

JUDY & FRAN

FRAN: I um. I was at a distance so I don't know, really.

I'm sure there's a perfectly

JUDY: Yes, I'm sure there is.

FRAN: Sure there's nothing to worry about.

JUDY: I'm not worried – you seem more worried than I am.

FRAN: Just you never really know what someone gets up to when you're not there, do you, or how they are with other people

JUDY: Johnny doesn't get up to anything, god he wouldn't know where to start.

FRAN: Marcus wants me to quit work, do this.

JUDY: This is work.

FRAN: Quit my job, I mean.

You still like it?

JUDY: I do. I like the calm. Looking around and knowing everything's in order. Having time to clean behind things, it's a deep, quiet kind of happy. Our home. All ready for him. I pop upstairs just before Johnny gets back, pin my hair, little bit of perfume. Take my pinny off. Daisy-fresh.

Then he walks in the door and

*JUDY smiles to herself.*

Yeah.

What are you thinking? Is it something you'd

FRAN: Oh, Marcus is making so much noise about it I can't hear what I think.

When he gets an idea in his head I mean I love how tenacious he is about things but when he goes on and on.

Does Johnny drive you mad sometimes? Properly mad. No?

JUDY: He doesn't really.

FRAN: No.

I just don't think I've got a domestic goddess in me. I leave things on the stairs intending to take them up and then I find I've been quite happily walking past them for weeks. I come home after a twelve hour day and I'm frazzled. Longest recipe I used this week was "Pierce Film Lid."

JUDY: But if you were at home, you'd have time to

FRAN: This is what I'm saying – even if I had the time, I'm just not sure I would. We both like things tidy, it's just his tidy is a lot tidier than mine.

JUDY: You do need a consensus.

FRAN: I always think that when they cite "unreasonable behaviour" in divorce cases. For some people that's leaving a towel on the floor, unreasonable behaviour. Others wouldn't mind if you shagged a different lover every lunchtime as long as the washing's hung up.

*FRAN sees the dresses JUDY has brought down.*

What are you doing with these?

JUDY: Having a clearout. eBay.

FRAN: This one? Not this one. It's gorgeous, how can you bear it?

Can I buy this from you?

JUDY: You?

FRAN: Yeah. No?

JUDY: This is, if you had it and Johnny saw you in it

FRAN: Was it a present from Johnny?

JUDY: I can't remember.

FRAN: OK

Sorry, I shouldn't have asked.

JUDY: No it's fine.

FRAN: Put a pile of dresses in front of a stylist, I can't help having a rummage. Magpie behaviour, it's awful.

JUDY: I don't want him to know I'm selling them. That's all it is.

FRAN: Because?

JUDY: Just the housing market's not so good. And that's our favourite bit of the day, when he comes home from work. Mix him a drink, take his shoes off, give him his slippers, help him relax. I'm not going to stand there and say "by the way darling we're running out of money."

We're not running out of money. We just need to be a bit careful.

FRAN: Well and going two salaries down to one

JUDY: I used to earn more than him.

FRAN: Did you? Sorry, I shouldn't be surprised. Only you hear the stuff about men being paid more just for having a penis.

Oh, sorry I said penis.

JUDY: Fran, look – the Johnny thing.

FRAN: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to suggest.

JUDY: I don't want to hear anything like that, I don't want it in the house.

FRAN: OK, sorry.

Sorry.

JUDY: No, its OK.

FRAN drinks her tea, looks around.

FRAN: How'd you get your taps so shiny?

JUDY: Um, half a lemon. Rubbed round.

FRAN: Huh.