

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

COCONUT

by Guleraana Mir

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

samuelfrench.co.uk

Copyright © 2018 by Guleraana Mir
All Rights Reserved

COCONUT is fully protected under the copyright laws of the British Commonwealth, including Canada, the United States of America, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-1549-3
www.samuelfrench.co.uk
www.samuelfrench.com

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD
EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA

plays@samuelfrench.co.uk

020 7255 4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French,
depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *COCONUT* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

The professional rights in this play are controlled by Samuel French Ltd, 24-32 Stephenson Way, London NW1 2HD.

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

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

THINKING ABOUT PERFORMING A SHOW?

There are thousands of plays and musicals available to perform from Samuel French right now, and applying for a licence is easier and more affordable than you might think

From classic plays to brand new musicals, from monologues to epic dramas, there are shows for everyone.

Plays and musicals are protected by copyright law so if you want to perform them, the first thing you'll need is a licence. This simple process helps support the playwright by ensuring they get paid for their work, and means that you'll have the documents you need to stage the show in public.

Not all our shows are available to perform all the time, so it's important to check and apply for a licence before you start rehearsals or commit to doing the show.

LEARN MORE & FIND THOUSANDS OF SHOWS

Browse our full range of plays and musicals and find out more about how to license a show

www.samuelfrench.co.uk/perform

Talk to the friendly experts in our Licensing team for advice on choosing a show, and help with licensing

plays@samuelfrench.co.uk 020 7387 9373

Acting Editions

BORN TO PERFORM

Playscripts designed from the ground up to work the way you do in rehearsal, performance and study

Larger, clearer text for easier reading



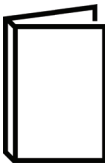
Wider margins for notes



Performance features such as character and props lists, sound and lighting cues, and more

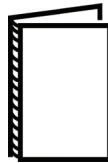


+ CHOOSE A SIZE AND STYLE TO SUIT YOU



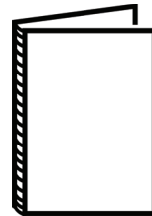
STANDARD EDITION

Our regular paperback book at our regular size



SPIRAL-BOUND EDITION

The same size as the Standard Edition, but with a sturdy, easy-to-fold, easy-to-hold spiral-bound spine



LARGE EDITION

A4 size and spiral bound, with larger text and a blank page for notes opposite every page of text. Perfect for technical and directing use

LEARN MORE

samuelfrench.co.uk/actingeditions



“a founding father of today’s fringe theatre” *Guardian*

For the past 50 years Ovalhouse has been a home to experimental, radical and overlooked artists seeking to make theatre and performance that speaks to a world beyond the mainstream. A hotbed of artistic activism in the five decades since we began, Ovalhouse has seen the social and artistic ideals it has aspired to become widely accepted as the model for a better society. We have sheltered social and political movements staffed by the stage and screen stars of the future, and pursued an unerring agenda for positive artistic, political and social change. Ovalhouse stands on a proud history and continues to be a vital home for boundary-pushing art and artists with an eye on the future.

Ovalhouse has been known for its support for artists - professional and young people – for over 50 years – commissioning new work that responds to today’s social and political issues, and work that reflects the cultural diversity of its local community.

ovalhouse.com | @ovalhouse

Ovalhouse Staff

Director: Deborah Bestwick

Executive Producer: Stella Kanu

General Manager: Gary Johnson

Head of Theatre & Artist Development: Owen Calvert-Lyons

Head of Learning & Participation: Mahri Reilly

Technical Manager: Sam Evans

Learning & Participation Manager: Titilola Dawudu

Producing Coordinator: Will Bourdillon

Demonstrate Projects Manager: Elena Molinaro

Building Projects Manager: Annika Brown

Finance Administrator: Kwame T B Antwi

Trusts & Foundations Manager: John Peterson

Development Director – Capital Campaign: Katie Milton

Operations Manager: Alex Clarke

Duty Managers: Lily Batikyan, Stephanie Prior, James York

Ovalhouse | 52-54 Kennington Oval | London | SE11 5SW

Tel: 020 7582 0080 | Box Office: 020 7582 7680 | info@ovalhouse.com



Supported using public funding by

**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

THE THELMAS

The Thelmas are dedicated to the development and promotion of female writers. They passionately support new writing from unheard voices and actively promote BAMER stories. They aim to create and support work that resists the temptation to problematise being female, and instead disrupts traditional stereotypes. The Thelmas are:

GULERAANA MIR – Writer



Guleraana is a playwright and applied theatre practitioner. She is passionate about creating diverse stories that are rooted in our modern society and committed to using her voice to explore what makes us human; all the things that we do to, and for each other.

Her first full-length play, *Shooting Star*, was longlisted by BBC's SCRIPTROOM 8. She was one of the first writers to work with Almeida Theatre Projects schools residency and part of the Tamasha Theatre playwriting group 2016/2017. She regularly writes for community and youth groups and has recently worked with AGE UK Westminster and Rightful Place Theatre, a theatre company made up of Mulberry School staff and alumni. Her professional work has been supported by Theatre Delicatessen, Park Theatre and New Diorama Theatre. *Coconut* is her debut production.

MADELAINE MOORE – Direction and Dramaturgy

Madelaine is a freelance director, producer, applied theatre practitioner and founder of The Thelmas. She has worked extensively with diverse marginalised groups in the community, in custodial settings and, more recently, on professional productions.

Her most recent production, *The Awakening* (Jack Studio Theatre) earned multiple OFFIE and Broadway World nominations. Other credits include *If I Ran the Circus* (Discover Story Children's Centre), *W;T* and *Widows* (T-Junction Festival). She is also a visiting Director and Lecturer at St Mary's University, Twickenham, and the Royal Central School of Speech and Drama. *Coconut* will mark the first full-length play she has developed from scratch as dramaturg and director for The Thelmas.

Coconut premiered at Ovalhouse 11–28 April 2018 as a co-production between The Thelmas and Ovalhouse, followed by a National Tour with the following cast and creatives:

RUMI – Kuran Dohil
SIMON – Jimmy Riani-Carter
RIZ/IRFAN – Tibu Fortes

MADELAINE MOORE – Direction & Dramaturgy
BASKA WESOLOWSKA – Design
JENNIFER ROSE – Lighting Design
LUCY MYERS – Stage Management
CO-PRODUCED BY THE THELMAS

The production has been supported by Arts Council England, Park Theatre, New Diorama Theatre and In Good Company.



TOUR DATES:

11–28 April Ovalhouse, London
16 May ARC Stockton Arts Centre, Stockton on Tees
19 May Derby Theatre, Derby
24 May Oldham Coliseum, Oldham
26 May The Curve, Slough
18 June Guildhall Arts Centre, Grantham
19 June Brewhouse Arts Centre, Burton upon Trent
25 June Old Fire Station, Oxford (as part of Offbeat Festival)
27 June Lincoln Drill Hall, Lincoln
28 June Old Library, Mansfield
29 June South Holland Centre, Spalding
30 June Attenborough Arts Centre, Leicester



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Coconut, started as a fifteen-minute monologue as part of Ladylogue!, an evening of one-woman shorts produced by The Thelmas. When artistic director Madelaine asked me what I wasn't writing about, I realised that I hadn't really explored my heritage in my playwriting at all. I decided my contribution to the project would be a character that was really honest about how confusing it is to be British born and brown – something that I've felt since I was a teenager. Cue Rumi and her desperate attempt to find a place where she belongs.

In developing the full-length version I have taken so many aspects of myself, and things that I have experienced, and given them to the characters. That said, it is definitely not an autobiography, or a blow-by-blow retelling of my marriage! *Coconut* is simply inspired by the truth of people like me, hours of research into conversion (or reversion), and the road to fundamentalism.

Coconut is the story of two people who aren't entirely comfortable in their own skin, or where they sit in society, trying to build a life together. One of them happens to be brown, and the other white. Some of their obstacles are pretty large. Religion, faith and cultural differences are major themes in the play, but so is the question – how far would you go to make the people you love happy? For Rumi the answer is pretty far, but as we find out the only thing that ever really works is being true to yourself, and ultimately that is the decision that both Rumi and Simon are forced to make.

The character of Riz represents Rumi's "inner voice". He is everything that she is feeling and unwilling to articulate out loud. We all have that voice that tells us what we should be doing, but it happens to be stronger and louder for those of us who identify with being cross-cultural. There is always the pressure to comply, and the fear that whatever you do, you will be judged, and in trying to please everyone you end up failing yourself.

Scenes between Rumi and Riz are described as being "in her world". There should be something ethereal about them – not entirely in the real world, but not so dream like that we're transported out of modern-day London.

Coconut was written to be accessible to all audiences, and should be staged in a somewhat naturalistic fashion that is easy to follow. It is a complicated story that needs to be told simply.

As part of the original production, Madelaine has compiled a wonderful soundtrack that best represents the meeting of two cultures, but we invite others to find a musicality that best suits them.

Please note that all performances in the original run at Ovalhouse (and most of the tour dates) included captioning using The Difference Engine, a discreet new tool for making events and performance accessible to partially sighted, deaf or hard of hearing audience members by delivering captioning or audio description direct to their mobile device. The Thelmas, and the author champion the notion that theatre is for all and ask that you make the effort to use this, or similar technology as part of any future productions, as we believe it is invaluable to growing new audiences.

ON LANGUAGE

Translation to Urdu or Punjabi words are provided in bold next to the dialogue.

“/” Denotes an overlapping in dialogue

“—” Denotes an interruption

“...” Denotes an unspoken reaction

DEDICATION/ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Coconut is what it is because so many people have been so generous with their time, ideas and support. My thanks go to: Sukh Ojla, who originated the role of Rumi and spent so long on this journey with us.

Karl Sedgwick, our first Simon, who helped us create a path for the character.

The current cast, obviously. Especially Tibu and Jimmy, who breathed life into their characters in a uniquely personal way. Fin Kennedy, who helped me reconnect with the play, its characters and why I was writing it in the first place.

The teams at Park Theatre, New Diorama, In Good Company and Ovalhouse, who believed in this story enough to take a chance by either putting it on their stage, or supporting with rehearsal space, feedback and answering of many questions.

Arts Council England.

Madelaine, producer and director extraordinaire. Thank you for constantly wanting to overturn the system, and believing that I am the right person to do it with you. For not only thinking that *Coconut* was worth investing your time in, but doing literally everything to get us to this stage. And of course, thank you for introducing me to the world of GIFs.

Thank you to my parents for not only allowing me to be a coconut, but then celebrating it when I turned it into a play.

And thank you Ben, for being you, and not Simon.

CHARACTERS

RUMI – A British Pakistani woman, 25–35

SIMON – A British Caucasian man, 27–35

IRFAN (the imaam) – A British Asian man

RIZ – the voice inside Rumi’s head, her “moral compass”
(**IRFAN** and **RIZ** can be played by the same actor)

SETTING

London, modern day.

ACT ONE

Scene One

We are in RUMI's world. It might be her bedroom, or not, but it is a space where she is able to be honest and have a good, long word with herself. Lights rise on RUMI, a British Pakistani woman wearing an abaya and a headscarf, staring into the audience as if into a mirror.

RUMI As-salamu alaykum.

It needs a little something, to be more formal, so she brings her palms together and nods.

As-salamu alaykum.

It's not right either, so she shakes it off. Taking a deep breath, she bows low with arms out, exhaling.

As-salamu alaykum.

She rises. RIZ speaks, as if from nowhere.

RIZ You kind of look like like Michael Jackson doing Jesus at the Brit Awards.

RUMI Shit. I totally do.

Beat.

RIZ Love your outfit, is it the new Sana Safinaz? Exquisite fabric.

RUMI Desperate times call for desperate measures.

RIZ Don't talk about yourself like that.

RUMI Situation's getting dire.

RIZ Nothing we can't handle in a sensible and strategic manner.

RUMI Mum keeps shoving printouts of boys from shaadi.com under my door. She's desperate for me to get married.

RIZ And the response is to put on an abaya and take up celibacy?
/ Don't know if I'm ready for that.

RUMI / Quite the opposite. I'm going halal speed dating.

RIZ In a bin bag?

RUMI Choop oh. [**Oh be quiet**]

RIZ Wearing that doesn't make you a good Muslim.

RUMI Might make me look like one though.

RIZ Just be yourself.

RUMI Because that's worked out so well?

RIZ And what are we going to do once we've bagged a prize brother?

RUMI Just hide out. In plain sight.

RIZ Your hobbies include mojitos and dancing. Do you even remember a single word of the Quran?

RUMI Two coconuts drinking chai, watching Bollywood movies and doing shots of tequila at our three-day wedding. Not completely infeasible, is it?

RIZ ...

RUMI I didn't say the plan wasn't flawed, but I've got to do something. Can't keep disappointing everyone.

RIZ Somewhere out there, there's a boy, nay a man who – who's just perfect.

RUMI What's he look like?

RIZ A delightful mix of Raza Jaffrey, Riz Ahmed and Zayn Malik.

RUMI ...

RIZ Okay, not Zayn Malik. Just Raza and Riz.

RUMI Riza.

RIZ Riza.

RUMI And what does this Riza do?

RIZ He works in HR.

RUMI That's not very desi, is it? [**Of Pakistani/Indian/Bangladeshi origin**]

RIZ No?

RUMI Got to be a doctor, lawyer or engineer. Holy trinity of brown people professions.

RIZ Well, Riza isn't. He's a coconut too. Go on, introduce yourself.

RUMI To who?

RIZ *enters.*

RIZ Riza.

He holds out his hand for RUMI, who hesitates but then takes it. They shake.

RUMI Rumi.

RIZA Like the poet?

RUMI Yeah, just like him.

RIZA Pretty.

RUMI Thank you!

RIZA What do you do?

RUMI I'm a food blogger.

RIZA No way! That's awesome. Do you get to go to fancy places?

RUMI This feels weird.

RIZ (*as himself*) Keep going, doing just fine.

RUMI But—

RIZA Any celebrity chef encounters?

RUMI I once met Michel Roux Junior at Le Gavroche?

RIZA How was it? I've heard the black pudding is epic!

RUMI It is.

RIZA I always get freaked out in restaurants in case someone sees me eating something that's definitely not halal, so I eat really fast, and then I feel like I never get to enjoy my food.

RUMI Someone once told my mum they saw me in Superdrug buying tampons. / Tampons!

RIZA / Who has that much spare time on their hands?

RUMI I see lads from the community smoking all the time, no one calls home on them.

RIZA The patriarchy hurts Asian men too. I wish my brothers could see how poorly we treat our women and we can work together to... Wait, what's that?

RUMI What?

RIZA Do you hear that? That's the sound of—

RUMI What? I don't hear anything.

RIZA My carriage! It's turning back into a pumpkin. I – I have to go.

RUMI What the—

RIZ You were becoming too attached. A woke brown dude who encourages *haram* food choices? Doesn't exist. And even if he does, you won't find him tonight. [**Not permitted in Islam**]

RUMI He'll be there. The guy who's equally as uncomfortable as me. He's probably there because some family member forced him to be. I'll just approach him at the bar later and come clean. We'll hit it off, we can go for an actual date and everything, everything will be okay.

RIZ Unless there's no bar.

RUMI Shit. There's not going to be a bar, is there?

Blackout.

Scene Two

Lights snap up on RUMI in a pub in London, propping up the bar, wearing her full abaya and headscarf. She's drunk and having an aggressive conversation with herself. SIMON watches, concerned.

RUMI I told you. But...you don't... Think you know—

Can't believe you thought... Was not the best – not the – the worst idea—

Beat.

You, Rumi, are an absolute, complete—

Fazool. [**stupid**]

Yes! That's exactly what you are.

And you just had to bring up...

Have you got any pork scratchings?

A beat.

Beef jerky?

What kind of establishment is this?

Fuck, it's hot.

Is there air-con?

Sweating so much, it's...so. Fuck.

As RUMI begins fanning herself and dramatically wiping sweat away, SIMON approaches.

SIMON Are you okay?

RUMI Are *you* okay?

SIMON Do you want to go outside?

RUMI What?

SIMON Get some air. Cool off...

RUMI Who are you?

SIMON You look like you're / not having a...

RUMI / Like what?

SIMON ...Sweaty. Uncomfortable. Distressed.

RUMI Are you calling me a terrorist?

SIMON What?

RUMI Do you go around accusing every brown girl of being a terrorist?

SIMON No, / not at all!

RUMI / I'm not even that brown you know. / People think I'm Italian.

SIMON / I wasn't implying—

RUMI / Or Brazilian. I'VE BEEN TOLD, I'M NOT EVEN THAT BROWN.

SIMON Do you want me to phone someone?

RUMI I'm just sitting here. Standing here, making some important life decisions, and – and you – you – you're all like—

SIMON What?

A beat. RUMI looks at SIMON and then she remembers she's still wearing her abaya.

RUMI Just being nice. You are being nice because I'm... I'm still...
(*She gestures to her abaya.*) And, and... What a fucking mess.

SIMON I don't think anyone noticed.

RUMI Owvvh and I was having that conversation—

SIMON With yourself.

RUMI With myself. Absolute dickhead.

SIMON I think you got away with it.

RUMI Fuck.

SIMON I don't see any men in white coats so...

A pause.

RUMI What's the worst decision you've ever made?

SIMON Me?

RUMI Ever done something you thought could potentially change your entire life? But then you realise you've actually momentarily misjudged the situation and ended up wishing you'd never had the bloody idea in the first place?

SIMON ...

RUMI No?

SIMON Maybe—

RUMI I went halal speed dating tonight.

SIMON That's a thing?

RUMI Apparently.

SIMON And it...?

RUMI Did not go well. Clearly...

SIMON Are you allowed to date?

RUMI We're not all married off at sixteen. I mean, it would have been easier if my parents had arranged something.

RUMI starts to take off her abaya, but leaves her head covered. SIMON stares.

But I'm too difficult. I wouldn't even have minded if they'd packed me off to the motherland. I could be married to some mountain village chief by now, with a herd of goats, spending my days drinking masala chai and frolicking in the Himalayas. Means I wouldn't have to do crap like this.

SIMON Should you be taking that off? In front of me?

RUMI I think being in a pub, twatted, negates anything this might represent. And avert your dirty male gaze, or I'll have to put it back on.

SIMON Didn't think Muslims were allowed to drink.

RUMI They're not. That's like Islam 101. Along with no bacon and sex before marriage. Boring bastards.

SIMON So you're not Muslim?

RUMI Didn't say that.

SIMON But—

RUMI It's almost like I'm a complex human being with different layers of cultural identity and can't be categorised by the colour of my skin or the religion of my parents, that I may or may not choose to follow.

SIMON Right.

RUMI I'm Muslim in the same way you're probably Christian.

SIMON Catholic. And I'm not really, my mum—

RUMI Exactly. I mean, I stand up for Islam all the time, it's this thing that I do. Every time I see, or hear, Islamophobia, I get all angry and start calling everyone an ignorant bigot and make a scene. Just yesterday, on the Tube I saw this dude and he pushed a woman in a hijab who was holding a baby and I was ready for a ruckus.

SIMON I can imagine.

RUMI But whenever I have to fill out the census I freeze. Never know which box to tick. Can't really be a Muslim if you don't follow any of the rules...?

SIMON They're all the same though, aren't they? All got lots of rules and only one god. As long as you believe in him, you'll be alright.

RUMI Or her.

SIMON Or her.

Pause.

Well. Shit got deep.

RUMI Yeah.

SIMON Want a drink?

RUMI I should probably go home and bury my dignity in a box in the garden.

SIMON Consider a burial at sea, into a pint? Night's still young.

RUMI What time is it?

SIMON No idea. I don't subscribe to social constructs like time! Friday nights are for—

RUMI I bet you're one of those people who doesn't see colour.

SIMON Totally colourblind. Equal opportunity pessimist, everyone's shit, and then you die.

RUMI I prefer, "Don't be a dick, and then you die."

SIMON Write that next time you have to fill out a form.

RUMI Are you here on your own?

SIMON No. *(beat)* Yes. I stopped in for one before checking in on my mum.

RUMI And then you got sucked into my existential crisis.

SIMON Something to do.

RUMI Fine. One drink.

SIMON How about dinner instead? I know a great Indian place.

RUMI No, you don't.

SIMON It's really good—

RUMI No. No, it's not.

SIMON Come see for yourself. That's if you, do you date...?

A gesture.

RUMI Depends.

SIMON On?

RUMI How d'you feel about converting to Islam?

SIMON Buy me a biryani and I'm up for anything.

RUMI ...

SIMON holds out his hand for RUMI.

SIMON I'm Simon.

RUMI takes it.

RUMI Rumi.

SIMON Pleased to meet you.

RUMI Don't tell anyone but I am rather partial to a chicken tikka masala.

SIMON My lips are sealed.

As they get up to leave, SIMON gestures to RUMI's hijab.

Are you going to take that off?

RUMI Nope. Hijab hair. It's a no-go.

SIMON You're alright if we check in on my mum? It's on the way.

RUMI You know white people can be Muslim too.

Culture and religion are different. Plus I never said I don't date non-Muslims.

SIMON You went halal speed dating.

RUMI Because I'm open to dating everyone. Not everyone. I'm not... I'm open to all men. Not all men—

SIMON Shall we?

RUMI Yes.

Lights fade.

Scene Three

We are back in RUMI's world as she is putting the final touches to her hair, preparing for a date with SIMON. Lights rise on RUMI staring into the audience as if into a mirror. RIZ speaks, as if from nowhere.

RIZ No more goras, we said. [**white boys**]

RUMI You said. Plus his face gives me a ladyboner. So.

RIZ What about Riza?

RUMI He doesn't exist.

RIZ You haven't looked.

RUMI Been busy.

RIZ Busy texting fuckboys.

RUMI Simon is not a fuckboy.

RIZ He might not be a fuckboy, but is he ready for brown-girl drama?

RUMI It's just a date.

RIZ How many dates until it's super-serious and we can't get out of it?

RUMI Why would I want to get out of it?

RIZ Because, and I quote, "I just want someone to watch old Bollywood movies with and eat chaat with. I don't want to have to translate everything at family dinners."

RUMI Want to try your luck at halal speed dating again?

RIZ Hell no. That's the saddest we've ever been. Never speak of that again.

RUMI So...?

A pause whilst RIZ considers their options.

RIZ Theek hai gee. [**fine**]

RUMI ...

RIZ But don't say I didn't warn you.

RUMI As if you'd let me forget.

Lights fade.

Scene Four

*RUMI and SIMON are on a date at a golf putting range.
Lights rise on RUMI sulking, she's losing.*

RUMI I didn't realise you were this competitive.

SIMON I'm not.

RUMI You just listed all the medals you've won since primary school—

SIMON It's important that you know I am very accomplished despite not having formal qualifications.

SIMON swings and watches his ball.

I'm still five points ahead!

RUMI Rub it in.

RUMI takes a swing. From her reaction we see it wasn't a good shot.

SIMON Your swing's off.

RUMI You think?

SIMON Try sticking your butt out a bit.

RUMI Excuse me?

SIMON Like this.

He demonstrates. RUMI tries but it's not right.

Here. Let me.

He puts his arms around RUMI to help her with her form, they're close, it's surprisingly comfortable.

Keep looking at the ball...bend knees, swing and...

They stay close, watching the ball.

Ah. Well.

RUMI See. Not my thing.

SIMON You've managed to hold onto the club though, last time I brought someone here they let go and the club went flying. Almost hit a hen party.

RUMI Ohhhh. So this is your spot.

SIMON What?

RUMI And there I was thinking I was special. But no, I'm just part of a long line of ladies that get treated to a quick grope under the guise of high-end golf training.

SIMON The last time was three years ago!

RUMI Whatever.

SIMON Seriously. I was so traumatised by it that I just stopped dating. Flat out gave up women.

RUMI That's nothing. I once went on a date with a guy who had given up all sexual contact for Lent. He wouldn't even hug me goodbye.

SIMON swings again, it's a good shot and he tries to down play it.

SIMON Now who's being competitive?

RUMI ...

SIMON What about once Lent was over?

RUMI He shook my hand.

SIMON Fool!

RUMI I thought there was something so wrong with me I went into hiding for six months.

SIMON His loss is my gain.

RUMI It most certainly is.

A moment between them and then it's RUMI's turn. She half-heartedly swings and they both watch the ball flop. She's disappointed.

SIMON I offered to take you bowling.

RUMI I'm shit at that too. Sports are not my thing.

SIMON What is your thing?

RUMI Food. Booze. Long walks along the beach. I'm a simple creature.

SIMON Next time I'll just take you to Spain.

RUMI Spain?

SIMON Or Southend. Both have beaches.

RUMI Okay. So. I... This is silly but... I have this innate fear that if I leave the country something will happen to me, and then whoever I'm with will have to call home and tell my parents, and then they'll realise that I've lied to them and it will open a massive can of worms and I'll be found out as some heathen devil child. Especially if I'm away with a boy.

SIMON Southend it is. *(beat)* They must know what you get up to?

RUMI Probably. Maybe. Don't know. My mum's a fiend and somehow always finds out.

SIMON Wouldn't it be easier if you were just honest?

RUMI It's about respect. I live at home and so I have to... moderate. You know?

SIMON I thought my mother was difficult.

SIMON *swings. It's a good one. He calculates his score.*

You could still win.

RUMI How is she at the moment?

SIMON As well as can be expected. I try and get her out of the house at least once a week but we didn't manage it during the week and today I'm, well, I'm here so she's a little cranky.

RUMI We could have postponed.

SIMON No, I...

RUMI I wanted to see you too.

Pause.

SIMON Is it easier when you date Asian or Muslim guys then?

RUMI I have never dated a brown boy.

SIMON Never?

RUMI Not really, not properly.

SIMON You're attracted to a pasty complexion?

RUMI It's not that, just...the Pakistani guys I've liked have always opted for white women.

SIMON You were meant to say, "You're not pasty."

RUMI Sorry. You're not pasty.

SIMON Once more with feeling.

RUMI You have a lovely colouring.

SIMON Sounds like something you'd say to a child that's used crayon outside of the lines.

RUMI goes to take her turn but then spots someone.

RUMI Simon. I don't mean to alarm you but—

SIMON What?

RUMI I really need you to come over here, right now.

SIMON What?

RUMI grabs SIMON and buries her face in his chest. She spins him so they're facing the other way.

RUMI Just act normal.

SIMON A little difficult when you're trying to burrow into my chest.

SIMONS tries to pry her off him, she grabs on tighter.

Rumi!

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