

And we went dancing.
We went dancing.

Then, of course, I found
That I was six weeks overdue.
We got married at the registry an' then we had a "do".
We all had curly salmon sandwiches,
An' how the ale did flow,
They said the bride was lovelier than Marilyn Monroe.

And we went dancing,
Yes, we went dancing.

Then the baby came along,
We called him Darren Wayne,
Then three months on I found that I was in the club
again.

An' though I still fancied dancing,
My husband wouldn't go,
With a wife he said was twice the size of Marilyn
Monroe.

No more dancing
No more dancing.

By the time I was twenty-five,
I looked like forty-two,
With seven hungry mouths to feed and one more nearly
due.

Me husband, he'd walked out on me,
A month or two ago,
For a girl they say who looks a bit like Marilyn Monroe.

And they go dancing
They go dancing

Yes they go dancing
They go ...

An irate Milkman (the Narrator) rushes in to rudely interrupt the song

Milkman Listen love, I'm up to here with hard luck stories; you owe me
three pounds, seventeen and fourpence an' either you pay up today, like
now, or I'll be forced to cut off your deliveries.

Mrs Johnstone I said, I said, look, next week I'll pay y' ...

Milkman Next week, next week! Next week never arrives around here. I'd
be a rich man if next week ever came.

Mrs Johnstone But look, look, I start a job next week. I'll have money
comin' in an' I'll be able to pay y'. Y' can't stop the milk. I need the milk.
I'm pregnant.

Milkman Well, don't look at me, love. I might be a milkman but it's got
nothin' to do with me. Now you've been told, no money, no milk.

The Milkman exits

Mrs Johnstone stands alone and we hear some of her kids, off

Kid One (off) Mam, Mam the baby's cryin'. He wants his bottle. Where's
the milk?

Kid Two (off) 'Ey Mam, how come I'm on free dinners? All the other kids
laugh at me.

Kid Three (off) 'Ey Mother, I'm starvin' an' ther's nothin' in. There never
bloody well is.

Mrs Johnstone (perfunctorily) Don't swear, I've told y'.

Kid Four (off) Mum, I can't sleep, I'm hungry, I'm starvin' ...

Kids (off) An' me, Mam. An' me. An' me.

Music 2A: Marilyn Monroe (reprise)

Mrs Johnstone I know it's hard on all you kids,
(singing) But try and get some sleep.

Next week I'll be earnin',

We'll have loads of things to eat,

We'll have ham, an' jam, an' spam an'

(Speaking) Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding, Battenberg Cake, Chicken an'
Chips, Corned Beef, Sausages, Treacle Tart, Mince an' Spuds, Milk
Shake Mix for the Baby:

There is a chorus of groaning ecstasy from the kids

Mrs Johnstone picks up the tune again

When I bring home the dough,
We'll live like kings, like bright young things,
Like Marilyn Monroe.

And we'll go dancing ...

*Mrs Johnstone hums a few bars of the song, and dances a few steps, as she
makes her way to her place of work—Mrs Lyons' house. During the dance she
acquires a brush, dusters and a mop bucket*

*The Lights crossfade to Mrs Lyons' house where Mrs Johnstone is seen
working*

Mrs Lyons enters, carrying a parcel containing new shoes

Mrs Lyons Hello, Mrs Johnstone, how are you? Is the job working out all
right for you?

Mrs Johnstone It's, erm, great. Thank you. It's such a lovely house it's a
pleasure to clean it.

Mrs Lyons It's a pretty house isn't it? It's a pity it's so big. I'm finding it
rather large at present.

Mrs Johnstone Oh. Yeh. With Mr Lyons being away an' that? When does he come back, Mrs Lyons?

Mrs Lyons Oh, it seems such a long time. The Company sent him out there for nine months, so, what's that, he'll be back in about five months' time.

Mrs Johnstone Ah, you'll be glad when he's back won't you? The house won't feel so empty then, will it?

Mrs Lyons begins to unwrap her parcel

Mrs Lyons Actually, Mrs J, we bought such a large house for the—for the children—we thought children would come along.

Mrs Johnstone Well y' might still be able to . . .

Mrs Lyons No, I'm afraid . . . We've been trying for such a long time now . . . I wanted to adopt but . . . Mr Lyons is . . . well he says he wanted his own son, not somebody else's. Myself, I believe that an adopted child can become one's own.

Mrs Johnstone Ah yeh . . . yeh. Ey, it's weird though, isn't it. Here's you can't have kids, an' me, I can't stop havin' them. Me husband used to say that all we had to do was shake hands and I'd be in the club. He must have shook hands with me before he left. I'm havin' another one y' know.

Mrs Lyons Oh, I see . . .

Mrs Johnstone Oh but look, look it's all right, Mrs Lyons, I'll still be able to do me work. Havin' babies, it's like clockwork to me. I'm back on me feet an' workin' the next day y' know. If I have this one at the weekend I won't even need to take one day off. I love this job, y' know. We can just manage to get by now—

She is stopped by Mrs Lyons putting the contents of the package, a pair of new shoes, on to the table

Jesus Christ, Mrs Lyons, what are y' trying to do?

Mrs Lyons My God, what's wrong?

Mrs Johnstone The shoes . . . the shoes. . .

Mrs Lyons Pardon?

Mrs Johnstone New shoes on the table, take them off . . .

Mrs Lyons does so

(*Relieved*) Oh God, Mrs Lyons, never put new shoes on a table . . . You never know what'll happen.

Mrs Lyons (*twiggling it; laughing*) Oh . . . you mean you're superstitious?

Mrs Johnstone No, but you never put new shoes on the table.

Mrs Lyons Oh go on with you. Look, if it will make you any happier I'll put them away . . .

Mrs Lyons exits with the shoes

Music 3: Underscoring

Mrs Johnstone warily approaches the table

The Narrator enters

Narrator There's shoes upon the table an' a joker in the pack, The salt's been spilled and a looking glass cracked, There's one lone maggie overhead.

Mrs Johnstone I'm not superstitious.

Narrator The Mother said

Mrs Johnstone I'm not superstitious

Narrator The Mother said.

The Narrator exits to re-enter as a Gynaecologist

Mrs Johnstone What are you doin' here? The milk bill's not due 'till Thursday.

Gynaecologist (*producing a listening funnel*) Actually I've given up the milk round and gone into medicine. I'm your gynaecologist. (*He begins to examine her*) OK, Mummy, let's have a little listen to the baby's ticker, shall we?

Mrs Johnstone I was dead worried about havin' another baby, you know, Doctor. I didn't see how we were gonna manage with another mouth to feed. But now I've got me a little job we'll be OK. If I'm careful we can just scrape by, even with another mouth to feed

The Gynaecologist completes his examination

Gynaecologist Mouths, Mummy.

Mrs Johnstone What?

Gynaecologist Plural, Mrs Johnstone. Mouths to feed. You're expecting twins. Congratulations. And the next one please, Nurse.

The Gynaecologist exits

Music 4: Underscoring

Mrs Johnstone, numbed by the news, moves back to her work, dusting the table upon which the shoes had been placed

Mrs Lyons enters

Mrs Lyons Hello, Mrs J. How are you?

There is no reply

(*Registering the silence*) Mrs J? Anything wrong?

Mrs Johnstone I had it all worked out.

Mrs Lyons What's the matter?

Mrs Johnstone We were just getting straight.

Mrs Lyons Why don't you sit down.

Mrs Johnstone With one more baby we could have managed. But not with two. The Welfare have already been on to me. They say I'm incapable of controllin' the kids I've already got. They say I should put some of them into care. But I won't. I love them. I love the bones of every one of them. I'll even love these two when they come along. But like they say at the Welfare, kids can't live on love alone.

Mrs Lyons Twins? You're expecting twins?