Talking our world: an experiment in community theatre for women

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JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

and

ALL THIS TALK

Two plays devised for presentation at Wollongong Workshop Theatre in 1986 and 1987

Edited by Robbie Collins
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JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Conceived and written by —

Mandy Clark, Connie Coen, Robbie Collins, Louise Fantinel, Cassandra Fulcher, Gilda Glover, Elizabeth McGowan, Denise Martin, Katia Molino, Laura Molino, Mary-Kate Pickett, Rachel Thomas, Janet Wilson.

Compiled and edited by —

Robbie Collins

Scenes

Setting the scene
It takes all kinds
The media says
And they say
They tell me about others
Like these women
The future of your face
The clotheshorse
Falling fat
Perhaps I should try
It's all in the stars
The interview
On the job
Superwoman
Conversation Piece
There's just us here

A bit of blurb (from the programme)

Just Between You And Me was conceived on a sultry night by a loony group cavorting in a driveway. The courtship began during auditions for the 1985 Wollongong Workshop production of Top Girls. But we found we shared a view of ourselves and the place we share in society.

The episodic structure of Just Between You And Me reflects the range of images we have of ourselves and which we see being structured for us. We do believe women have come a long way, but "they" do keep telling us. We are caught between our desires to be women who can do anything and our perceptions of what others expect of us.
Cast

Seven actresses who remain on stage throughout the sixteen scenes playing varying roles as required by each scene. In scenes where they have no role they stand out of focus, watching. All assist in the changes of set between scenes.

First performed at Wollongong Workshop Theatre in May, 1986 for a run of three weeks with

Cast —
Denise Martin, Janet Wilson, Connie Coen, Katia Molino, Cassandra Fulcher, Laura Molino, Gilda Glover.

Director —
Robbie Collins

Stage Manager —
Mary-Kate Pickett

Lighting —
Gai Purdy

Sound Operator —
Mandy Clark

Sound —
Dennis Kennedy and Erik Rijnberg

Design —
The Cast and Crew

Prop Building —
Robbie Collins

Photography —
Noel Clegg

Artwork —
Jim Muir and Connie Coen
Setting the scene

As audience enters actresses mingle and talk. Props are set on stands in the central area of the stage. At house lights down actresses move to the pre-set semi-lit stage to distribute props and costumes to appropriate positions then leave the stage and reappear as the characters for Setting the scene. It takes all kinds and The media says.

This is a walk to a waiting room where the seven actresses walk onstage through the audience, carry out a waiting behaviour or action appropriate to their character, such as reading magazine, sitting, waving to friend, etc. After establishing their character's presence in her own imagined waiting room the character moves off backstage only to reappear through the audience in the same sequence and repeating the same behaviour or action. All carry magazines which will specifically be used in The media says. The third time the characters appear they move to their position for the following scene.

It takes all kinds

D: Is it real? [Referring to fur hat (or some such prop) she is wearing.]
K: Of course it is.
D: Did it cost a lot?
K: Well you have to pay for the real thing.
C: Animals paid for it with their lives.
D: So what do you do?
K: I'm a fashion consultant.
C: Not much of a one.
K: What do you do?
C: Hopefully a little more than you.
CO: I'm just a tealady. [Closing the magazine she has been reading.]
J: Are you Julie's Mum?
CO: How do you know Julie?
J: We're in Year nine. I'm just a school girl.
D: I've left school.
L: I'm just me.
G: And it takes all kinds.
They drop the character and move to a lineup downstage and facing the audience directly.

Chorus: I'm a woman. I can do anything.

CO: But they keep telling us...

The media says

All actresses in the lineup down stage facing audience directly to read from the women's magazines (which they carried in the first two scenes) media images of what they should do to maintain their particular lifestyle. One actress starts and one at a time others join in sequence to build intensity and overlap till all are working together. This is broken by a gasp/scream of exasperation/frustration from one of the cast.

One actress: And so it goes on.

All: They keep telling me, keep telling, me, they keep telling, they, me.

Ad lib to create echo effect which continues as they move to

And they say

Move to semi circle. Drop costume and magazine.
Louisa in centre of semi-circle. Lines delivered in "rounds" developing intensity, with Louisa adlibbing answers. In rehearsal establish order of delivery of lines. As intensity is increased the demands on Louisa become more strident in tone and overlap each other until she loses control and ultimately screams and collapses.

Mother: Louisa dear...Stephen phoned. ... He asked about you. ... Why don't you phone him up sometime? ... Stephen is a really nice man. ... You should spend some time with him. ... He's really nice.

School counsellor: Mrs. Jenkins I have to talk to you. ... About Jenny. ... You have to set a time. ... You can't keep putting it off. ... I phoned you three times last week. ... Jenny has been disrupting the other children.

Jenny: Mum, can I talk to you? Can I have a vegemite ... sandwich? ... You said you'd get me one ages ago. You ... always forget me. ... Can we go out somewhere today? I wanna go for a swim. ... Last night you said we'd go for a swim. ... Mummy I spilt the juice, and you're gonna get mad I ... know. But I tried really hard to do it by myself and ... everything and I wanna clean it up myself. ... Mum can you give me money for an ice cream? not a ... daggy water one, a real nice milky one, a chokky paddle ... pop. Ah go on Mum, you never give me an ice cream, go ... on Mum.
Neighbour: Do you still want me to mind Jenny this afternoon? ... Well can you mind the kids tomorrow? ... But it's your turn! ... I've had three turns in a row. ... So I can forget my dinner plans for tomorrow? ... It would have been my first time out in three months.

Workmate: Lou if you're late one more time this week that ... bitch will be on your back. ... Lou if you can give me some of your typing before I leave this afternoon, I'll see if I can help you out. ... Lou don't forget the typing! ... Lou can you put $2 in the coffee fund. ... Lou we're all going out Friday night, can you come. ... Oh you missed last time!

Boss: Your reports should have been finished, typed and on my desk yesterday. ... I have checked your last file and found too many errors ... May I suggest your attendance at work improves. ... I think it would be advisable to seek employment ... elsewhere.

_Louisa collapses under the weight of their demands for her attention, putting her head in her hands._ Others drop roles and become all the other women in similar situations. _They echo her collapse putting their heads in their hands._

Open semi circle.

_From the semi circle comes the patterned rhythms of the actresses saying/chanting_

**They tell me about others**

They tell me about others.

Others

_The words are gently repeated as actresses move in strict patterns about the stage. Once the patterns are established they are interrupted by actresses in turn halting facing audience and calling the next lines._

The Tina Turners

The Maggie Thatchers

The Farah Fawcett Majors

The Jerry Halls

The Raquel Welchs

The Jane Fondas

The Olivia Newton Johns

The Madonnas
The Ita Buttroses
The Maggie Tabberas
The Jill Wrans
The Princess Dis
The Nancy Reagans
The Sally Fields
The Joan Collins
The Jeannie Littles — darlings

All freeze

Like these women

How can I be like these women?

Actresses say words one word at a time from their frozen position and then move to build tableaux. Each tableau as it is completed is held for a moment before one actress moves to the next tableau and so on.

the clothes, the face, the skin, the hair, the sex life, exercise, diet,
friends, career, relationships, marriage, kids, the interview, the boss,
workmates, the house, leisure time, travel, the parties, the lovers, THE IMAGE..

The future of your face

Six actresses mime being at mirrors doing makeup.
One actress doing voice over commercial.

The future of your face is in your hands. Filume. The entire skin care programme for the face. Filume cleanser, Filume wash, Filume toner and Filume moisturiser. All formulated to work together to preserve your young healthy beautiful face.

You are your face.

When you smile and laugh and frown and cry, it's your face that shows what you feel.
Your skin is the ultimate wrapping for your face and Filume is the ultimate case for your face.

Your skin is resistant to wear and tear, it regenerates itself, but you can help nature's wondrous process with gentle, firming Filume. When your skin is in good condition, you look healthy, alive. If you look after it, it will stay young and beautiful for eons.

Buy Filume's complete natural skin care programme and preserve your beauty for the future.

Filume. The finest films for the future of your face.

All stop the mime of applying makeup, close applicator and make a kiss to the audience.

**Clotheshorse**

Department store muzak as four actresses begin selecting imaginary clothes from imaginary racks in a clothing store.

Characters in cubicles which are created by the remaining three actresses forming swing doors for the cubicles:

1. Aged 40 ish
2. Breastfeeding — kids.
3. Young.
4. Female executive.

1. I love this thing, but it's too young for me.
4. It's a bit outrageous but ... no, it really does look good.
3. Janine, when she sees it, she'll just give that smirk — bitch ...
1. No damn it — I'll buy it; sod the lot of them!
4. I could wear my fawn shoes with it.
2. I'll be plastered with vegemite before I get out the front door anyway.
2. John probably won't notice so what's the point.
1. God, I look so different.
3. I've never worn this colour before; but it looks great!
3. I love it!
1. These should be okay.
2. They're expensive.
4. I'll never get into it. When it says 12, why doesn't it mean 12?
2. I CAN do them up.
1. They're not too bad.
3. Look at that zit!
4. These lights make me look terrible.
1. Why don't they put in lights with flattering colours?
3. Mum's not going to like these.
2. Oh shit, I've burst the zipper.
1. Oh, that shows my varicose veins.
3. I can never wear that!
2. Look at this lump.
1. You should talk.
4. I'm not buying a cossie this year.
3. Yuk!
2. I'm going to kill myself.
4. Come on, you haven't that much to complain about.
1. Are you kidding? You haven't seen my thighs.
2. They're nothing compared to mine.
3. Really — well, look at this!
1. Mine are bigger than that!
3. Well at least you've got nice tits!
2. You reckon? They bounce out of shirts like this one.
3. Mine aren't big enough to bounce out of things.
1. You're lucky to have small ones. These get in the way.
4. When I was pregnant I actually had a cleavage.
1. Remember when you were a kid?
4. Yeh, I used to stuff my bikini bra.
2. And you'd get out of the swimming pool with tissues going everywhere.
3. I'm going to get a charge account.
4. There's so much on my Bankcard.
1. I used to always pay it on time so there's no interest but now I never get to it and it ...
2. Yeh, mine's exactly the same.
3. She's got her little plastic thing in her hand and she walks into a shop and everything's free.
4. Yeh, that's how I feel.
1. I'm not going to buy it anyhow.
3. Do I always have to take forever, she says.
2. Do you really think it looks okay?
1. Those salesgirls look at you like you're a lump of lard.
4. Who cares?
3. Oh bugger, I'm going to buy it anyway.
2. This is what I need?
1. Have I got anything it'll go with?
4. I wonder if he'll notice?
3. I like it.
2. It's all saggy where my tits are.
1. Why don't they put the darts in sensible places.
4. I'll really need a lift-and-separate for this one.
3. It's too see-through — I'll have to wear a bra!
2. Can't wait!
1. I love it.
4. Ah — ahey, bullshit, too small, mmmm? Could you get me a size 14 please?
2. Thanks.
1. Mmmm — that's better.


3. Can you cut that price tag off? I'll wear it.

3. She says I can't wear it with sandshoes!

2. I think it looks great.

1. I look all boob.

2. I'm sick to death of looking at button-down-the-front easy access tops.

4. This sort of looks okay, but my bloody bra is showing.

3. Shit, I can't walk in this!

2. That shop chick is looking at me.

1. How're you supposed to wear that?

4. I'll put it on Bankcard.

3. I'll take it.

*Moving out of cubicles.*

4. How much is it?

1. Have I got enough money?

3. Where's my purse?

2. Oh I left my sunglasses.

1. Thank you.

*Shopgirls/cubicles coming together discussing their customers*

1. Did you see that one?

2. She actually bought it.

3. I thought she looked great!

1. Wish I could look like that.

2. Did she wear it out of here with sandshoes on?

3. Look she left her belt!
Falling fat

Two tables set on either side of stage with one woman at each. First table is writing to Answer Annie a magazine answer columnist. Second table is the columnist, Answer Annie, reading and answering the letter.

Table 1: Dear Answer Annie, I've been trying to think of the best way to work out what to do about the falling fat or umm gravity problem which I'm having with my rear ummm bottom.

Answer Annie: Will I answer this one or that one?

Table 1: Since I was — turned 30 I found that my body was not as good as it used to be and I noticed the young 17 year olds at the beach and how supple their skin is, how lithely they move, how fresh they look.

Answer Annie: I know all about that one.

Table 1: It doesn't really disturb me but I fear that my husband doesn't feel as attracted to me as he used to. Do you think I should really try and get this fat off for him? After all he is stuck with me

Answer Annie: As you with him!

Table 1: For the rest of his life.

Answer Annie: Dear Cellulite, It's a problem we all face. While you're reading this magazine you really should be exercising, it's the only solution. But in the meantime there are a number of products with which other readers have reported success. One of them is the Urubitoffus Range. Though there have been readers who have notified me of detrimental side effects in the form of substantial urubitis, this can be identified by the discoloured welts and abrasions, and treatment should be halted immediately and continued only when the scabs have dropped off. Another method you could try is massage, either by yourself or jointly with your husband. You must share your problems with him and rid yourself of your clag like attitude to marriage. You will find that he may come to a new appreciation of his nuptial vows and that together you will come to a simul ... simple and lasting solution.
Perhaps I should try

The scene consists of two tables set as for previous scene and in this scene representing two cafe tables with two groups of women. —

DIET TABLE : X, Y, Z. EXERCISE TABLE: A, B, C, D.
The dialogue moves from one table to the other in sequence with the table not in focus frozen mid action.

X Do you take sugar?
A I decided to start gym.
Y No, I gave it up in tea and coffee at least .
Z Three, please.
C How often do you go?
A Three, sometimes four times a week.
X God you're thin — you make me sick!
Z Come on, you're not what you'd call fat either.
B I don't know how you manage it.
C Neither do I! I prefer my art class any day.
X I made a resolution to give up sugar, but my weak will won out.
C I can't be fagged with gym. It's too trendy.
D Well, I reckon I get all the exercise I need with squash and netball.
C Yeah, all the stairs at work will do me.
Z What about this diet — high fibre, low protein?
Y Forget it! Too much duck food and all that bran!
X Keeps you regular dearie.
Y Regular my bum. [Laughter]
A I can't be bothered with team sports — too much "Ra! Ra!" and "Rally team"
B  I tried Aerobics — god they go so fast! I've only just mastered one exercise and ZIP — they're onto the next!

X  Yes but did you lose any weight?

Y  I dunno, I only lasted three days!

D  I can still touch my toes girls. [Grabs heel and stretches]

A  Aw I can do that but I still wouldn't call me supple. Even as a kid I couldn't stretch my leg out flat like this [Grabs leg and stretches] OWWW!

B, C, D  Mmmmm [Laughter]

X  What about that vegetarian diet that was in ...

Z  Beans, beans, beans, and more beans.

Y  And want to know what that

X, Y, Z  MEANS. [In unison]

A  You do indoor cricket, don't you? What's it like?

B  Great! I like it usually.

C  What's the rest of the team like?

B  Well at cricket they're not wonderful, but they're great people and we have a laugh.

C  Yeah, its the same at netball and squash.

X  This morning I tried on last year's new jeans and even when I did the "lie on the bed trick" — when I sat up they just about cut my circulation off.

Y  Yeah, those crutch biters are definitely a health hazard.

C  Did you win this week?

B  Nah. I sometimes think it's not worth it if you don't win.

Z  I did that one the other day. My cupboard seems to be stacked with things I might just wear one day. But I never do.

A  Competitive little thing, aren't you? But you just reckoned you played for the social reasons.

X  Allison goes through her cupboard regularly, and gives away stuff she doesn't wear. Mind you I wouldn't mind getting some of the things.

B  Yeah well, last night was good, 'cos even though we got thrashed, both teams played really well, and they were beau sports.

Y  I tried to prune my wardrobe the other day but I'm such a bower bird.
B  But last week the other team were really bitchy and even though we won, it sort of spoilt it because of their attitude.

Z  So am I! Even if some thing's falling apart I still keep it for a rag.

A  I know it sounds a bit corny but I do feel more alive since I started gym. More energy!

X  Memories of your mother's advice: "Waste not, want not." [General agreement].

D  I bet I couldn't stick with it. Repetitive activity's monotonous. That's my excuse anyway! I can't even do this without groaning with pain.

Y  I like to keep a few old favourites. Like that little black number that's always so stunning.

A  Well I'm not much good at [Ham it up] ball sports — all this hand/eye co-ordination. [Others hoot]

Z  Anyway sooner or later those friendly favourites come back into fashion again.

C  Hand/eye co-ordination — I need brain/body co-ordination. [Laughter]

X  And of course, they'll fit you perfectly!

D  Mmmmm, this cake's great!

X,Y,Z  H'mmmm

B  No thanks. I couldn't eat.

Y  Here, have some cake. It's...

X  No, I ...YUK!

D  Is it period time again?

Y  That bloated feeling is [Sing-song] revolting.

C  Yeah, why is it that my clothes all seem to feel daggy round that time?

X  I can't seem to make a decision — even about what to wear.

A  You feel — what's that great Woody Allen one liner? You feel like some-thing out of a live bait shop.

Z  It's how it feels though, isn't it?

B  Yeah.

All react sympathetically with mmmns and yeahs.

A  I can tell I'm due 'cos I stand there staring at my clothes, and nothing seems suitable.
Y It's funny how you stare at your wardrobe and everything looks like something only Great Aunt Ethel would wear. [Laughter]

Z I'm always so damned irritable too.

D My brain gets jammed and I'm CLUMSY — like a bull in a china shop. Why do we have to go through this every month?

C Have you tried B vitamins?

B Yoga's supposed to be good too. I think I'll give it a go.

A There's that PMT combination you can get at health food shops.

Y I'm sure I've got a sugar addiction. Can't seem to do without my fix — especially at THAT time.

Z Yeah, I never know whether my pimples are from chocolates or from my hormones jumping about.

X I'm taking this stuff from a naturopath, but I can't tell yet whether it's working or not. I've just started taking it.

A I reckon just talking about it helps.

C Yeah, me too. God I have to be at the shop at eleven. Catch ya on Friday girls!

Y Well I have to luv ya and leave ya. The kids have to be picked up an hour ago.

Z Is it that late? See ya.

D I better go too. Tony'll be waiting for me. He can't do without me you know. [Ham it up]

A Dave's given up expecting me to be on time. I'm always at least half an hour late.

X What about that dinner on Friday? I'd like you to come.

Y I'll see what Alex says.

D Me too, but I try. See you later girls.

X OK. Bye.

A. & B Bye.

Y Bye.

Z Did you remember that form for me?

A I'm going to buy some parts for my taps. All these essentials things are left up to me. Want to come?
Z: Thanks, see ya. Oh, did you finish that book.

B: No thanks I'll finish this then I'll be due at the chiropodist or podiatrist for these. [Points to toes]

X: No, I'll give it to you on Wednesday. It's wonderful.

Z: OK great I really must go this time! [Waves]

A: OK. See you.

B: [Waves. Left at table]

X: [Left at table]

They look at each other, shrug then smile.

It's all in the stars

Two tables with 4 characters, A., B., C., D., who work in unison along an axis of symmetry down the centre of the stage. B sitting at kitchen table. Hears a knock. A walks in.

A: Hi.

B: Hello. [Closes magazine]. Want a cup of coffee or something? [B gets up to get it].

B & A: Have you ... / Did you ... [Both laugh at starting together]

A: [Recovering first] What were you reading?

B: The Stars.

A: That's just rubbish. They get Chinese rice cookies and copy them down.

B: But look at this. [Opening magazine and looking for place]

A: My mother is a Gemini and so am I. We're born on ...

B: I bet you don't get on, Gemini's don't get on.

A: We should be exactly the same; we're born on the same day.

B: No, if you're two Gemini's together you don't get on.

A: I could get on with her, but she's just so wishy-washy.

B: What's Brian?
A: Cancer.
B: That's a good match, Cancer and Gemini, that's a good.
A: Oh, What's it say?
B: But you don't believe in the stars — you don't want to know what it says!
A: Well, I mean ...
B: I know people who don't even step out the door till they read the stars, and if they're bad for them they go back.
A: Oh, those ones you read in the paper are just stupid; somebody just writes 'em down.
B: I don't think so. This one says I'm going to win some money. I'm a Cancer. I'm going to win some money.
A: Does that say the same for a man?
B: Well, I mean ... Cancer, it just says.
A: It doesn't say the same thing does it?
B: No, maybe it doesn't mean that at all. Yeh, well it should, it just says Cancer. Here, you will received a small inheritance.
A: Ah. Brian doesn't have any relatives — how could he get an inheritance? What does it say for Gemini's?
B: That they're silly bitches. [Laughter].

C enters, calling out.

C: Hello — where are you?
B: Out here.
C: Hi.
A,B: Hi.
C: What are you two laughing about?
A,B: The Stars. [Laughter as they answer simultaneously]
C: Oh yeah — I was telling Anne about this real estate agent, and she asked what star sign I was, so I said I was a Sagittarius, and she said she thought so, but she said I probably had some Leo somewhere in my chart.
B: Have you had your chart done?
C: No, I done know anyone who ...
B: I had mine done, I've got this friend who's into astrology.
C: Mmmm ... I wouldn't mind ...
B: Yeh, well it was pretty amazing 'cause I ...
C: How do they do it?
B: You've got to have your birth time and the place you're born.
C: I don't think Mum knows what time I was born; she says she gets muddled between all us kids.
B: Well I didn't know mine exactly; Mum thought it was about five in the morning but she wasn't sure.
C: It can make a difference to the first planet over the horizon or something.
A: I don't know that there's much in it really.
C: Well, when Jill did my chart she didn't just tell me, she gave me all the stuff to read and it sort of made sense.
A: Yeah, but I don't know that it makes much difference to the way you live your life, I mean ...
C: Oh I don't know, it's sort of a game; it was interesting.
B: Yeah, I suppose so.
A: You're both nuts.
B: Who was just asking ...
A: Alright, alright, leave me alone — you rotten bitches ...
D: [Entering] Now, now, none of that; you'll offend people.
B: I thought you were going up to Sydney?
D: Car, it no go.
B: Oh well, you can read the Stars with us.
D: Read 'em this morning — it said Aries are mentally ill — so I thought ...
C: And you can't trust a Gemini — I said that to someone the ...
A: Me! [They all laugh]
D: You were probably right ... [She ducks as A swipes at her] Hey watch it, you'll ruin my fabulous hairdo! [With heavy irony — all laugh]
D: Hey, what's it say for a Leo man?
C: Leo, hmmm.

B: What are you? Aries? You should be compatible. Mmmm ... definitely compatible it says ...

A: [Leaning over B's shoulder] Listen to this — I'm going to Tahiti in February.

C: Oh yeah.

A: And your creative juices are flowing next month.

B: Well I wish they'd create some man!

C,D: Oh yeah. Just like that.

B: Well you know what I mean? There must be someone out there somewhere.

A: Did you see that new fellow on the next floor? Mmmmmm.

B: He's sure to be married!

C: And you are anyway.

A: Well you can look can't you?

B }

C } : But don't touch!

D }

The interview

Chantelle Ffrench — smartarse 19 year old — typing clerical.

Mrs Cath Findlay — 40's housewife — cleaning, home duties.

Claudia Firelli — confident executive woman, 30's.

Cheryl Foster — 21-22, on dole doesn't want job.

Carolyn Feiffer — mid 30's — academic, timid, theory but no practice.

Colleen Farmer — young mother, hates home, wants work, will do anything, husband not enthusiastic.

Interviewer A.
Stage set so that each character addresses the audience directly. Seven chairs in line facing the audience. Interviewer's chair set apart and the interviewer is already seated as the scene begins. Others walk to their chair into their office on their first line.

A: Good morning.

1: Hi, I'm Chantelle.

2: Good morning.

3: Good morning.

4: Yeh.

5: Good morning.

6: Hello.

A: Your name please [Brusque]

1: Chantelle Ffrench, Ffrench with two ff's.

2: Mrs. Findlay ... Cath Findlay.

3: Firelli, Claudia Maria Francesca.


5: Dr Carolyn Feiffer.

6: Colleen Farmer.

A: And your age?


5: Ummmm, 30, no 31.

4: Just about past it.

A: Your exact age.

4: 21 years 3 months 4 days and 6 hours.

3: I'm 38.

2: Fortyish, I'm just a housewife, I've been busy with my kids, I haven't worked for oh, eighteen years.

A: It will assist us if you answer accurately.

2: 47.

1: I'll be 20 in one month.

A: Marital status?
1: Single.
2: Married for nearly 27 years.
3: Divorced, no children.
4: What business is it of yours?
5: Single.
6: Married, but I really do want to work, I ...

A: Now we need to know where you last worked? AND whether you have your references with you.

1: I've just finished college with 120 words per minute for shorthand and typing. I have a college reference and references from vacation employment and work experience.

2: As I said I haven't worked for many years, I've lost my references ... I'm sorry.

3: Jackson, Jackson and Jones though I've a variety of posts with them. Here's my C.V. folder, you'll find all my references and details from school days onwards.

4: Work, oh I dunno, ain't got any references.

5: I'm only a researcher with the Department of Statistics in Canberra but I ... [Offers a folder].

6: I was a receptionist for Dr. Wild for two years, and I still do relief work for him when his girls are ...

A: That's all right then. Would you mind telling me what kind of work you would like to have now?

6: I don't really mind what kind of job I get. I really just need to get out of the house. I love the kids and my home but I got sick of only having them for company and my husband works long hours so I thought that now my kids are old enough ...

A: So you would like to return to reception work?

6: Well I'm not really fussed, if there was another area you'd suggest I wouldn't mind trying something different.

A: Yes I understand her position.

5: I feel that I'd like to use my knowledge and skills in a creative field. I've been working in institutions with very small teams ever since I finished my degrees ... I thought ... perhaps in private industry I'd find a situation where I might be able to interact with more people. I ... I think I have talents which ... ah ... aren't being used and ...
4: Look, I know that when I want to I can do things and really at the moment I think that I'm better off doing what I like. Why join the system? I'm young now and that's what you need to enjoy life. I can work anything in the rest of my 3 score years and 10. When I'm ready I'll work.

A: If you can find an employer who will have you, I felt like saying to her.

3: I'm on the way up. I've been with Jones, Jones and Jackson for quite a time now and I can't go any further with them. To stay in the same field is the most advantageous thing to do but I want better prospects than they can offer me. I would change fields if the prospects looked better. I've fought hard to get where I am now and I'm not finished yet.

A: Fine I say to her.

2: Making ends meet is getting harder these days and I thought that if I could work it would make things easier. I'm not trained or anything but I can clean and tidy as well as anyone and I'm a hard worker. My kids reckon that getting out of the house will do me good. It was different in my day, We weren't all career women.

A: Things have certainly changed.

1: I was top of my class all the way through college. I'm highly motivated and I'd like to find a job which will be a suitable starting point to my career. By the time I'm your age I want to be at the top.

A: We'll be in touch.

1,2,3,4: Is that it?

---

**On the job**

All move to positions on stage for a short movement piece to music suggesting rushing through the day at work. The actresses mime a work activity or series of activities as per their characters in The Interview. Actress playing 4 in The interview wanders amongst them looking.

**Superwoman**

7 women in line, mimed sequence of actions with background music and appropriate vocalisations such as the sound of the vacuum cleaner suggesting routine day.

* Outline of mimed actions —
  * Alarm rings
  * Roll over hit alarm button
* Climb out of bed
* Shower / clothes on / teeth / makeup / hair
* Clothes out of washing machine
* Coffee sipped
* Clothes to washing line — hang them out
* Ironing
* Dusting
* Vacuuming
* Phone friends
* Kiss kids
* Late
* Bus
* Work — Hello
* Typing
* Filing
* Phone — boss — write note
* Look at watch
* Supermarket
* Cooking
* Set table
* Pat kid
* Kiss husband
* Wash up
* Fall into bed
* Roll over
* Sit up on elbows and say directly to audience...

All: And you say you're too tired.
Conversation piece

Actresses back to back in pairs, leftover single actress in appropriate pose. There are six subscenes so at appropriate points actresses move from their partner to the single actress.

Telephone ringing. First lines delivered in unison by A's and B's.

B: 290341 [Or any 6 digit number]
A: Hello.
B: Oh hi. I was just thinking about you. I was going to ring you tonight...

Chuckling or pull face, as appropriate. Then into individual conversations while others freeze.

Why don't you call him?

A: Funny isn't it. You did that to me the other day. [Laughter]
B: Mmmm, what have you been doing?
A: Nothing much! There's this fellow that I met at this inservice course I went to the other day. He's really nice.
B: Oh yeah. So when are you going out with him?
A: Well we didn't actually get that far but I know he sort of, you know how can you tell that they ... you know ...
B: [Sings a la Joe Jackson] It's just biology ...
A: Okay... I haven't met anybody I fancies for age. I mean you go to the pub or to see a band and oh yuk, and they're mostly kids — I feel ancient when I look at them.
B: You and your wheel chair scare 'em away huh?
A: Tart! You know what I mean!
B: Mmmm, from one to another. Anyhow what are you going to do about it?
A: Just lust I think!
B: Or think about lust?
A: Mmmmmmm.
B: Where does he work?
A: Sutherland. He lives down here.
B: Well why don't you ring him up?
A: I've thought about it.
B: Yeah well do it! All he can do at the worst is say no and feel flattered.
A: Or hang up.
B: So ...
A: Well I'd have to work up the courage ... What'd I say?
B: Hello ... No, really I did it once. This guy I met at the solicitors. He was a junior or something. I decided I might as well give it a go.
A: What happened?
B: Nothing. He said no.
A: Great.
B: Not like that. He said it was flattering and all that but he'd just met this girl, and if I'd rung about a month ago.
A: I still don't know what I'd say.
B: Say what he'd say if it was him.
A: I suppose so.
B: They've got to get the courage too. Put the shoe on your foot.
A: Well ...
B: Oh, go on ...

**Poor Mum**

M: You're still alive!
D: Hi mum.
M: You still know who I am.
D: I was going to ring you but I've been really busy.
M: Really.
D: So, how's everyone?
M: Well huh your father is overworking again. I'm sure if you talked to him he'd listen and slow down.
D: How would that help Mum?

M: You know he does everything for you. He won't listen to me. I'm just his wife.

D: John rang me last week, he's doing really well.

M: Oh your brother rang YOU. Can't he ring his Mum. I never hear from him ... Well what did he want?

D: Just to tell me about his boss. You know we've both had trouble with work.

M: Mmmmm. I went shopping yesterday to buy some meat. Not anything special. You know Dad's partial to it. Anyway what I wanted has gone up to $6.99 a kilo. [Daughter holds phone away and makes faces as if she's heard it all before]

D: Yes Mum.

M: It's alright for you young people. You eat out all the time...Have you seen him lately?

D: He has a name mother ... remember ... it's Mark ... I went to a BBQ with him last week, Saturday.

M: I haven't been to a BBQ for ages. Nobody asks me ... You'd think I had no friends or family.

D: Mmmm.

M: I suppose I won't see you for another month.

D: I'll try to get round early next week.

M: I'll be here ...

Stood up

B: About tomorrow night, I've got a bit of a problem.

A: Don't tell me you've got nothing to wear.

B: No. It's ...

A: What's wrong? You're not feeling sick are you?

B: No nothing like that ... I can't go.

A: But we've been planning this evening for weeks. I've got the tickets already.

B: I'm sorry.
A: Why can't you go?

B: It all happened yesterday at work. The boss was at a meeting when the new accountant came in. No appointment or anything. I told him the boss would be half an hour or so, and that it would be better if he came back later. He decided to wait. He made himself comfortable in my office, asked for a cup of coffee. And he started to talk. We talked for ages. About everything. He's really versatile.

A: So, a man came into your office yesterday and now you're going out with him.

B: Yeah. He's really nice.

A: I was really looking forward to our evening out.

B: So was I, but we can go out some other time.

A: Can't you go out with him some other time?

B: No! I couldn't turn him down the very first time. You know how men are. I thought you would understand.

A: Yeah, I understand.

B: He's really a nice bloke. I couldn't let the opportunity slip through my hands. You know what it's like these days.

A: What's he look like then?

B: He's tall and slim, and very relaxed, but in control. You know what I mean.

A: How old is he?

B: My age. Late 20's.

A: And he's single?

B: Well he just busted up with his wife.

A: Oh yeah, that'd be right.

B: What do you mean by that?

A: Nothing.

B: I don't think you should pass judgment when you haven't even met him.

A: And I don't think we should argue about this.

B: Then stop being so bloody nasty.

A: I'm disappointed.

B: I'm sorry.
A: What am I going to do with the other ticket?
B: You could ring up Jenny or some one.
A: Jenny will be going out with Mark as usual.
B: I know, what about Allyson? She broke up with Paul last week.
A: You know I don't like her very much.
B: There must be someone.
A: I suppose I could ask my mum.
B: Yeah, she's sure to enjoy the show.
A: Good old Mum. Well I better be going. I'll give Mum a ring. Where are you two going to go?
B: He's a great fan of John Wayne and there's a John Wayne festival on the tele at the moment, so he's coming round to my place.
A: I didn't know you liked watching westerns.
B: I don't. But I will tomorrow night.
A: Well I hope that you and him and John Wayne have a lovely evening together.
B: Thanks.
A: What's his name?
B: Michael something.
A: [Ironic] Hmmm.
B: Oh what did you ring up for?

*It's been a long time*

A: Really. It's been a long time.
B: No, honestly, I did think about ringing tonight.
A: Like old times eh?
B: Yeah ... *Pause*
A: How are you ... and the kids?
B: We're OK, I guess, but I'm sure I made the right decision.
A: Is it permanent? It's been three months?
B: Already?
B: Are you sure, I mean ...
A: Yes ...
A: How are your parents coping?
B: Not the best. They want us to try again. "For better for ..." and for the kids. I'm moving out next week. Found a unit in town, close to school and work.
A: You're working?
B: Of course. Waitressing. Good thing it's a holiday area. Don't know what'll happen in winter.
A: How do you find it?
B: Okay. Babysitting's been a bit of a hassle but it's sorted itself out now. I quite like it. The tips have been good.
A: I'm glad you're happier. I've been worried ...
B: It's nice to hear from you ...
A: So you're staying in Bega for a while then?
B: Yeah for the time being, although I may go to Melbourne.
A: Oh.
B: I'm thinking of going back to uni or something, next year. I can't waitress for the rest of my life even if there is work for me. It'll do me good to get away. It's a small town, I feel like everybody's watching me. What about you? What're you doing?
A: Oh just the usual ...
B: How's Chris?
A: He's okay. He didn't take that new job.
B: Oh ... Have you seen Joanna? How's ...
A: She's fine. We meet up once every week or so. She's pretty busy.
B: Yeah ...[Longish pause]
A: I miss our gossips.
B: I do too ...[Pause] I guess I haven't got much to say now though.
A: No I seem to have dried up too.
B: Mmmm.
A: Well I'd better go.
B: Okay, see you. Keep well. I'll ring you next time.
A: Yeah, bye.
B: Bye.

Mum's are

B: How's things?
A: Great, I took your advice and it worked — well things are better.
B: But you want to talk some more?
D: I was thinking of having you over for tea. Do you think you could come?
M: I can't come this week I've got a few things on. How about Sunday?
D: Great. How is the jetsetting grandmother?
M: [Chuckle] I went to the concert at the club last night ...
D: I wanted to see that but I couldn't get tickets. How was it?
M: Really good, got the old bones jumping.
D: You have a better social life than I do.
M: You've just got to organise yourself better.
D: Mum. How can I with the kids and Derek to look after?
M: You didn't walk in from the cabbage patch, toilet trained and bottle fed, you know. Ever heard of babysitters or grandparents.
D: Yeh, I know ... it's just getting up the energy.
M: How about I take the kids next Wednesday night and you and Derek have a romantic dinner out or better still snuggle up at home alone.
D: Oh Mum you're wonderful.
M: I know dear. That's what mum's are for ...
Mood talk

A: I was wondering ... um ... how would you like to go into town for lunch and a wander one day this week. The kids are back at school and I thought...

B: Great, sounds good. When suits you?

A: Any day, Tuesday, no, Wednesday or Thursday.

B: Wednesday.

A: Fine.

B: Okay, Aa ... mm ... I could do with a good yam. I...

A: Me too. It'll be fun. [With heavy irony]

B: You sound absolutely ecstatic about it. What's wrong?

A: Oh I dunno. It's ... [Pause]

B: This sounds like the continuing saga of ...

A: Yeah well it's just everything ... I mean ... [Pause]

B: Everything's everywhere, family all over the place and nothing ever seems to get done, or if it does it only stays done for two minutes.

A: Oh it's not that, that's normal, but Peter's been in one of his moods again and I've had it ... I just ... Oh I dunno ... [Pause]

B: It's difficult isn't it? I know when John was in the middle of that appraisal thing we just never seemed to click. It was like we were on two different planets.

A: Yeah I guess that's it. We just...oh I try and talk to him but then I...oh...like the other day, Peter's out mowing the lawn and it's about to rain and he needs more petrol for the mower so he asked me to get more while he kept on mowing. Off I trot, the dutiful wife, dropped everything and bolted to the garage — which isn't far — I mean it was far enough, I'm not complaining about that but anyway I always forget whether the mower's 2 stroke or 4 — I usually look at it if I'm going to do the lawn, anyway just as he's about to pour it in, he says "Has this got oil in it?" So I said: "Well it's 4 stroke, that's what the mower is isn't it?" Well he just puts the can down in this slow studied way and his face clouds and I'm thinking "Oh shit it should have been 2 stroke." So I said "Sorry" about 20 times and grovel around, and he just stalks off to the garage with another can and that I dunno, gloomy look.

B: I know what you mean. We had one like that the other day we ...
A: Yeah well that was just the start. He clammed up for the rest of the day. Didn't matter how cheerful I was. So finally I said "Sorry", again and "You know I didn't mean it, couldn't you get out of the mood?" "Mood?" he says, "You've been following me around like a forlorn puppy all day, you're the one in a mood." So I just thought "Oh bugger it" and stalked off. And really we shouldn't have had an argument about it — I mean we should be able to joke about it — we probably will one day, but ...

I can't do it

A: I can't do it.

B: Oh! ... What's happened?

A: It's just got too hard. It's coming from both sides — from me and from Tim.

B: What's coming from you?

A: Well I just ... there's work, and then tutoring afterwards and the committee and put those all together with house, kids, Tim ... I don't think I can manage anymore ... And Tim has been great about, oh everything up to now; he cooks and babysits and everything, generally he's there with Allyson but he ...

B: He says you're trying to do too much?

A: Yeah, I don't think the relationship can take it.

B: When you put it like that ... but what do you really feel about it?

A: I really wanna do it ... but ... oh I don't ... I guess I've gotta choose. That's where it is. I do heaps of things and I can feel myself getting tense, classic headless chook, but what do I do?

B: What if you drop something else?

A: Well I can't really. I mean the tutoring is just too good an offer to knock back, and the committee needs me too. I said ...

B: What if you only do half the course? Just this half, you've already been to three sessions — it's a bit silly to drop out now.

A: Yeah, but it's now that I have to deal with our relationship. I feel really bad about it.

B: Mmmm. I don't know what to say. If you don't do it, will you feel resentful towards Tim? And will that make it worse for both of you, anyway.
A: I don't know. I mean we've been together for so long, and it's been good and bad — why wreck that for something that I guess I can do another time. I mean sometimes I say I'm going to only do this and this, and then I find myself committing me to another two things that I really had no intention of doing.

B: You get to the point where you feel like everything's pushing at you, don't you ... I'm exactly the same ...

A: Yes, but at the moment I still have to choose and I think, I think that it's best if I give up the course and well that's it ...

B: Well you know I'm here if you want to talk about anything ... it sounds ... 

There's just us here

Actresses move to join hands saying

We're sisters, friends, mothers, wives, daughters.

A circle of actresses is completed with the actresses saying to each other

We're sisters, friends, mothers, wives, daughters.

They turn to face audience breaking the circle and spreading it towards the audience with the outside two empty hands extended

We are your sisters, friends, mothers, wives, daughters.

Take bows in this format and then exit through the audience returning immediately to mingle and talk.
Some notes on the Wollongong Workshop Theatre production in 1986

The intention is that anyone who works on the show should adapt it to their own needs through a process of workshop and improvisation as this is how the show was originally developed.

We used a black box set with ribbon-like streamers as irregular, vertical decoration around the walls to cheer up the black walls and suggest metaphorically "festival"-, and metonymically, women's "things". Entrances and exits through the audience were via the central aisle between the fixed seating, except in the opening Setting the scene where the cyclical movement was through the audience onto stage, exit backstage and reenter through the audience.

Music specifically created for the show was used between scenes where we went to half light after a three or four second freeze at the end of a scene, except where the text calls for another ending to a scene.

The theatre is a small venue seating sixty five and except for opening night we filled the house for the three week run. Having no foyer in the theatre meant all our mingling and talking was done outside, in the entrance and in the theatre itself.
ALL THIS TALK

Conceived and written by:

Mary-Kate Pickett, Gai Purdy, Diane Clegg, Grace Burke, Debra Keenahan, Elizabeth McGowan, Lorraine Teagle, Leonie Parker, Kris Watkins, Robbie Collins, Lynda Kriflik, Denise Martin, Janet Wilson, Louise Fantinel, Gilda Glover, Grace Oliver, Katia Molino, Rhonda Barnes, Jade McCutcheon, Brenda Summerton, Nadia Verucci.

Compiled and edited by:

Robbie Collins

Scenes

Morning Ritual
Breakfast
Late
Such are the dreams
Responsible mum?
Child alone
Okay for the present
Up Mt Keira
Decisions
Table talk
Double trouble
All this talk

Interval

On the way
Home and out?
Before liberation
One of those days
Sisters at home
Mmmmmn chat
As a babe

A bit of blurb (from the programme)

A tradition was started with Top Girls (1985), continued with Just Between You And Me (1986) and here we are in 1987 with new faces bursting to tell you about about All This Talk. We've done our fair share of chatting, gossipping, rambling, giggling and procrastinating, but when it all comes down to it, we share a view of ourselves and our place in society. We weave a web of meaning, sharing our problems, solving them, establishing that we don't have to stand alone. The montage of scenes in All This Talk reflects the ebb and flow of conversation which helps us structure our world.
Cast

Eight actresses who remain on stage throughout the nineteen scenes playing varying roles as required by each scene. In scenes where they have no role they stand up out of focus, watching and between scenes while "between" music plays, all assist in prop removal and setting.

First performed at Wollongong Workshop Theatre in August, 1987 for a three week run with

Cast—
Grace Burke, Diane Clegg, Debra Keenahan,
Elizabeth McGowan, Leonie Parker,
Mary-Kate Pickett, Gai Purdy, Lorraine Teagle.

Director—
Robbie Collins

Stage Manager—
Kris Watkins

Lighting—
Gai Purdy, Robbie Collins, Lynda Kriflik

Lighting Operator—
Lynda Kriflik

Sound—
Erik Rijnberg

Sound Operator—
Rose Grozdanic

Design—
Gai Purdy, Robbie Collins

Costume—
Connie Coen

Sets and Props—
Robbie Collins, Elizabeth McGowan, Denise Martin,
Gai Purdy, The Cast and Crew.
Morning ritual

Prior to all lights down actresses mingle with the audience. At lights down they move to their places. Actresses spread around the auditorium and the stage and very low to the ground so the voices, one word, one voice in sequence, gradually well up out of the nothingness of dark...Out of darkness we hear voices. Words repeated three times in sequence louder each time. The final repetition delivered in unison. Mystical sound track grows louder as voices and lights do. At final "I" actresses standing in soft light.

I, ME, YOU, WE, THEY, US, THEM, SELF, OTHER, OTHERS, MYSELF, OURSELVES, INDIVIDUALS, GROUP, FAMILY, ALONE, PARTNER, PAIRED, COUPLE, I.

Dawn...lights come up slowly. Actresses gradually moving to the stage and their places on it. They are performing morning activities, repeating them as necessary, but also changing set and props from preset to first scene set. We hear familiar sounds and words repeated by individuals whose only connection is their presence on stage together. By full morning light the repetition is somewhat frenzied and overlapping.

Oh no. It's past 8 o'clock.

Aren't you up yet? Hurry up.

Tea? There's no milk.

Eat your breakfast

Aren't you out of the bathroom yet?

What a beautiful day!

What do you want on your lunch?

[Yawn] Make me a cup of coffee?

Suggested activities: tidying, pouring cereal, looking at weather out of window, washing, last minute ironing. lunch making, bed making, dressing, coffee, teeth, hair, opening fridge, stretching, rolling over in bed, etc. All improvised to suggest getting out of the house or into the day.
Breakfast

Breakfast scenes start working simultaneously and then focus fades from one to another. The suggestion is of clocking on to the day ... going places.

Breakfast One

Old woman 60's, widowed 10 years, lonely, doing the same thing she's done for years. Has same breakfast she's had for years. Breakfast things put out night before — Cereal bran stewed fruit. Tea. Special cup/plate. Special place she sits. Suggestive of safety, comfort, familiarity.
BED sitting on edge of stage, climbs up into kitchen/dining. Puts on kettle. She opens curtains and looks out window. Puts cereal into plate, tea in teapot, gets out sugar and milk. Out to fetch paper/milk. Tea making. Puts on tea cosy. Leans on table to make sure everything is in order.
Turns to Death column in local paper. Clicks tongue.

Rogers. What's the name? Husband of Emily — Oh dear, I hadn't heard — there's so few of us left. At least she'll be able to get out more now. She'll be at our meetings on Tuesdays now I suppose. And Births. Well that's the cycle, though marriage seems to be on the outer these days.

Leafs back through paper. Reads lottery result.

Who's the winner? Lucky Strike. If I'd saved the money I've spent on lottery tickets I'd probably have the sixty thousand to leave to Kim and Steve by now.

Turns to front page.

Mother of two beheaded by de facto. This sort of thing must have happened before but I don't remember it being on the front page in such blazing print. In my day ... [Freeze]

Breakfast Two

Woman and kids: 33 years 14 years & 8 years (not seen). Man gone 8 years ago. Part-time work — cleaner in nursing hospital.

Mum: Ooh. What day is it? Come on you two, you'll be late. Kylie get up. You'll have to help me with Lissie this morning, I have to be at work early.

Kylie staggers into kitchen.
Mum: I want you to have a decent breakfast this morning and then will you bring in the washing while I tidy this mess?

Kylie: Oohh Mummm.

Mum: Don't "Oh Mum" me. How do you expect to get through school on an empty stomach? And when was the last time I asked you to bring in the washing? Anyhow you said you'd do your own from now on but I haven't noticed that happening. Please don't be bloody difficult. Lissie come and get your egg sweetheart.

Kylie: Mum my sports uniform's still in the dirty washing pile.

Mum: Why didn't you tell me last night? You know I spend all day cleaning up after people at work, you could at least tell me if there's ...

Kylie: Jeez Mum. Karen's mum does everything for her.

Mum: Well Karen's mum doesn't have to work.

Kylie: Can Jason and Jodie come over this afternoon?

Mum: Not while I'm not here.

Kylie: We're just going to do our homework.

Mum: That'd make a change. The answer is still no. Lissie here's your egg pet. Now hurry up both of you, you'll miss your bus.

Kylie: Well if Jason and Jodie can't come here can I go into town with them tonight?

Mum: What's happened to the homework?

Kylie: Dad would've let me go.

Mum: Who's going to mind Lissie?

Kylie: She's old enough to stay by herself for an hour or so till you come home. You used to leave me.

Mum: I did not. I always managed something and when your father was ... Oh never mind! You are not going and that's final. 'Specially not with the way you're carrying on these days.

Kylie: You never let me do anything.

Mum: Not until your attitude improves. Your school work's dreadful. You never do anything around the house. You're forever whingeing. Melissa does more than you to help me.

Kylie: Oh Lissie's just perfect.

Mum: Grow up Kylie there's no time to argue now. You'll miss your bus. Now move it!

Kylie: You've never got time for us anymore.
Mum: I've bloody had it with you. Go now! Go on Lissie, got everything and don't slam the door Kylie.

Kylie: [Under her breath as she leaves slamming the door] Get stuffed. [Kylie moves to back of stage and freezes.]


Breakfast Three

Woman and partner. Established relationship of a couple in mid to late 30's, played by two women, one symbolically cross-dressing. Both work, have independence but there are assumptions about being together in the long term. Comfortable familiarity. Radiolhumwistle — cheery morning feeling created.

Male: [Getting out of shower] I'll put the kettle on. Do you want tea or coffee this morning? [Aside] Which will it be?

Female: Coffee. What's the weather going to be like? Shall I wear trousers or my blue skirt?

Male: Says cloudy but warm I think.

Female: [Comes to iron skirt] I spilt grease on this. It's on the back though. At least I won't be able to see it. Do you want the iron left on?

Male: Ta. I saw poor old Mrs. Smith while I was out running. She looks more arthritic than ever.

Female: Mmmmn must be horrible. Touch wood we won't end up like that. Don't like my chances knowing Mum and Gran's fingers though. Still, I don't know that she's all that unhappy 'n she seems to be good at keeping busy. She's lonely though and there must be so much time to remember what you were like.

Male: Well I made sure I was running fast enough so she couldn't start nattering. Which tie will I wear today? I've got that meeting with ...

Female: And here you are telling me that Mrs Smith natters. Wear this one. [She flicks him the tie and ends up with it round his neck putting him in her control.]

Female: If there was time — but you've got to go.

Male: Promises, promises. I'll do this on the bus.

Female: I'm going for 5 o'clock squash. See you about 6.30.

Male: I'm cooking quiche. It won't matter if you're late.

Affectionate peck that is the kiss of well-known couples and misses eroticism but suggests care and comfort. Freeze, fade to Kylie.
Kylie:  [To audience as she moves to Nan's] I'm not gonna go to school. I'll go to Nan's. She'll understand. If only Mum didn't have to rush around so much. I know she works hard all the time.

*Kylie knocks on Door of Breakfast One.*

Nan:  Hello Kylie. What are you doing?

Kylie:  Oh Nan, I just had to talk to someone.

Nan:  What's wrong dear?

Kylie:  Mum and I just had this argument.

Nan:  Okay, now sit down here and have some tea and cake. Now tell me what's happened?

*Freeze while Breakfast Four occurs.*

**Breakfast Four**

Single woman, 29 years, legal secretary or some such. Well presented, well groomed, health conscious, smoker trying to give it up. Shower, toilet, hair, makeup while sipping coffee. Checks out bags under eyes.

I've done it again! Is it going to turn out like all the others? Ugh do I really believe vitamin B makes up for 4 hours sleep? [to mirror] You're going nowhere fast. Why on earth do I do it? I don't even know if I like him. Sometimes the need to be touched is as urgent as drawing breath. [laugh, snort] Maybe there's something wrong with me. All my friends seem to be happily settled down—and I seem to spend my time finding that the guy I just thought was so nice is a married man. Everyone thinks I'm a career woman but what else is there to be? I'm not ugly. People tell me I'm good fun. I get on well with everyone at work, so what makes me the one who gets left out? Still it was nice to be close to someone. Forbidden fruit? It could be so different. God. Look at the time! Who do I think I'm kidding? I'll be doing this when I'm sixty.

Collects bag and keys. She does a last minute leaving house check.

Have I turned the iron off?

*Gets into car and mimes car starting.*

Bloody car. I didn't check the water. You'll have to get me there this morning please. Those reports that I left last night. I don't know why they are my responsibility. I can only do so much. If it gets done it gets done. I'm just too tired after last night. He said he'd like to see me again. That was before he told me he was married. Been there before.
Car stutters.

Keep going car. Please don’t stop today. If you’re going to break down do it later, not now, this afternoon, tomorrow. He said he’d ring. Do I want to do this? Is it better than nothing — having no-one? Damn a redlight! I’m just sick of it. What a week — the more you do the more they ask you to. And then Thursday — the bistro, Friday — the pub, Saturday — dinner, if I’m lucky, Sunday — I get ready to start all over again. How come everyone else has got someone? I’m fun, they say. I don’t know why I’m by myself, they say, and others say or at least the feminist myth says I should be okay by myself. Oh what the hell. This is just another change in the cycle — I wouldn’t be dead for quids — it goes on and so do I — and [Looks at watch] — oh well here I am. Put on the smile and on with the show. Touch wood. [Copyright note]

Nana and Kylie take the focus.

Nana: So you’ll have a try tonight. Make her a cuppa and then sit down and see if you can talk it out. You bring Lissie over here in the afternoon and I’ll mind her so you can talk to her by yourself.

Kylie: Thanks Nan. I better go. I’ve already missed my first period. See you this arvo.

Nana: Bye dear.

Breakfast Five

Flatmates: shared flat for some time. Both single, shiftworkers at swank hotel.

Lorraine: What a night! My feet are killing me. Those dentists at the hotel. They abolished slavery in 1833 but nobody told them.

Leonie: Hi. Good shift?

Lorraine: I’m exhausted. My toes have died. They wanted champagne and toasted sandwiches at 3am. At least the rotten dentists will be gone by the time you get there. That’s if you get there. Look at the time.

Leonie: Yeah, yeah I suppose so. I’d better get moving. [Stays] Coffee’s on. Here, have a look at this. I reckon it’s going to be a great day. Now if I were you I’d take that magazine, sunglasses, AND the new guy in the flat next door and lie on the beach for the day.

Lorraine: Ha ha — your fantasy — you enjoy it. I’m going to bed.

Leonie: Who with?

Lorraine: You’re hopeless. Not with one of those lousy dentists. That’s for sure.

Leonie: [Gets shoes, bag and belt.]
Lorraine: Do you think you could pay these bills at lunchtime today or something? And my library book needs to go back?

Leonie: But this is the electricity bill and it was your turn to pay it. It was due yesterday. And you know I only get half an hour for lunch. Now who's hopeless? Is there anything else?

Lorraine: [Laying it on] Well ... do you think you could post this card to my brother?

Leonie: I'll pay the electricity bills and post the card but the library is too far away. You leave everything to the last minute. Look I'll be late now. I've got to go. I'll see ya. [Leaves.]

Late

Presented in pairs one already at a workplace created by mimed action. Pairs dialogue delivered as in a round. Pairs swap mid-scene to new workplace and partner.

A: You're late.
B: I know.
C: You're late.
D: I couldn't help it.
E: [Looks at watch/clock, raises eyebrows] Late again.
F: Sorry I got caught.
G: On time again.
H: Yeah, yeah, yeah.
ACEG: [Simultaneously] It's alright I understand.
B: I thought you would
D: I hoped so. I don't know where the time went.
F: Well you were late last time
H: Great. You're wonderful.
G: You know where this was up to?
E: The boss was looking for you.
C: Do you reckon you'll ever get here on time?
A: It's only five minutes. Don't worry.
B: Suzie wasn't well so I wondered if she should go to Mum's instead of kindi.

F: Long ago? Where is she?

D: Getting the kids off, you've just got to be so organised and I've still got to ring the plumber.

H: That section goes upstairs and then I put this ... oh no. I forgot Alison's medicine.

G: Can you get it to her later?

C: It's just that if I don't get it right before I leave for work I never think of it till I'm leaving here.

E: Not too long. What's up with Paul?

A: You're lucky your Mum's so helpful.

H: I'll have to go at morning tea. Would you ...

G: Yeah I'll cover for you. Don't worry. Now this bit here is different today.

F: Oh you know, toilet, hunger, drink, no bed clothes, all the basics, I can almost do it in my sleep ... but ...

E: It slows you down doesn't it? And then they don't want to get up in the morning.

D: It's own world isn't it? Once I'm here I rarely think of anything in the outside world — I just don't seem to ...

C: Find the time. I know exactly what you mean and if this was right in town you could go down the street and sort some of those bills and things out but as it is why bother to leave the joint before work is over.

B: I don't think I'd cope without Mum and my friends ... some other people are brilliant by themselves. They amaze me. Oh I guess I could do it if...

A: If you had to. I reckon you ought to be glad you found out your Mum's okay. Mine died before I realised she wasn't such a bad old stick.

All move to other places, other characters, different pairs.

D: Sometimes I wonder if I wouldn't be better off by myself

B: You and Phil have a good start to the day did you?

C: Phil's hit one of those moods again — I never know whether to smile or scowl — I sure can't work out how to make contact.

A: You too? What's the moon like at the moment?
G: I've been that miserable — last night I know I more or less set out to hassle Phil.

E: MMMnnn know what you mean ... nothing anyone does seem to make any sense.

H: My mind just seems to race and I get this knot in my stomach that makes me feel like 20 million blowies have set up camp.

F: It's no different by yourself — there's just no-one to share it with and all the rest of the world seems to have a partner — coupledom rules.

D: Oh I don't know — it was just something ridiculous that shouldn't have gone anywhere.

B: But you get to the point where you are getting hassled about something and it's probably better to get it out in the open than to let it stew.

C: I don't know about the moon but World War III at 6 in the morning is not conducive to peace of mind.

A: Pieces of the mind all over the place more like! Aaa forget the mind, a bit of body wouldn't be a bad idea, if we could just manage to be awake and in the same part of the house together it'd be a change.

G: Communication. We've got beyond leaving messages. I do detective stuff round the house to work out when he left and when he might come back or we pass each other in the drive and wave fondly.

E: Dinner together is a thing of the past.

H: I don't mean to end up doing so many things but I decide I'll do this and this and this, and that all seems quite reasonable and then this other thing comes along that I really can't knock back, and if I just reorganise this, and that, I can manage to fit it in.

F: Somewhere in between tech and the tennis club meeting or some such thing. I'm the same and I haven't got kids or a partner.

_Sung in unison to the tune (ALMOST) of "The Twelve Days of Xmas". All stand and form "a la musical" a chorus which sings, not necessarily tuneful._

When it all comes down to it you could get for me:

Twelve pairs of hands for keeping extra busy,

Several sets of legs for running off their feet,

Ten days a week —

Filled with 28 hours, still no sleep,

Two replacement heads

And a signed sealed sum of sanity.
Such are the dreams

"Such are the dreams of the everyday housewife" played softly. Actresses lined up behind the Everyday Housewife who is cleaning a window down stage centre. Each comes out to mime the fantasies as the Everyday Housewife delivers the lines and each then freezes in position.

Wouldn't it be nice if I could
be a ballerina?
Garden whenever I choose?
What about an active career?
A model?
Or a prostitute?
Or how about a man?
Or ... skier?
Then again I could be
Mountain climbing?
A famous golfer?
Or tennis player.
Relaxing in a beauty parlour?
Or an artist?
Or musician?
Or just be able to spend my time reading?
But then again I could be a
MASS MURDERESS.

She guns down all the others. They die. She returns to cleaning windows down stage, through the window and says conversationally to audience.

It'd be nice just to have these windows finished.
Responsible mum?

*Constable Blowout (C.B.) knocks on door.*

C.B.     Constable Blowout here. We've had a report of a small child on the window ledge. Is it your child? We've got to get her in. It's 12 floors up she could break her neck.

*Throughout the child is happy on the ledge.*

Hippie Mum     No wow she's happy. Wow she's like really fine, like you know she's really ...

C.B.     How can she be fine? She's 12 floors up, if she falls she'll be killed.

H     Like wow who says she's going to fall, I mean she's like...

Child   [Happy] Window window window.

C.B.     What's her name? We've got to get her in as quickly as possible.

H     Her name's Window Box.

C.B.     "Window Box". What sort of name's that for a child?

H     Like, she wow! Like she sits on balconies and ledges. Like, she's fine.

C.B.     Come on little girl. [Next lines over each other]

H     She's like fine ... wow she's ... attached to the ledge.

C.B.     Come on little girl come on in here. Come to the nice policeman.

Child     Window, car, red.

H     Like, you're really interfering, man, she's like fine. Ya know this is really none of your business. [She pushes the constable off the ledge. Blackout]

Child alone

*Child in room with doll(achess). Mother enters, goes to kid, gives book. Mother tries to get child to respond, gives up, walks to audience.*

Mother:     It's not that I don't love her. I do. She's mine. It's just that sometimes the silences are so long. I read to her, talk, and try to play but there's never anything ... nothing. She just sits and stares at that doll. Sometimes I just have to get away. I have to. [She freezes].
Dream music to introduce child's fantasy world with rag doll.

Child: [Gradually reaching out to stroke the doll's head] Hello. You're my friend. I can talk to you. You understand.

The doll comes slowly to life. It's eyes begin to show comprehension and gradually it turns to look at the child. As it does so it smiles at her and begins to climb up, to play, somersault and dance about with the child. The child laughs and claps hands with the doll. They dodge and dart round each other. The child at all times is creating the impulse to move, the doll responds to her activity.

Child: I can play with you. You listen to me. We share things. She doesn't understand, but we have fun. You cuddle me and make things alright. [They have moved together] Hush she's coming! [They return to frozen poses].

Mother: I often wonder what she thinks, or if she even thinks at all.

Okay for the present

Three separate scenes across the stage:

1 — Old woman sitting at table alone, tired, painstakingly sewing/mending.

2 — Mother and daughter (Woman 2) sitting together over a cuppa.

3 — Woman 3 and Woman 4 sitting over a cuppa.

Woman 2: Mum I ... if it's best ...

Mother: Mmmm, what is it?

Woman 2: If we sold our house and you sold your unit, we could get a place that had a granny flat attached then it'd be so much easier for us to share the odd meal and for me to help you with things instead of having to drive here. I never seem to have enough time. I feel ...

Mother: But what if I get ...[Freeze]

Woman 3: How's your Mum?

Woman 4: Oh you know, she copes, but with the arthritis and her diabetes, how much longer she'll be okay by herself is a problem — she manages at the moment.

Woman 3: She can cook and shop and things for herself still?
Woman 4: Oh yeah she's not too bad, but the arthritis has stopped her doing all the things she used to do, like her gardening, her pottery, and bowls. I think she feels like she's just filling in time. I know she gets so frustrated and depressed sometimes. She's not bitter or anything. It's just what she could do before and now. [Freeze]

Mother: You know what Auntie Grace has had to deal with. It's not the old lady's fault but Bill and Grace never get away. The old lady's not any better than a child now. I'd hate to do that to you. You ...

Woman 2: Yes but that's a long time yet, if it ever happens.

Mother: You don't know that at the moment. [Freeze]

Old Woman: I spend so much time waiting. She's late again. I know she doesn't mean to keep me waiting but she does so many things. If only I could still move so freely. I'm lucky I haven't got stairs inside — poor Mabs — she's got all those stairs — she told me the other day she puts off going to the toilet because she has to climb so far. [She realises she has sewn part of the garment wrongly] Oh damn, now I'll have to put that aside for Anne to do. [She sits alone, looking into space].

Mother: It might be better if I can get into one of those retirement places where there's all different levels of care.

Woman 2: When I was up at the hospital the other day I was listening to someone who I guess was the social worker talking to some woman whose mother had lived with them for a long time and she and her family weren't coping with the strain.

Mother: Yes it's very sad. That's why I think I should be arranging something now. [Freeze]

Woman 3: Doesn't she have friends who call?

Woman 4: Yes but she can't get to them now? So it's all a one way thing and I know she worries about being a nuisance for them. And there are people like her hairdressers who won't let her go home without seeing her there safely, but she used to be so independent and strong. I mean, I'm like I am 'cause that's how she encouraged me to be. I just wish there was more I could do. [Freeze]

Mother: You have your life to be getting on with, you don't want me as a millstone.

Woman 2: You're not that, don't say things like that.

Mother: Yes, but to be realistic ...

Woman 2: Yeah, yeah, I know ... it's just that ... [Freeze]

Old Woman: It's such a long time. Time Passes. Slowly. I take such a time to do things — what I do fills the time. What would it be like if somehow the light just snapped out? [Freeze]
Up Mt. Keira

THROUGHOUT the scene the old lady, Margaret Richards, and the Checkout Chick (C.C.) move closer to the Town Simpleton who is sitting in the tree. The tree/Town Simpleton becomes a symbol of comfort but also holds arms out as if a cross. At end of scene Checkout Chick and Margaret Rogers are under the spread arms/branches of the tree.

TS: I'm the town simpleton. I come here to climb the tree and look down.
CC: I'm a checkout chick and my job is boring.
MR: Hello, I'm Margaret Richards and I'm 65 — I come up here every day to look at the view and enjoy. I'm a very happy person.
CC: I come up here the other day with my boyfriend. We had a huge argument in front of everybody. It was so embarrassing and then he just left me.
TS: I'm the town simpleton and I come here to climb the trees.
MR: I go to bowls on Monday and every second Sunday I see the children. The grandkids are lovely and so well behaved. I do love to have them round, I don’t like to interfere, it's not every week. I keep busy. I'm happy.
CC: I started getting anxious and depressed, you know ...
MR: It's ten years since George died. I do miss him.
CC: I look at the view and it's so peaceful so calm.
MR: We used to come here a lot and sit under this tree. Some times I do get lonely.
TS: I'm the town simpleton. I looked down over the edge and thought how peaceful it would be to end all the pain.
MR: We used to sit here under the tree together and have lovely times. But now George is gone and there's just the tree and me and sometimes I wonder why I bother.

CC: I stood next to the tree

MR: I like the tree.

CC: And I jumped.

Decisions

*Actresses echo. Each adds a new expression*

Decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions, decisions.

*One by one actresses move into tableaux saying a line each as they take up position. When one tableau is complete one actress begins by moving to new tableau.*

**Tableau 1**

Sveled or curved?

Pushups or donuts?

Blonde or brunette?

Redhead!

Dress or jeans?

Painted or plain?

Shave or wax?

**Tableau 11**

Virginity — do I?

Sex — Will I?

Marriage — I do.

Contraception — Which one?

Abstinence — How long?

Children — How many?

For love or for money?

Orgasm — Fake it?
Tableau III

Career.
Interview.
Casual.
Stay at home.
Self employed.
Promotion.
Stay at school.

Tableau IV

Image.
Emotion.
Confidence.
Values.
Morality.
Pressure.
Compromise.
Self esteem.

Table talk

The scene consists of two tables set on either side of the stage and representing two groups of women — A,B,C,D are "housewives/mothers" having a break during morning tennis and W,X,Y,Z are "workers" at morning tea/lunch. The dialogue moves from one table to the other in sequence with the table not in focus frozen mid action.

A: Look what I can do since I went to gym.

X: All you young things, you're more sport and health conscious than I was.

B: This since you've been going to gym?

Z: But you've played competition golf ever since I've known you.
X: Yes but I didn't think about it as exercise, it was more social.

Y: Mmmn, that's why Phil and I have started indoor cricket. It's something we can do together.

W: Wait till you've got kids, you won't gall about all over the place then.

C: I don't think I can do that.

D: I still can't do 'em and I won't try with this. [Points to pregnant belly.] I must be selfish — I never want to have them. My budgie and my stereo are enough responsibility for me.

A: I couldn't do them at all when I started.

Y: Sometimes I feel like I'm missing out. All my friends have kids or are having them. I know I've still got heaps of time ...

Z: When I look at the number of mums stuck at home with the kids and the telly — "days of our drearies" is not for me.

B: The only time I went to gym, I thought it was just part of a trip to the pub, and here I was at Extrabody with all these people in colour co-ordinated leotards.

W: But it doesn't have to be like that. I enjoyed the time I had off work.

Y: Yeah, but you were glad to come back, weren't you?

W: [Nods]

C: Mine's not co-ordinated, it's just basic black.

D: I don't see how all these people manage to do it with no bra — even when I wasn't pregnant, my boobs got so sore.

A: Mmmm.

X: When I was at home with the kids, I remember waking up and feeling something awful was going to happen. I couldn't think what it was and then I realized it was the day Laura was going to tell Bill that he wasn't the father of her baby. "Days Of Our Lives" eighteen years ago.

All X's table: Oh no, really ... mmm

C: Not just them. When I first started, the woman said now don't do all the exercises but I did of course and the next day I couldn't even go to the toilet — to undo my jeans you could hear me yell a mile off.

D: The first time I went it was two years ago. Next day I spent lying on the bed. It was agony.

X: I decided it was ridiculous so I stopped watching it.

B: You're all mad. I'll stick with the washing and work for my exercise.
It's comforting when you're doing the ironing or something, just a background — I do it when I'm on holidays.

I don't know how you can bear the noise — it irritates me.

Yeah, well I just thought. Oh I dunno — I was standing in front of the mirror and my bum was sagging and I can't pass the pencil test anymore.

Pencil test — I can put a rolling pin under mine. [All laugh]

Oh but there are good things — you know sensible. And I do like "Neighbours" — oh I just don't have to think. The kids are in bed and I can sit there and don't have to worry about anything — Phil says it's stupid and why bother, but I find it relaxing.

Yeah, but I know what you ... I mean, suddenly you have to face the fact that you ain't no young bit of fluff no more.

Nearer to the gristle and string you mean.

Well something like that. If I had a remake I'd just have these done.

After I stopped watching them, I noticed how people talk about them. I guess I did too.

I was at Jen's the other day and we were sitting around planning our new bodies. I went for a total rust cut and remodel. And Jane said she'd make do with new thighs. And then Tania quietly pops in that she'd just like to have good eyesight ... We all felt pretty raw. [Chorus of mmmns]

Yeah as if they're real. People send them presents and such.

It's silly. You know I read somewhere ...

The "Mirror" or the "Sun"?

No. [Chuckling] There was this study that showed school girls who don't have many contacts outside the family use the shows to find out different ways of behaving.

I've heard my kid sister and her friends decide whether such and such did the right thing, and what they would have done if it was them.

I look at me now though and wonder how different I'll be after.

Must be strange.

Yeah, but you'll run it off after.

I made the most of it. First time I'd ever worn low cut dresses and had a cleavage was when I was pregnant.

Well I hope they don't stay like this. It's kind of nice but I'm not sure I want to carry them round for the rest of my life.
C: Oh well you get the other part to keep, even if you don't actually have to carry it all the time.

X: They get desperate if they miss the next instalment.

W: At home we used to have fights about who's turn it was to pick the channel. I only got my choice if I was the only one watching. Dad's was first, then my brother, then Mum and me last.

B: That's when you get organised — the things you got to co-ordinate.

C: Yeah you never go anywhere without half a dozen bundles.

Z: That's one of the things that bugs me about television — nothing's really all that unusual, I mean say in "Country Practice", it's ...

Y: So you do actually watch such things?

Z: Got to keep up with the level of conversation here. No seriously you can tell exactly what's going to happen — it's so predictable.

D: Don't tell me — I'm not rehearsing that bit yet. Co-ordination — god, you lot think I'm bad on the tennis court. You should see me doing my exercises, you know, breathing and natural childbirth and stuff.

A: That's like me at gym. I've just got my hands and legs going this way and then she changes it to this way. I'm always one step behind. I reckon they only have me to keep the whole class entertained. [General laughter]

X: But isn't that part of the appeal — it's familiar?

B: Do you miss work? [To D]

D: Not at the moment, I was getting tired and it's like being on holidays.

Y: I guess so. A lot of it is just so much the same, no new ideas.

C: I thought I'd go straight back after Amy but, I don't know, I kept on putting it off and then I had Drew and I'd rather be here now. I do just as much as before and I don't have to fit in work as well. This is my work.

B: There's days when I wish I was working again. I wanted to wait the first year, now I'm not sure that I can manage to work and do the house and the kids.

Y: We don't have that many either. We started talking about housewives in the suburbs and "days of our drearies".

Z: And here we are showing we know as much about them.[Looks at watch]

D: I'll have to go back. When we added up everything we pay out in a week, it's more than Geoff makes.

B: And you'll spend more with a baby.
You lot make me feel like I'm lucky.

Mmmm, well just at the moment I'd rather be home with the telly and my garden than rushing back to work. I'll only just make it. Thanks for lunch and the chat. I'll see you.

You are with your work. You've got the best of both worlds.

And you know it'll always be there.

Bye.

I've gotta ... [They grin at their timing]

Well come on you lot.

Yeah, we might as well get going, we paid for two hours.

You first.

See you later.

Yeah, I'll go pay something off my bankcard, the reminders are getting nasty.

May as well use the court.

I'll walk with you. I've got five minutes before I turn into a pumpkin.

You lot warm up — I'll be with you in a flutter.

**Double trouble**

*Two tables with two sets of four characters who work in unison along an axis of symmetry down the centre of the stage.*

Okay, enough chat. So about this board you said you'd organise.

Yeah, well, I was going to do it on Friday afternoon but Phil had the van and we had this almighty row so it didn't happen.

What was it about this time?

Oh the "you're never home" routine — he and the kids don't recognize me anymore — but I'm on the committee and I don't feel like I do that much — I really wanted to help.

I went and saw the printers yesterday — the layout looks good and so did the printer. Gorgeous legs and his bum — oh.

So they'll be ready on time will they?

If the printer's that hot, Jenny's sure to go back.
Jenny: You're just jealous.
Belinda: I'll have the van this afternoon so I'll get the board then.
Kate: Take Phil with you and go via the lighthouse.
Jenny: You two and the kids in the back of the van.
Kate: That'll be cosy.
Alison: Rightio, you lot, forget sex.
Jenny: Speaking of it — I got my new diaphragm last week.
Belinda: You need a one year diploma course to get the bloody thing in, don't you?
Jenny: Never mind getting it in — I went to the solicitors after I'd picked it up. While I was waiting I tried to sort my handbag and then on the way home I was looking for my keys and I thought I'd left the diaphragm at the solicitors.
Others: Oh no!
Jenny: I mean what was I going to say — "Excuse me, I think I've left my diaphragm here." [General laughter]
Alison: So where was it?
Jenny: Oh it was just lost in the bottomless pit.
Alison: OK. So we've got the printing, the board. Who's fixing the sausages?
Kate: Joanne's got that under control.
Belinda: Figures — Joanne always was a sizzler. [General groan]
Alison: What about announcing?
Jenny: Mr Philby expects to do it.
Belinda: Oh no — he's so boring and [Taking him off] he talks through his nose.
Kate: Let's strike a blow to the bastions of male supremacy.
Alison: What about Mrs Fensit? Nobody could complain about her.
Jenny: I'll second that.
Belinda: And we all say aye.
Kate: I found my G spot the other day.
Jenny: I didn't know you'd lost it.

—57—
Alison: You lot are the pits.

Belinda: Well what else do we have to do?

Kate: Find the key to our chastity belts.

Jenny: No come on be serious.

Belinda: Yeah — finish the business and then we can get down to the real talk.

Kate: Alright Alison, what else?

Alison: There's change money, community billboard and the last of the food organisation, and I'll arrange the grounds.

Kate: I'll do the food — Joanne will help me.

Jenny: I'll do the community billboard.

Belinda: Thanks — you leave me with the money.

Alison: Well, all you have to do at the moment is find out who wants what change.

Kate: Efficient lot aren't we!

Jenny: Fishy lot I reckon.

Belinda: Speak for yourself.

Alison: She does, often.

Kate: Did I tell you about ...

All this talk

Seven actresses play roles in the scene in the Hairdressing Salon, which initially is in darkness. Left over actress is doing the ironing/watching TV. Her aloneness is established by lights up on her. When she switches on TV the rest of the stage lights up to Hairdressing Salon.

Hairdresser 1: [Just having undone rollers] Now I'll just leave you dear and we'll comb it up in a minute.

Old Woman: That's alright thank you. [She is probably the old woman from Breakfast One.]

H1: [To H2] You do that blow job and I'll take Mrs Jenkins. She'll be here any minute.

Hairdresser 2: Hello would you like to come and sit over here?
H1: Hello Mrs Jenkins — I'll just sit you here for the moment. How are you today?

Mrs. Jenkins: I'm fine — it's a lovely day out — I saw Leanne Symes just now. Did you know she was in the family way again?

H1: Really, how many does that...

Mrs. J: Five. I think it's so unusual these days — with the pill and all those things.

H2: [From behind her customer]. It's not fair is it? You know Suzie Burns ...

Mrs. J: Yes.

H2: They've been trying for over twelve months now. You can tell when she's late by a day or two — she sort of glows and then she'll be so let down, you can't mistake it.

Old W: And there's so much they can do to help these things — you girls have so much more choice than we did. I'm glad I didn't have to make up my mind. What with thrombosis and cancer, and now this AIDS business.

H2: [To her customer] You going somewhere special tonight?

Blow Job: No I just felt like getting it out of the way.

Mrs.J: A nice hair do can make all the difference can't it?

Old W: I can't bear my hair if I leave it too long. It gives me a lift to have it done.

H1: Yes makes you feel you're spruced up for something special even if you're only going home to scrub the odd floor.

H2: Speaking of scrubbing, at Ruth's wedding on Saturday night, Mrs. Price — you know she lives down in Station St and used to clean the rest room in the park — her daughter Toni caught the bouquet, and of course she doesn't have a boyfriend or anything...

Mrs.J: She's such a nice girl, I can't see why she hasn't settled down with anyone.

H2: Anyway — Ruth's great aunt toddles up to her after she caught it and taps her on the arm and says, "You know what that means don't you?" and Toni says "Yes I do" and the great aunt says "Well, is there any hope at all?"

H1: It'd make you want to hit her with the thing wouldn't it?

H2: Well there we are. That looks super. You're lucky you've got such strong hair — it takes so well and still looks natural.

Blow Job: Thank you. [Getting up and not looking any happier than she has all through]
H2 and Blow Job fade to conduct money business. While this occurs there is a sense of the others waiting for her to be gone.

H2: See you again. [And we know that Blow Job will probably never come there again] Wow she was a quiet one. Isn't she the new girl at the doctor's surgery? I'm sure I've seen her before.

Mrs. J.: She hardly said a word. I wonder ...

H2: Oh here's Beth.

Beth is evidently pregnant. Their greetings tumble over each other.

H2: How are you? You better sit down

H1: You look well, I haven't seen you since you were still feeling off colour in the morning.

Mrs. J.: Gosh you're getting big now.

Old W.: You've definitely got that smug maternal air now.

Beth: [Answering each in turn] I'm fine I've been feeling great. The dry toast and tea worked. I've just had to get new trousers. Maternity pants are revolting aren't they? I don't look that self satisfied do I?

Ros: Self-satisfied ... you looked at your Alice in Wonderland lately, you could teach the cheshire cat a thing or two.

Beth: [Pokes out her tongue at her]

Ros: Hello everyone. How's the local talk troupe? Everything as it should be?

Anne: Hello, how are you? How do you manage to get away every time I'm here?

Ros: Oh you know ... I've got influence ... [To Beth] Are things OK? Kicking hard?

Beth: Yeah, she's pretty active.

Ros: She?

Beth: Oh I don't know — I don't mind but I don't like to say "It", doesn't seem right somehow? Not this far down the track anyhow. But I don't mind which. Everyone asks what I'd prefer. As long as she — or he — has the right amount of everything, I'll be happy.

Mrs. J.: Well you're showing out front a lot — you have right from the start, I think — Phil told you you were getting fat before you told us you were pregnant, anyhow I said to Fay that I thought you were you know ... anyhow showing's supposed to mean it's a girl...
Old W: I don't know that I've heard that one before. If it moves a lot it's a girl, or so they say.

H1: Well you can test? You hang your wedding ring or something from a string — it's the metal I guess. You hold it up in front of you, like this, very still and you wait for it to move. If it circles, it's one, and if it swings back and forth, it's the other.

Beth: Someone told me that too but I don't remember which one's which.

H1: Oh, I don't either. Lesley swore it was never wrong, she reckoned she was conducting a survey. But I guess you've got to remember which is which.

Ros: Had any peculiar cravings lately?

Beth: None really.

H2: Not even chocolate?

Beth: Well I crave chocolate whether I'm pregnant or not so that doesn't count.

H1: What are we taking to Mavis for afternoon tea? Have you thought?

Ros: I just thought I'd take some savouries — nothing special.

H2: I thought I'd get some cheese. Don't know what though.

Old W: You ought to try some of this. It's my favourite. They keep it in next door. It's Rumsey Grove. Just break a bit off.

All: That's great. MMMM. What was the name? It'll go with the savouries. It's like ... I haven't heard of that one before. I'll go and get a bit, I might get some to take home as well.

Mrs. J: [Who's ended up with the cheese] We've eaten just about all of it.

Old W: That's alright I can get some more. I'm glad you liked it.

Mrs. J: Here Beth you have the last piece. You're eating for two aren't you?

Beth: No ta. I've put on a bit too much weight this month. My doctor said I should be a bit careful.

Ros: I remember when I was eight months I started to get oedema — it was after I stopped playing netball. I kept playing till I felt uncomfortable.

Mrs. J: You ought to be careful though, no rushing about.

H1: No washing. [All this tongue in cheek]

H2: And especially no hanging out.
Beth: But they're just like the exercises in the prenatal classes.

Ros: Yeah Mrs. J.! And how did it get done if you didn't do it?

Mrs. J: Well of course I did it — but still you know what they say.

All freeze. Housewife begins the next lines and as lines come up each unfreezes and moves downstage to casual conversational position facing audience.

There's so much they do say.
And that I say.
And me.
But then amongst it all,
There's a lot that helps
And there's all those times
When it just helps to let it all out.
To know there's someone,
Or even two or three,
Who'll listen,
Who'll tell their story,
Who'll give you a cuddle when you need it,
Who'll come to help when you're desperate.
Maybe they'll pass the story on.
It's all part of weaving the myths,
That mean I cope,
That I do the things I want to,
Knowing that it's shared,
That I, I'm not alone.
When I'm balancing on the edge,
If I try
There's probably someone who'll be there to hear me say "NO".
Just like I'll be there, when they have their turn.
They smile and leave the stage through the audience stopping to talk to people as the house lights come up and Interval begins. They gradually move backstage to collect props for next scene.

On the way

While Interval is still running but with only a minute or two to go the actresses begin to mingle. They are women on their way home from work or from shopping or from the doctor or visiting. They move amongst the audience asking questions, repeating things they have to remember to organise, asking directions, bus destinations, stopping to reorganise parcels, looking for car keys or house keys, remembering things they haven't picked up and then returning, buying afternoon papers, talking about picking up kids, deciding what to cook for dinner, mentally arranging what they’ll wear tonight, where they have to go tonight. They arrive on stage and sit looking in handbags for a variety of objects. We hear the following lines

1. It's in here somewhere.
2. I don't feel like chops.
3. I was looking for that for a month ago.
4. What's this doing in here?
5. Did I put it in this one or the other?
6. I brought this to show you.
7. I know I just put it in here.
8. I could never find my diary, so I got a bigger one. Then I had to buy a bigger bag and now I can never find my pen. [The last actress walks to another actress.] Excuse me could I use your pen?

Following this a series of small tableaux vivants are created around events in shops, doctor's surgeries, buses, restaurants, on the street — things that could happen in the afternoon/early evening as women make their way home from the day's activities. Each actress plays a character or two in different settings. All further the ideas of different roles in different situations. We hear a line or two dialogue appropriate to each of the situations.
Name calling

Actresses in turn move about stage and audience presenting one word at a time towards members of the audience then holding their position until their next word. The tone in which the words are said varies according to the imagined addressee. Add or delete words in rehearsal as desired.

OOTSY POOTSY WOOTSY, SHEILA, DRAGON, BLOSSOM, SPUNK, MADAME, ATTILA THE HEN, GROUPIE, LOVE, WHORE, DOLL, BIKE, BIT OF FLUFF, DYKE, HONEY, GIRLIE, FOXY-LADY, MS, MISS, BIT OF SKIRT, WIDDLE WON, FRIEND, SLEAZE BAG, MOD, PRICK TEASER, BUTCH, MISS PRISSY, SLAG, DARLING, DAG, SPINSTER, MISTRESS, DAME, FLIRT, FUSSPOT, DUCHESS, SLATTERN, NAG, HER, THAT ONE, BIRD, SLUT, DOG, WITCH, PRINCESS, THE OTHER WOMAN, LUV, HOT DROP, MADAM, HUSSY, DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL, CUNT, DARLS, GRANDMA, MATE, MOLE, BUSHPIG, BAG, PUSHY BITCH, BLOSS, SWEETHEART, WHAT'SHERNAME, GRANNY, OLD GIRL, LADY, PRO, LOVEY, TIGRESS, MRS, THE WIFE, LITTLE GIRL, CHICK MOTHER, TART, DOLLY BIRD, COW, THAT WOMAN, THE OLD BAG, TOOTS, FLOOZIE, LESBIAN, WHAT A LAY, CAT, ANGEL, MUM, THE MISSUS, BABY, EASY, WIFEY, BOSS, NANNA, MISSY, FEMME FATALE, STRUMPET, OLD CHEESE, TITS, DEARY, PET, CUTEY PIE, DARL, TROLLOP, SWEETIE, BABY-CAKES, SIS, PIECE OF ARSE, CHICKY BABY, BABY CAKES.

All chorus WOMAN. [Together facing audience]

Home and out?

A simulated set of activities mimed in unison by all actresses suggesting the routine of the arrival home from work afternoon/evening. The following is an outline of the activities used in the Wollongong Workshop Theatre production.

Arrive home, juggle bags, find key, open door.
Sort shopping into cupboards.
Eat something.
Get glass of wine.
Feed animals.
Phone calls.
T.V., with change of stations by remote control.
Look at watch.
Dress hurriedly to go out.
Check lights and locks. Leave.
Before Liberation

Two women, A & B, centre stage. Two other woman, C & D, one stage left and one stage right.

A: Erica's leaving.
B: Let's get together for dinner.
A: How about the 17th?
B: That suits me?
A: Let's ask Mary and Rebecca.
B: You'll see Rebecca won't you?
A: So you'll catch up with Mary?
B: Okay, I'll call you.

They move to talk to two other women. All deliver their lines in unison.

A&B: Erica's leaving. Penny/Joy and I are trying to organise dinner for Thursday the 17th? Can you come?
C&D: Just let me look. Thursday, no that's no good. I'm playing netball/squash. I've got to leave by 8.30 / I can't get there till nine.
A&B: I'll have to talk to Joy/Penny about it. I'll be in touch. See you later.

A & B return to centre stage.

A: Thursday's no good.
B: Rebecca can make it by 9.
A: Mary has to leave by 8.30.
B: What about Friday? I'm seeing Mary at gym.
A: I'll see Rebecca this time then. Bye.

They move to the opposite woman. Again lines are delivered in unison.

A&B: Penny/Joy spoke to you about Erica's farewell. Thursday's no good. How about Friday?
C&D: Friday's okay. What am I saying? I'm busy Friday I can't come./ No way! I'm busy Friday!
[Share the delivery of this final speech by dividing it into sections for each] In the old days before women's liberation, women were content to sit at home tending to the needs of husbands and children, so that when a social occasion arose they were free and eager to attend. However in these days of the new woman - everyone has something organised for every night and its virtually impossible to arrange them to meet for a pleasant evening's chat and dinner.

One of those days

Actresses lined up across back of stage. Speeches are delivered in segments and with much energy, a little 'over the top'. Before speaking each actress takes one step forward so that gradually they all move in formation down stage one step at a time to complete the scene facing the audience directly from the edge of the stage.

Well we crammed five of us plus kids into the car, it was ten already and we were s'posed to be there then and it was absolutely pouring, cats and dogs. When we got there, here's the guest speaker standing on the doorstep and the hostess is out. So we pile off with this woman following. Anyway some how or other her borrowed bomb ends up sitting on the bumper of the new hostess', who just happened to be nine months pregnant, new Volvo. Not too much damage. But you can imagine how she felt. And so our guest speaker falls apart altogether and can't stop crying. We packed her off home with a packet of marshmallows and retired ourselves, for coffee and recovery.

Okay so June, my mum, and I have this big shopping trip planned, argg. Here am I the girl from the bush, well Nowra anyhow, and we get to Crown Central to park — pulled up too far from the ticket box and have to climb out to reach the ticket. Here we are in a line of ten cars, well there was one behind me at least, crawl to the ticket thing with my ears neon lit. Next we get to Venture, get all that we intended, get to checkout — yeah you got it — the money's at home on the kitchen table... Okay so we abandon that lot to go to Grace Brothers, where I've got a credit card. Line up at another counter. This time find that the bloody credit card has expired. Off we go to the office and half an hour later actually manage to get out of the shop complete with parcels. We retire to coffee place to recover over a sanger. Off to car in time to get Peter from kindy and I get lost trying to find the exit from the parking station. When I finally got out on the street, ask June to get out what I considered was a well deserved cigarette. She looks and well, you know where my cigarettes and lighter are — back on the table in the coffee lounge.

The day I rang the NRMA cause I'd locked my keys in the car. After waiting two hours at the entrance of the uni at peak time with people I knew coming and going, each lot saying "What are you doing?" Stock response, "Locked keys in the car." "Ha,ha what a nut!" Finally
NRMA comes. Opens car. We search for the keys. They're not there. PANIC! Back upstairs, pick up a book on my desk in the library, sure enough out fall my keys.

So I decided I was leaving — told him I wouldn't be there this afternoon. Packed the essentials for me and the kid. I take one load and come back and then another load and then half way I ran out of petrol. So out I hop pushed car around corner to garage. It's only a little car and the garage was only a little way round the corner and there wasn't any big hill in the way. So then I go home again loaded the last load — off again, but no we ain't going far — car splutters its way up the road and into another garage thank god. Fuel blockage from dirt in the bottom of petrol tank. I could've told them that, and yes it'll take at least half an hour till we can fix it. So I sit and wait and wait and two hours later the workshop is closing and yes they'll drive me to mum's with all the junk in the car. Me and my bundles get left on the footpath and of course, mum isn't home.

I gotta cold so I didn't feel like going to the theatre. All week I didn't want to go. Me mate Glen, she says, "But it's the theatre this week." And in the end, she didn't want to go so she gave me the tickets cause she always organises all that sort of thing. So I rings me mum. She says, "You're sick. You don't want to drive all the way up to Sydney after work." But no "fer me bit of culture", and specially cause the money's already spent, I says, "No you meet me at Circular Quay." So I left, I felt sick. We have, me and the car that is, a long slow drive — then Kombi cuts in front of me, there's a semi behind me — slams me brakes on — Kombi back flies open and out comes guitar case. I tried hard to run it over, but my wheels do their own thing and dodge. So we straddled this guitar case and out of the Kombi pops this aging hippy, he says "Have you broken it ?" and then asks me to back back into the semi. Finally after all this I get to the theatre, no park anywhere so pay $7 and go to meet Mum. We wander in to buy a drink at the bar in the theatre and you know there's fifteen people in this theatre group I'm in and there's not one of them there — look at the tickets —wrong night. I wanted to throw myself in the harbour. Couldn't get the car out of the car park — it'd only been there 5 minutes. Mum says she's starving so we find the nearest eatery — some swanky hotel coffee lounge where it costs me $12 to buy mum a sanger. Drove home after an hour — made sure it was VERY early next morning I rang Glen — she likes her morning nap.

Woke up alarm hadn't gone off. It was 8.30. Work starts at 8.40. So I ring work tell them I'll be late cause car won't start. I rush round get ready race to car. It won't start . Ring NRMA. They tell me it's a 2 hour delay. Of course all this is on a miserable wet day and I was working in Sydney at the time. I go back to the car spray everything with WD40 and finally get it going. Ring the NRMA again to tell 'em it's alright. I finally get to work and start to get out. Realise, here I am with my fluffies still on ... Had to wear them all day. Took a while to live that one down.

—67—
Even before I left the house, I went to hop in the shower and the hot water heater had burst last night, cold shower and water all over the laundry. And God knows what it will cost. Then it was Karen's morning to throw a tantrum when all I wanted was for her to be the sweet little thing you lot all think she is. You haven't seen her do one of these, red in the face, corners of the mouth stretched down, and then we finally get organised and out of the door, discover the keys are inside and we can't go anywhere. Slam! That's right, I shut it as I walked out. So Karen turns it on again and some old woman walking past looks me up and down as if I'm murdering her. So, climbed in the bathroom window six feet up and two feet wide, made us both toast and read the "Mockery". I decided a day off wouldn't hurt either of us.

55 ... a birthday ... fives never were a good one for me. And of course I didn't set the alarm, or else it just didn't go off. I didn't have time to read my bible, have my quiet time or go for my walk along the beach. I didn't even bother with breakfast. You know how it is when all the things that make you okay for the day are upset ... and I'd had this horrible dream last night about retrenchment ... of course it would be just my luck for it to happen ... so I leap in the car ... it won't start, retrenchment here I come. And anyhow I went into Joyce's and this one day she's left early. So I taxi to work and now I'm way behind time and the boss has chosen this day to come in early and she's taken the call from the junior to say she won't be in today. The boss reminds me the Board Meeting's on today and the Agenda has to be typed again ... I knew I should have done it last night. Today of all days. 55 today ... and all those youngsters waiting for my job. I wanted to prove my capabilities.

On reaching the edge of the stage facing the audience actresses say in unison.

It was just one of those days!

Sisters at home

a. oldest sister home after absence.

b. mid sister, Julie, feels tied to house.

c. kid sister, Stacey, introspective.

a: Mum, Dad.

b: In here Julie. [To younger sister] Here she is.
a: Hi. How's things? Where's Mum & Dad?

b: Oh, you know, the same as always. They're at the club — where do you think?

a: Oh yeah. Hi Stacey. Aren't you going to say hello? I haven't been home for ages.

c: [Resentfully] Hello.

a: Great welcome from my kid sister. Well what have you been doing Julie?

b: Nothing, nothing and nothing.

a: Nice dress you've got on. You look pretty flash.

c: She's going out.

a: Tonight?

b: Hope it's alright?

a: But it's my first night home on three months. I arranged to go over to Geoff's — we're having a back to the Gong barbie.

b: Oh I know you haven't been home for ages, but I haven't been out in almost that long. Can't Stacey go with you?

a: You come with me tonight Stace? You'll know most of the people there.

c: No!

b: Oh, why not?

c: I just don't want to, that's all.

a: It'll be fun.

c: No.

b: Go on.

c: No. I'm not going.

a: I brought you home a dress from Hong Kong. Do you like it?

c: No.

a: Gee you can be a little bitch sometimes.

_During this b has been encouraging c to go with a._

c: I don't like the colour.

a: [To Julie] Couldn't you go out later? Mum and Dad will be home by ten.
b: I always arrive at things late. I'm tired of it. While you're off around the world I'm stuck here doing nothing.

a: But I've only just got home, I really need a break.

b: [To Stacey] Go on — won't you go with her?

c: No.

a: What about you both come with me? We used to do it all the time?

b: But I've got plans. What about my friends?

a: Ring 'em up and get them to meet you there. Geoff won't mind. The more the merrier.

b: How does that sound Stacey?

a: Stace? Just like before ... the three of us ... [She doesn't answer].

a&b: Please.

c: You won't leave me?

b: Why would we leave you?

a: Remember we're the "Triple Talent Team of Thompson Street". [This is obviously a well known joke amongst the three of them and they all laugh including Stacey].

c: Okay.

Mmmmmchat.

Scene using gobbledy gook suggesting gossip, problem solving and chorused through with mmmms, laughter, sensitive head shaking and nodding.
The scene can be extended in improvisation with the cast in rehearsal. 2 actresses seated (loungeroom/office?)

1: Chatter, chatter chatter chatter chatter chatter!

2: Chatter chatter chatter. [They all laugh.]

Enter 3

3: What are you laughing about?

1 : Answer answer answer answer.

3: Oh. [They all laugh again]

4, 5, 6: [All join them.] Hellos and how are you's all round.
4: Did you story story story story?
5: And so on so on so on so on.
1&2&3: Mmmm Mmmnn MmmnnM
4: Gossip gossip gossip.
1,2,3,4,5: [Varying] Mmmnnns.
4: Problem problem problem prob ... lem.
1: Solution solution, solution?
2&3: [Put heads together and have own small] Mutter mutter mutter.
6: [Interrupts them] Murmur mur mur.
4&5: [As 7&8 enter] Where have you two been? You said you'd be here at seven.
7: Rhubarb rhubarb rhubarb.
8: RhuBARB.

All laugh and move as they begin Choral Speaking which is a continuation of the patterns but formalised.

Choral speaking

Actresses use vocal and physical patterns to present the following words (which may be repeated or presented singly). The intention is to suggest the talk of women and how it is intricately involved in their lives.

Chatter
Gossip
Murmur
Whisper
Bitching
Hiss
Fear
Anger
Alone
As a babe

*Poem delivered one line at a time by the eight actresses who move to a tableau suggesting an olde-world photograph of a group of women.*

As a babe my mother rocked me as I now rock you.
She swayed with the movement of the seasons,
Insecure in the newness of motherhood.
And as I grew she rocked me
When I came to her with fears and tears
And those moments of pride I shared with her.

Then as a girl I played my days with friends —
Rocking, swinging, swaying, through jealousies and fun.
Childish tantrums smoothed into the onward flow of time
And the games became more serious.
The balanced flow of life in my mother's shadow
Was lost as I grew out and up.
Time pushed me into the swaying of hips
And swooning over first loves.
In his arms, or my dreams of them,
I tried to rock,
But the pushing and pulling of my need and his,
Constrained by age and by others,
Darted and teased me onto other things.

With my girlfriends stories rolled around,
Tested and tried, bursting to tell
Of first blood and first kisses.
Emotion's pendulum setting a pattern —
Feeling, thinking —
He loves me, he loves me not,
He loves me, he loves me not.
And it matters, it matters not,
It matters, it ...
And I rock into a new world, into a wider world of
Who am I?
Where am I?
What am I?
And there's no going back
To the safety of mother's rocking arms.

The weight of me and my place,
Circles expanding,
Weaving new patterns to new rules,
My new awareness
Linking me to the network of others.

I am me, silently rocking,
And around I see others, silently rocking.
Common thread of experience
Not yet opening gates,
And then the laughter of recognition
As I can burst knowing
Into the magic of sharing —
Words, looks, gestures, touch,
Gifts in the tapestry
Woven through time.

*The actresses maintain the tableau as the house lights come up. They then move into the audience to mingle and talk.*
Some notes on the Wollongong Workshop Theatre production in 1987.

Anyone working on a production of the show should adapt it to suit the needs of their particular group. All the show was developed out of the talk of women, through the use of games and improvisation.

We used music created specifically for the show between scenes and we went to approximately half light in scene changes after a three or four second freeze at the end of each scene except where the text calls for some other indication of the end of a scene.

Wollongong Workshop Theatre is a small theatre venue with almost no foyer so the mingling that was done was in the theatre or on its front doorstep. It is worth noting also that many of the cast and crew invited their friends and relatives to performances so the mingling was not difficult. However, the full houses during the run of the show indicated that word of mouth brought in a wider audience as evidenced by a local TAFE N.O.W. organiser's request for a special performance for her classes. (Unfortunately this couldn't happen because it was so late in TAFE First Session.)

The seating in the theatre is fixed with a central aisle which we used for all entrances and exits (except for Leonie and Lorraine...s in Breakfast Five where we had Lorraine disappear backstage in scene change and reappear through the audience after her "nightshift" and Leonie leave by the reverse of this method).