

*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*