

MARCUS and JUDY

~~JUDY: And I don't know, maybe it's time to shake things up a bit, I've had three lovely years of~~

~~MARCUS: You used to manage a team, didn't you?~~

~~JUDY: I'm not looking for something at that level now.~~

~~And, you know, I think working for you would be. I'd work hard but it'd be fun, I think, it wouldn't feel like a job.~~

~~Typing your letters, pouring your coffee, your four o'clock whisky. Knowing where you've left your pen or your glasses. Fending people off on the phone when you're up against it. First line of defence, a tiger when you need one, pussycat the rest of the time. Shirts from the cleaners, a spare one in the drawer in case you want to freshen up.~~

START

Maybe it's a romantic idea, I just quite like the thought of working on one of those old typewriters, cardigan round my shoulders, you know?

MARCUS: Pencil skirt and heels.

JUDY: Of course.

MARCUS: Take a letter Miss Martin! Glasses?

JUDY: Only when I think you're out of the office.

MARCUS laughs.

I mean I know no one really, those old typewriters

MARCUS: Don't send email, sadly.

JUDY: I'm not sure that's better.

MARCUS: Tell me something. If I came into the office in the morning and said 'that's a nice cardigan', would you be alright with that?

JUDY: Why wouldn't I?

MARCUS: I find it quite hard, if I see a nice cardi, say, not to say anything.

JUDY: No well that's normal, I think.

MARCUS: Or if you looked particularly nice that day, if you'd had a good sleep and looked fresh and lovely, would you mind if I said something? Like 'don't you look fresh and lovely today?'

JUDY: Yes that would be fine.

MARCUS: You wouldn't be offended?

JUDY: No, I'd be glad, compliments are nice.

MARCUS: Where do you stand on contact?

JUDY: With?

MARCUS: Physical contact, I mean. Accidental, like if my hand brushed yours when we both reached for the stapler.

JUDY: Oh but that's - honestly, is that what

MARCUS: You'd be surprised.

JUDY: For heaven's sake.

MARCUS: And say you'd done something for me, something really excellent and I wanted to thank you and I put my hand on your shoulder, the back of your shoulder as I said it.

Like this.

JUDY: Yes of course

MARCUS: Or I was leaning over to congratulate you so I put my arm round your shoulders like this

JUDY: Yes that's fine.

MARCUS: Further down your back? Say here?

JUDY: Yes.

MARCUS: Here?

JUDY: Yes.

MARCUS: Here?

JUDY: Borderline.

MARCUS: takes his hand away.

No but this is me, you know I wouldn't misinterpret

MARCUS: Just working out the boundaries.

JUDY: No, sure.

MARCUS moves away.

MARCUS: I mean these women. The power they wield. And they know it, they know they can end you. Watching you all the time, just waiting for you to slip up, say something they can label sexist or racist, something they can enjoy being outraged about. Anything. You can't do anything now. Years where she doesn't object to a compliment, a hand on the arm, nor does she leave me out when she's looking for career advice, looking to *progress*, and doesn't mind doing it over a glass of wine that she's not paying for, the flinty little bitch. Then suddenly boosh it's everything exploded and it's not just now it's historical it's did you *ever*, has it *ever* happened, right back to the first boss who ever patted his PA on the bottom and said 'run along now' as a *joke*.

JUDY: Is that what you did? Patted her on the bottom.

MARCUS: As a joke. I wasn't exactly chasing her round the desk. I don't even find her attractive. She's completely flat-chested, she's no hips to speak of.

JUDY: I'm not sure that's going to help your case, saying that.

MARCUS: No, well. Among friends.

I mean come on, a hand on your arse through several layers of clothing? Grow up. It's not like I fingered her, she'd already made it very clear she wasn't going to let me

JUDY: When did

MARCUS: Oh, years ago.

So anyway. I'm not going back to work anytime soon.

But I'm sure there are things we can do. Now that I've got my afternoons free. If you wanted to put on a pencil skirt and a pair of heels I'd happily provide you with an old typewriter and an enthusiastic audience.

He waits. JUDY doesn't respond.

Or has that idea gone a bit icky?

JUDY: You'd pay me for that, would you?

MARCUS: If that's what it takes.

JUDY thinks about it.

She holds out her hand to him. He puts down his drink and kneels in front of her. He runs his hand slowly up her leg from her ankle.

When he gets above her knee she steps backwards.

JUDY: No, sorry.

She goes towards the kitchen.

Sorry.

MARCUS sits back.

END

SCENE 6

~~*Evening. JUDY and JOHNNY are at the table, with two takeaway pizza boxes between them, and used plates / cutlery. JOHNNY's finished his pizza, JUDY has eaten half of hers.*~~

~~*JOHNNY is in a work shirt and suit trousers.*~~

JUDY is wearing a pair of modern jeans and a jersey top.

JOHNNY: D'you want any more?

JUDY: No, it's