MAMA’S CABARET- FINAL SCRIPT

Set on stage: piano, stool, SM58 mic on stand, hat stand, 2 x laundry baskets full of clothes.

Stage right off stage: balloon filled with helium

Cast: Jenni Winter and Katie Roberts

OPENING:

Already on stage playing piano as audience come in- pre show state

On clearance (LX CUE 1)- close to black out

Piano drum roll equivalent

JENNI: Good evening everybody, please welcome to the stage your hostess for this evening: Me! (LX CUE 2)- lights up on DOWN STAGE CENTRE

JENNI: Hello, hello, hello, hello everyone it is so brilliant to see you here and welcome to Mama’s Cabaret

Thank you so much for coming!

Yes, it is true, 2 amazing experiences for the price of one: A fabulous cabaret, thank you very much , plus also all my insights into how to become a fabulous mama!

Yes, its true, these slender hips have born 2 of the little shits!

These perfectly manicured hands raised them, these bad boys played a part!

The lines, the grey hairs, the therapy, all part of the marvellous journey into parenthood!

Do we have any parents here today? Ah, well, well done you!

Do we have any non parents? Oh yes, you’re looking smug and pleased with yourselves now- well just you wait!

In fact could you all please turn off your mobile phones please? Parents, you should probably be OK- give it 8-10 years and your friends might start calling back- don’t count on it!

Now its not just my stories that I’ll be telling you tonight. No, I have met with lots of other mothers in the region and I’m going to be sharing with you all their amazing journeys. Oh yes, we will all be there together, from the moment of conception, right through to the long, excruciating miracle of childbirth!

In fact, could we just check the doors are locked at the back please? Just in case you were thinking of leaving!

On with the show! The first story you’re going to hear tonight is a beautiful journey that takes us all the way from newly wedded bliss, to having a family. It is Jessica’s story!

LX CUE 3 (Lights on piano)

SONG: 2 BLUE LINES

2 BLUE LINES BECAUSE I WEED UPON A STICK

2 BLUE LINES, WOW, THAT HAPPENED REALLY QUICK

MY HUSBAND IS REALLY FERTILE IT SEEMS

AND NOW ALL OF OUR DREAMS HAVE COME TRUE

ITS REALLY HAPPENING FOR ME AND YOU

WE’RE HAVING A BABY

WE’RE HAVING A BABY

WE’RE HAVING A BABY

OH MY GOD WE’RE HAVING A BABY…SHIT

2 BLUE LINES BECAUSE I WEED UPON A STICK

2 BLUE LINES, WOW, THAT HAPPENED REALLY QUICK

MY HUSBAND IS REALLY FERTILE IS YOURS?

ACTUALLY HE CAME TOO SOON AND I’M COVERED IN SORES DOWN BELOW

ITS REALLY YOU KNOW

WE’RE HAVING A BABY

1ST TRIMESTER, URGH, MORNING SICKNESS

2ND TRIMESTER I AM GLOWING

3RD TRIMESTER OH MY GOODNESS CONTRACTIONS

PANIC AMBULANCE BLUE LIGHT SPOT LIGHT

SO MUCH ATTENTION ON ME

PUSH PUSH PUSH PUSH PUSH PUSH

OH JESUS MOTHERFUCKING CUNTING CHRIST THAT HURST

PUUUUUSSSSHHHH

OW MY FANNY

NCT GROUP, I HAVE ARRIVED

NAPPIES? DEFINITELY THE ONES YOU THROW AWAY

HAVE YOU SEEN HOW MUCH LAUNDRY I’VE GOT TO DO?

IF I DON’T USE THE WASHABLE ONES ITS TERRIBLY BAD FOR MY BABY’S SKIN AND I’M CONTRIBUTING TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PLANET?

NO, OK, I CAN TRY AND USE THE ONES YOU WASH. PLEASE DON’T THROW ME OUT OF THE NCT!

FEEDING? DEFINITELY BOTTLE! I THINK ITS REALLY IMPORTANT TO GET MY HUSBAND INVOLVED- ANYWAY I LIKE MY BOOBS THE WAY THEY ARE!

IF I DON’T TRY TO BREAST FEED MY BABY’S MORE LIKELY TO DIE FROM COT DEATH?

OH I DON’T KNOW, I REALLY LIKE MY BOOBS THE WAY THEY ARE! JASON REALLY LIKES MY BOOBS THE WAY THEY ARE, IT’S KIND OF WHAT GOT US PREGNANT IN THE FIRST PLACE, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

RIGHT YES, I’M SORRY.

OK, I CAN TRY TO BREAST FEED, I CAN BE AN EARTH MOTHER, COME HERE BABY:

I WANNA GIVE YOU A BOOB

I WANNA GIVE YOU MY BOOB

I’M GONNA GIVE YOU A BOOB (OW NOT SO HARD)

I’M GONNA GIVE YOU MY BOOB (CALM DOWN, MY GOD THIS KID IS GOING TO TOWN!)

YEAH SHES REALLY TAKEN TO IT, I’LL FEED HER UNTIL HER FIRST TOOTH COMES IN, AND THEN PROBABLY STOP. OH RIGHT, OK, BABY LED WEANING ITS CALLED? SO I HAVE TO FEED HER UNTIL SHE’S READY TO STOP?

YEAH, SHES ONE NEXT WEEK, STILL HAS BOOB TO GET HER TO SLEEP. I GUESS AS LONG AS SHE STOPS BY THE TIME SHE’S 3 WE SHOULD BE FINE!

I KNOW, SHE STARTS SCHOOL NEXT WEEK, STILL HAS BOOB EVERY NIGHT

YEAH, SHE WAS TELLING HER YEAR 3 TEACHER HOW SHE STILL HAS MAMMYS’ BOOBIES EVERY NIGHT, BIT EMBARRASSING, I’M THINKING, SURELY SHE’S GOING TO STOP AT SOME POINT?

MY BOOBS ARE DOWN TO MY KNEES

JASON CAN’T LOOK AT ME

HE SAYS THEY’RE TOO SAGGY

AND I REMIND HIM OF HIS MOTHER

WHICH IS REALLY UNFAIR ACTUALLY BECAUSE SHE’S HAD 4 CHILDREN

WE’RE GETTING DIVORCED

YES WELL IT’S NOT REALLY MY DECISION

HE’S FOUND A YOUNGER MODEL

WITH TITS UP TO HER EARLOBES, YEAH FUCK OFF JASON AND KITTY!

COS I’M AT HOME GIVING BOOB TO A 7 YEAR OLD BASTARD

I’M AT HOME BREASTFEEDING A 7 YEAR OLD EMPORER

I’M STUCK AT HOME A COMPLETE SLAVE TO WHATEVER MY CHILD WANTS ME TO BE

AND WHAT I DO BEST IS GIVE HER MY BREAST

THEY REALLY SHOULD MENTION THIS IN THE NCT HANDBOOK!

LX CUE 4 Lights down on piano/ up on DOWN STAGE CENTRE

JENNI: Gosh well, there goes Jessica’s mam, 40, saggy boobed (looks down) and, erm, divorced.

Well that reminds me a little bit of my own experience of motherhood, which I shall share with you now.

Let us roll back the years to a magical place: Fenham, in a magical time: 2009. Hit it!

SOUND CUE 1: 4.16 on Rhapsody on Blue Overture

JENNI: It’s Fenham , it’s 2009, it’s learning to breastfeed, it’s having my nipples sucked dry and bitten red raw all through the night, and not in the way I used to like it, it’s having my bodily fluids drunk from me hour after hour, again not in the way I used to find it rather pleasurable, its having little people pissing and shitting all over me : still no fun involved! its desperately trying to fit in at playgroup and turning up with biscuits and milk, only to be told that Tarquin and all the other little darlings are actually sugar, plastic and dairy free, It’s my daughter ‘s first sentence- we’re driving along listening to her favourite CD story, Peace at Last, she calls it Peace, it finishes, she says its off, we arrive at Playgroup, “Peace Off” she announces to the whole room! Oh Great! Her first sentence! Piss Off!

15 seconds of silence during which gradually SOUND CUE 2: MUSIC FADES OUT

Start to laugh

(OFF STAGE BABY CRYING NOISES MADE BY KATIE)

Enter KATIE stage right with balloon

KATIE: Jenni, you’re baby needs feeding

JENNI: OK 2 secs

KATIE: well she won’t stop crying I think you need to feed her now

JENNI: just, hang on please, I’m just having my Anne Bogart moment, I’m doing composition!

KATIE: Sorry Jenni she needs feeding now

(HANDS ME THE BALLOON)

JENNI: (TO AUDIENCE) excuse me. (FEEDS BALLOON AND SING 1ST 2 BARS OF CABARET TO IT ACAPELLA)

Right, where was I? oo that’s completely thrown me! Katie, what happens next?

KATIE: you could do my mam’s song?

JENNI: oh yes that’s a brilliant idea, this is Katie’s mum’s story, and its an ingenious idea for combatting the loneliness that being a new mum can bring!

LX CUE 5: lights up on PIANO and CENTRE STAGE

SONG: THE LAUNDRY

SOMETIMES IN THE MORNINGS

WHEN THE KIDS HAVE GONE TO SCHOOL

IM LEFT ALONE THINKING WHAT DO I DO

I TURN AROUND AND SEE

YOU STARING BACK AT ME

THEN I REMEMBER I’LL NEVER BE ALONE

YOU’LL NEVER LEAVE ME ON MY OWN

YOU’LL ALWAYS BE TRUE

MY ONE AND ONLY, OLD FAITHFUL, LOYAL TO THE END, DARLING YOU

YOURE THE LAUNDRY, THAT’S WHAT YOU ARE

NO MATTER WHERE I GO YOU’LL NEVER BE FAR

YOU’RE MY CHAPERONE

WITH LAUNDRY YOURE NEVER ALONE

YOURE THE LAUNDRY, OH YES I’VE SEEN YOU BEFORE

I MEAN THERE IS A LAUNDRY BASKET SO WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU ON THE FLOOR?

ITS LIKE YOU’VE JUST BEEN THROWN!

WITH LAUNDRY YOURE NEVER ALONE

OH DON’T MIND ME I’LL BE OVER HERE UNBALLING SOCKS, PULLING PANTS OUT OF JEANS AND KNICKERS FROM TIGHTS

T SHIRTS OUT OF JUMPERS, TISSUES OUT OF POCKETS AND THAT LITTLE RED SOCK THAT MADE IT IN WITH THE WHITES

WITH THE LAUNDRY YOU MUST NEVER POSTPONE

DON’T HAVE A CUP OF TEA DON’T CHAT ON THE PHONE

YOU TURN AROUND, THE LAUNDRY PILE’S GROWN!

WITH LAUNDRY YOURE NEVER ALONE

AND WHY AM I THE ONLY PERSON WHO EVER PICKS ANYTHING UP IN THIS HOUSE?

I MEAN WOULD IT KILL YOU TO LIFT THE LID OF THE LAUNDRY BASKET,

OPEN IT UP AND PUT YOUR WASHING IN?

YES THANK YOU WASHING MACHINE I CAN HEAR YOU BEEPING, NOW DO SOMETHING USEFUL AND POUR ME A GIN!

THEY PHYSICALLY CAN’T DO LAUNDRY IF THEY AREN’T FULLY GROWN

DON’T EVEN TRY ITS LIKE PULLING BLOOD FROM A STONE

BRING ME MY METHODONE!

WITH LAUNDRY, WITH LAUNDRY, WITH LAUNDRY, YOURE NEVER ALONE!

AND WHY DO THE SOCKS NEVER MATCH?

JENNI: Kim is trying for a baby. She’s a mum. She doesn’t have a baby but she’s a mum. She feels like a mum, she wants to be a mum. This is her story, of what it’s like to be trying. It’s called he came too soon

SONG: HE CAME TOO SOON

YOU CAME HOME FROM WORK TO A NOTE BY THE DOOR

I WAS IN THE KITCHEN I WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR

MY DRESS WAS A MESS THERE WAS BLOOD WHERE A BABY SHOULD BE

SO ASK ME HOW I’M DOING IN A WEEK OR 2

ASK ME HOW I’M COPING LATER ON WONT YOU?

ASK ME HOW I’M DOING WHEN THE MOON IS NEW

AND I’LL TELL YOU HE CAME TOO SOON

ASK ME WHAT I’M DRINKING I’LL HAVE THE SAME AGAIN

ASK ME WHAT I’M THINKING WELL NOT MUCH MY FRIEND

ASK ME HOW IM DOING WELL I’M DRUNK AGAIN

AND THAT’S WHY HE CAME TOO SOON

HE CAME TOO SOON, NEVER MET THIS WORLD, NEVER LEFT HIS COCOON

NEVER HELD HIM SAFE OR SMELT HIS SWEET HEAD

HE CAME TOO SOON AND WHEN HE CAME HE WAS DEAD

SO ASK ME HOW I’M DOING CAN YOU SEE THE SKY?

ASK ME HOW I’M DOING WHEN THIS RIVER’S RUN DRY

ASK ME HOW I’M DOING AND I’LL REPLY

HE CAME TOO SOON, HE CAME TOO SOON, HE CAME TOO SOON

JENNI: are you a mum, Katie?

KATIE: no I’m not a mum

JENNI: Yazmin never wanted to be a mum. Sh’es got a 12 year old little boy now. But she never wanted to be a mum. You know she told me she’s thought about it every single day since it happened. That’s every day for 12 years. But she’s got no words. I tried to write her a song but I couldn’t find the words, or the tune or they style or the rhythm. I wanted to give her a voice. She’s never had a voice. He told everyone his own version and the courts would not listen. I wanted her to be able to stand up on stage and say “This is my story, and this is what happened to me 12 years ago in Gateshead”. But I couldn’t find the words. And she has to live with that- he broke into her house and planted a cancersous memory that grows inside her, and planted a baby at her breats, and I coudlnt even write her a song!

PAUSE

SOUND CUE 3: Low volume Oscar Peterson Georgia On My Mind

JENNI: It’s Fenham, its, 2015, it’s my front room, it’s a pigsty, it’s disgusting, an out of control mess, I’ve got loads of work to do for tomorrow, not including the housework. It’s hearing a baby crying upstairs and thinking … I love you so fiercely with all my heart. I go and check on her, and she’s fine. This is fine. This is more than fine. This is fucking great! I’ve got all these new amazing friends, and the thing we have in common is we are all on this mad, brilliant, love fuelled journey together. And we can’t get over how lucky we are. We longed for this. We went and prayed to St Cuthbert in Durham Cathedral and we tracked charts and apps, and took temperatures, and ate all the right foods and those of us with husbands bought them loose fitting underpants and remembered how much we loved our other halves if we have them and some of us had IVF and some of us adopted, and some of have husbands and some of us have wives and some have partners who don’t define themselves by gender some are doing it on their own and we all got there in the end and we are so the lucky ones. I find myself thinking amid the mess and the squalor and the chaos that this is alright. This is alright. Isn’t it This is alright! This is motherhood!

LX CUE 3: LIGHTS FADE BACK UP

*START PLAYING CABARET*

thank you for coming , you have been fabulous , the technical team have been gorgeous, Katie has been amazing, oh and in case you were wondering I have filled in countless ethics forms and so turning others women’s darkest fears and sectrets into light comedy songs for our entertainment was completely consensual!

I have been mama cabaret and that just leaves me to say:

SONG: NOWADAYS

It's good  
Isn't it grand? Isn't it great?  
Isn't it swell? Isn't it fun?  
Isn't it? Nowadays

There's men  
Everywhere jazz, everywhere booze  
Everywhere life, everywhere joy  
Everywhere, nowadays

You can like the life you're livin'  
You can live the life you like  
You can even marry Harry  
But mess around with Ike  
And that's good

Isn't it grand? Isn't it great?  
Isn't it swell? Isn't it fun?

Isn’t it

But nothing stays

In 50 years or so

It’s gonna change you know

But oh its heaven nowadays!

PAUSE

BLACKOUT