

SATURDAY NIGHT

Our play opens on two women standing at the open front door of their home. The younger woman, who is the older woman's teenage daughter, Jenny, is on the front step, poised to leave. Jenny is wearing a low cut flimsy top, shorts and sandals. The older woman, her mother Ann, is standing inside the front door.

Jenny turns to look at her mother.

Jenny: (*angry and upset*) Why do you always do this?

Ann: Do what?

Jenny: You know full well, what! Whenever I'm about to go out on a date, you say something to make me miserable.

Ann: (*with mock innocence*) What did I say?

Jenny: You said, you're not going out dressed like that, are you?

Ann: (*defensive*) Well, that's not an awful thing to say.

Jenny: It is when I'm on the point of leaving the house.

Ann: (*huffily*) Well, I hadn't seen you till now. You're dressed as if it's summer!

Jenny: Well, that's why I don't show you what I'm wearing. I don't need your approval.

Ann: (*protectively*) You might feel cold dressed like that.

Jenny: I won't because I'm going to be in a car.

Ann: A car? (*snappily*) Whose car? Who do you know who can drive?

Jenny: (*proudly*) Tom has a car.

Ann: Tom! Oh you're not seeing that boy again!

Jenny: He's not a boy. He's 22.

Ann (*scoffs*) and the rest!

Jenny takes a step forward closer to her mother.

Jenny: What is it about him that you don't like?

Ann: How long have you got? He's not 22 for one thing.

Jenny: What are you talking about? A minute ago you called him a boy!

Ann: He doesn't look 22. He looks a great deal older.

Jenny: (*slyly*) Maybe that's why I fancy him.

Ann: And you're still only 17.

Jenny: I'm not a baby mum. I can take of myself.

Ann: (*softly*) Like you did last time.

Jenny: (*crossly*) What's that supposed to mean?

Ann: You know very well. You came home in tears. Remember?

Jenny: I wish I'd never told you. Anyhow, Tom is different.

Ann: If that's what you think. (*Her tone softens*) Just take care that's all.

Jenny: Isn't dad a few years older than you?

Ann: A few, yes. Not ten years older.

Jenny: (*crossly*) You're doing what you always do. Just as I'm on my way out.

You just don't want me to have any fun. I think you're jealous!

Ann: Jealous? (*laughs*) What?! Have you gone crazy?

Jenny: That's what it is. All my friends agree with me. That you're jealous.

Ann: (*angrily*) How dare you discuss me with your friends?

Jenny: None of their mums do what you do. Pick on their daughter's clothes, who they're seeing .. why can't you just let me live my life the way I want?

Ann: (*firmly*) As long as you're in our house, you'll live by our rules.

Jenny: Huh! (*mocking*) Your rules! You just want to keep me locked up.

Ann: Don't be silly!

Jenny: Yes. And in a chastity belt. With a big notice. Keep away from my daughter.

Ann: That's so silly. I just want to look after you. You're my little girl.

Jenny: (*matter of factly*) That's just the point mum, I'm not your little girl anymore. I'm a grown woman. I don't need or want you hovering over me all the time.

Ann: Is that what I do "hover"?

Jenny: Yeah. Can't you leave me alone? Just for once let me go out for the evening without going for me.

Ann: So now I go for you. Well, go on out then. But don't expect us to rescue you when you miss the last bus home.

Jenny (*sighing exasperatedly*) As I said, I'm getting a lift.

SFX: Mobile phone rings

Jenny reaches into her pocket for her phone and answers it.

Jenny: Hi. Yeah. Yes. I got held up. Am on my way now.

She hitches her bag on to her shoulder. Then turns and picks up a small rucksack that has been lying in the corner, unnoticed till now by her mum.

Jenny: I'm off.

Ann: (indicating the rucksack) What's that?

Jenny: What does it look like? It's my bag.

Ann: What do you need a bag like that for?

Jenny: You're doing it again mum. It's for my stuff.

Ann: Stuff?

Jenny: Overnight things.

SFX: We hear the toot of a car horn.

Jenny: See you tomorrow. Bye mum.

Jenny turns away and quickly runs off without a backward glance down the front path where a car is waiting for her outside the house. We don't see it but we hear its engine.

Ann looks shell shocked. She closes the front door and collapses to the floor sobbing loudly as the curtain falls.

END

800 words