

— “Conversation Codes for the Captain’s dinner” so we don’t stray off the subject of golf when all you can basically say about golf is, “I didn’t hit it straight so it missed the hole but if I had’ve hit it straight it would’ve gone in the hole.”

Cora I think you might need some counselling about this, Ceel.

Celia And of course all the stuff they really want to say still gets said. Just behind people’s backs. Usually mine.

Beat

Ruth (*tentatively*) What kind of/ thing — ?

Celia That I dress like a tart.

Ruth No.

Cora In fairness, you do a bit, Ceel.

Ruth CORA.

Cora No, I’m just saying — Celia’s front is never backwards in coming forwards.

Celia And DAMN right it isn’t. Which is exactly how it should be. Y’r breasts aren’t something that should get hidden away for some bloody social — pathetic — whatever — reason but I tell you what, thanks to women like the bloody golf club girls they ARE. And if my mum hadn’t been too mortified to show doctors her breasts when the time came, we’d still have the rest of her. (*Beat*) Which is why what I’d like to say to the Hermes mafia of the Ladies’ Bar is, “Get down to the WI, girls. Come and hang out with the real women of this county and learn a little debauchery before it’s too bloody late.” Cheers.

Jessie walks in the kitchen doorway with a letter in her hand

Jessie Has everyone just walked past this that came through the letterbox?

Cora This place has a letterbox?

Jessie (*reading it*) “Alternative WI Calendar, Yorkshire.”

Annie It never got here addressed like that?

Jessie (*reading*) “Your calendar was the first time I’ve smiled in fifteen months.”

Immediately everyone stops

(*Reading*) “My husband never understood why I joined the WI. But I think if he ...” (*She pauses. She hands it to Annie*)

Annie (*reading*) “But I think if he had lived to see these photographs he would have understood in a second.”