

Cora (*proffering the basket*) Well put his address with the other four hundred.

Celia Aw c'mon. We can't send him home empty-handed —

Cora Tell you what. Why don't you nip out the back with a couple of bakewell tarts and do him a quick polaroid.

Celia (*gesturing to the others*) You see this jealousy? 'Cause he only recognized me?

Cora Hey. If I'd been shoving a piano he'd've recognized me.

Marie (*zipping up her racquet*) Anyway.

Chris Tell you what, I think we could be looking at that settee in the leather.

Annie Yeah, except then we'll have to ask High Ghyll to do a calendar to raise funds for your flower shop.

Marie Oh I'm fairly sure you won't find anyone at High Ghyll willing to pose naked. Good-night, Ruth.

Marie zips up her bag and heads out

Chris Actually, Marie, it's not "naked". It's "nude".

Ruth (*super-cheerful, sensing trouble like a meercat*) Good-night, Marie-e!

Chris I'm sure you'd appreciate the distinction. (*Smiling, for the girls' benefit*) Having frequented many a Cheshire art gallery.

Marie is almost out of the door but this shot brings her back

Marie "Art"? (*She turns*) Sorry I'm — (*wincing, archly*) — slightly lost. This is "you, naked behind a fruit loaf"?

The hall goes quiet. The others are suddenly an unwitting sports crowd

Ruth Actually, Chris is the "flower arranging"/ pose —

Marie I can't recall — I'm thinkin-ng and n-no, the Lady Lever Gallery does not have any watercolours of middle-aged women obscuring their pudenda with danish pastries.

Annie (*making light*) It's got some of women who look like they've eaten a few ...

Some of the girls laugh to try and make light too

Marie Perhaps the Pre-Raphaelites had figured out it might look slightly —

Ruth ("aren't we having a lovely time") ANYWAY-Y...

Chris (*frowning slightly*) Sorry, Marie, do go on.

Marie — embarrassing.

Oo. Game on. The impromptu crowd turns to see how it will be volleyed

Chris Is that — "embarrassing" to us, or to you?

Marie Both.

Annie I'll lock up/ anyw —

Chris Marie, maybe our calendar sums up the spirit of the WI better than a load of wet bridges.

Oo

Marie More than the natural beauty of this county?

Chris Yes. That's Yorkshire by the way. The county you loved so much you went to live in Cheshire.

Beat

* **Marie** And well done for staying here, Chris. Well done for staying put in the flower shop. Which is of course what all this is all about, isn't it? Really? The golden girl who was Dorothy in *The Wizard Of Oz*. The girl who everyone thought would be a weather girl. The girl who performed in the pencil skirt at the French Evening and got all the lads' tongues lolling and ended up in a flower shop on the Skipton Road and is now just *desperate* for a bit of the front of the stage again? Not a whole play, by the way. Not the hard work, line-learning — God, that takes following things through. No, it's just the little front-of-curtains — (*putting her arms out*) "Pow"! The little shot of "look at me, I'm doing t'ai chi!" "Pow! I'm organizing a vodka night."

Every word is true and Chris knows it

Chris (*swallowing hard*) I am doing this —

Marie TELL me that's not what makes your heart beat faster about this calendar, Chris Harper/ tell —

Chris — for John Clarke I am doing this —

Marie Tell me.

Chris — and because of him and because he would have laughed his bloody socks off —

Marie Tell me.

Chris — and because I can hear that laughter now —

Marie TELL ME!

Ruth (*shouting*) CELIA.

To stop the fight, Ruth pulls a calendar from her bag. It has a red ribbon on it, tied up ready to give to someone