're doing that for them aren't we? Not speaking to each other, making it about sides.

SUE You have to pick a side, you have picked a side.

RACHEL Sue, I haven't, you stopped speaking to me, remember, after they walked out, you, stopped, speaking, to, me.

SUE I didn't want to, it was necessary.

RACHEL Necessary, this wasn't a union resolution, we didn't hold a meeting. My mate just stopped speaking to me. My mate who I smoked me first fag with and told me how to clear up a love bite with toothpaste, my mate who saved her dad's records for me, my mate who held me hand when Roger didn't turn up for the birth and hid me for six weeks when I first left 'im. This mate, STOPPED SPEAKING TO ME.

SUE You have to see the banner, I'm going to get it and show yer.

RACHEL I don't want to see the bloody banner.

SUE Yer Aunty Brenda's worked up a whole section on it. Did you know?

RACHEL I didn't, no, we, I haven't seen her in a while.

SUE She only lives in the next street, you not speaking to her either?

RACHEL Bob says, with Uncle George being on strike and...

SUE So, you don't know she's been up the hospital for observations, she had a turn on the picket line, last Wednesday, they kept her in over night...

RACHEL *jumps.*

It's ok, she's back home, nothing to worry about.

RACHEL I didn't know, how would I.

SUE And I'm not speaking to you? You're not speaking to your Brenda.

RACHEL She stopped speak/

SUE You can remember can you, who stopped first, did you take minutes?

RACHEL I/

SUE So it is about the strike, how can it not be/

RACHEL I don't want it to be.

SUE But it is.

RACHEL I came round.

SUE Yes, why did you come round?

RACHEL Been trying to for weeks.

SUE You said.

RACHEL I've stood at yer door and wanted to... I couldn't face the, if you slammed it in my face and...

SUE You're inside now.

RACHEL Yes.

RACHEL gets up and slowly walks to the door, opens it and brings in the three shopping bags, she puts them down beside the table. The two women hold each other's gaze.

(Speaking very quickly, pushing the bags towards her with her foot) It's just a bit of a shop, not much, I've been getting a bit extra for you, when I go, and, and, I've sat out in the car, outside a few times and I didn't know how to say, how to give it to you, and I thought you'd take it the wrong way, I've brought it as far as the back door, but...but it's not meant to be, to be charity it's/

SUE Scab food/

RACHEL Take it for the kids... I miss seeing them... I see them across the street and...

SUE They look hungry?

RACHEL Bloody hell Sue.

SUE I can't, you know I can't, what would I say.

RACHEL Say you just got lucky this week in the food bank, I won't say anything.

SUE Someone might have seen you come in.

RACHEL They didn't.

SUE You can't be sure.

RACHEL It's not the Falls Road...

SUE Don't patronise me.

RACHEL You can tell them I was coming to say thanks for letting me know about Auntie Brenda. You mentioned it to me at the school gates and I came round to say thanks.

SUE Its not the best plan, it's hardly Juliet Bravo is it?

RACHEL It'll have to do...so, you can keep it, or leave it, or shove it in the bin, it's up to you, but I'm not taking it back... *(She moves towards the door, picks up the can of peas, puts it on the edge of the table)* I'll let meself out... *(She opens the door)*

SUE We're meeting at Gimhill car park at 5.30 next Saturday.

RACHEL leaves. SUE sits. (Beat) (She opens one of the bags, takes out a peach. She puts it up to her face, inhales, eyes closed. Gradually we hear the sound of "the strike" begin to surround her, figures step out of the shadows, their shouts are insistent and urgent.

PICKET 1 Here they come.

PICKET 2 Come on lads.

PICKET 3 Scab.

PICKET 2 Come out wi' us.

PICKET 3 Turn back.

PICKET 1 Scab, scab, scab, scab. *(Rising in volume)*

PICKET 2 Scaaaaaaab, scaaaaaab, scaaab. *(continuing)*

PICKET 3 Out, out, out. *(Continuing)*

The PICKETS circle SUE, not quite real, oppressive, she opens her eyes. Blackout.

Scene Two

Later the same afternoon BETHANY and CHARLENE are leaning over the wall outside the entrance to the pit, their elbows are on the top of the wall, we only see their arms and faces, they are trying not to be noticed as they look down at PICKETS and POLICE below.

BETHANY Gum?

CHARLENE Ta.

BETHANY Got any fags?

CHARLENE Three.

BETHANY Give us one then.

CHARLENE We'll 'ave to share.

BETHANY Why?

CHARLENE I'm keeping me last two for when I see Neil/

BETHANY Me boyfriend. Need them fer after do yer.

CHARLENE Don't be dirty.

BETHANY I'm not, fuck is a beautiful word, that's what Sir says.

CHARLENE What would he say that for.

BETHANY We're doing D H Lawrence, it's what 'e said.

Beat.

CHARLENE I never said we was doing it, did I.

BETHANY You didn't deny it though.

CHARLENE Bog off!

BETHANY Oooo Neil, just there, ooo go on.

CHARLENE Stop it or I'm going.

Beat. BETHANY takes off her zipped top, she has a low cut t-shirt underneath. CHARLENE stares.

What are we doing 'ere? If I wanted to stare at a bunch of miners scuffing their boots and talking bollocks, I could go down the welfare.

BETHANY There'd be no point; no one's got any money to buy you a drink.

CHARLENE Who would buy you a drink any road, not with yer dad watchin' on.

BETHANY There 'e is.

CHARLENE Who is?

BETHANY That one with the moustache.

CHARLENE None of them 'as a moustache. I thought you were bringin' me to see yer fella, and we ended up here!

BETHANY He's not me fella yet.

CHARLENE So which one is it?

BETHANY Him. (*She points*) The tall one.

CHARLENE The cop! Bloody 'ell...bloody 'ell...

BETHANY Why YOU so bothered, thought you were fed up of the strike.

CHARLENE Bloody hell...

BETHANY Alright, I get the point... He is gorgeous though isn't he; look at his arse in that uniform.

CHARLENE Is that it, the uniform? You can moon around the fire station fer that.

BETHANY It's not the uniform.

CHARLENE How long's this been going on?

BETHANY There's nowt goin' on...yet...

Beat.

I saw him when he came round to escort Bob Mathers to work, that time after they'd put stuff through 'is letter box and that, he came a few times, you must've seen.

CHARLENE I don't know, I might've done, they all look the same to me, them "white shirts", I don't look at them.

BETHANY Are you sure, they live next door to you. I wanted to know if he were wearin' a wedding ring.

She pulls out a notebook with a biro clipped on, it contains a newspaper clipping and the front of a cigarette packet stuck in. Dates and notes next to them.

CHARLENE What are you, 'is fan club?

BETHANY It's all the times I've seen 'im.

CHARLENE He's not in a band.

BETHANY 'E could be, 'e's got the looks.

CHARLENE He's not a boy.

BETHANY He's got a lovely deep voice.

CHARLENE I bet you've never spoken to him.

BETHANY I've walked past him, and stood near...by the brazier, when I've taken me dad some butties.

CHARLENE This has been going on a while then?

BETHANY Maybe.

CHARLENE You can't go with a rozzer.

BETHANY Do you think 'es fresh?

CHARLENE He's too old for you.

BETHANY But look at 'im, 'es is tasty, you have to admit it?

CHARLENE (*taking a long critical look*) He's alright. You should've brought yer dad's birdwatching binoculars if you'd wanted to make a proper assessment.

BETHANY I thought about it.

CHARLENE Bloody hell.

BETHANY Stop sayin' that.

Beat.

CHARLENE You can't. You can't go out with a rozzer, even if he weren't too old for you. You don't know what he's done.

BETHANY You mean who he's had?

CHARLENE No, what 'es done, on the picket line, with his truncheon or his bloody horse.

BETHANY He doesn't 'ave a horse, I don't think 'e does. I've always wanted to be carried off on horseback.

CHARLENE GET A GRIP. Them "white shirts" they're the mafia of the police, me dad says, them short shield units. You don't know what he's done, what 'e did at Orgreave. You can't be sure it wasn't 'im hit Billy Preston or put Tom what's 'is name in hospital, or split some other striker's bonce up. You don't know, and you won't know, even if you did 'ave a drink with him or whatnot. 'Cos it's a war 'in't it and 'es on't other side, and you'll never know, or never be sure.

BETHANY Do you 'ave to be so bloody serious, I just fancy 'im right.

CHARLENE This is serious, you can't just pretend strike's not 'appening.

BETHANY Don't I bloody know that, it's like campaign central round ours, banners and maps and...

CHARLENE Shit!

BETHANY What?

CHARLENE Yer dad's seen you, 'e just waved.

BETHANY Now who's swearing. I'll have to tell him I came to meet him, that'll definitely be worth a can of pop.

CHARLENE Daddy's little girl.

BETHANY I'm jammy me.

CHARLENE You going down then?

BETHANY I shall 'ave ter...praps I can get a better look at 'im while I'm down there.

CHARLENE You better be kiddin'.

BETHANY *jumps down out of sight.* **CHARLENE** *follows.*

Scene Three

Early evening the same day. SUE's kitchen. SUE is kneeling on the floor hammering nails into a placard, fixing it to a broomstick. BETHANY enters.

BETHANY What's that smell?

SUE Chicken stew.

BETHANY Actual chicken?

SUE Actual chicken.

BETHANY Did you rob it/

SUE Don't be daft.

BETHANY Where did it come from?

SUE places a bowl of soup on the table, BETHANY sits, tries it and then begins to eat quickly and hungrily.

It's Ace Mum.

SUE A mate got me the bird. *(Beat)* Why you late?

BETHANY I went to meet me dad.

SUE You didn't bring 'im home then?

BETHANY He's gone to a meeting, summat about a coach to another pit, I dunno.

SUE Did he say what time he'd be back.

BETHANY shrugs, she has finished the soup, takes the dish out and comes back.

BETHANY Did you take the fence down for the fire Mum?

SUE Which fence?

BETHANY Front.

SUE Our front?

BETHANY Yes, the front fence.

SUE It's gone?

BETHANY I said didn't I.

SUE Were it there this morning?

BETHANY I don't know, I'm always half asleep of a morning.

SUE I've only been out the back today, the buggers, we're all in this together aren't we? Nowt to be done now, spilt milk an all.

Will you wash the pots, I need to finish these placards for Saturday.

BETHANY Can't Robbie do it?

SUE He's most likely at'meeting with yer dad.

BETHANY Flippin' strike.

SUE I'll not 'ave that in here.

BETHANY It's all we ever talk about.

SUE What else is there more pressing.

BETHANY I need a new bra.

SUE Again.

BETHANY It's what happens, they grow.

SUE Yes.

BETHANY Yes I can 'ave one. I saw a turquoise one in catalogue.

SUE Yes, I heard you, and no, unless we get one in a clothes parcel, I'll keep me eye out for your size. What do you reckon you are?

BETHANY That's disgustin'. I'm not havin' some pre-worn gear some beggar's cast out.

SUE Do you have a better idea?

BETHANY (*as she exits*) I just won't wear one then, proper women's lib, I'll be like one of the Greenham women, that'd suit you wouldn't it?

SUE You best grow yer armpit hair an 'all.

Scene Four

Night, the same day in SUE's kitchen, she is asleep at the table.

Around her shadowy figures of POLICEMEN, banging on their riot shields with truncheons.

POLICEMAN 1 Get back, back up, no further...

POLICEMAN 2 Put that down and there'll be no trouble.

POLICEMAN 3 I'm on £500 a week, hope the strike goes on longer...

POLICEMAN 2 How do you spend your picketing money?

POLICEMAN 1 Who's giving it one at home.

Get back.

POLICEMAN 3 £500.

POLICEMAN 2 Picketing money/

POLICEMAN 1 Back, back/

POLICEMAN 3 Overtime/

POLICEMAN 1 Money/

POLICEMAN 2 *(barking like a dog)*

POLICEMAN 3 Set them on.

POLICEMAN 1 Fucking miners.

POLICEMAN 3 *(barking like a dog)*

They are all running on the spot, banging their truncheons on their shields, shouting, roaring, barking.

POLICEMAN 1 Money.

POLICEMAN 2 Pickets.

POLICEMAN 3 Get back.

POLICEMEN 1, 2, 3

Back, back, back... (*Cont*)

The POLICEMAN back away leaving one figure who has no shield, DON, SUE's husband.

He remains in shadow, we never see his face. He is holding an open packet of chocolate digestives. He puts them down on the table in front of SUE with some force.

DON Chocolate digestives.

SUE Don?

DON Since when can we buy chocolate digestives.

SUE They come in the parcel, we got lucky.

DON Fairy fuckin' godmother?

SUE Come again?

DON I've been in the cupboard, the fridge, there's all sorts.

SUE I told you, we got lucky, can I go up to bed now?

DON Yer a liar. (*Pulling a crumpled Sainsbury's bag out of his pocket*) A liar, we don't go to Sainsbury's, there's no money fer Sainsbury's.

SUE There's no money fer anything.

DON It was in the dustbin.

SUE Why were you going through the dustbin?

DON Chucking me chip wrapper, that's when I saw it.

SUE Chips! Excuse me fer givin' the kids chocolate biscuits.

DON I've not dipped into the money.

SUE Neither have I.

DON Then where's it from?

SUE I told you.

DON It doesn't come like that, it comes in a box.

Silence.

SUE One of the mums from school/

DON Which mum?

SUE Rachel.

DON Rachel? (*Beat*) Rachel.

Silence. He paces.

You brought scab food into this house.

SUE (*she is sitting up now*) I didn't bring it in, she brought it in.

DON You think that makes it better, SHE came into OUR house.
You let a SCAB, bring SCAB food into our house.

SUE She's not a scab, it's her Bob who's not on strike not her, she most probably got it with her money, from her club wages, from her, it's not.

DON You can put that muck back into this bag and throw it in the bin.

SUE *takes the Sainsbury's bag off him gently...*

SUE Don. The kids are hungry, Don, they are going to bed hungry, teenagers need food, a lot of food, good food... I had to take it fer them, they had chicken fer their tea, first time in months and they bloody loved it, I put yours by for yer, when yer came back from the meeting, and... I didn't 'ave any meself, just gravy and the bread...and...

DON You must be hungry then, eh, best eat some of these (*banging the digestive packet down on the table*) musn't go to bed 'ungry lass.

SUE I'm keeping 'em fer the kids, I haven't had any, I won't.

DON But you must, have a taste of scab food, I'm sure it tastes better than what comes in't parcel.

SUE They're fer the kids.

DON Go on, (*he takes one out and pushes it into her hand*) 'ave a taste, 'ow long since you 'ad a choccy biccy? (*Leaning over her*) take a bite, go on, bite it, bite it...