

# Extract 1

**Jo and Mary** are in the bathroom. **Jo** is having a bath. **Mary** is washing her face with a flannel at the wash hand basin. There is a pornographic magazine on the bathroom chair. The scene takes place during the morning of a sunny summer's day.

**Jo**

If I could grow six inches and be as fat as I am now I'd be really tall and thin. I could stretch out all the fat on my legs till they were long and slender and I'd go to swanky bars and smoke menthol cigarettes and I'd wrap my new legs round cocktail stools and I'd smooth myself all over with my

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delicate hands and I'd have my hair up so you could see my neck. I'd save all the pennies I see lying about on the streets in an old whisky bottle then I'd go out and buy silky underwear with lots of lace on it and suspenders and that's what I'd wear. I wouldn't wear anything else because that would spoil it. I'd wear that and a lot of make-up and I'd snake my way around bars and hotels in Mayfair and I'd be able to drink whatever I like. I'd have cocktails and white wine out of bottles with special dates on them in tall glasses that were all dewy with cold and I'd smile a lot. I wouldn't laugh. I wouldn't guffaw. I'd just smile and show my teeth and I'd really be somebody then.

**Mary**

They wouldn't let you in. You'd have to have a coat.

**Jo**

Some sort of wrap.

**Mary**

You'd need a coat. A proper coat. Done up.

**Jo**

I'd have a fur. As soon as I got inside I'd take it off.

**Mary**

In the lounge?

**Jo**

They don't have lounges. Where've you been?

**Mary**

They do.

**Jo**

They'd see me approach. Just my feet in 'fuck me' stilettos and the door would open like magic and uniformed men would be bowing. They wouldn't look at me: their eyes would be averted. I'd be able to get through doors without even turning the handles.

**Mary**

Could be like at airports where you just stand there and the doors open.

**Jo**

No. There's nothing glam in that. That's just cos people have got luggage.

**Mary**

You could have a case couldn't you, if you were going to stay over?

**Jo**

No. It's all unplanned. On the spur. That's the whole point. It just happens. I'm just there.

**Mary**

Could be a revolving door.

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**Jo**

It's got to be liveried doormen bowing, moving about like shadows, getting doors opened and stopping taxis. I want all of that.

**Mary**

You'd have to pay them. They expect tips you know.

**Jo**

Pooh.

**Mary**

You'd need a lot of money. I'm telling you.

**Jo**

I wouldn't need anything, I wouldn't even have a bag. I'd have my lipstick on a chain round my neck. I'd play with my drink a bit, wiping the dewy bits off the glass and feeling my way up and down the stem with my fingers. Then I'd go to the loo and do my lipstick.

**Mary**

Then what?

**Jo**

I'd meet someone.

**Mary**

Who?

**Jo**

Someone.

**Mary**

He might be gross.

**Jo**

Then I'd meet someone else.

**Mary**

He might be foreign. Mightn't he? In a place like that.

**Jo**

He might be.

**Mary**

Could be hard to talk to.

**Jo**

We wouldn't talk. Christ. We'd be really... We'd just *be* there.

**Mary**

He might ask you to dinner and you wouldn't know.

**Jo**

I wouldn't want dinner.

**Mary**

You might.

**Jo**

No. We'd just drink: play with our drinks and look at each other. We wouldn't really drink them. We wouldn't get pissed. We'd sit while the ice melted in them and they got all watery and we'd look at each other. He'd look at me that is. I'd know he was looking at me and I'd look at myself in the

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mirror behind the bar. The whole place would be mirrors and he'd be looking at my legs... Then we'd leave. People would crash their cars when I got out in the street. There'd be cars jumping over each other to pick me up, men running towards me, desperate to get a closer look and try and touch me, touch my fur. But I wouldn't give anything away. I wouldn't get involved. I'd be wearing sunglasses, enormous, dark ones so they wouldn't see into me. I'd just be an amazing pair of legs, in sunglasses getting into a car.

## Extract 2

### Mary

Maybe if I'd been wearing trousers it wouldn't have happened. I was only wearing a skirt because I'd just come from work and it's the kind of place where they like you to wear a skirt, that or smart trousers. Well I haven't got any smart trousers so I have to wear a skirt. You're better off on a bike in trousers I know. It's obvious. But it's not as if I was going on a marathon. It takes ten minutes to cycle home at the outside. More like five. If that. I'm not really comfortable on a bike in a skirt: it just makes people look at your legs. But who's around at that time of night to look? Anyway I wasn't even on the bike: I was going to get on it. I was going to. It's not as if I was cycling along with my skirt up round my ears. I wasn't. I don't do silly things like that. I could have been getting into a car in a skirt. Would that have made a difference? I could have cycled to work wearing a pair of jeans and had my skirt folded up in one of the panniers but then it would have been all squashed and that wouldn't have gone down well at all with the management. Or I could have come to work on the bicycle wearing a skirt and could have changed into trousers to go home given that you're meant to be alright in the daylight but you're not safe at night. Or I could have walked to work and got a taxi home and I could have worn whatever I liked. But I'd still have been there, on the edge of the road at midnight, about to get on my bicycle or into a car or just been stuck there waiting for a taxi whether I'd been in a skirt or not, whether I had good legs or not, whether I was fifteen or menopausal or lame, I'd still have been there.

## Extract 3

*A little time after Scene One. **Celia** enters carrying her towel and spongebag. She shuts and locks the door. She crosses and closes the window. She takes various things out of her spongebag in preparation for her bath. She checks that the bath is clean. She decides that it isn't. She gets the liquid bath cleaner and cloth and is about to set about cleaning the bath when there is a knock at the door.*

**Celia**

Yes.

**Jo**

Sorry Celia I think I've used all the hot water.

**Celia**

Oh no.

**Jo**

Sorry... You can have a bath this evening can't you?

**Celia**

Yes but...

**Jo**

Sorry.

**Celia**

Honestly you might have...

**Jo**

Sorry.

**Celia**

Oh that's alright... Jo, do you think I could... Jo?...

*There is no answer. The lights fade as **Celia** gathers her bath things together and returns them to her spongebag.*

## Extract 4

**Mary**

I don't think so. (*Holds up her party dress out of the bath. She has been dyeing it along with the sheets.*)What do you think?

**Jo**

Is that your...?

**Mary**

Yeah. I've dyed it.

**Jo**

So I see.

**Mary**

What do you think?

**Jo**

You've ruined it.

**Mary**

Why?

**Jo**

Look at it.

**Mary**

I haven't ruined it.

**Jo**

What have you gone and done that for?

**Mary**

I didn't like it.

**Jo**

Ask a silly question get a silly...

**Mary**

It's a nice colour isn't it?

**Jo**

What are you trying to prove?

**Mary**

What do you mean?

**Jo**

That we shouldn't have bought it?

**Mary**

No.

**Jo**

Sure?

**Mary**

Yes. I'm not trying to prove anything.

**Jo**

Aren't you?

**Mary**

No.

**Jo**

It might be a nice colour. You can't really tell when it's wet... (*Feeling her armpits.*) God I'm sweating. There's a swamp up here. Was I sweating like this all evening?

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**Mary**

I'm going to wear it with a sweatshirt over it. It'll just look like a skirt.

**Jo**

I must have been sweating non stop. Look at the tidemarks.

**Mary**

It'll look alright.

**Jo**

That's nerves you know.

**Mary**

What is?

**Jo**

Sweating like this.

**Mary**

Is it?

**Jo**

You should have got someone to do it properly if you wanted to do it. You can never get the colour even yourself and it's 'dry clean only' isn't it?

**Mary**

I don't know. I didn't look.

**Jo**

That sort of thing always is.

**Mary**

Never mind.

**Jo**

I'd never have let you buy it if I'd known you'd...

**Mary**

God I'll wear it now. I'd never have worn it again like it was.

**Jo**

I really thought you'd wear it.

**Mary**

No way. Clingy party dresses aren't really my thing are they?

**Jo**

They could be.

**Mary**

I'm going to look like I feel, not like someone else's idea of what they think I'm feeling like.

**Jo**

Come again.

**Mary**

Ummn?

**Jo**

You're going to look like your idea...

**Mary**

If you're comfy in jeans and a T-shirt wear jeans and a T-shirt. Why make yourself miserable trying to be something you're not?

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**Jo**

Ah yes. Now that sounds more like it.

**Mary**

More like what?

**Jo**

You *are* trying to make a point.

**Mary**

Who to? I've dyed the dress so I'll wear it because I'd never have worn it how it was because I don't like wearing things that make me feel naked.