

A café somewhere in London. EYDIE sits at a table nursing a cup of tea, her shopping bag at her side. After a while she sighs and looks at her wristwatch, before returning her gaze to her teacup. Presently DORA appears, carrying a large shopping bag.

EYDIE

(Sympathetically.)

'Ello, darlin', 'ow are ya? Come an' park ya bones, luv, come on.

(Gesturing.)

Come an' sit ya'self down.

DORA

(Placing her shopping bag at the side of the table, upstage.)

'Ello, Eydie, sorry I'm late.

EYDIE

Ya not late, luv, I just got 'ere.

DORA

(As she sits.)

Oh, Eydie, ya got no idea 'ow glad I am to see ya. What with all them undertakers, an' insurance people, an' family I ain't seen in Gawd knows 'ow long...well, it's a relief to see a familiar face, that's all I can say.

EYDIE

(Breathing a heavy sigh.)

Ya don't look well, luv. I 'ate to say it, but you do not look well.

(Beat.)

'Ow ya 'oldin' up? Alright?

DORA

(Tearfully.)

Yeah, I s'pose...All in all.

EYDIE

It's gonna take time, luv. A lot o' time. I mean, 'ow long were ya married? Forty years?

DORA

Forty-two.

EYDIE

(With gravity.)

*Forty-two years.* That's a long time, darlin'. That's a lot o' water under the bridge.

DORA

(Wiping her eyes with a tissue.)

I know it is, Eydie.

EYDIE

Still, 'e 'ad a lovely funeral. Your Albert would'a been proud.

DORA

Oh, Eydie, please don't mention 'is name just now. I can't bear to 'ear the sound of it...I can't...I just can't bear to 'ear it.

EYDIE

No, no, 'course not, luv...Silly me, I should'a thought.

(Beat.)

Still, it *was* a nice goin' away. Lovely service. An' *what* a lot o' people! Who'd o' thought it? All there for your – your late 'usband. An' the food! Ooh, Dora, the food. All them puff pastry bits n' pieces, n' finger foods, n' bits o' cheese an' melon on sticks, n' little sausages, n' grapes, n'...Ooh! I don't think I ate so much in all me life. I was queasy when I left – quite queasy. Didn't eat for days after! Not days!

DORA

Yeah, she put on a lovely spread, our Jackie.

EYDIE

Everyone enjoyed it. All of 'em. I could tell by their faces. Well, all except your Dennis, that is. 'E did not look well, Dora. I 'ave to say it, 'e did *not* look well. If I 'ad to choose a word, I'd say...distraught. That's what 'e looked like – distraught. Still, what d'ya expect, I s'pose – it was 'is dad, after all. I think it must've 'it 'im the 'ardest, poor bugger.

DORA

(A little agitated.)

Oh, I'm sure it 'it 'im 'ard, Eydie. I don't doubt that for a minute. But it weren't 'is grief that 'ad 'im sat there in the corner, all 'unched over an' moody, snappin' 'is cocktail sticks an' flickin' 'em across the room every which way.

EYDIE

I saw that!

DORA

Forty years old, goin' on fourteen.

Well, I mean...like ya would. EYDIE

Didn't know where to put me face. DORA

Don't s'pose no one else noticed. EYDIE

I saw one of 'em land in your sister's wig. DORA

That's not a wig, luv. EYDIE

Innit? DORA

No – all natural...all sprouts out of 'er scalp somewhere. I've begged 'er to go modern for years, but I might as well save me breath. EYDIE

What a way to be'ave! DORA

'Course, I wouldn't o' said nothin' cause...well, I just took it as 'im grapplin' with 'is emotions. EYDIE  
(Beat.)

We all got our different ways, ain't we? DORA

Well it weren't that, Eydie, it was the funeral – the whole funeral – that's what got 'is back up. Said it was disrespectful. DORA

Disrespectful? It was lovely, Dora...lovely. Ever so movin'. Everyone said so. EYDIE

Not our Dennis. 'E was livid. DORA

Whatever for? EYDIE

DORA  
Well, 'e wanted 'im to 'ave a traditional 'indu burial, didn't 'e?

EYDIE  
A what?

DORA  
An 'indu burial.

EYDIE  
'Indu? Your – your late 'usband? 'E weren't 'indu, was 'e?

DORA  
No, 'course not. C of E, like me. But our Dennis is, as ya know.

EYDIE  
(With surprise.)  
No. No, I didn't know that.

DORA  
Oh, yeah. 'Ad one o' them conversions, see?

EYDIE  
Oooh!

DORA  
Oh, yeah. 'Bout six months before 'e married that, um...Jitjit.

EYDIE  
Jitjit?

DORA  
I think it's Jitjit...Or Jatjit...Or is it Jotjat? No, 'course, you never met 'er, did ya? Lovely girl, mind...ever such a lovely girl. Indian, see. Well, not 'er, she was born 'ere, but 'er mum n' dad n' that, you know.

EYDIE  
An' they're all 'indu?

DORA  
All of 'em...includin' out Dennis.

EYDIE  
Well, I say.

DORA  
That's 'ow come 'e wanted to fly us all out to India, see?

EYDIE  
(Disbelieving.)  
No!

DORA  
Mmm. Wanted to build a big bonfire on the banks o' the Ganges, fling Albert on top, n' set fire to the lot of it.

EYDIE  
(Even more disbelieving.)  
No!  
(Beat.)  
What, with a reception after, like?

DORA  
Oh, no – no reception. No, then ya s'posed to scoop up the ashes, toss 'em in the water, disrobe an' wade in after 'em, apparently.

EYDIE  
What, naked?

DORA  
I think so.

EYDIE  
No!

DORA  
S'posed to symbolise "a cleansin' bath," accordin' to our Dennis.

EYDIE  
Don't sound too clean to me, Dora. Not with all them ashes floatin' about.

DORA  
Full o' number twos, n' all, from what I've 'eard.  
(Leaning in to the table, confidingly.)  
Don't 'ave proper toilets there, see?

EYDIE  
What d'ya mean...they don't flush?

DORA

Oh, I think they flush... It just don't go down proper pipes, n' that, like ours does.

EYDIE

Where does it go, then?

DORA

All over the place. Everywhere. That's 'ow come it ends up floatin' about in their rivers.

EYDIE

Ooh...Ooh, no. No, I don't like the sounds o' that, Dora. No, I think a quick service in an Anglican church followed by light snacks an' refreshments is every bit as meanin'ful, an' not nearly so messy an' expensive. No, I think you were right to stick to ya guns, Dora, I really do.

DORA

Try tellin' that to our Dennis.

(Beat.)

Mind you, the thought o' seein' Albert bein' engulfed by a mass o' flames was a bit temptin', I'll 'ave to admit.

EYDIE

What's that?

DORA

My only concern was the trek I'd 'ave 'ad to put a few Chrysanths on 'is grave every couple 'o weeks.

EYDIE

(Shocked.)

Dora, whatever d'ya mean!

DORA

(Belligerently.)

I mean just what I say, Eydie. I mean I might o' got a little bit o' comfort in seein' that evil bugger's corpse burnin' up like 'e was in the bowels of 'ell for all 'is wrong doin's. That's what I mean, Eydie – I mean exactly that.

EYDIE

Dora! Oh, Dora, luv, stop! Ya don't know what ya sayin'.

DORA

Oh, I know what I'm sayin', Eydie. An' I'm sayin' it loud an' clear: 'E was an evil, deceitful bastard, that what 'e was, an' I 'ope to God 'e's sufferin' now.