

Lucy. *A young woman in her mid to late twenties enters. She's a woman who likes to follow the fashion. She has a small suitcase. Looks at her watch then at the timetable. She has a problem with a contact lens and takes out a small hand mirror. She seems sad.* **Virginia.** *A well dressed woman in her mid to late thirties. A career woman in all her splendour.*

Virginia: *(Enters. Observes the woman from a distance)* So.

Lucy: So what?

Virginia: *(Sighs)* So what are you doing?

Lucy: What does it look like?

Virginia: Powdering your nose? Checking your eye-liner? *(Pause. Smiles)* Looking for wrinkles?

Lucy: *(Puts her mirror away)* Very funny ha ha!

Virginia: I can't see from where I'm standing, can I? I'll have to come closer *(Makes a move towards her)*

Lucy: *(Shouts)* Stay where you are! We have nothing to say to each other.

Virginia: What do you mean we have nothing to say? I think we need to talk.

Lucy: Well, I don't want to talk to you. So... Go away!

Virginia: Oh Lucy.

Lucy: Oh shut up!

Virginia: What are you doing?

Lucy: I'm leaving you Virginia.

Virginia: *(A look of misbelief. Pause)* You're leaving me? But why?

Lucy: Why? I hear? Why? My God! Isn't that just typical of you!

Virginia: Lucy. Don't be silly. *(Takes another step towards her)*

Lucy: Stay where you are I said! I'm not being silly... I'm behaving perfectly rationally! I'm doing what any other woman would do in my position.

Virginia: What are you doing Lucy?

Lucy: I'm going home to mummy and daddy!

Virginia: *(Surprised)* What?

Lucy: You heard me... I'm going home to mummy and daddy..

Virginia: *(Smiles)* Mummy and daddy?

Lucy: Yes. At least I'll get some appreciation, and I certainly can't say the same for you!

Virginia: Lucy. You know very well that I appreciate you... You're nice to have around.

Lucy: Nice to have around, am I? Yes. Like a dog... Like a Golden Retriever. You throw a stick and I run after it, (*Mimes*) pick it up and I come running back to you with my tail wagging with delight! Waiting for its mistress... You! To praise her... "Good doggy" to stroke her! Yes. That's it. (*Pants like a dog*) I'm like a bloody dog... A bloody fetch and carry rub my tummy mummy wagging machine!

Virginia: (*Long pause*) I don't know what to say... What time's your train ... woof woof?

Lucy: I'll pretend I didn't hear that. My train leaves in fifteen minutes.

Virginia: (*Pause*) You are a bit young to be having a change of life crisis, aren't you? I've noticed that you have been a little on edge lately. Look, I know that living together means that you have to make sacrifices sometimes, Sharing things. (*Pause*) What if I let you drive my Porsche from time to time, mm? (*Smiles*) You'd like that, wouldn't you? Perhaps you should have a little chat with doctor Reekie... He might be able to give you something to calm your nerves?

Lucy: Am I supposed to laugh at that? Ok, ha, ha, bloody ha! There is nothing wrong with my nerves, do you hear? I'm in perfect control of my nerves!!

Virginia: Ok, ok... Just a suggestion... (*Takes another step towards her*) Look_

Lucy: One more step closer and you won't see me for dust!

Virginia: Look, come on. It's not that bad. I'll buy you a drink. I think you could do with one.

Lucy: Everything is wrong! Do you hear? Wrong! Wrong! Wrong! You don't need a woman. You need a bloody machine that you can program... Yes Madam! No Madam! Wipe your feet, cook your dinner, wash your dishes, Sex madam? Right now? Tout de suite? Standing up or lying down? I'm surprised you haven't asked me to sit on the toilet seat to warm it for you, and then wipe your bloody arse!

Virginia: Lucy! (*Long awkward pause*)

Lucy: Are you still there?

Virginia: I can't leave you like this Lucy... Who knows what you might do.

Lucy: What do you care!

Virginia: I know you Lucy. I know how you tick. Did I say anything when you didn't wash the dishes? No. Did I say anything when you didn't touch the furniture polish for a week? No... There was so much dust, I could have written my name all over the house. And the Hoovering and_

Lucy: Stop it!

Virginia: (*Pause*) And the wine you served me yesterday evening was corked. It's not like you Lucy. Not like you at all. And the wine glass had greasy finger prints all over it. I didn't say anything, did I?

Lucy: No you bloody well didn't, did you?!

Virginia: Lucy. Please. What have I done?

Lucy: If you don't know, I'm certainly not going to tell you!

Virginia: (*Looking at her watch*) Lucy, please.

Lucy: Am I wasting your precious time? You can go. I'm not going to change my mind.

Virginia: I'm just looking to see how much time I have left to persuade you.

Lucy: Oh yes... you can be so persuasive. You use your body like a magnet to get me into bed, and after, you think everything in the matrimonial garden will be beautiful!

Virginia: Well, you were certainly not complaining about the last time. Remember? (*Smiles*) I had to close the windows so that the neighbours couldn't hear. You were quite uncontrollable...A real Tigress! Grrrr!

Lucy: When I'm feeling in need of a little sexual attention, all I get is... "Not now Lucy I have these papers to go over" Or. "I have to get up early for an office meeting" Or, "No Lucy, I have a headache"...Or, "Can't it wait"? ... (*Screams*) No it can't wait!

Virginia: Ok, ok! I'll try to be more attentive towards your sexual advances.

Lucy: When I have a head ache, you never take no for an answer! It's as if I have to do my duty! Virginia expects! Close your eyes and think of England!

Virginia: (*Laughs*) Lucy. I'm sorry... I never realised that you thought like that.

Lucy: Well now you do.

Virginia: Exactly. This is the problem. You keep everything to yourself. You don't communicate.

Lucy: Don't communicate? That's a laugh coming from you. The problem is you don't appreciate what I do for you... You just take me for granted.

Virginia: No Lucy, you're wrong. (*She lights up a cigarette*)

Lucy: Three days ago. I cooked your favourite meal... I put on your favourite CD

Virginia: Yes and I seem to remember saying thank you Lucy.

Lucy: That's not all! I had my favourite Isabelle Marant dress... I even took the time to go to the hairdressers. And you never even noticed! It cost me a fortune!

Virginia: What? Your Isabelle Marant dress? I bought it for you. It cost me a fortune...Not you.

Lucy: I'm talking about my hair not your bloody gift! Anyway, I threw it away this morning.

Virginia: Lucy. You didn't! *(She comes closer)* That was a gift... To the woman I love.

Lucy: Well it's too late now. *(Pause)* It's gone.

Virginia: Look. When I went to the local dating agency looking for a woman, I wasn't looking for someone to fetch and carry for me, who could do the cooking or the housework. I was looking for a woman with a big_

Lucy: Ah! I knew it! A big pair of tits! That's all you think about! Well I'm sorry! That's only one of my qualities.

Virginia: Big heart! A woman with a big heart... Not a woman with big boobs! *(Pause)* It's not the most important thing to me... *(Smiles)* mm? ... You've got a big_

Lucy: Pair of boobs?

Virginia: No..! *(Laughs)* I mean a big heart Lucy. You're the kindest woman I have ever met.

Lucy: But... *(Looks at her breasts)*

Virginia: *(Smiles)* Yes Lucy... those as well... Why are these things so important?

Lucy: Because they are. *(Pause)* That's not all.

Virginia: There's more? Come on. Get it off your... chest.

Lucy: Mother.

Virginia: Oh God Lucy! Don't bring your mother into this. Please?

Lucy: She came to stay with us for one week.

Virginia: Uninvited Lucy...Uninvited.

Lucy: For better or for worse. She's my mother. She doesn't have to be invited.

Virginia: It was so pathetic, how she was talking to you. As if you were a child. And me! She treats me like I was the worst thing that ever happened to you! A lesbian in the family! What will her gossipy friends at the local church and Women's Institute think?! Shock! Horror! The shame of it all! Oh no, no, no, not at all naturel.

Lucy: She is my Mother! You have to respect that. She's a senior citizen. You have to be tolerant with senior citizens. She's my Mother! And when she left to go back home... Do you remember what you did?

Virginia: (*Innocent*) I didn't do anything Lucy. I just said, "Good bye Mother" as she was driven away by taxi.

Lucy: Yes. Like this... (*Mimes*) "Good bye Mother". I didn't appreciate that.

Virginia: Look. It's a well-known fact. Mother in laws and daughter in laws do not as a rule get on. Sure, there are always exceptions to the rule, but sadly, not in my case.

Lucy: She wanted grand-children.

Virginia: God! How selfish can you get? Your mother never stopped to think about how you have suffered coming to terms with it all.

Lucy: Stop! I don't want to talk about it... There's another thing.

Virginia: Another thing?

Lucy: Yes. (*Pause*) I found something.

Virginia: What do you mean, you found something?

Lucy: In your blouse pocket.

Virginia: Oh... so now you go through my pockets. Well I don't find that very trusting. You surprise me Lucy! How would you like it if I went through your pockets? God. Lucy. Don't you trust me?

Lucy: (*Takes out a piece of paper*) 3.30, Thursday. Cheltenham. Big Boy..! and there's a telephone number! Explain! If you can!

Virginia: (*Bursts out laughing*) Lucy. I can_

Lucy: What's his name? Is he good?

Virginia: (*Smiles*) Oh yes. He's very good... He comes recommended... (*Huskily*) A real... stallion.

Lucy: You make me sick! Do you hear me? How could you do such a thing?! I've heard enough. Go! I don't ever want to see your face again!

Virginia: But it's a horse I_

Lucy: After all I've done. I... (*Pause*) Horse?

Virginia: Yes Lucy. It's a horse. A colleague at work gave me a racing tip. The horse's name is "Big Boy" 3.30 pm at Cheltenham Race course.

Lucy: But I thought that...

Virginia: That I was having an affair with a man? A man with a...

Lucy: Yes.

Virginia: A man with a... thingy? My God Lucy! How could you think of such a thing?

Lucy: Big Boy! Big Boy! What else was I going to think?!

Virginia: *(Smiles)* Well that will certainly teach you not to go snooping through people's pockets.

Lucy: I was checking that you hadn't left anything in your pockets before putting it in the washing machine! I wasn't snooping! I don't snoop!

Virginia: Don't you think I know that? The next time you find strange messages in my pockets, ask me Lucy. Don't keep it to yourself. Have you seen the state you're in? You're a bag of nerves. Look Lucy. Stop playing the injured party. You are so melodramatic. *(Laughs)* You know very well that if you leave me, I'll miss you.

Lucy: No you won't!

Virginia: *(Sighs)* Yes I will Lucy... Very much!

Lucy: No you won't.

Virginia: Yes I will.

Lucy: I don't think so.

Virginia: I love you Lucy.

Lucy: No you don't.

Virginia: Yes I do.

Lucy: You don't.

Virginia: I love you very much.

Lucy: *(Very low voice)* You don't. *(Slight smile)*

Virginia: Pardon? ... You love me.

Lucy: Do I?

Virginia: Yes you do... Give us a kiss.

Lucy: Why? (*Slight smile*)

Virginia: Because you want to.

Lucy: Do I?

Virginia: Yes you do... very much. I can tell.

Lucy: Can you?

Virginia: (*Closes her eyes*) I'm waiting... Kiss me Lucy... (*Long sigh*) Please?

Lucy: (*She kisses her on the cheek*) There.

Virginia: (*Sternly*) Let's go home Lucy.

Lucy: (*Smiles, she quickly picks up suitcase and puts an arm around her waist*) Yes Let's.

Virginia: (*Looks up at the timetable. Smiles*) You've missed your train anyway. If it doesn't work out between us, you can always go back to mummy and daddy tomorrow, can't you?

Lucy: It'll work out. I'll cook your favourite dinner tonight.

Virginia: Oh No!

Lucy: What?

Virginia: You are a terrible cook Lucy!

Lucy: But you like my Coq au vin, don't you?

Virginia: No. But from now on, I'm not going to worry about hurting your feelings. The truth, and nothing but the truth. I'm cooking for you tonight.

Lucy: But you don't know how to cook.

Virginia: That makes two of us. Come on Lucy. All I'm interested in, is my woman with the big...

Lucy: Big?

Virginia: Heart Lucy. Heart. (*They turn and go out arm in arm*)