

Bangers and Mash

A Romantic Comedy

By Drew Fairley and Kate Smith

Pre-show Foyer

Morag bursts into the foyer talking loudly on her mobile phone. She is obviously fighting with her boyfriend and is oblivious to the atmosphere and people around her. Bart is working as an usher and attempts to quieten her down.

M: If you don't get your butt here in ten minutes, that is it! No. I can't believe this,. BABE! You're what? You're going where? Right. So going out with your mates is more important is it? Are you forgetting something? Don't tell me to calm down, Brian. We planned this night out together, you can't just cancel half an hour before cause you've had a supposed better offer. I don't care. Well I'm sure your mate's will love spending our seventh anniversary with you. You...you forgot? Our anniversary? Again?

B: Excuse me. Excuse me? Could you please keep it down? The show is still going on ...could you take your call outside?

M: What?

She waves him away

B: You are disturbing the whole place?

M: what is your problem?

B: Everyone can hear you .

He gestures to the phone .

M: Oh Christ (to phone) Now I'm being hassled by some dork in an ushers uniform. Hello? Hello Brian?

B: SSShhhhhhhh.

M: What is it now for chrissakes?

B: Listen lady, I'm sorry you're having a spat with your asshole boyfriend, but frankly none else here gives a shit . So either hang up the phone or get out!

Bart takes the phone. They grapple with it.

B: Hello, yeah Bart here, listen mate, it sounds to me as if your very pretty lady friend here is ...Bart. I work at the theatre. Yeah I work out. Oh really? (suddenly interested and then he catches himself) Listen whatever mate, no I don't think so. Hello? Your breaking up....The phone went dead. (he hands it back to Morag)

Suddenly the wind goes out of Morag and she realises what a jerk she is being. Bart and Morag lock eyes. They speak at the same time and release the phone.

M: Look you are right I'm so sorry.

B: I'm just trying to do my job

M: I'm really sorry, I just had a really bad day.

*Bart offers her a lifesaver.
she takes a lifesaver*

M: Wow ! Fruit Tingles, my favourite. Hey ...thanks.

They lock eyes

B: What about the show? Your tickets?

M: I'm not in the mood for a love story right now.

B: Well give them to me and I'll see if I can exchange them for you.

M: I thought they were non refundable?

B: I'll see what I can do. Just call the theatre and ask for Bart.

M: Thanks...Bart. I'm Mash

They shake hands coyly.

M: I have to go...

B: By the way you look lovely tonight.

She turns and runs out the door as the bell rings for people to enter the theatre.

Scene 1

SFX *Preshow music as crowd enter into the theatre.*

The stage with a couch, a standard lamp and a sixties curved bar. A vase, a framed picture, a pink beauty case.

The set is in semi darkness.

SFX *Intro music*

SFX V/O: You know those purple hippie stickers with silver writing on them with slogans like magic happens? Well it doesn't. Magic Happens? Sure it does, just not to everyone. Life sucks. Stay in denial and rack up your credit card debt shopping for the perfect pair of Parisian kitten heels, or that must have Orson and Blake faux fur pouffe, or those to die for diamante slides, because then you might feel a whole lot better about your lonely, pointless, existence.

Life is random. It can hit you in the face like a cup of cold sick. It can leave you with a face like a dropped pie. So whaddya do? You have to change and change hurts like a pair stilettos at dawn. It can pinch the life out you and make it impossible to move forward. Magic Happens ? Well bring it the fuck on.

Scene 2

A storm is raging. Morag is in her lounge room, waiting. She checks her watch and straightens her clothes etc. She is immaculate. She keeps fussing over cushions, making sure everything is picture perfect.

M: Where is he? He is late. I knew it. How rude. Bart, whatever your name is. I don't think I want to live with someone who is late. I am interviewing people to move into my house. I have lived for seven years with my boyfriend... until quite recently *she sobs*. What do you ask a complete stranger who is moving in with you? Moving in, looking, touching, being, feeling. A foreign presence, in your space.

She goes to the photograph on the bar and picks it up.

Why did we break up anyway Brian? Boo Boo you were so gorgeous, funny and sexy and smart. We were good together, everyone else thought we were good together, Everyone else thought we were an uber couple. I know we were an uber couple. We never fought. Except about maps, money and marriage. We had great sex...occasionally We fought a lot actually , but that's normal isn't it? Healthy. It cleared the air. You understood me and I understood you. We were comfortable together. We knew each other. But obviously we knew each other too well, maybe we knew all there was to know and just didn't know it. Maybe there was nothing more to know and I am searching for that knowing. Maybe I've said all the things there were to say. I mean what I'm saying is, maybe there is nothing left to be said and that I loved all there is to love but I just can't stop loving you and I thought we were going to get married.

She sobs .

I need a new job. So I can buy stuff and afford to live here on my own. And most importantly I DO NOT, I repeat DO NOT want a man. Brian, so there! Dickhead. I do not want a man. I don't want a man, even if he loves Barbara Streisand and is a really good dancer.

SFX *Thunder and lightning crashes.*

Dear Angels. Omnipotent force. I'm going out on a limb here. I now invoke the power of my second sight

SFX *Thunder and lightning crash.*

I do not want a man, even if he appreciates a quality shoe and isn't afraid to cry . I do not want a live in lover, long term commitment or a paaartner. I certainly do not want an intimate wedding in the hinterland of Byron Bay, where the select few guests sup Champagne from banana leaves and the bride is resplendent in Akira Isogawa, or perhaps Collette Dinigan...or Chanel?. I don't even want to know about it, even if you send me a man who loves it and I mean loves it down there. I want to be alone

SFX *Thunder and lightning plus doorbell*

M: Oh that will be Mr Late ready to look at the room. I hope he likes my cushions

Bart is standing there with his suitcase.

M: Hi you must be Bart. Come on in. Why are you carrying that suitcase?

B: Hello Mash is it? Listen I just got into town and I am staying at a Hotel and I saw your ad and thought why not check it out. It sounded beautiful. By the way, I love those cushions. Mash that is a beautiful name. Is it Celtic? No let me guess Welsh.

M: Not quite.

B: Ummm Nordic?

M: No.

B: A gypsy name from Central Europe?

M: No. Mash. It's just a nickname.

B: Oh what's it short for?

M: I'm not telling. Bart, would you like to see the room?

B: Sure...Haven't we already met?

M: I don't know.

B: Yeah, at the theatre. You were having a full on fight, on the phone, with your friend in the foyer. Fuck it is you!

M: No that was definitely not me.

B: Absolutely. You were wearing a green floral dress with pink piping. Green shoes with an ankle strap and you were carrying a fabulous pink beauty case as your handbag. Ingenious.

M: That was a year ago.

B: Yes, on this exact day .At this exact hour.

SFX Thunder. They both look at their watches.

M: I'm scared.

B: Oh no...

Bart lunges towards her and she leaps back squealing

B: Sorry It's just that I have got a photographic memory. I remember everything. It's like a curse.

M: Close your eyes. Alright Mr Photographic memory, name everything single thing in this room.

He closes his eyes

B: A sofa with a pink throw, three cushions, (one purple two pink) a walnut laminate bar with three things on it. A green paisley vase, a photograph of some guy, that pink beauty case we talked about before. And you.

M: God, that is incredible! So do you use it for your job?

B: I'm not working at the moment.

M: Oh why not?

B: Oh I've got money. I used to be a stockbroker.

M: You did not. Look at your outfit.

B: I am a musician at heart.

M and B: Like an artist.

An awkward pause.

B: Oh so what do you do?

M: I work in fashion actually.

B: I used to dabble in fashion.

M: Really.

B: I used to date uber models.

M: Right .Would you like a martini?

B: Yes. Dry. Very dry.

Morag speaks directly to audience

M: First impressions? Well he was 2.5 minutes late and he was unemployed, but he had fabulous shoes, enough money to pay six months rent in advance AND I didn't find him attractive. Perfect.

B: First impressions? Well the house was stumbling distance from the local night-life. It was affordable, funky and Mash seemed fine. Most importantly I didn't want to shag her. Damn.

Morag and Bart turn back to each other

SFX *Segue music*

M: So Bart, you will move in today

B: Yeah. Fantastic.

M: Super.

B: Wonderful.

M: Lovely.

B: Stupendous.

M: Stupendous.

Mash exits

SFX *Bart's Guitar Music*

Scene 3

B: You never know your luck in a big city. Well you know your good luck. Bad luck is familiar enough. You might sort yourself out with a top job and a great flat with ocean views but wish night after night you had someone to mess the place up with. Maybe you just have bad luck with women. Is it bad luck or bad choices? Choosing to lean out the car window and yell "hot snatch" to a woman you'd like to meet for fine wine and sophisticated conversation is clearly bad choice. Bad choices are often fuelled by beer and loneliness.

The fact is you can choose almost anything in a big city and the array of choices is bewildering.

SFX (CD 2) V/O: For someone like Bart, choosing was especially difficult. You see he made the mistake of falling head over heels for an air stewardess from Queensland. He bought her gifts and kisses while she tossed her hair back and wondered if her lipstick could be seen from five rows away.

Inevitably she left him. He in turn left his job and left behind that part of him that was now broken. He made a pact with himself. To never feel that abandoned ever again. And by doing so he replaced her with charm.

He had winning ways with women. But as he chatted them up and made them laugh, he made sure he didn't forget that in the long run, remaining detached would be best for all.

For Bart, the flat was a place to stare at the wall for an hour or two, until the city beckoned him to stampede wide eyed through its streets.

Scene 4

SFX Loud sex sounds.

As lights fade up Morag enters woken by the noise. Morag enters and spies Bart's untidiness. She straightens things up and sits on the couch and start reading a magazine about Depression.

Bart enters he is saying goodbye to his one-night-stand.

B: Bye...bye...see ya..ooopss what? I can't hear you...ahhh look out there ..bye! I'll call you later..not.....

Bart enters chuckling and looking freshly shagged. He mimes playing cricket and footy.

B: Afternoon ! I am hungry. I could eat a horse. Mash, I'm just going to make a late breakfast, are you hungry?

M: No thanks.

B: You don't know what I am going to make yet. I might bang together an omelette with goats curd and sage...although I could of course use other kinds of soft cheese in this recipe...something that melts easily. I often use ricotta or grated emmenthal.

M: I am on a dairy free diet.

B: What? Too fatty? Too rich? What about, white peaches, in rosewater syrup with a dollop of yoghu ..oops no yoghurt... maybe a sprinkling of soft pistachios.

M: Did you have a good night last night?

B: Yeah

Smug chuckle.

M: Well? Who was she?

B: Who was who? What? What?

M: Don't get all weird and coy about it.

B: I'm not being weird and coy.

M: O.K then who was it?

B: Julie if you must know. What does is matter to you? .Ooohhhh are you jealous.

M: No I'm not.

B: Well Mash, it's not really any of your business is it Miss Nosey Parker?

Mash explodes

M: Well Bart. You have made it made my business actually from 3.27 until 8.54 this morning.

B: Oh my god could you hear us?

M: Yes. It sounded as if someone was being stabbed. The neighbours called three or four times to see if I was alright!

B: That's incredible. You know why? I haven't heard you make a single sound in your bedroom. I mean in the entire three months that I've stayed I haven't heard you do anything in there. I mean I've heard your doona fall off in the middle of the night and you quickly pull it back up. But beyond that, nothing. Ever. Not once. Complete silence. Extraordinary.

M: Alright. Did you go into my room last night?

B: Yeah how come you lock it? It took ages to find the key.

M: Julie was wearing my robe.

B: And?

M: It's mine. My Christian Dior robe. My lucky robe.

B: Well you never wear it, it was still in the box.

M: Exactly. That is because it's special Bart. Not that you would know what having something or someone one, special is because you're too busy rutting half of Sydney every weekend. It was Tess last week and Sophia the week before, and Sara, Veronica, Ruby, Esther, Ivy, Rose and Talluhlah, Lahlah, and Ruff Ruff. Every Saturday morning, someone, different in my house.

B: Well maybe you should go out more and get rid of that photo of your ex – boyfriend.

M: I feel violated.

B: Violated?

M: Yes violated. the robe incident and you never change the toilet role.

B: Well you never clean.

M; Well you never cook.

B: I always cook. You cooked toasted sandwiches two months ago and we didn't even use plates.

M: Well who pays for the food? (**SFX Fight Music**) The last bill was \$327.00.

B: And how much of that did you pay?

M: \$327.00 (nose to nose)

B: What about the compost bucket?

M: What about the cushion fluffing?

B: What about the Tupperware drawer?

M and B: What are we MARRIED?

Morag and Bart freeze in horror.

Scene 5

SFX (CD 2) V/O: Every house has it's up and downs. Living with people isn't easy. To help navigate relationships in share accommodation, there is an invisible manual, a set of Golden Rules to guide us. The Golden Rules are...

B: Don't ignore the washing up.

M: Don't wash whites with colours.

B: Don't rearrange the furniture.

M: Don't use your flatmates deodorant.

B: Don't put empty milk containers back in the fridge.

M: Don't use your flatmates facial scrub to scour the bath.

B: Don't hide broken house hold items in the bin.

M: Don't forget to flush the toilet.

B: Don't invite boring people around.

M: Don't call sex-line numbers and pretend a burglar did it.

B: Don't leave your vibrator on the couch and pretend your mother did it.

M: Don't have a party in the flat without inviting the flatmate.

B: Don't get drunk at the aforementioned party and do impersonations of me having sex.

M: Don't get lucky at the aforementioned party and have sex in my bed.

Both: And don't under any circumstances..

B: No matter how intoxicated you are,

M: How desperate you feel

Both: Or how good they look, have sex with your flatmate. Ever.

Morag and Bart suddenly freeze sexual tension between them as they lock eyes.

B: Do you want to go and get a drink?

M: Yes. I'm feeling quite hot.

She leaves

B: I noticed.

SFX *Segue to bar*

SFX *Bar Music*

Scene 6

Morag enters, waits for Bart. He arrives and they enter Ally McBeal's Bar.

B: This is a really nice bar. What's it called?

M: Ally McBeal's. It's full of lawyers.

B: So you do go out.

M: I used to work here. Would you like a drink?

B: Do you like Pina Coladas?

M: I like getting caught in the rain

B and M: Do you like making love at midnight.

They laugh

B: Why haven't we gone out for drinks before? You gotta have a few drinks with your housemate once a week.

M: Bart You know we have lived together for three months and I still don't know your last name.

B: Really?

M: Yes. I haven't really asked you much about yourself at all. I don't know why.

B: Maybe you're just intimidated by my parade of gorgeous women and my photographic memory.

M: No. I just haven't been interest in you at all...until now.

B: Cool.

M: So what is it?

B: My last name? Forest –ohh- laid. Bart Forest Oolaid.

M: Interesting.

B: It's from the famous haunted Ohh-Laid forest in the Scottish Highlands.

Bar Music begins to fade

M: Wow I have Scottish ancestry too!

B: Well get this, an old gypsy woman read my jaw and told me about the old forest (Bar Music out)and the woman that haunts it. Apparently her baby was ripped form her womb by a pack of wolves and she screams in the forest till this day.

M: Oh Bart that is so creepy. Don't you mean that the gypsy women read your palm?

B: No. My jaw. She said And this is a bit scary. She said I have the mark of the Jakal in my jaw. A little bump. Feel it.

Morag leans over to feel it. He barks and growls and she squeals.

M: What the hell in the matter with you?. I am highly sensitive to ghost stories and scary oggly boogly stuff. Is Forest-oo-laid really your name.

B: Yes it is and what is your proper name?

SFX *Slowly fade in Hall and Oats bar music*

M: I don't know what you mean.

B: What is Mash short for?

She suddenly changes the subject as music reaches louder volume.

M: Oh I love these corny love songs, all those fabulous eighties duets.

B: Hall and Oats

M: Dolly and Kenny

B: Captain and Tenille

M: Streisand and Diamond. I adore Barbara Streisand.

B: Me too.

B and M: What's your favourite film?

B and M: 'Yentyl'

B and M: Just kidding...no I'm not...Really? Yeah. No. I love it! 'Xanadu', 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' ... 'Fame'. Unbelievable.

Direct address to audience, Bar Music snaps out.

B: This was incredible I could understand us both loving 'Yentyl' because every body loves 'Yentyl' but 'Xanadu', 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' AND 'Fame' was a really rare combination. Really rare. It's as if Mash had read my diary, except I didn't keep a diary.

Music snaps back

B: Can I you get you another drink? (holding bank card) Oh bugger what's my pin number?

M: 2647.

Morag. Direct address to audience, Bar Music snaps out.

M: I am starting to freak myself out. How did I know his PIN number? Aunt Bonnie always says I am psychic. She reckons I've got second sight? But I don't believe in all that oggly boogly stuff. But I know things about Bart. It was as if I have met him before.

B: How the hell did you know my PIN number ?

M: Lucky guess.

B: Truth or dare.

M: Truth.

B: Say you slept with some one...someone you shouldn't ...

M: You mean someone who is married?

B: No, not necessarily. Maybe someone at work. Say you like them, maybe you even love him. Would you hang around the next day?

M: And do the breakfast thing?

B: Yes.

M: Absolutely not. If I have a one night stand, even if it is with someone I really like, especially then. They most definitely have to be out by ten o'clock...

B: Oh right like a hotel? Would you change the sheets as well?

M: Yes and I'd put my Christian Dior robe safely back in it's box.

B: That doesn't make any sense, why would you kick someone out who you like?

M: Well maybe I am not interested in just having a ...fuck (she mouths the word fuck)

B: And why wouldn't you be interested in just having a fuck?

M: Never you mind Mr Stand -There- and- Put- Your- Hands- In- Your Pockets and look at me like that!

B: Mr Stand- There -and- Put -My -Hands- In- My Pockets and Look at you like what?

Morag leaps up on an impulse.

M: I think I'd Like to dance now?

B: I didn't think you were the dancing type.

M: Well Bart Forestoohlaid there is a lot about me that you don't know actually.

SFX *'Shake a Groove Thing' Dance Music fades up*

B: Really? Can you dance?

M: Can you?

B: I'm game.

She tears off her coat to reveal a slinky dress underneath.

They dance and finally embrace in a tango.

SFX (CD 2) *as they tango and begin to separate, Violin sound fades up and disco music fades down. Disco out completely as Mash speaks. Then violins fade as well.*

M: So you are out there again. Single, alone, available. You've had the haircut, bought a new dress and a nice lacy bra maybe even a g- string which still feels like a razor in your bottom, but it feels kind of sexy too. You let your gaze linger on that man at work with the lovely smile who asked you out once. You go to the movies you want to see. You buy a new vibrator with attachments.

Mash crosses the stage to the toilet. Violins out completely

You are in control and invincible, untouchable, unbreakable.

You've wept and raged and worn down and wrung out all the tears. You've shed weight because the only way to cope was to run. Hard and long to get rid of the pain in your body that stopped you breathing or feeling.

Your heart has woken up and you start to dance. You start to feel. You are tip- toeing on the cusp of something fragile and new. And then?

SFX *'Groove Thing' 2 and Piano together.*

Mash goes to speak to Bart in crowded bar but gets scared and runs out. Leaving one of her shoes. Bart sees her shoe and collects it.

Morag is ringing Brian on her mobile as she arrives back at the flat.

Scene 7

M: Brian Hi..it's me Mash. Are you busy? Well it's just that ..Actually I don't know why I'm ringing. I suppose I'm just happy. I have had the most incredible day and the last I felt this good was when I was with ..Oh sorry are you busy? Yeah I know it's the weekend. What I can't call you on the weekend now? (deep breath) I'm not getting upset. Really I'm not. I'm happy. Really happy right now and you have nothing to do with it. I guess I thought that maybe. I know. (she is getting into the cycle of argument with him again and decides to stop it) No Brian we were not soul-mates. A soul -mate wouldn't leave me standing at the alter. No Brian you aren't sorry. And I am not going to drag my feelings of failure about our relationship on another year, it's not worth it. I suppose that's what I was ringing for. Goodbye Brian.

She texts

M; Come and pick up your blasted box!

She starts to take the box outside as Bart enters.

B: Hey where did you get too? I brought your shoe!

M: Oh sorry. Oh, sorry about that I remembered I had to make a call.

B: Ahh I see you are finally getting rid of that box.

M: Yeah time for a Spring clean and oooh champagne!!!

B: Yep, I felt it was time to celebrate.

M: Celebrate what?

B: Nothing in particular just celebrate!

M: Oh Bart It's so strange I have had the most incredible day. For the first time in a long time I feel light, I fell free... It' as though an enormous weight has been lifted. I am so happy. *Suddenly Bart bursts into tears* Oh Bart what's wrong?

B: It's nothing. Oh god Mash. I've been hiding something. There's something I have to tell you.

M: Bart what is it?

B: I've got a secret and I can't hold it in any longer.

M: Go on.

B: When I was 23 I was in the locker room after a dance class and I noticed I was different to other men. At first I tried to ignore it. Pretend that it wasn't happening to me. I was ashamed. I tried to hide it. But since I moved in here I feel like I can't any longer. I know you'll find out soon enough. So ...

He starts sobbing and crying.

B: Well Mash, I am G... I'm, G, ...I'm G...

M: Your Gay?

B: No. I am going bald.

Morag is stunned and relieved. Bart cries hysterically. She slaps him.

B: Mash is it noticeable?

M: No I have never noticed. I don't even care.

B: Should I grow a comb over?

M: No.

B: A perm ? Just to thicken it up a little?

Morag shakes her head.

B: Hair plugs??

M: Oh Bart people with hair-plugs look like they have shoelaces growing out of their heads. Except Bert Newton. He gets away with it. I love Bert Newton.

B: Me too. Bert Newton has hair plugs??

Bart gets hysterical and faints. Mash drags him to the lounge. They fumble over each other

B: Oh dear I'm sorry. Thank you for listening. I can't believe I actually told I am going bald

M: I can't believe you've been holding this terrible secret inside for all these years. So lonely. So sad. The thing is you are a fabulous person. You can cook and look at all those ladies you have in your life. I just want you to know I have all the time in the world for you...

They go to kiss.

SFX *The phone rings and it is Aunt Bonnie*

M: Aunt Bonnie. An emergency? I'll come right now. *She hangs up.* It's Aunt Bonnie. It's an emergency. I have to go right now

B: I'll be here waiting. Alone.

Yet again they lock eyes.

Scene 8

B: ahhhh. What's happening? *Pause* Feelings? I was just all vulnerable and listening. I wasn't even pretending. I really was speaking the truth. Ohh it felt good. Wrong but good. I suppose this is the beginning of another phase. Ahh sorry I just had a terrible memory, of my first phase it was horrible I was at art school grew side burns, I was a great listener, cried when the hot water ran out and danced with a hunch. I was a snag. A sensitive new age git. That was when I met Veroushka, she said she was from displaced Russian aristocracy. I learnt to astral travel. She graduated, found God and straightened her crooked path. In reality she was a big fat liar from Gynea whose real name was Susan, She said I can't stay with you anymore. You'll understand when you are older" You know, I never did.

My next phase was marked by one word. Yes. I said yes to everything. I was into the "experience" man. That was when I met Iriarianiarr, a fire-twirler with dreads and piercings to mark the spot. We met at a rave. We both had top hats made from old shirts. We stank of patchouli oil and lighter fluid. We were ferals. Then, one day when I dropped her off at her parents North Shore mansion she turned and waved. At that moment my dream catcher fell onto the dash -board of my kombi van and I knew it was the end. The end of us. The end of her wiggly waggly poetry and of me pretending I wanted another feather in my beanie.

Then before I knew it I was older and I hung around with some two-bit air stewardess who flew away with my heart.

For the last few years I have hit the polished concrete floors of the new inner city bars. I have had a new love in my life every Friday night. I'm hooked. Hooked on women and the art of seduction. I am a cad.

It seems that the type of men I fear the most, I become. So if everything goes to plan, next I'll have a Volvo, a mortgage and a life partner. (He laughs) Yeah right. I suppose next I'll fall in love with Mash. Oh my god. I love Mash. And I have waited my whole life to meet her.

He goes to hug Beauty case.

SFX *Aunt Bonnie's Bag Pipes*

Scene 9

Mash Searches in the dark with a lantern for Aunt Bonnie.

SFX (CD2) *Distant thunder under entire scene. And bag pipes out.*

M: Greetings Aunt Bonnie.

B: Greetings Morag.

SFX *Thunder and lightning*

M: Aunt Bonnie, please don't call me that name. It has a terrible power. It's Mash now.

B: But hen, that is your name. You were named after your great great Grandmother. Och what a woman she was. She was a Highland Queen y'know. She could make porridge from dirt and tartan from twigs and snot.

M: I know.

B: That wasnae easy

M: Aunt Bonnie Why have you summoned me here?

B: You've been called upon by a force far greater than myself hen, because it's time. It's time to talk about you know what.

M: No. I don't want to talk about it.

B: Och away with you. It's time and you know it. It's time for you to join all the other women off our family and embrace the second sight.

SFX *Thunder and lightning crashes*

M: I don't believe in my second sight. I don't believe in all that oogly- boogly stuff!

B: I know you've been changing lately. I can sense the shift under you r shift.

M: Aunt Bonnie. I beg of you!

Aunt Bonnie has a vision and her tremendous bosoms wobble.

B: JINGS! I am having a vision. You're seeing some one.

M: No I'm not.

B: I'm seeing him. I am feeling him . He is close. Perhaps a wee bit too close. He cooks...no that's you cooking. And you know what it means when you see a man cooking. (To Mash) Are you having rumpy pumpy?

M: No Aunt Bonnie

B: Not hidin' the sausage?

M: No

B: Have you been handling haggis?

M: Aunt Bonnie I don't...*(Mash protests as Aunt Bonnie counts her into hypnosis)*

B: 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10 HYPNOTISED! Now hen I want you to tell me the name of the man you hold dear in your heart.

SFX *Sexy Saxophone music. Thunder fades out until Mash is unhypnotised.*

M: hey there handsome..O h really all those other ladies mean nothing to you...well come here and show me that you really care.....

She mimes a man going down on her.

B: I only wanted to know his name hen. CHICKEN!

Sexy music snaps out. Mash clucks!

B: UNHYPNOTISED!

M: (squeals) Aunt Bonnie what are you doing to me?

Thunder Fade up

B: I had to find out what was going on in your subconscious mind. Why I've never seen you like this before. Your psychic energy is flying around this room like a cock at a celiegh dance. And you have an awfy awfy awfy great powering your name .

M: I don't want to know about the power. I don't want to know about the truth of my destiny. I'm frightened.

SFX *Thunder and Lightning*

B: Don't be. One and three score year ago, your mother(my sister)your Grandmother, (your mother's mother and my mother also) and all the other girls were sitting by the

edge of a loch watching as you were conceived on the edge of the Oolaid forrest. Och what a sight it was. Your mother was awfy bonny. Well I was called bonnie but she really was bonnie and Your father was hung like a hairy coo. And as they rattled away like a couple of tin cans down a cobbled street. I knew that he knew that she knew that I knew that he knew that I knew that he knew that she knew that I knew that YOU WOULD KNOW.

M: Know what?

B: That you have, like all the women in our family, second sight.

M: I knew it. I knew it today in the bar when we were talking and I knew his PIN number and he loves Barbara Streisand and he can dance I just knew that Bart wasn't gay...

When Mash says Bart her bosom and Aunt Bonnie's bosoms wobble.

M: Oh my God what's happening to my bosom?

B: They know the truth!

M: My boobs ?

B: Ye s. That is how the second sight expresses itself. You hold the truth to your destiny within your bosom, and when you find it they wobble. Now something you said triggered them off hen, go back over what you said.

M: Ahh. Pin Number...Dancing...Barbara Streisand...gay..Bart.

Thunder. Boobs akimbo.

M : Aunt Bonnie are you trying to tell me that I'm in Love with Bart Forrestoolaid?

B: AY! Now get some hot water, some towels and a bottle of vermouth!

SFX *Thunder and lightning*

Scene 10

SFX *Loves serenade*

Morag arrives home and Bart is still hugging her beauty case. Their eyes meet and they are swept into dancing. then they still themselves and as the music swells they kiss. Music plays they lock eyes and dance toward each other mesmerised and kiss.

Scene 11

Morag is lounging, wearing the Christian Dior robe. She has laizze faire attitude. Bart enters fully dressed in a suit with his bags packed.

B: Listen about last night. I have to go Queensland.

M: Queensland? Is something wrong? It's only 7.30 in the morning!

B: Yes. I have to go.

M: Why?

B: There's been an emergency.

M: Are you lying ?

B: No

M: Right. Get out!

B: But I ..

M: Just go.

B: You see

M: Out.

Pause

B: Are you

M: Now.

Bart leaves.

SFX V/O: The Golden Rule had been broken and it didn't work out. And surprise, surprise, just when think magic is going to happen, you are reminded that happy endings aren't for everyone. Life changes direction when you least expect it. And Bart was a fucking asshole.

Scene 12

SFX You Don't Bring Me Flowers Anymore.

*M: (Singing) You don't bring me flowers.
You don't sing me love songs.*

*B: You hardly talk to me any more
when I come through the door at the end of the day.*

*M: I remember when
you couldn't wait to love me
Didn't want to leave me.
Now after lovin' me late at night.*

B: When it's good for you babe and your feelin' alright.

*M: Well you just roll over and turn out the light.
You don't bring me flowers any more.*

B: used to be so natural

M: Used to be..

*B: to talk about forever.
But used to be's don't count any more. They just lay on the floor 'til we sweep them
away.*

M: Baby I remember all the things you taught me.

B: I learned how to laugh and I learned how to cry.

M: well I learned how to love and I learned how to lie.

B: So you think I could learn how to tell you good bye.

M: So you think I could learn how to tell you good bye.

Together: You Don't bring me flowers any more.

Together: So you think I could learn how to tell you good bye.

B: You don't say you need me.

M: You don't sing me love songs.

Together: You don't bring me flowers any more.

Mash finds a letter in her robe from Bart. She reads as he dictates

B: Dear Mash.

I am sorry about last night. But I am terrified. Terrified of love. Terrified of loving you. Because you are the best damn thing that has ever happened to me. I am just a womanising fool, a heel, a chump. I feel lower than a dog with fleas. Mash you are a classy broad, one helluva girl and I am a good for nothing dive bar junkie. I love you so much and when you love some one you gotta set them free. If they come back to you they're yours. If they don't they never were. I love you so much I can only seem to write this note in a stream of tired old clichés.....here's looking at you Mash.

PS: Don't try and find me on Qantas flight 6 to Brisbane departing at 10.22. You'll only make me cry.

PPS. I'll never forget you.

M: Of course you'll never forget me you've got a photographic memory you idiot.

Morag screw up the note and throws it on the floor.

M: Who do you think you are? I never said anything about love, I just wanted a fffff. A fffff. I don't have any feelings for you whatsoever Bart Forrestoolaid.

Her Bosoms wobble and pull out of the house towards the airport.

SFX *Bongos to the Airport with Planes landing.*

Scene 13

Airport Love

SFX V/O: Ladies and gentlemen welcome to Kingsford- Smith Airport. We would to remind you that smoking is not permitted inside and that all food here is over priced. Thank you.

SFX (CD2) *Airport Sound scape.*

Mash arrives in the Dior robe stilettos and handbag.

B: Mash!

M: Bart! What are you doing?

B: How did you find me?

M: You left instructions.

B: Oh shit.

M: You can't leave.

B: I can't stay. We've broken the Golden Rule of flatmates. That's a crime punishable by awkward meetings in the hall nights spent alone pacing in your bedroom. We may as well separate the flat with tape immediately.

M: Bart what if we stopped being flatmates.

B: I thought moving to Brisbane pretty much achieved that!

M: No I mean what if we went back to the flat and moved in...together.

B: Trouble.

M: Bart what are you really afraid of?

SFX V/O: Ladies and Gentlemen could passenger B Forestdulay please board flight 6 to Brisbane immediately b forest du late. Hey Paul check this out, this passengers name is B. Forsetdulay and I said ...(she is laughing)

B: I am afraid that you might disappear like all the rest.

M: Bart You're the one that's running away.

B: Shut up!

M:I know why. I know why you've been running .I know you've been hurt by love. But you've gotta get over it.. Because godammit we've all been hurt by love.

SFX Foreigner

M: Hey you lady? You been hurt by love? yeah I thought so. Hey fella? You been hurt by love? Yeah I know you have. Hey Mac you been hurt by love? See Bart we've all been hurt by love. We've all got Baggage.

B: I am addicted to momentum. I am addicted to new things

SFX Planes

B: I am addicted to you Mash. I Love You...

Plane takes off

M: What?...You what?

B: *Loudly over planes that have stoped landing.* I love you!

B: Do you love me too?

M: Yes Bart, can't you see I am wearing the Dior. TheChristian Dior robe?

B: You do love me? You do!

M: Yes yes yes!!!!

They go to embrace Bart pulls away

B: Hang on, wait a minute. I can't move in with you until I know what your real name is.

With new found confidence she says.

M: My name is Morag. Michael Eilidgh McDonald Mc Toot McTavish.

SFX *Car crash*

B: That's the most beautiful name I've ever heard. Morag Moorage Mrg. Is it Russian?

M: No

B: No wait a minute let me guess...from the Islands? I know why it's the most beautiful name I've ever heard, because it's your name. Your name, Morag, your name. Your name

Scene 14

Finale

SFX *Loves Serenade with Voice over. Post show is attached.*

V/O: Well there it is. The Golden Rule Broken. A hallmark in their lives. Plenty of people have done it. Taken the plunge, pushed themselves beyond themselves and found themselves in love.

M: That night, Bart watched Morag sleeping and as he settled into the rhythm of her breath. His impulse to run had gone. His recognition of something good was profound. Profound enough for him to reach inside his impenetrable persona and make a room. And as he placed her gently inside, he knew he'd never be a rock star, never meet Winona Ryder and never die young, but all he was to be, he would be, with her.

B: The next morning Morag awoke to find herself soft and powerful. In the bathroom mirror she managed to look past her shadows of doubt and marvel at the warm embers of satisfaction in her eyes. She neglected to don her preselected mauve outfit, tidily presented for Mondays and instead let the kettle whistle over several minutes uncaring

She enjoyed her newfound way of smiling. How beautiful her naked feet were against the floor. All at once the outside world seemed to drop away and she was truly at home.

The city scape glows in the background.