CONCORD THEATRICALS SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt 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.

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

CONCORD
THEATRICALS

ONE GOOD TURN

by Una McKevitt

SAMUEL FRENCH

Copyright © 2021 by Una McKevitt
All Rights Reserved

ONE GOOD TURN 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, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-13270-4

concordtheatricals.co.uk
concordtheatricals.com
Design by zoodigital.ie

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

United Kingdom and World
excluding North America
licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk
020-7054-7200

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals, depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *ONE GOOD TURN* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from the appropriate agent prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of copyright law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to penalties. 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.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals. Ltd

The Professional Rights in this play are controlled by Concord Theatricals, Aldwych House, 71-91 Aldwych, London, WC2B 4HN.

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, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior

written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title, or part of this title, to any social media or file hosting websites.

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

USE OF COPYRIGHTED MUSIC

A licence issued by Concord Theatricals to perform this play does not include permission to use the incidental music specified in this publication. In the United Kingdom: Where the place of performance is already licensed by the PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY (PRS) a return of the music used must be made to them. If the place of performance is not so licensed then application should be made to PRS for Music (www.prsformusic.com). A separate and additional licence from PHONOGRAPHIC PERFORMANCE LTD (www. ppluk.com) may be needed whenever commercial recordings are used. Outside the United Kingdom: Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

USE OF COPYRIGHTED THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted third-party materials (e.g., artworks, logos) 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 materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Ltd., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees.

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.

ONE GOOD TURN was first produced by the Abbey Theatre, Ireland on 21st June 2021 for a limited in-person audience. It was also available to live stream and watch on-demand. Directed by Emma Jordan, Set Designer Colin Richmond, Costume Designer Enda Kenny, Lighting Designer Sarah-Jane Shiels, Sound Designer Carl Kennedy, Voice Director Andrea Ainsworth. The cast was as follows:

BRENDA . . . . . Catherine Byrne
FRANK . . . . . Bosco Hogan
FIONA . . . . . Liz FitzGibbon
AOIFE . . . . . Aoibhéann McCann
CIARAN . . . . . Shane O'Reilly
HELEN . . . . . Pom Boyd



ABBEY THEATRE
AMHARCLANN NA MAINISTREACH

Abbey Theatre | Amharclann na Mainistreach

Located right in the heart of Dublin, the Abbey Theatre is Ireland's National Theatre. It was founded by W.B. Yeats and Lady Augusta Gregory. Since it first opened its doors in 1904 the theatre has played a vital role in the artistic, social and cultural life of Ireland.

It may be steeped in history but its year round programme is a great mix of modern and classic plays from both Irish and international artists. There is also a wide variety of art forms, and on a given night you might also find dance, opera, music, and literary performances on either of its two stages.

Tickets start at €13 and are available on www.abbeytheatre.ie

Inspired by the revolutionary ideals of its founders and its rich canon of Irish dramatic writing, the Abbey Theatre's mission is to imaginatively engage with all of Irish society through the production of ambitious, courageous and new theatre in all its forms. The Abbey Theatre commits to lead in the telling of the whole Irish story, in English and in Irish, and affirms that it is a theatre for the entire island of Ireland and for all its people. In every endeavour, the Abbey Theatre promotes inclusiveness, diversity and equality.

The Abbey Theatre gratefully acknowledges the support of the Arts Council.



CHARACTERS

BRENDA
FRANK
FIONA
AOIFE
CIARAN
HELEN

AUTHOR'S NOTE

A few years ago, I wrote down a conversation between myself and my Dad where he was asking me to fix the reception on the TV and I was trying and failing to do that. I couldn't see where that conversation could go, so I put it away and only came back to it when I started working on *One Good Turn* in Spring 2020.

I was trying to capture something of the dynamics of caring for someone and being cared for by someone in the family home, the two sides of the experience. It can be a complicated time in a family and not something that skates off in your memory never to be seen again; it makes an impression.

I wanted as much as I could to reflect that shared experience back to an audience in a warm but honest way. But I didn't know where to start. As I sat in the shed staring into space that scene with the TV came back to me, so I dug it up and started there.

Please note the character of Frank is being looked after at home by his family. Frank's health is in steady decline due to old age and emphysema but there is no terminal diagnosis/countdown at play in this family's life. The future is inevitable but uncertain.

Special thanks to Dramaturg Louise Stephens for taking me on this journey. This play is dedicated to my parents Ann and Pat McKevitt and my Godmother CeCilia Dunne.

(The McKenna family home. Late morning. Brenda is in the kitchen preparing Frank's breakfast. Upstage right is a staircase as seen in American 1980's sitcoms. Upstage centre a long window looks onto a back garden or patio or covered alley for storing coal bunkers and bikes, suburban looking. Upstage left is the back door with a small utility room with a washing machine. Fridges, presses etc... are upstage somewhere design dependent but not busy or retro or interesting, they've been incorporated into the room as sleekly as possible. These people have lived here a long time and kept on top of things. There are no antiques.)

(Characters can be seen walking past the back window as they enter and exit, it's connected to the road. Midstage centre right is a small island food prep space and presses beneath and stage left of it a kitchen table and chairs. Downstage right is a door leading to Fiona's bedroom and ensuite and downstage centre right are Frank's armchair and a couch).

(There is a door stage left that leads to the rest of the house, to the living room and front door etc..)

(Brenda is wearing a man's dressing gown and slippers with a white nightie underneath. She has white hair and although sleepy has the gait of a much younger woman, Brenda has not leaned into her age. This is reflected in her style throughout.)

(Vivaldi's Spring or something cheerful and familiar like it is playing on the radio.)*

(Brenda is busy making scones. When she puts one batch in she takes another batch out.)

RADIO PRESENTER. And there we had Vivaldi's Concerto Number 1 in E Major. Spring. Allegro. Now we revisit our Mozart series this morning with Requiem Mass in D Minor.

*(***BRENDA** *changes the radio station. It's a* **VOX POP** *segment on the streets of Dublin. The presenter is an Irish man in his fifties.* **FIONA** *enters at some point during this.)*

*(***BRENDA** *scoops up egg shells to put in the bin, when she presses the foot pedal rubbish falls out. She's not surprised by this but it is annoying. She picks it all up and presses it back in.* **BRENDA** *ties a knot in the rubbish bag and exits with it through the back door.)*

VOX POP. Well, that sounds very hard Martin. Very hard. I know many of our listeners will sympathise with you there.

(Beat.)

Can I ask you now about that tattoo on your arm. It's of a young man, is that right?

MAN ON STREET. My brother.

VOX POP. I see. And what's your brother's name can I ask?

MAN ON STREET. His name was Phil.

---

* Licensees must use a version of Vivaldi's Concerto Number 1 in E Major. Spring. Allegro in the public domain.

VOX POP. Phil. That's short for Philip, isn't it?

MAN ON STREET. Yeah.

VOX POP. If you don't mind me asking Martin, is Phil still with us?

MAN ON STREET. No.

VOX POP. No. I see.

(Beat.)

And can I ask what happened to Phil?

*(***FIONA** *puts one arm on the fridge and leans her head against it for emotional support.)*

FIONA. Ugh.

MAN ON STREET. He died.

*(***FIONA** *takes a carton of milk from the fridge.)*

VOX POP. I'm very sorry to hear that Martin. Very sorry for your loss.

*(***FIONA** *moves to the press to get a bowl and spoon.)*

And how, if you don't mind me asking, did he die?

FIONA. It's none of your business?

MAN ON STREET. Four years ago, he died four years ago.

*(***FIONA** *makes her way to the table with her stash.)*

VOX POP. And if you don't mind me asking, can I ask you now, was it a terribly tragic death?

FIONA. Jesus Christ Almighty.

*(***FIONA** *walks over and hits the radio off and moves back to the kitchen table.* **BRENDA** *re-enters. She notices the radio is off and turns around to turn it back on.)*

VOX POP. So Mary you make two hundred euro a night, most nights. That's quite a lot of money.

MARY. Not really.

VOX POP. *(Traffic noises.)* And this is where you work most nights? This street and –

MARY. Yeah. Up and around.

VOX POP. And if you don't mind me saying Mary, you're very pale and you've no teeth to speak of?

FIONA. *(Looking at the radio in disbelief.)* What the fuck?

*(***FIONA** *stands up with her bowl, she's had enough. The next lines from Mary play under the exchange with* **FIONA** *and* **BRENDA.** *It can cut out at any time.)*

VOX POP. And you're out here in all weather Mary, that's very hard. Very hard. I wouldn't like that, I'd be very used to the comfort of a nice home myself. And if you don't mind me asking you now Mary, how did you end up in your current circumstances? I'd say there was a tragedy in the family Mary, is that it, would that be how you ended up on the streets?

FIONA. I'm going to my room.

BRENDA. All right, all right, I'll turn it off.

*(***BRENDA** *turns off the radio.)*

FIONA. *(Sitting down.)* Thank you.

(Beat.)

BRENDA. You're just like your father, d'you know that?

FIONA. Yes.

BRENDA. I can't understand why neither of you can listen to the radio –

FIONA. It makes a terrible, terrible noise.

BRENDA. – but you can watch any old rubbish on the television.

(Beat.)

I'll be turning it back on for the news, I don't care what you say I'm listening to the news.

FIONA. Is he up?

BRENDA. Someone in this house needs to know what's going on in the world.

FIONA. Is he awake Mam?

BRENDA. *(Poking around for sugar.)* There should be plenty of sugar here somewhere.

FIONA. Mam?

BRENDA. He's watching Bonanza.

(Beat.)

Where on earth did I put the sugar?

FIONA. He's obsessed with that show.

BRENDA. He's not obsessed with anything.

(Beat.)

FIONA. How's his back?

BRENDA. Was he asking you for cigarettes?

FIONA. What?

BRENDA. He's asking me to buy him cigarettes.

FIONA. No.

(Beat.)

Okay. Yeah. He did but I didn't give him any.

BRENDA. The doctor said he's not to smoke.

FIONA. *(Over "not to smoke".)* – he's not to smoke. I know. I won't.

*(***BRENDA** *gets a white plastic bag and fits it into the bin.)*

BRENDA. His back is fine now by the way.

FIONA. Thank God.

BRENDA. *(Over "thank God".)* He knows you didn't do it on purpose.

FIONA. Of course I didn't do it on purpose.

BRENDA. Although why you pulled the plug out of his bed I'll never know.

FIONA. He was complaining about a noise, a whirring sound, he said it was driving him mental –

BRENDA. I told you never to touch those plugs beside his bed –

FIONA. – and he kept calling me up and down the stairs to complain about this whirring noise –

BRENDA. – not to touch anything. The motor at the end of his bed makes a noise, it's always made a whirring noise. It's a motor.

FIONA. I nearly threw my back out going up and down the stairs to him looking for this noise.

BRENDA. He doesn't hear the whirring noise when the television's on so it's best to leave it on till he falls asleep.

FIONA. Why would no one tell me there's a motor pumping air into his mattress?

(Beat.) (Sulky.)

How was I supposed to know that?

BRENDA. The plug is connected TO THE BED. What did you think you were plugging out? I mean who in their right mind –

FIONA. He must have been so uncomfortable.

BRENDA. The poor man.

FIONA. But why didn't he say anything? He was literally lying on metal bars?

BRENDA. It's hardly his fault. He didn't plug it out, did he?

FIONA. I just think… maybe if there was a manual or something you could leave for when you go out –

BRENDA. A manual?

FIONA. It's a good idea. There's so many things to remember. The pills, his food, his –

BRENDA. Ah. So now it's my fault I didn't write a manual saying please do not deflate your father's bed the minute you're left alone with him?

*(***FIONA***'s face suggests she still thinks the manual is a good idea.* **BRENDA** *notices something on the counter.)*

Sorry, hold on a minute now, what happened here?

*(***BRENDA** *puts her fingers on the island and pulls them off in an exaggerated fashion.)*

What in God's name happened here?

(To **FIONA.***)*

Can you see that?

FIONA. *(Not looking.)* What?

BRENDA. *(Presses her fingers down and back up.)* Look.

(And again.)

Look.

(And again.)

Look.

FIONA. *(Looking over amused.)* What am I supposed to be looking at? I can't see anything?

BRENDA. The counter. It's all sticky.

*(***BRENDA** *spots a pan and picks it up to examine.)*

What was in this pan? It's ruined.

FIONA. *(Dumping more cereal in her bowl.)* I don't know, ask Aoife, I was in bed when she got in.

*(***AOIFE** *appears on the stairs wrapped in a towel and holding a wash bag and a small towel.)*

AOIFE. Ask me what?

BRENDA. What was in this pan?

AOIFE. What pan?

*(***BRENDA** *brandishes pan.)*

Oh that pan? I made a baked alaska when I got in from the airport last night.

*(***FIONA** *smirks as* **BRENDA** *looks confused.)*

BRENDA. A what?

FIONA. It's an ice-cream cake they serve at weddings.

BRENDA. I know what it is.

(To **AOIFE.***)*

What on earth possessed you?

AOIFE. I was starving and there was nothing to eat.

BRENDA. What do you mean there was nothing to eat, the house is falling down with food.

*(***AOIFE** *and* **FIONA** *exchange a look.)*

Is that why I can't find any sugar?

AOIFE. You have to use sugar to make the meringue Mam, there's no other way.

FIONA. And what d'you need a frying pan for?

AOIFE. Fuck off, Fiona.

BRENDA. *(Putting pan in bin.)* Ruined.

AOIFE. Ah… Mam. I just got home. Can we talk about this later? Please?

*(***AOIFE** *makes her way downstairs.)*

BRENDA. I left out bread from the freezer to eat, good bread for my diet, why didn't you eat that?

AOIFE. I didn't see any bread, did I?

BRENDA. And where did you get the ice cream from?

FIONA. *(Getting up with her bowl.)* I'm just gonna go to my room –

BRENDA. *(Pointing at her but not looking.)* Sit down and eat your breakfast.

*(***FIONA** *sits down again reluctantly.)*

AOIFE. There was ice cream in the freezer.

FIONA. Oh. God. No.

(Looks around at **AOIFE** *with horror mixed with pity.)*

Aoife.

AOIFE. What?

*(***BRENDA** *races to freezer, opens and roots through.* **AOIFE** *moves towards the exit downstage right.)*

BRENDA. Did I or did I not tell you both never to touch my ice cream?

FIONA. *(Putting her hands up.)* I didn't touch anything. I didn't touch it!

*(***BRENDA** *takes the ice cream carton out of the freezer.)*

BRENDA. *(To* **AOIFE.***)* And you put the empty carton back in the freezer?

(Beat.)

Have you no respect?

AOIFE. I'm going into the shower Mam. We can talk about it later.

BRENDA. And what's wrong with the shower upstairs?

AOIFE. Nothing comes out of it. It feels like someone is crying on you.

FIONA. It's shit.

(Beat.)

BRENDA. Go on then but don't be all day in there and leave some hot water for Paul.

(Beat.)

Where is Paul? Is he still in bed?

AOIFE. No. He's still in London –

BRENDA. What? What about the wedding?

AOIFE. I'm going on my own.

BRENDA. Why?

AOIFE. We broke up.

BRENDA. Oh.

(Beat.)

That's a pity.

*(***AOIFE** *moves towards the exit to the shower again but then stops.)*

AOIFE. *(To* **BRENDA***.)* Why don't you come to the wedding with me?

BRENDA. I'm not going to a wedding.

AOIFE. It's only a registry office job, we can skip that and go straight to the dinner?

BRENDA. I've been to enough weddings.

AOIFE. I really don't want to go on my own.

BRENDA. Ask your sister. She's nothing to do.

(They look at **FIONA***.)*

FIONA. Oh yeah, I'll go.

AOIFE. *(Cautious.)* Will you?

FIONA. Have we met?

AOIFE. Come on Mam, please. I really don't want to go on my own. And it'll be good for you to get out for a few hours.

BRENDA. I went out for three hours last night and she *(Pointing at* **FIONA***.)* let the air out of your father's bed.

FIONA. It was an accident!

BRENDA. *(To* **AOIFE***.)* And *you* ate all of my ice cream.

(Beat.)

Why would you do that?

AOIFE. I don't know, I- *(confused)*, looks at Fiona for help.

BRENDA. Why?

AOIFE. – everything was closed in the airport when I got in and I'd no dinner.

*(***BRENDA** *is genuinely upset.)*

I didn't realise it was this critical.

(Beat.)

I'll go down and get some as soon as I have my shower, okay?

*(***AOIFE** *exits stage right.* **BRENDA** *stays still a moment then gets back to the breakfast, some of the air let out of her tyres.* **FIONA** *watches her a moment.)*

FIONA. She said she'll replace it Mam.

BRENDA. That's not the point.

(Beat.)

Give that porridge a stir and put some garlic in it for me.

FIONA. Garlic?

BRENDA. He wants garlic in his porridge.

FIONA. Will garlic powder do?

BRENDA. No, it will not.

*(***FIONA** *gets up and hunts the garlic down.* **BRENDA** *puts the cup of tea on a tray with a small jug of milk.* **FIONA** *pours porridge into a small bowl and crushes some garlic on top.)*

FIONA. *(Mimicking* **VOX POP** *man.)* So, Brenda. This breakfast is for your husband Frank. Would that be right?

*(***BRENDA** *roots through a press and takes down a plastic bottle.)*

BRENDA. *(Squinting at the bottle.)* He'll have to make do with golden syrup. What date is on that?

*(***BRENDA** *picks up her glasses and turns the bottle around and around looking for a date.* **BRENDA** *gives up and squeezes the syrup into the mug of tea.)*

FIONA. And can I ask you now Brenda, what is the matter with Frank? Touch of emphysema, is that it?

*(***BRENDA** *nudges* **FIONA** *out of the way and starts rooting around for salt.)*

Little inflammation on the lungs?

BRENDA. Take the salt. Take it up to him with these.

*(***BRENDA** *puts the scones on the tray picks it up and whirls it into* **FIONA***'s hands.)*

FIONA. He'll never eat all that.

BRENDA. Just bring it up to him before it gets cold.

*(***FIONA** *heads up the stairs still pretty skeptical about the tray's contents.)*

I'm giving back that rent you gave us by the way. We don't want it. Wait till you get a job and give us money then. We don't need it.

FIONA. Mam, keep the money. I have money. I'm not skint.

BRENDA. We don't want it. Put it into your pension.

FIONA. I don't have a pension.

BRENDA. Well. Get one.

(During this exchange **CIARAN** *appears in the back window travelling towards the back door and carrying two large oxygen cylinders and a cloth bag on his shoulder.)*

(His Granny Roisin lives next door to the family and **CIARAN** *spent a lot of time there growing up, he's a good family friend and went to school with* **AOIFE.** **CIARAN** *regularly visits his granny Roisin to assist with her care.)*

Hello, Ciaran love.

(To **FIONA** *without looking up.)*

Fiona. Pour Ciaran a cup of tea.

*(***FIONA** *gestures at the tray to indicate her hands are full anyway.)*

CIARAN. No, no, no, no, no, no tea. Thanks Fiona.

BRENDA. Where did you get those?

CIARAN. The back gate.

BRENDA. Did they take the old cylinders I left out?

CIARAN. They must have, they weren't there.

(Beat.)

Unless, of course, I just brought the empty ones back in?

BRENDA. Don't say that.

*(***BRENDA** *gestures for him to put them down on the kitchen table.* **BRENDA** *examines them.)*

(Inspecting the cylinders.) No, you see here, that's the seal, the green bit, so these two are new.

(Beat.)

Were you in with your grandmother, how's she doing? I called in yesterday but she seemed a bit tired so I didn't stay long.

CIARAN. The lovely woman is in with her now washing her hair. She loves that.

*(***CIARAN** *takes a bottle out of his bag.)*

I brought the wheat grass I was telling you about.

BRENDA. What's this?

*(***BRENDA** *sits down at the table and takes the bottle.)*

CIARAN. It's good for the lungs.

BRENDA. *(Very touched.)* Ah, that's very kind. Frank will love that.

CIARAN. He's brilliant, isn't he? You can give him anything. Gran won't even taste it for me.

BRENDA. Well, there's nothing wrong with your granny's lungs.

CIARAN. No, that's true.

BRENDA. She's marvellous, in there on her own.

CIARAN. But she's not on her own is she? There's always someone in on top of her. So she says anyway.

BRENDA. Is her appetite back up?

(Getting up quickly.)

You'll have a scone?

*(***BRENDA** *is back at the stove.* **CIARAN** *sits down at the kitchen table.)*

CIARAN. She had a bit of breakfast but – she's tired of it, you know?

*(***BRENDA** *picks up the wheat grass and unscrews the cap.)*

BRENDA. Frank used to soak natural bacterias and all sorts in jars and drink them.

You'd come down in the morning and there'd be scum floating on top of the jar and he'd just knock it back.

CIARAN. I think she'd a bad night's sleep.

BRENDA. Wicked! But I suppose they must have done him some good-considering how weak his lungs are –

CIARAN. A dark night for the should she calls it.

BRENDA. – they say he has the blood pressure of a young athlete.

CIARAN. She's afraid.

BRENDA. Golden syrup?

CIARAN. Oh my God. I remember eating scones here every day after school with Aoife. I was fat as a fool, I looked like a bloody trifle! Keep them away from me.

*(***CIARAN** *puts up a hand to ward her off.* **BRENDA** *puts the plate down and absentmindedly eats the scone herself/or gives it to* **CIARAN**.*)*

How are things anyway?

BRENDA. I must get dressed.

(Beat.)

Good. You should try that new Indian down the road when you get a chance. We'd to wait half an hour for a table last night, so book in advance. You like Indian food, don't you? Or is that Fiona?

CIARAN. Me. Love it.

BRENDA. Oh. I've a few books your granny might read somewhere. Murders. I'll drop them into her later.

CIARAN. Do. She'll want to show off her clean hair.

BRENDA. When Frank and I first moved here we thought she was a movie star.

CIARAN. And she thought you were drug dealers.

(They laugh.)

She still talks about Frank's long hair.

BRENDA. God, it was desperate. And then he stuck a boat out in the back garden. You know she complained about it to the neighbourhood committee.

CIARAN. She has notions does Roisin.

BRENDA. Oh she does. You remember The Wilsons up the road? With the white van?

CIARAN. The woman cannot relax around a white van.

BRENDA. That poor man trying to make a living and up she marches asking him not to park his van in his own driveway.

(They laugh.)

I don't know that I'd ever have that kind of confidence.

CIARAN. Would you want it though?

BRENDA. I'd be too worried people wouldn't like me.

CIARAN. They wouldn't like you. They'd tell you to fuck off like they told her. And they'd be right.

BRENDA. Still.

(Beat.)

CIARAN. Are you thinking of anyone in particular?

BRENDA. No. Not the neighbours or anything, they can do what they want.

(Beat.)

I just admire how your granny always speaks her mind, she's not afraid of anyone. Frank's the same.

(The doorbell rings.)

Who's that at this hour?

CIARAN. The egg man. Don't tell him I'm here.

BRENDA. *(Flustered.)* The egg man?

(Shouting up the stairs.)

Fiona!

(To **CIARAN**.*)*

I usually get six for your granny, will I?

CIARAN. I did her shopping this morning. She's plenty of eggs. Free range eggs.

FIONA. *(From upstairs.)* What!

BRENDA. *(To* **CIARAN**.*)* These are free range.

(To **FIONA**.*)*

Do you know where my purse is!

FIONA. What!

CIARAN. *(Over "my purse is".)* They are in their hoop.

BRENDA. My. Purse. Where. It. Is?

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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

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

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

@ConcordUKShows and @ConcordShows on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

CONCORD
THEATRICALS