

MUSICAL DINNER PARTY

Gertrude Pinkerton is ON STAGE BUSYING
HERSELF WAITING FOR GUESTS

Gertrude: Darling, do hurry up, they'll be here soon, it's half past

ALAN: (OFF) I'm coming. Where's my tie?

G: Which tie?

A The red one

G It's by the cheese

A Which cheese?

G The stilton

A Oh. Thank-you. [he enters with the tie]

G [Pregnant waiting pause] And I look...?

A Exquisite?

G Correct. It would be so much nicer if you meant it

A Right. Have you taken your pills?

G: What do you mean?

A I mean have you taken your pills?

G: No. I haven't

A Gertrude, please

G: I can control it myself

A You can't. You always say that and it never works. You were prescribed the tablets for a reason. As a doctor you of all people should be know that. It's a disease

G: No, it's not

A It is

G: [sings]

He just doesn't understand me

Why is he so hostile?

A You see

G: What?

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A You need the tablets

G: Why?

A You just did an involuntary musical aside

G: I didn't

A You did

G: Darling, I think it's you who needs the tablets

F/x [door bell]

 They're here. Now try and be normal tonight

A Me normal! Who's coming anyway?

G: You know who's coming. Jenny and Martin

A You are kidding me. Folk Club Jenny and 'Martin'

G: Yes. And please don't say 'Martin' like that

A Why not? Because you're in love with him

G: You are pathetic sometimes you know [exits]

A May God have mercy on my soul

Jenny [off] Hello Gertrude

Martin Hello Gertie. You look lovely. Sorry we're a bit early. Took us no time

Gertrude Oh Martin don't you worry. It's so lovely to see you. Come on through

 [They all enter]

Martin: Hello Alan

A Hello Martin, Jenny

J Hello Alan. How are you?

A I'm fine. Quick old journey was it?

J: Oh yes, quicker than expected. Wasn't it Martin [she gives him a note]

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Martin: [sings in folk style]
At the leaving of the house
Our time was running out
My fair wench and I
We bid our clan goodbye

A Right

Jenny [sings]
Our steed did bear us well
We drove like bloody hell
But the traffic was unusually light
When you think that it's a Friday night

A You came on a horse?

J What?

A Your 'steed'

M No Alan, that's what we call the Fiesta

G: Shall we sit down at the table?

M Does it matter where Gertie?

G: No wherever you want to sit, Martin darling

M: OK, let's see. Where looks like a good place?

G: [sings]
Martin my love, sit close to me
With your sweet voice and funny jokes, how you woo me

A Really. Sorry I'm not good enough for you

G: Pardon?

A Your aside
[with a withering look she exits]

M Shall we do girl boy, girl boy Alan?

A OK Martin, if that suits

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M [sings]
It suits me fine
And fine it suits
And in my suit I'm feeling fine
So follow suit or a law-suit
Will come your way as we quaff some wine

A Ah yes, wine, of course. Jenny, dare I ask

J Wine is good and we drink it well
Brings laughter and good feeling
Our lives may be a living hell
But they're better when we're reeling

A Sure. Red or white?

J White please Alan

A Martin?

M White too please Alan

A You both like white?

J,M Yes

A Is that because it's easier to make things rhyme with

J Pardon Alan

A You know: tonight, alright, light, bright

M No. Red give us headaches

A Oh

J [sing] By the time of morning light
You'll be glad you had the white
If you down a flask of red
There'll be a throbbing in your head

M A throbbing in your head

J,M [harmonised] A throbbing, a throbbing, a throbbing, a
throbbing, a throbbing in your head

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- A Maybe we should have had rose
- [Gertrude enters, dancing, with the starter, she
joins in]
- J,M, G [harmonised] A throbbing, a throbbing, a throbbing, a
throbbing, a throbbing in your head
- G: Here we go everybody, we've splashed out, because of our
favourite guests. Martin...And Jenny. We've got caviar!
- M Oh
- G: What Martin?
- M I'm very sorry, Gertrude
- G What. What is it?
- M Did Jenny not tell you. I'm allergic to fish products
- G: What. What do you mean allergic?
- J [sings] A fishmonger, he came travelling
- G: Don't sing it! Just bloody tell me
- M I'm sorry Gertrude, I am unable to eat fish or fish derivative
products
- G I don't believe it
- M Sorry Gertrude
- G: This is a disaster
- M I thought you knew
- G [screams] No, I didn't bloody know!
- [sings to the music from Bloodbrothers]
- Tell me it's not true
- Say it's just illusion
- Something in my mind
- Martin my true love
- Plucker of my heartstrings
- Like some dreadful dream
- You're not what you seemed

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Our love had burgeoned, but you have hurt me so
Cos you can't eat sturgeon, especially its roe

M Much as I would like
I dare not go near it

J Just a tiny splash
He'd break out in a rash

M Hideous legions all covering my head
In sixty seconds I'd probably be dead

J,M, G: Tell us it's not true
Say it's just a fiction

G: Give me just one wish
Say you'll take this fish
Show me devotion by eating this hors d'oeuvre
Die in my arms as a token of your love

M [speaks] I'd rather not Gertrude if that's alright

J I think we should go. Bye Alan [exit]

A [raps] Yo, yo, yo, come on, come on
Yo, yo, yo, come on. Uh

G Oh please Alan, do stop rapping
[black out]