SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

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

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

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

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

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

SF PERUSALS

MY MOTHER SAID I NEVER SHOULD

A Play

by Charlotte Keatley

SAMUEL FRENCH

samuelfrench.co.uk

ISBN 978-0-573-01700-1

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
www.samuelfrench.com

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

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

MY MOTHER SAID I NEVER SHOULD

Originally premiered at the Contact Theatre, Manchester, on 25th February 1987, with the following cast of characters:

DORIS PARTINGTON	Joan Campion
MARGARET BRADLEY	Jenny Howe
JACKIE METCALFE	Jane Paton
ROSIE METCALFE	Michele Wade

Director and Dramaturg: **Brigid Larmour**
Designed by **Nettie Edwards**

The play was presented in a revised version, printed here, at the Royal Court Theatre, London, in March 1989, with the following cast of characters:

DORIS	Elizabeth Bradley
MARGARET	Sheila Reid
JACKIE	Jane Gurnett
ROSIE	Shirley Henderson

The play was directed by **Michael Attenborough**
Designed by **Tanya McCallin**

The action of the play takes place in Manchester, Oldham and London

CHARACTERS

DORIS PARTINGTON. Born: Oldham, February 1900.
Engaged in 1923. Married Jack Bradley in Oldham, 1924.
(Age 5 in child scenes, as in 1905)
MARGARET BRADLEY. Born: Cheadle Hulme,
April 1931. Married Ken Metcalf in London, 1951.
(Age 9 in child scenes, as in 1940)
JACKIE METCALFE. Born: London, July 1952.
(Age 9 in child scenes, as in 1961)
ROSIE METCALFE. Born: Hulme, Manchester, September 1971.
(Age 8 in child scenes, as in 1979)

SETTING

The setting should not be naturalistic. The design should incorporate certain objects which remain on stage throughout, such as the piano in ACTS I and II, a tub of geraniums, a patch of waste ground. There are no sofas in this play. The setting should simply be a magic place where things can happen.

In the child scenes, each girl is dressed contemporary to her own generation, in the clothes each child wears as a child in the "real" time scenes, e.g. Margaret wears her Christmas frock, Jackie wears her 1961 summer dress.

The interval should occur between ACTS II and III.

The solution to the Solitaire game is shown at the end of the play.

eternal dreams, blood samples
pouring from one glass to the next.
Mandlestam

For

Hilda, Prudence, Susan, Victoria, Nicole
Joan, Jenny, Jane, Michele, Nettie
Judith, Shirley, Nancy
and especially
for Brigid, who made the play happen
and for Mum, who inspires me to communicate,
with love.

ACT I

Scene One

A patch of wasteground at the end of a terraced street, where children play.

Four girls enter each dressed contemporary to her own generation. They hold hands and spin round fast, singing.

MY MOTHER SAID I NEVER SHOULD,
PLAY WITH THE GYPSIES IN THE WOOD,
IF I DID, SHE WOULD SAY,
NAUGHTY GIRL TO DISOBEY!

They split offstage from the circle. **JACKIE** *watches the others.*

ROSIE *(chanting)* What are little girls made of? *(Coaxing* **DORIS** *to answer)* Ssh...

DORIS Sugar—and— *(Effort)* —spice...?

MARGARET And...

DORIS *(desperately stuck)* And?

MARGARET All Things Nice.

DORIS *squirming, doesn't want to repeat it.*

JACKIE *(can't bear it any longer)* Let's kill our mummy.

MARGARET Whose mummy?

DORIS Whose mam? *(Copying)*

ROSIE Yes, whose mum?

JACKIE All our mummies if you like?

ROSIE Who's going to do it?

MARGARET *(to* **JACKIE***)* Dare you!

DORIS ...Dare you...

JACKIE We'll all do it.

MARGARET It's my teatime...

ROSIE How?

JACKIE I dunno... Boiling oil.

DORIS ...Dare you...

MARGARET Shut up, baby.

JACKIE Tell you what—

ROSIE What—

JACKIE I've got a penknife. I've been keeping it for something special.

ROSIE You pinched it off Jimmy Tucker!

JACKIE And we'll get some string, and take Mummy down by the railway line where there's a hole in the fence, and I think you have to put a stake through her heart.

ROSIE We couldn't do them *all. (Pause)* We haven't got enough string.

JACKIE Just ours, then. *(Conspiratorially)* They're not in our gang. Also they don't count because they're babies. They can do their own mummies when they're old enough.

MARGARET Do mine! —I don't like blood...

JACKIE Lucy Parker cut her finger off at school.

MARGARET I'll be sick.

JACKIE Only the top bit. *(Pause)* Like a flap.

DORIS ...Flip flop flap...

ROSIE *(bending to* **DORIS***)* Do you want us to do your mum?

MARGARET She's too young to know.

JACKIE She's got no daddy: if we do her mummy, she'll be an orphan and then we'll be responsible.

MARGARET Her mummy's all right—she gave us lemonade.

Pause.

ROSIE ...She'll split on us though. Then we'll be outlaws.

JACKIE Go away, baby.

DORIS *cries.*

JACKIE Go on. Go home. *(She pushes* **DORIS** *away)* Tea? Teatime. All teatime, teatime!

DORIS *goes.*

Piggy.

MARGARET She'd only cry when she saw the blood. Me. I'm not having any babies.

ROSIE How d'you know?

MARGARET Well I'm not getting married.

ROSIE *(after a pause; thinking)* Well it still might grow.

MARGARET What?

ROSIE The seed. The baby seed, inside you.

MARGARET It can't! Can it?

JACKIE *has been arranging sweet wrappers.*

ROSIE What are you doing?

JACKIE Voodoo. We need bits of her fingernail and hair and stuff.

ROSIE ...She might haunt us...

JACKIE You don't know *anything,* do you.

ROSIE *is subdued.* **MARGARET** *comes to look.*

MARGARET What's that for?

ROSIE Voodoo, you wally.

JACKIE We're going to have a séance. To call up...spirits from beyond the grave.

MARGARET We do that at school.

JACKIE Do you?

MARGARET On Fridays. Take buttercups apart and count their... sta—stay— ...bits.

JACKIE Shh! Hold hands.

They obey.

You have to repeat after me.

MARGARET
ROSIE } After me.

The lights dim a bit.

JACKIE *(deepening her voice)* We call up the spirit of—Granny!

ROSIE
MARGARET } We call up the spirit of Granny!

JACKIE Who died three years ago last Wednesday. And lived in Twicken-ham. Amen.

MARGARET } Amen.
ROSIE } Amen.

The lights darken.

MARGARET ...It's getting dark

ROSIE ...What happens now? ...

JACKIE *(in a deep voice)* YOU from beyond the grave! Tell us how to kill mummy!

The lights almost black-out. Silence.

YOU from beyond the grave, tell us—

MARGARET *and* **ROSIE** *see something, scream and run offstage.*

The figure of **DORIS***, now as Gran, appears upstage, walking slowly towards them.*

Mummy! Mummy!

JACKIE *runs offstage.*

DORIS *continues to walk forward, oblivious of the earlier action. She removes a dustsheet of World War Two black-out material from a large object which it has been completely covering. It is a baby grand piano.* **MARGARET** *is crouching underneath it, hidden from* **DORIS** *by a pile of bedding also under the piano.* **DORIS** *begins to dust the piano as the lights rise for Scene Two and the wireless begins to play.*

Scene Two

Cheadle Hulme, Christmas 1940.

DORIS *is forty.* **MARGARET** *is nine. The sense of a large front room, with austere decor. French windows. No Christmas decorations except for a vase of white wax Christmas roses with a red bow, on the baby grand piano.*

DORIS *dusts the piano lovingly. The wireless plays George Formby's* ***"CHINESE LAUNDRY BLUES"****. A pile of bedding is folded under the piano.*

DORIS *(singing along)*
"OH MR WU, HE'S GOT A NAUGHTY IRON THAT FLICKERS YOU OUGHT TO SEE IT WOBBLE WHEN HE'S IRONING LADIES" —

MARGARET Knickers.

DORIS Margaret? Margaret! Where— *(She goes to the wireless and switches it off) —Come* out!

MARGARET *(from the bedding under the piano, with a doll in her hands)* WHO was that?

DORIS I have to listen to the wireless. In case Mr Churchill makes an announcement. It is my duty.

MARGARET Knickers.

DORIS Margaret. Come Out!

MARGARET It was Sukey.

DORIS *walks around the piano.*

Singing, at first softly.
"SUKEY TAKE IT OFF AGAIN, OFF AGAIN, *OFF AGAIN.* SUKEY TAKE IT OFF AGAIN—"

DORIS *pulls* **MARGARET** *out from under the piano by her arm.*

DORIS Never, never!

MARGARET Sukey! *(She comforts the doll)*

DORIS I've told you before!

MARGARET You've hurt Sukey's arm! Torn her dress!

DORIS *(shakes her) Will* you listen!

MARGARET *(to the doll)* Sukey, don't cry. Mummy will cuddle you.

DORIS I shall have to tell Father.

Pause.

MARGARET Sorry.

DORIS Pardon?

MARGARET I'm very sorry, Mummy.

DORIS Mother.

Pause.

MARGARET Mother.

DORIS And you've spoiled your frock. I'd just pressed that.

MARGARET Haven't! ...Yes I have.

DORIS Have you done your practice?

MARGARET *(trying a lie)* Yes. Bits of Chopin and Ten Very Easy Carols.

DORIS *removes the carol music from the piano and replaces it with a piece of Beethoven music.*

DORIS You ought to be on Beethoven now, not nursery rhymes. The amount we're paying for your tuition.

MARGARET You're not throwing them away?!

DORIS Of course not. They'll go to St Mark's jumble. Let me hear Beethoven's Minuet in G. Margaret. Have you washed your hands?

MARGARET *holds out her hands, palms up and then palms down.*

Good girl.

MARGARET *sits down at the piano and starts to play, very shakily, Beethoven's Minuet in G. She sways from side to side.*

What on earth are you doing, Margaret?

MARGARET I'm swaying with passion. Like that fat lady in the Hallé Orchestra.

DORIS We'll have less passion and more perseverance, please.

MARGARET *resumes playing.*

The sound of an air-raid siren, distant.

She plays on.

DORIS *nods to emphasize the tempo.* **MARGARET** *looks at* **DORIS** *and keeps on playing.* **MARGARET** *is still playing, but stumbling. Eventually.*

That will do nicely for this evening, Margaret. I think we shall get under the piano, now. Close the lid.

MARGARET Next door have got a proper Anderson shelter.

DORIS *(miffed)* So shall we, presently. Father's been to the depot but they've run out, had a pre-Christmas rush.

They arrange blankets, an old-fashioned sleeping bag, a stone hot water bottle and a bolster. **MARGARET** *hangs her Christmas stocking on the piano.*

Help Mother make the bed.

MARGARET Watch out Sukey, here comes a big fat bomb! Wheee! Eeee—oww–d–d–d–d—

DORIS Margaret!

MARGARET Well it looks like a bomb.

DORIS It's a bolster.

MARGARET I *know,* I—Sukey thinks—

The distant rumble of aeroplanes which continues through the rest of the scene.

S... Sukey wants a Christmas stocking too. She's not very... brave.

DORIS Put your nightdress on.

MARGARET Where's my gas mask?

DORIS Here, see I'll put it by the bolster.

MARGARET Where will you and Father sleep?

DORIS In the hall.

MARGARET Why?

DORIS I think the ground floor is safest.

MARGARET Why?

DORIS *(pause)* Sometimes the bombs make the houses shake a little. They make holes in the roof. Nothing will fall on you there.

MARGARET Except the piano. *(Pause. Quietly)* Gillian's mother and father sleep in one bed, not two.

DORIS *(rhetorically)* Are you getting into bed?

MARGARET *isn't.*

MARGARET Yes.

The lights fade from here on.

MARGARET *gets into bed.*

Sukey—! *(She holds the doll tight)*

DORIS Tuck you up...tuck you in.

MARGARET Will Father Christmas know I'm under the piano?

DORIS I expect so—see Margaret, you're a parcel and I'm wrapping you up!

MARGARET *And* they've got a Christmas tree. Why can't *we* have a tree with candles? Can't we?

DORIS *Mayn't* we.

MARGARET Mayn't we?

DORIS No. Pine needles cause a mess. Besides, candles are dangerous.

MARGARET Can Hitler see them?

DORIS You never know.

MARGARET *(impressed)* Does Hitler fly over our house?

DORIS Have you said your prayers?

The lights are very dim now.

MARGARET No.

DORIS *(going)* I'll say night-night then.

MARGARET Stay a minute!

DORIS *pauses.* **MARGARET** *doesn't know how to keep her.*

Do you and Father say your prayers? *(Pause)* Do you?

DORIS Father does. I think that does very nicely for the both of us.

MARGARET Do *you*?

DORIS I'm saying goodnight now.

MARGARET Will we win the war?

DORIS Not if you don't keep quiet and go to sleep. *(she goes to the door)*

MARGARET What do you mean? *(Pause)* Gillian says parts of Manchester there's nothing left, just bricks squashed. She says people get squashed under there. *(Silence)* Mother? ...

DORIS Father will be home soon.

MARGARET *(calling)* Mother— *(Pause)* Mummy… *(Pause)* What happens when you die?

DORIS *(after a long pause)* I'll bring you some cocoa presently.

DORIS *exits.*

The sound of aircraft fades.

MARGARET Sssh Sukey ssh! —No, I won't hold you. You ought to go to sleep now, by yourself. You don't need your Mummy to kiss you. You're eight years old.

The lights black out.

MARGARET *exits taking the Christmas stocking, the bedding, hot water bottle and gas mask with her. She leaves the doll lying a little way from the piano.*

JACKIE *takes her place under the piano.*

DORIS *returns, with a floral overall over her clothes.*

The lights come up bright.

Birdsong.

A May day, it is 1961. **DORIS** *is sixty-one;* **JACKIE** *is nine.*

DORIS Jackie? *(She peers under the piano)* Jackie! What *are* you doing under the piano?

JACKIE Seeing what it's like. Mummy says you used to put her to bed under the piano here in the Second World War. And listen to the wireless…

DORIS Margaret says you read a lot of books.

JACKIE Only 'cos she won't let me watch telly. Daddy does. Why d'you call her Margaret?

DORIS Because she's *my* little girl. You are always your mother's child my mother used to say.

JACKIE She's my mummy.

DORIS I'm her mummy.

JACKIE Yes but she calls you "Mother". That's different.

DORIS How?

JACKIE Just is. *(Pause)* You won't tell Mummy about the cup I broke?

DORIS It was only Utility.

JACKIE What's that?

DORIS From the war. *(Pause)* I'll tell her… you've been a very good girl. All by yourself, too. *(Pause)* We'll go in the garden and break two jam jars presently.

JACKIE Why?

DORIS Everything goes in threes. If you break one thing, more is sure to follow.

JACKIE Is that true?

DORIS So they say.

JACKIE Who's they? *(She strokes the piano)* Why has your bath got feet? This is very old wood.

DORIS As old as your Grandparents. It's the first thing we bought with our savings after we got married.

JACKIE Yes it is a bit old fashioned.

DORIS *(rubbing the wood)* Classical.

JACKIE *(stroking the white flowers in the vase on the piano)* Are these plastic?

DORIS No! *Wax.*

JACKIE Can't you afford plastic?

DORIS I've had those *years*. Since your mother was a little girl.

JACKIE We've got new kitchen chairs with yellow seats.

DORIS *(disapproving)* Yes. Your mother likes all these new Formicas, doesn't she.

JACKIE When you spill your lunch you can wipe it off straight away. *All* our furniture's new. Poor old Gran. It's all old here, isn't it?

DORIS It was new once.

Pause. **JACKIE** *contemplates this.*

JACKIE Do you know something?

DORIS What?

JACKIE I like your old house.

DORIS *(pleased)* You tell your mother.

JACKIE Why?

DORIS Do it for me.

JACKIE *(musing)* We don't have a larder you can hide in, either.

DORIS We'll make fairy cakes, then we can give Margaret tea when she arrives.

Pause.

JACKIE Lucy Parker in my class can do the hoola hoop to a hundred.

DORIS And later on I'll teach you how to say grace, in French.

JACKIE What for?

DORIS *(holds out her hand)* Come along, let's go and find Mrs Beeton.

JACKIE *hugs* **DORIS.** **DORIS** *hesitates for a second, then bends and embraces* **JACKIE.**

Kiss your old granny, then.

JACKIE *kisses* **DORIS.** **DORIS** *kisses* **JACKIE.**

JACKIE It's much nicer here.

They go off together.

The lights dim again.

DORIS *enters, without her overall, dressed as at the beginning of the scene.* **MARGARET** *is not there, but the doll lies a little way from the piano.* **DORIS** *carries a Utility-ware mug.*

DORIS Margaret? I brought you some cocoa.

The sound of distant planes.

Margaret? Are you asleep? ...Dear? *(Silence)* Well then. You'll just have to drink it cold in the morning. *(She sees the doll and picks it up. As she goes)* Can't waste good sugar and cocoa.

DORIS *exits.*

Scene Three

The wasteground. A secret place which only girls can get to.

Two cats wail like babies.

ROSIE *runs in carrying a plastic carrier bag with rattling objects in it. She finds the bits of sweet wrappers from the voodoo in Scene One. She arranges them in the pattern which* **JACKIE** *used. She looks at them for a moment, picks them up. She climbs to her secret hide and scatters the pieces, watches them fall.*

DORIS *runs in.*

ROSIE Mum's got the curse. *(Pause)* Maybe we did it!

DORIS *(pause)* What curse?

ROSIE *The* curse.

DORIS Oh. Yes... How d'you know she's got it?

ROSIE You can tell.

DORIS How?

ROSIE Just can. Mum's been cross with me all morning.

DORIS Well?

ROSIE Well you'd be cross if you'd been cursed. *(Pause)* Like in that story. She might turn into something.

DORIS Will she die?

ROSIE You have the curse until you're an old, old lady.

DORIS Then what?

ROSIE Then it stops. *(Pause) Then* you die.

DORIS Did she prick her finger and bleed?

ROSIE Dunno. She might've, but I didn't see any blood.

DORIS Cross your heart she's got the curse?

ROSIE And hope to die. *(She lowers her voice conspiratorially)* We were in the ABC having buns. Mum said she was going to the Ladies. When she came back, she said, "We'd better go quickly, I've got the curse. *(Pause)* So I went into the Ladies to have a look…and sure enough, on the wall there it was!

DORIS *(frightened)* What?

ROSIE The little heart-shaped drawing!!

Stunned silence.

DORIS Oh…

ROSIE I thought she'd been looking different. Sort of oldish in her face.

They savour the moment. Then, fast.

ROSIE
DORIS } *(together)* Doctors and nurses!

DORIS Bags be nurse!

ROSIE I'll be doctor. *(Pause)* Who'll be patient?

DORIS All right. I'll be patient and you be doctor and then it's my turn.

ROSIE I've brought our kit.

ROSIE *opens the plastic carrier.* **ROSIE** *takes out a large sanitary towel and fits it over her head with the loops over her ears.*

Good morning Mrs Bradley what seems to be the trouble can you take your knickers off please.

DORIS I don't think we ought.

ROSIE You been telling?

DORIS *(pause)* No.

ROSIE You have.

DORIS I think Mam knows. What we do...

ROSIE How, dummy?

DORIS *(pause)* She says she can see inside my head.

ROSIE We'll just have to pretend, then. *(She coughs)* Can you lie down please not very nice for the time of year is it.

DORIS *hesitates, then lies down.*

Tut tut tut.

DORIS Is it very bad?

ROSIE I'll just have to feel it.

DORIS *(jumping up)* Don't touch!

ROSIE But you like it.

DORIS I might catch a babby.

ROSIE I think you've got one already.

DORIS That's my husband's fault, you can't trust him.

ROSIE How is your husband?

DORIS Oh he's upped and gone.

ROSIE Oh I am sorry.

DORIS I'm not. You must drop by for a cuppa. That's enough now, your turn.

They swap positions: **DORIS** *wears the sanitary towel,* **ROSIE** *lies down.*

ROSIE Will you have to stethoscope me?

DORIS Oh yes all right. *(She takes a kitchen funnel from the carrier bag and listens to* **ROSIE***'s stomach)*

ROSIE Can you hear anything?

DORIS Yes I think the babby's coming out.

ROSIE Shall I tell my husband?

DORIS No not yet. There's no cause for alarm

ROSIE Will it hurt?

DORIS PUSH! It's like doing a big poo. Then the babby pops out.

ROSIE You know the yellow nightie we hid? Mam wore that when I was born. It's got a dark red stain on it.

DORIS It's not, it's brown.

ROSIE Blood dries up. When it's very old.

DORIS Truly? Let's go and look.

ROSIE When a baby's born they cut the cord.

DORIS What's that?

ROSIE It joins the baby to its mummy.

DORIS *(contemplates)* Let's be babbies tomorrow.

ROSIE No, it's weddings tomorrow.

DORIS Why?

ROSIE You have to get married first.

Black-out.

Scene Four

Raynes Park, London, May 1969.

The garden of Ken and **MARGARET***'s suburban semi.*

JACKIE *is nearly eighteen, wears flared jeans with sewn-on badges;* **MARGARET** *is thirty-eight, wears a flowered apron and carries a tea towel.* **JACKIE** *sits on the swing beneath the cherry tree with her red transistor blaring* ***"ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE"****.*

MARGARET *comes from the house, flustered.*

MARGARET *(switching off the transistor)* I should never have let you go to that party in Hammersmith!

JACKIE Please, Mummy, leave me alone.

MARGARET You said you were staying with his parents!

JACKIE We were. But they didn't mind us sleeping together. Not everyone has your hang ups.

MARGARET Oh you can wound me sometimes, Jackie!

JACKIE You sound like Granny now.

MARGARET What am I going to tell Daddy?

JACKIE If you want me to behave like an adult, then stop treating me like a child!

MARGARET *(pause)* You don't know what might happen.

JACKIE I might fall in love.

MARGARET *(trying to ignore this)* You can get pregnant the first time, you know.

JACKIE Thanks for telling me now.

MARGARET Well if you'd come to me and said—

JACKIE Well I did say I wanted to have a talk with you, actually, and you said "Tell me while we go round the garden centre",

don't you remember? *(A slight pause)* Anyway, you can't scare me, because I'm on the pill. OK?

MARGARET Since when?

JACKIE Since before Neil and I went away at half term. You knew that because you've been reading my diary.

MARGARET *(momentarily caught)* Well I've no idea, you might be on drugs, anything! *(She collects herself)* I know I'm going to sound like an old fuddy duddy ...but... *(She's stuck)* It's a serious step you've taken, you've no idea—

JACKIE It was no big deal. It was a relief to get it over with. I cried afterwards. Then I laughed. I expect it's better with someone you're in love with.

MARGARET You could have waited.

JACKIE Why?

MARGARET I had to.

JACKIE That's it, isn't it? *(She gets up and goes to the house)*

MARGARET If this affects your A levels!

JACKIE *(stopping)* What?

Silence. **MARGARET** *has nothing to say.*

I'm going to make a phone call. Phone Neil.

JACKIE *goes into the house.*

Pause. **MARGARET** *picks up the transistor.*

MARGARET I had an admirer. He took me to dinner. I'd never eaten oysters before. Wouldn't let me see the bill, that sort of man. I was sure Ken could tell, when I got in. I'd had my hair done, on a Wednesday. *(Pause)* Ten years ago.

Black-out.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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

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

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

Samuel French London

SamuelFrenchLtd

SF **PERUSALS**