

Rachel, Pauline

PAULINE. — Don't upset yourself, Dad. What you tryna say?
CHARLIE. I'm tryna say that love passes through marriage quicker than shit through a small dog.
PAULINE. But I love Alan.
CHARLIE. Marry Roscoe and you get a detached house in Essex and he won't ever touch you. You just gotta go to the boxing on his arm, show the world he ain't a nine-bob note, and at two thousand a year he's paying you more than Paul McCartney's getting.
PAULINE. I didn't know he was living with Paul McCartney.
CHARLIE. *(Aside.)* They've tried, but they can't make bricks thicker. *(To Pauline.)* Five years ago, you agreed to this agreement.
PAULINE. Five years ago I was young and stupid.
CHARLIE. So what's changed?
PAULINE. I'm a lot older now. *(Dolly enters.)*
DOLLY. Roscoe's back. *(Pauline starts wailing. Enter Rachel.)*
CHARLIE. Hello Roscoe! Come in, son. Did you get your bangers?
RACHEL. I did not get my bangers, no. And I didn't get no cashier's cheque neither.
CHARLIE. I give the bangers' to that geezer of yours. The two hundred.
RACHEL. And the six thousand?
CHARLIE. Let's have lunch, at The Cricketers', I'll have it all signed off by then.
RACHEL. I'd like a word with Pauline, if that's alright. Alone.
CHARLIE. Alright, Roscoe. Take your time. *(Charlie exits.)*
RACHEL. Pauline —
PAULINE. — Piss off! I hate you! You've ruined my life.
RACHEL. I know what would make you feel better.
PAULINE. You bleeding well touch me, and I'll scream!
RACHEL. I have a secret.
PAULINE. I don't want to know anything about your life, I wish you were dead.
RACHEL. *(Aside.)* I can't bear to see her suffer any longer. *(To Pauline.)* I am dead.
PAULINE. Are you? No! Really? What's it like?
RACHEL. Roscoe, my brother is dead.
PAULINE. You're Roscoe's brother?!RACHEL. Sister.
PAULINE. I don't understand!
RACHEL. All you need to know is that I am a woman.

PAULINE. So, hang on, that means, I can't marry you, dunnit.
RACHEL. More importantly it means you can marry Alan.
PAULINE. Can I?!RACHEL. In the near future.
PAULINE. I'd better go tell him. *(Pauline makes for the door, but Rachel stops her, grabbing her sleeve.)*
RACHEL. No! My identity must remain a secret. I need your help.
PAULINE. I'll do anything to marry Alan. I love him.
RACHEL. I too am in love.
PAULINE. With Alan?
RACHEL. No. His name's Stanley.
PAULINE. It's weird, innit. Love. It's like being mad.
RACHEL. Insane. Look at me. Dressed in my dead brother's clothes.
PAULINE. Maybe this is your way of grieving for him.
RACHEL. Yes. I hadn't thought of that. *(They hold hands, consoling each other.)* We girls have to help each other. *(They hug spontaneously. Enter Charlie.)*
CHARLIE. Sorry, shoulda knocked.
RACHEL. Charlie, you can go ahead with plans for our wedding.
CHARLIE. Right?!PAULINE. But I need time ... to choose a dress.
RACHEL. And the cashier's cheque is —
CHARLIE. — Roscoe, trust me, the money's no problem. I'd better go tell Laurence Olivier it's definitely off.
PAULINE. What if Dad tells Alan, Alan might think we've had it off.
RACHEL. What would Alan do, if he were to think that?
PAULINE. He'd go into one. He's known as a dangerous actor.
RACHEL. I can look after myself.
PAULINE. I know, but still, I'd better get to him before Dad does. *(Pauline heads for the door. But is held by the arm by Rachel.)*
RACHEL. You swore to keep my secret.
PAULINE. How long do I have to go along wiv this lie?
RACHEL. Stanley and I are going to have to live in Australia.
PAULINE. Oh no! Australia?! Oh no! Oh my God! Australia? Uurgh! How awful!
RACHEL. It'll be a terrible outdoorsie life, sustained by lager, barbecues, and opera.
PAULINE. I sympathise wiv yer, but my Alan, he's suffering right now.
RACHEL. Trust me. My plan will deliver to you the husband of your choice —

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