

# Thelma Sally

## ACT II

*The lights come up. Day.*

*The back door opens and THELMA enters from the garden; she is wearing a crash helmet, goggles, a waterproof cape, and leggings.*

THELMA Mrs Jackson? It's me. Sally?

SALLY *walks down the stairs. She is about thirty; pleasant, but rather plain; middle-class. She wears a sweater, skirt and raincoat; she is carrying an umbrella. She goes to the kitchen.*

SALLY You're late.

THELMA I know, sorry. There's been an accident on the Western Avenue and the traffic's murder. *(She takes off her motorcycling gear.)* What about that rain – did you see it? I really thought the end of the world had come.

SALLY That motorbike of yours makes a hell of a noise. Are you sure Mr Stewart said you could bring it?

THELMA Of course – why not? There are dozens of motorbikes around here. You don't think the Krogers are going to notice one extra, do you? *(looking around)* Where's Mrs Jackson?

SALLY Out shopping.

THELMA Poor thing. I hope she didn't get caught in that storm. *(She drapes her cape and leggings over a chair.)* God, I'm dying for a cup of tea. How about you?

SALLY No, thanks. I've just had one.

THELMA *goes to the sink and fills the electric kettle.*

THELMA Look, don't worry – I always park the bike round the corner. I park it somewhere different every day – and never outside the house. (*switching on the kettle*) So what's been happening this morning?

SALLY Nothing much – just routine comings and goings.

THELMA As per usual. (*She yawns.*) It's going to be a long job, this one.

SALLY Do you think so?

THELMA Don't you?

SALLY (*shrugging*) I don't know.

THELMA Oh yes – this is a biggie. I can smell it. (*spooning tea into the pot*) Mr Stewart went to the American Embassy yesterday – twice.

SALLY How do you know?

THELMA Sylvia told me. She went out with Bill last night. He was duty driver yesterday, and he told her. Twice in a day! That must mean it's a biggie.

THELMA *takes a bottle of milk from the fridge and puts it on the table.*

SALLY Don't leave the milk there. You'll have Mrs Jackson tut-tutting at you.

THELMA (*not understanding*) Why?

SALLY She always puts milk in a jug, haven't you noticed? She obviously thinks milk in bottles is common.

THELMA *makes no response; she takes the jug from a cupboard and pours the milk into it.* SALLY *watches.*

Can you imagine what her life must be like? Dusting and washing and ironing and polishing and cooking. God. No wonder she's as dull as she is.

THELMA I like her.

SALLY *looks at her.*

SALLY Yes, you do, don't you? *(She buttons her raincoat.)* She thinks we're going at the end of the week.

THELMA Did she say so?

SALLY Sort of. She keeps dropping hints.

THELMA Like what?

SALLY "It'll seem strange without you next week", that sort of thing, you know.

THELMA What did you say?

SALLY Well, nothing. What could I say?

THELMA *sighs, but says nothing; she is standing by the window, waiting for the kettle to boil.*

Right, then - I'll be off.

THELMA Right.

SALLY *goes to the back door.*

Clark Gable died.

SALLY Yes, I heard it on the radio.

THELMA I think it's really sad, don't you? No more Clark Gable. Gone forever.

*The front door opens. SALLY and THELMA swing round, suddenly alert.*

BARBARA *enters; she is wearing a raincoat and carrying shopping bags.*

Mrs Jackson?

BARBARA *(closing the front door)* Hello. What a dreadful morning! Did you see that rain?

SALLY Wasn't it awful?