Land of Lost, *Eloise and the Curse of the Golden Whisk*, *Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain*, *The Forever Machine* and *The Wind in the Willows*.

We have toured our work nationally and internationally to venues including the National Theatre, Almeida Theatre, Exeter Northcott, Salisbury Playhouse, Theatre Royal Plymouth and Northern Stage. We have won two Stage Awards and a Fringe First. We are Complicité Associates and Associate Artists of The Wardrobe Theatre and Shoreditch Town Hall.

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ROYAL & DERNGATE NORTHAMPTON

Developed with **Complicité**

BRISTOL OLD VIC

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The Wardrobe Ensemble

THE LAST OF THE PELICAN DAUGHTERS

A Wardrobe Ensemble, Complicité and Royal & Derngate Northampton co-production, in association with Bristol Old Vic and Pleasance

NICK HERN BOOKS
London
www.nickhernbooks.co.uk

Characters

JOY PELICAN, *the eldest child of Rosemary Pelican*
DERREN, *her husband, from Swindon*
STORM PELICAN, *the second-born child of Rosemary Pelican*
SAGE PELICAN, *the third-born child of Rosemary Pelican, an artist*
MAYA PELICAN, *the youngest daughter of Rosemary Pelican*
DODO, *her life partner, American*
GRANNY, *old*
LARA, *her carer*
SOLICITOR, *Susie Stephens of Stephen Stephens and Sons Solicitors*
LUKE, *a difficult brother, the youngest child of Rosemary Pelican*

… at the end of a speech means it trails off or it indicates a pressure, expectation or desire to speak.

/ means an interruption when the next character's text should start.

Prologue – Origin Stories

Projection: 'The Last of the Pelican Daughters'.

Dimly lit room. Orchestral strings start tuning up.

Projection: '"They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had.
And add some extra just for you." – Philip Larkin'

Projection: '"Hold dear to your parents for it is a scary and confusing world without them." – Emily Dickinson'

Projection: '"Remember who you are." – Mufasa'

The four DAUGHTERS *enter after the Mufasa quote fades, wearing the same red dress.*

JOY. Imagine an end-terrace Victorian house.

MAYA. On Mina Road.

STORM. In St Werburghs.

SAGE. In Bristol. Three bedrooms.

JOY. A living room.

MAYA. An upstairs bathroom and a downstairs toilet.

STORM. An open-plan kitchen diner and a nice-size garden.

JOY. Imagine a large dining table.

SAGE. Pink walls.

JOY. Very pink walls.

MAYA. Exposed floorboards.

STORM. Frida Kahlo painted on the chimney breast.

MAYA. Statuettes of Shiva and Buddha and Sau Sing Gong.

SAGE. Bookshelves filled with de Beauvoir and Butler and Plath.

JOY. This is where my daughters –

MAYA. The Pelican daughters –

JOY. Learned their values.

MAYA. Where I taught them to look at the world and imagine.

SAGE. Imagine a whole different way of being.

STORM. In 1977 this house was valued at…

Projection: '£6,067'.

JOY. A pint of milk cost…

Projection: '£0.12'.

SAGE. The Prime Minister was…

Projection: Photo of James Callaghan.

MAYA. And the Queen looked like…

Projection: Photo of the cover of the 'God Save the Queen' single by Sex Pistols.

STORM. And it was in that year that I bought this house using my student grant as a deposit.

JOY. This is where my children grew up.

SAGE. Where they had their first periods.

STORM. Where they fought each other.

JOY. It's where they were born.

Music. 'Damaged Goods' by Gang of Four. As each sister tells her birth story, she takes off her red dress.

Projection: 'Joy 1984'.

Joy, meaning delight or great pleasure, was born in September 1984. The agony of the thirty-six-hour labour was endured with only paracetamol and gas and air. A handy

trainee midwife with a set of forceps, clamped down on my skull and yanked, ripping my mother's vagina wider than the Avon Gorge. It was a day of pure joy. Joy.

Projection: 'Storm 1987'.

STORM. Storm. A disturbance of the normal condition of the atmosphere. I was born during the hurricane-strength winds of 1987 on the night of the most destructive weather event in almost three hundred years. As Michael Fish cried himself to sleep, I tore through my mum's perineum. Tiles fell out of the sky, trees toppled, the country came to a halt, and I gushed into the world at a hundred and fifteen miles per hour onto the kitchen table. My mother collapsed. My sister screamed from her cot upstairs. Storm.

Projection: 'Sage 1990'.

SAGE. Sage, from the Latin *sapere*, meaning to taste, to discern, to be wise. In November 1990, as my mum push, push, pushed me out into a paddling pool in the living room, Thatcher was pushed out of Downing Street. Good job, Mum. Sage.

Projection: 'Maya 1995'.

MAYA. Maya, Latin for great, was born in 1995. My mum sneezed and out I skipped, three weeks early, cutting short a family holiday to the Norfolk Broads. My mum would joke at every family gathering for the next twenty years that it was the only time I ever arrived early. Maya.

The SISTERS *are in their mum's house.*

SAGE. Imagine this is where I drew my first picture.

MAYA. Where there are notches on the door that track our heights.

JOY. A strange smell that never quite goes away.

STORM. Mum's endless attempts at vegetarian cooking.

SAGE. Mum was many things but she was not a cook.

STORM. This house was a meeting place for Mum's friends.

SAGE. Coming and going, staying the night. Big parties.

JOY. Weirdos.

SAGE. Making placards in the kitchen.

STORM. 'Bollocks to the bypass.'

MAYA. 'Bulldozer fascists.'

STORM. Packing for festivals.

JOY. Festival after festival after festival.

MAYA. Mum's music.

SAGE. The best record collection. Minnie Riperton, Patti Smith.

JOY. Always music in the house.

STORM. Mum's taste knew no bounds.

SAGE. We'd make up dances to Grace Jones.

JOY. And Mum. At the centre of it all.

MAYA. Our mum, Rosemary Pelican, who lived in this house for forty-one years. Forty-one years before…

'Symphony No. 45 in F-Sharp Minor "Farewell": IV. Finale: Presto – Adagio' by Franz Joseph Haydn plays. They exit. SOLICITOR *enters.*

SOLICITOR. Hi, this is Susie Stephens of Stephen Stephens and Sons Solicitors. I'm your solicitor. We spoke on Monday. If you could give me a call back, that'd be great. It's regarding your dead mum's will, deceased mum's will, mum's will. Haha. God. Sorry. Call me back. Okay, thanks. Bye bye. Bye. Bye.

SOLICITOR *exits.*

Chapter One – Flying Home

STORM *is standing alone in the house, holding her mum's red dress.* SAGE *enters.*

SAGE. Hello, house!

(*Referring to dress.*) That's Mum's.

STORM. Yeah.

SAGE. Playing dress up?

STORM. Just sorting.

STORM *goes to hug her.*

SAGE. Don't touch me, I'm gross. The air con on the Megabus was broken. Again.

STORM. What's in the bag?

SAGE. I've got all the cake stuff. Cost me a fortune. How many candles do you think is too many?

STORM. Err…

SAGE. And I bought three packs of hundreds and thousands!

STORM. Great.

SAGE. Where am I sleeping?

STORM. You're sharing with Maya.

SAGE. Alright. She here yet?

STORM. Obviously not. She's bringing a boyfriend.

SAGE. Oh god. The one she met in Bali?

STORM. I don't know. I've lost track. He's got a weird name.

SAGE. Well, if we're sharing I'm going to need a strict no-sex rule.

STORM. Gross, they're not gonna do that in the bunk beds.

SAGE. Never stopped me! I need a shower.

SAGE *starts to leave.*

STORM. Can I just –

SAGE. Before you ask, Dora's not coming, we're on a break.

STORM. Right.

SAGE. Fuck her.

SAGE *exits.*

STORM *looks at the dress again.* JOY *enters with a bag for life.*

JOY. Hello, house.

(*Referring to dress.*) That's Mum's.

STORM. Joy!

STORM *hugs* JOY *who has her hands full.* DERREN *enters with more bags.*

DERREN. Hey, Storm! I dunno that we've got enough here.

JOY. We need to get it in the fridge.

STORM. What did you get?

JOY. A ham, some dips, a couple of bottles of white.

STORM. A ham?

DERREN *goes to the kitchen with shopping bags.*

JOY. Just a couple of bits and bobs.

STORM. Ah, okay, I can chip in…

JOY. Don't worry about it.

STORM. Are you sure?

JOY. Yeah of course.

DERREN *re-enters.*

STORM. Derren, thank you so much!

DERREN. Oh no, don't worry about it.

JOY. Right, are we sleeping in Mum's room?

STORM. Actually I've put you in mine.

JOY. Where are you gonna sleep?

STORM. I'll stay down here, with Granny.

JOY. Storm, that doesn't make any sense, you might as well have your own room and then /

STORM. I just thought… it's just… if you want to you can… I'd just rather…

DERREN. I'll just get the rest of the booze from the car. We bought a shit-ton of shitty prosecco. I forgot how pink this house is!

DERREN *goes back out the front door.*

STORM. I'm sorry.

JOY. It's fine.

SAGE *enters.*

SAGE. Stormy, where have you put the towels? (*Sees* JOY.) Alright, mate! Big night tonight!

JOY. Look at your hair!

SAGE. I grew it out. Do you like it?

JOY. Yeah I do.

DERREN *enters carrying more bags.*

DERREN. Hey, Sage.

SAGE. Swindon's here! Yes!

She chases him out.

JOY. When does Granny get here?

STORM. Five-ish.

JOY *leaves. A moment of* STORM *alone.*

MAYA *and* DODO *enter.*

MAYA. / They're gonna love you. I can't wait for you to meet them. We're gonna have the best time.

DODO. / I love it, I love it so much, it's beautiful, I love you, I love you – (*Etc.*)

MAYA *and* DODO *kiss*.

STORM. Hello!

MAYA. Oh my god! Stormy! I've missed you so much.

MAYA *and* STORM *hug*.

STORM. You look different.

MAYA. No I don't. Is Luke here yet?

STORM. He's not coming.

MAYA. Oh. Where are we sleeping?

STORM. You're with Sage in your old room.

MAYA. I thought we could sleep in Mum's.

STORM. I've made the beds now so.

MAYA. Boyfriend, sister, sister, boyfriend. Now I must go and powder my nose aka take a massive dump. Hellooo, house!

MAYA *leaves*.

DODO. Hi, my name's Dodo. Like the bird.

STORM. Storm. Like the weather.

DODO. Cool name, Storm.

DODO *leaves*. STORM *looks down at the dress and screams into it. 'Symphony No. 45 in F-Sharp Minor "Farewell": IV. Finale: Presto – Adagio' by Franz Joseph Haydn plays*.

Chapter Two – Together

Everyone gathers for story-sharing.

JOY. And the train man told us we had to walk all the way to the other station.

STORM. To Exeter St Davids.

JOY. Which is like a million miles away.

DERREN. Not quite a million miles, Joy.

JOY. Well, far enough. And this guy in this suit –

SAGE. Floppy hair, public school, you know the type –

JOY. He's like 'Oh please! Let me help you with that.' I remember Mum was holding my hand.

SAGE. And Mum said, 'I don't need any help, thanks.'

JOY. Then he said, 'It's quite a long way, and that's quite a big suitcase.'

MAYA. Lol.

DODO. No way.

SAGE. And she turns around and says, 'I know how far it is and I know how heavy my suitcase is, thank you.'

JOY. And then he says, 'I cannot let a beautiful woman like you carry that huge suitcase all the way to St Davids.' And then she just watched him as he picked up the bag and heaves it away from us.

STORM. And we stood there looking back and forth between Mum and this guy getting smaller and smaller.

JOY. And then she ran. Sprinted.

SAGE. So fast.

JOY. And then she just picked him up!

DODO. What?

SAGE *picks up* STORM.

MAYA. Lifted him right up. Up in the air like this.

She lifts her arms. SAGE *drops* STORM.

JOY. And then he said, 'Put me down, you bloody maniac.'

SAGE/JOY. 'You. Bloody. Maniac.'

SAGE. And then she carried him all the way to the other station.

MAYA. With the suitcase.

JOY. Bullshit. She lifted him up for about two seconds.

SAGE. No.

JOY. He dropped the suitcase straight away.

MAYA. No, Joy, she carried him all the way to the station. I remember. And then put him down.

JOY. You don't remember. You were a baby.

MAYA. I was five.

STORM. You weren't five.

JOY. You were one and I was twelve. And I remember because that was the year I kissed Andy Vowles.

MAYA/SAGE/STORM. Errrgghh, Vowlesy!

JOY. He was cute.

MAYA. Joy, I was five.

JOY. Whatever. Happy birthday Mum!

ALL. Happy birthday Mum.

MAYA. I was five.

DODO. You *were* five. Of course you were five.

STORM. Can I just say, there's something I wanted to –

SAGE. Hey! Do you remember the cake story?

STORM. Sage, if I could just have a moment –

JOY. The cake story?

SAGE. Yeah.

MAYA. On Mum's birthday!

JOY. Oh yeah!

DERREN. Ooh, I haven't heard this one.

SAGE. So, it was a tradition that at the stroke of midnight on Mum's birthday we would sit on her bed and eat a huge cake.

DERREN. Oh crumbs!

MAYA. Haha.

SAGE. Which we will all be doing tonight. Acknowledgement?

ALL. Acknowledgement!

SAGE. Cake is in the oven. Mum's original recipe.

DERREN. Looking forward to that!

SAGE. So, it was Mum's birthday and she had been working loads and for the first time ever she'd forgotten to make the cake.

MAYA. Major sin.

JOY. Unheard of.

SAGE. I was gutted.

STORM. She wouldn't stop crying.

JOY. She loves cake.

DERREN. Who doesn't?

SAGE. I was ten! Anyway, so Mum herded all of us into the Volvo.

MAYA. Me and Storm always sat in the boot seats and pulled faces at the drivers.

DODO. That is so adorable.

SAGE. We pulled up to the big Tesco in Eastville, and she turns to us and says, very calmly: 'I want you to remember that corporations are not people. This is a victimless crime. All for one – '

JOY/MAYA/SAGE. 'And one for all!'

MAYA. And we run into Tesco's!

JOY. GO!

JOY/MAYA. Pelicans! Pelicans! Pelicans!

JOY. Maya causes a distraction.

MAYA. I pour icing sugar all over my head.

SAGE. And we grab whatever we want.

JOY. We stuff our pockets full of cupcakes and gingerbread men.

STORM. It was really stressful.

DERREN. Hang on, you stole them?

MAYA. It's only Tesco's!

SAGE. Eat the change you want to see, Derren!

DODO. Preach, sister!

JOY. I can't believe we did that.

MAYA. Oh shut up you loved it.

DERREN. Joy?

SAGE. And Mum sneaks out the BIGGEST birthday cake in the shop under her coat.

MAYA. And just as we leave, this security guard says, 'What have you got under there?' and she says, 'I'm pregnant!'

SAGE. And that night we got onto her bed and ate and ate and ate.

JOY. And then we all fell asleep on her bed.

SAGE. And we woke up two hours later and we all threw up. Best birthday ever. Mum was so cool.

STORM. I've got something /

DERREN. I've got one.

General noises of encouragement: 'Go on, Derren!', 'Woo, Derren!', 'Derren steps up to the plate', etc.

DODO. Tell us, Deraine.

DERREN. Derren.

DODO. Darren? Deraine?

MAYA. You'll get there.

DODO. I think I've got it, babe.

DERREN. So it's the first time I'd met these guys' mum and I was terrified.

JOY. He had a panic attack in the car on the way.

DERREN. I didn't... It wasn't a panic attack, I have allergies. Anyway, I arrive, she opens the door and just looks at me with complete disdain. Actually, Joy, you look at me like that sometimes, same look.

SAGE. She does!

JOY. I do do that.

DERREN. So these guys are all in the kitchen catching up, I'm stood in the corner trying to be invisible, right, then suddenly your mum turns to me and says, 'Can you pass the paprika?'

DODO. Yeah?

DERREN. But I can see, she's right next to it. She's literally stood next to the spice rack.

MAYA. Power play.

SAGE. Total power play.

JOY. It's a classic.

DERREN. Exactly! And I know that and that's pissed me right off, so straight away I say, 'Get it yourself.'

ALL. Woooow, oh my god... (*Etc.*)

DERREN. And she stares at me for like, two whole minutes.

JOY. Five seconds.

DERREN. Yeah okay. And eventually she says, 'He can stay.'

ALL. Awwww. Well done, Derren, Derren passed the test... (*Etc.*)

DODO. Would you guys mind if I said a few words? Would that be okay, Maya?

MAYA. That would be lovely, Dodo.

DODO. Thanks, babe. I'd just like to say that although I obviously never met your guys' mom, I have been feeling her, like, actual physical presence, right here in this room. And at first it was kind of freaking me out. But then I realised that it's all down to you guys. You amazing, headstrong, beautiful women who carry all that is good and pure of your mother inside you, everywhere you go.

And you know what? I know your mom intimately, okay? Through your words and your actions I know your mom. She inhabits these walls. She *is* this house.

So here's to you, Rosemary. Mom. The world is a brighter place for your brief moment on it. Cheers.

An awkward cheers. MAYA *looks embarrassed. She goes to put a record on.*

SAGE. Anyone want more shitty prosecco?

General 'yeah, yes, let me help you'.

STORM. Excuse me… excuse me… Hey. I'd like to say something.

MAYA *puts on 'Pull up to the Bumper' by Grace Jones.* JOY, SAGE *and* MAYA *dance to the song. A choreographed routine they made up when they were children.*

Sorry, guys! If we could just… I know there's a lot to… can we do this later?

SAGE. Come on, Stormy! Get involved!

Suddenly we are in STORM*'s memory.* MUM *appears in her red dress, played by* JOY.

MUM. Come on, Storm, get angry! You need to use your imagination. I want to see you be passionate about something!

STORM. I am angry.

MUM. I don't see it. I just see you sitting at home all day on your laptop.

STORM. I'm making my zine.

MUM. Your zine, fantastic. When I was your age I was out on the picket line getting touched up by the miners.

STORM. Mum!

MUM. But I didn't mind because I knew those boys' hearts were in the right place.

STORM. Gross.

MUM. When's the last time you were touched up by a miner?

STORM. That's not the point.

MUM. You lot, you're always sad, always scared. Get. Up. Off. Your. Ass. Pull your tits up and stand up for yourself. One bit of bad news, and you piss your pants… See this? Greenham Common, barbed wire.

STORM. You always bring up Greenham Common.

MUM. See this? 1976, riot police pinned me down and slashed me with a razor.

STORM. That's your caesarean scar.

MUM. Oh, semantics. When are you moving out?

STORM. Monday.

MUM. Good. Well I'm glad to see you back on your feet again. That course wasn't right for you anyway. Fascists.

STORM. Mum!

MUM. Talking of fascists, I've been called back in to see that god-awful doctor. More effing scans!

STORM. Shall I come with you?

The memory fades. Back to the dance.

STORM *walks over to the record player, turns the record off, takes it off the turntable and smashes it over her head.*

I've made a PowerPoint presentation.

'Symphony No. 45 in F-Sharp Minor "Farewell": IV. Finale: Presto – Adagio' by Franz Joseph Haydn plays.

Chapter Three – The Presentation

STORM. Okay, right, check that works, great. Everyone ready?

JOY. Yeah.

STORM. So, we're gathered here today to celebrate Mum.

Projection: 'Rosemary Pelican 1953–2020'.

Mum was an amazing person, she was kind…

Projection: 'kind' (written in funky clip-art).

Generous…

Projection: 'generous' (written in funky clip-art).

Loving…

Projection: 'loving' (written in funky clip-art).

…and she didn't mind being a bit silly sometimes too.

Projection: 'silly' (written in funky clip-art).

And we all loved her very much.

SAGE. This is really weird and lovely, Stormy.

STORM. Thanks. Now, as you all know Mum was never very interested in her finances.

MAYA. You can say that again!

STORM. And she didn't leave the most detailed will in the world, but on page four…

Projection: Image of excerpt from will.

…as I've mentioned before, it says: 'My estate and assets should be divided fairly between my children.' Note the wording here, 'fairly' –

Projection: Image of excerpt from will with 'fairly' underlined.

…not equally.

Now it's taken Joy and I the last eight months to sort out all the paperwork to sell the house but that's all done now, so thanks, Joy, for helping with that.

JOY. No problem.

STORM. And it looks like, after fees, we should be left with about…

Projection: '£250,000'.

…two hundred and fifty thousand, so roughly fifty grand each.

Projection: Graph of how money is divided.

However, given the amount of time I spent caring for Mum, I think it would be fair for us to each shave a little…

Projection: Amended graph of how money is divided.

…off the top of our amounts, to pay me for that time.

Projection: 'Thank you' cute cat image.

Silence.

SAGE. Are you serious?

STORM. What I'm suggesting is that we shave ten thousand pounds –

Projection: '£10,000 x 4 = £40,000'.

…off everyone's total, so that we can pay me a modest salary, fifteen thousand a year…

Projection: '£10,000 x 4 = £40,000 = 2.5 years at £15,000 per year'.

…for two-and-a-half years of looking after Mum. I think that's fair.

MAYA. Huh.

JOY. You're asking us to pay you a salary?

STORM. Okay not a salary, more a gesture of goodwill. Compensation for that time, for that unpaid labour.

MAYA. Okay. Storm, I don't think you can just decide…

SAGE. Why are you doing this now?

MAYA. Shouldn't Luke be here to talk about this?

STORM. I've already spoken to him, he said he's happy with what I'm suggesting and he couldn't be bothered to come.

JOY. Typical.

STORM. And this isn't me deciding, it's a request from your sister. It's why I wanted us all to come together.

SAGE. That's not why! We're here to celebrate Mum's birthday.

STORM. And we are. We are!

SAGE. You're making this about money and paperwork. She hated all of that shit.

MAYA. I thought you got paid?

STORM. Carer's allowance.

MAYA. Yeah.

JOY. It's not a lot.

STORM. Sixty-four pounds a week.

JOY. Just over three grand a year, yes. Look, Storm, I know how much work you did. But if we're talking about finances, you also lived in this house, rent-free.

STORM. I lost two years of my life, Joy. I was going to go… I was going to… I had plans!

JOY. But you made that choice and we supported you, when you said you would do it.

STORM. I understand that this is complicated.

JOY. Yes it is.

STORM. And maybe there's a conversation to be had about precisely how we split the money…

SAGE. Do you mean like, Joy could pay more because she earns more?

JOY. Now hang on.

SAGE. I'm just trying to resolve this so we can get on with celebrating Mum.

JOY. I shouldn't be punished because I work ten times harder than the rest of you.

STORM/SAGE/MAYA. Ten times harder!?!?

General protests from STORM *and* MAYA.

JOY. I don't mean that. But I do work fourteen-hour days and weekends and I have sacrificed a hell of a lot for my salary.

More protests from STORM *and* SAGE.

JOY *cools off.*

Look, Derren and I have plans. I'm sorry but we need that money.

STORM. I changed her nappies, Joy, I changed her fucking nappies. Do you get that?

JOY. Yes. I get that.

STORM. I had to wipe shit off her legs while she called me a cunt.

JOY. I know.

STORM. And you promised you'd make it up to me.

JOY. With a holiday or something.

STORM. Thanks, Joy! Two years' hard labour compensated with a week in the Costa del Sol.

JOY. Might do you some good to fuck a pool boy.

MAYA. Joy.

STORM. Bitch.

MAYA. Storm! I think we can all acknowledge the initial outrage that Storm's suggestion has caused, this isn't an easy thing to hear and probably wasn't an easy thing to say either. Acknowledgement?

ALL. Acknowledgement.

MAYA. And I'm going to say that, in principle, I'm not averse to Storm's request.

STORM. Thank you.

MAYA. Storm, I love you with every fibre of my being. But I can't give you that money.

STORM. What?

SAGE. Ha.

MAYA. I'm broke. I've got nothing.

STORM. You spent the last year travelling, Maya. You skateboarded down flipping volcanoes.

MAYA. Sandboarded.

STORM. You hiked to Machu fucking Picchu.

MAYA. Mum wanted me to travel.

STORM. And I wanted Mum not to die!

JOY/SAGE/STORM. What?

MAYA. Dodo and I need the money.

JOY. Why?

SAGE. I don't want to talk about this any more.

MAYA. We've just got a lot on.

SAGE. You're hijacking my weekend.

JOY. Our weekend.

SAGE. You're hijacking our weekend.

STORM. I'm sorry, Sage, but this was the only chance I'd get to explain.

JOY. To explain that you're a greedy cow?

STORM. Shut up! When you all get the money from the house that is a gift that none of you have done anything to deserve.

Mum's not here any more. She can't tell us how to split everything. We've got to decide for ourselves, but it's got to be fair!

SAGE*'s memory.* MUM *is played by* STORM. MUM *is listening to 'Imagine' by John Lennon.*

MUM. Shh.

Pause.

SAGE. Mum, I just…

MUM. Quiet, Sage. Close your eyes. Listen.

SAGE *hugs* MUM.

SAGE. This is boring.

MUM. Sage! This is not boring, this is the most important song of all time. Now close your eyes and listen, and really listen this time. Imagine no possessions. I wonder if you can… do do do do dododo.

He knew. He knew. John Lennon, you really were the best of us.

Why don't you grow your hair out? I liked it when it was long.

SAGE. What, so I can look like you?

MUM. You'd be lucky. Do you need any money?

SAGE. I'm fine.

MUM. I'll pop a couple of hundred in your account. You're my favourite after all.

SAGE. Mum, you can't say that!

MUM. Well, you are! Of course you are. You're old enough now to not be weird about it… Oh don't look at me like that. I should've stopped at you really. You did get the best of me.

SAGE. I've got my dad's nose.

MUM. You're right. It's a horrible nose. Ugly. I'm just telling the truth.

SAGE. Get off the chair and stop showing off.

MUM. Darling, when I'm gone /

SAGE. Mum, you're not /

MUM. Not the cancer. I've beaten that already, I can feel it. But it made me think: when I go, you kids will try and get on, won't you? You will make sure of that?

The memory fades. We are back in the present where the SISTERS *are fighting.*

The doorbell rings.

DERREN (*offstage*). Granny's here!

SAGE. Alright. Everyone on your best behaviour! Acknowledgement?

ALL. Acknowledgment.

STORM. We're not finished here.

GRANNY *and* LARA *enter.*

'Symphony No. 83 in G Minor, Hob 1:83 "La paule": I. Allegro spiritoso' by Franz Joseph Haydn plays.

Chapter Four – Dinner

Projection: 'Granny (Dawn Pelican) 1929'.

GRANNY. Dawn, Dawn meaning the first light in the morning, or the beginning of a phenomenon or period of time, was born Dawn Grant in October 1929. As American investors jumped from tall New York buildings, I came into the world premature and killed my mother in the process. In 1950, I married my husband and in 1953, we bought our first house for:

Projection: '£1,891'.

When a pint of milk cost:

Projection: '£0.05'.

The Prime Minister was:

Projection: Photo of Sir Winston Churchill.

And the Queen looked like:

Projection: Photo from the Queen's coronation.

A few months later, Rosemary was born.

MAYA *enters.*

MAYA. Hey, Granny!

GRANNY. Hello, love.

MAYA. Gran, there's a special someone I want you to meet!

GRANNY. Oooooooh.

STORM *enters.*

STORM. Hi, Granny.

GRANNY. My little Storm in a teacup!

JOY *enters.*

JOY. Glad you could make it.

GRANNY. Of course!

DODO *enters.*

MAYA. This is my boyfriend Dodo.

DODO. You are so beautiful, aren't you?

GRANNY. Are you Maya's boyfriend? Can you be my boyfriend too?

DODO. Oh yes please! Wow, what a woman!

SAGE *enters.*

SAGE. Hey, Granny!

GRANNY. Rosemary, dear…

SAGE. Oh no, Granny.

STORM. That's Sage.

GRANNY. Of course. I know that. You look different /

SAGE. Oh it's my hair. I'm growing it out.

GRANNY. How's your friend?

SAGE. She's dead to me, Granny.

Little awkward pause. DERREN *enters*.

DERREN. Okay, grub's up! Everyone serve yourself.

All sit.

SAGE. Oh wait – before everyone eats I just want to remind everyone that this is a meal for Mum! So eat and drink as she would!

MAYA. What, down two bottles of red, and dance on the table?

SAGE. No, Maya, savour every bite. Enjoy!

MAYA. Blue skies to Dodo and Derren for making dinner.

SAGE/STORM/MAYA/JOY/GRANNY. Blue skies!

DERREN. We didn't really make the dinner. We just heated it up and put it on plates.

DODO. I made the baba ganoush and the couscous salad.

MAYA. Oh my god. Everyone has to try his baba ganoush!

JOY. Not for me, thanks.

MAYA. He made it himself.

DODO. From scratch!

JOY. Maybe later.

MAYA. It's so good!

DODO. Tahini and eggplant.

MAYA. That means aubergine.

JOY. No thank you!

SAGE. Have we got any sriracha?

STORM. We've run out.

MAYA. Granny looks older than I remember.

JOY. She's in her nineties.

SAGE. Shut up!

DODO. Who's bought all this delicious wine?

DERREN. Oh don't worry about it.

DODO. Oh come on. Let me transfer you the money. Do you have a Monzo card?

JOY. Thanks, Dodo, but it's alright.

MAYA. It looks like she might break. Freaks me out.

JOY. She's still Granny.

MAYA. Is she?

SAGE. Is that a whole ham?

DERREN. What's wrong with ham?

SAGE. Mum didn't eat ham.

DERREN. It's from Waitrose.

SAGE. But it's Mum's meal and she wouldn't have eaten it.

JOY. It's fine!

DODO. You got everything you need there, Grandma?

GRANNY. Where's Lara's plate?

MAYA. Who?

GRANNY. Lara. My friend.

They all look up and notice LARA. *All at once: 'Oh gosh I'm so sorry', 'Hi Lara, how are you?', 'Of course', 'Have some of my potatoes', 'Didn't see you there!', 'Do you like carrots?'*

STORM *brings in a chair for* LARA. *She sits. They eat in silence.*

DERREN. Can you pass the carrots?

STORM. Sure.

DODO. Grandma, would you like to try a bit of my baba ganoush?

GRANNY. Err…

DODO. There you go.

DERREN. Sage, how's the exhibition coming along?

SAGE. Pretty good.

DERREN. We loved your last one, didn't we, Joy? It was so cerebral! Especially that one with the, the, the…

SAGE. The Flag Room?

DERREN. No, no the… which one was it, Joy?

JOY. The Rock Circle.

DERREN. Yeah! The Rock Circle. It was beautiful.

SAGE. I didn't think it would be your thing.

DERREN. Why not?

SAGE. It's just a bit. You know, out there.

DERREN. I can be 'out there'.

SAGE. Ha! Derren. You live in Swindon.

DERREN. What's Swindon got to do with it?

JOY. Don't take the bait.

MAYA. How's the new stuff?

SAGE. I don't know, I just think maybe since Mum died my work has gotten really shit.

MAYA. Don't say that.

SAGE. Or maybe it's better I don't know. Maybe more urgent or something.

DODO. Ooh, could you paint a portrait of me and Maya in the style of Gustav Klimt's *The Kiss*?

SAGE. I don't really do portraits.

DODO. I could pay you, obviously.

SAGE. No.

STORM. Maya, are you having seconds?

MAYA. Uh yeah.

STORM. I don't think we decided /

MAYA. Well, I decided that now.

STORM. Lara didn't even get a full plate.

LARA. Oh, no it's fine.

STORM. There won't be enough to go around.

LARA. It's okay! I've had plenty.

STORM. You're not thinking of other people.

DERREN. I've really had enough too.

STORM. I was hoping to save some for leftovers.

MAYA. I need my energy.

DODO. She does need her energy.

JOY. What does that mean?

STORM. I'm so sorry, Lara. I'm so sorry that we haven't thought about what *you* might need.

LARA. Oh no, it's fine.

STORM. It may be fine, Lara. But is it fair?

Silence.

SAGE. So, how old are you, Dodo?

DODO. Thank you for asking, Sage. It's interesting, I honestly don't think I know any more.

Silence.

GRANNY. Can I have some ham?

DERREN. Oh absolutely!

GRANNY. Where's it from?

DERREN. Waitrose.

GRANNY. I love Waitrose.

SAGE. Actually, Derren, a big impulse for making the Rock Circle was thinking about Mum. And the choices she made in her life. She was spot-on most of the time, but I've never understood why she had so many kids.

JOY. What do you mean?

SAGE. Well she was an 'eco-warrior', but she popped us out like ping pong balls!

JOY. Sage!

SAGE. I just think we should all face up to the fact that having babies nowadays equates to some serious moral fuckuppery.

STORM. She's right.

DERREN. What, everyone should just stop making babies?

SAGE. Derren, this planet is in danger and – pass the hummus – one way that /

MAYA. Mum had as many kids as she wanted, and I don't think anyone else is allowed to say otherwise. That's her choice as a woman. That's her right.

DODO. That's right, baby.

JOY. Can we not talk about this, please?

MAYA. Childbirth is a human right.

DERREN. Alright, alright, this isn't something we want to talk about over Dodo's baba ganoush.

MAYA. It's my right to have a child. It's my legacy. The legacy of this family.

SAGE. Ha! Maya with a baby! Can you imagine?

MAYA. Well, maybe you won't have to imagine!!

STORM. What does that mean?

She can't get the words out. She mumbles.

MAYA. Well, mmm, prrr-nat.

JOY. What? What are you saying?

MAYA. Um pregn-nart.

DERREN. Wait, what's happening?

MAYA. Dodo and I, er experk-tn.

ALL. WHAAAT?

MAYA. I'm having a baby! I'm pregnant alright?!

Silence.

DODO. Woohoo!

JOY. Is this true?

MAYA. Yes.

SAGE. Actually true?

MAYA. Yes.

SAGE. Jesus. Congratulations.

MAYA. Thank you.

DODO. Thank you.

The SISTERS *look at* JOY. JOY *stands.*

STORM. Joy?

JOY. We're fucked. This family is officially fucked. One barren, one lesbian.

SAGE. Hey.

JOY. One completely unfuckable.

STORM. Hey!

JOY. Now our last chance of carrying on the family bloodline has been hijacked by some idiot Yank you met at a mindfulness retreat.

MAYA. Don't you dare talk about my boyfriend like that.

JOY. Don't get knocked up by a stranger.

MAYA. Don't be a cow.

JOY. You're a child, Maya. What makes you think you can bring up another human being? And you're trying to do it with that dipshit over there!

DODO. My name is Dodo.

JOY. Oh, Maya, grow up!

The SISTERS *fight through gesture and sound. Warfare. They slip into slow motion.*

GRANNY. I could never have imagined giving birth to such a family. To such a group of people. Look at them. Look at the way they move. All of this, through me. Through my daughter, my granddaughters. Same blood. Very. Different. Life. Carrying this blood, into what? Into heaven knows what. Tearing each other apart.

We burst back into reality.

JOY. Sorry, Dodo. I'm sorry.

DERREN *rises from his chair.*

I'm fine.

JOY *leaves*. DERREN *follows her.*

MAYA. I'm sorry I didn't tell you in a more constructive way.

MAYA *leaves*.

STORM. I think I made some really important points in my presentation and no one is talking about it.

SAGE. This is not the time, Storm!

SAGE *leaves*. STORM *leaves*.

DODO. Nobody's even touched the couscous salad.

DODO *leaves*.

Maya! Hey, Maya!

GRANNY. Lara. Leave, love.

LARA. I've got to stay to put you to bed, Dawn.

GRANNY. Oh don't be ridiculous.

LARA. I'm here to look after you.

GRANNY. I pay your wages, Lara. Leave.

LARA (*to* DERREN). Is that alright with you?

DERREN *nods*.

(*To* GRANNY.) I'll pick you up in the morning!

GRANNY. Piss off, Lara.

LARA *leaves*.

You've got a lovely beard. Bushy. Like a badger. Are you okay, Derren?

DERREN. Not feeling my best, if I'm honest with you, Granny.

GRANNY. Me neither. Baby Maya with a baby.

DERREN. I didn't think you'd heard that, Granny.

GRANNY. I'm sorry, Derren. But a great-grandmother! No one should be made to feel that old. It's desperately unflattering. Derren, I want to leave now.

DERREN. I thought you said you wanted to stay, Granny.

GRANNY. I want to die.

DERREN. Oh. You don't mean that, Granny.

GRANNY. Kill me, Derren.

DERREN. Oh, no, Granny.

GRANNY. I tried to jump out the window. But I forgot I lived on the ground floor.

DERREN. No, Granny.

GRANNY. Do you know how much I cost?

DERREN. That doesn't matter.

GRANNY. My nursing home isn't cheap.

DERREN. We love having you here, Granny.

GRANNY. I live in pain, it hurts to breathe, I can't hear, I can't dance, I can't do anything I like.

DERREN. Oh, Granny.

GRANNY. It's not the only road, Derren. You and Joy should consider yourselves lucky. It's painful having children. It's painful losing them too.

DERREN. I'm sure it is, Granny.

GRANNY. Shall we have a glass of sherry?

'Symphony No. 45 in F-Sharp Minor "Farewell": IV. Finale: Presto – Adagio' by Franz Joseph Haydn plays.

Chapter Five – Therapy

JOY*'s memory.* MUM *is played by* MAYA.

JOY. Anyway he didn't keep the ring in the house because he knows I would have found it so he gave the ring to our friend Chris who had to meet us in a café where we were having brunch. But he knew I'd twig if I saw him so he hid him in the toilet.

MUM *enters.*

MUM. Derren hid in the toilet?!

JOY. No, not Derren. Chris hid in the toilet with the ring. Are you even listening?

MUM. Yes, yes sorry it's quite a long story.

JOY. Don't worry about it then.

MUM. No, don't be like that.

JOY. What's the point, you're not listening.

MUM. I am! Please tell me. Leamington, Chris hid in the toilet, brunch…

JOY. Okay fine. We went for a walk and he got down on one knee by the river.

MUM. Awww that's nice.

Pause.

JOY. Go on then.

MUM. What?

JOY. I know what you're thinking so you might as well just say it.

MUM. I'm thinking that all sounds nice. You know I love Derren as much as the next mum. Derren's wonderful.

JOY. Mum /

MUM. It's your decision.

JOY. Yeah it is. We thought we should do it now, soon. You know, give us something for us all to look forward to /

MUM. Before I kick the bucket, you mean. I'm not dead yet!

JOY. I didn't mean it like /

MUM. Joy, my darling. You need to remember that the convention of marriage is a capitalist, misogynist construct… But whatever makes you happy!

Anyway, I'm going out tonight. I managed to seduce one of the nurses from radiology, I might have done something naughty in the cleaning closet.

JOY. Jesus.

MUM. I gave him a handjob.

JOY. Urgh.

MUM. She's still got it!

She leaves. The memory fades. Everyone is in the room, not talking to one another. DERREN *goes to hug* JOY. MAYA *enters.*

DODO. Okay, I've been sensing a lot of negative energy in here. And I'd like us to start talking about it, okay?

Let's start by shaking it out. Maya, c'mon, you know this one. Shake it out. Imagine that there's a bit of bubble gum stuck on the end of your fingers, you're trying to shake it off. Both hands. And then woosah! Up in to the cosmos.

Right, now that we're a little looser. Derren. Come with me, Derren. Come on, Derren!

DERREN *and* DODO *exit, a few seconds later they re-enter with a table and some household objects.*

Just down there… Thank you so much, Derren.

Now, we are going to use these household objects to talk about our feelings. So you pick one up. And you say, 'This is Dodo. Dodo is feeling like there is a lot of negative energy in this room.' Except you don't say Dodo, you say your own name, and you talk about your own feelings. Okay?

And then the other objects can represent the other people in your life. Who would like to go first?

JOY. I'll go.

DODO. Great.

JOY *picks up an object.*

JOY. Imagine this is Joy.

DODO. You don't actually have to say 'imagine'.

JOY. Imagine this is Joy.

DODO. Whatever works for you.

JOY *puppets the objects.*

JOY. Joy is sad that Mum is gone. And when everyone gets together, it gets really loud. And Joy doesn't like that. At the moment, Joy has been going through some stuff and she loves you all very much, obviously.

JOY *puts the objects back on the table.*

DODO. That was so beautiful. Thank you, Joy. Who would like to go next?

DERREN *gets up to reassure* JOY.

Derren?

DERREN. No thanks, mate.

SAGE *holds* STORM*'s hand, smiles, squeezes.*

SAGE. Come on.

STORM *doesn't move.* SAGE *encourages* STORM *to go up.*

STORM. I'll go.

DODO. Great.

STORM *moves the objects away, leaving two on the table. She picks up a remaining object.*

STORM. This is Storm.

She picks up another.

This is Mum.

She gestures to a space beside her.

This is Storm's future.

She puppets the STORM *and Mum objects.*

Do what you want with your life. I can look after myself.

Okay, Mum. I'm going to move away.

Hey, Storm, it's my chemo tomorrow. Joy is working, and she's busy trying to start her own family. Sage has got her big exhibition coming up. Maya is in Mexico. Can you take me to the hospital?

Okay, Mum. I'll be right there.

Oh, I feel a lot weaker than I expected.

That's okay, Mum. I'll stay the night.

Night, Storm.

Night, Mum.

I've thrown up.

Okay, Mum. I'll be right in.

Hey, Storm, I've fainted in Tesco. Can you help?

Okay, Mum.

Hey, Storm, I'm not eating.

Oh.

And don't tell Sage, she's busy. I don't want to worry her.

Okay, Mum. By the way, Joy will be over this weekend. And I'm so glad. She gives me some time. I am so grateful to her. She has such good intentions. But Joy doesn't ask me what I want. She says, 'Storm, go out with your friends.' But I don't have any friends. They've all moved away. So I go to the pub and I just sit there in the corner and all I'm thinking about is if Mum's okay.

Hey, Storm, it's got into my brain. I can't remember who you are.

Oh.

I'm dead now.

STORM *puts the Mum puppet down.*

That's really hard. That you're dead now.

I didn't do it for the money. I just thought that in the shittest moments, that it would be worth something. That what I put in, would be paid back somehow. And I know, it was my choice to stay, and that you don't owe me anything. But I'm so tired, I've spent so long in this fucking house, and the world is so terrifying to me now.

JOY *and* MAYA *hug* STORM. SAGE *plugs her phone into the sound system, she finds Grace Jones. They do the dance, all together this time. Doorbell rings. They keep dancing.* DERREN *answers the door.* LUKE *enters.*

LUKE. Alright.

JOY *turns the music off.*

Surprise.

SAGE. Luke!

LUKE. Sage.

SAGE. Thought you weren't coming.

LUKE. Well, I saw Maya's Instagram story so thought I'd swing by.

SAGE. You knew about this.

LUKE. Knew about what?

JOY. Don't play dumb, Luke. Storm told you this was happening.

LUKE. What was happening?

JOY. I don't want to play this game.

LUKE. What game?

DODO. Sorry, who is this guy?

MAYA. Our baby brother, Luke.

DODO. A brother? What a wonderful surprise, so pleased to meet you.

LUKE. Who's this?

SAGE. Maya's new boyfriend.

DODO. Life partner.

LUKE. Okay.

DODO. Okay!

LUKE. Wait, why was I not invited?

SAGE. What?

LUKE. Mum's birthday. Why was I not invited?

SAGE. You were.

STORM. I didn't tell him.

JOY. You didn't tell him?

STORM. I didn't tell him, okay?

JOY. Storm.

MAYA. Did you forget?

STORM. No, Maya, I didn't forget. I didn't want him here.

LUKE. What?!

MAYA. Please don't get angry.

LUKE. I'm allowed to get angry.

MAYA. I know, sweetheart, but it's not nice.

LUKE. You're not fucking nice.

JOY. Luke! Please. Is there a way of us doing this without getting mad at each other?

LUKE. Why didn't she ask me to come?

STORM. I...

SAGE. Storm?

STORM. I just /

LUKE. You just...?

STORM. I just didn't want you to do this, okay? We're talking about the will, alright.

We're talking about Mum's will and I just wanted to have this conversation in peace and quiet and I didn't want to have to deal with you behaving like a spoilt brat. You never came to Mum's birthdays anyway.

LUKE. Fuck you!

JOY. Hey! Martin may let you get away with it but you do not talk like that in this house.

LUKE. Sorry.

JOY. Not in this house.

LUKE. Sorry.

JOY. Thank you.

Pause.

STORM. Okay. Luke, do you want to be part of this discussion?

LUKE. Yes.

STORM. Well, we've just decided to split a portion of Mum's inheritance to compensate me for the time I spent caring for her.

JOY. No we didn't.

STORM. I thought... I thought we'd...

SAGE. Tomorrow, Storm.

STORM. No. We have to deal with this now. We have to. The solicitor is coming first thing tomorrow morning. Luke, what do you think?

LUKE. Now you care about what I think?

STORM. Luke, seriously! What do you think?

LUKE. Keep the money, give it to Africa, I don't give a shit.

STORM. Right, so he's on board!

SAGE. I don't want to talk about this any more.

STORM. But /

SAGE. You don't get to make the decisions about what we do. You lied about Luke, and Pelicans don't lie.

STORM. But I /

SAGE. No. Not tonight, Storm. It's Mum's birthday. We're here for her.

STORM. No we're not. We're here for you! We're here for you, Sage.

SAGE *scoffs*.

Why else would we be here? You were so insistent that we all get together for this ridiculous morbid ritual. But as soon as there's something important to discuss, I'm the one being ridiculous.

SAGE. We all wanted to come… right?

STORM *storms out. Silence*. JOY *goes to comfort* SAGE.

No! In T minus two hours and thirteen minutes, we are all going to go upstairs and eat cake on Mum's bed, just like the old days.

MAYA *puts on 'We Are Family' by Sister Sledge*.

Thank you, Maya!

JOY. Right, I'm going to get smashed. Shit prosecco, anyone?

LUKE. Yes.

SAGE. Me too!

JOY *goes to leave*.

MAYA. Yeah, me three!

JOY. Are you kidding me?

JOY *and* SAGE *leave*. STORM *follows*.

DODO. Maya, you are not having any prosecco.

MAYA. It's one sip for Mum! It's fine.

DODO. Your body is a literal temple for our unborn child.

MAYA. Dodo, it's fine.

DODO. That is a big no-no for our little Dodo.

MAYA. Don't touch me!

LUKE. Wait, Maya's having a baby? Maya, are you having a baby?

DODO. Yup.

LUKE. With this guy?

DODO. Yeah.

LUKE. Congratulations. Welcome to the family.

DODO. Thanks, you're gonna be an uncle!

LUKE. Mate, Mum would have loved you. Maya, wouldn't Mum have loved this guy?

DODO. Hey, man, are you mocking me?

MAYA*'s memory*. MUM *is played by* SAGE.

MUM *enters on the phone*.

MUM. Martin. Martin. What did he steal from Tesco? Well, I can't be there every minute of the day. Martin, he's your son as well. Martin! Martin?

She hangs up and screams into the phone.

It never ends!

MUM *lies down on the floor.*

I am so tired.

MAYA *joins her on the floor.*

There were so many things I wanted to do.

She stands.

Promise me you'll never have kids… Drink?

MUM *exits. The memory fades.*

DODO *and* LUKE *are mid-argument.*

LUKE. So we're going to be brothers, yeah?

MAYA. Leave him alone, Luke.

LUKE. I'm just being friendly.

DODO. Are you okay?

MAYA. Not now!

DERREN *approaches* LUKE.

DERREN. How've you been anyway, mate?

LUKE. Fine.

DERREN. Still at college?

LUKE. Yeah.

DERREN. Still got your video-diary thing going?

LUKE. Joy said you and her can't have kids.

DERREN. Oh. Right. When did she tell you that?

LUKE. WhatsApp.

DERREN. Oh right. Well, you know, we've not been trying all that long so I reckon it'll be fine to be honest.

DODO. Have you tried matcha tea?

DERREN. What?

DODO. Matcha tea. I could make you an herbal blend, might help with the ol' potency problem.

DERREN. No.

DODO. Oh I just / thought that.

SAGE *and* JOY *enter with drinks.*

SAGE. Okay, we have twelve bottles of cheap prosecco in the kitchen that need drinking.

So, Mum, if you're up there, please grant us the strength to drink as much of it as is humanly possible. Thank you! Swindon, dancefloor.

JOY. Come on, babe, let's dance! It'll be fun.

DERREN. I'm not quite there yet.

SAGE. Go on, Swindon, give the girl a dance!

JOY. Come on, Swindon!

DERREN. Are you kidding me?

DERREN *exits.*

JOY. Derren, what's the matter?

JOY *exits.*

SAGE. The cake. I need to decorate the cake!

SAGE *exits.*

DODO. Hey, bro, I feel like we got off on the wrong foot back there, let's start over, let's rewind. Hi my name is Dodo by the way.

LUKE. My name is Gogo the fuck awayway.

MAYA *laughs.*

DODO. Dodo taking five.

DODO *exits.*

LUKE. Congratulations.

MAYA. Thanks.

LUKE. I'm gonna be an uncle.

MAYA. Yeah you are.

LUKE. That's cool.

MAYA. Yeah?

LUKE. Yeah. I think this baby could be good for us. This time next year we'll all be back here. But we'll have a baby to

play with. And we can teach it whatever we want. I can tell it about the Marvel Universe and you can tell it about all the places you've been.

MAYA. We're selling the house, Luke.

LUKE. I know, but...

MUM *walks through the room.*

GRANNY. Rosemary?

MAYA. No, Granny.

GRANNY. Rosemary?

LUKE. She's gone.

GRANNY. No she hasn't. Can you take me to the toilet?

SAGE, GRANNY *and* LUKE *exit*. STORM *enters through the door.*

Chapter Six – In the Dead of the Night

STORM *in the garden*. DODO *enters*.

DODO. Hey, what are you doing out here?

STORM. Family. I just needed some fresh air.

DODO. Yeah, I hear ya. Luke is a hoot. I didn't even know you guys had a brother, so...

STORM. Sometimes it's better not to talk about him. Sometimes it's better to just let him be.

DODO. I'm sure he's a nice guy deep down.

STORM. You didn't have to live with him. I couldn't bring friends home because he would take stuff from their bags. We had to put locks on our bedroom doors. When Mum got ill, he just pissed off to his dad's. Didn't even visit.

DODO. I'm sorry.

MAYA *as* MUM *enters*.

STORM. You know, I used to pretend this end of the garden was a whole other country. I'd get in my plane, like this, neaaaaaaooow, and end up here in less than two seconds. Bit cheaper than EasyJet.

DODO. I'm sure. So, where are you now?

STORM. Hawaii.

DODO. Nice. Fancy.

STORM. Hot.

DODO *gets in his plane*.

DODO. Neaaaaaaooow. Seeking permission to land in Hawaii.

STORM. Permission granted.

He lands.

Aloha.

DODO (*in Southern US accent*). Why hello there, ma'am. Do you come here often?

STORM. All the time.

DODO. Would you like to try some magic mushrooms?

STORM. No. What?

DODO. Okay, sorry.

She goes to leave.

STORM. My system is very sensitive to stimulants of any kind.

DODO. It's okay, you don't have to take them.

STORM. What's it like?

MUM. Stormy, dinner time! Come back from Hawaii please.

STORM, DODO *and* MAYA *as* MUM *exit. Back inside,* SAGE *and* DERREN *enter.*

SAGE. It's half eleven. Where is everyone?

DERREN. I dunno.

SAGE. So much for everyone being together for Mum's birthday – (*Shouts offstage.*) Pelicans assemble! Pelicaaaaaans!

DERREN. Sage, Sage. Could you just not, please.

SAGE. Is Swindon a little grumpy?

DERREN. No, I'm not grumpy.

SAGE. Is Swindon man throwing his toys out of the Swindon pram?

DERREN. Can you just stop?

SAGE. Swindon angry. Swindon smash.

DERREN. Stop, okay, stop with the Swindon thing. I actually like Swindon, I like my life.

SAGE. Derren.

DERREN. It just really pisses me off.

SAGE. Derren.

DERREN. When you're all here… You know you lot, you're just not nice…

SAGE. It's all part of the charm.

DERREN. Well, it's not charming. It isn't. Joy's suffering. She's really suffering and nobody cares.

JOY *enters with a bottle of prosecco.*

JOY. Where have you been?

DERREN. In the car.

JOY. Why?

DERREN. I needed some air.

JOY. Do you feel better?

DERREN. What's that supposed to mean?

JOY. Oh that's great. I'm fine.

DERREN. Well, you don't sound fine.

JOY. Oh really? I wonder why that could be?!

DERREN. We aren't doing this now /

JOY. Yes we are /

DERREN. No we aren't /

JOY. Yes we are!

DERREN. No, we're not! We're supposed to be on the same team.

Pause.

JOY. Well, this team doesn't seem to be doing very well at the moment, does it?

And some teams seem to be winning without even trying and that's not fair!

Pause.

Well? Anything to say on that?

DERREN. What do you want me to say?

JOY. Anything. Scream. Shout. Swear. Throw something.

DERREN. I don't know what to do. I don't know what you want me to do.

MAYA, LUKE *and* GRANNY *enter.*

MAYA. Marry Linford Christie, kill Noel Edmonds, shag Phil Mitchell.

LUKE. Shag Phil Mitchell?! Are you kidding?

DERREN *exits.* JOY *pours herself a large glass of wine.*

MAYA. He's got something about him. He's manly!

GRANNY. I'd give him one!

LUKE. Gross.

MAYA. Right, Sage. Margaret Thatcher, Hyacinth Bucket, Dot Cotton.

SAGE. Easy. Kill Hyacinth Bucket.

MAYA. Interesting.

SAGE. Marry Dot Cotton, shag Thatcher.

MAYA. You're kidding.

SAGE. She might be Satan but I bet she wouldn't mess around in the sack.

MAYA. Fair enough. What about you, Luke?

LUKE. I don't know who any of those people are.

'Oh come on, I don't', etc., while SAGE *chooses a record – 'Imagine' by John Lennon. When it starts playing, they stop.*

SAGE. What?

LUKE. Are you kidding me?

SAGE. What?

MAYA. All those records and you pick this?

SAGE. Yes, and?

LUKE. And it's boring.

SAGE. It's not boring, it's the most important song of all time. Listen to it.

LUKE. We've already listened to it, about a thousand times.

SAGE. Fine, you might have been listening but you haven't been hearing. Actually listen to the words. It's a manifesto. It's a set of ideas.

LUKE. I know the words, we know every single word, just like the rest of the world.

How old is this song now, like a hundred years old?

MAYA. Like fifty years old.

LUKE. Fifty years old. Hasn't really worked then has it? If it had, surely we'd all be hippies by now, running around in fields throwing flowers about.

MAYA. Didn't he abuse his wife?

SAGE. I don't /

GRANNY. He gave money to the IRA.

LUKE. That's not very peaceful.

MAYA. I heard he had a refrigerated wardrobe to keep his fur coats in.

LUKE. See? Hypocrite! I get in trouble all the time for sitting around imagining stuff but never actually doing anything.

SAGE. It's not naive to imagine a better world and strive towards making it.

LUKE. Oh yeah, hello, I'm John Lennon. Imagine this, imagine that, wouldn't it be great if there was no war and we all shared everything and everyone just got off with each other all the time.

SAGE. This was Mum's favourite song. So stop being a cynical prick and stop saying snarky shit about things that meant stuff to Mum and mean stuff to me.

LUKE. It's true. The song's bullshit.

SAGE. I don't care! Maybe the song is shit and John Lennon was a prick, but there is value in the things Mum believed in.

LUKE. Like what?

SAGE. Love, understanding. That we can work it out. That we can work together.

That the world can be a family, that humanity is good.

LUKE. Humanity is good? You think humanity is good? When the Prime Minister looks like this.

Projection: Photo of Boris Johnson.

And the Queen looks like this.

Projection: Photo of the Queen.

Why have we even got a Royal Family? Look how fucking old she is!

And all Mum could ever do is sit on the sidelines and complain. She was sitting on a house worth this.

Projection: '£229,431'.

If she actually wanted to make a difference aren't there better things she could've done with that money than just leave it to us?

JOY. Luke!

LUKE. What? And what's going to happen to you, now Mum's not around to buy your sculptures?

SAGE. You wouldn't dare talk like this if she was here.

LUKE. If you follow the bible of Mum, you end up with Sage: sofa-surfing in South East London, 'working' in her 'studio', but still somehow having the moral high ground? Bollocks. Mum was an idiot and a hypocrite and so is she.

SAGE. You know I wish there was some reason that you're such a dick. But from where I'm standing turns out you're just a dick. You're like a real dick, like a full dick.

LUKE. What, you think it was easy growing up in this house with you lot?

SAGE. Yes, yes it was. It was the easiest. We could do whatever we wanted.

LUKE. You could do whatever you wanted. Whenever I did anything I wanted, Mum would just lecture me about my place in the wider story of my gender, and then cry. When you lot do that, when you cry, we stop having a conversation and I can't win.

MAYA. It's not about winning, Luke.

LUKE. Then why do you lot always win?

SAGE. Grow up.

LUKE. Me grow up?

SAGE. Yeah.

LUKE. Sage wants Luke to grow up?

SAGE. Yes, grow up.

LUKE *recites the first line of 'Imagine'.*

Luke.

He continues with the second.

Stop it.

And the third.

Shut. The. Fuck. Up.

He begins the chorus and then picks up the record.

SAGE *is crying.*

JOY. That's enough!

LUKE. Look, look at what you're doing.

SAGE. I'm not trying to cry, you idiot.

She leaves. JOY *follows.*

MAYA. Strong decision, Luke.

LUKE. Well, at least I didn't get knocked up by my yoga teacher.

MAYA. Thanks, mate. Come on, Granny.

MAYA *goes to leave with* GRANNY.

GRANNY. No, leave me with him.

MAYA *leaves.*

GRANNY*'s wheelchair starts to roll downstage.*

Errrrrrrr.

LUKE *rescues her.*

Thank you.

LUKE. Sorry, Gran.

LUKE *goes to leave.*

GRANNY. Going somewhere?

LUKE. Home.

GRANNY. It's almost midnight.

LUKE. I'm not staying here. This family is fucked.

GRANNY. Yes. And?

LUKE. And I'm leaving.

GRANNY. Coward.

LUKE. Whatever.

GRANNY. You're just like your mother, so hot-headed.

LUKE. No I'm not.

GRANNY. Yes you are.

LUKE. Well, I don't give a shit.

GRANNY. Yes, you do. And stop cursing so much, it makes you sound stupid.

LUKE. I am stupid.

GRANNY. No you're not /

LUKE. I'm a stupid idiot!

GRANNY. No you're not.

LUKE. I'm a dickhead.

GRANNY. Stop wallowing and come and give your granny a cuddle.

LUKE. No.

GRANNY. Give your granny a cuddle.

LUKE *hugs* GRANNY. YOUNG GRANNY *enters.*

Why do you hold yourself in such low regard? Nobody else does.

LUKE. Yeah they do.

GRANNY. No they don't. They've just come to expect certain things of you. Why not prove them wrong? Show them you're a Pelican.

LUKE. I'm not a Pelican, I'm a Fletcher.

GRANNY. You're very much a Pelican. Come on now, love. Time to buck up. What would your mother say?

LUKE. Pull your tits up.

GRANNY. That's it.

LUKE. I don't need my mum to live my life.

GRANNY. Go on!

LUKE. We're Peli-cans, not Peli-can'ts!

GRANNY. Quite right. Quite right. Go on then, love…

LUKE *stands.*

Projection: 'Luke 2002'.

LUKE. Luke. From the Latin *Lucius* meaning the bright one, was born on 20th July 2002. I came into the world quietly, barely even a whimper. When I arrived I fell asleep, and I stayed that way for basically the next two weeks. Everyone that came to see me would say the same thing. Lovely baby. Really lovely baby. Luke.

GRANNY. Well done. Pop one of your tunes on then.

LUKE *puts on 'Dreaming' by S.P. Y.*

What's this one called?

LUKE. Liquid, Gran.

GRANNY. Pardon?

LUKE. Liquid drum and bass.

GRANNY. Liquid?

LUKE. Yes.

GRANNY. Why liquid?

LUKE. I don't know, Granny. Are you tapping your toe there, Granny?

GRANNY. Yes.

LUKE. Are you dancing?

GRANNY. I believe I am.

LUKE. Go on, Granny!

LUKE *starts to push* GRANNY*'s wheelchair in a circle, getting faster and faster.*

GRANNY. Turn up it up then. Turn up the liquid bass!

LUKE. Go on, Granny!

LUKE *exits with* GRANNY *in wheelchair.* YOUNG GRANNY *dances.*

Two MUMS *appear and circle* GRANNY.

DODO *and* STORM *are in the garden.*

GRANNY *stays dancing in slow motion.*

DODO. Your garden is… so beautiful.

STORM. It was. I haven't really had time to… It's got a bit messy.

DODO. Everything is breathing.

STORM. I don't think it's affecting me at all, I just feel really normal.

DODO. Yeah. These flowers over here…

STORM. The tulips. You know tulips used to be super-valuable. Back in the 1600s or something, their price went up so much you could buy a whole house with a tulip bulb.

DODO. Whoa…

STORM. I used to think it was all made up, money and the market and deals and transactions, but now I've grown up and realised that it's literally all there is.

There's no point fighting it.

You and Maya are having a baby together. That's crazy. I mean you don't know each other all that well…

DODO. Sure we do.

STORM. Do you love her?

DODO. Yeah.

STORM. Well, you must really think she's a future worth investing in. Do you think she'll give you good returns? Do you value her?

DODO. Yes I do.

STORM. How much?

DODO. How m–

STORM. Yes but literally how much? In pounds and pence. A thousand pounds, ten thousand pounds, a million even?

They look into each other's eyes.

DODO. Storm, there are so many things in this world that money cannot buy… Human connectedness… Emotional honesty… Flowers…

STORM. You can definitely buy flowers.

DODO. I'd buy you a flower.

She kisses him. He lets her.

STORM. Oh god. This is actually happening, isn't it.

DODO. Yep.

STORM. Oh god.

MAYA *appears in another space and walks between them.*

MAYA *and* DODO *kiss again.*

DODO. Don't tell Maya.

DODO *and* STORM *exit as* DERREN *enters.*

We are back inside.

DERREN. All a bit much?

MAYA. Yes. All a bit much.

DERREN. I don't have a big family. I envy that. All that energy. Even Granny!… Can you feel it yet?

MAYA. What? Oh, no.

DERREN. Do you mind if I touch it?

He moves closer to MAYA *as if to touch her belly. She draws back.*

Oh, shit. Sorry. That's was weird. I just wanted to – Congratulations.

MAYA. Congratulations… for what? Well done, Maya, your life is over. Congratulations on your little bundle of cells. Good on you, Dodo, for planting that seed in her. God he's so damn proud of himself too, like he has set up basecamp in my belly. He keeps touching it, there's nothing even there yet. Is this it? Is this gonna be it for the next seven months?!

JOY, STORM *and* SAGE *enter as* MUMS.

Two years? For the rest of my life? Because no amount of fucking meditation is gonna get me through this.

I'm scared. I can't go to Joy, not this time. I just need my mum. I need her to tell me it's all alright. That I can do this, cos I'm not sure I can.

DERREN. Maya…

MAYA. Oh. Go on then.

DERREN. I feel a bit uncomfortable about it now to be honest.

MAYA. Do it.

DERREN. No.

MAYA. Touch my fucking belly, Derren.

DERREN. Okay.

He touches it. He stays too long. He kneels. He presses his ear to her belly. The three MUMS *go over to* MAYA *and brush her hair.*

MAYA. You know how to be quiet.

DERREN. Uhh.

MAYA. Dodo is always talking.

DERREN. You can do this, Maya.

MUMS *exit.*

Oh. I think it's kicking.

MAYA. Derren, it's the size of a butterbean! It definitely isn't kicking.

He stays. JOY *enters and sees this image.* DERREN *sees* JOY, *gets up.*

JOY. Sorry to interrupt. Derren, is there any more prosecco?

MAYA. I'll get it.

DERREN. No, it's alright. I'll just… I'll leave you guys to it.

DERREN *exits.*

MAYA. Joy.

JOY. Maya.

How did you do it?

MAYA. I dunno, we just /

JOY. How did you do it? Because we've tried everything. I've been on the Mediterranean diet for three years. We've spent

seventeen grand on IVF. Not to mention the bloating, the cramps and the vaginal scans. They're painful. I've stopped wearing nail polish.

MAYA. What? Why?

JOY. The fumes. I dunno.

MAYA. Joy, I'm sorry.

JOY. Meehhhh.

MAYA. You can see it whenever you like.

JOY. Careful, might not give it back.

MAYA. I'm scared, Joy.

JOY. Your life doesn't have to change, Maya, it doesn't. Thirty.

MAYA. What?

JOY. Thirty grand.

MAYA. What?

JOY. Okay, forty, not a penny more. Call it fifty but that's my final offer, I can't go any higher.

MAYA. Stop playing around. It's not funny.

JOY. It's not a joke. I'm desperate. I could give that baby everything it would ever need. You could see it whenever you want. Think about it.

MAYA *puts on a record, 'Les Fleurs' by Minnie Riperton, downs a glass of prosecco and exits. An upstage room is revealed – it is Mum's bedroom, preserved, full of her things.* SAGE *appears in Mum's room with a cake. No one else turns up.* YOUNG GRANNY *enters to look up at* SAGE. *As* SAGE *blows out the candles on the cake,* GRANNY *opens the door for the* MUMS *in red dresses. The* MUMS *enter.*

They do all sorts of ordinary, unspectacular things: they call someone on the phone, hoover, read a book, roll a cigarette, dance. They live.

'Les Fleurs' builds into a dance. The song cracks and mingles with grand classical music. SAGE *smells and hugs her mum's pillow. At the climax of the dance,* SAGE *starts to rip the room apart, throwing things, pulling down a poster of John Lennon. Finally,* SAGE *rips Mum's red dress. All exit apart from* STORM. *Door closes.*

'Symphony No. 83 in G-Minor, Hob 1:83 "La paule": I. Allegro spiritoso' by Franz Joseph Haydn plays, as night turns into morning.

Chapter Seven – Morning – So Now Then…

STORM *is sat at the table, unblinking.* LUKE *enters.*

LUKE. Morning.

STORM. How did you sleep?

LUKE. Fine. You?

STORM. I'm sorry for not inviting you.

LUKE. It's okay.

STORM. I've done something terrible.

LUKE. Okay.

JOY *and* DERREN *enter.*

DERREN. Bloody hell, that bed is awful. Who wants coffee?

No answer.

I'll make a pot.

DERREN *leaves.*

JOY. I've done something terrible.

STORM. Me too.

SAGE *enters. Looks at* STORM.

SAGE. Morning, everyone.

Everyone looks at STORM.

LUKE. Storm, have you been sat here all night?

STORM. Yes. Yes I have.

MAYA *enters*.

MAYA. Gooood morning! Has anyone seen Dodo?

STORM. He went to get some croissants.

MAYA. Oh okay. So I was thinking a lot last night /

JOY. Maya, could I just borrow you /

MAYA. Joy, it's okay. I was thinking about Storm's presentation. You have been really dedicated to this family, Storm. And I think if twenty per cent of all our inheritance is what you need to make a life for yourself, we should all genuinely consider it. I'm happy to give up my chunk.

STORM. Oh god.

LUKE. Yeah. Storm did more, she should get more.

JOY. Let's keep discussing the exact amount, okay, but yes, in principle. If it makes Storm happy and means we can stay as a family. Then I think it's worth it.

STORM. Oh god.

MAYA. Sage?

SAGE....I don't see why not.

MAYA. The Pelican daughters! And son! Sorry, Luke! The Pelican kids. All for one and one for all!

JOY/SAGE/MAYA/LUKE. Pelican! Pelican! Pelican! Pelican! Pelican!

The chanting continues. DERREN *comes back with coffee*. DODO *enters. The chanting continues*.

DODO. Can everybody stop one second!

They stop.

MAYA. Hi.

DODO. Hi good morning. I have something that I would like to say to you all, and I would like you to take it in the spirit of honesty and forgiveness.

Maya, Dodo checking in.

MAYA. Maya checking in.

DODO. So last night, Storm and I, we fucked. It happened.

STORM. Jesus.

DODO. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. We were high. I love you. And I am sorry. But I've been walking around all night thinking about it and I've worked it out.

This house is poison. Your sisters are poison. And Bristol is a horrible city.

Since the moment I've got here, you've all treated me like I'm some kind of joke. Well, guess what? Not any more.

Maya, we have got to get out of here. Back on the road. Where we can start a family, a real family, a better family, which communicates clearly, and tells the truth.

You keep talking about your mom like she was some kind of hero, like she gave you some special powers to live in some profound new way. But look at all of you.

Joy, you're completely joyless.

Storm, you're obsessed with money, like it's going to fix all your problems, well, guess what? It's not gonna.

Sage, you are rude and self-centred, and I've seen your website, and your art is derivative and mediocre at best.

Derren, you're alright.

Luke, I don't know you very well so I'm sorry, but you do not seem like a very nice little boy.

And your mom, God rest her soul, seems like she was one crazy, manipulative bitch! The only person in your family who seems like they have a single shred of rational thought is Grandma and I'm pretty sure she's got dementia.

Maya. Come on. Let's get out of here.

JOY. Imagine if Mum was here, / and what she'd say.

DODO. Shut up. Imagine, imagine, imagine. Shut up. Has it crossed your narrow little mind that we might not want to hear about your mom twenty-four seven?

MAYA. Don't talk to my sister like that.

DODO. Maya, We don't need them! C'mon.

He takes a step towards here. She flinches. She shakes her head.

Fine. Great. Fantastic. Thank you all for your beautiful hospitality. Dodo checking out.

JOY. Peace and love, Dodo.

He turns to her violently.

DODO. Peace and love to you too, Joy!

DODO *leaves. Silence.*

STORM. Maya, I /

MAYA. Sooo. Next on the agenda. Joy, I've had some time to consider your offer.

JOY. No, Maya. I was drunk, / it was stupid.

MAYA. You're right. My life *doesn't* have to change. I can't quite go sandboarding with a baby now, can I? I can't be a mum.

JOY. Of course you can.

DERREN. What's happening?

MAYA. I accept. You can buy my spawn! Fifty grand right? As soon as it's ready, it's yours. Of course we'll need to work

out the details. I think I'll use my cut to make sure I never see any of you ever again.

DERREN. What did you do?

JOY. I know it sounds crazy but /

DERREN. You can't make those kind of decisions for us.

JOY. I didn't make the decision.

MAYA. Oh, I think we have, Derren.

JOY. Be quiet.

MAYA. I'm pretty happy with the arrangement. Fifty grand from you, fifty grand from the house – no baby. Sounds great.

DERREN. We're not buying Maya's baby!

JOY. Well, I'm considering it. I am.

Silence.

DERREN *goes to leave.*

Derren, please.

He exits.

Silence.

SAGE *starts laughing.*

She laughs and laughs and laughs.

SAGE. You're all fucking terrible people.

JOY. Right, you've ruined my life.

STORM. You're a selfish bitch.

MAYA. Oh you can talk, moneybags.

JOY. Yeah. I really hate all of you.

MAYA. The sight of you makes me want to be sick.

STORM. The feeling is mutual, Maya.

SAGE. You're all fucking terrible people. And you know what, I hate Joy the most.

JOY. Well, I think you're a cunt.

SAGE. Bring it, bitch.

STORM. You're the biggest cunt of all.

MAYA. Can we please stop using the word cunt as an insult!

STORM. Oh shut up, you self-righteous cunt.

JOY. Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt Cunt.

SAGE. Oh fuck off.

LUKE *leaves. They all start hurling insults at each other until it becomes a scream-off. They are just yelling incoherently.* LUKE *re-enters in Mum's dress, slams his hands on the table. They shut up.*

LUKE. No! Not in my house. No daughters of mine are going to speak to each other like that, not under this roof. If you want to discuss something. You discuss it. Calmly and constructively. We are Pelicans. We are better than this.

Sings.

'Our blood is thick'

JOY. Luke, come on.

LUKE. 'Our blood is thick'

MAYA/STORM/JOY/SAGE. 'Our blood is thick'

LUKE. 'Thicker than hate'

MAYA/STORM/JOY/SAGE. 'Thicker than hate'

LUKE. 'Thicker than greed'

MAYA/STORM/JOY/SAGE. 'Thicker than greed'

LUKE. 'It is strong'

MAYA/STORM/JOY/SAGE. 'It is strong'

LUKE. 'Because it's bound with love. Squawk squawk.'

MAYA/STORM/JOY/SAGE. 'Because it's bound with love. Squawk squawk.'

LUKE. Good. Now apologise.

STORM. Sorry.

MAYA. Sorry.

JOY. Sorry.

SAGE. Sorry.

LUKE. Thank you. Now we are going to sit and we are going to eat our breakfast in peace.

The doorbell rings. STORM *answers.*

SOLICITOR. Hello. I'm Susie Stephens of Stephen Stephens and Sons Solicitors. I'm your solicitor. Storm, we spoke on the phone.

STORM. This isn't a good time, sorry.

SOLICITOR. Well, as I am quite busy and as this was our booked appointment, I'll dive right in if that's okay.

As you may well be aware, your mother remortgaged this property in 2005.

This mortgage was then sold by Nationwide to Santander in 2006 as a 'stated income, verified assets' mortgage and then, in June of 2009, a majority stake of fifty-one per cent of that mortgage was sold by Santander to a bank in Greece called the Patria Bank as a 'no income, verified asset' loan.

In the ten or so years that followed, the interest rates on the financial agreements through which your mortgage was divided and traded, called mortgage-backed securities, which derive their value from outlay of conflated mortgage conglomerates, have remained relatively stable.

Such financial innovations have enabled investors such as Richard Branson, Elon Musk, ExxonMobil and Berkshire

Hathaway to invest indirectly in your mortgage, and millions of others like it.

Unfortunately, due to unforeseen circumstances between EU and UK financial sectors, some of these investors and the banks and funds that they represent, have attempted to sell mortgages such as yours to other international mortgage brokers. But, as no credible buyer was found by the Patria Bank, and in an attempt to recoup lost funds, nine months ago they increased their interest rates to such an extent that they now technically own one hundred and twelve per cent of your house, which may seem counterintuitive, as it obviously isn't physically possible to own more than one hundred per cent of a house, but unfortunately it is both legally and financially very possible, and is now legally and financially a very real situation.

The SIBLINGS *begin to sit down, pour coffee, fetch bowls, spoons and cornflakes.*

I initially thought that your mother's savings might be able to cover this deficit, and leave you each with a four-figure inheritance to walk away with, but looking more closely into the numbers, your mother left just under twenty-seven thousand pounds of savings and assets which, after inheritance tax and probate fees, leaves about eighteen thousand pounds.

However, two days ago, I was contacted by Tony Cameron Lifecare PLC, and because of your grandmother's increased care needs in Tulip Manor Trust, over the last twelve months, they've retro-actively billed you for having to arrange a private residential-care package, at an additional cost of two thousand, six hundred pounds per month, as well as a one-off fee of five thousand pounds for the use of the on-site residential, nursing and dementia care home, which is also operated by Tony Cameron Lifecare PLC.

Which means, in short, that all things considered, after all taxes and fees are accounted for, including my own soliciting fee, there will be just under two hundred pounds left, and if

you don't sell this house by Friday you will immediately default on your mortgage repayments, and that two hundred pounds will very quickly turn into a hefty debt of several tens of thousands of pounds.

Additionally, if you'd like me to stay here today to advise you any further, my minimum consulting session is the one-hour package, and my hourly rate is a hundred and twenty-five pounds, which would leave you with roughly seventy-one pounds.

Projection: '£71'.

I can give you five minutes now to discuss your course of action, while I take a brief stroll outside, and then you must let me know, by 10.15 a.m., whether or not you'd like to retain my advisory services or not.

Thank you, I'll be back in... four minutes.

SOLICITOR *leaves.* LUKE *exits and re-enters with* GRANNY. *'Damaged Goods' by Gang of Four plays. Everyone sits and eats their breakfast.*

End of play.

An Intergenerational Workshop

Following the cancellation of the 2020 tour of *The Last of the Pelican Daughters* due to COVID-19, The Wardrobe Ensemble designed and published the following intergenerational workshop pack as a downloadable resource.

Hello there,

Thank you for taking the time to read this pack during these strange and tumultuous times. In different circumstances we would all be standing in a circle looking at each other face to face but, alas, we must find other ways of engaging with one another.

To give you an insight into why we wanted to put together a pack of this nature, it might be helpful to tell you a bit about the show. For those who haven't seen it, *The Last of the Pelican Daughters* revolves around four sisters who return to the family home a year after the death of their mother, Rosemary Pelican, in order to decide what to do with the house. We see a group of people grapple with notions of inheritance, loss and justice. We see a family filled with undying love for one another, while at the same time, tearing each other apart.

This project has been a labour of love for us. It began with a focus on the notion of family and inheritance and it has largely stayed true to that initial intention. However, it quickly became apparent that, when making a show about family, there was so much that could be said and so many themes to explore: inheritance, money, grief, loss, entitlement, the difference between generations, politics, to name a few.

We could see that this show could spark conversations that extended far beyond the idea of 'family' and, to put it bluntly, we had unfinished business: there's only so much ground you

can cover in a ninety-minute show. We wanted to keep having these conversations, and we wanted to have them with more people.

And this is how The Intergenerational Sessions were born. Originally conceived as a series of group workshops to run alongside our tour, our intention was to enable discussion, whilst gathering material – songs, stories, opinions – that would feed into an exhibition that would grow as the tour progressed.

We held one session in Northampton, with around thirty participants aged between 19 and 75. We drew portraits of each other, built houses together, drank tea and ate cake. We discussed music, politics and our hopes for the future. We challenged each other's assumptions and found that we had a lot in common. It was an amazing afternoon, and we couldn't wait to do more.

Then COVID-19 arrived. We couldn't continue the sessions as we'd planned, but the small discoveries we made in Northampton felt more important than ever.

So we put our heads together, and here's the result. This pack is a chance for you to think through and discuss some of the themes of the show. But more importantly, it's a chance for you to engage, connect, inspire and comfort each other in uncertain times.

If this workshop manages to provoke a few conversations that otherwise wouldn't have happened, we'll be thrilled. We hope you like it.

The Wardrobe Ensemble x

The Workshop

This workshop is to be done between yourself and someone of a different generation. It could be someone you live with, a family member you are unable to see in person or someone you aren't related to and haven't even met yet. We would love to bring together as many strangers of different generations as

possible, so if you would like us to connect you with someone new, please let us know by emailing emily@thewardrobeensemble.com

This workshop aims to generate conversations. You and your partner do not have to stick to the plan if you don't want to. If the conversation goes off in a new direction and you completely abandon the tasks, that's fine. If it doesn't, that's fine too. Similarly, the workshop should take roughly ninety minutes if done in one sitting, but you may find you want to break it up and complete it over a longer period of time. It's up to you.

You may also find different ways of connecting with your partner, other than those suggested here. We will lay out each task with suggestions and you can implement them in whatever way suits your method of communication.

Setting Up Your Workshop

For those of you who will be working with someone you have never met, we will share your details with your partner and agree a mode of communication with you both. That might be a phone call, email exchange or Skype/Zoom. For those who know their partner – we will leave this up to you to organise.

So you're ready to go, make sure you've set up your chosen method.

For phone calls – Have your partner's number to hand and a good phone signal. You should go through the workshop one task at a time.

For email exchanges – You can write all your answers to the workshop in one go and then send them to your partner, or do one task at a time and email back and forth.

For Skype/Zoom – Make sure you have downloaded the appropriate software and have your partner as a contact, so you're ready to call. You should go through the workshop one task at a time.

What You Will Need

- Paper and pen.
- Colouring pencils/pens (optional).
- There will be one Google form to open.

Introduce Yourselves

On whatever platform you're using, write/say your full name; something you really like; something you really dislike; something that is unique/special about you. *e.g. 'My name is Sandra Julie Johnson; I really like climbing trees; I really dislike sweaty feet; something special about me is that I can do five backflips in a row.'*

Share these with each other. This should only take five minutes.

Draw Each Other

Take it in turns to describe what you look like to your partner. *e.g. 'I have big brown eyes, a small nose, a small scar under my left eyebrow from when I tripped over my own foot and fell in a bush.'*

Based *only* on what you say about yourself, your partner must draw you. Feel free to ask each other questions.

Don't worry if you think the drawing is bad, don't be offended, it's just a bit of fun. It's interesting to hear how someone feels about what they look like.

Delivery suggestions

For phone calls or email exchanges – Take a picture on your smartphone or camera and send it via email after the workshop. If you don't have either of these devices, perhaps you could post it?

For Skype/Zoom – Reveal your picture to the camera when both of you have finished drawing.

If none of these options work for you, then you can just use your brilliant imagination.

Nature

What can you see out of your window right now? Has it changed over the last few decades, years, months, weeks?

Share your answers with your partner.

Food

Have you learnt anything new to cook while you've been self-isolating? What is your favourite recipe to cook? Could you share this with someone in the next few weeks?

Share your answers with your partner.

Build a House

Our play is set in the Pelican's family house. It is a place filled with memories and experiences that are unique to this family. We want you to create your own house together.

Think about a house that feels like home to you. What is it about this place that feels special or homely?

As a pair, you must build a house for you both to live in by deciding on its features and using the questions below. Feel free to draw your house or just talk about it.

1. What kind of house is it? An apartment block? A detached house?
2. What colour is it?
3. What are the windows like?
4. What kind of doors does it have?
5. How many rooms does it have?
6. Is there a garden or outside space?
7. What's special about this house?
8. Where's the best place to play Hide and Seek in this house?
9. What's your favourite thing about this house?

This is Your Life

Think of three turning points in your life. These are moments when your journey took a different direction. These could be big or small moments.

Share these with your partner. Was it easy or hard? Do you think about these moments often or not?

Questions

Read over the questions and statements. Choose one from the list and write/say your response to your partner.

Swap over. Your partner must choose a new question/statement.

Choose as many as you'd like; you don't have to choose them all.

1. If I could change something about myself it would be...
2. I would describe my character as...
3. I wish I could...
4. The biggest challenge I'm facing at the moment is...
5. My biggest achievement is...
6. I'm scared of...
7. Do you consider where you live now as home?
8. Is it possible to have more than one home?
9. How has your home changed?
10. The house I grew up in was...
11. Do you have the right to own your own house?
12. What is your most valuable asset?
13. What does 'being rich' mean to you?
14. Are you rich?
15. What is the most expensive item you've ever bought?
16. What have you inherited from your parents/carers?
17. I would describe my role in my family as...
18. My children are... *or* My parents are...
19. My siblings are...
20. Is it a human right to have a child?
21. It is selfish to have more than two children.
22. Are you a grown-up?

23. It's selfish to put a parent in a care home.
24. People are living too long. It's a drain on resources.
25. People under 30 are more disadvantaged than they have ever been.
26. How are you different now to ten years ago?
27. What do you think about the generation below you?
28. Technology has stopped the younger generation from communicating properly.
29. Would you like to live in a different time?
30. Where do you hope to be in ten years' time?
31. If you could live forever, would you?
32. Are you scared of dying?
33. Looking to the future, I hope...
34. What is your earliest memory?
35. I would like to be remembered as...

Music

Music plays a big part in the show and is centred around Rosemary Pelican's record collection. The sisters use the records to console themselves, to cheer each other up, and ultimately to help them remember their mother.

What song reminds you of home or family and why? What is it about that song that chimes with you?

Discuss with your partner. You might want to listen to the song together, or make a playlist of favourite songs together.

Timeline

Visit the Google form and answer the questions:
forms.gle/UJEwkWPtNr4okV697

If it's easier for one person to open the document, that person can ask their partner the questions and put their answers into the form as well as their own.

Discussion Time

What's one thing that surprised you or particularly interested you during your conversation? Feel free to discuss anything that came up for you during this workshop.

The conversation you've just had is for you and your partner.

However, if either of you want to share any aspect of your conversation or creations with us, we'd love to see what you've been up to. You might feel inspired to write or draw something after your workshop and we'd love to see that too. Send us an email to thewardrobeensemble@gmail.com or via any of our social media channels (see our website: thewardrobeensemble.com).

Thank You...

...for joining in our virtual workshop. We hope you enjoyed it. Look after yourself in these turbulent times and we hope to meet you, in person, soon.

Lots of love,

The Wardrobe Ensemble Family x

Complicité

Founded in 1983, Complicité is an international theatre company based in London led by Co-Founder and Artistic Director Simon McBurney (OBE). Complicité works across art forms, believing theatre, opera, film, installation, publication, radio, community art, social media and the internet can all be sites for this collective act of imagination.

Complicité's recent work includes *The Encounter*, *Beware of Pity*, *The Master and Margarita*, *Shun-kin* and *A Disappearing Number*. The Company also runs an award-winning Creative Learning and Participation programme, and supports artists through the Complicité Associates and 'Developed with Complicité' strands. The Company has won over fifty major theatre awards worldwide.

'Complicité's vision – to create work that strengthens human interconnection, using the complicity between the performer and the audience that is at the heart of the theatrical experience – has never been more urgent at this time where violent division has become the norm.

We live in a moment of unprecedented, sometimes brutal and ever-accelerating change. Pushing the limits of artistic experiment, which has always been key to the Company's vision, is a vital tool in unlocking the most urgent and crucial questions of our times, challenging and excavating conventional accepted norms.'

Simon McBurney, 2019

For more information on the Company's work please contact email@complicite.org

Complicite.org

Twitter: @Complicite *YouTube*: Complicite
Facebook: /TheatredeComplicite *Instagram*: Complicitetheatre

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