

caught up with us an' Marjorie had to get her plane. An' y' know somethin' —she didn't want to go. Paris, she had to go to, Paris, France, an' she didn't want to go. An' —an' on the way out—d' y' know what she did? She leaned forward an' just kissed me—there on the cheek—an' there was real affection in that kiss. It was the sweetest kiss I'd known in years. An' then she held my shoulders an' looked at me an' said, "Goodbye, Shirley. Goodbye, Shirley Valentine".

*Pause.*

*Kitchen* On the way home, on the bus, I was cryin'. I don't know why. I'm starin' out the window, tears trippin' down me cheeks. An' in me head there's this voice that keeps sayin', "I used to be Shirley Valentine. I used to be Shirley Valentine... I used to be Shirley..."

*And, indeed, she is now crying.*

What happened? Who turned me into this? I don't want this. Do you remember her, wall? Remember Shirley Valentine? She got married to a boy called Joe an' one day she came to live here. An' —an' even though her name was changed to Bradshaw she was still Shirley Valentine. For a while. She still...knew who she was. She used to...laugh. A lot. Didn't she? She used to laugh with Joe—when the pair of them did things together, when they made this kitchen together an' painted it together. Remember, wall? Remember when they first painted you an' —an' the silly buggers painted each other as well. Stood here, the pair of them, havin' a paint fight, coverin' each other from head to foot in yellow paint. An' then the two of them, thinkin' they're dead darin', gettin' in the bath—together. And the water was so yellow that he said it was like gettin' a bath in vanilla ice-cream. And Shirley Valentine washed his hair...and kissed his wet head...and knew what happiness meant. What happened, wall? What happened to the pair of them—to Joe, to Shirley Valentine? Did somethin' happen or was it just that nothin' happened? It would be...easier to understand if somethin'

had happened, if I'd found him in bed with the milkman, if—if there was someone to blame. But there's nothin'. They got married, they made a home, they had kids and brought them up. And somewhere along the way the boy called Joe turned into "him" and Shirley Valentine turned into this and what I can't remember is the day or the week or the month or the...when it happened. When it stopped bein' good. When Shirley Valentine disappeared, became just another name on the missin' persons list.

*She makes a partially successful attempt to change gear.*

He says he still loves me, y' know. But he doesn't. It's just somethin' he says. It's terrible—"I love you"—isn't it? Like—like it's supposed to make everythin' all right. You can be beaten an' battered an' half-insane an' if you complain he'll say, he'll say, "What's wrong, y' know I love you". "I love you." They should bottle it an' sell it. It cures everythin'. An' d' y' know somethin'? I've always wondered...why...it is that if somebody says, "I love you", it seems to automatically give them the right...to treat you worse...than people they only like, or people they don't like at all, or people they couldn't care less about. See—see, if I wasn't my feller's...wife, if I was just a next-door neighbour or the man in the paper shop—he'd talk to me nice. An' he doesn't say he loves the next-door neighbour or the feller in the paper shop—he says he loves me! An' he doesn't talk nice to me. When he talks to me at all. It's funny, isn't it—"I love you".

*Pause as she begins the final stage in the cooking of the meal.*

An' I know what you're sayin'. You're sayin' what Jane always says—why don't I leave? An' the fact of the matter is—I don't know why. I don't know why anyone should put up with a situation in which a forty-two-year-old woman has the opportunity of fulfillin' a dream—of travellin', just a little bit, just two weeks of the year—an' can't do it I don't know why... I just know that if y' described me to me, I'd say you