

LIVING WITH MOTHER

SPILT MILK

By

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SCENE 1

SUSAN: Every time I'm up Top Town for coffee with the girls the question is always asked: "How's Michael", they'll say. "Has he got a job yet or a girlfriend?" They all smile and then there's a general titter before Eileen takes a nibble of her Eccles cake and polishes things off with: "Left home yet has he?" I want to say, "has he hell as like" but I just laugh along , change the subject sharpish and ask how Eileen's piles are doing. I do worry about him still living at home with no job and no girlfriend. Maybe if his Dad was still around things would have been different. He needs geeing up. I mean he should have a job and a house and be married with kids at his age shouldn't he. No, I wouldn't say Michael is an embarrassment. More of a disappointment.

MICHAEL: I *am* in the room Mother.

SUSAN: The truth hurts Michael. About time you heard it.

MICHAEL: Mother. You're supposed to record your thoughts when you're alone that's what the woman said. Like a diary. They edit it all after and put it together.

SUSAN: Alright, alright, clever. I'll edit you in a minute. Can I just remind you Michael...

MICHAEL: What?

SUSAN: You are forty one years of age my lad.

MICHAEL: And?

SUSAN: And? And? And ruddy everything. You're forty one and as my friends say; not only do you not have a job or a girlfriend you still live at flaming home!

MICHAEL: Lots of people still live at home.

SUSAN: At forty one?

MICHAEL: Yeah.

SUSAN: Maybe if they're in a coma Michael. There's nothing wrong with you. You should be forging a life for yourself not tangled up in my apron strings.

MICHAEL: Johnny still lives at home and he's older than me.

SUSAN: Johnny has the mind of a child. If he wasn't living at home he'd be in loony bin laughing at his own reflection.

MICHAEL: Any way I am going to move out.

SUSAN: Oh is this when NASA write back and say you've been
accepted to be an astronaut?

MICHAEL: No. I have plans for all sorts of things.

SUSAN: Try putting some into action then!

MICHAEL: I'm off upstairs!

DOOR SLAMS

SCENE 2

MICHAEL: Yeah I'm probably going to New York or something. Going to
get a car like they did in Top Gear. A Cadillac , a Chevy or a pick
up even. Wear a cowboy hat and drive across to er.... San
Francisco I think. It's gonna be brilliant. Hot over there too.
Might even just buy a motorbike and ride across the Rockies.
Camp out at night. Light a fire and roast a couple of Wombats
or something. Sleep under the stars and smoke me head off.
Man it's gonna be brilliant. They drive on the left hand side of
the road there you know. Yeah, gonna save up and take me
driving test.

SCENE 3

PLATES AND CUTTLERY BEING PLACED ON THE TABLE ETC

SUSAN: Still cooking tea at my age.

MICHAEL: Pardon?

SUSAN: I said sixty two years of age and still cooking tea.

MICHAEL: Sixty two?

SUSAN: Yes Michael I know I look ten years younger. Hard to believe isn't it?

MICHAEL: Yeah. Can I have ketchup?

SUSAN: No you cannot. How common. Fray Bentos needs no accompaniment. Here put the placemat down, these oven chips are hotter than Hades. Oh look they've scorched me oven gloves.

MICHAEL: We could have takeaway.

SUSAN: And sit and eat it on our knees watching Top Gears no doubt. Oh yes you'd like that.

MICHAEL: Yes I would .

SUSAN: I know you would. But let me tell you. No woman in her right mind would stand for it. Speaking of which. We need to have a serious talk.

MICHAEL: Hey?

SUSAN: The word is pardon.

MICHAEL: Pardon.

SUSAN: That's better. The time is nigh young man.

MICHAEL: Pardon?

SUSAN: You my lad are getting a girl friend before it's too late.

MICHAEL: What do you mean too late?

SUSAN: Before you turn into a smelly old man picking his nose outside Safeways. Pass the peas. You my lad are going to get yourself a woman!

MICHAEL: How am I gonna do that?

SUSAN: I am going to take matters into my own hands.

MICHAEL: I can get me own girlfriend.

SUSAN: Chance would be a fine thing. I've been waiting for you to meet a woman and move out for twenty years. No, I'm taking control of this one. Unless it's a boyfriend you're after?

MICHAEL: No.

SUSAN: Hey it's 2011 and there's someone out there for everyone. Margaret's daughter's a lesbian you know?

MICHAEL: Is she?

SUSAN: Oh yes moved to London and everything. No stigma these days. These peas have got mint in I think. So what's it to be?

MICHAEL: What?

SUSAN: Man or woman?

MICHAEL: Look I can find....

SUSAN: Man or woman? If you don't decide now I'll get you one of each and let nature decide.

MICHAEL: Woman.

SUSAN: Very well then. Watch this space. Now, do you want a warm Ribena?

MICHAEL: No.

SCENE 4

SUSAN: I shouldn't blame him really. I mean his dad dying like that really affected him. He was there you see and saw it all. It was so unexpected. Being run over by yer own milk float. And right in the middle of our street. We still don't really know what happened but Mrs Dalkin at number 35 said he was trying to dislodge a branch from under the front axle when Michael

stood on the accelerator somehow. Apparently he was drinking from a bottle of silver top. Well he was only ten so we couldn't blame him. And what's done is done and there's no use crying over spilt....well you know.

So, I've been on the phone and things are in motion. Eileen says her niece is single and about the same age as Michael so that's a start. Works at Fiveways apparently; in that little bakery that serves them hot cross buns all year round. Not seen her there myself unless she's the Polish girl. Anyway, Eileen's going to e mail me a picture so I can size her up. A cv would be good. Mind you as long as she can walk and talk at the same time. I mean you can't be too picky at forty one can you? Then June Willy rang about going to Pennels for coffee Wednesday week and I happened to mention the predicament. She says that her neighbour has been single for five years. Nice woman she says. Forty three and keeps a lovely front garden. Works in Freeman's Dept store so she must be clean and well mannered. Her name's Heidi which is nice. Anyway, we're working on a pincer movement. June will give me a call when Heidi's in her garden. She'll keep her talking and I'll march Michael over there sharpish. Let the dog see the rabbit , do the introductions, get them talking and leave them to it. Cupid's bow is primed.

SCENE 5

FRONT DOOR SLAMS SHUT

MICHAEL: I can't believe you did that Mother.

SUSAN: Don't you try and blame me.

MICHAEL: Why not? It was your fault.

SUSAN: How?

MICHAEL: Volunteering me to cut her lawn.

SUSAN: I had to do something. You just stood there looking at yer shoes. You didn't even have the gumption to say hello. I was worried that she thought you were a retard or something.

MICHAEL: Mother you can't say that! Anyway she wasn't my type.

SUSAN: Not your type? Beggars can't be choosers. That's all I'll say.

MICHAEL: She was about twenty stone.

SUSAN: Oh yes and you're a picture of health are you? The last time you did any exercise was when you spilt hot Ribena on yer crotch.

MICHAEL: And you know I'm not good with mowers; they're dangerous.

SUSAN: I didn't expect her to have one of them ride on things.

MICHAEL: Well she did.

SUSAN: I thought it would just be one of them push ones or a flymo at the most. You could handle a flymo couldn't you.

MICHAEL: Don't know.

SUSAN: And she only had a lawn as big as a postage stamp so why she had a ride on mower God only knows.

MICHAEL: I hope someone can get it out the pond.

SUSAN: Yeah, sure they will. And that tortoise was probably on it's last legs anyway.

MICHAEL: I said sorry.

SUSAN: I know but maybe crying was a bit much. Come on let me get you a warm Ribena.

MICHAEL: Don't want one and I didn't cry.

SUSAN: No okay, Never mind. Plenty more spinsters in the sea. And I've got a backup plan.

SCENE 6

MICHAEL: Mum always goes on about girlfriends but I've had loads. Just don't bring 'em home. Nah. Keep women and home separate. I don't want to be in any situation I can't get out of in 30

seconds.....Especially if I'm going to America. Suppose I'll get married someday and there are a few special women in my life that I don't tell Mum about. Penelope Cruz for one. She sent me a signed photo. And she's Spanish. Sandra Bullock is probably number two. I went to see her in that film with the massive bloke who sleeps on her settee. I'd like to sleep on her settee I can tell you. (laughs) I wrote her a letter when I first liked her. "Dear Sandy, Just watched your film, 'While You Were Sleeping'. You were brilliant. There's a really good Chinese that I go to and the bloke who runs it always gives me free prawn crackers. Do you like prawn crackers?" She sent me a photo too. Forgot to sign it though.

SCENE 7

TV ON (a bit of Top Gear if poss) AND KITCHEN NOISES IN

BACKGROUND

MICHAEL: (shouting) Where's the remote?Mum?....MUM?

SUSAN: (shouting. Off) Pardon?

MICHAEL: (shouting) I can't find the remote.

DOOR OPENS

SUSAN: Michael I was in the kitchen. In a different room. I cannot hear you over the Top Gears and the dishwasher.

MICHAEL: I can't find the remote.

SUSAN: Oh you poor deprived soul.

MICHAEL: I think it might be under the pouf.

SUSAN: I'll put you under the pouf in a minute. Stir your flaming stumps and go and get it. And why I let you watch tv over breakfast I do not know. You'd best turn this off and go get ready anyways.

MICHAEL: Hey?

SUSAN: Plan B.

MICHAEL: What's plan B?

SUSAN: Operation hot cross buns.

MICHAEL: Buns?

SUSAN: This one looks just right.

MICHAEL: Oh I thought all that was done with.

SUSAN: I'm not giving up that easy. Oh no. Have a look at that.

MICHAEL: What?

SUSAN: A photo. I printed it off the internets. Eileen sent it me. And I think you'll agree she's rather nice.

MICHAEL: Hummmm. She looks alright.

SUSAN: Looks alright? She's like The Queen of Sheba compared to the last one. And Polish too. Exotic hey?

MICHAEL: Hummm Does she speak English?

SUSAN: Michael she works in a shop serving people; of course she does. Better than most of the folk round here I bet too. Wouldn't be surprised if she was a rocket scientist in her own country.

MICHAEL: Why a rocket scientist?

SUSAN: I don't know. All I'm saying is that she looks lovely and sounds like a smart cookie as they say in America.

MICHAEL: But I don't know what to say to her?

SUSAN: Don't worry about that.

MICHAEL: I am worried.

SUSAN: I've written it all down for you.

MICHAEL: Oh no.

SUSAN: Oh yes. This time it's fool proof. Just learn the lines and you can't fail.

MICHAEL: Mum....

SUSAN: Don't worry. I'll be there for moral support and off the cuff rapport.

MICHAEL: That's what I'm worried about.

SUSAN: Turn that off and get ready. And don't wear that Mad Max t shirt this time.

SCENE 8

HAIRDRYER FOR A SEC THEN CLICKS OFF.

SUSAN: I am going to kill that Eileen Blaydock. I should sue her for disinformation or whatever it's called. Oh it was so embarrassing. It was all going to plan and Michael was asking how come they sell hot cross buns in the middle of summer and she was saying, 'yes they should just be for Easter.' Michael was doing ever so well moving the conversation onto how nice the beach is this time of year just like I told him until he coughed and his chewing gum flew down her cleavage. I was keeping a customer talking when out of the corner of my eye I saw him try and retrieve it. Well, she screamed as you would and her husband, yes her flaming husband came out of

the back of the shop, hands covered in cake mix and wielding a huge rolling pin. Well now Michael screamed and started throwing Millionaire shortbreads at him before backing into the window display and sitting in a Thomas the Tank birthday cake. Cost me £50 did that little fiasco and we're both banned for life. It looks like I'll have to pay someone to take him off my hands at this rate.

SCENE 9

SHOWER FOR A SEC THEN OFF AND DOOR SLIDING BACK

MICHAEL: Yeah I could have taken him easy. I've watched all the Rocky Films. One to Seven so I know a few moves. (*Hums the music*). Just didn't want to create a scene and I suppose I was in the wrong pulling my moves on a married woman. Wouldn't want to lure her away with my powers.

Any way, none of that matters because I've got a surprise for Mum.

SCENE 10

PATES AND CUTTLERY BEING PLACED ON THE TABLE ETC

SUSAN: I was going to boycott that bakery anyway Michael.

MICHAEL: What for?

SUSAN: Them Eccles cakes are full of floor sweepings I reckon. Fish pie tonight.

MICHAEL: Can I have gravy?

SUSAN: You what?

MICHAEL: Gravy.

SUSAN: Gravy on fish? There's no wonder you're a virgin.

MICHAEL: Mum. Don't talk about.....

SUSAN: I think maybe if I'd told you about the birds and the bees sooner then we wouldn't be in this mess. I mean what if I wanted to invite a gentleman round?

MICHAEL: Mum!

SUSAN: What? A woman has needs and wants and desires. I'm not on a zimmer frame just yet. Pass them waffles will you?

MICHAEL: Anyway I've made plans.

SUSAN: Oh yeah planning an extension on the side return are you?

MICHAEL: Not those sort of plans.

SUSAN: I was making a joke Michael.

MICHAEL: Yes I know Mother. But I have actually made some real plans.

SUSAN: Well do tell.

MICHAEL: I'm off out after tea.

SUSAN: You what?

MICHAEL: I'm off out.

SUSAN: I wondered why you didn't have your pyjamas on. Off to play Ludo with Johnny are you?

MICHAEL: I'm off to meet a woman.

SUSAN: (*Choking*) Get me some water.....Meet a woman?

MICHAEL: You alright?

SUSAN: Well what woman? Who is she?.....Oh I see

MICHAEL: Pardon?

SUSAN: Sandra Bullock is it? Or Penelope do dah the Spanish one.
Meeting her down the chinese are we for some tapas?

MICHAEL: No Mum it's real!

SUSAN: You what?

MICHAEL: We've been chatting on line for ages.

SUSAN: On one of them dating places? What is it? Over the hill.com?
Forty and desperate.co.uk?

MICHAEL: No, we both play Warlock World.

SUSAN: That's as bad.

MICHAEL: It's not Mum. We have something in common and we get on.

SUSAN: Good job your father's not alive to witness this?

MICHAEL: Don't bring Dad into this.

SUSAN: Meeting a woman on the internet. Oh dear.

MICHAEL: Look Mum I know you have haven't forgiven me for running
Dad over with his own milk float but I'm sorry alright. I'm
sorry! I was ten. (*starts crying*)

SUSAN: Hey hey come on.....Look ...nono I'm sorry. You're
right. I say silly things sometimes that I don't mean. I'm sure
she will be lovely.

MICHAEL: His last words were, "Make sure you collect the empties".

SUSAN: Really? Well once a milkman always a milkman hey.

MICHAEL: Yeah.

SUSAN: You go and meet this...What's her name?

MICHAEL: Silver Avenger.

SUSAN: You what?

MICHAEL: In Warlock World.

SUSAN: Well what's her real name?

MICHAEL: I don't yet she said she'd tell me tonight. We're meeting outside Jake's Rock shop on the Prom.

SUSAN: Oh right well. Do you want a lift?

MICHAEL: No thanks Mum I'll go on me bike. Won't be late.

SUSAN: Okay son. Well good luck. Take five pound out of my purse and buy her something nice.

SCENE 11

CLOCK TICKING

SUSAN: I think my main strength is that I can always take something good from any situation. This Silver Avenger woman may well be off the internets and as daft as he is but at least it get's Michael a girlfriend and on the first run to finally flaming moving out.....Into a cave or something no doubt. Warlock World I ask you? Right where's that phone? I have a bone to

pick. (*dials number*) Hello Eileen. Yes it's me. Just to say thanks for the help with the Polish lady but we didn't need it in the end.....No. Michaels met a lovely girl on his own so you can stuff your rotten Eccles cakes up.....Oh she's hung up. I hate going up Top Town with her anyway.

FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSSES.

SUSAN: Michael? Is that you?

MICHAEL:(Off) Yes Mum.

SUSAN: It's only half eight what happened?

MICHAEL: Didn't really work out mum.

SUSAN: What do you mean?

MICHAEL: She was errrrrrrrr.

SUSAN: What? Too young, too old?

MICHAEL: A man.

SUSAN: Say again?

MICHAEL: She...he was a man. Dressed as a woman. High heels and carrying a spear.

SUSAN: Oh dear lord. (*stifles a laugh*)

MICHAEL: Don't Mum.

SUSAN: Sorry Michael. I am sorry.

MICHAEL: Sorry I can't get a girlfriend.

SUSAN: Hey come on chin up. How were you to know?

MICHAEL: Gonna go to New York this year. Drive across to San Francisco.

SUSAN: Course you are son. Here, you want a warm Ribena?

MICHAEL: Yes please.

CREDITS

