

LIVING WITH MOTHER

SANDY BELLE

By

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SCENE 1

ATMOS: INT – EMPTY FRONT ROOM – DAY

**F/X: ‘UP ON THE ROOF’ (CAROLE KING) PLAYS ON AN OLD
CASSETTE PLAYER**

TILLY: Well that wasn't as bad as I thought. Sometimes you just have to let the wind blow and see where you pitch up. Go with the flow. You can't avoid the inevitable and in many ways we're better off out of it. As the great man said, 'The times they are a changing'. Always have been haven't they. And there's nothing wrong with being a rolling stone. Ha, not the

band. I mean like an actual stone with like no moss on it. I did actually meet Mick Jagger in Wales.....

F/X: FRONT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

PIP: Hello Mother. Old Pru's playing up again. Only running on three cylinders and she'll need some antifreeze in. Road Tax is due at the end of the month and there's the resident's parking per.....mit.....Where's all the furniture?

TILLY: Now, sit yourself down Pip.

PIP: Where's the furniture gone? What's happened?

TILLY: Well not to beat about the bush...

PIP: Mother?

TILLY: We've been evicted. The bailiffs have just been.

PIP: But....How? We pay the rent.

TILLY: They put the rent up and we've been getting behind. Minor problem Pip. Let's not worry about it.

PIP: Don't worry, don't worry? They've taken our furniture.

TILLY: It's only furniture. And they always say renting is dead money don't they.

PIP: Who does? We've got nowhere to live! I thought we were settled here. You promised.

TILLY: Yes but we're staying in the same area this time. Ready for the good news?

PIP: What?

TILLY: Aunty Mary's died.

PIP: Mary? Which one was Mary?

TILLY: Great Aunty. The one with asthma.

PIP: Oh yes, yes.... Asthma attack I suppose?

TILLY: No she was run over by the mobility bus on Issac's Hill. Terrible.

PIP: And how is this good news?

TILLY: She's left us her holiday home. Well I say home, more of a chalet.

PIP: We're going to live in a chalet? But we can't.

TILLY: Don't fret Pip. It's just for the winter.

PIP: But, but when do we have to go?

TILLY: Well no time like the present. Best go pack your things. They've left our suitcases.

PIP: Oh Marvellous.

SCENE 2

ATMOS: INT – AUSTIN ALLEGRO - DAY

F/X: DRIVING

PIP: Well to be fair the view out to sea is lovely. And there are some nice chalets down there. Course the one we've inherited is virtually a shed. The chimney's blocked and the only heating is a paraffin stove and guess what? Yes, there's no paraffin so here am I driving to B&Q....Oh I could be doing without this upheaval. Winter is my poetry time. Waiting for the muse to come upon me. Ah, " Swift as a shadow, short as any dream; Brief as the lightning in the collied night."I really thought I was going to get one away this year, really did. Not that Mother pays a blind bit of notice to my vocation. She's too busy living in the sixties and dreaming of a people's republic. She refused to watch the Jubilee you know.... Oh, I should be used to it by now. She's always had us on the move in case we get too comfortable, too boring, too bourgeois. House to house, town to town. And me going from menial job to menial job. Although I quite like this one I must say. Just seasonal; working behind the scenes at King's Amusements. Mending the old machines and Mr King leaves me alone to get on with it pretty much and, as I say, it keeps the winter free to pen my poetry..... Oh why can't I win the premium bonds or

something? I've had twenty five that my granddad bought me when I was ten and not one of them has ever come up... Not one. Can you believe that? Not a sausage.....Ah here we are, B & Q. A fine Emporium.....Oh, sure I'll get used to it. Probably won't be so bad once we sweep the sand out and get the stove going.

F/X: **ENGINE STARTS TO RUN ROUGH**

Come on old girl. We'll get you some antifreeze and have a look at your plugs hey?

SCENE 3

ATMOS: **INT - CHALET LIVING ROOM - DAY**

F/X: **RICKETY WOODEN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS**

PIP: Mother! We have to leave! We have to leave! I knew this would happen. Why can't we just be normal? I really can't take much more of this. I'm at the end of my rope.

TILLY: What's the matter?

PIP: Oh, 'This is hell nor am I out of it!'

TILLY: What's happened?

PIP: I just had a chat with a man who's fixing his gutters. He said you're not allowed to stay over winter. We'd be in breach of contract if we live here over winter. Oh, we've nowhere to go. Where can we go?

TILLY: Now Pip.

PIP: You can do repairs but you're not allowed to live here during the winter. They are what they call 'secondary dwellings'. He told me all about it.

TILLY: Who said this?

PIP: A man a few chalet's down. The big blue one. Sea Breeze it's called. Very nice lawn. A man with a beard and a cap. He was fixing the guttering. I said we were just painting the kitchen and then we're off home. I didn't know what else to say. I had to lie. I had to lie.

TILLY: Just relax. You're getting yourself worked up.

PIP: Well you don't help. Getting us into these situations. Look at the time we lived in that warehouse in Leeds. "It'll be fine," you said, "Nothing to worry about you said".

TILLY: It was.

PIP: I woke up with a wrecking ball coming through my bedroom wall!

TILLY: Well, I got the dates wrong.

PIP: No wonder I failed my A levels.

TILLY: Oh not that again.

PIP: Could have gone to Cambridge. Could have made something of myself.

TILLY: You have to live for the moment son. Live in the here and now.

PIP: Oh you're a fine one to talk you are. Oh yes. You still think it's 1968 and life's one long hippy festival.

TILLY: That's silly.

PIP: You'd still be sniffing LSD and putting tulips in soldier's guns if you could.

TILLY: Come on have a fag and chill will you.

PIP: Mother!

TILLY: Sorry, yes I know you've stopped.

PIP: I better hide Pru.

TILLY: What?

PIP: Someone might see her here overnight and dob us in. I'll, I'll hide her in the sand dunes and cover her with maram grass.

Oh, I still haven't put that antifreeze in. Poor thing will pop her core plugs.

TILLY: I think that's a bit extreme. What are they going to do, shoot us?

PIP: If only, If only! We'll be turfed out and living in the gutter like some dirty dossers. Taken to court. End up in orange overalls, scrubbing graffiti off a school wall. You've gone too far this time. We need stability! You promised mother Promised! Oh my nerves are like old boot laces. Give me a cigarette please. It's all your fault. I just can't take it anymore.

TILLY: I've only got roll ups.

PIP: Oh, that it should come to this. Living in a shed with my mother, hiding from the law and to top it all off we're smoking roll ups like a pair of Victorian tramps.

SCENE 4

ATMOS: INT – TILLY’S CHALET BEDROOM - NIGHT

F/X: PURPLE HAZE (JIMI HENDRIX) PLAYING ON A TAPE PLAYER

TILLY: “scuse me while I kiss the sky”. Ah magic, sheer beautiful magic. I guess Pip is right in some ways. I do still live in the sixties sometimes. But what’s the harm? Better than today with mobile phones constantly pinging off and people spending their days and night staring at computer screens. I live my life I do. Out there with mother Earth, smelling the breeze and feeling the sun on my skin. Come the summer I shall sleep out on the beach and do some serious communing.

F/X: SONG FINISHES. TAPE MACHINE CLICKS OFF

Where’s my Carole King tape? ...Here we go.

F/X: CASSETTE IN AND BUTTON PRESSED. ‘SO FAR AWAY’

(CAROLE KING) PLAYS.

I used to look like Carole King when I was young. I guess I look like her now she’s old too. I mean, older, no ‘mature’ I should say. I know it’s a cliché but age is a number and irrelevant anyway isn’t it and things are clichés because they’re true. I keep telling Pip that. It’s who you are and what you think that counts. The way you think. And I often think that having Pip

around is like living with my father. He's always been older than his years. His first sentence was, "please turn the music down." I kid you not. We all stopped and laughed for about a week. Poor little love. He often has a silly turn and storms out. Used to go and stay with his granddad for a few nights and then he'd be back home saying he had to check I was okay. He does have a big heart but he just doesn't know what to do with it.

F/X: TAPE SLOWS DOWN STOPS AND SNAPS

Bloody, bloody thing. It's snapped my Carole King!

SCENE 5

ATMOS: INT - PIP'S CHALET BEDROOM - NIGHT

F/X: SNORING

F/X: CAR DRIVES PAST OUTSIDE

PIP: Mnuergh. What was that? Oh....oh no.

F/X: GETS UP. WALKS ACROSS FLOOR. KNOCKS ON DOOR

F/X: 'HORSE WITH NO NAME' (AMERICA) IS PLAYING FAINTLY FROM INSIDE THE ROOM

PIP: Mother?..... Mother? Did you hear that? I heard a car.
Mother? I'm coming in.

F/X: DOOR OPENS. MICHAEL GOES INTO TILLY'S ROOM

PIP: Mother! What you still doing up?

TILLY: It's early.

PIP: It's two in the morning.

TILLY: Like I say, early.

PIP: Turn that music off.

F/X: CASSETTE PLAYER CLICKS OFF

TILLY: Whoa. What you doing?

PIP: Is that a bong?

TILLY: Hey you know it's only tobacco. I don't do the weed any
more...much.

PIP: You said you'd given it up.

TILLY: I have, I have man. I mean Pip. What's the matter anyway.
Bursting into my room at this time of night?

PIP: Oh yes very good. Suddenly it's late is it? A car went past. I
heard a car.

TILLY: Well, yes it is the twenty first century.

PIP: Probably the council looking for inhabited chalets.

Good job I put Pru in the sand dunes.

TILLY: Oh don't be ridiculous. I'm sure the council have better things to do than.....

PIP: I saw a torch beam last night.

TILLY: Stop it.

PIP: And I saw a man looking at the chalets this morning.

Hanging around he was. He had a clipboard, a clipboard and....

TILLY: Pip.....

PIP: I can't live like this mother! I can't. I need space to write and create. All I can think about is being dragged from my bed by some burly council official and locked in the town pillory.

TILLY: You're being silly now aren't you. Here have a go on the bong.

Calm you down. You're starting to annoy me.

PIP: I'm starting to annoy you? Oh that's rich that is. I'm not the one who's dragged us round half the country all my life. Living in communes and squats. I'm too old for this.

TILLY: That's enough! Communes were the future! My generation tried to change things; big things. You lot just sit around complaining and all of a sudden, boom you're forty four and it's too late!

PIP: You promised me that we would finally settle.....

TILLY: You could and *can* leave anytime you like you know.

PIP: Maybe I will then.

TILLY: Good!

PIP: Right!

TILLY: Right!

PIP: Right... I'm off then. Good bye!

TILLY: Goodbye!

F/X: DOORSLAMS. THEN RICKETY FRONT DOOR SLAMS

A few home truths there I guess....from both sides. Oh I feel
guilty already.

F/X: TAPE PLAYER CLICKS ON. MUSIC RESUMES

Least I've got my music.

F/X: TAPE SLOWS AS BEFORE AND SNAPS AGAIN

Bugger!

SCENE 6

ATMOS: **EXT - AMUSEMENT ARCADE WORKSHOP - NIGHT**

MOVING TO INT - AMUSEMENT ARCADE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

F/X: **UNLOCKING STEEL DOORS**

PIP: Sure Mr King won't mind.

F/X: **LIGHT SWITCH**

It'll just be for a few nights while I get myself sorted..... I could go and stay with Uncle Marty.....Mind you, he's as bad as mother. Last I heard he was living in a tepee on Fiveways Roundabout. Protesting about GM carrots or something..... Why do I have to have a bunch of hippies for a family? It's not normal.

F/X: **PUTS PLUG IN SOCKET**

Hummm, thought I'd finished this Space Invaders. It was all Space and no Invaders.....that happens sometimes. I'm always amazed how many people want to play these old games. I mean they were good when they came out weren't they but time moves on doesn't it. Maybe I'll just clean the contacts on the Mother board while I'm here. Often cures it.

F/X: **FIDDLING WITH CIRCUIT BOARDS ETC**

Might as well.....Hope Pru will be alright in those sand dunes.
She was my granddad's car so I have to look after her in
memory of him. Like a father he was. My real father was...well
Mother never tires of telling me about Woburn Festival 1968.
My dear father was either Jimi Hendrix or Baz the park keeper
apparently. As I have bright red hair and freckles, I strongly
suspect he was the latter.....I should be getting down to my
poetry really. Should be sitting at home with the heating on. I
mean living in a proper house not a shed with the wind
whipping in off the sea. It could blow down at any minute
could that place. Or the sea could flood it. A tsunami could
wash all the chalets away. Never mind a tsunami, a high tide
would do for that lot.....I better make sure Mum's okay in
the morning. I'm not going back to live there. Just going to
check she's okay and hasn't floated away with her bong.

F/X: **SPACE INVADERS COMES TO LIFE**

There. Fixed it. Might as well set a new high score and check it
all works.

SCENE 7

ATMOS: INT – CHALET LIVING ROOM - DAY

F/X: KNOCKING ON RICKETY WOODEN DOOR

TILLY: Who is it?

PIP: *(From outside)* It's me.

TILLY: Well what you knocking for? Come in.

F/X: RICKETY WODDEN DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS

PIP ENTERS

PIP: Well I don't live here anymore so I'm just visiting sort of thing.

TILLY: Oh right yes of course. Nice to see you.

PIP: Nice to see you too. Not got your music on?

TILLY: Nah....Keeps snapping my tapes.

PIP: Right, well..... Just thought I should check on you and make sure you haven't been washed away in the floods.

TILLY: What floods?

PIP: Well, I mean it rained a bit last night and you never know.

TILLY: Oh right well thanks for coming to check. Hey you were right by the way.

PIP: About what?

TILLY: There *was* a feller round here and he was looking for us.

PIP: I knew it. The man with the clipboard?

TILLY: Well looking for you actually.

PIP: Me? I'm innocent.

TILLY: He wanted to give you a letter. Tried the old place but, well we're not there anymore are we.

PIP: Not from the council?

TILLY: No, just a nice bloke from the erm think it was the Minty Press? He wanted to talk to you.

PIP: Minty Press? Where's the letter?

TILLY: Oh, on the little table I think.

F/X: FOOTSTEPS AND RIPPING LETTER OPEN

PIP: It's from a man called Alan Lilley.

TILLY: Yes that's him; Alan Lilley. Sad to have missed you he said.

PIP: He says. I've won a competition. A poetry competition. I must have entered it months ago. But I've won it and they want to publish it in their magazine.

TILLY: Oh well done Pip. You must be very proud. Published hey? My son a published poet. Which poem is it?

PIP: 'The Naughty Juggler'. Quite an old one but I was rather proud of it at the time.

TILLY: Well done son. I'm so pleased for you.

PIP: Yeah....wow I don't believe it. After all these years. Wow, published.

TILLY: I'll have to buy you a present and celebrate

PIP: Thanks. ...that would be nice....

TILLY: Yeah.....

PIP: Well II best get off.

TILLY: Yeah....

PIP: Yeah.....

TILLY: Sure you've got things to do now you're going to be a published poet and everything.....

PIP: Yes things to do... yes...Better get Pru from the sand dunes.

TILLY: Yeah.....

PIP: And I could have a look at your cassette player before I go if you like.

TILLY: That's kind of you Pip. Very kind. I'll make us a nice cup of dandelion coffee.

PIP: Can I have a tea?

TILLY: Course you can son.

PIP: Thanks Mum.

SCENE 8

ATMOS: **EXT – SAND DUNES - DAY**

F/X: **CURLEW CALLS**

TILLY: Do you know, I think I could actually settle down here. Living a stone's throw from the beach, big skies and nature all around. It's like a chilly California....with a bit of candy floss. Pip likes it too really. I know he does. He can walk to work and write his poetry in the dunes. He enters so many competitions he can't remember what's gone where.....Good old Alan Lilley. I knew he'd come good for me when I needed a favour. I should have asked him years ago. It's who you know isn't it and us old Hippies stick together. Minty Press indeed.... A readership of literally dozens. Still, it's a start isn't it.....Things always have a way of sorting themselves out....Karma.....Think

I'll start collecting driftwood and making sculpture..... Ah, there's our little home, Sandy Belle. Looks cute with the little plume of smoke rising from the chimney. Clever of Pip to get the fire working....Oh who's that bloke outside? He's looking in the windows.....Is that a clipboard under his arm?.....Oh bugger.

CREDITS