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**Unpublished play script.**

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# **COUNT ME IN**

*The Stories Behind The Numbers In Our Lives*

by

Sara-Jane Arbury, Glenn Carmichael & Lucy English

## **Cast**

**Judi..... Sara-Jane Arbury**

**Don..... Glenn Carmichael**

**Maureen..... Lucy English**

## **Setting**

**A Bingo Hall**

## **COUNT ME IN**

### **VISUAL 1. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

**AUDIO: SOUNDTRACK OF NUMBER SONGS**

**LIGHTING: HOUSELIGHTS ON; STAGE AREA LIT**

*Judi and Maureen enter with audience and sit down*

*Don hands out bingo cards and chit-chats with M and J and the audience. What numbers songs they know and sings them – Nick Nack Paddy Whack / Ten Green Bottles / Ten In A Bed*

D: Shall I sing you my favourite numbers song?

**AUDIO: SOUNDTRACK FADES OUT**

**LIGHTING: HOUSELIGHTS FADE DOWN**

D: Hands up who wants me to sing!

*Everyone puts their hands up*

D: How many's that?

*Don improvises getting the audience to join in with the song*

Join in if you know it!

D: I'll sing you one, O

Everyone: Green grow the rushes, O

D: What is your one, O?  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.  
I'll sing you two, O

Everyone: Green grow the rushes, O

D: What are your two, O?  
Two, two, lily-white boys,  
Clothed all in green, O

Everyone: One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.

D: I'll sing you three, O

Everyone: Green grow the rushes, O

D: What are your three, O?

*Pause*

*(to Judi)*: What are your three, O?

J: Three is the number on my door!

D: Three, three, the front door keys!

Everyone: Two, two, lily-white boys,  
Clothed all in green, O  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.

D: I'll sing you four, O

Everyone: Green grow the rushes, O

D: What are your four, O?

*Pause*

*(to Maureen)*: What are your four, O?

M: I've got four kids!

D: Four for the four bambinos!  
Three, three, the front door keys,

Everyone: Two, two, lily-white boys,  
Clothed all in green, O  
One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.

D: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to Count Me In, the biggest and best Bingo show in XXXX this evening. I'm Don, your Bingo host with the most. We're here to find out who Lady Luck will choose to be the luckiest person in XXXX tonight! Here's how it works, ladies and gentlemen. I spin the balls, and the fickle fingers of Fate will pick one at random. If the number I call is on your card, cross it off! It's that easy! I'm looking for a full house tonight so if you are the lucky person to have all the numbers on your card, call out Housey-Housey and win the star prize! Oo-oooooh! Shall we practise? After three, one, two, three! *(Judi and*

*Maureen join in*) HOUSEY-HOUSEY! We can do it louder than that! One, two, three – HOUSEY-HOUSEY!! That’s better! One of you lucky people will walk away with the big prize tonight, I guarantee it! So, ladies and gentlemen, let’s get this show on the road! Eyes down for a full house! And remember: be lucky!

*Don picks out Number 22*

And the first number is...

**AUDIO: 22!**

**VISUAL 2. NUMBER 22**

J & M: Quack, quack!

D: Yes, Number 22, two little ducks! If you’ve got it, then cross it off!

*Don picks out Number 7*

And the next number is...

**AUDIO: 7!**

**VISUAL 3. NUMBER 7**

D: Yes, on its own, Number 7! Lucky for some! Be lucky, ladies and gentlemen!

**VISUAL 4. BALLS SPINNING**

I've been doing this for 30 years

You can trust me

‘And the next number is...’

Balls spin.

Strategy

As the balls spin.

What's the strategy?

Trying to second-guess the numbers

You think you understand

All the balls spin round

The truth is, nobody knows

Although you would like there to be...

Nobody knows the strategy

You trust me

(I know)  
I am a master of spin  
Keep the balls spinning

Be lucky  
Keep spinning  
Do not let them fall  
I cannot let them fall  
I keep all the balls in the air

I keep them spinning

I want you to be lucky.  
Ladies and gentlemen  
I want you to be lucky

**LIGHTING: LIGHTS FADE; SPOTLIGHT CENTRE STAGE**

*Don moves to spotlight*

**VISUAL 5. IMAGE OF STARS SLOWLY SPARKLING**

When I was young  
I looked up  
And saw so many stars  
(So many stars – I looked up – my head spinning – so many stars – I felt dizzy)

J: There are three hundred billion stars in our galaxy.

D: And I thought that I could wish upon one of these stars  
And I wished...

M: And I wished...

J: And I wished...

D: We all want our wishes to come true  
Don't we?

When dad left  
My world was sent spinning  
My life turned upside down  
And mam said  
I hope the bastard dies.

And I wished that wasn't true

And I wished that we could be three  
The three of us again  
Just like it used to be

But wishes don't come true  
And eventually I knew  
That for me wishes don't come true

### **LIGHTING: STAGE LIGHTS UP**

But I hope they do for you  
Ladies and Gentlemen  
I hope they do for you,  
I wish you luck.  
Be lucky.

### **VISUAL 6. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

*Maureen stands up and walks CS*

M: I've been lucky.  
Hello everyone (*waves at audience*) I'm Maureen.

### **VISUAL 7. IMAGE OF HOUSE FADES UP**

Married at eighteen. Married to Mike the love of my life.  
He's six foot three and runs a van hire company.  
We got married in the 1976 heat wave on 10<sup>th</sup> July.  
And our kids. Jason. Born January 4<sup>th</sup> 1977. Johnny. 8<sup>th</sup> March 1979.  
Daniel. (I wanted a girl). 10<sup>th</sup> July 1982. My wedding anniversary baby!!!  
Oh, I was busy with three boys!!!

### **VISUAL 8. ZOOM INTO HOUSE**

We moved here in 1986 and we haven't moved since.  
Our forever home and it takes forever to clean it!!!  
Mike said I should go to work when Dan went to school.  
And I did, for three weeks, in Mike's office answering the phones.  
Mike said I chatted too much. (Never work for your husband)  
Then I found out I was pregnant again – with Joanne.  
Mike grumbles but I say who would clean the house and cook your dinner?  
We've been married for thirty-seven years and all he can cook is pizza.  
The kids have all left now and are married, except Dan.  
Joanne married on the same day as me. 10<sup>th</sup> July. She was twenty-one.  
She'd had Daisy by then. I look after her when Jo's at work away.  
Mike grumbles but she'll soon be at school and nursery costs £50 a day.



I love being at home, don't you? Being a Grandma, being a mum.  
I'm 56. What job could I do? My life is my home.

*Maureen sits down.*

J: I think you make your own luck.

### **VISUAL 9. SUDDEN BLACK SCREEN**

Hello. I'm Judi. Spelt J U D I. Not with a Y.

### **VISUAL 10. LIBRARIAN**

I was born on 22<sup>nd</sup> June 1969, the day that Judy Garland died. Mum always said I'd come from somewhere over the rainbow.

### **VISUAL 11. MUNCHKIN**

I'm blind in one eye, my right eye, making it my wrong eye or more commonly, my bad eye.

### **VISUAL 12. BULLIED AT SCHOOL**

*(take tablets out of handbag and eat them at end of speech)* Every day I take 75mg of Aspirin to prevent heart attacks and strokes, 100 micrograms of Levothyroxine to treat my underactive thyroid gland, 5mg of Citalopram for mild depression, 1 fast-acting nutritional supplement with 85mg of Elemental Iron for Total Blood Health and 250mg of Vitamin C with 1mg of Wild Rose Hips for Immune System Support.

### **VISUAL 13. HYPOCHONDRIAC**

My vital statistics are 34 28 36.

### **VISUAL 14. TOO FAT**

I eat 5 a day.

### **VISUAL 15. AND CHOCOLATE**

I have an older sister and a younger sister. The best things for me never come in threes. *(look at Don)*

### **VISUAL 16. MIDDLE CHILD SYNDROME**

I have never had, have not got, and never will have children. *(put tablets back in handbag; look at Maureen; Maureen says "aaaah")*

### **VISUAL 17. SELFISH**

I am single. I live in a one-bedroom flat with one bathroom, one living room, one kitchen and one parking space. I don't drive.

### **VISUAL 18. LOSER**

*Judi manipulates Maureen*

I work 37.5 hours per week. I have systems in place. Absolutely no more than five emails in my In-box. Post-it notes on the right of my desk. My bell on the left. Library books on the shelves using the Dewey Decimal System. Three whole numbers make up the main sections of a subject and decimals create further divisions, thus ensuring you can easily find any book on any subject. My home is organized like this.

*Judi stands up and walks around the 'rooms' on stage*

100 for the kitchen, 200 for the bathroom, 300 for the bedroom, 400 for the living room. 500 for the parking space. For example, the freezer is 100.37.

M: What's the wardrobe?

J: 300.91.

*(M tings bell)*

M: The laundry basket?

J: 200.356

*(M tings bell)*

M: The TV?

J: 400.73.

*(M tings bell)*

I detest chaos.

### **VISUAL 19. OBSESSIVE-COMPULSIVE PERSONALITY DISORDER**

People say I am a closed book. I think I have hidden depths.

### **VISUAL 20. LIKE WHAT?**

I tell at least 12 lies every day.

### **VISUAL 21. "NO PROBLEM" "HAPPY TO HELP" "HAVE A NICE DAY"**

I go to Bingo once a week. *(look at Don)*

### **VISUAL 22. DON'S LUSH**

I have met 13 men through online dating.

### **VISUAL 23. UNLUCKY FOR SOME**

My user name is One Little Duck.

### **VISUAL 24. QUACK**

I never sleep with anyone on the first date.

### **VISUAL 25. LIAR**

My lottery numbers are 22, 6 (22<sup>nd</sup> June, my birthday), 34, 28, 36 (*gestures to body*) 3 (the number of my flat) and my bonus number is 13 (this number changes whenever I meet a new man).

**VISUAL 26. PREDICTABLE**

My life expectancy is 88. I have 44 years left.

**VISUAL 27. GOODBYE JUDI**

**VISUAL 28. BLACK SCREEN**

*Judi sits down*

*Don pulls out Number 16*

D: Ladies and gentlemen, the next number tonight is...

**AUDIO: 16!**

**VISUAL 29. NUMBER 16**

D: Sweet 16! Never been kissed! If you've got Number 16, cross it off!

**VISUAL 30. NUMBER 16 WITH AUDIO**

**AUDIO: SWEET LITTLE 16 BY CHUCK BERRY**

*Don dances up and down the stage and sings over the top of song until it fades*

Sweet little sixteen – She's just got to have about half a million framed autographs...

**AUDIO: SWEET LITTLE 16 BY CHUCK BERRY TO FADE**

Ah, 16, one of my favourite numbers. And we all know what we can get up to at 16, don't we girls? (*looks at J & M*) Ay? Ay? (*winks at J and M*)

M (*stands and puts her hand up*): Oh yes, I know, cos Jason couldn't wait. (*Pause*) You can ride a moped with a maximum engine power of 50cc – (*sits down*)

J: – with a provisional licence.

D: Er, yes, I was thinking of something else really... (*sings*) Let's get physical...

M: (*stands and puts her hand up*) Oh, well, you can work full time if you leave school – (*sits down*)

J: – but not in a bar or a betting shop.

D: Actually ladies, I was thinking about something to do with bodies... (*sings*) Do you think I'm sexy / And you like my body...

J (*the penny drops, she stands and puts her hand up*): Oh, yes, you can give consent to medical, dental and surgical treatment. (*sits down*)

D (*raises his eyes to heaven*): Let me give you a clue...

*Don dances over to Judi*

Love is you baby  
Love is me  
I'm so in love  
I'm out of my tree  
I feel like a sail boat  
That's all at sea  
Love is you baby  
And you're for me

*Don grabs Judi's hand and yanks her up. Spins her round twice*

Love leaves me standing  
As the world goes around

(*D sways*) I'm all at sea  
And don't care if I drown

(*D's face by J's face*)  
You are a honey  
I feel like a bee

(*D buzzes round back of J*)  
Buzz, buzz, buzz  
I'm really buzzing  
I only think of you  
Or I think of nothing

*Don freezes in Thinker pose*

J: The first time  
I made love  
Was at a party.

*Don reanimates, stands next to Judi and raises arms. Judi looks up*

D: I ain't got wings

But I'm high flying  
I touch the sky  
Without even trying

*(D leads J into tango pose over knee)*  
This fire we've started  
Doesn't look like it's dying

*(D drops J)*  
I'm laughing so much  
I'm almost crying

*Don freezes in crying pose. Judi stays on the floor during next lines*

J: In the vicar's house.  
In the spare room.  
On the spare bed.

*Don reanimates and runs around the audience*

D: Love, love, love, love  
Love, love, love  
It's got to be given  
By God up above

*Don freezes in act of looking up to God, arms outstretched. Judi stands up*

J: I was so pissed  
I didn't even know  
My own name.  
Or his.  
(My boyfriend, that is,  
Not the vicar).

*Don reanimates and skips over to Judi. Takes her hands in his*

We bill and we coo  
Like two turtle doves

*(D pushes J backwards 3 steps)*  
The ball will start rolling  
If we only shove *(D pelvic thrusts J)*

*(D leans over J; groin movements)*  
We're having a ball  
And it sure feels good

*Don freezes. Judi and Don stay in pose*

J: I don't remember  
Much about it  
Except that afterwards  
He told me  
I was

D: "beautiful"

And stroked my hair. (*D strokes J's hair*)

*Don reanimates and holds Judi's left hand. Rolls Judi into him*

D: Love, love, love, love  
Oh sweet, sweet love

*D twirls J into him*  
Makes the world go around  
Love is all up

*D goes down*  
With no coming down

*D holds J's legs*  
Love is a holiday  
In your own town

Love sends sane people  
Out of their minds

*D gets up and puts hands over J's eyes*  
Look at love  
It makes people blind

*Don freezes in pose. Judi takes Don's hands away from her eyes*

J: I think I must  
Have kept my eyes shut  
Cos I never saw him... erect.

*J moves towards audience. Chatty style*  
Don't know what happened to my knickers.  
Too drunk to care.  
I didn't even know we'd done it

Until the next morning.

*Don reanimates and goes into the audience*

D: Look at lovers  
They're sweet and they're kind

*Don freezes*

J: I saw blood on the sheet.  
That scared me so I went to the doctor.  
He gave me the morning-after-pill.  
"Just in case."  
Oh, it made me so ill.  
I was sick everywhere.  
No-one else knew  
So no-one else cared.

*Don reanimates and dances around the audience*

D: Love, love, love  
It's a wonderful thing  
I'm singing in tune  
And I can't even sing

*Don freezes in opera singer pose*

J: My boyfriend said  
He was "sorry"  
And so was I.

*J moves towards D*  
Because for the first time  
I knew something about love. (*J looks at D*)  
And for the first time  
I knew something about the pain.  
And I was sorry there would never be  
A first time again.

D: And that's love  
Ladies and Gentlemen

*Don gives flamboyant bows to the audience. Judi goes back to her seat.*

D: If you've got this number on your card, cross it off! The age of consent, ladies and gentlemen, Number 16!

M: I wasn't.

*Don and Judi look at Maureen*

### **VISUAL 31. BLACK SCREEN**

*Student says Excuse Me!*

**FIRST WORKSHOP SEGMENT WITH THE STUDENTS**

*At end, J claps, shakes hands with student and leads him back to seat; D claps and gets the audience to clap; M claps*

D: That's right! Never give up, ladies and gentlemen, never give up! Thank you, thank you, right, let's move on...

*Don pulls out Number 3*

D: And the next number, ladies and gentlemen is...

**AUDIO: 3!**

### **VISUAL 32. NUMBER 3**

D: Yes, on its own, Number 3! Cup of tea! Ooh, I love a cup of tea, me! No sugar; I'm sweet enough...

*Don winks*

M: Ooh, three. (*crosses number off on card*) I'd love a cup of tea!!!  
(*touches J's arm*)

I come here every week.

It's my treat. I've been doing this for three years.

Quite a habit you might think but one day I'm sure I'll win.

If you got the money, what would you do?

Everybody says a holiday don't they, but I know what I would spend it on.

My grand-daughter Daisy. She's three.

*Maureen gets out her phone and shows photos to Judi*

### **VISUAL 33. PHOTOS OF CHILD**

Go on, have a look.

*Judi looks at the photos on the phone, looking disinterested*

She's my youngest grandchild. I've got four more.



But she's my daughter's child. It's not the same with sons,  
is it? Joanne works and I look after Daisy.  
Three days a week. From 8am until 6. Quite a day!!!  
Oh Daisy, she's such a love!!! Such a picture.

*Maureen takes the phone from Judi*

### **VISUAL 34. ZOOM IN ON IMAGE OF CHILD'S FACE**

Look, she has the blondest hair and the bluest eyes,  
and the sweetest smile. She says, "Nana, I love you. I really do!"  
Aw, isn't that the sweetest thing? Joanne was a terror, tantrums all day,  
but Daisy's a treat, she chats to herself and plays.  
We make cakes and if it's fine we go to the park.  
The time just flies when I'm with my Daisy love!!!  
Mike says I should get a proper job.  
But having kids is a job, isn't it?  
And she'll be at school soon. And then what will I do?  
Two years ago I had two lumps.  
They weren't cancerous, thank God, but my Mum died when she was 61.  
What if I died? Mike would never be able to cope.  
What if he died? I would have to sell the house.

*Don pulls out Number 11*

D: Moving on, next out, ladies and gentlemen, get ready, it's...

**AUDIO: 11!**

**VISUAL 35. NUMBER 11**

D: Number 11!

*Judi wolf-whistles and crosses her legs*

D: Yes! Legs 11! You've got lovely legs! If you've got lovely legs and Number 11,  
ladies and gentlemen, cross it off! Remember: be lucky!

*Don walks to centre stage with the Number 11 bingo ball and stands still*

It's lucky for some.  
But not for me. Not for Don.

**VISUAL 36. NUMBER 11 WITH AUDIO POEM**

**AUDIO: POEM**

I drink half a bottle of vodka a day. Sometimes more.

I smoke 20 cigarettes – often more.  
My PIN number is 1, 5, 0, 4 – 15<sup>th</sup> of April, the date of my mother's death.  
12 years since my divorce.

*Don looks at bingo ball*

11 years since the exclusion order. I only hit her once. The way she tells it you'd think I'd tried to murder her.

11 years since I've seen my daughter, Joleen.

I rang her at Christmas.

She put the phone down and said she'd ring the police.

She's got a son, my grandson.

3 months since I was last at an AA meeting.

4 times I've rung the Samaritans, just to talk.

J: He'll tell you there's only one woman he's ever really loved.

D: This isn't really true.

J: He struggles to know what love is.

M: He would tell you he loves his daughter.

But the time he actually spent bringing her up is more or less zero.

D: I have been in court 7 times.

I'd discount 4 of these court appearances as

J and M: "the follies of youth".

D: The follies of youth.

I don't talk about the other 3.

M: He had one real friend – Terry.

J: The last time he went on holiday was 2000.

D: 2000, Tenerife. That was when my wife told me she didn't love me any more.  
The last time I was in church was the 20th April 2003.

J: His mother's funeral.

**VISUAL 37. THE 12 STEPS OF AA**

**AUDIO: FADE IN THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN; LOW**

D: I think about church, sometimes.

I cannot count the times I've sworn I'll never drink again.

Drink has ruined everything I've ever loved.

**AUDIO: FADE UP THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN; LOUDER**

*Don dances with his jacket*

D: Step 1. *(sings first line of Three Steps To Heaven over the top of J and M)*

J & M: We admitted we were powerless over alcohol – that our lives had become unmanageable.

D: Step 2. *(sings second line of Three Steps To Heaven)*

J & M: We came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.

D: Step 3. *(sings third line of Three Steps To Heaven)*

J & M: We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood him.

**AUDIO: FADE DOWN THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN; LOW**

D: Step 4. *(over the top of J & M)* I made a searching and fearless moral inventory of myself.

J & M: We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

D: Step 5. *(over the top of J & M)* I admitted to God, to myself and to another human being the exact nature of my wrongs.

J & M: We admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

**AUDIO: FADE OUT THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN**

*J & M sit down.*

*Don swigs vodka. He claps his hands and shakes himself back into Bingo game*

**VISUAL 38. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: Now, ladies and gentlemen, let's get this show back on the road! Which one of you will call Housey Housey? Dobbers at the ready, the next number is...

**AUDIO: 88!**

**VISUAL 39. NUMBER 88**

D: 88! Two fat ladies! (*looks at J and M*)

J: Who are you calling fat?

D: Ladies, ladies, it doesn't matter if you're fat or thin,  
Or whatever shape you're in,  
You're all gorgeous to me!

*Don beckons to Maureen and Judi; they look at each other and run onto the stage*

J and M: 34, 28, 36

D: It all goes into the mix!

J and M: 36, 28, 34

D: Gimme more, gimme more, gimme more!

J and M: 34, 36, 38

D: As long as it works, it feels great!

J and M: 38, 36, 42

D: I love a lady I can hold onto!

M: Does my bum look big in this?  
So what? Who cares?

All: Yes! Yes! Yes!

J: Shall I get a boob job done?  
Do Double D's have more fun?

M: Your BMI is not how you feel  
D: You still have your sex appeal

All: Kilos or grams, stones or pounds  
Up and down, or round and round

M: Bust lines

J: Waistlines

M and J: Hips and thighs

D: No more tears, girls, love your size!

J: If you know your best features

M: Gok Wan says you're heavenly creatures

D: And he should know, girlfriends

J: Make your measurements count for you

M: Marilyn Monroe was a Size 16, that's true!

J: But the perfect woman is out of date

M: And who says what's an ideal weight?

J: Look at the magazines on view,  
It's not just men, it's our sisters too,

M: We're taught by all to feel a body shame  
And it's difficult to know how to play the game

J: It's difficult to know how to play the game

D: It's difficult to know how to play the game

J: It's a numbers game you'll never win

M: You'll always be too fat or too thin

J and M: So... 36, 38, 40

D: Put on your skimpies and be naughty!

J and M: 40, 36, 30

D: Let's get flirty, let's get dirty!

J and M: 32, 34, 36

D: Show me how you get your kicks!

J and M: 36, 38, 42

D: There's room in my king-sized bed for two!

J: 88!

M: Two fat ladies!

J and M: Who are you calling fat?

D: You're all gorgeous to me!

*Judi and Maureen sit down*

D: 88! Two fat ladies. If you've got that number on your card, ladies and gents, then cross it off! Remember: be lucky!

*Don pulls out Number 69*

Oooh, what's the next number going to be ladies and gentlemen? Ooooh, the next number is one of my favourites! Your place or mine, it's number...

**AUDIO: 69!**

**VISUAL 40. NUMBER 69**

D: Soixante-neuf – meal for two!

M: Why is it called a meal for two?

*Don and Judi look at Maureen. Judi stays sitting and ticks her card*

**VISUAL 41. FADE INTO IMAGE OF RAINBOW AND CLOUDS**

J: I was born in 69, moon landings  
and Woodstock, a yin yang year,  
anyway up, the head and tail of the  
swinging sixties sucked dry by itself.  
My parents were young, too young for some,  
mum a teenager, dad twenty-one.  
I was born in a hospital in Devon.  
You could see the window of the room  
where I screeched into the world  
from the B3183 into Exeter.  
My birthplace, special, sacred.  
Somewhere to privately worship  
as the bus drove past on a rainy  
Give Way city centre day.  
Until it was knocked down  
and turned into Waitrose.  
I was born in the freezer aisle.  
So we come. So it goes.

*J goes to sit down; stops and looks at audience*

J: Mum always said I'd come from somewhere over the rainbow.

**VISUAL 42. SUDDEN BLACK SCREEN**

J: No mum, I come from maiden names, Miss Bentley, Miss Parker,  
First Day Covers and Blue Peter badges, tea trays,  
Premium Bonds, the missing of Genette Tate,  
the bend in the lane, her sideways bicycle, school photo smile,  
from lazy eye patches, pennies from Schweppes

and the brother who never came.

*Judi leans on table*

M: I come from Aunties called Daphne and Uncles called Reg,  
neat mowed lawns, a privet hedge and hybrid tea roses,  
doilies, nested tables and net curtains,  
wanting a tartan mini skirt like next door's Carol,  
when my sister and I danced to 'she loves you yeah yeah yeah'  
on her fifteenth birthday.

*Maureen leans on table next to Judi; Don sits*

D: I come from the old North,  
flat caps, whippets, racing pigeons,  
great coats, coal sheds,  
gas street lamps, rag and bone men,  
back yards, some still with Anderson shelters,  
old women wearing hats,  
young women in stilettos sporting beehive hairdos.

J: I come from sterilizing and starter bras,  
Dr Whites, pierced ears, rheumatoid arthritis.  
(*dances twice with M*) I come from dancing with my mum to the Top Forty  
on a Sunday night after the ironing,  
dressing gowns and slippers, cornflakes for supper,  
the Test Card girl in the telly.

*Maureen leads Judi to front of stage*

M: I come from locked doors and whispered secrets.  
Whatever happened to next-door's Carol?  
Sent away and then came back and she couldn't stop crying.  
I saw her behind the greenhouse at the end of their garden.  
Two weeks later she left and they never talked about her.  
My mother said I mustn't ask questions.

D: I come from back lanes, brown ale, chips with scraps.  
I come from Corporation Road and Victoria Embankment,  
Park Drive, Piccadilly, Capstan Full Strength,  
No 6 coupons, Green Shield stamps, Co-op divi,  
gasometers and cooling towers, the ABC Minors,  
Myra Hindley and Ian Brady.

*Maureen moves DSL*

M: I come from the land of respectable women,  
who cleaned their bathrooms until they shone,  
who knew where to order their daughter's wedding dress.

*Judi moves DSR*

J: I come from the lone oak in a ploughed field.  
I come from trespassers who will be prosecuted.  
I come from knocked-up women and knocked-down men  
who worked a land they would never own.

*Don faces audience CS*

D: I come from the old North.  
Where men are men.  
Where work is industrial.  
I come from a place to leave.  
I came South.

*Pause. Maureen and Judi stay standing.*

### **VISUAL 43. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: And it's great to be here in St Ives this evening! Remember: be lucky, ladies and gentlemen! What have you got to be?

M & J (*clap, shout*): Lucky!

D: That's right!

*Don pulls out number 76*

The next number this evening is...

**AUDIO: 76!**

### **VISUAL 44. NUMBER 76**

D: Yes, Number 76, ladies and gentlemen!

*Don sings Trombones song as Judi and Maureen salute and march to their seats*

### **VISUAL 45. NUMBER 76 WITH AUDIO LOUD PUNK MUSIC**

**AUDIO: PUNK MUSIC DROWNS OUT DON SINGING TROMBONES**

D: (*shouts over punk music*) 1976 – I was there!



**AUDIO: FADE DOWN PUNK MUSIC**  
**VISUAL 46. 1976 MONTAGE WITH LOW AUDIO PUNK MUSIC**

Everything changed  
Punk Rock  
Rocked through me  
Shaking up  
Everything I believed

Belief  
It's a powerful thing

BELIEVE  
1 - 2 - 3 - 4

Speed, speed  
Eyes, eyes  
Pogo Pogo  
I was there  
Yeah, yeah

**AUDIO: FADE UP PUNK MUSIC**

D (*stand and shout*): I DON'T CARE!!!

D: People, people

J (*stand and shout*): I DON'T CARE!!!

D: Career

M (*stand and shout*): I DON'T CARE!!!

D: Future

All (*stand and shout*): I DON'T CARE!!!

D: Oh yeah

Drugs  
You need the drugs  
To believe  
Music  
You need the music  
To believe

*Don kneels*

**AUDIO: SLOW FADE OUT PUNK MUSIC**

You need believers  
To believe  
I believed

**LIGHTING: LIGHTS UP**  
**VISUAL 47. FADE UP INTO BEACH SCENE**  
**AUDIO: BEACH SOUNDS**

M: 1976. Do you remember that year?

J: Yes. I was seven. In Devon. It was heaven.

*Judi sits down*

M: That was the year of the long hot summer.  
The year I got married. Mike was so handsome!!!

**AUDIO: FADE OUT BEACH SOUNDS**  
**VISUAL 48. FADE INTO WEDDING PIC**

*Don stays kneeling*

I first met him at my friend Fiona's party.  
When he proposed he said:

*Don goes down on one knee to Maureen*

D: "Maureen, you are my queen. Will you marry me?"

M: He said this by the duck pond outside Ruislip library,  
We had only been going out for two months! I said yes!  
Of course I did. Who wouldn't?  
Two weeks later I found out I was pregnant. I thought he would freak but he said:

D: "I have always wanted a family."

M: So we got married in the heat of that summer.  
The happiest day of my life. I was on cloud nine.  
That was until my daughter got married.  
But my wedding wasn't so grand. They want it all perfect these days, don't they?  
We had a church hall in Ruislip and the aunts and uncles.  
I was only eighteen. My parents weren't pleased. (*D and J fold arms*)

My mum thought I was copying my sister. My Dad thought I was:

D: "In trouble."

M: I said I wasn't but I was! That was my secret!  
They didn't like Mike. My mum thought he was common.  
He came from Ruislip Manor and drove a van.  
And I went to school in Northwood in a purple uniform.  
My wedding dress was lace and nylon.  
We had chicken vol au vents and potato salad.  
We danced to The Rolling Stones and King Crimson.  
I was eighteen and I had found my soulmate! I was in seventh heaven!  
Who else is so lucky?

### **VISUAL 49. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: Oh, yes, who else is so lucky? Are you feeling lucky? This could be your lucky night cos the next number up is YOURS! Stand up! You know who you are!

*Don gestures to the audience. Workshop participants stand up*

We'll count you in!

D, J and M (*stand and clap*): 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1...

### **SECOND WORKSHOP SEGMENT**

D: Well done! Let's give them a round of applause!

*Audience gives a round of applause*

D: Let's get back to Bingo! And the next number tonight is...

**AUDIO: 50!**

### **VISUAL 50. NUMBER 50**

D: That's right! The bull's eye! Number 50!

*Judi stays sitting*

### **VISUAL 51. FADE UP INTO IMAGE OF FLAT**

J: 50 Buddle Lane, my firstborn address, a befuddled muddle  
above a laundrette, two young kids with two kids,  
airing their dirty laundry in the full glare  
of the neighbours' sunshine

*Judi walks across the stage as a street, looks at and gestures to the screen*

**VISUAL 52. FADE UP INTO IMAGE OF A TERRACED HOUSE**

Then 29 Cecilia Road, a silly name, almost French but  
not as glamorous, the first address I could say  
off by heart in case I got lost, a soft place with  
enough s's to snuggle into and sleep safe

**VISUAL 53. FADE UP INTO IMAGE OF ANOTHER TERRACED HOUSE**

7 Powell Street, the student party house with a reputation,  
stewed blu-tacked rooms and fag ends on plates,  
university blue-sky highs and oblivion lows,  
the boy with a boa constrictor next door

**VISUAL 54. FADE UP INTO IMAGE OF A FLAT**

A man beat his wife in the flat above me in 31a High Street,  
I could hear her coughing her guts up in the bathroom  
before he started again. When I screamed for the police  
he punched the sight out of my kitchen window

**VISUAL 55. FADE UP INTO IMAGE OF A HOUSE**

96 Winslade Road, where everyone's a winner  
if you own your own house. We were halfway up  
the hill, and when we were up, we were up,  
but when we were down, we were down

**VISUAL 56. FADE UP INTO IMAGE OF FLOOR PLANS OF FLAT**

Now I'm in Number Three, written in Times New Roman  
on my front door, a grand statement for my small temple.  
I am queen of all I survey, and no-one enters my home,  
or me, without a yes or no, my express royal say-so

*Judi sits down*

**VISUAL 57. FILM OF A TRIP TO THE SHOPS**  
**AUDIO: HEARTBEATS**

D: Four hundred and thirty-six paces to my local shops  
Seven minutes and forty-three seconds

Five hundred and forty-five heartbeats  
Two hundred and thirty-two blinks  
Blink, blink blink  
Blink, blink blink  
*(gets out vodka)* £7.95 for half a bottle of vodka  
There is a cost  
There is always a cost

*Don swigs vodka. Shakes himself down. Goes to the Bingo booth.  
Don pulls out Number 62*

D: Be lucky, ladies and gentlemen, the next number is...

**AUDIO: 62!**

**VISUAL 58. NUMBER 62**

D: Yes, Number 62! Tickety boo!  
Tickety boo, tickety boo  
Terry was 62  
I was at his funeral last month  
His ticker  
His heart  
Stopped  
62, that's no age to die  
Not really

*Don walks centre stage*

**LIGHTING: LIGHTS FADE TO SPOTLIGHT ON DON**

I'd known Terry a long time  
Since I was 20  
Terry was my dealer  
A real friend  
He was a man with heart  
He had a good heart

When we met  
He seemed so much older than me  
I was 20  
He was 23

Somewhere along the line  
We drifted apart

His heart gave out

His tender heart  
62 is no age to die  
62 is no age to die  
On your own  
In a caravan

Terry liked a drink (*coughs*)  
But still  
62 is no age to die  
On your own  
Alone  
In a caravan

You see  
He didn't have the heart...  
Somehow  
Somewhere along the line  
He just lost heart

He should have...  
He should have,  
I should have

*Don looks at Maureen and Judi – they don't look at him*

Someone should have done something

A life  
A slow beating  
Relentlessness  
A life  
In a heartbeat

I feel guilty  
I feel guilty for my part  
I feel guilty for what I didn't do  
Heartless

Some of us are saved  
Some of us are rescued...  
Some of us die  
Lonely alcoholics  
On our own  
Alone  
In a rented caravan

*Don sits*

**VISUAL 59. NUMBER 62 FADES TO BLACK SCREEN**

D (*quietly*): Step 1.

J & M (*whisper*): We admitted we were powerless over alcohol - that our lives had become unmanageable.

D (*quietly*): Step 2.

J & M: We came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.

D (*quietly*): Step 3.

J & M: We made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.

D (*quietly*): Step 4.

J & M: We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.

D (*quietly*): Step 5.

J & M: We admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

*Don swigs vodka and coughs. Turns his back to the audience and shakes himself.*

**VISUAL 60. COUNT ME IN LOGO  
LIGHTING: LIGHTS UP**

*Don goes to Bingo booth and pulls out number 1*

D: Anyone getting warm yet?

*Don gets Number 1 ball ready*

J: Yes, I am! I'm getting warm! I'm getting really hot! Look I've nearly got all the numbers!

D: Yes... well, let's see what happens now, ladies and gents. The next number out is...

**AUDIO: 1!**

## VISUAL 61. NUMBER 1

D: Kelly's Eye, Number 1, ladies and gentlemen!

D: *(sing)* One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so

*Don moves over to Maureen, tries to get her to sing*

D: *(sing)* One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so

*Judi stands up and takes ball off Don. Don sits in Judi's chair*

J: One eye

*Judi uses the ball as a prop*

always lags behind,  
gets pulled by the other,  
never wants to play,

the odd one out,  
a zero, slightly cute,  
awkward, shy

the cause of lingering  
looks, not through  
beauty in the eye of a

beholder, but curiosity,  
of something not right,  
not quite an identical twin.

*Judi moves DSR*

One eye will never do  
what it's told, never know  
why it's there,

but it trusts enough  
to tag along, do its best,  
look both ways when crossing

roads, keep up with its prized  
neighbour, see eye to eye



when it absolutely has to.

D & M: (*sing*) One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so

*Judi goes into the audience*

J: You see, there were two Judi's in my class  
Me and Judy B.  
I was Judi A.  
Spelt differently.  
No 'y'.  
Made differently.  
No eye.  
You see, I have a one-sided view of life.

Marked from the very start  
A put me top of the register  
Above Judy B.  
A grade A pupil with a gold star future  
Ahead of Judy B.  
But my undotted eye meant that close behind  
Was always Judy B

Catching me out  
By sneaking up from the right  
Like Dr Who with a Dalek  
So I'd never see the left hook  
Until it was too late  
And I'd lie on the ground  
With my 'bad' eye  
Like a mashed apple  
And I'd count those gold stars shining  
Shining  
They made me so dizzy...

Judy B saw things I could never see  
Like the way I crossed my eyes  
As well as my T's  
And looked in two different directions  
At the same time  
But however hard she tried  
Her corrective surgery  
Never succeeded in curing me  
Of the ability to see what she failed to see –  
The extra in the ordinary

You might say  
I learnt to turn a blind eye to everything the hard way  
I say  
It's easy to turn a blind eye to anything

If you've got one

*Judi stands stage R*

M: (*sings*) One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so

*Don moves over to Judi and looks at her*

D: (*talks aggressively to J*) I'm not God  
I'm not wonderful  
I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be  
I am not a hero  
No  
I am me  
Don  
Just Don  
See?

*Judi moves awkwardly to Bingo booth*

People  
You can't rely on other people  
Can you?  
Hell is other people  
People just ain't no good

There is only one person  
There is only one person...  
When it comes to the crunch  
There is no-one else you can rely on

Number 1  
Number 1  
Because when it comes to the crunch...

D: (*sings punky*) One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so

*Maureen walks quickly to stand between Don and Judi*

Oh I don't want to be alone!  
No-one to talk to. No-one to love. I can't be like that.  
I can't stand being in the house on my own.  
Mike goes to five-a-side every week and I come here.  
When my sister got married the house was so quiet.  
None of her bossing. None of her shouting.  
None of our laughter and whispered secrets.  
My dad out at golf. (*D turns away*)  
My mum doing her flowers. (*J folds arms*)  
I came home from school and the house was so empty.  
There was no-one to talk to. No-one to love.  
And I was sixteen. In a house on my own.  
No wonder I left and got married to Mike.  
I loved the noise of my kids. I loved all that laughter.  
And now I come here every week  
and cross out numbers on a card  
and try to make friends.

*Maureen smiles at the audience. Judi is getting uncomfortable.*

J (*to M*): Um, would you like to see a magic trick?

M (*to J*): Oh, yes, I'd like that very much.

*Don holds the whiteboard. Maureen has the calculator. Judi goes into the audience and conducts it like a workshop*

## **VISUAL 62. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

Great! Someone tried it out on me at the library last week and it's really good. You can all have a go at this. I'm going to ask you a series of questions and I've already predicted what the final answer will be. I've sealed it in this envelope. Look after it, please. (*gives envelope to audience member*) Now write down the following numbers: the year you were born, the year of an important event in your life – for example, the year you won a prize, gave birth, anything you like – and the number of years it has been since that year and the present year, 2014. Done that? Now, hands up if you've already had your birthday this year? (*Audience put hands up*) You people, write down your age now. Hands up if you've not had your birthday yet this year? (*Audience put hands up*) You people, write down how old you will be at your next birthday. Done that? You should have four numbers – the year you were born, the year of an important event, the number of years it has been since the important event happened and your age now or at your next birthday. Got that? Now add up the four numbers to get the 'magic number'. What is the magic number? (*audience answers*) Please would you open the envelope and see if my prediction was correct. (*member reveals the answer*)

### **VISUAL 63. CORRECT ANSWER 4028**

*Don and Maureen put down whiteboard and calculator*

M: Wow! That's amazing!

D: I think that deserves a round of applause, ladies and gentlemen!

*D & M clap and lead applause from audience*

*J & M sit down*

### **VISUAL 64. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: Who's getting hot now, ladies and gentlemen? Someone must be near a full house by now. Hands up if you're getting close!

*Judi puts her hand up. Maureen reacts to her*

*(to Judi)* That's good! Remember: be lucky! The next number out is... ooh, unlucky for some! It's number...

### **AUDIO: 13!**

### **VISUAL 65. NUMBER 13**

D: Hope no-one suffers from triskaidekaphobia here!

M: Tris... what?

J: He means triskaidekaphobia – a fear of the number 13.

M: Oh, well, good job I don't.

*Maureen stays sitting and talks to Judi*

Some people think thirteen is unlucky but it's been lucky for me.

I met Mike on Tuesday 13<sup>th</sup> May.

And our house in Linden Drive is also 13.

That's why we got it for a bargain. A four-bedroom house was our dream.

And when Joanne was older we did up the loft.

Thank God Mike is the practical sort!

Not everybody is so lucky to have a five-bedroom house!

It feels a bit big with just me and Mike

but when all the grandchildren are here it doesn't feel empty!

There's plenty of room for everyone to stay.

Mike says when we are older we should move to a flat

and I don't want to argue but I don't want that.  
I love my house with the view of the apple blossom from the kitchen.  
And the kiddies teddies I keep in their bedrooms.  
And the pink bathroom that needs updating.  
And the beige carpets that need replacing.  
This is our forever house so we will keep renovating.

J (*chat to M*): I'm not lucky in love. I've met 13 men through match.com and I'm still searching for Mr Right. I tend to treat men like books, you know – and you can never judge a book by its cover. (*gestures to Don*)

M: What do you mean?

### **VISUAL 66. FILM OF BOOKS ON SHELVES**

J: Well, my first date was in a café in town,  
an Encyclopaedia of a bloke  
plonked himself down, heavy,  
hard-backed, he talked in facts,  
spoke volumes on many aspects  
of one subject – himself –  
offered to give me “all-round education.”  
I sipped my coffee, my face was wan,  
thirty minutes later he was gone.

M: Oh dear.

J: Then I met a Playboy with Loaded Nuts,  
he wanted tits for his tats,  
fingered his crotch every now and again  
to comfort himself – nothing else,  
like a six year old lad  
caught in the girls loos at break.

*Judi stands. Don reacts to the next lines*

He eyed my dress, licked his lips,  
we passed in the night, like ships.

M: I'm glad he didn't last long. Who did you meet next?

J: Oh, he was a solemn Tome,  
he told me his surname, treble-barrelled.  
He went to a “good” school  
where there were no girls – only inkwells,  
and short trousers were uniform.

He sat up straight, had a nervous twitch,  
studied me with quiet contemplation,  
but what is the use of a book  
without pictures or conversation?

M: No, I quite agree.

J: Three months later, I met Secondhand Man,  
pulp fiction and sci-fi schlock,  
well-thumbed with frayed edges.  
Dust jacket from Oxfam,  
trousers from Cancer Research.  
He checked his appendices regularly,  
demonstrated how he'd examine my breasts, (*gestures*)  
suggested we had STD tests.  
You can guess the rest...

M: Yes, yes... I can...

*Judi stands up*

J: And then, when all seemed lost,  
I met the man of my dreams, Poetry,  
a self-published master of self-congratulation.  
He gave me the rhyme of my life.  
We swapped ISBNs, I was lost for words,  
he declaimed he was free – verse.  
But I soon read between the lines,  
the signs of an unspoken wife and child,  
spelling out The End.

M: (*stands up and goes to comfort Judi*) Oh, I'm sorry to hear that. Well dear, don't give up. Mr Right is out there somewhere waiting for you. Just look at me, I should know! Listen, dear:

If you end up as a remainder,  
if the only good read is yourself,  
take my advice and remember,  
there's plenty more books on the shelf! (*gestures to audience*)

*Judi smiles at the audience and Maureen*

## **VISUAL 67. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: And what will the next number be, ladies and gentlemen?

*Maureen & Judi run back to their table. M stands. J sits.*

Will it be your lucky number? Will it? Will it? Hey, hey, hey, be lucky! It's number...

**AUDIO: 90!**

**VISUAL 68. NUMBER 90**

D: Top of the shop! Number 90!

*Maureen stands up, goes to Don and touches him on his arm*

M: My Dad was ninety when he died.  
Everybody said he'd had a good life.  
He wasn't the sort who showed what he felt.  
He said:

M & D: "Life goes on. You have to make the best of it".

*Maureen moves centre stage*

**VISUAL 69. NUMBER 90 WITH BIRDSONG**

**AUDIO: FADE UP BIRDSONG**

M: When my Mum died he had his job at the bank and then his golf  
and the vegetable garden he was so proud of.  
When I used to visit him he had no time to talk.  
He was down the garden with his spade and fork.  
And when he got older he couldn't do that  
so he moved from the house to a nearby flat.  
He had the newspaper, his history club, and all his books.  
He had no time to come and see me and the kids.

J: "Your Dad is remarkable"

**AUDIO: SLOWLY FADE OUT BIRDSONG**

M: people would say,  
because he was always smart and made a meal everyday.

**VISUAL 70. IMAGE OF ARMCHAIR THROUGH WINDOW**

He died suddenly in the Spring.  
We only knew because a neighbour saw he hadn't gone shopping.  
They found him in his armchair with *The Daily Telegraph* on his knee.  
They said he didn't suffer. They said he looked happy.

## **VISUAL 71. FADE OUT ARMCHAIR IMAGE**

My Dad was ninety when he died.  
He died alone. And I cried and cried.

*Judi gets up and puts her arm around Maureen. They stay standing and turn round*

## **VISUAL 72. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: Okey dokey, let's get back to the important business of tonight's Bingo Bonanza!  
Remember: be lucky! What have you got to be?

M & J: Lucky.

D: That's right, ladies! And the next number out is...

**AUDIO: 43!**

## **VISUAL 73. NUMBER 43**

D: Number 43! Down on your knees! Please God, down on your knees...

## **VISUAL 74. FADE TO RELIGIOUS MOTIF**

*Maureen drops to her knees and offers up a prayer*

M: Please God, here am I down on my knees.  
Please God, don't make Mike die before me.  
I want to be the one who goes to heaven first.  
I want to get it ready for the others who follow next.  
Mike will be sad, I know, but he'll get over it. He's strong.  
And I'm not. I couldn't bear to live without him.  
Just thinking about it makes me cry.  
Please God, let me be the one who dies.

*Judi rests on table*

J: When I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep

M: Please God, may nothing bad happen to Jason, John, Daniel and Joanne.  
Let them be as happy as Mike and I have been.  
Let them feel all the happy things I feel.  
Dear God, here am I down on my knees.  
And Daisy, please God make her life good and long.  
Keep her happy and healthy and beautiful and strong.



Just thinking bad things about my family makes me cry.  
Please God, let me be the one who dies.

*J (take Maureen's hand):* If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take

D: In the night  
They visit  
The thoughts  
The ghosts.

I am afraid to dream.

The nightmares  
In the night  
They come.

Scared,  
I cannot tell  
I dare not tell  
The horrors.

Believe.  
Belief.

Oh God  
Somewhere I lost my belief  
Somewhere I lost you

I thought I had angered you.  
I thought I needed punishing.

Forgive me Father  
For I have sinned  
It is 38 years since my last confession.

*M, J & D slow walk around the stage reciting*

M & J: Hail Mary full of grace...

D: I do not believe

M & J: In the holy Catholic church.

D: I do not believe

M & J: In the communion of saints.

D: I do not believe

M & J: In the resurrection of the body,  
and the life everlasting.

D: I do not believe.

God  
I don't know where to go...

I am lost  
God  
I am lost

God  
Look  
I'm down on my knees  
God  
Please  
Help me.  
I am down on my knees.

*Maureen & Judi help Don up. He takes a swig of vodka and shakes himself.  
Maureen and Judi sit down*

## **VISUAL 75. COUNT ME IN LOGO**

D: Someone must be getting close to Housey Housey now, ladies and gentlemen!  
No? Yes? Let's see! Be lucky! The next number out is...

**AUDIO: 35!**

## **VISUAL 76. NUMBER 35**

D: Number 35! Jump and jive! Have we got a winner?

*An audience member calls Housey-Housey!*

## **VISUAL 77. STILL IMAGE OF HOUSEY-HOUSEY AND THE WINNING NUMBERS 22, 7, 16, 3, 11, 88, 69, 76, 50, 62, 1, 13, 90, 43, 35**

*Don checks the winning numbers*

## **CLICK TO FLASHING IMAGE OF HOUSEY-HOUSEY AND THE WINNING NUMBERS 22, 7, 16, 3, 11, 88, 69, 76, 50, 62, 1, 13, 90, 43, 35**

**AUDIO: LOUD APPLAUSE**

*When the winner has been announced, Don orchestrates giving out the prize. Judi and Maureen clap and let off party poppers. Winner sits back down. Don stands CS.*

**AUDIO: FADE OUT APPLAUSE**

**VISUAL 78. HOUSEY-HOUSEY IMAGE FADES UP TO COSMOS IMAGES**

D: Ladies and gentlemen. According to the UN, the seven billionth human was born on October 31<sup>st</sup> 2011.

*Don hands out card to audience*

When your number's up, how will you count the cost of living?

*Maureen hands out cards to audience*

M: 42% of us will be aged 50 or over by 2051, an estimated 32 million people in the UK.

*Judi hands out cards to audience*

J: One in three of the estimated 2 billion people in the world who are online has a Facebook account and half of these log in every day.

*Don hands out cards to audience*

D: 1 in 4 average British 12-15 year olds have never met a quarter of their friends on Facebook.

M: 34% of people in the UK live alone.

D: People who live alone have an 80% risk of depression.

J: 6.3 million Britons log on to online dating sites per month.

M: 25.5% of relationships start online.

J: 45.2% of online daters are female.

D: We make on average 395 friends in a lifetime but only 33 of these will stand the test of time...

M: ...and only one in five of these will be a close friend.

D: There are an estimated 1.6 million people dependent on alcohol in England.

J: Only 6.4% of dependent drinkers access treatment.

D: Alcohol is 45% more affordable than it was in 1980.

M: The average marriage is expected to last 32 years.

D: 34% of marriages will end in divorce by the 20<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary.

M: An additional 6% of marriages will end by the 20<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary because one of the partners has died.

J: Last year 10, 373 women died from breast cancer.

M: Overall, women live longer than men by five years.

*D, J & M walk back to stage*

D (*sings to M*): I'll sing you one, O  
Green grow the rushes, O  
What is your one, O? (*D & M look at each other*)

M (*speaking as she collects her coat*): One is one and all alone  
And evermore shall be so.  
Bye Judi. See you next week.

*Maureen exits*

D (*sings to J*): I'll sing you one, O  
Green grow the rushes, O  
What is your one, O? (*D & J look at each other*)

J (*speaking as she collects her coat*): One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so.  
Maureen! Wait for me!

*Judi exits*

D (*singing softly*): I'll sing you one, O  
Green grow the rushes, O  
What is your one, O?

(*speaks*) What is my one, O?

*Don slowly sits in Judi's chair*

*(speaking)* One is one and all alone  
And ever more shall be so.

*Don swigs vodka*

I looked up  
And saw so many stars  
(So many stars – I looked up – my head spinning – so many stars to wish upon)  
And I wished...

*Don swigs again*

There are seven billion people on Earth.

*Don swigs again*

There are three hundred billion stars in our galaxy.

*Don swigs one last time*

Ladies and gentlemen,  
I wish you luck.  
Remember: be lucky.

*Don exits*

**AUDIO: ONE NIGHT BY ELVIS PRESLEY**  
**VISUAL 79. COSMOS IMAGES FADE TO BLACK SCREEN**  
**LIGHTING: FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**