

Setting:

The near future. Interior of June and Jane's small house in Cambridgeshire. Lounge with attached, open plan kitchenette. Door off.

As the play opens, June is sitting on the sofa reading a novel. A Beatles tune is playing on the CD player. This should fade out as Jane begins to speak.

Jane: [Entering] I'm back. Finally. And there's your socks.

She tosses a plastic bag in June's lap.

June: Good-oh. You found it all right then?

Jane: Of course I did. I'm capable of following directions, aren't I?

June: Well, capable, yes, but...

Jane: I did become slightly distracted at the second roundabout, when I passed the supermarket. Do you know, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon, the car park was packed?

June: Idiots.

Jane: Precisely. And when I looked back at the road, everything looked strange. It was as if I'd never seen the place before!

June: But you had my directions.

Jane: Well, no. They were in my handbag.

June: Jane!

Jane: It wasn't a problem. I used logic.

June: Logic! [BEAT] Was that wise?

Jane: Absolutely. My instinct was screaming, "Go right!" But I'm well aware - unlike some people - that I have a poor sense of direction. Therefore my instinct must be wrong, and I went left. And that was right.

June: Left was right? After the second roundabout?

Jane: Yes. [She retrieves directions from her bag] Second roundabout, turn ...right! [she gasps, looks up at June, shocked, then back at the sheet] Then down two postboxes, past the White Unicorn. Well, it was near the White Unicorn. Shame on you June. I could have ended up in Kettering.

June: Nonsense. That's why I mentioned the postboxes!

Jane: June, do you have any idea how many postboxes there are between here and the White Unicorn?

June: I may not be perfect at directions but at least I don't drive through garage doors.

Jane: You were in the car. You could see I wasn't in reverse and you said nothing. And it's very churlish of you to keep harping on that incident.

June: *[shaking head]* Kettering!

Pause

Jane: Well. How are the socks?

June opens the bag and removes socks. They are very garish and bright with red stripes.

June: I said plain green!

Jane: You said red. Aren't they jolly?

June: Red! Why would I say red? I told you I wanted them to match the green trousers Tess sent me! These are hopeless. Now what will I wear to Scrabble tonight?

Jane: You mean the black trousers.

June: Jane. We've already had this argument. Those trousers are a very dark green.

NB: Beat refers to a change of thought between speeches. Pause is more general - an action may be taking place.