



STAGE MOTHERS

Where 2nd prize is 1st prize for losers

By Cenarth Fox

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Fox Plays
19 Miller Street
Richmond 3121
Victoria, Australia
Tel: 61 (03) 9428 9064
Email sales@foxplays.com
Web site www.foxplays.com

Stage Mothers 2

Synopsis

Five women gather in the waiting-room of a theatrical production company. There's a new musical *Rosie* opening and young girls are required to star in the show. The five women are there to make sure their brilliant offspring gets an audition time for tomorrow. One of the mothers is a grandmother so she represents her granddaughter. Each woman has a unique back-story yet all are united in their dedication (some would say fanaticism) to promote their child and have her get the leading role. The kids have no say in the matter. For the stage mothers, winning isn't everything; it's the only thing. Tension builds and warfare looms large. Their mantra is simple; second place is first place for losers.

In Act 2, it's time to meet the auditionees, the budding stars, aged 10, played by their mothers (one's a gran). Really? Really. Costume changes may be interesting but does the apple fall far from the tree? Are the little 'uns miniature versions of their mothers?

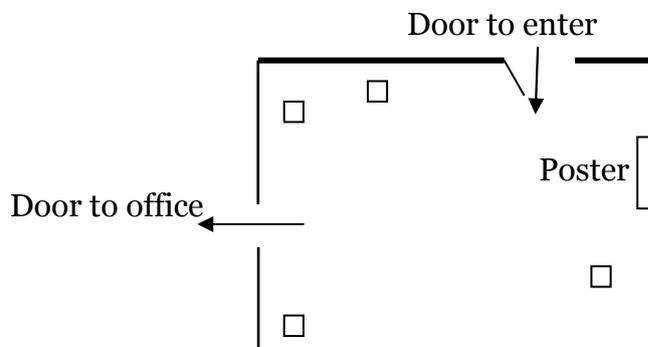
Despite Noel Coward urging otherwise, there are millions of Mrs Worthingtons active today.

Setting

A reception room/waiting room in a building where the theatre producer has his/her business. The room becomes the venue for auditions in Act 2 meaning the basic set is decorated during interval.

One mother brings her twin baby boys so there needs to be space to push a pram. A few chairs in Act 1 enable the women to sit and wait for instructions for the auditions. The changes to the set in Act 2 are basic. Different lighting helps. The *Rosie* poster in Act One could be topped by a *Rosie* banner in Act Two. There needs to be space as the finale is a big musical event.

Here's a floor plan of how your set might look.



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Characters

The parents

Zara

(Daughter is Moondust)

Lives in posh suburb, has money but no class, poor education, is all fur coat and no knickers. She takes a week to put on her face and everything that goes with it. Her husband is a flashy real estate salesman. They are new money. Zara is a Barbie doll, OTT, false everything, middle class - just. Has spent a fortune on plastic surgery and dresses her daughter to look just like her.

Debbie

(Daughter is Kylie)

Lives in working-class suburb, poor education, tats, overweight
Debbie was a teenage mother and now has three kids, her daughter and two twin baby boys. The twins and the daughter have a different father. Debbie has never been married and her current defacto is not the father of any of Debbie's three kids.

Tam

(Daughter is Thao, rhymes with cow)

Asian, her daughter's name means 'respectful of parents' in Vietnamese. Tam is well-educated. Comes from a conservative family but is keen to adopt Western ways and thinks a theatrical performing career for her daughter is the way to go.

Val

(Granddaughter is Nevaeh - Heaven backwards)

Grandmother from an ordinary middle-class suburb, worldly-wise.

Val's daughter has abandoned her daughter and Val has adopted the little girl. Val is determined that her failure to keep her own daughter on the straight and narrow will not be repeated with her granddaughter.

Bev

(Daughter is Susan)

Suburban housewife, middle class, husband is a carpenter, wants something special for her daughter. Bev had lonely childhood brought up in care. When they were teens, Zara stole Bev's then boyfriend because she could. They've rarely haven't spoken since.

The auditionees

Moondust (Zara)

Kylie (Debbie)

Thao (Tam)

Nevaeh (Val)

Susan (Bev)

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Musical Numbers

Act 1

1. Overture
2. *Living Vicariously* (Zara and Company)
3. *All Hail, Mrs Worthington* (Debbie and Company)
4. *Is She a Bitch?* (Val and Company)
5. *Second Prize is First Prize for Losers* (Bev and Company)
6. *Who I Am* (Tam and Company)
7. *Thank God I Had a Daughter* (Company)
8. *Thank God I Had a Daughter* (Instrumental)

Act 2

9. *Entr'acte*
10. *Pushy Stage Mother* (Moondust and Company)
11. *I'm the Understudy to the Scarecrow* (Kylie and Company)
12. *Plastic Smile* (Nevaeh and Company)
13. *What's More Important?* (Thao and Company)
14. *Just Like Ma* (Susan and Company)
15. *Curtain Calls* (Company)
16. *Playout*

Notes

The words *Mum* and *Mommy* can be changed to *Mom* and *Mommy* depending on where the show is staged. Likewise there is the odd place name which can be changed to one in the area where the production is taking place.

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Act 1

Song No. 1 Overture

(Instrumental)

(The short OVERTURE begins with the house lights up. The lights start to fade as the OVERTURE is almost over so when it finishes, the theatre is black. Curtain rises or lights come up on waiting room in posh(ish) theatre producer's office. It's where the mothers of the wannebe stars gather to obtain an audition time and hear the audition requirements. The room is empty. There's a banner/poster proclaiming the forthcoming show, with posters of shows on the walls. Chairs to the sides otherwise the space is clutter free. It's daytime but it's always show time in Theatreland)

FX Door knock
(Silence. Pause)

Zara (Calls from outside) Hello. (Pause) Is this the place for the auditions?
(Another pause. Door opens slowly. ZARA speaks with door partly open. Still can't be seen)
Hello.

(She pokes her head into empty room) Oh, goody I'm the first. *(Enters and closes door. She looks at poster)* Wow. That's the show where my baby becomes a star.

FX Door knock
(Silence. Pause. ZARA freezes)

Debbie (Calls from outside) Hello. (Pause) Is this the place for auditions?
(ZARA hurries upstage and against the wall where door will open)

Zara (Disguises voice to old crone) No. Wrong room. Go away. It's for staff only.
(Another pause. Door opens slowly. DEBBIE speaks with door partly open. Still can't be seen)

Debbie Hello. *(She pokes her head into room and doesn't see ZARA behind opened door. DEBBIE thinks room is empty. She enters pushing pram with twins and closes door. She looks at poster)* Wow. That's the show where my baby becomes a star.

Zara (Let's rip with a terrifying scream) Ahhhhh!
(Debbie almost dies of fright. She turns clutching her heart. ZARA is insincere, super polite)
Oh I'm so sorry. Did I scare you?

FX Babies cry

Debbie What the hell are you doing?
(DEBBIE fusses in pram and FX fades)

Zara It's my warm-up. *(Goes into warm-up routine)* Me, me, me. (Sings arpeggio) Ah

Debbie You woke my babies.

Zara (Nasty) This is a producer's office, not a crèche.

Debbie I left me daughter with me Mum but she finds the twin boys a bit of a handful.

Zara And I see you've got the Egyptian flu.

Debbie (Doesn't understand but knows she's not sick) I'm not sick.

Zara (Duh, pats her belly) You're going to be a Mummy.

Debbie (Sniffs, offended) No, I'm not. (Sensitive) I'm just a bit overweight.

Zara A bit? (Turns away speaks softly) Hello Miss Porky.

Debbie (Settles bubs) When do we get the times for the audition?

Zara Do I look like a producer?

FX Door knock

Zara (Whispers) Don't answer it. *(Moves to behind door and makes shush sign and sound)*

Debbie (Whispers) Why? It's probably a stage mother like us.

Zara (Whispers - angry) Because more kids makes it harder for my kid to get the lead.

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Tam *(Calls from outside)* Hello. *(Pause)* Is this the place for auditions?
(Another pause before door opens slowly. TAM speaks with door partly open. She isn't seen)
Hello. *(She pokes head into room and sees pram and DEBBIE. Enters and closes door. Bows)*
Hello. My agent told me to come here.

Debbie So did mine.

Tam I've come to arrange an audition for my daughter.

Zara They're full up. *(TAM turns, discovers ZARA)*

Debbie No they're not. Don't listen to her.

Tam This is my first time for an audition.

Zara Well quit while you're ahead, sister. No experience equals no work. They want kids who've been stars for years - just like my baby.

Debbie No they don't. *(To TAM)* You stay, love. You've gotta be in it to win it.

Zara *(Under her breath towards Debbie)* Bitch.

Tam Thank you for your help. I think I'll stay.

Debbie Good for you. What's your little girl's name?

Tam Thao. *(Thao rhymes with cow)*

Zara Thao? What, as in rhymes with cow?

Tam In my ancestors' language Thao means 'respectful of parents'.

Debbie My little girl's called Kylie and in my ancestors' language it means ... *(Has to think)* Kylie.

FX *Door knock*
(Silence. Pause)

Zara *(Whispers)* Keep quiet. They'll go away.

Val *(Calls from outside)* Hello. *(Pause)* Is this the place for auditions?

Tam *(Pause then decides to answer, almost calls)* Yes, please come in.

Zara *(Angry)* This is ridiculous.

Val *(Enters breathing heavily, looks at others)* Hello. *(Closes door)*

Zara *(Pointing)* The Bingo's next door.

Val God, I'm knackered. Why are these places always on the bloody top floor?

Tam *(Indicating)* Please, take this seat.

Val *(Sits, puffing)* Phew. *(Fans herself)* Thanks, love.

Debbie Are you sure you're in the right place?

Val Auditions for little girls in the new musical *Rosie*? Yes?

Tam Yes, that is correct.

Zara Eight to ten is what they want.

Val Well if we've only got one kid each, they'll all get a part.

Zara Not eight to ten performers - girls *aged* eight to ten.

Val Perfect, mine's nine. *(This shocks the OTHERS)*

Debbie *(Super impressed)* Wow.

Tam You have a little girl who is only nine? That is amazing.

Zara *(Scoffs)* Bloody IVF.

Val *(Annoyed at ZARA)* No, bloody granddaughter.
(OTHERS twig)

FX *Door knock*
(Silence. Pause)

Zara *(Annoyed - still)* Somebody lock the door.

Bev *(Calls from outside)* Hello. *(Pause)* Is this the place for auditions?

Others *(Loud, even ZARA has given up and joined the team)* Yes!

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Bev (*Enters worried at the raucous welcome*) Thank goodness I've found it. (*She closes door*) I've been walking up and down looking for a sign about the show when I should have been looking for the name of the production company. (*She exhales*). I couldn't bear going home without an audition time for my little girl. Phew. (*OTHERS stare at her*) Hi, I'm Bev.

Debbie Debbie.

Tam Tam.

Val Val.
(*ZARA says nothing. OTHERS look at her. BEV and ZARA look at one another*)

Bev Well, well, well - if it isn't the lovely Zara. I'm sorry, I don't know your latest married name. What number husband are we up to now - four or is it five?

Zara Jealously always suited you.

Bev I see you're still wearing the same outfit - all fur coat and no knickers. Long time no see.

Zara Not long enough.

Bev Rumour has it your daughter takes after you, poor little thing.

Zara And your daughter refuses to take after you - smart kid.

Val (*The elder stateswoman*) Righto, ladies. We bitch about each other but not our kids. All right? (*Uneasy pause/silence. Why do ZARA and BEV hate one another?*)

Tam I would like to ask a question, if I may.

Val Ask away, love.

Tam I have never had my daughter audition before. Can you ladies please tell me why you come here?

Zara Because our agent told us to. Fill in the audition application and get a time.

Tam No, I mean, why does your daughter audition?

Debbie Oh with my Kylie, it's because she loves to perform.

Val Same here. My granddaughter's called Nevaeh and she ... (*pronounced Never*)

Zara Nevaeh? What sort of a name is Nevaeh?

Val Her mother chose it.

Zara (*Throwaway*) Obviously on drugs.

Val (*That stings VAL because it's true. She recovers*) Nevaeh is Heaven spelt backwards.

Zara Backwards? Describing the mother perhaps?

Val (*Ignores ZARA*) I take her to auditions because, just like me, I want her to have a career in showbiz.

Debbie (*Impressed*) Wow! You were in showbiz?

Val (*Shrugs*) Sort of.

Bev My daughter's Susan and I take her to every audition because she's so talented.

Zara (*Yells*) Lies!
(*Pause. Sudden silence as OTHERS look at ZARA*)

Tam Lies?
(*MUSIC BEGINS*)

Zara You're all lying.

Debbie (*Angry*) No we're not.

Zara We do this because we failed as performers so we pretend we're back on stage via our little darlings.

Song No. 2 Living Vicariously

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Zara *Never any good, I was never any good
Couldn't sing, couldn't act, couldn't dance.
Never got a place, sure it must've been m'face
Couldn't win, couldn't take a single chance.
Never a surprise that I couldn't win a prize
With a mother like no other, didn't care
But now that I've a daughter, you can bet that I have taught her
To win and so her glory will be shared.*

*We've made of our kids a substitute
We're living vicariously
When they strut their stuff it's never enough
We take their success oh, so seriously
They're never alone we're so strong as a team
We push them to follow our fantastic dream
We've made of our kids a substitute
We're living vicariously*

(OTHERS reprise Chorus as even TAM now knows what drives the Stage Mothers. Song finishes and women relax although tension is always bubbling close to the surface. TAM wanders upstage and finds pile of Audition Application Forms)

Bev Does anyone know what the producers are looking for? Do they want a certain look for the lead?

Debbie They never say. They know what they want but never tell you.

Tam What are these? *(Reads)* Audition Application Form.
(The race is on. OTHERS head to TAM and each takes a form and moves away to start filling in an application. TAM is confused)

Bev At last. This is why we're here.

Debbie How do you spell Rosie?

Val *(Writing)* R o s i e. *(VAL looks at TAM)* Get a form and fill it in.
(TAM does just that. They're all scribbling)

Zara *(Scribbling)* Looks. *(Pause. That's all she says)*

Bev *(Scribbling)* What about looks?

Zara *(Scribbling)* That's what the producers are looking for.

Tam Excuse me. Are you saying that talent is not important?

Zara *(Scribbling)* If you've got the face and the body, you win. Simple as. Always was and always will be. Sex appeal wins. *(Finishes writing)*

Tam *(Alarmed)* Sex appeal? My daughter's only a child.

Val *(Scribbling)* Take it easy, girlie. *(Finishes writing. Can't remember her name)* Sorry, what's your name again?

Tam Tam.

Val Listen Tam, *(Indicating ZARA)* there speaks a bitter stage mother. Whenever her daughter doesn't get a part, her type grabs an excuse. It's never because the winner is a better singer, actor or mover, but always because of looks.

Zara Garbage.

Val *(Mimics a bitter ZARA)* "What do you expect? They picked the pretty one."

Zara *(Defiant)* It's true, damn it. And you know it is.

Debbie *(Finishes writing)* But there are smaller parts so if my daughter doesn't get the lead she might get one of the support roles.

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Zara That's brilliant, settle for second. Just makes it easier for Moondust to get the lead.

Others *(Shocked)* Moondust?

Zara *(Defensive)* What?

Debbie Did you call your daughter Moondust?

Zara Yes, Moondust Poppyseed.

Bev *(Finishes writing)* You're kidding.
(Once each application form is complete, each woman puts it in her bag)

Val And you scoffed at Heaven backwards.

Zara It's a great name for a star - which she is already.

Tam My daughter is not a star but I hope she will be one day. *(Produces a photo on her mobile phone)* I have a photo if you would like to see. *(DEB and BEV show an interest)*

Debbie *(Looks)* Oh she's beautiful.

Bev *(Looks)* Wow, that's drop-dead gorgeous.
(TAM takes phone to VAL out of respect for the woman's seniority)

Val *(Looks)* Don't show it to Moondust's Mum, she'll blow a gasket.

Zara She won't have the talent of my baby.
(BEV, VAL and DEBBIE scoff)

Bev You just said it was looks that gets the part.

Debbie Looks not talent, you said.

Val *(At ZARA)* And if the kid in that photo can perform, you and Moonseed Poppydust *(sic)* are deadest runners-up.

Zara *(Fumes and snarls in a soft but threatening voice)* Never.

Tam *(Worried, puts away phone)* I didn't mean to upset anyone. I think it is important to be beautiful on the inside too.

Debbie I agree and my little girl has a lovely personality.

Bev Which sadly counts for nothing in show business.

Zara Exactly.

Debbie I tell my Kylie to always smile and that will make her beautiful.

Val But keep you poor. Showbiz sucks. For every job there are a million wannabe stars and to survive, you need a really tough skin.

Debbie I know that and get my courage from Mrs Worthington.
(Pause. Silence)

Bev Sorry? Who?

Debbie Mrs Worthington. She's got a daughter who's not very pretty.

Zara *(Scoffs)* Not very pretty? She's overweight, sings like she's being strangled and squints.

Debbie *(Annoyed)* My Kylie doesn't squint ... *(Softer)* very much.

Tam I do not know this lady. What is Mrs Worthington's daughter called?

Zara *(Imitates casting director)* Next!

Debbie Whenever I think Kylie should give up, I remember Mrs Worthington and on we go to the next audition. *(MUSIC BEGINS)* Mrs W is my guiding light, my inspiration and the patron saint of Stage Mothers everywhere.

Song No. 3 All Hail Missus Worthington

Debbie *When people said "you can't" she said "I can"*
When people said "you shan't" she had a plan

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*When they scoffed and mocked with scorn
And her hopes were dashed, forlorn
When twas darkest 'fore the dawn then she took heart.
Took heart.*

Others
Debbie
Others
Debbie
Others

*When producers said "your girl she cannot act"
Oh dear
And directors said, "my dear I fear you're sacked"
Bye, bye
Came the mother who refused, to succumb to bad reviews
She put her daughter in the queues to start.*

Others
Debbie

*To start
All hail to thee, Missus Worthington
Missus Worthington of thee we sing
It is so sad your shorter daughter
Is quite plain and plump and oughta
Stay at home and venture nowhere near the stage.
The stage. Ah
But you were brave and kind, persistent as well
Your name and fame we'll forever tell*

Others
Debbie

Quintet

*All hail to thee, Missus Worthington
Missus Worthington, all hail.*

*(The women disengage with DEBBIE checking on her unseen twins. BEV makes a stand)
(Takes out application) I'm going to hand in my audition application.*

Bev
Val
Bev
Zara
Bev
Zara
Bev
Zara

*They're not till tomorrow.
Yes but when? I want a time for my daughter. (Starts to exit) I'll go and ask.
Didn't your agent tell you? You don't go to them, they come to us.
(Stops at exit) What's wrong with asking?
The one thing a pushy mother must never be is pushy.
(She hesitates, looks at OTHERS) Well I don't care. (Exits RC)
(Working her nails) She'll get yelled at.
(TAM moves to look at DEBBIE'S twins and admires them. VAL checks her phone. BEV screams offstage)*

Bev
Zara
Bev
Val
Bev
Zara
Bev
Val

*(Enters, upset, closes door and freezes) They yelled at me.
Told you.
They swore at me. Can you believe that? They told me to ...
Yes all right. Time to toughen up, Princess. We're the talent, the nobodies.
Why do they treat us like dirt?
Because they can.
I can't take the rudeness. If it wasn't for the talent, they wouldn't have a show.
It's called power, darling. The employer outranks, outweighs and out-punches
the workers.*

Bev
Zara
Bev
Zara
Bev
Zara

*I wasn't cut out for this cut-throat game.
Then leave.
Oh you'd like that. Only way your daughter'll win is if mine retires.
In y'dreams.
My Susan goes to ballet.
My Moondust can dance your dopey daughter outa town.*

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Bev *(BEV is furious and goes at ZARA)*
Don't you call my daughter dopey.
(They grab each other's hands and fight thus keeping their hands free from slapping and scratching. They yell over the top of one another)

Zara Like her mother.
(TAM screams. OTHERS are upset and move to break up the fight)

Bev You bitch.

Zara You snitch.

Val Hey! Knock it off!
(DEBBIE and TAM each grab a contestant)

Tam Yes, please stop.

Debbie That's enough.
(BEV is escorted/dragged towards DEBBIE's pram)

Zara *(Calling)* You always were pathetic. Loser.

Bev *(Calling back but being restrained)* You always were a bitch. Poser.

Val *(Angry)* I said, 'Knock it off!'
(The pugilists settle, the OTHERS settle. Pause)

Tam I have to say this, ladies, I am in shock. This is my first time at the auditions and I did not expect to see the mothers fighting.

Debbie That was nothing.

Tam *(Stunned)* Nothing? But they were fighting.

Zara What do you expect? We're stage mothers. It's part of our DNA.

Val You've got a lot to learn, girlye. *(She's forgotten TAM's name again)* What's your name again?

Others *(Not quite shouting)* Tam.

Val *(Angry at their rudeness)* Yes, all right. You lot wait till you're my age.

Zara What, two hundred?

Val You need to understand, Tam. These women are super competitive. To them winning isn't everything. It's ...

Others *(Except TAM)* ... the only thing.

Val Stage Mothers live for success. They do two things - spend time and money on their daughter, and sabotage the competition.

Tam Sabotage?

Val You better believe it.

Zara I don't need to sabotage anyone.
(OTHERS except TAM scoff)

Bev There speaks the world's greatest liar.

Val Dirty tricks, mind games, you name it. We cheat, steal and yes, we fight.

Tam I have made a big mistake. *(Leaving)* I should not be here.

Val *(Calls)* Hang on. *(TAM stops)* Do you want to put your daughter on the stage?

Tam *(Pause, thinks)* Yes. *(Stronger)* Yes, I really do.

Val Then go join the School of Hard Knocks.

Tam I don't understand.

Val Come here.
(TAM moves to VAL and sits beside her)

FX *Babies crying*

Debbie The twins need a feed.

Zara *(Ordering DEBBIE out)* Not in here you don't, and certainly not in stereo.

Debbie *(Pushing pram out, BEV opens and holds door)* Come on boys, it's tucker time.

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(FX fades. DEBBIE exits with pram and BEV follows and closes door)

Zara

Some rabbits breed like humans.

Val

(To ZARA) Hey lady, y'know something, you're a psychologist's dream. Shrinks adore you.

Zara

(Leaving) Speaking of shrinks, I need a drink. *(Exits)*

(Lights could dim as VAL "educates" the newbie)

Val

Listen, stage mothers can be strange ... *(She's forgotten TAM'S name again)*

Tam

Tam.

Val

Gotcha, Tam. When you get to my age, it's easy to ... ah ...

Tam

Forget?

Val

That's it. So I use word association to help me remember names and for you it's biscuits *(cookies)*.

Tam

(Has no idea) Sorry?

Val

Tim Tam. *(Name of popular biscuits)*

Tam

(Thinking but still doesn't get it) Okay.

Val

Now the first thing to know about stage mothers is we're insecure. We put on this big show of confidence but underneath we're dead-set scared.

Tam

No. That I don't believe.

Val

It's true. And we respond to this insecurity by pushing our kid into competitions - like getting a role in this musical. If my kid gets the part, I feel better, but all this OTT behaviour stems from our insecurity.

Tam

(Puzzled) OTT?

Val

Over the top. Crazy, loud, argumentative behaviour. *(Pause)* You copy?

Tam

(Nods) I think I copy. But I cannot believe that you Val are insecure.

Val

Oh yes, insecure and guilty.

Tam

Guilty?

Val

(Unhappy memories) I made a dog's breakfast of raising my daughter and she went right off the rails - drugs, divorce, debt, dick of a partner - you name it. They took my granddaughter away from my daughter which is why I'm now her mum. And why I sure as hell won't make the same mistakes again.

Tam

Mistakes?

Val

When I was your age, I was too busy for my daughter. She ... lost her way.

Tam

(Afraid to ask) Is your daughter okay, now?

Val

(Sigh) Dunno. I haven't heard from her in a while.

Tam

She will be happy if your granddaughter gets a part in the show.

Val

(Sad) She will. *(Snaps out of her lethargy)* But you, *(Works through her routine)* biscuits, Tim Tam, *(Brightens)* Tam, if you want to be a stage mother, you need to learn a few things and the first involves being able to separate the nice mothers from the nasties.

Tam

(Shocked) No.

Val

Oh yes. You have to be able to pick a bitch.

Tam

(Shocked) Pick a bitch?

Val

There are two types of stage mother - nice and pretend nice. The nice ones help you while the pretend nice ones pretend to help but instead stab you in the back. Mind you, they smile as they shaft you.

(MUSIC BEGINS)

Tam

Shaft you?

Val

When they say "break a leg", they hope your darling snaps a cruciate.

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(OTHERS return with pram pushed to one side)

Tam *(Concerned)* I don't understand.
Val It's simple.

Song No. 4 *Is She a Bitch?*

Val *Just because mothers are nice to you
Ask, are they sincere?
Just because mums give advice to you
Check, should you have fear?
Just because cheap is the price for you
Wait, is it bent gear?
Some flatter with patter while hoping you'll clatter and splatter on
stage on your rear.*

Others *She tells you your daughter is simply divine*

Val *(Not TAM) But but ...*

Is she a bitch?

She says your tiara will others outshine

Others *(Not TAM) But but ...*

Val *Is she a bitch?*

Others *(Not TAM) Ahhh.*

Val *She sweet-talks and soft-soaps, your praises are sung*

And claims you look gorgeous, eternally young

But lying is easy, some speak with forked-tongue

Others *(Not TAM) But but ...*

Val *Is she a bitch?*

(Dialogue during song. They joke amongst themselves. Slowly TAM catches on)

Bev I say, I say, why did God create stage mothers?

Zara So real estate agents could feel better. *(Laughter)*

Debbie How can you tell when a stage mother is lying?

Val Other stage mothers become interested. *(More laughter)*

Zara How many stage mother jokes are there?

Bev One. The rest are all true. *(More laughter)*

Val What's the difference between a stage mother and a trampoline?

Debbie You remove your stillettos before you jump on a trampoline. *(More laughter)*

Bev How do stage mothers normally greet one another?

Others *(Even TAM) Hi. I'm better than you. (Biggest laugh)*

(Singing resumes with TAM well ensconced in the team)

Company *She tells you your daughter is simply divine*

Tam *But but ...*

Company *Is she a bitch?*

She says your tiara will others outshine

Tam *But but ...*

Company *Is she a bitch?*

Ahhh

Tam *She sweet-talks and soft-soaps, your praises are sung*

Company *And claims you look gorgeous, eternally young*
Tam *But lying is easy, some speak with forked-tongue*
Company *But but ...*
Is she, is she, flippin' heck well is she
A bitch?

(They return to the places with TAM now a part of the team)
Bev *(Fetching screed from her bag)* Hey, for your information, ladies, I've prepared a CV for my daughter.

Debbie A what?
Bev A CV. I think it stands for *Competitions Visited*.
Zara *(Scoffs)* Competitions visited? Why do you advertise your ignorance?
Debbie So what *does* it stand for?
Zara *(She doesn't know and tries to cover her ignorance)* It's ... ah, Latino.
Val You mean Latin, and she asked what it stands for.
Zara *(Doesn't know and hopes the others don't)* Something like, ... "Let the buyer beware".
Tam *(Pause)* It stands for *Curriculum Vitae* and roughly translated means "course of life". It's a list of someone's experiences and achievements.
(Pause as OTHERS are shocked /impressed with TAM'S intelligence)
Zara *(Under her breath)* Bitch. *(Louder boasting)* I knew that.
Tam Some people call it a résumé.
Bev Well this is my little Sue's résumé. *(Indicating screed)* These are all the shows she's been in and here, these are all the competitions where she's won a prize.

Tam That's wonderful.
Zara How many firsts? How many lead roles? Come on, give us a figure.
Bev *(Ignores ZARA)* A lot. She started when she was only three.
Zara *(Scoffs)* Oh big deal. My Moondust started when she was only four.
Bev *(Delighted)* Ah, so Susie started *before* Moondust.
Zara *(Being a bitch)* Sorry, did you say three?
Bev Yes, she'd just turned three.
Zara *(Pretend ignorance)* Oh three *years*. No Moondust started when she four *months*.
Bev *(Under her breath)* Bitch.

Debbie My girlfriend started her daughter when the little one was zero.
Others Zero?
Debbie Yeah, my girlfriend was pregnant and in an ad. They say her bub or bump *(Debbie's only gag)* behaved beautifully. *(OTHERS amused except ZARA who is gazumped)*
You can see it on YouTube.

Zara *(Under her breath)* Bitch.
(Pause. The tension about audition times is rising. They're talking now to calm their nerves)

Val Look, being the senior mother here ...
Zara You mean old. *(OTHERS unhappy with ZARA)*
Tam In my culture, the elderly people are given a very high status. They are highly respected. *(TAM bows to VAL who smiles)*

Bev You were saying Val.
Val I reckon we can learn from losing.
Zara *(Scoffs)* Ha.
Val Losing tests your resolve, it puts steel in your spine. You find out just how serious you are about getting better when you lose.

Zara Yes but you're still a loser.
Val Maybe we put too much pressure on kids today; pressure to compete, to win, and if they don't win, they suffer.
Zara And so they should; no pain, no gain.
Bev Give it a rest, Zara.
Val This win-everything approach, can be dangerous. The kid loses and feels they're a failure. They feel they've let us down, and maybe that damages them.
(Pause. VAL is speaking wisely)
Tam I never want to harm my daughter.
Debbie Me too.
Bev And me.
(They look at ZARA. She stares back)
Zara *(Defiant)* Toughen up, Princess.
(Change of topic. VAL has made her point and ZARA will never change)
Bev I'm feeling confident about this audition. This time I reckon my Sue will get the lead.
Zara No chance.
Tam After so many auditions, Bev, I think you deserve it. *(THEY stare at her. She worries)*
What? Oh please do not think that I am a *pretend-nice* Stage Mother?
Debbie I don't.
Val I *know* you're not.
Zara Well pretend or not makes no difference, Honey, because my daughter's a shoe-in.
Bev *(Defiant)* No she's not.
Zara Oh yes she is.
Bev Oh no she's not ... *(Blurts out her secret)* because I've bribed the director.
(Big shock to OTHERS although ZARA seems unusually calm)
Debbie You what?
Tam Is that allowed? Is that legal?
Val *(Shaking her head)* Silly, silly girl.
Bev *(Losing it)* I don't care. I'm sick of coming second. I'm always second. *(She's desperate)* And I'm desperate.
Zara And dumb.
Bev *(Now angry)* You're jealous. You're angry because I thought of it before you.
Zara You've done y'dough, kiddo.
Debbie *(Thinks she understands)* Oh no! Zara's paid a bigger bribe.
Bev What!? *(At ZARA)* You evil bitch. You can't even let me win at cheating.
Zara Not true, I haven't paid a cent.
Bev Ha! Then my baby *will* win.
Zara *(Super calm)* No, because you used bribery whereas I used blackmail.
Others Blackmail!
Zara *(Smug)* There's more than one way to screw a director.
Debbie I don't believe you.
Zara He's a man of power and sure, he wants cash. But since the #MeToo movement, he's desperate to keep his good reputation. He gives Moondust the part or I start singing.
Tam You're a *pretend-nice* bitch.

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- Bev** *(Thinks she understands)* Of course, you've slept with him; you've slept with everyone, *(Angry)* including my first boy friend.
- Zara** All's fair in love and showbiz, ladies. *(At BEV)* Suffer.
- Debbie** What have you got on the director?
- Zara** Now please, let's not be silly. It's because I keep quiet that Moondust will get the lead role.
- Val** Not quite.
- Zara** *(At BEV)* Nice stage mothers come second - again. *(Changes attitude and speaks to VAL)* What did you say?
- Val** *(Pedantic)* Not quite.
- Zara** *(Tinge of concern)* Meaning?
- Val** Blackmail may beat bribery but both are beaten by bonking.
- Others** *(Stunned)* What?
- Bev** Bonking? You've gotta be joking.
- Tam** Please, what is bonking?
- Debbie** You shagged the director? You?
- Zara** I didn't know he was blind.
- Val** Hard to believe an old sheila can still ... put it about.
- Tam** Put what about? Please, what is shagged?
- Zara** *(Disgusted)* That is gross.
- Val** Just call me Val Viagra.
- Debbie** *(Emotional and sincere)* Oh I'm so happy.
- Zara** Happy?
- Debbie** There's hope for all us big girls.
- Bev** Val, what have you done?
- Val** Now that would be telling. Suffice to say I'm the director's alibi for anything the lovely Zara cares to claim, *(Speaks at her with fake kindness)* darling. *(Pause. ZARA breathes heavily. VAL spits sarcasm, mimics ZARA)* Suffer.
- Bev** *(Pause as OTHERS take in what has just been revealed. BEV breaks the impasse and is angry)* That's it, that's the last straw. After a lifetime of losing I finally get to win by cheating only to be stiched up by the director and not one but *two* stage mothers. So much for honour among thieves. Well thank you very much, ladies - *(Bitter)* thanks for nothing.
- Val** Suck it up, Princess.
- Tam** What is the collective noun for bitches?
(MUSIC BEGINS)
- Zara** A vicarious of bitches.
- Debbie** A Worthington of bitches.
- Bev** A gazump of bitches.
- Val** A stage mother of all bitches.

Song No. 5 Second Prize?

- Bev** *Second prize is first prize for losers*
- Others** *Losers*
- Bev** *Runner-up is worse than coming last*
- Others** *Coming last*
- Bev** *You're so near and yet so far*

Someone else becomes a star
You're so close yet no cigar - you're outcast.
Others Outcast
Bev Podium but not the gold medallion
Others Medallion
Bev Will I ever see my kid come first?
Others Come first?
Bev Second prize is first prize for losers
Others Losers
Runner-up is worse than coming last.
Bev You wait for the results to be announced
You do not want an honourable mention
The placegetters are all that still remain
You smell and touch and feel the growing tension
Here it comes, the winner's name
Is it glory, is it shame?
Have you just been sold a pup?
Indeed you have you're runner-up
(QUINTET repeats the chorus)

(Pause as the women contemplate the news. BEV, ZARA and then VAL have all dropped bombshells. Why bother to stay, the result is already known)

Debbie *(At pram)* After all that's happened, the bribery, the blackmail and ...
Val The bonking.
Debbie Yes, that, especially that, I'm going to leave.
Tam No, Debbie, please stay.
Debbie I haven't got the money to bribe, the balls to blackmail or the body to seduce.
Bev You're forgetting one thing, Debbie, *(Pause. OTHERS look at her)* your daughter. It's not about us but about our girls.
Debbie *(Thinks)* Maybe.
Bev If you quit, the only real loser is your Kylie.
Debbie *(More thinking)* Perhaps. *(Decides to stay)* Okay, I'll stay.
Tam Good for you, Debbie.
Bev Besides, we could all have been lying. *(OTHERS react)* Although I wasn't.
Zara Why would I lie? I don't need to lie.
Val I could be lying. *(OTHERS stare at her)* But even if I am, it was worth it to see the look on the face of *(Indicating ZARA)* Madam Plastic Parts.
Zara *(Returns fire)* Ha. Word is Grannie, you blew it with your daughter and here you are, thirty years later, still making the same old mistakes.
(Pause. VAL rises and it looks like she's about to go to ZARA and get physical)
Bev Don't, Val, she's not worth it. *(Pause. Tension strong)* Trust me I know.
(VAL resumes her seat. ZARA smirks)
Tam I have to say, ladies, this is not what I expected at the auditions. There is so much rudeness and anger. Are you all *pretend-nice* stage mothers?
Val I did warn you, Biscuits.
Debbie Biscuits?

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- Val** Some stage mothers crawl over broken glass to win. Common sense, principles and morality get dumped in favour of their daughter winning. We'll do anything.
- Tam** But not you? Please, not you.
- Val** *(Being honest. Shrugs)* Sorry Kiddo, even me.
- Tam** *(Shaking head)* I really have made a big mistake. I cannot let my daughter audition. If your daughters are like you, it will be terrible for my child.
- Zara** Then you know what you can do.
- Tam** *(Nodding)* Yes, I think so.
- Zara** Get lost.
- Bev** No.
- Zara** We don't want your type anyway.
(Wow. That stops the traffic. Pause)
- Tam** My type? What is my type?
- Bev** Shut up, Zara.
- Debbie** Yeah, shut up, Zara.
- Zara** I'm doing her a favour.
- Val** A favour?
- Zara** I heard they're not looking for foreigners.
- Bev** Another lie.
- Tam** Foreigners? Who is a foreigner?
- Val** *(At ZARA)* You're confused lady. First it's beauty, then it's talent and now it's skin. You wanna make up your mind, sister.
- Tam** Is there a rule about ethnicity? Do they only offer parts to people of a certain race?
- Others** *(Not ZARA)* No.
- Bev** Ignore her, Tam. She's worried because your daughter's a real threat to Moonbeam.
- Zara** Moondust.
- Debbie** Bulldust.
- Zara** Moondust Poppyseed.
- Bev** She just wants you to quit.
- Tam** *(Pause. TAM decides to stay)* No, I won't be pushed around. I will stay.
- Debbie** Yeah, stand up to the bully and watch her back off. I did and I speak from personal experience.
- Zara** When did you ever stand up to anyone?
- Debbie** *(Defiant)* I've been practising.
- Zara** Hasn't exactly worked, has it? Different kids, different fathers. You wouldn't know how to say no. I bet you're living with another loser right now. Am I right or am I right?
(DEBBIE is about to cry. ZARA is right)
- Bev** Ignore the bitch, Debbie.
- Val** *(To ZARA)* So, Ms High-Maintenance, in this day and age, what's with the racist crap?
- Zara** I'm trying to be helpful. This new musical, *Rosie*, is all about our modern-day society.
- Bev** Which is full of people from different backgrounds.
- Zara** Yes, but ...

- Debbie** Yes but what? We all speak English.
Zara Not as a first language. You can tell when kids have parents who speak another language at home.
Val *(Sarcastic)* Oh, now you're a linguistics expert.
Zara Producers and directors have a certain image, a certain type they want and anyone who doesn't fit that image is wasting their time.
Tam How does my daughter not fit this image?
Bev Yeah, you've never even met her.
Zara I'm not the casting director. I'm just telling you how they work.
Tam May I ask where Moondust Poppysseed was born?
Zara Not that it's any of your business but here of course.
Tam So was my daughter.
Zara Yeah but I was born here too.
Tam So was I.
Val *(At ZARA)* Not looking good, lady. Quit now and you'll avoid the tag of "complete moron".
Zara In this country, my family goes back five generations.
Bev Which means your ancestors were migrants.
Debbie Your family is the same as Tam's.
Zara *(Stumped at first)* Yes but my family came from the old country.
Val What, Disneyland?
Zara The Old Dart, the British Isles, England. We speak English here and my great-great-grandparents migrated from England.
Bev Congratulations.
Zara They came from Glasgow and I'm proud of my English ancestors.
Val And you reckon they were English?
Zara That's what I said.
Val Well don't try telling a Glaswegian they're English or you'll finish up looking like a deep-fried Mars Bar.
Tam I sometimes have people tell me to go back where I came from and I ask, "Do you mean Noble Park"? *(Inset name of local suburb)*
Bev Good answer, Tam.
(MUSIC BEGINS)
Tam I understand being different but there are some things I cannot change, no matter what I say or do.

Song No. 6 *Who I Am*

- Tam** *Blame me for being dishonest
Blame me for telling a lie
Call me a fool,*
Zara *(Spoken)* You're a fool
Tam *Point out I'm cruel*
Bev *(Spoken)* You're cruel
Tam *Blame me for failing to try.*
Others To try.
Tam *Blame me being impatient*
Others *Impatient*

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Tam *Not caring or giving a damn*
Others *Bup bup bup bup - Ooooo*
Tam *Point out my sin but leave out my skin*
Don't blame me for who I am.

Blame me for being unhelpful
Others *Unhelpful*
Tam *Blame me for choosing to hate*
Others *To hate*
Tam *Blame me for gossip and rumours untrue*
Rudeness and crudeness and bad manners too
Blame me for losing my temper
For cheating and being a sham

Others *Bup bup bup bup - Ooooo*
Tam *Mock my pursuits but never my roots*
Don't blame me for who I am.
If someone is born disabled is it their fault?

Others *No, it's not*
Tam *If born in a certain country are they to blame?*
Others *No, they're not*
Tam *If parents are poor or rotten to the core*
Should their kids cop a score that's low

Others *No!*
Tam *If a person speaks a language, is that wrong?*
Others *No, it's not*
Tam *Or follows a religion, is that bad?*
Others *No, it's not*
Tam *Then why attack them for their past?*
It was taught them as a child
Criticize them for what they have done.

Blame me for being unfaithful
Others *Unfaithful*
Tam *Blame me for failing to care*
Others *To care*
Tam *Highlight my fibs, my corny ad-libs*
When I've been selfish and never would share.
Blame me for stealing and cheating
Promoting a sting and a scam

Others *Bup bup bup bup - Ooooo*
Tam *Sneer at my jokes but never my folks*
Don't blame me for who I am.

(Song ends and chatter is limited. They check their phone for texts. They know more about each other and about their daughters. It's almost time to get that important audition time)

Bev You know, I don't care what time my Susie gets for her audition.
Debbie Same here.
Zara Good, you can all go first.

Tam Why should anyone go first? Is that an advantage?
Zara There's a rule - first to audition, first to be cut.
Bev You just made that up.
Tam *(Thinks it's a physical cut)* They cut you? Literally?
Debbie *(Explains to TAM)* No, it means they reject you.
Zara Moondust will be the last or second last person the director sees, and the one they remember. Her brilliant audition will destroy those who auditioned early.
Val When you audition means nothing.
Zara *(Sarcastic)* Oh, Methuselah speaks.
Val First, last or inbetween, makes no difference. They know what they want and when that someone appears, you're given a callback.
Tam What's a callback?
Val They reckon you're good for the part so call you back for a second audition.
Zara Sometimes a third.
Bev But once the auditions start, we're helpless, it's out of our hands. All that work, all that blood, sweat and tears you spilt for your daughter comes down to one lousy audition. *(Mock prayer)* Oh theatre gods, shine your light on me.
Tam *(In shock)* Did you say blood, sweat and tears?
Bev You betcha.
Tam *Real* blood, sweat and tears?
Bev Of course. For any serious stage mother that's an absolute minimum.
Zara You're not a stage mother 'til you've given your life for your darling.
Tam *(Still in shock)* Your life?
Debbie I worry about my twins. If the authorities ever find out how much time and money I spend on my Kylie, they may take away the boys.
Tam *(Distressed)* But that's terrible.
Debbie True but I'd let them. Kylie's that important.
Tam *(Distressed)* No, you can't, that's wrong.
Bev No, that's life, Tam, total commitment. You surrender your social life, family life, even your career in the service of your daughter's success.
Tam That cannot be true. *(OTHERS amused at TAM's ignorance)*
Others *(Pantomime like - not TAM)* Oh yes it is.
Bev Listen lady, I drive my Sue to ballet class, tap class, singing lessons, piano lessons, swimming, yoga, Pilates, hair appointments, dressmaker, acupuncturist dermatologist, manicurist, nutritionist, optometrist, orthodontist, publicist, and psychologist.
Zara And she's a *lazy* stage mother.
Tam *(In shock)* You take your ten year old daughter to a psychologist?
Bev Yeah, she sits in the waiting-room while the shrink sorts me out.
Tam *(Can't believe it)* I don't know what to say.
Val You might have to lift your game, Biscuits.
Zara That's nothing.
Others Nothing!?
Zara I've so dedicated my life to Moondust, I forgot I had a son.
Tam *(Staggered)* That cannot be true.
Zara You have to be a stage mother to appreciate the sacrifice.
Debbie That's true.
Tam So you forgot you had a son?

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Zara *(She's serious)* Well, not completely. I mean I vaguely remember the conception.
Val So it wasn't immaculate?
Zara And the birth kinda rings a bell but once I got started on Moondust's stage career, other things faded from my mind.
Tam Please don't tell me you've forgotten your husband.
Zara Who?
Tam Your husband. *(Trying to help)* I'm sorry, I don't know his name?
Zara *(She can't remember)* Neither do I.
Bev Think of the number six.
Zara *(Looks in bag)* I've got it written down somewhere. *(Gives up)*
Debbie I can remember all my boyfriends. *(OTHERS stop and stare)* It's true.
Bev Wow, with your track record, Debbie, that's some achievement.
Debbie I've got so many notches on my bed posts, they look like Swiss cheese. *(Proud)*
And with my latest boyfriend, we're coming up to our first anniversary.
Zara Week or fortnight?
Val I moved my granddaughter from the country to be closer to town. I lived in the sticks for the last twenty years but sold everything and moved here so my Nevaeh can be a star.
Tam *(It's an eye-opener)* This is amazing. You have all dedicated your whole life to helping your daughter.
Bev It's a no-brainer.
Debbie The benefits outweigh the costs.
Val It's what we do.
Zara Wouldn't have it any other way.
(Pause as they stare at TAM affirming their role in life)
Tam But I wonder, would you do all that if, instead of a daughter, you had a son?
(Huge shock, OTHERS collapse, sit, gasp, fall back, etc)
Others A son!
(MUSIC BEGINS)
Debbie *(Distraught)* You mean Kylie would be Kevin?
Val *(Discombobulated)* What is "hell" backwards?
Zara *(Determined)* I'd make him have the operation.
Bev *(Despairs)* I couldn't handle a boy called Sue.

Song No. 7 Thank God I Had a Daughter

Quintet *Thank God I had a daughter, thank God I had a girl
Imagine a son, the mess and the gun
The sweat and the swearing, the X-Box all blaring
Thank God I had a female, a silly, frilly, lily, a pearl
Thank God I had a daughter, thank God I had a girl.*

(The women take it in turns to shout a comment at their imaginary sons who are out beyond the audience. The mothers are unhappy. TAM is observing but joins in on the final speech)

Zara *(Spoken)* Will you please put your football gear in the laundry.
Bev *(Holding up imaginary undies)* You do know you're allowed to use toilet paper.
Val What time exactly did the bomb explode in your bedroom?

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Debbie Could you please turn down the music, one or preferably two decibels?
Zara Oh come on, how hard is it to pick up your own towel?
Bev You do know you've been in your bedroom now for six months.
Val No, God did not create pizza and chips.
Debbie I don't know. Ask your father.
Quintet You are allowed to wash.

(Song is repeated with TAM now fully on board with understanding the commitment of a stage mother having a daughter. There is a counter melody)

Quintet *Thank God, oh thank you God, Thank you, God
Thank God I had a daughter, thank God I had a girl.*

(They collapse after the number because it's a full-on performance and because they have avoided the dreaded experience of not having a daughter. They puff and pant and relax)

FX *Door knocking
(The women are instantly alive. It's another stage mother with what might be a fanatastic star child performer. They've all - even TAM - become desperate to win now that audition time draws ever closer)*

Zara *(Hushed tones)* Shut up. Don't make a sound.

Tam Who is it?

Others Shhhh.

Zara *(Whispers)* It's the enemy.

Tam *(TAM is confused, whispers)* Who is the enemy?

Zara *(Whispers)* Another mother.

Bev *(Whispers)* Lock the door.

Val *(Whispers)* Block the door.

Debbie *(Dragging pram upstage. Whispers)* I'll barricade us in.

Tam *(Whispers)* If it will help, I've studied martial arts.

(That momentarily startles the OTHERS who new realise that TAM is one of them)

Zara *(Heading to door)* Come on.

(They move to upstage door joining DEBBIE and press against it joining forces to protect their patch. They lean in but keep quiet)

Bev *(Whispers)* I can't hear anything.

Zara Shhhh.

Val *(Pause. Whispers)* If we keep quiet and block the door, they'll go away.

Debbie *(Whispers)* I agree, let's all keep quiet.

FX *Babies start crying*

(DEBBIE shattered. OTHERS despair and mime frustration. The FX is one baby at first which becomes two. The plan to keep quiet collapses as DEBBIE struggles to quieten her brood - without success. Facing front EVERYONE fusses around the pram making signs or faces or whatever to try and distract the babies and stop their crying. Just as this builds to a climax another knocking sound is heard)

FX *Door knocking*

Zara *(First to be distracted. Still whispering)* Stop, stop. *(The fussing stops and crying baby sounds fade)* What was that?

Bev *(Still whispering)* What was what?

Zara *(Still whispering)* I heard knocking.

Tam *(Still whispering)* So did I.

Bev *(Indicating upstage door)* Yes, it's this door.

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Val *(Still whispering)* It's another mother.
Debbie *(Pleased)* Oh look, my boys are asleep.
Zara *(No longer whispering)* It's not this door.
Others What?
Bev *(Worried)* Then it must be ... *(She indicates office door)*
(OTHERS turn and face office door)
FX *Door knocking*
(Pause. The penny drops)
Zara The producer's office.
Bev With the audition times.
(Another pause before stampede begins - well choreographed of course. Each mother heads to the producer's office to get a booking for their little angel. DEBBIE abandons the pram. There's a bit of argy-bargy as they struggle to open the door. DEBBIE is at the back of the pack)
(MUSIC BEGINS)

Song No. 8 Thank God I Had a Daughter (Instrumental)

(This dialogue is spoken over the top of one another)
Zara I was first.
Bev Like hell you were.
Val Age before beauty.
Tam Beginners go first.
Debbie *(Pretend panic as she plays a trick)* Oh no, my babies.
(The OTHERS are distracted by DEBBIE's fake distress. They stop struggling allowing DEBBIE to push/sneak through, open the door and exit)
Debbie *(Smug)* Thank you.
(OTHERS realise they've been tricked and follow with shoving and abuse to match. Again dialogue spoken over top of one another and use of ad lib is possible)
Zara You bitch.
Bev Stop pushing.
Val Move, Biscuits.
Tam Move yourself.
(They all exit. Lights start to fade. Music ends)
FX *Babies crying*
(Crossfade end of music with FX of babies. FX of babies crying rises in volume and then softly fades as lights fade. Now crossfade FX of crying with FX of cooing, gurgling)
FX *Babies cooing, being happy*
(Crossfade cooing baby sounds with house lights coming up)

INTERVAL

(During interval, the women change into children's costumes and become their daughter/granddaughter. The pram is removed. Perhaps a banner of the musical Rosie could be displayed upstage. The performers now wear tap shoes. They are here to audition)

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ACT TWO

(MUSIC BEGINS and house lights slowly fade. The music finishes in darkness)

Song No. 9 Entracte (Instrumental)

(MUSIC ENDS. Pause and then two two things happen simultaneously. Lights come up and MUSIC BEGINS)

Song No. 10 Pushy Stage Mother

(“GIRLS” come in a la chorus line. The performers are the daughters (granddaughter) of the five women in Act One. Moondust, Kylie Thao, Nevaeh and Sue are the auditionees. They probably wear outrageous wigs, bows, ribbons, shorts or short skirts, sparkling tops, tap shoes, short socks and liberal lashings of make-up. The “girls” bounce in and sing)

Company	<i>I've got a pushy stage mother Oh happy, snappy, tappy that's me She's not a bit like any other Certifiable is she She helps make me a winner, to scoop that major prize It's thanks to darling mater that my star will rise Oh I've got a pushy stage mother Oh happy, snappy, tappy that's me.</i>
Moondust	<i>Where would I be without mother? Where would I be without ma? Flat on my face, such a disgrace Right off the pace to be a star. Where would I be without Mummy? She alone can take me far Where would I be without mother? Where would I be without ma?</i>
Susan	<i>Where would I be without Mutter? Where would I be without her?</i>
Kylie	<i>Under the cosh, all out of dosh Needing a wash, much more a spur.</i>
Thao	<i>Where would I be without Madre? Stuck behind some amateur</i>
Val	<i>Where would I be without my old lady Where would I be without her?</i>

(Chorus is repeated with dance. The GIRLS spread out, fuss and get ready to audition)

Kylie	Well I'm ready for my audition. I've been practicing forever.
Susan	Me too. I am so ready it's not funny.
Thao	I've only just started practicing. Does that mean I might fail the audition?
Nevaeh	Probably.
Moondust	Definitely. If you fail to prepare, you prepare to fail. You should go home now.
Thao	<i>(Saddened, starts to leave)</i> Oh, really?

Moondust Yes really. On y'bike, Sister.

Susan *(Protesting)* No. *(THAO stops)* Don't listen to her. You stay.

Kylie Yes, you stay. I'm Kylie. What's your name?

Thao Thao.

Nevaeh Pardon?

Moondust Cow? What sort of name is that?

Sue A nice one. I'm Sue and I think you should stay, Thao.

Thao *(Changes her mind)* Thank you, I'll stay, but I am a little nervous.

Nevaeh Oh nerves are good, we're all nervous, and I'm Nevaeh.

Moondust Nevaeh? What sort of a name is that?

Nevaeh It's Heaven backwards.

Moondust *(Under breath)* Backwards is right. *(Louder)* I'm not nervous.

Susan I bet you are even if only a little bit.

Moondust I'm not allowed to be nervous. Anyway, fear is for losers and I'm going to get the main part in this new show - again.

Thao Really? How do you know that?

Susan I bet she knows the director.

Moondust As a matter of fact I do. But I succeed because of networking. I go to all the right cocktail parties and work the room. *(OTHERS shocked)*

Nevaeh Cocktail parties? How old are you?

Kylie I had a party last week. I was ten. *(Thinks)* Or was I eleven?

Susan I'm the right age for the main part of Rosie. My mum says I'm perfect for the role and I've been rehearsing all the right songs.

Moondust Big deal.

Kylie *(To MOONDUST)* I don't know your name.

Moondust You should - I'm a star.

Susan *(Under her breath)* Mon-star.

Kylie What is it?

Moondust If you must know, it's Moondust.

Others Moondust!

Moondust Moondust Poppypeed, the name of the star of this new show.

Nevaeh Don't be so sure. I've been rehearsing and will show off my best me.

Thao I haven't had any experience on stage. Do you think that will be a problem?

Moondust Massive. If I were you I'd leave now.

Sue But not if you're really talented. Experience is important and if the director sees potential, you'll be considered.

Kylie I've had a lot of experience watching shows. *(OTHERS look at her)*

Nevaeh Watching?

Kylie Yes, I'm very good at that.

Sue But what about performing? What have you done?

Kylie Not a lot. I've only had one part and I didn't forget a single word.
(MUSIC BEGINS)

Moondust What part? I've never heard of you or seen you on stage - ever.

Song No. 11 *I'm the Understudy to the Scarecrow*

Kylie *It isn't what you'd call a major role
I didn't have a line to speak, a note to sing, a move to make*

*And as I said it isn't what you'd call a major role.
I thought all my Christmases had come at once
When in fact I simply crowned myself the dunce.*

*I was the understudy to the scarecrow
In the back row by the wings
With a head of hay, not a word to say
Any wonder my phone never rings
I won't ever be an actor
Only here cos me mother pulled some strings
I was the understudy to the scarecrow
In the back row by the wings*

*I never can remember my lines
I struggle just to sing in key
I may look sweet but with two left feet
I'm the perfect nobody.*

(During the dance break, KYLIE dresses/is dressed as a scarecrow and comes alive for a wee dance. OTHERS reprise the chorus then all settle and attend to their clothes, shoes, etc.)

- Thao** I would like to make the announcement. My mother has made a great sacrifice for me to be here today.
- Sue** So's mine.
- Kylie** Me too.
- Moondust** Nobody makes a bigger sacrifice than my mother - nobody.
- Thao** *(Taken aback)* Oh, well I am very pleased for your mothers.
- Nevaeh** I get a lot of help from my grandmother.
(OTHERS stop and look at NEVAEH)
- Sue** Did you say grandmother?
- Nevaeh** To me, she's a star.
- Kylie** My mother doesn't get any help from her mother. She doesn't get any help at all.
- Thao** I think that's wonderful, the whole family helping.
- Hevaeh** My gran used to be in showbiz and now she's helping me do the same. She's taught me everything I know.
- Moondust** Bully for her.
- Nervaeh** Even the dirty tricks.
(OTHERS REACT)
- Sue** *(Surprised)* She doesn't help you with them?
- Thao** Please, what are dirty tricks?
- Moondust** They're how I star at auditions, they're my ticket to success.
- Thao** I don't understand.
- Moondust** And believe you me, the best performers play the best dirty tricks.
- Thao** But what are they?
- Nevaeh** I'll tell you. My gran texted a girl and told her the auditions were off.
- Thao** *(Confused)* And that's a dirty trick?
- Sue** It's a beauty.
- Nevaeh** But that's being kind and helpful. *(OTHERS groan)*
- Nevaeh** Not when the auditions *weren't* off. The other girl missed out.

- Thao** *(Shocked)* You mean your gran lied?
- Nevaeh** In a word, yes.
- Thao** Deliberately?
- Nevaeh** In two words, oh yes.
- Thao** But that's terrible.
- Moondust** No, that's a dirty trick. That's how you win.
- Thao** *(About to cry)* I don't want to be here.
- Sue** I once put drawing pins in another girl's shoes.
- Thao** I will never do anything like that. I will never perform a dirty trick.
- Sue** Give it time.
- Moondust** You'll change.
- Kylie** I once accidentally spilt honey in me knickers.
- Nevaeh** How is that a dirty trick?
- Kylie** Dunno but I smelt very nice.
- Moondust** I once started a rumour about a girl who wet herself on stage.
- Sue** *(Furious)* So it *was* you!
- Moondust** Of course it was me and it worked. You couldn't handle the sniggering.
- Sue** *(Anger brewing)* But it wasn't true.
- Moondust** Dirty tricks aren't true. That's what makes them dirty tricks.
- Sue** But I didn't wet myself on stage.
- Moondust** Yes you did.
- Sue** *(Almost breaking down)* I wet myself in the wings.
- Moondust** *(Laughing, not looking at SUE but mocking her)* In the wings.
(SUE is enraged and moves to fight MOONDUST who turns at the last moment and, like their mothers, they grab each other's hands and fight thus keeping their hands free from slapping and scratching. They yell over the top of one another)
- Sue** You bitch.
- Moondust** You snitch.
(THAO screams. OTHERS are upset and move to break up the fight)
- Nevaeh** Hey! Stop fighting!
(KYLIE and THAO each grab a contestant)
- Thao** Yes, please stop.
- Kylie** That's enough.
(SUE is escorted/dragged away from MOONDUST)
- Moondust** *(Calling)* You always were pathetic. Loser.
- Sue** *(Calling back but being restrained)* You always were a runner-up. Poser.
- Nevaeh** *(Angry)* I said, 'Stop fighting!'
(The pugilists settle, the OTHERS settle)
- Thao** I have to say this, girls, I am in shock. This is my first time at the auditions and I did not expect to see competitors fighting.
- Moondust** This is normal.
- Thao** *(Stunned)* Girls fighting is normal?
- Kylie** Yes and I reckon girls are better fighters than boys.
- Thao** *(Stunned)* No.
- Moondust** What do you expect? Our mothers are stage mothers.
- Nevaeh** *(To THAO)* You'd better learn the rules, sister. *(She's forgotten THAO'S name)* What's your name again?
- Others** *(Not quite shouting)* Thao.

- Nevaeh** You need to understand, Thao. We girls are super competitive. To us winning isn't everything. It's ...
- Others** *(Except THAO)* ... the only thing.
- Nevaeh** Dirty tricks, mind games, you name it. We cheat, steal and yes, we fight.
- Thao** I have made a big mistake. *(Leaving)* I should not be here.
- Nevaeh** *(Calls)* Hang on. *(THAO stops)* Do you want to perform on the stage?
- Thao** *(Pause, thinks)* Yes. *(Stronger)* Yes, I really do.
- Nevaeh** Then before you audition you have to go to the School of Hard Knocks.
- Thao** I don't understand.
- Nevaeh** Come here.
(THAO moves to NEVAEH and sits beside her)
- Kylie** *(Exiting upstage, needs the Ladies)* I need to put some powder up my nose.
- Sue** *(Joining KYLIE. Whispering)* I think you mean powder on your nose?
(They exit and lights fade to concentrate on NEVAEH and THAO)
- Nevaeh** When you go to lots of auditions, you learn things.
- Thao** Like dirty tricks?
- Nevaeh** Exactly. And ... *(Stops and looks at MOONDUST)* Care to join us, Miss Stickybeak?
- Moondust** *(Exiting)* I'd rather paint my nails with vomit. *(She exits)*
- Nevarh** See, that's what I mean. Some girls are nice and some are ...
- Thao** Nasty?
- Nevaeh** Exactly.
- Thao** But you're not like that.
- Nevaeh** *(Hesitates)* Oooo, sometimes.
- Thao** No, I don't believe you. You couldn't be nasty when you come from such a wonderful family.
- Nevaeh** Errr, not exactly wonderful.
- Thao** But your gran, she is there helping your mother.
- Nevaeh** *(Shaking head)* No. Listen. My gran is now my mother.
- Thao** *(Shocked)* Oh, I'm so sorry. I didn't know your mother had passed away.
- Nevaeh** She hasn't, at least I don't think so. *(Pause, decides to tell all)* When I was little, my mum did some bad things and went away so I live with my gran.
- Thao** *(Afraid to ask)* And is your mother okay, now?
- Nevaeh** *(Sigh)* Not sure. I haven't seen her for a very long time.
- Thao** She'll be happy if you get a part in the show.
- Nevaeh** She will. She always rings on my birthday and sends a present at Christmas.
- Thao** That's nice.
- Nevaeh** *(Snaps out of her lethargy)* But you, ... *(Can't remember her name)*
- Thao** Thao.
- Nevaeh** But you, Thao, if you want to succeed at this audition and be a star on the stage, you need to learn things and the first is about make-up. My gran says, "Never stint".
- Thao** What is skint?
- Nevaeh** Not skint, stint. It means slap it on. Too much make-up is never enough.
- Thao** *(Hand to face)* Oh.
- Nevaeh** Then next there's your smile.
- Thao** *(Relieved about this one)* Well that's not difficult. I can smile. Look. *(She smiles)*
- Nevaeh** No, no, I'm talking about a very particular smile. This one needs a roomful of teeth and eyes that double as a lighthouse.

Thao *(Less sure)* I could probably do that.
Nevaeh Non-stop for at least three minutes.
Thao *(That sounds tricky)* Oh.
Nevaeh As you dance and travel and bow and wave and always make eye contact with your audience, *(Pedantic)* you must use your face. *(Gives huge fake smile)*
Thao I see.
Nevaeh You have to be able to smile when sad, and grin when a grump.
Thao *(Shocked)* Smile when sad?
(MUSIC BEGINS)
Nevaeh You must pretend you're happy even when you're not. Dirty tricks are one thing, but ... *(Has forgotten her name - again)*
Thao Thao.
Nevaeh Thao, you'll never perform 'til you master your fantastic plastic smile.
(The OTHERS enter once the song begins and join in later)

Song No. 12 Plastic Smile

Nevaeh *When you choose to tread the boards
Go upon the wicked stage
Then you need to learn the histrionic art
You project and you emote
You declaim and hit that note
In the hope you'll make at least a living wage.
When it's Thespis you adore
Feel the theatre in your core
And you strive to find the perfect style
There is a simple trick you can master oh so quick
It's the basis of your schtick, your dial.*

*When you're on the stage performing
Don't forget your plastic smile
When you're up the front informing
Get them warming with your dial
If you plan to try barnstorming
Have them swarming for your style
When you're on the stage performing
Don't forget your plastic smile*

Quintet *It's the teeth, it's the teeth
It's the pearly whites, the toothy pegs, the teeth*

(QUINTET joins in on the march past and the repeat of the chorus. Song ends and there is a lot of jaw manipulation after all that forced grinning)

Moondust I just thought you'd all like to know that I've run out of wall space in my house.
Sue Tell that to someone who cares.
Moondust I've filled all the shelves in my bedroom with the trophies and medals I've won at dancing comps, singing comps and speech comps.

- Kylie** I haven't got any shelves.
- Moondust** I've got a poster of every show I've starred in and there are so many, I've run out of wall space.
- Nevaeh** So you've moved out of the tent then?
- Moondust** I'm going to have an extension built with a special room just for my medals, trophies and posters.
- Kylie** I've kept my scarecrow costume.
- Sue** But despite all your prizes, you've never ever won the daring comp.
(That stops EVERYONE especially MOONDUST)
- Moondust** The daring comp? I've never even heard of it.
- Sue** And you'll never ever win it because you're a coward.
(MOONDUST starts to move to SUE but OTHERS step in preventing another fight)
- Thao** This is something I do not understand.
- Nevaeh** I reckon she's making it up.
- Sue** The Daring Competition is won by the girl who dares to defy her stage mother.
- Nevaeh** She is making it up.
- Moondust** What utter garbage.
- Sue** *(At MOONDUST)* And you will never even enter the comp.
- Moondust** Not only will I enter every comp, but unlike the rest of you, I'll win.
- Thao** How do you defy your stage mother?
- Nevaeh** Good question.
(OTHERS look at SUE. She milks the moment)
- Sue** You retire.
- Others** *(Stunned)* What?
- Sue** You tell your stage mother you no longer want to rehearse, audition and perform and so you quit. *(At MOONDUST)* And that Moondust Poppysseed, is something you will never do. And why? Because you're a coward.
(Pause. Silence. MOONDUST is stuck for an answer. The thought is staggering. Telling her pushy stage mother she will no longer continue seems incredible)
- Nevaeh** Lost your tongue, trophy-winner?
- Moondust** It's a stupid idea. Why would I want to retire?
- Sue** Because like so many of us, you're doing all this for your mother. I know girls who hate having a stage mother but they keep going because they don't dare quit.
- Nevaeh** My gran would have a fit if I quit.
- Kylie** My Mum'd have a break-up.
- Sue** Break-down.
- Kylie** *(Nodding)* That too.
- Moondust** I could retire at any time. *(OTHERS scoff)* I could.
- Sue** Your Mum'd kill you and you know it.
- Moondust** *(Struggling to win the case)* You just want me to stop so you'll have a chance at winning. Well hard cheese, runners-up, you're gunna have to keep on coming second - losers.
(MOONDUST fiddles with her hair, make-up, whatever. OTHERS discuss SUE's radical idea)
- Nevaeh** It's true. We do do all this not because we want to but because our stage mothers want us to.
- Sue** But if they didn't push us, they wouldn't be a stage mother.
- Thao** I'm not sure I've got a stage mother.
- Nevaeh** Try quitting and you'll find out.

Kylie Scarecrows never quit so why should I?
Thao Have you all got trophies, medals and posters on your walls?
(OTHERS can't boast of the success enjoyed by MOONDUST)
Sue I've got a couple.
Nevaeh I've got a few.
Kylie I'm not sure if we've got any walls.
Thao *(Pause)* Well after listening to all of you, I don't think winning is all that important.
(OTHERS scoff)
Moondust Only a loser would say that.
Sue Sorry Thao but winning is the only thing.
Kylie It is and I should know because I'm very good at not winning.
Nevaeh *(To THAO)* So come on, what's more important than winning?
(OTHERS look at Thao. She says what she believes)
Thao *(She takes her time)* Friendship. *(OTHERS scoff)* Kindness. *(OTHERS scoff but each time another word is spoken, the scoffing decreases)* Patience. *(OTHERS scoff)* Forgiveness. *(OTHERS scoff)* Politeness. *(OTHERS scoff)* Love. *(Silence)*
(OTHERS don't know what to say. They are so used to being unkind to one another or being falsely kind that someone genuinely nice and wise is a rarity)
(MUSIC BEGINS)

Song No. 13 *What's More Important?*

Thao *What's more important than friendship?
Who's more important than friends?
What's more fulfilling, so brill and so thrilling
Than friendship that never ends?
What's more important than kindness?
What's more important to speak of?
What's more that's worthwhile, that brings on a warm smile
What's more important than love?*

*What's more important than manners?
What's more important than peace?
What creates ease, but thank you and please
Manners let goodness release
What's more important than forgiveness?
Shout out your answer above
What's more inviting, uniting, exciting?
What's more important than love?*

*All over the world today
People find ways to hate
All over the world they say
I want to fight you, sleight you and smite you.*

Quintet *What's more important than forgiveness?
Shout out your answer above
What's more inviting, uniting, exciting?*

What's more important than love?

(Song ends with everyone feeling good but not knowing what to say next)

- Sue** That was nice.
- Kylie** Yes I really liked that.
- Neveah** I feel ... different. Thanks, ah ...
- Others** *(Even THAO)* Thao.
- Neveah** *(Grinning)* Thao.
- Moondust** *(Reluctant praise)* I suppose it was okay.
- Thao** I think I need to talk to my mother about going to auditions.
(Now the OTHERS slip back into their real selves)
- Moondust** Oh dear, she's going to quit before she's started.
- Sue** Don't give up yet, Thao. Give it a try. You might find you like it.
(OTHERS agree)
- Thao** I'm going to do something none of you have ever done.
- Neveah** Yeah, quit.
- Thao** I'm going to talk to my mother.
(OTHERS react and go defensive)
- Moondust** I've done that. I talk to my mother.
- Sue** I do it all the time.
- Thao** And say what?
- Kylie** "Hello" and "is there any more ice-cream?"
- Neveah** I never stop talking to my gran.
- Thao** Talking's fine but so is listening. Stage mothers are good at talking. They give orders and we follow. In some ways, we're all like sheep.
- Sue** *(OTHERS react, protest)* You've got a cheek.
- Thao** They tell us what to wear, what routine to learn, which competition to enter and when we can start and stop practising. They control our life.
(Silence. It's true)
- Moondust** *(Angry)* And what's wrong with that? *(OTHERS agree)* A stage mother smothers us with love. *(OTHERS agree)*
- Thao** Smothers is right. You can't breathe unless she says so.
- Kylie** My mum makes huge sacrifices for me.
- Sue** So does mine.
- Thao** But are those sacrifices for you or for her? Does your mother ever ask if you really want to do this performing, to live this life?
- Moondust** *(Angry)* I *do* want to do this performing. I want to live this life.
(OTHERS agree although doubts are starting to appear)
- Thao** But is your mother living her life through you? If your mother stopped pushing you to rehearse and perform, would you mind? Would you be pleased to stop?
(Silence. These thoughts have never been considered before)
- Moondust** *(Not convincing)* I wouldn't.
- Kylie** I'm not sure.
- Neveah** My gran loves me.
- Thao** Of course but does she love you enough to give you a choice?
(Another pause as these ideas are challenging)
- Sue** I think you're jealous.
- Moondust** Exactly.

- Thao** Jealous of what? Being cruel and hoping your opponents fall over mid-performance? Playing dirty tricks? Wearing a plastic smile? I don't want to be like that.
- Sue** You're jealous because you haven't got a stage mother and we have.
(OTHERS agree. They need a reason to understand what is happening)
- Moondust** Yeah, you haven't got any ambition because your mum is a wimp.
- Kylie** My mum is a wimp but I still wanna perform.
- Naveah** Wait, wait, wait. I've just noticed something.
- Sue** What?
- Nevaeh** Can't you see? We're all like our mothers. *(Big shock from OTHERS)*
- Moondust** What?
- Naveah** We're younger versions of our mums, peas in a pod, copy cats. *(Indicating THAO)*
Her mother is not pushy, *she's* not pushy. *(Indicating KYLIE)* Her mother's a soft touch, *she's* a soft touch.
- Moondust** *(Threatening)* Don't you dare.
- Naveah** My mum's a no-hoper, I can't remember people's names.
- Sue** What about me?
- Naveah** Is your mum a dreamer, someone who wants to get better but never quite makes it?
- Sue** Yes, and that's me - exactly.
- Naveah** Can't you see? We're all just like our mothers and if we have a daughter, she'll be just like us.
- Moondust** So, what's wrong with that?
- Sue** Nothing.
- Thao** Everything, if you want a choice. Some stage mothers don't give their kids that choice. Some are stuck on the road with no exits.
- Moondust** *(Shouting with rage)* My stage mother loves me!
- Thao** Then she'll have no problem when you ask if you can talk about your life and where it's heading.
(Pause, That makes sense. This is scary)
- Kylie** I feel kinda ... scary.
- Nevaeh** I've decided. I'm going to talk to my gran about retirement.
(OTHERS react)
- Thao** Good for you, ah ... what's your name again?
(OTHERS get the joke and the mood is made lighter)
- Sue** I guess there's no harm in talking.
- Thao** Of course there isn't. And you don't have to quit. I don't want anyone to stop performing if that's what they want. It's all about being able to talk to our stage mum about our true feelings.
- Moondust** *(Shaking her head)* I hate you. You come in here with no experience, no prizes, no starring roles, and start telling us how to live our lives. What do you know about show business?
- Thao** Nothing.
- Moondust** Exactly.
- Sue** She's not talking about performing.
- Moondust** Yes she is.
- Nevaeh** No she's not. She's talking about life.

Moondust Performing is life.

Nevaeh She thinks we should talk freely with our stage mothers.

Thao My mother has always encouraged me to talk about what I'm doing and what I'd like to do.

Kylie Then you're just like your mum.

Sue We all are.

Nevaeh I'd like to be like my mum, wherever she is.

Thao *(To MOONDUST)* If you're just like your mum, you'll tell her exactly how you feel.

Moondust *(Thinking)* Maybe.

(MUSIC BEGINS)

Kylie I'm going to tell my mum that I'm just like her.

Sue Me too.

(OTHERS excited at what they've learnt)

Song No. 14 Just Like Ma

Sue *I'm just like my mother, I'm just like my ma*

I've become my mother, a younger version of a superstar

Quintet *We walk and we talk and we cry and we sigh*

And we feel the same way in our heart

We dress and confess and we have the same stress

That you never can tell us apart

Sue *Oh I'm like my mother, I'm just like my ma.*

(During song, each performer "proves" they are just like their mother by doing a brief impersonation of their mater. That should be pretty easy given who they are)

Moondust *(Spoken impersonating ZARA)* We do this because we failed as performers so we pretend we're back on stage via our little darlings.

Sue *(Spoken impersonating BEV)* I'm sorry, I don't know your latest married name.

What number husband are you up to - four or is it five?

Kylie *(Spoken impersonating DEBBIE)* Whenever I think Kylie should give up, I remember Mrs Worthington and on we go to the next audition.

Nevaeh *(Spoken impersonating VAL)* Showbiz life is cruel. For every job there are a million wannabe stars and to survive, you need a really tough skin.

Thao *(Spoken impersonating TAM)* I have to say, ladies, this is not what I expected at the auditions.

(Song ends and the girls return to their spots. Immediately mobile phone rings)

FX *Mobile phone in MOONDUST'S bag*

Moondust *(Answers phone)* Oh hi, Mum. *(Pause)* What now? *(Pause)* Okay, will do. *(Pause)* Oh and Mum. *(Softer, hiding from OTHERS)* After the audition, can we have a talk, please? *(Pause)* Ah, I'll tell you later. Bye. *(Puts away mobile phone. Calls)* Time to audition, girls *(They react)* Down the corridor and first on the left.

(OTHERS are excited and pack their bags. Even THAO has a touch of excitement)

Debbie Oh, I'm so excited.

Sue This is my turn to win.

Moondust *(Scoffs)* Ha.

- FX** *Knock on upstage door.*
(Everyone freezes)
- Nevaeh** *(Softer)* Who is that?
- Thao** *(Softer)* Another girl to audition.
- Moondust** *(Softer but angry)* She can't. She's too late.
- FX** *Another knock on upstage door.*
- Sue** *(Softer)* Well somebody answer it.
- Moondust** No! *(Pause)* She might be good.
- Debbie** Do you want me to play a dirty trick?
- Nevaeh** Good idea.
- Thao** Bad idea. *(Heading to door)* I'll tell her where to go. *(Nice meaning)*
- Moondust** *(Thinks THAO means "get lost")* Brilliant.
(THAO opens door, pauses then exits)
- Sue** She means where to go for the auditions.
- Moondust** Just get rid of her.
(Upstage door opens and THAO enters looking surprised. OTHERS turn and face her)
- Thao** It's not a girl for the auditions.
- Moondust** Well, who is it?
- Thao** It's for you, Nevaeh. It's your gran.
- Nevaeh** I told her we wouldn't be finished for ages.
- Thao** It's your gran and your mum.
(Stunned silence)
- Nevaeh** *(Pause, can't believe it)* My mum?
- Thao** *(Pause, nodding)* She's come to watch your audition.
(NEVAEH moves slowly upstage. OTHERS watch. NEVAEH freezes in doorway looking back at her fellow auditionees then at her visitors)
- Nevaeh** Mum? *(Pause)* Is that you? *(She turns back to the OTHERS)* It's my mum!
(MUSIC BEGINS)

Song No. 15 Curtain Calls

(NEVAEH exits. The OTHERS rush to upstage door to see reunion and exit as lights fade. BLACKOUT. Pause until singing starts then bring up lights as performers bounce on singing and take their bows)

- Company** *I've got a pushy stage mother
Oh happy, snappy, tappy that's me
She's not a bit like any other
Certifiable is she
She helps make me a winner, to scoop that major prize
It's thanks to darling mater that my star will rise
Oh I've got a pushy stage mother
Oh happy, snappy, tappy that's me.*
- We've made of our kids a substitute
We're living vicariously
When they strut their stuff it's never enough
We take their success oh, so seriously
They're never alone we're so strong as a team
We push them to follow our fantastic dream*

*We've made of our kids a substitute
We're living vicariously.*

*I'm just like my mother, I'm just like my ma
I've become my mother, a younger version of a superstar
We walk and we talk and we cry and we sigh
And we feel the same way in our heart
We dress and confess and we have the same stress
That you never can tell us apart
Oh I'm just like my mother, I'm just like my ma.*

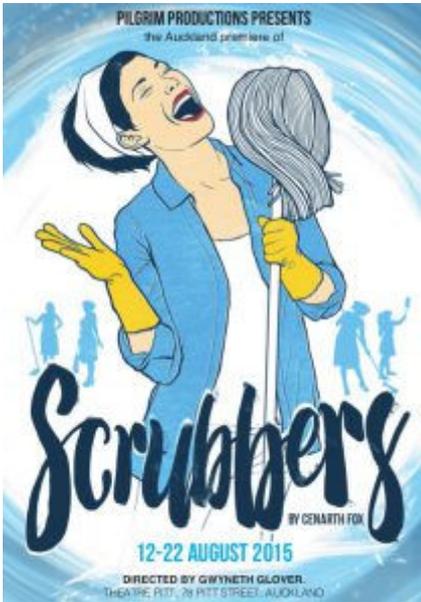
BLACKOUT

(Bring up house lights and play the Payout)

Song No. 16 Payout

More All-female Shows by Cenarth Fox

Scrubbers



Five women work as cleaners at night in a large office complex. The play takes place mainly in their small tea-room before and after their shifts. Their working lives are pretty dull – washing floors, cleaning toilets, dusting, vacuuming and emptying rubbish bins. And their home life is just as bad, perhaps worse. Each woman has a story to tell; a sad story. But one of the cleaning ladies has hopes for a better life away from scrubbing floors. Her dreams affect the others to the extent that their lives are changed dramatically and forever. The drab tea-room for the scrubbers is transformed when they become showbiz stars. It's a hoot.

Scrubbers has been staged around the world with great success. One company toured the show to many parts of the UK with a stopover in London.

An awesome script that delighted every audience. The music was fantastic, complemented by the backing tracks that came with the show package. The further into rehearsals we got, the more we appreciated the depth of the show. It had just the right amount of drama combined with some excellent humour. The cast, crew and audiences all came away buzzing at the experience. Heretaunga Players

Scrubbers is gritty, challenging, then heart-warming and finally triumphant. We had a very successful season. Riverlea Theatre, Hamilton NZ

Scrubbers was a resounding success. This fabulous musical was thoroughly enjoyed by the audiences at all four venues and we have received many compliments for the show and the cast. Scrubbers was hilariously entertaining and brought many people to theatre who had never been before. Maryborough Players Inc.

A strong point for me in this show is multi-talented Cenarth Fox's terrific lyrics and music. The songs deserve to be enjoyed by audiences beyond this show. Cheryl Threadgold, Melbourne Observer

Scrubbers is a fabulous show, both heartwarming and funny, besides where else would you find a playwright/director who bakes cupcakes for the show. Marie Ryan Inner FM



The Merry Widows

A group of four mature widows meet for weekly coffee. Beth is 'normal', Siobhan's into toy-boys, Ruby has her late hubby in a carry bag, (it's Ern in an urn), and Joan's in a time warp. These mismatched matrons share secrets, sorrows and sins helping one another to become very merry widows. Then a fifth and new widow arrives. She's different, mysterious and striking. Her life story is amazing. Her late husband did something dramatically unusual. And this new widow is on a quest. Will it destroy the merry widows? From being on friendly terms, the four original widows suddenly start competing against one another. Why? Why would four friendly older females suddenly become antagonistic and desperate to win against their friends? The play becomes a mystery with a real guessing game for the audience to solve the puzzle. Fabulous reviews.



The cast had the audience totally involved right from the start. The final moments were deeply moving and I wasn't the only one with tears in my eyes when the lights went up!

Joan Krutli Golden Days Radio

*A wonderful, heartwarming, thought-provoking and beautiful production. Great writing, superb casting and beautifully nuanced delivery gave us an inside seat in the lives of The Merry Widows. The sadness, the joy, the laughter and pain and with a twist in the tail, it's a mystery again and a wonderful show. **Marie Ryan 96.5***

*A story that touched, profoundly at times, on the suffering and longing, the loneliness, the loyalty, and isolation of a group of older women. There were a lot of laughs too. **Encore Theatre Company***

*We had sell-out shows which were brilliantly received! At one performance we had the Archbishop of Armagh, the head of the Church of Ireland and another bishop and heaps of clergy! They all laughed like drains! Thank you so much for writing the play, we really enjoyed performing it, and I've already been asked when we're putting The Merry Widows on again. **Helen Ryan, Dublin***

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