

Thanks For The Mammaries

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ACT ONE SCENE ONE

The stage is split into two apartments belonging to two twenty-somethings Rachael and Andi.

As the lights come up we see Rachael doing yoga – she adopts a tree pose and addresses the audience.

R: I am trying to be healthy. These exercises are supposed to be good for you, give you an overall feeling of wellbeing...a healthy body indicates a healthy mind.Only every time I feel I might just be achieving equilibrium the same thoughts pop into my head...Bastard!
Bastard! Bastard! Lying, cheating, two-timing, slimy,...bastard!

Andi wakes, sits up and addresses the audience.

A: It's not the alarm clock that wakes me anymore... not that it ever was before....and its been a long time since I've had the luxury of dawdling in that innocent and idyllic place 'twixt sleep and wake. Nowadays my blissful slumber is generally shattered as a consciousness filters it's way in, completing a checklist; bed – mine – hurrah! Headache – yes – obviously last night, OH MY GOD!!!....OH FUCK....Oh shit, bollocks!bollocks!bollocks!

Andi sinks back down to her original position and Rachael resumes her exercising.

R: I don't know why I even bother setting the alarm these days; I haven't been able to sleep through since I found out. Since I found out that my life was a complete and utter sham and, as usual, I was pretty much the only one who didn't know. As soon as I wake up now I feel the need to get up and change my life. Change myself. Positively. For the better. Permanently. Really I see this as a positive moment in my life. I am not going to sit around and wait for that cowardly little shit bastard to realize what a huge mistake he's made (*almost in tears*) even if he is the only man I've ever really loved. (*Big breath, determined not to cry.*)

A: Why is it always me? Why do I feel this overwhelming urge to draw attention to myself? I wake up in the morning after a party and all I can hear is my laugh ringing in my ears. I have this horrible vision of everyone else in the room staring at me in silence as I cackle on oblivious, trying to ensure that everyone is in the party spirit. The problem is I hate silences and I don't want people to be embarrassed so my mouth opens and I talk about anything and everything. A little voice inside me is telling me to shut the fuck up. But oh no...I try to alleviate the tense situation for those people around me, who I barely even know... and I end up looking like the asshole. And of course men don't like it. They'd much rather pull the nice, quiet girl in the corner who's not going to have too much to drink and embarrass him in front of his mates.

R: See I stood by him for years chose to ignore the rumours that were circulating and listened to him, 'Sweetheart, don't be soft, I love you!' He was my world. I believed that he worshipped me and so I was happy to do things for him, cook, clean, iron,lie back and think of

Ireland. Only when I found the indisputable lipstick proof that it wasn't just me he was worshipping, everything changed. I was going to have him back, forgive and forget you know? I couldn't see that there was any other option. Then I realized that fitting my life around his wasn't what I wanted anymore. He'd gone back on the deal – now I was going to.

A: I thought I needed cheering up one day, spend some not yet earned cash and treat myself to a couple of drinks too many. Well, if I'm honest it's a thought I have every Friday inspired by the office workers I see having their lunch break. Come Friday it's as if...well, as if their greyness has disappeared – as if they're experiencing the first day of spring at that moment they sip their Budweisers. You can see them earnestly planning itineraries and negotiating strategies that have more to do with alcohol consumption and sex than increasing sales or reviewing accounts.

R: I don't actually know who it is that he's sleeping with – and I'm not sure that I really want to. I like to imagine her as a sort of Pamela Anderson...after her looks have faded, or as a kind of Oprah .. having lost her gift of repartee.

A: So at 12.30 every week I shut down the computer, turn off the fax, say goodbye to Richard and Judy (my substitute parents) and before I become engrossed in Ready Steady Cook, that curiously seems to be on every channel, I take a drive through town.

R: I'd always thought that eventually we'd start a family. I felt that having a baby would make my life complete, but nothing came – so to speak – and it's only now that I realise just how lucky I am.

A: Just the buzz of anticipation in the air causes my heart to race and the atmosphere is intoxicating. I am aware however that such a feeling is temporary and so I visit the off-licence. This is where I have to make my most crucial decision of the week – which of the alluring bottles will be my early evening companion. Whisky makes me witty – I think. Vodka makes me cry – for no reason. Gin makes me chunder – uncontrollably, and a mixture makes everything just fine.

R: I have no responsibilities! When I feel lonely and it seems there's too much space in my bed and even the Robbie Williams pillowcase doesn't help, I cheer myself up by reminding myself that I am free. I can go where I want, when I want. I could travel through India, I could do a bungee jump ... I could have a one night stand with a tall, young leather-clad, semi-naked, baby-oiled panting Adonis, oh, who runs his fingers through my hair, oh and oooh....oh my God!

A: With my pick of the week purchased a knowing look passes between me and the checkout girl – usually camaraderie, it's a Friday night and everyone has the same thing in mind. So now I have the boredom nullifier firmly in my grasp and a thought, the same thought I have every week, passes through my mind. Maybe tonight I will find the man of my dreams ...or at least one I can avoid having nightmares about!

R: Paris, Japan, America, Rome.

I can take my life anywhere and make it my home

A: My knight in shining armor, my lover and my mate

My fantasy in bed, my deal from the hands of fate.

R /A

So the women fought for freedom, for equality, for life

For a reason to exist apart from simply playing wife

Their original discrepancy was that women couldn't vote

But they found that after victory there wasn't time to sit and gloat

The race was on to see how much manpower could be gleaned

To emancipate the womankind – or at least that's how it seemed.

It began with education and moved on to burning bras

And ended with the revelation we're from Venus they're from Mars.

Still we carry on regardless, not quite sure of who we are,

Or what cause it is we're fighting or how we came so far.

The boundaries are blurring and the perimeters unsure

And whatever we achieve then we aim for something more.

I want some independence. / I want to find true love

And if we're being honest we want both of the above.

There's somebody for everybody or so the saying goes

But how many frogs we have to kiss nobody really knows.

We need to find the men who understand – if any could

This ever-changing territory of this new found sisterhood.

It would be easy to give up / It would be easy to give in

To end this quest for happiness and let someone stronger win.

But we can't. / We won't/ we never will/ Because if the truth be told

No one really wants to be alone as they grow old.

SCENE TWO

R: (*Rachel is flicking through a newspaper commenting to the audience on certain aspects of its contents*)

Elderly lady seeks mature man for walks in the park and nights at the opera...and fulfillment of her sexual needs!!! Oh my God this is outrageous 'a giant of a man seeks Jack to come and conquer his beanstalk' Jesus! I should put one in myself "husband required to replace current bastard one who is off screwing aging Pamela Anderson."

Oooh nice house!...if you've got a spare \$200,000 lying around. Oh I'm never going to be able to afford a place of my own – well nowhere decent anyway – I'll have to live on some horrible estate with drunks and smackheads and other divorcees. Urgh what a horrible word, divorcee – funny – when I was a kid I never said 'I want to be a divorcee when I grow up.'

I wish it had happened suddenly, but it didn't, it dragged on for years. But eventually Matt I couldn't do it anymore. It wasn't the thought of having kids that scared me...it was the thought of having to be married to one. When we first met you called me your little sherbet dip. Just as sweet and twice as tasty. You cared for me and I loved you for that. But, you never cared *about* me. About what I wanted. And your sweet turned bitter. At having no

other reason in life than you. Playing the dutiful wife helping you live your life. Well what about me? What about my life?

A: It was after one alcohol soaked Friday night that I realised I had to do something about my life. I awoke to find yet another stranger in my bed. Oh don't get me wrong I really quite liked this one, he was cute if rather hairy. But, I didn't know him and it suddenly dawned on me that it would be rather nice to wake up in the morning and see a familiar face. Someone who knew not to talk to me until I'd had my first diet coke of the day and who could reassure me that "everyone's done it, you were just drunk" or "he won't mind that you phoned at three o'clock in the morning he was probably flattered!" I needed a flatmate. Then I'd have the best of both worlds – cute but hairy man in bed, friendly face at the breakfast table, for when the cute but hairy has suddenly remembered his girlfriend's name and that she's likely to cut his todger off if he doesn't get home sharpish. So I put an ad in Merseymart in amongst the lost pets and 'adventurous couples seek similar'. 'Wanted: Female to share flat. W.l.t.m;g.s.o.h.n.s.t.l.c.o.c.g.c.h.d.g.' Well, I just copied from the others, It turned out that meant – non-smoker with a good sense of humour, tender loving care, own car, gas central heating and double glazing! It's probably not surprising then that the people who replied weren't exactly on my wavelength.

(We see the actress playing Rachael adopt the role of the flatmates in the following scenes)

A: Hiya!

M: Hello.

A: Is it Mel?

M: Melissa actually.

A: Melissa, right. Well I'm Andi erm Andrea. Come in and I'll show you around.

M: I thought this was going to be a non-smoking house?

A: Ah yes bit of a mix up with the advert...but I don't smoke all of the time, only when I'm awake (*laughs loudly, Melissa remains stony faced*) Can I get you a drink?

M: Please.

A: G and T? Vodka and Cranberry?

M: Erm, no thank you, I don't drink....alcohol that is.

A: O.K. – coffee?

M: Do you have decaf?

A: No I've always thought that kind of defeats the object...Water?

M: Mineral?

A: Tap.

M: No. Look why don't we just get down to the nitty gritty. Can I ask you some questions.

A: Sure, just don't make them too hard!

M: Andrea. Do you use the shower between 7 and 8?

A: AM?

M: Yes.

A: No.

M: You see with my last flatmate we found it invaluable to have a bathroom rota.

A: Absolutely.

M: Good! Right. Do you cook meat in the house?

A: If I knew how to work the oven I would.

M: Oh. It's just that I am a vegetarian.

A: Right...erm... I don't know that much about...erm...vegetables.

M: Well don't worry it's never too late to start treating your body like a temple.

A: You mean getting men to take their shoes off before they walk all over you?

M: This could be fun. A bonding project. With my last flatmate I had her on five portions of fruit and veg and eight glasses of water a day in no time!

A: Hence the bathroom rota.

M: Yes!...I mean, no! Oh!

A: (*to audience*) Melissa didn't stay long after that – she seemed fairly appalled when I told her that the only fruit I intended on eating was lemon marinated in Gin and tonic!

J: Hi! I'm Julie!

A: Hiya, Andi. Come on in.

J: No!

A: O.K.

J: It's the cat.

A: Sooty? Oh he's a real softy, comes in from next door when he wants to be spoiled. Come and say hello to Julie, Sooty.

J: No!

A: Sorry.

J: Look I'm going to have to leave.

A: Don't you want to look round?

J: Get it away from me!

A: Are you o.k.?

J: Sorry, cat phobia, tried lots of things – spent a fortune seeing hypnotists and psychiatrists – all they make me do is repeat 'I'm bigger than the cat' – hasn't worked. Sorry... (*squeals as cat*

comes near and runs off muttering) ‘I’m bigger than the cat, I’m bigger than the cat’, I’m bigger than the cat....shit!

A: The next girl to look round seemed, well, fairly normal – no apparent psychiatric history...although after a while I thought perhaps she should have. She said she loved the living space “the colours are really warm and vibrant” and I thought yeah, this might work...and then she dropped the bombshell

“you know this place could really do with a spot of feng-shuing,”

What?

“Feng-shuing - this room could do with a bit of that precocious yang energy. It wouldn’t take long.”

Right, well I don’t really have a lot of spare time.

“No problem I’ll do it for you – first of all you need to clear out some of this junk, far too many sharp corners here, lots of negative energy, I mean look at that!”

I like that, my friend brought it back from India

“no, no, no, no, no, far too pointy....”

I like pointy

I was about to give up when I heard a knock....

R: Oh hi! I rang earlier it’s / Rachel

A: Rachel!?!/ Oh, my God!

R: Andi! Wow, I mean, God I haven’t seen you for years I’m sorry, I didn’t recognize your voice....This is embarrassing...

A: Don’t be silly, come in.

R: O.K.

A: You haven't changed a bit, just your hair...you look great.

R: Do you like it? I asked the hairdresser to cut it like Kate Winslet's.

A: Did they not know who she was?!

They look at each other and giggle. The tension is broken and we should see at once that they were once very good friends.

R: You've not changed either then? Still living on Diet Coke and twiglets?

A: Hey! Man may not live on bread alone but Diet Coke and twiglets could satisfy me for a long time. How's things?

R: They're alright, I love the flat.

A: Thanks.

R: great cushions.

A: Thanks.

R: squashy!

A: yeah.

R: That's nice

A: It's from India

R: I like the pointy bits

A: Do you? *(pause)* How come you're here...I mean I thought you were still in London.

R: I've left him.

A: Why?

R: Lots of reasons. I'm about to be promoted at work and he didn't like that at all, and He was sleeping with somebody else.

A: Shit! Well you know what they say, behind every successful woman there's a baffled man. Jane Austen got it wrong when she said that a young man must want a wife, she should have written: It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man, in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a thick tart with a bust size bigger than her I.Q. and legs that would make a giraffe jealous! You sound like you've done the right thing.

R: I loved him so much....and so did he – love himself so much that is!

A: so what happened?

R: Well I was in safeways and I couldn't decide between the organic pork for tea or garlic prawns when it suddenly hit me – I was going to leave him. So when he got in that night I told him.

A: How?!

R: Well, I had this speech prepared – it came to me as I was at the freezer counter looking at the garlic prawnsyou know the thing “ Matt when two people are together they should become two better people with each complementing the other. We've enveloped each other and live one life, yours; in one direction, yours. I can't breathe anymore....”

A: what did he say?

R: He said they had some cut price tuna at the fresh fish counter.

A: What?!

R: The man at the freezer section, he was really helpful.

A: Rachel! What did Matt say?

R: Oh yeah – well it didn't quite go like that. I was in the kitchen putting the final touches to a tuna bake.....

A: Yes?

R: When he came in and said, 'sweetheart' and I said "piss off! I'm leaving!"

R: So.... What about you? If I remember rightly there's bound to be a man or several in your life. Anyone special? Anyone gorgeous? Anyone with any friends?

A: Well yes I do have a few numbers in my little black book but nobody serious. Everyone I love loves someone else or something else, like football or his car or his bloody motorbike! And everyone who loves me I'm not remotely interested in. There's David who I've been seeing for almost six years. He's really old but he adores me and buys me nice things. I like the fact that he would never look at anyone else – but we don't have sex anymore – his spirit is certainly willing but his flesh is decidedly sagging....which is why I see Danny. Oh if anyone can Dan can. Yes he usually can several times a night even after one too many cans of whatever's on special offer at Victoria Wine. There's Tony who'll come out with me if the lads are "having a quiet night"; Matthew, who I've just met and who keeps on threatening to leave his wife and Charles who did...but not for me. My love life has been not so much the Comedy of Errors but more like the comedy of complete fuck ups...still you have to survive life's fuck ups and downs!

R: Your problem is that you don't know what you want.

A: Yes I do.

R: No you don't

A: I do!

R: O.K. What do you want?

A: I don't know/ ..the perfect man

R: Oh! A movie show.

A: I want the world – but then again I don't ask very much

Who cares if he is poor,

R: Just as long as we're assuming he's got the Midas touch.

I want the whole Adonis with blue eyes and hair of gold

A: But then again if he makes you laugh he could be old and fat and bald.

I want him to support me.

R: But not mind if I earn more.

A: I want the story's hero

R: without the fatal flaw!

The face of Kevin Costner, with the most amazing eyes

A: But then again who gives a damn when his head's between your thighs!

R: I need to know he needs me.

A: But can also cope alone.

R: I want him to dictate to me – in a soft and caring tone.

A: But being unsure of what I want means I feel as if I'm losing

R: And that even when we're winning then it's just too damn confusing.

A: I mean everyone's got someone – just look at Cinderella

Confined to scrub the floors all day, yet still she found a fella.

R: Mrs. Simpson had her Edward and Scarlett had her Rhett

A: But the emotionally redundant is all I ever get.

I'm not talking for eternity – to have even loved and lost

But all I find are losers who avoid commitment at all costs.

R: If you're out there looking then they say that they can tell

A: So they buy a drink and make small talk then run like fucking hell

R: But if you're out with someone you could have every fella in the joint

A: But if you're shagging anyway then what's the bloody point.

R: Lots of women throughout history have gone through life without a man

I'm not saying that you'd want to I'm just saying that you can.

Athena, the Greek Goddess, was a virgin when she died

A: Well I couldn't hope to emulate however hard I tried.

To be like such a woman, I'm afraid I can't aspire

Even Joan of Arc apparently extinguished her desires

And some royalty gave up sex, like Elizabeth the first

But I'm pretty sure that if I tried I'd well and truly burst

I know I might be dreaming but I couldn't carry on

If I didn't think that some day Mr. Right would come along.

SCENE THREE

R: It's all very well people saying there's plenty more fish in the sea or apples in the orchard but

I'm so petrified I can't even begin to think where it is I start looking. I met Matt when I was

16, we were engaged at 17, married at 18. And should have celebrated our 10 year

anniversary next month. And yes, it was me that finished things but not out of choice, I'd

have much preferred us to remain happy for the rest of our days, but I changed, I wanted

more. When I had to go to my first conference – the North West wine buyers annual

conference, you know to do some networking, Matt thought when I said I needed business

contacts that they were something you got from the opticians to make your eyes look more professional. “You don’t need any of that fancy stuff, I love you just the way you are”. But I didn’t love me how I was. I’d started out at the local wine shop part-time behind the counter but it fascinated me, I loved learning about all the wines and advising customers when they came in. The boss said I was wasted behind the counter and he made me a wine buyer, going to conferences all over Europe. The promotion I’m up for now is to become U.S. buyer! Jetting to California every once in a while to find the best Chardonnay the Nappa Valley has to offer! So the job is fantastic....I just can’t help feeling that I failed Matt. That I am in fact one huge failure when it comes to relationships – I had somebody who loved me and my selfishness pushed him into the arms of another woman. And now if anyone shows the remotest interest in me I panic, I mean really panic. I blush uncontrollably, start to fidget and I speak way too fast.

Bloke: Do you, er, maybe, er, fancy a drink after work Rachel?

R: Well, erm, yes, let me see, after work, that’d be fine I mean thank you how exciting. Oh, I haven’t got anything to change into will I be alright like this? Of course I will, how silly, I mean it’s not like a big date or anything is it, you just asked me for a drink. Oh my God you just ask me for a drink after work, probably just being friendly and I get far too over excited. Do forgive me, I shall look forward to it. See you later...Bye!

I was always far too innocent when it came to men. Not like Andi. She seemed to know everything there was to know about boys and when she spoke about what she’d done the night before with so and so I didn’t even understand half the words she used.

Still, we were inseparable for years , when I arrived in England, at this huge school, it was Andi who looked after me – we were the best of mates all the way through senior school. Every Friday night we'd tart ourselves up and slap on the make-up to make ourselves look older then head off to the local pick-up Palais.

SCENE FOUR

At the Disco

A: Could you pass me the lippie?

R: What colour?

A: Scarlett Seduction of course – Chris Murray's out there tonight and he's not going to know what's hit him.

R: Poor sod! Don't these fellas realise you're just going to chew them up and spit them out?

A: Hey! That's my reputation you're ruining there...I swallow every time and I won't hear anyone say different.

R: Slapper!

A: Too right!.....You know what I think I might be anorexic.

R: You're joking aren't you?

A: No, every time I look in the mirror I think I'm fat! No, I'm only messing, I can't understand anyone that throws up after they've eaten just so they can stay thin for a man – I wouldn't be anorexic for anyone.

R: No, you've got it wrong, that's bulimics.

A: It is not, its bloody true. Anyway I'm not the only slapper round here, how did your date with Stuart Shaw go?

R: Not great...in fact the course of true love has never been so bleeding bumpy!

A: Why?

R: Because, he took me by surprise, kissed me...with tongues!

A: Oh my God.

R: Then whilst I was still recovering he put his hand up my top and started feeling around.

A: So what went wrong?

R: He found my socks...

A: Sorry?

R: In my bra...He said he couldn't go with someone who wasn't natural. I mean, I told him the socks were 100% cotton but he wouldn't listen...

A: You are unbelievable! I think I've got a lot to teach you and your first lesson can start tonight. We are going to find ourselves some men.

R/A: **The beer's a pound a pint so you order several more**

But its really false economy when it ends up on the floor

You negotiate your journey as people dance to this week's hits

With a pint glass in each hand and one jammed between your tits

As precariously you wander through flailing body parts

You pause to wonder exactly why this song is in the charts.

But your moment's hesitation means a sorrowful demise

As a bricklayer from Bolton takes you by surprise

He stumbles forward grunting and slurred words are all you hear

So he takes one step too many and **Tink! You're wearing Eau De Beer!**

R: Oh I love this record.

A: Only coz you fancy John Travolta

R: I do not, I just think he's really talented.

A: You so do! I can tell, your eyes are all lit up, your face is flushed and I bet you've got damp knickers! – Don't worry like, he has kind of the same effect on me ...after I've finished pissing myself at his crap hair and monumentally inept dancing ability!!

R: Oh my God look at that saddo over there.

A: I snogged him last week!

R: Sorry.

A: No you're right, he is a saddo. Looks like Mick Jagger and he wears fake tan....Oh shit he's coming over.

R: See ya! Wouldn't want to be ya!

She disappears and reappears as 'the bloke'

A: Hi.

B: Alright darling. You're looking gorgeous tonight. Anything I can do for you? Just name it. You wanna drink I'll get you a drink. You wanna dance, let's dance! Your wish is my command.

A: Oh aye! Erm could you lap dance for us?

B: No problem darling, I'll give you a private showing! But I don't come cheap....

A: Good, cos no-one's asking you to come! Is your hand alright, you look like you've cut it.

B: Yeah. Well it's just a scratch, I think there must have been something sharp on the door handle – I felt a bit of a prick when I walked in.

A: Ahh....you didn't look that bad (*laughs*)

B: Oh yeah ha ha ha! Look how about you and me have a little fun tonight?

A: No thanks I'd rather not.

B: You'll love it.

A: I'm sure I would but I'm with my friend and we promised to go home together.

B: Oh go on I'll show you things you never seen before.

A: How can I put this more clearly, erm, I'd rather chew off my right arm?

B: Come on, you know you want it... I'll use a condom.

A: Oh yeah, - well I wish your parents had been so considerate!!

Andi struggles to release his arm from around her shoulders and ends up kneeling him in the bollocks. 'He' limps off. Andi rearranges her clothes and Rachel re-emerges.

R: Are you alright?

A: Yes I'm fine – look could we get out of here, for the first time in my life I'm not actually in the mood.

R: Ah...well actually I've met someone. His name's Matt. He wants to walk me home.

A: I thought we said we were going to stay together. You made me promise. You went on and on about how friends should stick together whatever happened.

R: I know. I'm sorry...but he's really cute.

A: Oh alright then, stay with him I'll be fine. I'll see you tomorrow, we'll go and see something at the pictures. (*Exits*)

To the audience

R: I never did go to the pictures with her the next day. In fact I didn't see her much after I met Matt. In fact I didn't see her at all. We moved down to London and she stayed up here. I did miss her but Matt used to say "You don't need your old friends, you've got me to go out with now, am I not good enough for you?"

What I missed most were our chats about sex. I wanted to tell her about my first time with Matt, which was, well, my first time. Coz we always used to tease each other about her mum trying to make her speak proper and I'd constantly wind her up. "not grass, grass. Class, glass, fast... and not bus, bus. Bus, but, butter country – it's the uh sound" so Andi would have understood how mortified I was when Matt was at the point of climax "I'm coming, oh my God I'm coming" and I had to really stop myself from going "coming"!!

And I wanted to ask her how come he was the only one who ever did come!

I've never had an orgasm. I don't think it ever occurred to Matt that maybe I should. Whereas Andi – I bet she has them all the time. I'm glad I've met up with her again, I feel like we've got so much catching up to do. And this time I'm going to be the best friend ever. I am never going to let her down again, ever.