

WOMEN'S VOICES

A stage play

**by SUSAN K MONSON and
CHRISTOPHER OWEN**

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WOMEN'S VOICES is the name of a feminist a cappella choir. Their regular rehearsal space no longer being available, the choir is to meet and rehearse in Anthea and Roger's living room.

CHARACTERS:

ANTHEA: in her late 40's, middle class, married to Roger. She is the unofficial 'leader' of the choir, with some musical training and basic piano playing skills. She was educated at a state school and at Brighton University. She works for a Charity which supports disadvantaged people to prepare for work, and live independently. She has written a book on Women And Work, which is soon to be published.

ROGER: in his early 50's, married to Anthea. He is a senior manager at an Insurance Company. An ordinary bloke, who enjoys watching the sport on television and having a pint in the pub with his male friends.

JANICE: in her mid 40's, born and brought up in Salford, Northern working class background. Single mother with a son in his 20's and a 10 year old daughter. Tough, blunt and plump. Socialist. Studied and graduated in Social Policy at Newcastle University. County Council Lead Officer for Equality in Children and Young People's Services. Active member of the Public and Commercial Services Union (PCS). Her diary is always full with work meetings and seminars, conferences, etc. She has written a book on Work and Radical Women, a subject similar to that of Anthea's book. It has yet to find a publisher.

GILLY: at 28, the youngest member of the choir. She is scatter-brained and easily influenced and needy. She can be exasperating. She 'worships' Anthea. Unemployed. Frequently without a male partner.

HARRIET: in her 70's. Lives alone in a flat. Impoverished. She is a communist. Marched against the war in Vietnam. Was at Greenham Common for four years. Anti-American. Anti-capitalist. Was once a teacher at a private girls' public school - taught English and sport.

TAMMY: 38 years old. Looks younger. Rides a motorbike and wears motorbike leathers (trousers, jacket, gloves, helmet). Face piercings. She is a courier. She is an avid political and feminist activist. When not working she is attending protests, sit-ins, is on marches, for which activities she is known to the police, and has been arrested on a number of occasions.

SALLY: is in her mid to late 40's. She auditions for the choir in Act 1. Middle class. Well connected. Her husband works in public relations. She works as an accountant for a City firm. Studied music at College. Sang in the BBC Symphony Chorus.

ACT ONE

SET: ANTHEA AND ROGER'S SITTING ROOM. SEPTEMBER.

ANTHEA IS GETTING THE LIVING ROOM READY FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE MEMBERS OF THE WOMEN'S VOICES CHOIR – MOVING CHAIRS AND PUTTING OUT MUSIC.

ROGER ENTERS.

ROGER: Ah. What time are the Ovarian Sisters arriving?

ROGER: Just a joke.

ANTHEA: Not funny, Roger.

ROGER: No. Anyway -.

ANTHEA: Half past seven.

ROGER: Is this going to be a regular occurrence? Rehearsing here?

ANTHEA: There's nowhere else. We'll see. For goodness sake, it's only one evening a week – the occasional Sunday afternoon.

ROGER: Well, I hope you're not going to make too much noise.

ANTHEA: We don't make a noise. We sing. As you very well know

ROGER: Anything I can do? Anything I can do, Anthea, just call me.

ANTHEA: Thank you. It's best if you make yourself scarce. We've got a lot to get through.

ROGER: Right.

ANTHEA: And we're auditioning.

ROGER: How many?

ANTHEA: One. Now then.

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

ROGER: I'll see to it.

ANTHEA: What? Yes, thank you.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA CONTINUES TO PREPARE THE ROOM AND MUSIC AND
MINUTES FOR REHEARSAL.

JANICE ENTERS.

ANTHEA: (TO JANICE): Oh. Hello. Janice. How nice.

JANICE: Hello.

THEY KISS CHEEKS

ANTHEA: Here we are again. How are you?

JANICE: (DURING THE FOLLOWING SHE TAKES OFF HER COAT): I'm up to my eyeballs in meetings, luv. Such time wasters. Men. This afternoon, a meeting on Educational Disadvantage in Working Class Communities, you'd think you're finished, the meetings over, but no, the old school patriarchal males get their dicks out

and wave them about, repeat what we've all said all over again. They can't resist the sound of their own voices.

ANTHEA: Did you have a good summer break? How was the workshop?

JANICE: Beryl Carmichael was brilliant. 'Feminism: Extinction or Re-birth.'
(JANICE FLOPS DOWN INTO AN ARMCHAIR) Beryl on the post-feminist age. You know what's she's like – you've heard her – 'Is Feminism dead? Hell, no. It's alive and kicking. The movement of the 60's was hijacked by the middle classes.' Wham.

ANTHEA: Ah, yes, that's Beryl.

ROGER HAS ENTERED.

ANTHEA: This is Roger. Janice.

ROGER: We've met – the last time was at your concert against the closure of the Women's Hospital.

JANICE: Yes.

ROGER: In fact, I've seen you all a few times now. The Tolpuddle Martyrs Festival in Dorset was good, eh? Shall I take your coat?

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

ROGER: Ah. I'll go.

ANTHEA: Thank you.

ROGER EXITS TO ANSWER THE FRONT DOOR.

ANTHEA: Sally Richards is coming along about 8.30 to audition.

JANICE: Do you know her?

ANTHEA: I spoke to her on the phone. She sounds very nice. She saw us at the Women's Educational Event in Surbiton and at the Conference for World Peace.

JANICE: We've got to find someone. We can't go on, not just with the five of us. It only takes one of us to go off key, and then half the group goes flat.

ANTHEA: It's so difficult finding singers. I asked Brenda if she'd like to come back.

JANICE: Brenda, she's in Liverpool.

ANTHEA: She's back, she's working for the TUC. I asked her if she'd like to come back, at least for a while, but she says she'd had enough of choirs - she's taken up badminton. We got a very nice letter about us singing at the Conference of World Peace.

GILLY ENTERS FOLLOWED BY ROGER.

GILLY (EXCITABLE AND VERY UPBEAT): Hello! Anthea!

GILLY GIVES ANTHEA A BIG HUG.

ANTHEA: Gilly, dear. There we are!

GILLY: Janice. Hello!

JANICE ALLOWS HER TO KISS HER CHEEKS.

JANICE: All right, are you?

GILLY: It's marvellous to be back. Wow, it seems like ages. God only knows what my voice will be like. How exciting.

ROGER: Would you like me to hang up your coat?

GILLY: (UNSURE OF HIM): Oh. Yes.

(SHE STARTS TO TAKE OFF HER COAT.)

ANTHEA: You've met my husband Roger, haven't you?

ROGER: I've been to see some of your concerts.

GILLY: Yes. Thanks. It's so nice of you to let us rehearse here, Anthea. What a lovely room.

ANTHEA: Thank you. Yes. Well, we'll see how it goes. We can't afford the rehearsal space any more, that's for certain – not with the rent they're now asking for.

GILLY: Wow, no.

ROGER: (TAKING GILLY'S COAT): Thank you. Don't mind me, I shan't be in your way. How many more?

ANTHEA: Two.

ROGER: Janice? Your coat?

JANICE HANDS HIM HER COAT.

ROGER: I'm the doorman - or should I say door person.

ANTHEA: We can manage now.

ROGER: Right. Have a good sing.

GILLY: Thank you.

ROGER EXITS

GILLY: I say, it is wonderful to be back. Oh, did Anthea tell you? – her book Women and Work is being published!

JANICE: No. Congratulations. You must be pleased.

ANTHEA: Thank you.

GILLY: What about you, Janice, have you found a publisher for your book yet?

JANICE: No, not yet.

GILLY: Oh, I'm sure it will be.

JANICE: It could have a bit of difficulty there - it's on the same sort of subject as Anthea's.

GILLY: Yes. Oh, no, it's got to be published, hasn't it?

ANTHEA: I'm sure it will. I've just been lucky.

JANICE: We'll see.

GILLY: Oh dear, what are we going to do about only five of us?

ANTHEA: We've got someone coming to audition later.

GILLY: Oh, yes. That's good. What's she like?

ANTHEA: We spoke on the phone. It seems she has been having a difficult time, needed to get out of the house.

GILLY: Why?

ANTHEA: I don't know, I didn't ask – she used to be in a choir – she sounded very enthusiastic and down to earth.

GILLY: Oh good.

JANICE: Just the one, God help us, eh? If she's not right, we're done for.

ANTHEA: Yes.

GILLY: I don't understand it, we sang so well at Sheffield. Billy Bragg said so, didn't he? He said, told me, the whole audience thought Women's Voices was marvellous.

ANTHEA: Yes, nothing more than we deserved. Apart from Sally, I'm afraid we've had just two enquiries. One decided to join Strawberry Thieves and I don't know what happened to the other.

GILLY: You'd think lots of women would love to join us, wouldn't you?

JANICE: We just need the one, Gilly.

GILLY: Oh dear. This is terrible. We can't sing if there's only five. Can we?

JANICE: No, Gilly.

THE FRONT DOORBELL RINGS.

JANICE: I'll go.

GILLY: Oh, are you sure?

JANICE: I'm going.

GILLY: Thanks.

JANICE EXITS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

GILLY: (TO ANTHEA): Isn't it wonderful. Here we all are again. Can't wait. I've lost my job – God help me.

ANTHEA: Oh – Gilly, Gilly, no.

GILLY: They say they're cutting back. I don't know how they think I'm going to pay my rent. Silly sods. (SHE IS TEARFUL) Oh dear. Sorry.

ANTHEA: Oh, Gilly, this is bad news.

ROGER ENTERS FROM KITCHEN SIDE OF THE HOUSE TO GO TO THE FRONT DOOR.

ANTHEA: It's all right. Janice has gone.

ROGER: Ah. Right. Sorry, I was in the lavatory.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA: We're going to have to try and find you another one.

GILLY: I've tried. You know how it is. There's nothing.

JANICE ENTERS.

JANICE: It's Harriet.

ANTHEA: Oh!

GILLY: Oh! Oh, good!

HARRIET ENTERS.

ANTHEA: Harriet, dear! How lovely! How are you?

HARRIET: My cat's dead.

ANTHEA: Oh God.

GILLY: Oh my God – Harriet!

HARRIET: My cat Pankhurst.

ANTHEA: Poor, poor Pankhurst. Poor, poor Harriet. I'm so sorry. That must be dreadful for you. Would you like a cup of tea, dear?

HARRIET: No, thank you.

ANTHEA: (REFERRING TO THE CHAIR HARRIET IS ABOUT TO SIT ON):
You all right there?

JANICE: You want to keep that coat on?

GILLY: (SHE IS CRYING): Poor Harriet. Pankhurst gone.

JANICE: (TO GILLY WHO IS CRYING): What's wrong?

GILLY: Pankhurst – sorry - it's like my Barry.

JANICE: Barry's dead?

GILLY: He's left me.

JANICE: Not already?

GILLY: He just went home. We were on holiday in Valencia. It's such a beautiful place. (SHE IS CRYING) And we got such a good deal too.

ANTHEA: Oh my God – Gilly, I am sorry. This is dreadful.

HARRIET: Poor Gilly.

ANTHEA: Yes. And Gilly's lost her job too.

GILLY: (THROUGH TEARS): Everyone's cutting back.

ANTHEA: So we've got to help her find another.

HARRIET: We're here for you, Gilly. Sisters Unite! You should try Reeds Employment Agency in Oxford Street.

GILLY: Thanks.

HARRIET: We're here for you, sister.

ANTHEA: Yes, of course, Gilly.

GILLY: (THROUGH TEARS) Oh, I do so love the choir. You're all so wonderful.

JANICE: I shouldn't of thought there are many receptionist jobs going at the moment, are there?

HARRIET: I'll ask around, sister. Sisters unite!

GILLY: Thank you.

ANTHEA: I'm sure you'll find something.

JANICE: Don't let the bastards grind you down, luv.

HARRIET: It's the men. It's the men as usual. Same old story, sisters. Started with Adam. Things get tough, it's us women who take the beating. It's always been the same. The man who came round to collect Pankhurst's body – he called me 'darling'. I've come about the cat, darling, he said. I said to him I'm not your darling. I'm Miss Wilmslow. I'd have hit him in the eye, but I had my nightie on.

GILLY: Poor Pankhurst.

ANTHEA: Poor Pankhurst. I'm so glad we're all back together again. So important. Here. Here we are. I've got some songs out. I've had the parts re-copied. (SORTING OUT PHOTO COPIES OF SONGS TO HAND OUT): The old ones were in such a mess. I thought we might have a look at some of them, if we have the time before Sally arrives.

HARRIET: What's she like?

JANICE: We've yet to find out.

GILLY: Sally? – Anthea liked her, didn't you? She can't wait to join us, can she?

ANTHEA: No.

JANICE: Right.

ANTHEA: Here we are.

ANTHEA STARTS HANDING OUT COPIES OF SONGS.

GILLY: By the way, Anthea's book is being published, Harriet.

HARRIET: Good news, Anthea. Congratulations.

ANTHEA: Thank you.

JANICE: Who by?

ANTHEA: Oh. Raw Nerve.

GILLY: Awesome.

HARRIET: Well done, sister.

GILLY: (RESPONDING TO A SONG SHE'S BEEN HANDED BY ANTHEA) Oh. 'The World Turned Upside Down'. I like this one.

ANTHEA CONTINUES TO HAND ROUND THE SONG PARTS.

GILLY: (TO ANTHEA): Did you go to your house in France?

ANTHEA: Yes. Just the three weeks.

JANICE: Very nice. You're in the presence of the affluent middle classes here, Gilly, make no mistake.

GILLY: Lovely.

JANICE: (REFERRING TO A SONG ANTHEA'S HANDED OUT): Oh God, not the De Clerc. Do let's forget about the De Clerc. It's all so old hat, Anthea.

ANTHEA: (CONTINUING TO HAND OUT COPIES OF SONGS): We've been rehearsing it for nearly a year. Give it a chance.

JANICE: That's what I'm saying. It's too difficult. We're not getting any better.

ANTHEA: We are.

GILLY: We are.

JANICE: It's such a trudge, luv. Bloody Song. I mean is it worth it?

ANTHEA: I do think we ought to go on with it, don't you?

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE SIGHS.

GILLY: (REFERRING TO A SONG ANTHEA'S HAS HANDED OUT): 'Feeling Good' and 'Lean On Me' –have you heard Red Leicester sing 'Feeling Good'? What about you, Harriet? Did you go away? – on holiday, anywhere?

HARRIET: I don't go away.

ANTHEA: (HANDING OUT SONGS): Janice has been at the Feminism, Extinction or Rebirth workshop, with Beryl Carmichael.

GILLY: Beryl Carmichael?

JANICE: She's senior lecturer in Women's Studies at East Anglia.

GILLY: How wonderful. Was it interesting?

JANICE: Yes, it was, it was exhilarating. The question posed by Beryl Carmichael was: 'Is feminism dead?' Of course not, she says, we see it working through our equality laws every day. New initiatives are rising out of third world nations.

HARRIET: When I was living at Greenham Common, Beryl Carmichael always took the radical feminist line.

GILLY: Oh.

HARRIET: She and Lally Taylor – Lally was a liberal feminist – they spent hours arguing around the campfire about how society needs to change. Beryl insisted that the whole of society needed to be swept away. Until capitalism was abolished and workers had taken over the means of production there wasn't a hope for women. Lally said no, that would take too long, we should fight to change laws like Emily Pankhurst and the suffragettes did. They got so mad at each other it ended up in a punch-up - which didn't look too good in a peace camp.

GILLY: No!

ANTHEA: Right. Got everything?

JANICE: Beryl Cartwright and I have decided we're separatists. Who needs men? I'm thinking of becoming a lesbian.

HARRIET: That's a bold move, Janice.

GILLY: I thought you either were one or you weren't. I didn't know it was something you could decide about.

JANICE: Well, Gilly, luv, we'll have to see how it works out.

ANTHEA: Shall we start? (CHECKING THE TIME ON HER WATCH): I don't think we should wait for Tammy.

JANICE: God, no – we'll be here all night.

ANTHEA: We've had a wonderful letter from Tony Peters thanking us for our splendid contribution to the Conference on World Peace. He says we sang beautifully. And movingly. He loved meeting us all.

GILLY: Bruce Kent loved us. He said so, didn't he, Anthea? He told you. Anthea was talking to him and Kate Hudson.

ANTHEA: (TAKING UP A PIECE OF PAPER): We've had an invitation to go back to Inverness next month – Women against Nuclear Weapons.

GILLY: Oh, good.

ANTHEA: Shall we check the dates?

JANICE AND GILLY TAKE OUT THEIR DIARIES. (JANICE'S DIARY IS IN HER MOBILE.)

JANICE: Oh, God – next month. I've got a conference in Nottingham on Single Equality Schemes in Schools - seminars and God knows what next month.

ANTHEA: It's on the 12th.

JANICE: Oh.

GILLY: I'm all right.

ANTHEA: Harriet?

HARRIET: (WITHOUT A DIARY): What? Yes, I'm all right.

JANICE: (WITH HER DIARY): Yes - that's ok.

ANTHEA: And we've been asked to do a charity at Peterborough on December the 16th.

GILLY: Oh, yes.

JANICE: Yes.

HARRIET: (WITHOUT A DIARY): Yes, I'm all right.

ANTHEA: Good. We'll have to check with Tammy. And there's the Festival of Choirs at the O2 – we've all got that down.

JANICE AND GILLY: Yes.

GILLY: The O2. Wonderful.

ANTHEA: Right. Inverness. Let's do a set list. (WITH A CHECK LIST OF SONGS):
Twenty minutes, that's six songs with introductions.

GILLY: Oh, I love 'Fields of Gold', can we do that?

JANICE: It's not a peace song so it doesn't really fit. I go for 'Masters of War'.

HARRIET: I'm not comfortable with the word 'Masters', Anthea. It smacks of patriarchy.

ANTHEA: I think you're missing the point a bit, Harriet. The song is against the masters of war, who are invariably men.

HARRIET: I'd much prefer it if we sang 'Women against the Bomb'. 'Women against the Bomb' and 'Carry Greenham Home' are good feminist peace songs.

GILLY: I think we should do 'Where have all the flowers gone'. That's a lovely song.

JANICE: It's a bit sloppy.

HARRIET: It's a Pete Seeger.

ANTHEA: Well, yes, we can think about that one. There's 'Feeling Good,' and 'All Or Nothing.'

JANICE: 'A Place Called England'.

ANTHEA: Yes - 'A Place Called England'.

JANICE: 'All Or Nothing' is good.

ANTHEA: 'All Or Nothing.' We could try out a U2 song called 'Mothers of the Disappeared'.

JANICE: U2? Is rock music really our thing, you think?

ANTHEA: Actually, Martin suggested it – my son. (GIVING UP OF THE IDEA):
But – you know. No. How about the Sibelius 'Song of Peace'. That's one we already know.

HARRIET: I don't like religious songs. That line with 'holy shrine' in it. I don't like it. I'm not singing that anymore.

JANICE: We changed it to 'peace divine'. You know, luv. 'Peace divine' - we said its better than holy shrine. 'Here are my hopes, my dreams, my peace divine.'

ANTHEA: I can't see there's much difference between them. They both have religious connotations but still.

JANICE: 'Peace divine' – all right, Harriet?

HARRIET: 'Peace divine is better than 'holy shrine'.

ANTHEA: Why don't we do it now. It's time we did some singing, isn't it? Come along.

GILLY: Oh good, I love this song.

ANTHEA PLAYS 4 NOTES ON THE PIANO (OR KEYBOARD)

ANTHEA: Here we go.

HARRIET: We need Tammy for this, shouldn't we wait?

JANICE: No.

THEY ARE HUMMING THEIR NOTES.

ANTHEA: Don't forget it's 'Here are my hopes, my dreams, my peace divine.'

THEY START TO SING 'SONG OF PEACE'.

ANTHEA: (INTERRUPTING): We've come in late there. (SHE INDICATES THE LINE) 'This is my home, the country where my heart is'.

GILLY: Oh, it's been so long.

ANTHEA: Right.

THEY START SINGING AGAIN. THEY SOUND GOOD. THIS CHOIR CAN SING.

AFTER A WHILE:

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

ANTHEA: That'll be Tammy now. (PUTTING MUSIC ASIDE): Who's going to let her in?

GILLY: Shall I go?

ROGER ENTERS FROM KITCHEN SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

ROGER: The door. It's ok. I'll see to it.

ANTHEA: Oh. Thank you, Roger. (TO ALL): Off we go again. From the line 'My country's skies are bluer than the ocean'. And -.

THEY CONTINUE SINGING 'SONG OF PEACE'.

ROGER EXITS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

THEY CONTINUE TO SING THE SONG WELL.

AFTER A WHILE TAMMY ENTERS. SHE IS A BIKER AND WEARS HELMET, GLOVES AND LEATHERS.

ALL CONTINUING TO SING, WAVE TO HER.

TAMMY REMOVES HER GLOVES AND HELMET. SHE HAS FACIAL PIERCINGS.

SHE JOINS IN SINGING WITH THEM.

SOON, ROGER ENTERS AND CROSSES BACK TO THE KITCHEN SIDE OF THE HOUSE AND EXITS. AS HE DOES SO HE WAVES GOODBYE.

THEY CONTINUE -- AND FINISH THE SONG.

GILLY: Hi, Tammy!

TAMMY: (TO GILLY): Hey! Hi, Anthea, Janice. Hi, Harriet.

ALL: (TEASING TAMMY): 'Sorry I'm late!'

TAMMY: Yeah.

TOGETHER:

ANTHEA: Tammy, dear.

HARRIET: Hello, Tammy.

ROGER ENTERS.

ROGER: Anyone want a cup of tea?

ANTHEA: No. I don't think so, do you? No time tonight – we've got a lot to get through.

ROGER: Nothing I can do for you then?

JANICE: Not unless you're a soprano.

ROGER: No, no, I'm not a soprano. Can't say what I am. No singing voice at all, Janice. No. Now Anthea, she's the talented one in the family. Though our boy Martin does a spot of rap and grunge or whatever it is. Well, he used to. Martin got a 2.1 in media studies at Leicester, since when he's been working in McDonalds. His boss is an 18 year old who left school at 16 and worked his way up. You're involved in education in some sort of way, aren't you, Janice - these students - I don't know what you think about it - they're persuaded to take pointless degrees at far from prestigious universities and land up in McDonalds. Then of course they feel betrayed – and saddled with awful debt.

ANTHEA: (CHECKING HER WATCH): Roger.

ROGER: Right. (TO TAMMY): Oh - I like your leather outfit. Rather sexy.

TAMMY: What I wear is nothing to do with you.

ROGER: No. Of course not.

ANTHEA: Tammy rides a motorbike, Roger. Please, we're having a meeting.

GILLY: She's a courier for Express mail.

TAMMY: You can't see women as real people, can you? We're just sex objects.

ROGER: (BAFFLED): I'm sorry – no tea then. No. Right.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA: I'm sorry about that.

TAMMY: Yeah. Well.

TAMMY SHRUGS.

DURING THE FOLLOWING, TAMMY REMOVES HER LEATHER JACKET TO REVEAL A WHITE COTTON TOP OVER A SLENDER FEMININE BODY WHICH IS IN CONTRADICTION TO HER BIKER IMAGE AND HER TOUGH PERSONALITY. SHE IS 39 BUT LOOKS YOUNGER.

ANTHEA: Roger doesn't always think before he speaks. God knows I've tried to get him to.

HARRIET: Men, men, they're all the same.

GILLY: Oh dear.

TAMMY: Forget it.

ANTHEA: Yes.

JANICE: What held you up this time?

TAMMY: The filth, stop and search, giving me hassle. I'm handing out leaflets outside Top Shop - cheap labour in India, in China. The bastards. 'We've got your little number, Miss,' they say. 'We've met you before,' they're saying. Too right. Bastards. (REFERRING TO HER BOOTS – TO ANTHEA): Can I take these off?

GILLY: Did they arrest you?

TAMMY: They'd have liked to. Wouldn't be the first time, would it?

GILLY: (TO TAMMY): We've got someone coming to audition tonight.

TAMMY: I know.

GILLY: There's just the five of us. I can't understand why we're not getting more people wanting to join. We're wonderful. Billy Bragg at Sheffield said we were wonderful. So many people say so.

HARRIET: If Connie hadn't gone to Gambia with UNESCO we'd be all right.

ANTHEA: Connie's in Somalia.

TAMMY: I thought she was in Gambia.

ANTHEA: They've sent her on to Somalia.

TAMMY: Bloody dangerous in Somalia.

JANICE: You know what Connie's like.

HARRIET: If she was here we'd be all right.

JANICE: Well, she isn't, Harriet, luv.

ANTHEA: Brenda's back in London.

GILLY: Is she?

ANTHEA: But she says she doesn't want to sing anymore.

GILLY: Why not?

JANICE: God knows, Gilly – she just doesn't.

GILLY: She was wonderful. A tour de force. You said so yourself, Janice.

ANTHEA: Now – business: Inverness and Peterborough. Tammy, we've got a date for Inverness next month the 12th – Women Against Nuclear Weapons. Would you like to check your diary. And then on December the 16th, we've been asked to do Peterborough. All right? Everyone else seems to be free. Harriet, dear, I'll remind you nearer the time.

JANICE: What's Peterborough about?

ANTHEA: Peterborough's a charity event. It's being organized by the church of St Luke's. The Vicar has asked if we would not sing any of our more controversial songs.

JANICE: Fuck him.

ANTHEA: Yes, I know. But -.

JANICE: We're not going to be pushed around by a bloody vicar, Anthea.

GILLY: We ought to be a bit nice about it.

HARRIET: I don't like vicars.

ANTHEA: No I know you don't, Harriet. This is for the refugees in Ethiopia.

GILLY: It's for Ethiopia.

HARRIET: Whatever Women's Voices decides, Anthea.

JANICE: Tammy?

TAMMY: (HAVING CHECKED HER DIARY ON HER MOBILE): The 12th – and December the 16th is all right.

ANTHEA: Peterborough?

TAMMY: If it wasn't for Ethiopia I'd say no, we don't do it – but -.

JANICE: Ok, we do the charity. We don't sing too many controversial songs.

TAMMY: (OUT OF THE BLUE): I've got these flyers.

ANTHEA: Tammy, is now a good time?

TAMMY: (GETTING THEM OUT OF HER BAG): Women against the lap dancing industry. We're meeting outside Greggor's Club in the Elephant and Castle. Next Thursday.

JANICE: Not Thursday. I'm in Romford. I'm chairing The Roma Gypsy Equality of Opportunity Forum.

GILLY: Oh.

JANICE: We're setting up classes for the Romas to help them become more resilient.

GILLY: Maybe we could ask the Roma women if they'd like to join Women's Voices.

JANICE: They're in Romford, Gilly.

ANTHEA: I don't think there are any Gipsy Romas living near here, are there?

JANICE: No.

GILLY: Oh. What a shame.

ANTHEA: Yes.

HARRIET: (AS TAMMY HANDS OUT THE FLYERS / REFERRING TO THE FLYER): It's everywhere you go.

ANTHEA: What, Harriet?

HARRIET: You can't leave the house. Pornography. It's staring one in the face, Anthea. It's in the newsagents, the petrol stations, the supermarket – one can't escape it. It becomes impossible to venture out without being assaulted by appalling terrible images. It's on the television. Two women are dying every week at the hands of their male partner – that's what pornography leads to.

GILLY: That's awful.

HARRIET: One goes on the Tube – one doesn't go on the Tube any longer - one finds oneself sitting next to a man with a copy of The Sun who is looking at those breasts on page three, Gilly.

JANICE: Fucking Murdoch is a fucking Christian, it's no more than you'd expect from the little shit.

HARRIET: You know - a workman shouted 'get your knickers off' at me last week outside Tesco's. I won't go there again.

JANICE: Where was that, Harriet?

HARRIET: Tescos. Not if that can happen.

GILLY: A man outside Tesco's shouted 'get your knickers off' at you, Harriet?
That's dreadful.

JANICE: It's unimaginable.

HARRIET: I won't go there again.

TAMMY: (HANDING OUT OTHER FLYERS): The Workers and Students
Cooperative is marching against the effect of the economy on women. Tuesday 13th.
2.30. Trafalgar Square.

GILLY: Oh.

ANTHEA: Thank you.

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

ANTHEA: Oh, dear, that'll be Sally. I expect. I'll go.

TAMMY: Here we go.

GILLY: Fingers crossed.

ANTHEA EXITS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

GILLY: We're going to have to sing with her, hear if her voice fits in.

JANICE: God, let's hope she's good.

GILLY: One World One Chance, that's a good one for her to sing with us

JANICE: Not 'One World, One Chance'. Anthea has difficulty with that.

HARRIET: She goes flat on the top E.

GILLY: Not that flat.

JANICE: Flat is flat. You should know that.

GILLY: I don't sing flat. Do I?

JANICE: No, no. I'm joking, Gilly. Blimey.

HARRIET: What's her name?

TAMMY: Sally.

HARRIET: Yes, Sally. Do you know her, Janice?

JANICE: No.

HARRIET: I don't know her. I don't know anyone called Sally. How's Anthea know her?

JANICE: She's been to a couple of our gigs.

HARRIET: Sally?

JANICE: Yes.

TAMMY: Has Anthea met her?

JANICE: No. They spoke on the phone.

GILLY: She sounded nice. What about 'I Sing For Palestine?' – she could sing that with us. Or 'Stand Where I Stand'.

JANICE: Let's wait for Anthea – see what she says.

HARRIET: If she's no good, sisters, I don't know what we're going to do.

ANTHEA ENTERS WITH SALLY.

JANICE: Ah, here you are.

ANTHEA: Here we are. This is Sally Richards.

SALLY: Hello.

ALL: (EXCEPT TAMMY): Hello.

TAMMY: Hi.

ANTHEA: This is Janice.

SALLY: Hello.

JANICE: Hello. Thanks for coming.

ANTHEA: Harriet.

SALLY: Hello.

HARRIET: Good evening.

GILLY: I'm Gilly.

SALLY: Oh. Hello.

GILLY: We're hoping you're going to save the day, aren't we, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Well, yes. And this is Tammy.

TAMMY: Hi.

SALLY: Hi.

ANTHEA: And that's it. We're looking for a soprano. We're considering one or two others. We used to be eight. But three of us have had to move on – jobs taking them away – and so forth. (TO THE OTHERS): Sally has told me – (TO SALLY): you said you saw us at Surbiton and at the Conference for World Peace, didn't you?

GILLY: Oh, Bruce Kent loved us. He's one of our groupies.

SALLY: I loved you too. I really like what you do.

GILLY: World Peace is so important, don't you think?

SALLY: Oh, yes.

JANICE: We're a feminist choir.

SALLY: Oh yes. Of course. Well, we're all feminists, aren't we?

JANICE: Well, I'm no sure about that anymore, Sally. We're real feminists. We actively work for the cause.

HARRIET: Yes. When I was at Greenham...

ANTHEA: Harriet, dear - don't let's start all that now. We are a feminist choir, but we do sing a wide range of songs, not all obviously feminist, are they? The word 'Feminism' can give the wrong idea, don't you think?

GILLY: We're not fanatics, are we, Anthea?

JANICE: Speak for yourself.

HARRIET: (TO SALLY): Do you go on marches?

SALLY: Well, not recently.

HARRIET: I marched against Vietnam in the 60's. I was at Greenham for 4 years.

SALLY: That was a long time.

HARRIET: It had to be done. I'm a radical feminist. Bring back the 70's, the 80's – we women knew who we were then – what we were fighting for and against.

SALLY: Oh, yes.

TAMMY: (PASSING LEAFLETS OVER TO SALLY): Protest, women against the lap dancing industry Greggors Club in the Elephant and Castle, next Thursday. The Workers and Students Cooperative is marching against the effect of the economy on women. Tuesday 13th. 2.30. Trafalgar Square.

SALLY: I should come along.

ANTHEA: Well, tell us about yourself – I mean – we've had a chat on the phone, haven't we? Er -.

JANICE: Have you done a lot of singing?

SALLY: Not recently. I used to sing with the BBC Symphony Chorus.

GILLY: Wow! She's just what we need, isn't she, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Yes.

SALLY: It's quite different from Women's Voices. There are over 100 singers, not a small group like yours - which, of course, will be more of a challenge.

ANTHEA: We're looking for a strong soprano to be with Tammy.

SALLY: Oh.

TAMMY: Hi. (INDICATING THE INFORMATION ON THE 'CUTBACKS EFFECT ON WOMEN' LEAFLET SHE'S HANDED SALLY EARLIER): Mike Marqusee and Liz Davies of the Morning Star are going to be there.

JANICE: Do you work?

SALLY: I work in accounts for an investment company.

TAMMY: Investments banks, the lot of them, they're leeches.

ANTHEA: Tammy, that's not being very friendly or helpful.

JANICE: Gilly needs a job – maybe you can keep an eye open for a job for Gilly.

SALLY: Yes. Yes, of course.

HARRIET: I've told her to try Reeds Employment Agency in Oxford Street. One must support each other when one can. (RAISES A FIST) Sisters unite!

GILLY: (RAISING A FIST): Sisters unite!

JANICE: We're a community.

TAMMY: Sally's in accounts – our accounts are in a mess, Anthea, aren't they? Perhaps she could take them over.

SALLY: Well, I could try – yes.

GILLY: Great. Isn't it, Anthea? Are you married?

SALLY: Yes.

JANICE: What's he do?

SALLY: Oh. He's in P.R.

HARRIET: What?

TAMMY: (INTERPRETING FOR HARRIET): Public Relations.

ANTHEA: And you've two grown up children, haven't you? – you said on the phone.

SALLY: Yes.

ANTHEA: A boy and a girl.

SALLY: Twenty two and eighteen.

ANTHEA: The girl is going to Sussex to study French, wasn't it, Sally?

SALLY: Well, she is hoping to.

ANTHEA: Well, I think that's enough from Sally. I'm sorry – all these questions, it's just – it's important to get to know each other, isn't it?

SALLY: Oh no. That's ok.

ANTHEA: I don't know if there's anything you need to know about us.

GILLY: We ought to tell Sally what we do.

JANICE: Not now.

GILLY: That doesn't seem very fair.

ANTHEA: Well – yes – of course.

GILLY: I'm Gilly. I'm an alto. I've been in the choir for four years, haven't I?

ANTHEA: Yes. Janice, I don't know if you want to say anything about yourself.

JANICE: I'm County Council Lead Officer for Equality in Children and Young People's Services.

ANTHEA: Janice has a very full diary. I don't know how she does it.

JANICE: I've two kids – one is twenty, the other ten. The twenty year old lad was from a marriage long gone, thank God. The ten year old from a so-called partner who's better forgotten – and thankfully disappeared one evening off the face of the earth.

GILLY: He doesn't pay her any alimony. Neither of them do.

JANICE: I wouldn't take it if they came crawling on their hands and knees with it. I stand on my own feet. Always have.

HARRIET: She's thinking of becoming a lesbian.

SALLY: Oh.

JANICE: Early thoughts.

TAMMY: I've got to go at half nine. Radical Activists Network. 'Life After Capitalism'. I'm a courier, Express Mail.

SALLY: Ah.

ANTHEA: Well now, Harriet. Anything?

GILLY: Her cat Pankhurst is dead.

TAMMY: I didn't know that.

JANICE: You were late as usual.

TAMMY: I'm sorry - about Pankhurst. Shit. That is bad.

ANTHEA: As she's said, Harriet was at Greenham Common.

HARRIET: Four years.

GILLY: She saw Peggy and Pete Seeger sing.

TAMMY: She marched against Vietnam, climbed up Nelson's Column.

ANTHEA: Yes.

SALLY: That's wonderful.

GILLY: Good for Harriet.

HARRIET: Have you climbed up Nelson's Column, Sally?

SALLY: No.

ANTHEA: We'd better get on with it, hadn't we? Now, I wonder if you'd mind singing for us, so we can just hear how your voice might fit in, if you wouldn't mind.

SALLY: No. That's what I'm here for.

ANTHEA: Yes. Of course. Good. Thank you. Shall we start with some arpeggios? Just to get a feel for your range. I'm afraid we haven't a conductor now – Veronica who was our conductor had a disastrous divorce, terribly upsetting, and went to live in a commune outside Glastonbury. It's so difficult to find a conductor, isn't it? Someone suitable. So, anyway – I'm sort of the conductor during rehearsals.

GILLY: Anthea is wonderful. (TO ANTHEA): You're wonderful.

JANICE: Anthea's not the leader. No one is the leader.

ANTHEA: No, I'm not.

GILLY: We're a democratic body, aren't we, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Yes, Gilly.

GILLY: As Janice says we're a community. 'Together We Stand', that's our motto, isn't it, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Yes, that's it, good idea.

TAMMY: I've got to go at half nine.

ANTHEA: Right. Arpeggios? Are you ready?

SALLY: Yes.

ANTHEA PLAYS ON THE KEYBOARD.

SALLY SINGS ARPEGGIOS.

ANTHEA: That's lovely, thank you, Sally. And shall we do some scales?

ANTHEA PLAYS ON THE KEYBOARD.

SALLY SINGS SCALES. SHE SINGS VERY WELL.

ANTHEA: Very good. Right. We'll try a round together. Do you know 'Weave and Spin'?

SALLY: Yes, I do.

ANTHEA: Good, good. We'll see how the voices blend. Let's sing it all together first.

GILLY: I think we should do a warm up first. It's been so long.

ANTHEA: I don't think we've the time.

TAMMY: No.

JANICE: We've got to get on.

ANTHEA: Are we ready. Here we are. Ready? Everyone – and -.

THEY SING TOGETHER.

THEY THEN BREAK INTO THREE GROUPS.

ANTHEA: Right. Let's break into three groups. That's it. Sally, you're singing with Tammy – everyone – yes – and -.

THEY SING.

ANTHEA: Good. How did you get on with Tammy?

SALLY: Fine. We were fine, weren't we?

JANICE: I couldn't hear Tammy.

TAMMY: Thanks.

JANICE: I'm only telling it as how it is.

ANTHEA: Let's move on, shall we? Have you a solo you could sing?

SALLY: Yes, 'Where Have all the Flowers Gone'.

GILLY: Oh, wow! It's one of my favourites.

SALLY: Shall I sing it unaccompanied?

ANTHEA: Yes. Thank you. When you're ready.

SALLY SINGS BEAUTIFULLY AND THE SONG IS VERY MOVING. THEY
CLAP.

GILLY: I told you it would be a good song for us.

HARRIET: I sang 'Where Have All the Flowers Gone' in Trafalgar Square in 1967.

SALLY: Oh.

HARRIET: You could hear a pin drop.

ANTHEA: Very nice, Sally.

JANICE: We usually have a chat now.

ANTHEA: Yes.

TAMMY: You sang it beautifully.

SALLY: Thank you.

ANTHEA: I wonder – would you mind, just popping into the kitchen. Five minutes at the most.

HARRIET: We take a democratic vote.

ANTHEA: Yes.

SALLY: That's all right. That's fine. Of course.

ANTHEA: Good.

ANTHEA TAKES SALLY OUT TO THE KITCHEN.

GILLY: She's wonderful.

TAMMY: She's bloody good. She's even better than Brenda.

GILLY: She's just who we need. She's a breath of fresh air. Thank God for that, eh, Tammy? What do you think, Janice?

JANICE: I couldn't hear Tammy.

TAMMY: I could.

JANICE: You were the only one, Tammy.

GILLY: I could.

HARRIET: We recorded 'Where Have All The Flowers Gone' on Roy Bailey's Earth, Wind and Fire 1972 Album 'Last Days and Time'. There were over a thousand of us.

GILLY: Wow.

JANICE: For God's sake, don't keep on saying wow. It's so naff.

GILLY: Oh. Sorry. Well, what do you want me to say?

JANICE: Anything, only not wow.

GILLY: Sorry, I'm sure. Anyway, I think she's wicked. Isn't she, Tammy?

ANTHEA ENTERS.

GILLY: She's got a lovely voice – hasn't she, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Yes, she has. What do you think, Janice?

JANICE: We don't know much about her, do we?

GILLY: She's marvellous. And she's an accountant. We could do with an accountant, Anthea. And her husband's in Public Relations. He must know a few people. He might get us gigs.

TAMMY: She's got a strong voice.

JANICE: That could be a problem. A big voice like that can overpower the rest of us, especially you, Tammy.

ANTHEA: I don't know. She's got experience. She probably knows how to tone it down.

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE: She's a bit posh, isn't she, luv?

HARRIET: Frankly, I've no objection to a person speaking the Queen's English.

GILLY: No.

ANTHEA: No, of course not.

JANICE: Who did she vote for at the last election?

ANTHEA: Janice, there are feminists in all the main parties. Really - that shouldn't matter.

JANICE: (SARCASTICALLY) Oh, right.

HARRIET: Do you think she'll fit in, Anthea? That's important.

ANTHEA: Oh, I'm sure.

GILLY: Yes.

ANTHEA: Well, I like her very much.

TAMMY: We've got to have her.

ANTHEA: What?

GILLY: Yes.

TAMMY: There isn't anyone else. We don't vote her in, we don't have a choir.

GILLY: Yes, there we are then.

HARRIET: It's important to know, is she a feminist? What are her feminist credentials, does anyone know?

ANTHEA: Women's Voices is a broad church, you know that, Harriet. We're all agreed on that.

JANICE: I just feel she might be too professional for us. You know what I mean?

GILLY: We are professional, aren't we? – in a way. Well, sort of semi-professional, aren't we?

TAMMY: Let's vote on it, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Yes. Right.

JANICE: Take a vote then.

ANTHEA: Everyone in favour of Sally Richards joining Women's Voices?

THEY ALL PUT THEIR HANDS UP

ANTHEA: Any against? Any abstentions?

TAMMY: Right. Let's tell her the news so I can get going.

ANTHEA EXITS TO GET SALLY.

DURING THE FOLLOWING TAMMY GETS INTO HER LEATHERS.

HARRIET: We could give her a try perhaps.

JANICE: She's in. We've voted.

GILLY: I think we've made the right decision. (TO TAMMY): Don't you?

TAMMY: Definitely. We've no choice.

JANICE: You take care on that bike.

TAMMY: I will.

GILLY: I like her bag – Sally's bag, didn't you, Janice?

JANICE: I didn't notice. God help us. Where are you, Gilly? Handbags, for God's sake.

GILLY: I just liked it. Anyway, we've made the right choice.

ANTHEA RETURNS WITH SALLY.

ANTHEA: Here we are.

SALLY: I've been helping Anthea's Roger with the washing up.

GILLY: Oh.

ANTHEA: Yes, that's very kind of you. Now then: Sally – we've decided we'd very much like you to join us.

SALLY: Oh. Thank you. Thank you so much.

GILLY: We thought you were terrific. I love your bag. Oh, and your voice.

ANTHEA: (TO TAMMY): Are you off?

TAMMY: (IN HER LEATHERS INCLUDING THE HELMET): Yep.

SALLY: Oh. You're a biker. Of course.

TAMMY: Yep. Bye. Nice to meet you.

TAMMY LOWERS HELMET OVER HER FACE.

SALLY: Yes.

GILLY: Ta-ta.

HARRIET: Off you go.

TAMMY EXITS.

ANTHEA: We've got Inverness and Peterborough coming up. I checked the dates with you on the phone, didn't I? And then there's the Festival of Choirs at the O2.

GILLY: Oh yes – 700 women from all over the world. We don't know what we're singing yet.

ANTHEA: You're all right for that?

SALLY: Oh, yes.

ROGER ENTERS.

ROGER: Oh – sorry to trouble you – Anthea – you said you wanted to watch your programme.

ANTHEA: Oh yes. BBC2 on organizations supporting the disadvantaged into work. (TO SALLY) The Charity I work for - we're in it – I think. (to ROGER): We can record it.

JANICE: I've got to go anyway. Kate is with a neighbour. (TO SALLY): My daughter.

ANTHEA: Oh.

GILLY: How exciting – you on the BBC.

ANTHEA: It's not just about us.

JANICE: (TO HARRIET): I'll give you a lift.

HARRIET: I've got to go – the toilet.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA: (TO HARRIET): You know where it is?

HARRIET EXITS TO THE DOWNSTAIRS TOILET.

SALLY: Thanks so much for letting me join you. I'm really looking forward to it. I won't keep you from your programme.

ANTHEA: Oh. Thank you. I'm so glad you're in the choir. I know we're all delighted – and relieved to tell you the truth. Aren't we, Janice?

JANICE: Yes.

ANTHEA: It's a tricky time for us – with Brenda and Connie having to leave us. Left us rather 'all at sea'. You've saved the day. Perhaps you'd have a look at these songs, before our rehearsal next Friday – 7.30.

SALLY: Yes.

ANTHEA: Good. Well, that's that.

ROGER ENTERS WITH THE COATS.

ROGER: Here we are. Whose is this?

JANICE: It's mine.

ROGER: Oh, good. Was it successful – the audition?

ANTHEA: Yes.

SALLY: I'll see myself out – thanks again. Bye now.

ANTHEA: Oh. Are you sure?

SALLY: Of course. (KISSING ANTHEA'S CHEEKS.) I'm so pleased.

JANICE: Bye, bye.

GILLY: We're relying on you, Sally.

SALLY: Ah. I'll do my best.

ROGER: Goodnight.

SALLY EXITS.

ROGER: (TO GILLY RE: HER COAT): Here we are. This is yours.

GILLY: Oh. Thank you.

ROGER: (OFFERING TO HELP HER WITH HER COAT): Shall I -?

GILLY: No, it's all right. (KISSING ANTHEA ON THE CHEEK): Bye, Anthea.
Sally joining us, it's a new beginning. You were terrific.

ANTHEA: Oh.

GILLY: The way you do things.

ANTHEA: Well, I'm not in charge.

GILLY: No. But, you know. Well.

JANICE: (TO GILLY): See you on Friday.

GILLY: (FEELING OBLIGED TO LEAVE ANTHEA AND JANICE TOGETHER):
Yes. Yes.

ANTHEA: (KISSING HER CHEEK): Bye, thank you, Gilly, dear.

GILLY: (KISSING JANICE ON THE CHEEK): Bye, Janice – say goodbye to Harriet
for me. Bye.

GILLY BLOWS KISSES. ANTHEA RESPONDS.

GILLY EXITS.

ROGER: Right. Well. I'm glad it went well. And – er – you're rehearsing next Friday
– you're coming here?

JANICE: If that's ok with you.

ROGER: Oh, yes.

ROGER (LOOKING AT HIS WATCH): Ten minutes.

ROGER EXITS.

JANICE: You didn't tell me your book was being published.

ANTHEA: Oh, well - I was going to. At the right time. I didn't want to – upset you. Anyway – you're going to get yours published soon.

JANICE: It's already been turned down by five publishers.

ANTHEA: God, why? It's marvellous.

JANICE: You haven't read it.

ANTHEA: No, but, we agreed, we wouldn't, didn't we? Not until - you know that - in case it influenced our own books.

JANICE: Still, I think you could have told me, sister. You told Gilly.

ANTHEA: Janice. Please. Gilly asked me on the phone and I told her. For God's sake.

HARRIET ENTERS

JANICE: Ah, here you are.

HARRIET: Everything all right, sisters?

JANICE: Yes.

ANTHEA: Yes.

HARRIET: Are we off?

JANICE: Yes.

ANTHEA: Thanks for coming, Harriet.

HARRIET: Why wouldn't I come?

JANICE: (WITH HARRIET'S BAG): Here we are. (TO ANTHEA): Friday.

ANTHEA: Thank God there's six of us now. Such a reprieve.

JANICE: Yes.

ANTHEA: Bye, Harriet.

JANICE AND HARRIET EXIT.

ANTHEA SITS.

ROGER ENTERS.

ROGER: You ready to have a look at your programme?

ANTHEA: Dear God. I'm exhausted.

ROGER: They seem a lively lot. Sally was telling me – in the kitchen – she seems to have been having a bad time. She didn't say what, but she said it was important for her to join the choir, get out of the house.

ANTHEA: (LOOKING AT ROGER): Yes.

ROGER: She once sang with Bryn Terfel in the Proms at the Albert Hall.

ANTHEA: Bryn Terfel.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA REMAINS SEATED.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO SCENE 1

THREE MONTHS LATER – DECEMBER.

AN AREA OFF THE STAGE OF A VENUE WHERE ‘WOMEN’S VOICES’ ARE PERFORMING.

PRESENT: JANICE, GILLY AND TAMMY.

ANOTHER CHOIR CAN BE HEARD SINGING.

SALLY ENTERS FROM THE STAGE.

SALLY: They’re good – very neatly turned out. They’re doing one more after this, then it’s us again.

JANICE: What the hell were we doing singing ‘The White Cliffs Of Dover’ for?! We’re not doing a World War Two show!

SALLY: The organizers specifically requested it. They’d only just told me. It’s in honour of their chairman. His favourite.

JANICE: We’re a feminist fucking choir – it has nothing to do with feminism. We shouldn’t be doing this bloody awful gig anyway.

SALLY: I didn’t arrange it? It was before my time. Speak to Anthea.

JANICE: You stick the bloody song into our hands out there – no bloody warning.

SALLY: We all know the tune.

JANICE: Who do you think you are? You’ve been bugging around, trying to push us around ever since you joined us. You join the choir and within months you’re taking over.

SALLY: We've got another set after this lot finishes – I suggest we calm down and focus on the singing – singing well. I'd like to remind you that Bolton cancelled – the man from Bolton saw us at Jackson's Lane and he's cancelled – not quite what we were looking for, he said.

JANICE: Bollocks.

SALLY: He's engaged the Gateshead Women's Choir – so it must have been our singing.

JANICE: Jesus.

SALLY: For someone who despises Christianity you seem rather too ready to call upon God and Jesus all the time. And I don't know why you have to swear so much.

GILLY: I think you're being unfair, Janice.

JANICE: Oh, Jesus.

DURING DIALOGUE BELOW:

OFFSTAGE: WE HEAR APPLAUSE.

THEN A SHORT ANNOUNCEMENT REFERRING TO THE NEXT SONG.

THEN: SINGING

ANTHEA ENTERS.

SALLY: Anthea – where were you?

ANTHEA: Showing Harriet to the lavatory.

SALLY: Before we went on - we were late going on, Anthea.

ANTHEA: Sorry, sorry. I was talking to the organizer at Milton Keynes about doing their festival next year. We've been trying to get to her festival for years.

JANICE: She's good at talking to people - it's called networking, for God's sake.

SALLY: I'm sorry, but we're not going to get any gigs if we can't be more professional. For goodness sake. Surely you can talk with her at the end of the evening.

JANICE: Who does she think she is?

SALLY: I'm just trying to do my best for Women's Voices, Janice. (TO ANTHEA): You said you wanted me to get the choir, Women's Voices, back to what it once was.

TAMMY IS TEXTING.

ANTHEA: Tammy, do stop texting – just for a moment.

SALLY: Tammy, The White Cliffs of Dover, you're slouching, you need to keep an open throat and breathe – there – (SHE HOLDS TAMMY'S RIBS EITHER SIDE OF HER DIAPHRAGM) – here. You're getting there, isn't she? We should have a quick warm up before we go on again.

JANICE: We've already warmed up – we've just been singing, for God's sake.

ANTHEA: Harriet's not here.

GILLY: She's in the loo.

ANTHEA: (IRRITATED): I know, Gilly, I've just taken her there. Sally dear, let's not rehearse now. We'll do the rest of the gig and then we can discuss what needs to be done.

HARRIET ENTERS.

ANTHEA: Ah, there you are. All right?

HARRIET: My bag.

ANTHEA: What about it?

HARRIET: I've left it on stage.

ANTHEA: Oh no.

HARRIET: By the side of the stage.

GILLY: I'll get it.

SALLY: I'll get it.

HARRIET: I'll get it.

SALLY: No, you won't. I'll go.

HARRIET: Thank you, sister.

SALLY EXITS.

JANICE: (TO ANTHEA): I'm not putting up with this. You don't say a bloody thing. Why do you let her have her way all the time. 'The White Cliffs Of Dover'. I'm not putting up with this. Fuck it, Anthea. She's getting worse. Every gig we do. Ever since she joined us – Manchester, Bradford, East Sheen, Tower Hamlets - months of this. I can't stand anymore. We should never have taken her on. She thinks she bloody owns us. And she sings too loudly – I couldn't hear Tammy.

TAMMY: What?

TAMMY'S MOBILE RINGS.

TAMMY: (INTO PHONE): Hello. Hello. I'm not getting a good reception. Wait a minute. I'll just go outside. (TO THE OTHERS): Shan't be a moment.

TAMMY EXITS.

JANICE: Just what have you been saying to her? What's all this about getting back to what we were? You put her in charge?

HARRIET: No one is in charge. We're a democracy.

ANTHEA: Yes. All - I said to her after Lincoln – we weren't singing well, you have to admit, Janice –.

GILLY: We had colds. Tammy, me and Harriet had colds.

ANTHEA: I said to her, I merely said, with her experience, if she'd try and help get us back to how we used to be.

JANICE: You mean when Brenda and Connie were with us. Right, well, fuck it, you can do without me.

GILLY: No, Janice.

ANTHEA: We're singing better now.

JANICE: You think so? I'm going out of my mind with it all.

GILLY: We had colds in Lincoln.

HARRIET: I had a cold in my urinary tract.

GILLY: She's on antibiotics.

JANICE: We're not laughing anymore. (TO GILLY): Are we? Where's your girlish laugh, Gilly?

TAMMY ENTERS (HAVING MADE HER MOBILE CALL).

TAMMY: Ok. How's it going? I don't like that fucking White Cliffs Of Dover Sally made us do.

JANICE: Right.

TAMMY'S PHONE RINGS.

TAMMY: Oh. Back in a minute.

TAMMY EXITS.

ANTHEA: I don't think we should say anything. We should just see how things go – quieten down – I'm sure they will.

OFFSTAGE THE SINGING FINISHES.

SALLY ENTERS WITH HARRIET'S BAG

OFFSTAGE – WE HEAR APPLAUSE.

SALLY: Got it. We're on. Where's Tammy?

GILLY: On her mobile.

TAMMY ENTERS.

SALLY: You shouldn't have your mobile on while we're doing the gigs.

OFFSTAGE: V/O: THANKS TO THE CHOIR JUST FINISHED.

SALLY: Come on, we're on. Come on.

TAMMY'S MOBILE RINGS.

ANTHEA: Tammy.

TAMMY TURNS HER MOBILE OFF.

THEY BEGIN TO EXIT.

SALLY: Ribs up, Tammy. Keep an open throat.

END OF ACT TWO SCENE 1

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR ACT TWO SCENE 2

ACT TWO SCENE 2

TWO MONTHS LATER – FEBRUARY.

ANTHEA AND ROGER'S LIVING ROOM SOME WEEKS LATER.

PRESENT: SALLY, GILLY, TAMMY.

TAMMY IS GETTING OUT OF HER LEATHERS.

SALLY: We've got so much to do. The show at Cardiff, the Festival of Choirs at the O2.

GILLY: It's not like Janice to be late.

TAMMY: She's here now.

GILLY: Something must have happened.

JANICE AND ANTHEA ENTER (FROM THE FRONT DOOR)

SALLY: Here she is.

GILLY: Hiya.

JANICE: I'm sorry I'm late. I had a meeting in Croydon. I have to work.

SALLY: We all do, Janice.

GILLY: Hi.

JANICE: You don't have to drive out to Croydon. I've come straight here and I'm knackered.

SALLY: Yes, of course.

JANICE: Harriet's coming.

ANTHEA: No, you sure?

JANICE: She insisted.

ANTHEA: I'm surprised they discharged her so soon - she looked awful - pneumonia is serious.

TAMMY: You know how it is - the NHS, starved to death, privatized.

GILLY: She was marvellous, wasn't she? - in the hospital - putting on such a good face - She kept raising her arm and calling out 'Sisters Unite!'

SALLY: I've learnt all her solos, just in case she's not up to doing Cardiff.

JANICE: You're doing them all, are you?

ANTHEA: You've learnt all of them?

SALLY: Well, I thought I'd learn them, as I say, just in case.

ANTHEA: I think you should have asked us first.

JANICE: It would have been nice, wouldn't it?

SALLY: I didn't think it mattered - just a precaution.

ANTHEA: Well. (TO JANICE): You didn't bring Harriet then.

JANICE: I've come straight here, haven't I? She's getting a taxi. I gave her the fare.

GILLY: Should we all chip in, help pay for the fare?

JANICE: No. You're the last person, for God's sake.

GILLY: I've been going to interviews. I went to one this morning - this man kept wanting to know if I was married, was I thinking of getting married or had plans to get pregnant.

TAMMY: It's illegal to ask a jobseeker her marital status. It's against the Pregnancy Discrimination Act 1978 and the Civil Rights Act directive 76/207/EEC 1976. You should report him.

SALLY: Can we get on?

JANICE: Gilly is one of us.

TAMMY: Gilly's concerns are ours as well.

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

JANICE: That's her now.

ANTHEA: I'll go.

ANTHEA EXITS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

SALLY: We're going to have to have a look at 'Carry Greenham Home' for the Festival of Choirs at the O2 – we've not all been singing it in the same key or moving it correctly. And then there's 'Singing For Our Lives' we sing with the other choirs at the end. We need to rehearse that. We've hardly looked at it.

GILLY: The O2 – can you imagine? - seventeen women’s choirs – amazing, Strawberry Thieves, The Seagreen Singers, choirs from Uganda, Tanzania, The African Women’s Choir.

SALLY: So we’ve got to be spot on.

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE SIGHS

TAMMY: Gilly, the Reclaim the Night March is next month.

GILLY: Oh great.

TAMMY: There’ll be an coordinating committee meeting on the 29th, you should come to that.

GILLY: Oh yes. Yes, I can help organize that.

TAMMY: I’ll pick you up on the bike. I’ll get you a helmet.

GILLY: Wow!

TAMMY: I know a parking space off Suffolk Street.

GILLY: Wow! Yes. On your bike. Thanks.

SALLY: (TO TAMMY): You’re wasting your time.

TAMMY: What?

SALLY: I mean – marching – the Reclaim the Night march – it’s not going to help.

TAMMY: What you want women to do – sit on our arses, do nothing?

GILLY: It's bringing the danger to women to the awareness of the public, Sally.

SALLY: Yes. But it doesn't stop the danger. So? Then what? Well, never mind. Perhaps you're right.

TAMMY: You ought to come on it.

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE: Yes, well, let's not get into an argument about it. We all do what we can.

GILLY: Yes. We all do what is best for each of us to do – don't we, Janice?

SALLY: Where's Anthea gone?

JANICE: Bloody hell, you got ants in your pants, haven't you?

SALLY: There's a lot to do.

JANICE: (SIGHS): Bloody hell.

GILLY: (TO JANICE): What about your book? Have you heard any good news yet – from publishers, Janice?

JANICE: No, I haven't, Gilly.

GILLY: Perhaps Anthea can put in a good word for you with her publisher.

JANICE: Oh do shut up. Don't talk such fucking nonsense.

SALLY: You know, we should be rehearsing not talking!

GILLY: Oh dear. I'm sorry.

HARRIET AND ANTHEA ENTER.

HARRIET LOOKS ILL AND UNSTEADY.

ANTHEA: Here she is.

GILLY: Harriet! You've come!

TAMMY: Hey, cool, Harriet!

SALLY: Harriet. You've made the effort. Well done.

GILLY: You look wonderful – so much better, doesn't she?

JANICE: Harriet, love.

GILLY: (RAISING A FIST AND CALLING OUT): Sisters Unite! Sisters Unite,
Harriet!

HARRIET DOES NOT ACKNOWLEDGE THIS CALL FROM GILLY.

JANICE: You all right?

ANTHEA: You want a cup of tea? (GOING TO THE DOOR, SHOUTING
THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN): Roger – can you make some tea? For Harriet. Tea.

ANTHEA BRIEFLY EXITS TO CALL TO ROGER

SALLY: (TO HARRIET): That's it, you sit down.

ANTHEA (OFF STAGE – CALLING): Roger. A cup of tea. For Harriet. Thank you.

ANTHEA RE-ENTERS

SALLY: Now we're all here – Tammy here on time for once, eh, Tammy? – I do think we should rehearse 'Carry Greenham Home' for the O2.

TAMMY: Come on.

GILLY: Harriet doesn't have to do it.

HARRIET: Of course I'm doing it. It's not going to work unless I do it. I'm all right.

SALLY: Good for you.

WHILE THEY ARE GETTING INTO THEIR PLACES:

JANICE: You're not going to make her do it?

HARRIET: I'm all right.

SALLY: I think we should learn 'Only Our Rivers Run Free' sometime. Do you know it, Anthea?

JANICE: I haven't got time to learn new songs now. I've got enough my hands.

TAMMY: I need a lot of time to learn a new song.

SALLY: Women's Voices have been singing the same twenty songs over and over again for the past fifteen years - that's what you said, Anthea, didn't you?

JANICE: We ought to stick with what we know.

HARRIET: Where do you want me to stand?

ANTHEA: You're in the front here.

SALLY: That's it. Thanks, Harriet, you're a trooper. Isn't she? Everyone in our positions.

THEY ALL MOVE INTO POSITIONS, LOOKING AROUND AND CHANGING PLACES.

HARRIET MOVES RIGHT IN FRONT, SALLY AND TAMMY ARE BEHIND HER AND THEN ANTHEA, JANICE AND GILLY ARE IN THE BACK ROW. SALLY CALLS OUT INSTRUCTIONS FROM WHERE SHE IS STANDING.

ANTHEA: Is this right?

TAMMY: This is different to what it used to be.

GILLY: It's better like this - Sally's way - isn't it, Anthea?

SALLY: That's it. That's it, isn't it, Anthea?

ANTHEA: Yes. I think so. That's about right.

SALLY: Now then everyone: at the end of verse one the second row takes a step forward. Right. Off we go. (THEY DO IT). The end of verse two and the third row takes a step forward – like we did at Reading and Peterborough. (THEY DO IT). Now during verse three Tammy and I slowly walk forward to stand either side of Harriet. Move slowly. And during verse four the back row walks diagonally towards the front to end up either side of us. Move, move. Janice? Where are you going?

JANICE: I don't know. I'm in the middle, aren't I? There's no space for me.

SALLY: Just make up your mind. Either join Anthea or Gilly. Now try that move again. Move, move. Good. Let's see how we get on, this time singing it.

ANTHEA GOES OVER TO THE KEYBOARD, THE OTHERS GET INTO STARTING POSITIONS, ANTHEA PLAYS THE NOTE AND –

SALLY: Everyone in position. Anthea. In position?

THE WOMEN STAND TO ATTENTION IN THEIR POSITIONS.

SALLY: Have you got the note, Harriet? (SHE HUMS IT TO HER)

HARRIET SINGS THE FIRST VERSE OF 'CARRY GREENHAM HOME'. IN THE SECOND VERSE TAMMY AND SALLY STEP FORWARD AND JOIN HER. ANTHEA, JANICE AND GILLY TAKE A STEP FORWARD FOR THE THIRD VERSE. SALLY GIVES TAMMY THE NOD AND THEY MOVE SLOWLY TO JOIN HARRIET EITHER SIDE. ANTHEA AND GILLY START TO MOVE AND SALLY HOLDS THEM BACK WITH A HAND SIGNAL. THEY START THE FOURTH VERSE AND SHE SIGNALS THEM FORWARD. JANICE GOES ONE DIRECTION THEN CHANGES HER MIND AND HEADS FOR THE OTHER DIRECTION, GETTING HERSELF IN A MESS. FINALLY, SHE BARGES IN NEXT TO HARRIET. THE SONG FINISHES.

ANTHEA: We stepped forward too soon.

HARRIET: (TO JANICE): You're not next to me. Sally should be next to me.

JANICE: We're not the Royal fucking Ballet. Can't we just bloody sing?

HARRIET: Singing keeps you healthy.

ROGER APPEARS AT THE DOOR WITH A CUP OF TEA FOR HARRIET.

ROGER: Here we are. Cup of tea. Sorry it took so long. It's for Harriet, is it? Hope you're feeling much better now. Pneumonia – not nice at all. I am sorry.

HARRIET: (TAKING THE CUP): Thank you.

TAMMY: I've got to go by nine – meeting – London Action Resource Committee - proposed demo against the new immigration detention centre.

SALLY: Tammy, do you have to go?

TAMMY: Yes, I do.

ROGER: There we are then. Everything all right?

ANTHEA: Yes, Roger, thank you.

ROGER: Right –oh. (TO GILLY): I like your hair – you’ve done it differently - different colour – got a new fella?

ANTHEA: Roger.

ROGER: Right-oh. Call me if you need me. (TO GILLY): Nice hair. Interesting. I can see you turning heads with that.

JANICE: Could you just mind your own business?

ROGER: I’ll be on my way then.

ROGER EXITS.

GILLY: (REFERRING TO HER HAIR): Oh gawd – you think it’s all right. It’s not what I wanted.

ANTHEA: I’m sure Tim will like it.

TAMMY: Who’s Tim?

GILLY: Someone I met – well, sort of.

TAMMY: You didn’t tell me.

GILLY: (TO TAMMY): I told Anthea – oh, and Janice. I couldn't find your mobile number – sorry.

JANICE: He's moved in down the road.

TAMMY: What's he like? Have you been out with him?

JANICE: Not yet.

GILLY: (REFERRING TO HER HAIR-DO): I'm not sure I've got it right. I didn't expect it to come out like this. Not this exactly.

SALLY: (WITH ONGOING FRUSTRATION): Could we get on? There's so much to do.

ANTHEA: It makes a nice change.

GILLY: What about the skirt?

JANICE: It's fine.

GILLY: Not too much – you know.

JANICE: You dress how you want, how you feel.

TAMMY: You go for it, Gilly. What you wear, it's for you. It's yours.

GILLY: Yes. It's for me.

HARRIET: It's going to take time for one to get used to the hair.

GILLY: Oh. Oh dear.

SALLY: Before we rehearse 'Singing For Our Lives', I've been talking with the West London Women's Choir. I think it would be a good idea if we considered joining up with them. I've had a word. They're looking to expand. Like us, they've had trouble holding onto and recruiting members.

ANTHEA: You've spoken to them?

SALLY: Yes. We could combine our names in some way. They're very nice. I'm sure we'd all get on very well.

JANICE: We're Women's Voices! We're not fucking joining up with them or anyone. You haven't thought of discussing this with us first, before talking to them.

ANTHEA: I'm sorry, but this isn't right. Not at all. Women's Voices has been inexistence for 15 years.

TAMMY: I'm not joining them. We don't know anything about them.

SALLY: Well, I'm just trying to -.

JANICE: You don't run this outfit, you know.

SALLY: I'm sorry.

JANICE: You amaze me.

ANTHEA: No. This won't do. I'm sorry.

JANICE: Jesus. Yes, Jesus.

TAMMY: I've got to go at nine.

HARRIET: I've been in the choir for 15 years, since it started.

ANTHEA: This won't do.

SALLY: I was just making enquiries. That's all.

AWKWARD PAUSE

HARRIET: I've got to go to the toilet.

HARRIET RISES

SALLY: I've got to go to the toilet too. Shall I go upstairs? And then we should go through 'The Freedom Tide is Rising', shall we?

SALLY EXITS TO GO TO THE UPSTAIRS TOILET.

HARRIET EXITS TO THE DOWNSTAIRS TOILET.

JANICE: She's taken over. I'm not going on, not with her. It's her or me. She goes and tries to get us to join up with another choir – doesn't say anything about this to us. God help us, Anthea – she's a disaster. She's fucking taken over. It's do this, do that. We were all right before she came. We sang all right. We got gigs.

ANTHEA: I know.

JANICE: What the hell does she think she's doing? I'm not putting up with it.

ANTHEA: No. It's not right.

TAMMY: We ought to talk to her.

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE: Talk to her? We've done that – she doesn't listen. I mean, you might as well not be here, Anthea. No. You're in charge – all right we're a democracy, but you're in charge of the singing, rehearsals, we know that. Only she doesn't seem to know it, that's for sure. Don't you care? I sometimes think you've given up, not interested anymore, now your book's being published?

GILLY: That's not fair.

JANICE: Giving up, are you, eh?

ANTHEA: No, Gilly's right, you're being unfair. I don't like what's happening any more than you do.

JANICE: We've been Women's Voices for all these years. Since she came in, took over, we don't know who the hell we are.

ANTHEA: You think she ought to go, don't you?

JANICE: Don't you? Tammy's not happy about her, are you? She doesn't say, but you can tell. She's on and on to Tammy, on and on, nagging her about her voice – we know it's weak, but it's Tammy.

TAMMY: Thanks.

JANICE: Tammy's part of us. And don't tell me she's a feminist. She's no more a feminist than that Thatcher woman was, Tammy. The woman's a fucking right-wing Tory.

TAMMY: She is a Tory, yeah.

JANICE: She's got to go, I say. It's her or me. Final. I'm sorry, luv, but that's that.

GILLY: Oh. I don't know. Tammy?

TAMMY: We can't ask her to go just like that.

ANTHEA: No.

GILLY: No.

ANTHEA: We have to take a vote on it.

GILLY: Yes.

ANTHEA: We have to discuss it first.

JANICE: We'll talk about it. When?

TAMMY: God, she's going to be here in a moment.

ANTHEA: We'll come early next Friday. Seven. Sally at eight.

JANICE: We don't say a word. I'll tell Harriet on the way home.

ANTHEA: Yes. Oh dear.

SALLY ENTERS.

SALLY: All right? Time's getting on.

END OF ACT TWO SCENE 2

ACT 2 SCENE 3

ONE WEEK LATER. (FEBRUARY)

ANTHEA AND ROGERS LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

ALL ARE PRESENT EXCEPT SALLY.

THERE IS TENSION IN THE AIR.

THEY ARE IN THE MIDDLE OF A HEATED ARGUMENT.

JANICE: She's got to go. She's taken over. Come on, Anthea.

GILLY: Do you think she has to, Anthea?

JANICE: We can't go on discussing this. She'll be here in ten minutes.

GILLY: We used to be such a happy lot.

JANICE: Exactly.

TAMMY: I think we ought to talk to her first.

ANTHEA: When it comes down to it, I suppose she hasn't fitted in.

JANICE: It's supposed to be fun. I'm working all day everyday, I don't want to come here and work like it's another job I've got to do, and having her breathing down my neck, bossing us about. She's not going to change. We know that. The fact is the choir comes first. We're not Women's Voices anymore. We're Sally's Voices. I can't stand it. I didn't join the choir to be treated like I'm in the fucking army.

ANTHEA: She rang this morning. She says she's got us gig in Chichester.

GILLY: Chichester?

ANTHEA: Rotary Club.

JANICE: God help us, we're not doing another Rotary Club.

TAMMY: I'm not doing a Rotary Club – they were patronising bastards.

ANTHEA: She says we mustn't only sing for the converted.

JANICE: Converted!

ANTHEA: Well, she's right really.

JANICE: She wants us to sing 'popular songs'. 'So Strong', 'From A Distance' - you've heard her. We don't sing 'popular songs', we sing about what we believe in – we sing to make a difference.

ANTHEA: What do you think, Harriet?

HARRIET: Marx wrote: 'Society does not consist of individuals, but expresses the sum of interrelations, the relations within which these individuals stand.'

JANICE: He meant the needs of the group come before the needs of the individual. We've got to ask her to leave.

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

ANTHEA: Oh my God, that'll be her. She's early.

JANICE: We've got to take a vote.

GILLY: Oh God, I hate this.

HARRIET: Take a vote, Anthea.

TAMMY: I still think we ought to talk to her first?

JANICE: No. We've agreed, we're taking a vote. We can't leave her out there.

HARRIET: We've got to vote, Anthea.

ANTHEA: Yes. Those who want Sally to go?

JANICE AND HARRIET AND ANTHEA PUT THEIR HANDS UP. THEY LOWER THEIR HANDS.

ANTHEA: Those who want to give her another chance?

GILLY PUTS HER HAND UP, AND THEN DOWN AGAIN, INDECISIVELY, THEN UP AND DOWN, AND FINALLY SEEING TAMMY HAS HER HAND UP, SHE RAISES HER HAND.

JANICE: That's it. That's three against two.

GILLY: I hate this.

JANICE: So you keep saying.

TAMMY: You think we're doing the right thing – as feminists?

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

JANICE: We've voted. It's best you tell her, Anthea.

ANTHEA: Oh. Do you think so?

TAMMY: Answer the door.

JANICE: We'll go into the kitchen.

THEY RISE.

HARRIET: If you want any help, I'd be happy to be of assistance, Anthea.

ANTHEA: That's all right, Harriet – thank you.

GILLY: Oh, my God.

JANICE: Don't take too long. Get on with it.

TAMMY: (TO ANTHEA): Thanks, Anthea.

ANTHEA EXITS TO THE FRONT DOOR.

ALL BUT ANTHEA START TO EXIT TO THE KITCHEN:

TAMMY: (TO HARRIET): Come along.

GILLY: (TO HARRIET): You all right?

JANICE: It has to be done.

HARRIET: I remember at Greenham we had to get rid of a woman. She stole the petty cash.

JANICE: Don't hang about.

TAMMY: I still think we should all have a talk with her.

JANICE: For Christ's sake. We've voted.

HARIET (RETURNING TO THE PLACE WHERE SHE WAS SITTING): My handbag.

JANICE: Come on.

HARRIET: Here we are.

HARRIET RETURNS TO THE DOOR WITH HER HANDBAG.

HARRIET: (GOING BACK TO WHERE SHE WAS SITTING): My glasses. Where are my glasses?

GILLY: Where did you put them?

JANICE: Oh, do come on.

GILLY: Here they are.

TAMMY: Come on.

THEY ALL EXIT TO THE KITCHEN.

AN EMPTY ROOM.

ANTHEA AND SALLY ENTER.

ANTHEA: Here we are.

SALLY: Oh. Just the two of us.

ANTHEA: Let's sit down, shall we?

SALLY: Something wrong?

ANTHEA: I'm afraid, I'm sorry, but we've got a problem. Sally, you're so talented. You have made such a difference.

SALLY: You want me to leave, don't you?

ANTHEA: Sally, dear - it's just – this isn't personal in any way – it's just that somehow it hasn't worked out - with the group – I know you've put your heart and soul into the choir and we have improved so much.

SALLY: That's Janice's coat, isn't it? They're here, aren't they? They've got you to do the dirty work.

ANTHEA: Oh dear – it's not just Janice – we all feel – oh dear -.

SALLY: You don't think I fit in?

ANTHEA: Well, it's not that – it's just – well – you know – you see – you are – you are a bit -

SALLY: Too demanding. I thought you wanted someone to bring Women's Voices up to scratch. I thought you said so.

ANTHEA: We do, we do. I know, I know. I know you've meant for the best.

SALLY: And everyone's singing so much better, aren't they?

ANTHEA: We've all had a talk about this – I am sorry – everyone is so aware of your contribution – we think very highly of you – Tammy, her voice has improved – well, she tries. But we're not right for you. When it comes down to it, we all feel it best if we – we just make a clean break, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry. We've taken a vote. That business joining another choir, well, that was -.

SALLY: We don't get anywhere if we don't have discipline, Anthea. We're not getting the gigs.

ANTHEA: You're too professional for us. I suppose we should have done something about this earlier. And it's gone too far – that's the problem.

SALLY: I think it's best if I leave now. We don't want to make a fuss.

ANTHEA: No. I think you should see the others. I feel it's only right. In my opinion it's important, right for all of us to – you know –

SALLY: To say goodbye.

ANTHEA: Yes. Yes.

ANTHEA CALLS THROUGH THE DOOR TO EVERYONE.

ANTHEA: (CALLING): Can everyone come in, please.

SALLY: I don't know what you want me to say.

ANTHEA: Nothing – if you don't want to.

THEY ENTER.

ANTHEA: I've had a talk with Sally and we've agreed it's best if we part company. I have to say she has been most gracious about it, and personally I'm terribly, terribly sorry it has come to this.

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE: It just didn't work out, Sally.

ANTHEA: No. Well. I'm sorry.

SALLY: It's one of those things.

ANTHEA: Yes.

SALLY: I've really enjoyed singing with you. It's been really helpful – a really helpful time. Really. I best go.

GILLY: Oh dear.

TAMMY: You really helped me with my singing, Sally.

SALLY: (TO TAMMY): Ribs up, breathe from the diaphragm.

HARRIET: You're too good for us.

ANTHEA: I think we should all have a cup of tea. Don't you think so? Yes. Don't go. We'll have a cup of tea. Come on, Janice, you give me a hand.

HARRIET: I've got to go to the toilet.

TAMMY: (TO ANTHEA): I'll help you – with the tea.

GILLY: Yes.

ANTHEA: Thank you.

HARRIET EXITS TO THE DOWNSTAIRS TOILET.

ANTHEA, JANICE AND TAMMY EXIT TO THE KITCHEN.

GILLY: I'm so sorry. Gosh. I hate this. I hate it.

GILLY IS WEEPING.

SALLY: Don't worry, please, Gilly.

GILLY: I voted for you to stay. So did Tammy. It was three against two.
We shouldn't have done this.

SALLY: Please don't cry, Gilly. If only you knew how much I owe to Women's Voices, owe you all. Dear Gilly – I've had a terrible time – last year before I joined Women's Voices - and you've all helped me get over it, get through it. My husband Robert told me to do something, to get involved in something, take my mind off things.

GILLY: Off what?

SALLY: I hadn't sung for so long and I thought – well – and so I joined you and it's been a blessing. It's helped so much.

GILLY: What? – take you mind off what?

SALLY: My daughter Jane, she was assaulted. She was sexually assaulted.

GILLY: Oh my God.

SALLY: It was in the park – three teenagers. Anyway, anyway, I'm afraid I haven't handled it at all well. I mean as my husband said - I mean it was all so overwhelming. I was of no use to Jane or anyone at all.

GILLY: Oh my God.

SALLY: No. it's all right. Jane's the strong one and Robert and my son, they suggested I should take a hold of myself, sing again, join a choir, a women's choir, and I have, did. I feel so much more in charge now. So much better. So there we are. Dear Tammy, our disagreement about the Reclaim the Night march – it just didn't

seem – well, at the time it seemed such a - a useless gesture. But still, I suppose I may be wrong.

GILLY: Oh my God.

SALLY: I'm all right. I'm all right. I'm sorry it hasn't worked out so well for Women's Voices.

GILLY: It has. You've been marvellous.

SALLY: Well, thank you.

GILLY: We're singing much better. We need you.

SALLY: No, no. Don't. Gilly, Gilly – I'm going.

GILLY: Oh God. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. We've let you down.

SALLY: I've got to go.

GILLY: No, no.

SALLY: I can't stay. It'd be silly, well, I'd feel silly, we all would. Go and help them with the tea.

SALLY HUGS GILLY.

GILLY: No.

SALLY: Say goodbye for me. I love your hair. You do whatever you want with it.

SALLY EXITS.

GILLY IS ABOUT TO EXIT TO THE KITCHEN WHEN FIRST TAMMY, THEN JANICE, ANTHEA ENTER WITH TEA THINGS.

TAMMY: Here we are. Tea's on the way.

GILLY: (IN A FLOOD OF TEARS): Oh, my God! Sally. Her daughter was raped! We've got to get her back, Tammy. Sally, her daughter was raped, Anthea, Janice.

ANTHEA: Sally?

GILLY: We've got to get her back. We've got to ask her to come back. Janice.

ANTHEA: Gilly dear, this is dreadful.

JANICE: Wait a minute.

GILLY: Her daughter was raped. Sally joined us, she needed our help, our support, Anthea.

JANICE: Wait a minute. Calm down.

GILLY: Calm down? How can you say that?!

JANICE: Don't rush into things headlong. I'm sorry about Sally, her daughter. We're all sorry. It's bloody terrible.

GILLY: We shouldn't have got rid of her. We shouldn't have asked her to leave.

JANICE: Do shut up for a moment. You're not helping.

GILLY: Tammy.

TAMMY: What can we do? It's too late now.

JANICE: Gilly, calm down – if we ask her to come back – yes? – she’ll know that it’s because of her daughter – because we’re sorry for her, which we are, which we are –

TAMMY: We are.

JANICE: - but it’s not going to work like that.

GILLY: We can’t just leave it! Can we, Anthea?

ANTHEA: I’ll phone her.

TAMMY: She’ll not come back.

ANTHEA: I’ll phone her and say how sorry we are to hear about it – and I’ll ask her if there’s anything we can do.

TAMMY: Yeah.

GILLY: Oh my God. It’s dreadful. I hate it.

JANICE: What else can we do? She won’t come back.

ANTHEA: All right. I’ll – I’ll see how she – what she says. And if I think she’d like to come back, come back to the choir I’ll ask if that’s what she wants, if that’d help.

TAMMY: It won’t.

ANTHEA: I’ll phone her tonight, or in the morning. In the morning.

HARRIET ENTERS FROM THE DOWNSTAIRS TOILET.

JANICE: Oh. (TO HARRIET): All right?

GILLY: (TO HARRIET): Sally’s daughter has been raped.

HARRIET: Oh my God.

ANTHEA: I'm phoning her.

TAMMY: She won't come back.

JANICE: No.

GILLY: It's terrible. We had no right to tell her to go. We're women. We're sisters. We've failed her. We've got to ask her back. I hate you all.

JANICE: Oh, for God's sake, don't be such a fucking silly bitch! Do you think – you going out there, going after her, 'Oh, Sally, we're so sorry, please, please come back, we didn't know about your daughter!' For God's sake, you're such a stupid fucker, Gilly.

GILLY: You've got no feelings, that's the trouble with you.

JANICE: I've got no feelings?! You don't know anything about my feelings! Fuck you. Jesus.

ANTHEA: Janice, Gilly, please.

TAMMY: Don't talk to her like that.

JANICE: Fuck you.

TAMMY GRABS JANICE BY THE SHOULDERS, SHAKING HER VIOLENTLY.

TAMMY: You shut up!

ANTHEA: Tammy!

TAMMY: (STILL SHAKING JANICE): You fucking fat fascist bitch.

GILLY: Tammy, don't!

ALL STANDING IN SHOCK. NOBODY KNOWS WHA TO DO.

JANICE: I'm going home now.

ANTHEA: Tammy.

TAMMY: Janice had no right to speak to her like that.

JANICE: No. Yes. I'm sorry. (TO GILLY): Sorry.

GILLY WEEPS.

JANICE: Let's go home. (TO HARRIET): We're going home.

ROGER ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

ROGER: Excuse me. (TO HARRIET): Have you finished with your cup? Everything ok? It sounds like you've been putting on a world heavyweight contest in here.

TAMMY: Why don't you fuck off.

ROGER: I live here.

ROGER EXITS.

TAMMY: Sorry.

GILLY: Oh God.

ANTHEA: Tammy. Oh dear. I'll explain.

GILLY IS WEEPING.

ANTHEA: We can meet on Sunday. We have to be at the O2 at 6. We can come here, rehearse at 3.30. Half past three, is that a good idea?

JANICE: Yes.

TAMMY: There's only five of us.

ANTHEA: We'll manage. We'll explain, say one of us is ill. Right?

HARRIET: One has to be brave, Gilly. It's our duty as women to be brave.

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 3

SEE NEXT PAGE FOR ACT TWO SCENE 4

ACT 2 SCENE 4

JUST OVER ONE WEEK LATER (FEBRUARY). SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

ANTHEA AND ROGER'S LIVING ROOM.

(ALL ARE HIGHLY EXCITED BY THE PROSPECT OF SINGING AT THE O2 THIS EVENING.)

ANTHEA IS TIDYING UP IN PREPARATON FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR.

ROGER ENTERS WITH TAMMY.

ROGER: Tammy's here.

ANTHEA: Tammy! You're the first!

ANTHEA AND TAMMY HUG ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

TAMMY: Hiya.

ANTHEA: Tammy.

THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS.

ROGER: I'll get it.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA: Are you all right?

ANTHEA IS HOLDING BOTH OF TAMMY HANDS.

TAMMY: Yep. Sorry.

ANTHEA: What? Oh.

TAMMY: You know.

ANTHEA: It's in the past, Tammy.

TAMMY: Big day.

ANTHEA: What?

TAMMY: The O2.

ANTHEA: Yes.

TAMMY: Hope they'll hear me.

ANTHEA: Don't be silly.

ANTHEA AGAIN HUGS TAMMY.

HARRIET, JANICE AND GILLY ENTER. THEN ROGER ENTERS.

ANTHEA: Oh, look! All of you!

GILLY: I bumped into them outside.

ANTHEA: Janice.

ANTHEA AND JANICE HUG.

JANICE: Anthea.

ROGER: I'm off to the pub now, Anthea. I'll see you at the O2. Break a leg.

ANTHEA: Thank you.

GILLY: Thank you.

ROGER EXITS.

ANTHEA: Harriet. Oh, you look well, doesn't she? How are you feeling?

HARRIET: I'm all right, I'm alive, sister.

ANTHEA AND HARRIET HUG.

ANTHEA: I should think so. Gilly!

ANTHEA AND GILLY HUG.

GILLY: I brought you these flowers.

ANTHEA: Oh! Gilly! How sweet!

GILLY: For all you've done.

ANTHEA: Oh.

GILLY: For letting us rehearse here and everything.

ANTHEA: They're lovely.

JANICE: Yes.

ANTHEA: There's a vase in the kitchen.

GILLY: I'll get it.

ANTHEA: Oh. By the sink.

GILLY EXITS TO THE KITCHEN.

TAMMY AND HARRIET HUG.

TAMMY: Great to see you, Harriet.

HARRIET: Yes, Tammy, dear. How's the bike?

TAMMY: Cool.

HARRIET: My friend Lelya and I used to go about on a scooter when we went to the Lake District.

ANTHEA: How lovely. What fun, Harriet.

HARRIET: I was on the back. It did unspeakable things to my legs and bottom.

TAMMY: (TO JANICE): Hiya.

JANICE: Hiya.

TAMMY AND JANICE HUG.

TAMMY: Sorry.

JANICE: Yes, sorry. In the past.

TAMMY: Yep.

TAMMY AND JANICE HUG AGAIN.

GILLY ENTERS WITH A VASE IN WHICH THERE IS WATER.

GILLY: There.

ANTHEA: Lovely. Mm. They smell. Thank you.

TAMMY AND GILLY HUG.

TAMMY: Gilly.

GILLY: Tammy.

TAMMY: There's the coordination committee meeting tomorrow, to finalize the Reclaim the Night March.

GILLY: Oh.

TAMMY: You wanted to come.

GILLY: Oh, yes. But. No. I would, but, oh dear, sorry. What a pity.

JANICE: Gilly's met a new man.

ANTHEA: Gilly?

JANICE: I can tell.

GILLY: You can't.

JANICE: Gilly, I've known you for four years.

HARRIET: A new man? Is that wise?

GILLY: Oh. Well, no, not really – well, we’re –

JANICE: Out with it.

GILLY: We’ve been for a drink. That’s all.

ANTHEA: Where did you meet him?

GILLY: Oh. Sainsburies. He works there – assistant manager.

ANTHEA: We’re very pleased for you.

JANICE: I told you she’d a new man.

GILLY: You’re awful. (TO TAMMY): So – so – sorry – I can’t do tomorrow.

TAMMY: (SHRUGS): All right.

JANICE: Don’t ask me, Tammy. I hate meetings. My life is nothing but meetings.

ANTHEA: (LAUGHING): Oh dear.

TAMMY: Ok. That’s all right.

ANTHEA: Do you want me to come?

TAMMY: I don’t need anyone. Gilly just said she was wanted to come.

GILLY: Sorry. Sorry.

ANTHEA: Well now, here we are.

JANICE: Anthea’s book is coming out on March the 11th.

GILLY: No!

HARRIET: Well, done. Congratulations.

GILLY: Congratulations!

GILLY GIVES ANTHEA ANOTHER BIG HUG.

TAMMY: (GIVING ANTHEA A HUG): Congratulations, Anthea. That's lovely.

HARRIET, COMING OVER, GIVES ANTHEA A HUG.

ANTHEA: Thank you. Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that. It's a bit embarrassing really. But the publishers want me to do a bit of promotion, they've arranged for me to do a few book signings, bookshops, and this'll be during the week of the 15th and that's when we do Burston. We do Burston on the 17th and they've arranged for me to do a signing and a reading in Canterbury, late afternoon, and I can't see how I'm going to get to Burston in time, I mean – it's just too far, isn't it – Roger and I have been trying to work out a way but it's not possible.

JANICE: So we cancel Burston.

ANTHEA: Well, it's up to you.

TAMMY: Yes.

GILLY: Yes, of course, what a pity.

ANTHEA: I am sorry. I don't know what to do.

JANICE: Burston's not definite anyway. It's to be confirmed by them and by us. We cancel Burston. That's all right.

GILLY: Yes. I mean, your book published! Wow! Sorry, Janice.

TAMMY: Terrific, Anthea.

HARRIET: I'm reading a book by Anne Fausto-Sterling. It's called Sexing the Body. It's about there being three sexes in yet-unknown extra terrestrial biospheres.

GILLY: Do you understand it?

HARRIET: I don't suppose I'm meant to.

ANTHEA: I'll turn Burston down then, shall I?

JANICE: Yes.

ANTHEA: And Janice – Janice – she's not telling you this because she is such a modest little flower –

TAMMY: Yeah.

GILLY: Janice - modest flower?

TAMMY: Joke.

GILLY: Oh yes.

ANTHEA: Janice has applied for a research post at Leeds Faculty of Education. If she gets it she starts in September.

JANICE: I'll only have to go up there about once or twice a week.

TAMMY: What's it about – the research?

JANICE: 'Changing social landscapes and timescapes – meshing levels of analysis'

GILLY: Awesome.

HARRIET: Fingers crossed, Janice.

JANICE: Thanks. We'll see. Anyway, Burston's out. What else have we got?

ANTHEA: There's nothing in April.

GILLY: April's usually good.

ANTHEA: There's not the money – everyone cutting back.

JANICE: There's May. We're pencilled in for Cardiff - concert of behalf of asylum seekers. Only they don't seem to have got their act together. Anthea's been ringing them again and again but no one is sure of the dates. Are we all free in May if Cardiff and anything else comes up? What about you Tammy? Making war on the US of A in May?

TAMMY: I'm not free on the 10th of May.

GILLY: What are you doing?

TAMMY: Can't say.

JANICE: Tammy?

GILLY: We're not saying anything.

TAMMY: You're sworn to secrecy.

JANICE Yes.

ANTHEA: Yes.

HARRIET: I've known a lot of secrets – lots of secrets, never told anyone. Can't remember what they are now. You're all right with me, sister.

ANTHEA: Yes, of course.

TAMMY: We're occupying the Torness Nuclear Installation.

ANTHEA: Tammy.

JANICE: What? You must be mad. They'll put you away, for God's sake.

HARRIET: Good for you, Tammy. That's the spirit.

TAMMY: We've got to stop this fucking government's nuclear plans. Fucking suicidal.

JANICE: Who's the 'we' you're doing this with?

TAMMY: A group I belong to.

JANICE: And this is on the 10th of May? So we can say goodbye to Cardiff – and to any other gig that we get in May, and quite possibly in June and July and August, and God knows. You're mad. I'm sorry, I'm on your side, I think what you do with your groups is great, great – but this – I'm sorry.

ANTHEA: Tammy.

GILLY: Tammy, you must be careful.

HARRIET: Tammy's a soldier. You're a soldier, sister.

GILLY: Oh dear.

TAMMY: It's got to be done. Someone's got to do it.

GILLY: Yes.

HARRIET: Remain resolute, sister.

TAMMY: I'll be all right.

ANTHEA: Well, let's hope so.

JANICE: We can forget about Cardiff.

GILLY: Not necessarily, Janice.

TAMMY: I'll be all right.

ANTHEA: I don't know what to think, Tammy. Anyway, if that's what you've decided.

TAMMY: Yes.

HARRIET: It's her decision.

JANICE: Right.

ANTHEA: All right.

JANICE: We better get on. We ought to rehearse 'Singing For Our Lives' for tonight, we've hardly ever done it.

GILLY: Oh, by the way, bye the way – sorry – guess who I saw in the library on Thursday – Sally.

ANTHEA: Sally?

GILLY: In the library, she was putting up a poster. She's joined another choir.

ANTHEA: Sally?

GILLY: Yes.

JANICE: A feminist choir just started up. They've been going for three months. They're singing at the O2.

ANTHEA: How do you know?

JANICE: I checked out the choirs singing tonight, there they were. I checked out their website – quite impressive.

GILLY: I didn't know they were singing tonight.

TAMMY: What are they called?

GILLY AND JANICE: Women Unite.

HARRIET: What?

JANICE: Women Unite.

TAMMY: Jesus.

ANTHEA: I can't believe it.

JANICE: No.

ANTHEA: I can't believe it. I think that stinks. Sally, God, how could she?

TAMMY: The name, Women Unite, it's a bit like us. Isn't it? People could get confused.

ANTHEA: When did she join?

JANICE: Don't know. Her name's on there, on the website like the rest of them.

ANTHEA: Do we know any of the others?

JANICE: No.

GILLY: She didn't tell me they were singing at the O2.

HARRIET: What have they done?

JANICE: Considering they've been going for 3 months, a lot. They're doing tonight. They've done War On Want in Islington, The Israeli-Palestinian Peace Conference in Hull, The Women's International League For Peace and Freedom in Hackney.

ANTHEA: That's our gig. We do The Women's International League For Peace and Freedom in Hackney every year. That shit Sally, how could she?

GILLY: This is awful.

JANICE: And they're singing at the 'Rebranding Feminism' event at the Russell Hotel in June.

TAMMY: Holy shit.

GILLY: There's ten of them, isn't there? - in the choir.

JANICE: Yep.

ANTHEA: Ten?

GILLY: Sally told me about them in the library. She was putting up a poster about them – she told me they were hoping to get up to 14. They're auditioning.

TAMMY: (TO GILLY): Did she ask you if you'd like to audition?

GILLY: (LYING): No. Of course not.

JANICE: We're going to have to hold auditions. We can't go on with only five of us. And we need new songs. We can't keep on doing the same ones. We need to be at least eight of us again -.

GILLY: Eight?

ANTHEA: We ought to try to be eight.

TAMMY: Yep.

GILLY: Yes.

HARRIET: I've got to go back into hospital.

GILLY: What? Why?

HARRIET: It's my guts. They're not happy with them.

ANTHEA: When?

HARRIET SHRUGS.

JANICE: It could be anytime.

GILLY: Oh God – poor Harriet.

HARRIET: Save your pity. They said in about eight weeks – who knows.

GILLY: We usually get a couple of gigs in June and July.

TAMMY: We haven't yet.

JANICE: God knows what's going to happen to Tammy.

TAMMY: I'll be all right.

GILLY: Tammy, you can't do that – the nuclear place thing.

TAMMY: I'm doing it. I'm doing it. All right?

ANTHEA: In the last two weeks in July I'll be going with Roger to the States. He has a conference in New York, and, as we'll be there in the States, we think we'd rather like to take a little tour – tour California, the Grand Canyon, that sort of thing.

JANICE: The last two weeks in July?

ANTHEA: It's been on the cards for sometime We didn't finally know the date he has to go until yesterday.

HARRIET: You don't want to go to the United States, sister. They're the cause of disasters throughout the world. You don't want to spend your money over there on them, sister.

ANTHEA: No, well. I don't think one can cut the United States out of one's life completely, Harriet.

HARRIET: I have.

JANICE: We've got to rehearse.

TAMMY: Yep.

ANTHEA: Sally joining another choir. She's only just left us.

JANICE: Let's hope they get on with her.

GILLY: She helped us. Didn't she, Tammy?

TAMMY: Yep.

ANTHEA: I think it's a betrayal. I do.

JANICE: We ought to get on with the song. Everyone. On our feet. 'Singin For Our Lives' Come on. For God's sake. We got to get through this number. Everyone up.

HARRIET STARTS TO RISE.

ANTHEA: It's all right, Harriet. You sit.

HARRIET: (NOW FULLY UPRIGHT): What?

JANICE: You sit, sit down.

HARRIET: I've only just got up. Are we singing this song?

JANICE: All right. All right. Everyone.

GILLY: Just do your best, Harriet.

GILLY: (HUGGING JANICE): Good luck, Janice.

JANICE: Good luck, Gilly, luv.

GILLY: (HUGGING ANTHEA): Big hug.

JANICE: (AFTER A MOMENT, HUGGING TAMMY): Enjoy yourself, Tammy.

TAMMY: Sock it to them.

ANTHEA: (HUGGING GILLY): There we are. Come on.

TAMMY: (HUGGING HARRIET): Harriet.

JANICE: Right. Everyone in place.

GILLY: No. You're over here. We swapped. Sally changed it.

JANICE: Right.

HARRIET: Where you going? You're supposed to me standing next to me.

TAMMY: Here we go.

ANTHEA: Here we go.

GILLY: Here we go. The O2, Tammy.

TAMMY: Yep.

ANTHEA PLAYS A CHORD ON THE KEYBOARD.

JANICE: Straighten ourselves. We're singing at the one and only O2 – the Festival of Women's Choirs!

GILLY: 700 women.

JANICE: Anthea – note.

ANTHEA AGAIN PLAYS A CHORD ON THE PIANO. THEN SHE JOINS THE
LINE UP.

THEY SING.

AS THEY ARE SINGING THE SECOND VERSE, THEY ARE JOINED BY THE
SOUND OF THE MASS CHOIRS, THE LIGHTS CHANGE - THEY ARE AT THE
O2.

THE SONG ENDS.

THERE IS GREAT APPLAUSE.

WOMEN'S VOICES LOOK AT THE CHOIRS BEHIND THEM TO TAKE THEIR
CUE TO BOW.

THEY BOW. THEY BOW AGAIN.

GREAT APPLAUSE.

THEY HUG AND REJOICE.

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 4

END OF THE PLAY