

JOHNNY and JUDY scene 1

~~JOHNNY: Particularly when you wake me up the way you did  
this morning.~~

~~JUDY giggles.~~

~~JUDY: I don't know what you're talking about. Tea?~~

START

~~JUDY pours the tea.~~

JOHNNY: Are you happy, darling?

JUDY: Terribly. Aren't you?

JOHNNY: Oh yes, appallingly.

JUDY: Appallingly? I like appallingly.

JOHNNY: It's disgraceful. Shouldn't be allowed.

I keep thinking we'll get a letter. 'Happiness hasn't come  
off the ration, you know.'

JUDY: A letter from

JOHNNY: The police? Something about public decency.

JUDY: Like a stiff letter from the bank.

JOHNNY: 'It has come to our attention, Mr Martin, that you  
and Mrs Martin are Offensively Happy. We ask that you  
desist at once. This uxoriousness is quite unacceptable.'

JUDY: Ux

JOHNNY: Uxoriousness. It means a surfeit of spousal affection.  
It isn't at all the done thing for a man to be so keen on his  
own wife.

JUDY: Then you're an uxor.

JOHNNY: No, I think uxor is wife.

JUDY: Is it?

JOHNNY: I think so. Latin.

JUDY: I'm sure you're right.

JOHNNY: So you're the uxor that I'm all uxorious about.

*JUDY laughs.*

JUDY: You're cheerful.

JOHNNY: It popped into my head, as I was lying in the bath you ran for me, that I will have nothing to do at the weekend.

JUDY: Nothing to do?

JOHNNY: To the house. No tiling or plastering, no dust sheets. Nothing left.

JUDY: You've done a wonderful job.

JOHNNY: You as well. In your dungarees, scarf round your head like Rosie the Riveter.

JUDY: Will you know what to do with yourself?

JOHNNY: I expect we'll find something.

JUDY: We could go dancing?

JOHNNY: Yes, perhaps.

JUDY: Whatever you want to do, darling.

JOHNNY: Sickeningly happy.

Do you know, I'm so contented I'm not sure I even care if the promotion doesn't come off.

JUDY: Oh?

JOHNNY: I look around and think well, what more do I need? My wife, my beautiful finished house. The money would come in handy, but we don't *need* it, do we? We've got everything.

JUDY: No of course.

JOHNNY: Asking for more might be greedy. Knowing I'm utterly content with what I've got.

JUDY: Yes no that's wonderful, darling.

Is it today?

JOHNNY: Is what?

JUDY: Will you find out today?

JOHNNY: I don't know. Soon, I think. Now, marmalade or lemon curd?

JUDY: It's wonderful you're feeling so philosophical about it.

Have some marmalade, it's a new batch.

Only don't let it hold you back from making every effort. You've been there the longest, by rights they should have made you Assistant Manager some time ago, it's only fair.

JOHNNY: You always defend me.

JUDY: Of course I do I'm your wife.

You deserve that job. Don't miss out by being diffident.

Or late.

JOHNNY: No, alright.

*JOHNNY stands up, draining his tea cup.*

Delicious breakfast, thank you.

*He goes to the hallway and puts on his hat and coat. JUDY picks up his lunch box and follows him.*

JUDY: I'm so proud of you.

*She hands him his lunch box and his briefcase. He kisses her.*

Have a good day, darling.

JOHNNY: Same to you. Don't buy any chickens.

JUDY: I promise. Goodbye.

*JOHNNY goes out of the front door with his briefcase and lunch box. JUDY waves and smiles from the door as he goes down the path.*

END