

Fat Bottomed Girls

A One Act Play

By

Bob Davidson

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Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

Cast

JILL - 50 year old female who is obsessed with the size of her bottom. She thinks it's too big.

STEVE – 50 year husband of Jill. He is also obsessed with Jill's bottom and doesn't care what size it is.

GEORGE – 50 year old male who was probably not loved as a child. Is still not loved as an adult.

LINDA – 50 year long suffering wife of George, approaching the end of her tether.

CATH – elderly lady maybe late seventies. She is concerned with her weight because of what the doctors say, but seems content to eat almost constantly.

ROY – elderly quiet understanding husband of Cath.

TRISH – super slim gorgeous representative of “Slim Chance” diet club.

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The curtains open and all the characters (with the exception of Trish) are on stage. Jill is standing stage right beside a small kitchen table. Steve is seated at the table and is reading a magazine. George is standing upstage centre beside a small platform on which Linda is sitting. Cath and Roy are seated on a couple of small easy chairs, stage left. As the action goes from one couple to the next those not in the action would freeze or the lighting would highlight the couple in the action, or both. Every time we return to the couples, they are more or less in the same positions.

JILL
Well?

STEVE
What?

JILL
Does my bum look big in these?

STEVE
Yea...

JILL
Oh, you never even looked.

STEVE
I don't have to look. You're bum looks big in everything. That's because you've got a big bum.

JILL
You think I'm fat don't you?

STEVE
I *know* you're fat.

JILL
It's all relative.

STEVE
All your relatives are fat as well.

JILL
No, my bum size is relative...

STEVE
...relative to?

JILL
... an elephant?

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STEVE

Mmm... yes your bottom is probably slightly smaller than an elephant's

JILL

Good... what do you mean probably... and slightly?

STEVE

Well, relatively speaking I still think you'd need bigger pants than... say... a newly born baby elephant.

JILL

Baby elephants don't wear pants.

STEVE

Well they should. They could try your pants drawer for starters.

JILL

Do you hate me?

STEVE

No.

JILL

But you think I'm fat?

STEVE

No... I *know* you're fat.

JILL

You love me?

STEVE

Uh-huh.

JILL

You love me even although I'm fat?

STEVE

I love you *because* you're fat. I love every cubic inch of cellulite that I happen to know is stuffed inside those stretchy jeans.

JILL

They're great aren't they?

STEVE

They certainly are.

JILL

You're not going to chuck me?

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STEVE

I'm not going to chuck you.

JILL

What if I got thin?

STEVE

Don't you dare!

Blackout.

Lights up

GEORGE

Look there is nothing wrong with the kitchen we've got. The damned thing has only been in two years.

LINDA

It's the wrong shape.

GEORGE

It's you that's wrong shape. What do you mean the wrong shape? What shape's it supposed to be?

LINDA

The ergonomics are all wrong.

GEORGE

Aw... don't tell me you have to stretch a bit to reach the doughnuts. Can't reach the chocolate éclairs when you're wedged tight under the table. Difficult to reach the biscuit tin and the ice cream at the same time?

LINDA

It's the wrong shape!

GEORGE

Well who's fault is that? Who designed it with that podgy git from Kitchen Warehouse. The two of you demolished a whole bag of marshmallows while he moved shapes about on his laptop with those podgy sticky fingers.

LINDA

You know what your problem is don't you? It's the money isn't it? You're too miserable to buy me a proper shaped kitchen. Loads of husbands would give their right leg to have a wife like me that stays at home and looks after the house.

GEORGE

You're right.

LINDA

Well it's nice to know I'm appreciated for something...

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GEORGE

No, you're right about the money! Eight and half grand that kitchen... what was it? The Riviera Deluxe, cost us... me! Eight and a half thousand quid. Just think what we could have done with that money.

LINDA

Mmm... yes, a third Harley Davidson perhaps?

GEORGE

There is nothing wrong with having two motorbikes.

LINDA

Aye so you say.

GEORGE

Look forego the kitchen and there might be money for... you know?

LINDA

No... I don't know. Money for what?

GEORGE

Well, I thought maybe... liposuction?

Blackout.

Lights up.

CATH

That slimming thing starts again next week... in the hall.

ROY

Mmm...?

CATH

I think I might go... I've put on a few pounds. Too many scones. Doctor says I've got to watch.

ROY

Och, I wouldn't listen too much to that lot, hen. They said the same to me.

CATH

(offering him a biscuit)

Jaffa?

ROY

Cheers.

CATH

The only thing is though it starts at six o'clock. What a right silly time to have it.

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ROY

What starts at six o'clock?

CATH

The slimming thing... in the hall.

ROY

Och aye, well if you want to go, you just go.

CATH

Do you want to come with me... for company?

ROY

Na.

CATH

Oh, go on, I dinnae want tae go maself.

ROY

Well bide here wae me then.

CATH

Isn't six o'clock a right awkward time for something like that?

ROY

Aye, it's our tea time!

CATH

I could maybe take sandwiches.

ROY

Ye cannae take sandwiches to the slimming club.

CATH

I'll be hungry.

ROY

I've got an idea. What time'll it finish?

CATH

Och it'll only last about half an hour. Everybody gets weighed, humiliated and then lectured on what no' tae eat. It doesn't take long.

ROY

Well you go doon at six o'clock and I'll get a taxi doon about half past and we'll go to The Caledonian for a high tea. How about that?

CATH

Oh, that'll be lovely!

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ROY

Aye ye get a braw high tea in there. We could maybe make it a regular thing, after your diet club.

CATH

They do great cakes.

Blackout.

Lights up

STEVE

It is without doubt the cuddliest, most gorgeous and beautiful backside in the world.

JILL

It's not too big?

STEVE

Too big for what?

JILL

For the rest of me?

STEVE

Well, if you *were* to loose a few pounds...

JILL

... so it is too big!

STEVE

It is *not* too big. Look I've just said you've got the best arse in the world and now you're accusing me of saying it's too big...

JILL

Well, what was that about losing a few pounds?

STEVE

Well... if you were, not that I think it's necessary, to loose a few pounds maybe off each buttock... then I wouldn't object... but only a few pounds... and only off your buttocks.

JILL

I wish you would stop going on about it!

STEVE

I am not going on about it... it's you who's going on about it. I'm trying to read my model aeroplane magazine.

JILL

So... if it's only to come off the buttocks, then it is too big for the rest of me?

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STEVE

Jill, I love you and I love your bottom. I love it as it is honestly. I'd still love it if it was a bit smaller and probably if it was a bit, although only a wee bit, bigger.

JILL

Really?

STEVE

Really.

JILL

Love me, love my bottom?

STEVE

Exactly.

Blackout.

Lights up.

GEORGE

But just think, they could tidy you up a bit. Reduce the size of your backside, slice away your spare tyre. I mean that is *not* attractive. You really have let yourself go. I mean, I don't know what you're objecting to, I've told you I'll pay. It'll be like a present...

LINDA

... to whom?

GEORGE

Well... to you of course. It's not me that's clinically obese.

LINDA

... you've got a bit of a belly... and a fat head.

GEORGE

I'm warning you Linda. Anyway it's nothing compared to that... you're an embarrassment. God if I'd thought you were going to end up like this, I'd never have married you. Have you no self respect? Look at how slim you are in our wedding photo... (*he looks around for it*) Where is it?

LINDA

I took it down.

GEORGE

When?

LINDA

About a year ago.

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GEORGE

Why?

LINDA

I just did.

Blackout.

Lights up.

CATH

I'll maybe start buying margarine instead of butter.

ROY

Och, no... that stuff's just rubbish. It's full of chemicals. You're much better wae a wee bit o' butter than any amount o' margarine. What could be healthier than butter? As long as you don't overdo it. Tatties is the thing. And bread.

CATH

I think I'll start cutting the fat off my bacon.

ROY

Och fat's got nothing to do wae it. We all need fat tae live. Naw, cut oot tatties and bread. Carbohydrates that's the thing.

CATH

But surely it's fat that makes you fat... otherwise it wouldn't be called fat!

ROY

Tatties! Mind when we were young, what did you say if you saw a young lassie that was pregnant and her belly was away to here?

CATH

Oh aye, you said that she had been eating too many tatties.

ROY

Well there ye go then.

CATH

But being pregnant is no' the same as being fat. Besides... I've never been pregnant.

ROY

I ken hen, I ken.

CATH

But, I am fat look at me!

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ROY

Och you're no' you're fine lass. You're the bonniest woman in a' the world... yer a hell o' a blether sometimes, but you're my Cath. What night's your diet thing on?

CATH

Tuesday.

ROY

Well go doon and hae a look and if you dinnae like it you dinnae hae tae go back the next week. But we'll still go to the Cally fur wur tea. Tuesday night is high tea night fae now on. Well I think I'll put the kettle on, do you fancy a cuppy?

CATH

Thanks Roy, that would be nice... there's some scones in the yellow tin behind the kitchen door.

Roy exits.

Blackout. Roy and Cath's chairs are cleared to off stage left. Steve exits stage right. Trish enters and stands on the platform upstage centre. Jill, Linda and Cath mill about downstage centre. They all have their coats or jackets on and are facing Trish. Although they are the only three we see at the slimming thing, there are obviously a few more unseen ladies there.

Lights up.

TRISH

Good evening everyone, I'm Trish. I am your "Slim Chance" representative this evening. As you can see I am nauseatingly slim and more than a little patronising. But I don't want you to worry because although I look young, beautiful and gorgeously thin at the moment, there was a time when, like you, I looked old, ugly and hideously fat. So I want you all to take comfort ladies... no men here tonight? (*she looks around*) No? ... oh well... if I can do it, then with "Slim Chance" so can you!

Half hearted applause.

Thank you. Right then, first of all what I'd like you to do is form an orderly queue and I'll get you all weighed. That should give some of you a fright by the looks of things, but don't worry I've brought my extra heavy-duty scales with me. They're great they go all the way up to forty stones... imagine that eh? Righto then who's first?

Over the following Trish is obviously weighing and chatting to the unseen ladies of the group. Eventually during the dialogue Linda, Jill and Cath get weighed and fill out forms.

LINDA

(offering a bag of sweets to JILL and CATH)

Marsh Mallow?

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JILL

Thanks very much.

CATH

Eh... no thanks dear, I'm going for my tea after this.

JILL

I don't suppose it'll make much difference to the reading.

LINDA

Mmm?

JILL

One marsh mallow... doesn't weigh much.

LINDA

Oh don't worry... she's got her extra heavy-duty scales with her... snooty bitch. I'd like to punch her one. Slim Chance indeed... fat chance more like. Look at her, she's like a deformed stick insect. Unlike you (*to Jill*) what are you doing here? You look great.

JILL

I just keep getting fatter and fatter. I don't know when it's going to stop.

LINDA

Are those stretchy jeans?

JILL

Yea.

LINDA

They're great aren't they?

JILL

Yea... but they won't keep stretching for ever. One of these days the seams are bound to go. The thread will reach breaking point and I'll explode in a great wobbly mass of fat and stretchy denim.

LINDA

Eeeuuch!!

JILL

Exactly.

CATH

Well I don't see why either of you are here. You both look pretty thin too me. You young folk all want to look like skeletons.

LINDA

I'm here, because it was either this or the knife.

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JILL

What?

LINDA

I was given the choice... loose weight this way or have it done his way.

JILL

His way being?

LINDA

Surgery and liposuction.

JILL

What?

CATH

Who is "he" love?

LINDA

"He" is my husband. He says I'm an embarrassment.

JILL

Rubbish... you look fantastic.

LINDA

Thank you. He's right though, I have put on a few pounds. I used to look like her. Sticky the Stick Insect. He only married me because I was slim. He had no interest in me at all as a person. Shallow bastard. I think that's why I podged out... just to annoy him.

JILL

Good for you.

LINDA

If he was to walk in here right now he wouldn't notice me or you two or anyone else at all. No, his slinky babe radar would lock on to Sticky in a flash. She could be the biggest idiot that ever walked the earth but that wouldn't matter to him. He's as shallow as a dried up puddle. You married?

JILL

Yea.

LINDA

You here because of him?

JILL

No, not really. He's more interested in model planes than me. Well that's not strictly true I suppose...

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

CATH

... my Roy's got a train set... in our spare room. Inverness.

JILL

You have a room in Inverness?

CATH

No, I live in Bank Street. No his train set is Inverness. Inverness Station 1945.

JILL

Oh... No I wouldn't say Steve doesn't pay any attention. In fact he pays me a lot of attention. Too much sometimes! He's just content, which is nice I suppose. He says that I've got the nicest bum in the world and I think he means it. Whereas I know it is too fat, which it is. So I'm here for me I suppose.

CATH

Doctor's orders for me. Too many scones. I like fruit scones the best.

JILL

Me too.

LINDA

I'm more a muffin hand myself.

CATH

Roy'll no' have muffins in the house. American rubbish he says. No, we like our fruit scones. New Zealand Anchor butter and home made raspberry jam, and if there's no home made, then Lidl's is the best bought jam you can get.

JILL

What about cheese scones?

CATH

Och no... I always think that there's an odd mix of sweet and savoury there. Fruit or plain... treacle at a push. Mind you Roy likes cheese and raspberry jam on a piece sometimes.

The ladies are all weighed and now stand backs to the audience facing Trish.

TRISH

Excellent ladies. Well, what can I say? Some pretty scary numbers there, but none of you broke the scales! So everyone knows what their targets are and if I can remind you that I do have an extensive range of very reasonably priced diet supplements here if you're interested. And remember to all you fatties who say that you only eat an apple a day. Maybe half an apple would do! I'll see you all next week.

She packs up her papers into a briefcase and goes to exit stage left but stops to chat to George who enters, straightening his tie and pushing his chest out and shoulders back as he sees her. He is obviously trying to chat her up. She is acting all fluffy bunny.

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

LINDA

(unaware of George though out of earshot anyway)

I know what my target is... right between Sticky's eyes with a hammer.

JILL

Ouch!

LINDA

Maybe half an apple would do! What a nerve. I'm going to see how much I can put on before next week. I don't care.

CATH

Och that would just be a waste of money, dear.

LINDA

Yea, a waste of *his* money.

JILL

But what about "the knife"?

LINDA

Well, it might have to come to that.

Trish exits.

GEORGE

(from stage left)

LINDA!

She sees him.

C'mon!

He exits stage left, Linda trots off quickly after him.

JILL

Well... I'm going by Bank Street, shall I walk you home?

CATH

No it's okay dear. I'm waiting for my husband. We're going for a high tea.

JILL

Oh well then, shall I see you next week?

CATH

Yes, I think so... I've enjoyed our wee chat.

JILL

Me too. See you next Tuesday.

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Jill exits stage left. Cath sits on a chair stage right and waits for a few moments until Roy enters stage left and crosses to her. She smiles and stands slowly they then exit stage left.

Blackout

Lights up

JILL

It's just so much easier putting on weight. It's so unfair.

STEVE

Life is unfair Jilly. You're going to have to just stop eating for while. Even just for a couple of hours. You should give it a try.

JILL

It's disgusting. Look at me. I'm disgusting. I am so full of disgust.

STEVE

You're full of Thornton's... by the way, where are they? You didn't eat them all?

She nods.

All of them?

She nods.

... even the ones you don't like? Really? I'll have to get more.

JILL

NO!!

STEVE

But it's nice to have a sweetie in the house.

JILL

No it's not... it's horrible.

STEVE

But it's you who eats them.

JILL

I know... I can't help it. I have one, then another. Then I think I'll just have one more and that'll do for the day. Then I have another two. So I put the box out into the kitchen and put it in one of the high cupboards out of the way so I won't be bothered to go back and I'm only two minutes back in the living room and I'm away back through again for another one... or two.

STEVE

There's no hope.

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

JILL

Then I take the box upstairs and put it at the back of my pants drawer.

STEVE

In beside those huge pants...

JILL

... exactly... cause and effect staring me right in the face. Within five minutes I'm all the way back up the stairs again and by this time I think – oh I'd be as well to just finish the box and that'll be them out of the way and they won't be there to eat and tomorrow will be a new day. A Thornton's free day... so please don't buy any...

STEVE

Okay.

Blackout.

Lights up.

GEORGE

What is this?

LINDA

Mmm... it looks like a Hobnobs packet.

GEORGE

Minus the Hobnobs. What is the point?

LINDA

We could always get a divorce.

GEORGE

What is the point in me paying for you to go to some stupid slimming class when you're stuffing your face with biscuits all day long?

LINDA

It's only a fiver a week. And you're right it is stupid, save yourself the money I don't want to go. It's a complete waste of time. Diets make you fat anyway... I thought even you would have known that. Every single woman in the hall the other night knew that, but they went just the same. Counting calories, counting points, counting treats counting the days till it's all over then it's back to the chocolate éclairs. And oh my God if there was a box of half a dozen of them here right now I'd eat five and stuff the last one up your arse.

George raises his hand to strike her.

Blackout.

Lights up.

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

ROY

Nice oatcakes.

CATH

They're Orkney ones.

ROY

Nice cheese.

CATH

Orkney cheddar.

ROY

Blimey you'll be saying that the butter's from Orkney too?

CATH

No, New Zealand.

ROY

New Zealand? Gosh imagine bringing butter all the way from New Zealand. I mean, it tastes nice but surely we could produce it here?

CATH

I saw apples from China the other day.

ROY

Away!

CATH

Yes, four of them in a wee plastic tray covered in cling film.

ROY

That cannae go on.

CATH

There's just so much food out there... no wonder I'm getting fat.

ROY

So much food and there's still folk starving.

Blackout.

Lights up.

Back at the slimming club. Linda has sunglasses on to cover her black eye.

CATH

Hello... I'll like your glasses. You look like Marilyn Munro!

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

LINDA

She was blonde.

CATH

Oh well, they look like the sort of glasses that Marilyn Munro would wear. (*She looks around furtively*) I've got my lighter coat on this week.

JILL

Your what?

CATH

My lighter coat. It was Roy's idea. Last week he told me to put on my heaviest coat so I did and I was weighed with that one on. This week I've got my lighter coat on so I was weighed with that!

JILL

You crafty besom, why didn't I think of that? How much did you lose?

CATH

Nothing... in fact I'm two pounds heavier!

LINDA

Now, if you'd had a bag of sugar in your pocket last week that would have made all the difference.

CATH

I'll just have to wear my pac-a-mac next week or nae drawers!

LINDA

How heavy's your drawers like?

CATH

I'd rather not discuss my underwear with you, Linda if you don't mind.

LINDA

How's it going with you?

JILL

Hopeless. I'm obsessed with food. The minute I wake up I'm thinking about food. As soon as I've finished my breakfast I'm thinking about lunch and whether I'm going to get to lunchtime without eating. Then I think if I have maybe a bit of shortbread in the morning with a milky coffee then I won't have anything in the afternoon. Then the afternoon comes and I have something then too, promising that I won't have anything at all the next day. After about two and half days of that it's just ends up a scoffathon. I hate myself for doing it – I just can't stop. Why the glasses?

LINDA

What? Em... I've got a bit of a headache. I find the lights a bit bright.

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

TRISH

Okay wobblies of the world. I think some of you are a little confused. The idea is to get your weight down, not up. Only one of you, where is she? (*she looks around*) Margaret, oh there you are, managed to loose anything at all and that was just... (*checks her form*) three ounces. What's that about the weight of a cup of tea? Come on you lot, you can do better than that. Now I'm dashing off because I'm going out for an Indian Buffet. Eat as much as you can for £7-99, they do great puddings. But before I go if I can remind you that I do have an extensive range of very reasonably priced diet supplements here if you're interested, but hopefully your not 'cause I'm in a rush.

She packs up her papers and scales and again is intercepted by George in full chat up mode.

JILL

Same time next week?

LINDA

I suppose so, but I don't see the point.

CATH

I'll be here dear.

JILL

Shall I walk you home, Cath?

CATH

No, it's okay, Jill I'll wait for my husband. We're going for a high tea. He'll be here any minute. He gets a taxi doon because he's a bit shaky on his legs.

GEORGE

(from stage left)

LINDA!

George exits followed by Linda at the trot.

JILL

I think he beats her.

CATH

No!

JILL

I think he does. That's what the dark glasses were for.

CATH

Oh the poor love.

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

JILL

We'll have to keep an eye on her, you and I. I'll see you next week, Cath. Enjoy your tea.

Jill exits stage left. Cath sits again and after a moment or two Roy enters stage left, crosses to her and then the couple exit stage left.

Blackout.

Lights up.

STEVE

Right here's an interesting fact. Say you're eating just the right amount so that your weight's constant...

JILL

... I wish.

STEVE

... and you start eating... say a couple of Rich Teas with your cuppy in the morning and a couple of Rich Teas with your cuppy in the afternoon. Right?

JILL

Right.

STEVE

Not exactly pigging out you might think. BUT, there's fifty calories in a Rich Tea okay? And four of them a day makes two hundred calories, so in a week your having fourteen hundred calories more than you need.

JILL

Uh huh.

STEVE

Okay there are three thousand five hundred calories in a pound SO... after three weeks, you'll have a put on a pound.

JILL

No!!

STEVE

Yes!! One pound after three weeks, ten pounds after thirty weeks. Roughly speaking for ease of counting – a stone after a year.

JILL

Wow!

STEVE

Or five stones after five years.

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JILL

Wow!

STEVE

Wow!

JILL

Is that true?

STEVE

Yep.

Blackout.

Lights up. Linda is sitting alone. She is frantically going through what looks like George's suit jacket pockets. She finds his wallet and rakes through it too, and checks his phone for texts.

Blackout.

Lights up.

ROY

The lassie might have just had a headache.

CATH

It's a damned disgrace. I would kick his backside if I got a hold of him. I don't know why she puts up with it.

ROY

Well you could always go to the Police.

CATH

Jill says we've got to keep an eye on her. He was wanting to get her operated on to make her thinner. It's a damned shame the lassie's no' even fat. I cannae understand men at all.

ROY

Here, we're not all bad.

CATH

No, you're not like that eh no'? You've never lifted a finger to me. You wouldnae hurt a fly, Roy.

ROY

Greenfly maybe. And I don't like midgies.

CATH

Oh, Roy, d'ye mind when we went to Oban on wur honeymoon. We were near bitten to death wae midgies.

ROY

Aye... I mind it fine.

Blackout.

Lights up. Back at the slimming thing.

TRISH

(in tears)

I'm sorry ladies, but I don't think I can take any more sessions. *(sniffs)* I'm... I'm not feeling well. I'm really sorry but I don't think I can go on with this. I hope you all do well with your diets and... *(sniffs)* reach your targets... oh I couldn't give a bugger about your targets to be honest. I was just trying to make a few bob and usually sad bitches trying to loose weight is a sure source of income... but I just can't do it more. I'm really sorry... it's not your fault... *(sniffs)* well it is your fault... I mean look at you, you pathetic shower, coming to me to fix all your problems. Just stop eating as much, don't buy it, don't open the packet and don't stuff it in your mouths... *(sniffs)* I'm sorry I've got to go but before I do can I remind you *(sniffs)* that I do have an extensive range of very reasonably priced diet supplements here if you're interested. Oh God...

She begins to pack up her things. The three ladies turn and face the audience.

LINDA

Good riddance Sticky.

JILL

Well... what was all that about.

CATH

She was in the lavvie when I went in when I arrived. Throwing up in the sink. You know what that means? She's suffering from Bolivia.

LINDA

What?

CATH

Lady Diana had it.

JILL

You're thinking of bulimia

CATH

Is that no' where Yugoslavia used to be?

LINDA

No, that's Bosnia.

JILL

Bulimia is what Princess Diana had.

Fat Bottomed Girls – Bob Davidson

LINDA

Well, well... little miss perfect eh? Poor girl. So that'll be the end of Slim Chance for a while, thank goodness.

Trish runs off stage left just as George enters. She slaps him in the face as she passes. He goes to strike her back but she is gone. He turns to the group.

GEORGE

RIGHT YOU – LETS GO!

George and Linda exit stage left.

CATH

Do you think she'll be alright?

JILL

I'll give her a phone tomorrow. Shall I walk you home?

CATH

No thanks, Jill. I'll wait for Roy... we're going for a high tea.

Jill nods and exits stage left. Cath takes a seat, and waits and waits and waits...

Lights fade to black.

If you like what you've read so far and would like to buy a copy of the complete script or would like to perform the play, please get in touch.

Thanks for reading,

Bob Davidson