

LIVING WITH MOTHER

CURTAINS AT THE WINDOW

By

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SCENE 1

EXTERIOR: OCCASIONAL MOO THROUGH OUT AND MAYBE
BIRD SONG ETC

PATRICK:

(Shouting)

Alan Alan She s in the bushes No the bushes in the
spinney yonder!....In the spinney! Go around and drive her
back through!

(Normal)

He s a bit slo itted is that lad A co makes to break
through the fence and he just stands and watches her go.....

(Shouting)

Drive her back through lad!

(Normal)

So, yes what to say.....Well I can tell you about Mother. First
off she s hundred and three ears old no Yes one hundred

SCENE 2

SEWING MACHINE

MAISY:

Life s for li ing that s hat Susan sa s And she s right things

ha e to change We e been going on like this for a lifetime

Thrifty is one thing but my boy is and always has been tighter

than a ducks you know what. Now, take his birthday. Patrick(b)(4)(e)(en tig)-(b)(4)

SCENE 3

DOOR OPENS AND SLAMS SHUT

PATRICK: Curtains in the window? Curtains in the bloody window?

MAISY: Oh you made me jump son.....

PATRICK: Curtains in the indo Mother We can t be affording them

MAISY: Now Patrick.....

PATRICK: Ho much the cost We can t afford to be asting money on curtains at the window. They look like ten shillings a piece at least Mother.

MAISY: Oh Patrick....Even I know we been Metrics for years an years..

PATRICK: I don t care if e re dollars Euros or ing or blood ang mother. All I know is that e can t be thro ing mone a a on frippery.

MAISY: Well I didn t spend an thing Patrick The made from the old tablecloth Aunty Winnie gave me twenty years ago. And there s onl enough for half the indo anyway.

PATRICK: Oh right. Well..You sure?

MAISY: Sure. Looks silly with only half the window covered though.

PATRICK: No one to look in on us anyways. Now what we got for tea?
I e done ten hours straight on that fencing and that lad Alan is
near to bloody useless.

MAISY: How old is he now?

PATRICK: Sixty five.

MAISY: Don t kno their born

PATRICK: The don t mother the don t

HARLEY DAVIDSON APPROACHES. STOPS AND IDLES.

LETTERBOX GOES AND LETTERS FALL ON MAT. HARLEY

DAVIDSON ROARS OFF

PATRICK: That postman delivers later and later every day.

MAISY: I ll get it

PATRICK: No I ll go mother ou finish that tea It ll take ou an hour to
get to the front door.

MAISY: I m quicker than ou

PATRICK: Ho, I don t think Remember that egg and spoon race at last
years fete?

MAISY: You glued yer egg to the spoon though.

SORTING THOUGH POST.

PATRICK: Nothing but bloody bills and a pizza menu. Oh and a letter for you mother.

MAISY: Oh let me see.

LETTER TORN OPEN

MAISY: It s another letter from Susan Tully. Oh lovely Susan. You remember her?

PATRICK: No.

MAISY:

PATRICK: I dunno.... sounds French. Bloody common market.

MAISY: Oh but that's lovely isn't it. And she's probably home now. I'd give her a call if we had a phone.

PATRICK: There's a call box at the end of the lane.

MAISY: We really should get a phone though Patrick. There's been one around since before I was born.

PATRICK: The one at the end of the lane works perfectly and it hardly ever smells. Can't see any need to waste money by having one of our own in the house.

MAISY: Your father was the same about the lavvy.

PATRICK: He was right. Unhygienic having them indoors.

MAISY: Not on a winter's night it isn't. I can't tell you how many times I've had to scrape the frost off that seat.

PATRICK: Don't do you no harm mother. You're fitter than most folk round here.

MAISY: That's only because you've got to give me the bus fare to get into town.

PATRICK: I thought you liked cycling.

MAISY: Not with a trolley on the back full of shopping.

PATRICK: Well that's the a of the orld Mother I m out there tending them cows all day long. Mucking out and mending fences.....So hat s for tea then mother

MAISY: I m off to go see Susan She sa s she ll be at her mother s old house Your tea s on the sto e son Beans and Mutton ith some spuds from Monday.

SCENE 4

EATING DINNER

PATRICK: I lied hen I said I don t remember that Susan girl I blood well do remember her. She was the kid at school who always had the best shoes. Always wearing new clothes on a Sunday. Her dad was the first person in town to have carpets. Flash is what my dad called them. Flash Harrys. They had an inside bathroom of course and a television. I remember I saw it once. She invited me and Jimmy Clayton over. There was a Donkey puppet thing and some posh woman telling a story. No idea what that was about. Bit childish I thought. Susan thought it was good though. She laughed like it was the best thing she had ever seen. Laughed and laughed she did..... I remember she always had pink ribbons in her hair. Pink

ribbons all crisp and new and she smelt of Lilac flowers. All
fresh like Blood. All laughed at me I remember. Just cos I
had wellies on at school. Clean though. Oh yes Mother always
made sure I was washed and scrubbed proper clean and me
dad would polish them wellies until you could see the sun rise.
And like he said. No good. Aasting mone on fanc shoes
when you be traipsing through mud half the da

And no. He s out buried b that rhubarb patch
Funny. Only seems like yesterday that he was in this room
polishing my wellies.....

SCENE 5

CLOCK TICKING

MAISY:

I don t think I e been out so late since V E da. Oh but it as a

MAISY: I'll just turn this off. I can't hear you.

PATRICK: I specifically said I did not want a party.

MAISY: I thought you just didn't want a present. I thought

PATRICK: I'll bet it was Susan's idea.

MAISY: We came up with the idea together son. I thought it was lovely. And everyone came and had a good time and bought you presents.

PATRICK: It was humiliating.

MAISY: The presents?

PATRICK: The bumps. Being given the bumps is humiliating at any age but eighty of the blasted things.....

MAISY: Well that was young Alan's idea that was

PATRICK: Bloody fool. And Susan laughed and laughed herself silly.

SUSAN: She was just joining in son.

PATRICK: And how much did them balloons and sandwiches cost?

MAISY: Well not much and Susan says we should live a little these days and to be honest son I don't think we're poor are we

PATRICK: We bloody will be at this rate. Forking out for people to mess about giving me the bumps.

MAISY: Susan says you should do things like that more often.....

PATRICK: Susan sa s Susan blood sa s I m fed up hearing about that woman already mother.

MAISY: You seemed to have a nice time after the bumps anyway.

PATRICK: Well I.....

MAISY: I could tell Susan was ever pleased to see you again after all these years. And you two had a bit of a dance when Alan started on the piano.

PATRICK: That is called being ci il Don t ant people sa ing e re rude

MAISY: Just tight fisted.

PATRICK:

MAISY:

Well Susan is coming over for tea tonight so there. And I've bought some fish from town. Take it out my pension if you must.

MAISY:

No,

SCENE 10

PATRICK:

MAISY: That s right son Life s for li ing

PATRICK: Life s for Li ing Come on Mother, let s join Susan in that lounge bar. We can all have half a lager!

CREDITS