**ANGELA, AUDREY, DONALD**

**Scene 5**

*The old barn. Nearby. Same time.*

*Wooden. Cobwebs at a broken window. A scatter of tools. A wheelbarrow. An old feeding trough. A big pile of hay. A cartwheel, etc.—A great place to play.*

*Two seven-year-old girls,* ANGELA, *pretty, with ringlet curls and blue ribbons, and* AUDREY, *who is plain, with cheap owl-like metal-framed glasses and short, straight hair, are "playing house" with the splay-footed, timid, anaemic-looking boy nicknamed* DONALD **DUCK,** *who has shoes or boots, but no socks. He also has nasty scabs round his mouth. An abused child.*

*They have a battered, squeaking old pram with a buckled wheel, which holds a chocolate-coloured china doll called "Dinah”: Dinah, when tilted, closes her eyes and emits a plaintive little `Ma-ma! Ma-ma!*

*Pretty* ANGELA—who *owns the doll—tilts and tilts Dinah, watched with an extremely aggressive expression by disgruntled* AUDREY.

**ANGELA** *(as Dinah "cries")* Now, now, now. *Go* to sleep, Dinah. You naughty naughty *naughty* little babby.

**AUDREY** Smack her one in the chops, Angela. That'll keep her quiet!

**DONALD** No, no. You can't do that. No smacking. Not in my house.

**ANGELA** *(to Dinah)* There, there, there. Mummy is with oo den.

**DONALD** You can't hit a little babby, Audrey. You'd kill it.

**AUDREY** What dost thee know about it, Donald Duck? You ant never had a babby. Smack her arse, Angela.

**DONALD** I be supposed to be the daddy here, byunt I? And—and—don't call me Donald Duck.

**ANGELA** No. Don't call him that, Aud. You *are* the daddy, Donald. Coming home from work, aren't you?

**DONALD** *(smirking)* That's right. I be tired out and all, working on them sawmills. **I** cut me thumb off and all. *(He imitates a saw)* Zzzzzzzzz-chop! Ow! Ow! Bang goes me thumb.

**ANGELA** Oh, dear. Poor, poor Donald. My poor husband.

**DONALD** Ow! Ow! Ow! It don't half hurt. Blood all over the saw. Blood all over me. Blood everywhere. Blood. Blood!

**ANGELA** Never mind. I'll put the kettle on. We'll have us a nice cup of tea.

**DONALD** With four lots of sugar. Eh?

**AUDREY** *(aggressively)* Are *you* Mummy, then! Why should *you* be Mummy all the time?

**ANGELA** 'Course **I** be. I got the babby, ant I? It chunt *your* doll, Audrey.

**AUDREY** Who be *I,* then?

**DONALD** Where's my bloody tea, Missis? Where's my tea, then? **I** want my cup of tea! *(He is stamping up and down in angry imitation of 'Authority")*

**ANGELA** The kettle's just coming up to the boil, sweetie pie.

**DONALD** *(with enormous deliberation)* **I** should bloody damn and bloody blast and bugger and bloody flaming bloody think so and all. Give us a kiss. *(He hugs himself in glee, rocking slightly)*

**AUDREY** *(insistent)* Who be I then? Eh? Tell me that!

**ANGELA** Oh, Aud-rey!

**AUDREY** I bent just going to do nothing and be nobody. It's not fair.

**ANGELA** You can be my other daughter, Audrey. My naughty daughter.

**AUDREY** *(stamping her foot)* No. I'm not going to be that. No! **DONALD** *is coming out of his trance-like reverie.*

**DONALD** Aw come on, Aud. Doosn't spoil it.

**AUDREY** *(hotly) I'm* not spoiling it.

**DONALD** Yes you are. You always do. Don't her, Angela?

**ANGELA** *crosses her arms in mimicry of adult exasperation.*

**ANGELA** Who'd you want to be, Aud?

**AUDREY's** *eyes glint.*

**AUDREY** The nurse. I wanna be the nurse. With a little scissors.

**DONALD** Oy-.-that's a good `un. You can see to my finger. I mean, me thumb. When I've had my bit of tea.

**AUDREY** What's wrong with your thumb?

**DONALD** Cut the bugger off, ant I? Zzzzzzz. Aaaaaagh!

**ANGELA** *tilts her nose in disapproval.*

**ANGELA** You want to stop swearing, Donald Duck.

**DONALD** *(pained)* Doosn'tcall I that, Angela! You promised!

**AUDREY** Let mesee thik thumb. I got some special stuff in my bag in my car. I'll stick'n back on.

**ANGELA** *is looking at* **DONALD.** *Suddenly, as he shows* **AUDREY** *his thumb:*

**ANGELA** Quack! Quack! Quack!

*Deeply upset,* **DONALD** *jerks his hand away from* **AUDREY.**

**DONALD Angela!** Don't do that!

**AUDREY** Oh, dear. Oh, dear. I'll have to put some stingy stuff on that. It'll make you jump, mind.

**DONALD** *is giving* **ANGELA** *anguished looks.*

**ANGELA** *(responding)* He'll have to have his tea first, Nurse. He needs his hot cup of tea.

**AUDREY I can't** wait around all day. You want to clean this place up, too. I can't wait.

**ANGELA** No, and I'm not letting his tea get cold neither. I'm not slaving away here all day for him to come in at all hours and think his bit of tea have got to be ready and waiting. I'm sick to death of it, I can tell you.

**AUDREY** 0o**, Angie.** That's our mam, that is!

**DONALD** *(smirking)* Hurry up. I be off up to the *bloody* pub in half a tick. To get *bloody* drunk.

**ANGELA I** shall wash thy mouth out with soap!

**AUDREY** *(pleased)* Shallus, Angela? Shall us?

**DONALD** Nine or ten pints of scrumpy, that's what I want. I've lost a lot of blood.

**AUDREY** *grabs his thumb.*

**ANGELA** You're not coming home stinking of drink at all hours and expect *me* **to put** up with it are you?

**AUDREY** *sucks his thumb.*

**DONALD** *(excited)* Shut thee mouth, `ooman. Nag, nag, nag. I'm not going to put up with it, so there.

**AUDREY** *(spitting)* There. I've stopped the blood gushing out. You'll die in a minute, though. *Really* die, I mean.

**DONALD** Brave, aren't I? I bent half bloody brave, mind!

A *sudden shift from* **ANGELA.**

**ANGELA** Quack! Quack! Quack!

**DONALD** Shut up!

**AUDREY** Smack her one, Donald.

**ANGELA** Yes, and if he hits me I shall tell his mam. Her'll skin him alive, won't her, Donald Duck? Won't her? She hits you with the poker, don't she!

**DONALD** Leave me alone. Leave me alone.

**ANGELA** Quack! Quack! Quack!

**DONALD** *(screaming)* Shut up! Shut up!

**AUDREY** *looks at* **ANGELA.** *Their eyes seem to flare. They join forces.*

**AUDREY** *(venomously)* Quack! Quack! Quack!

*Horribly, the two girls round on him.*

**DONALD** *(tearfully)* Please don't. Please don't. Please.

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| **AUDREY** | and ANGELA *(together)* Donald Duck! Donald duck! Quack! Quack! Quack!Donald Duck! Quack! Quack! |

*Jabbing their forefingers at him, they drive him towards the barn wall. He claps his hands to his ears to shut out their jeering taunts. In what looks, in adult form, almost like a psychotic frenzy, the two girls—and particularly* **AUDREY** - tug*and pull at his hair. He howls, totally submissive.*