

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Fashion Tips for the Young and Beautiful

by Sarah Brill

EXTRACT

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LIGHTS COME UP. JANE ENTERS WEARING HER DRESSING GOWN.

JANE Nothing will spoil my wedding day. A girl's wedding day is the day she dreams about all of her life. Because a wedding is the party of your life. The only party to rival a wedding is a funeral but the best funeral is that of another and the best wedding is undoubtedly your own. I have seen to everything. Everything. This time, it's my time.

I was walking down the street . . .

SHE SAUNTERS ACROSS THE STAGE.

JANE . . . no, I was walking this way down the street . . .

SHE SAUNTERS BACK ACROSS THE STAGE.

JANE . . . when I saw him. And when I saw him I knew, I knew that everything behind me had led me to him, and everything in front of me would be him. And I knew I had to make him mine. I tell my girls, I say girls, there's someone out there, just for you. Keep your eyes open, your body supple and wait, watch, practise. Before he comes, dream, visualise, fantasise. And when he's there, standing in front of you, when you take his arm for that very first time, don't ever let it go. I've always known what my perfect man would look like. A carefully constructed image taken from movies and magazines, past lovers and distant strangers. I can't tell you how surprised I was to see him walking down the street.

JANE'S PHONE RINGS.

Hello? . . . Uh huh . . . uh huh . . . honey I'm a little busy right now . . . Well yes I think he's the one too but today's my day, I don't have time to . . . I know . . . uh huh . . . yes, hair like gold . . . arms like a god . . . I know

all of this honey . . . Lou-Lou . . . Lou-Lou . . . LOU-LOU! I'm hanging up now . . . I am . . . right now.

JANE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

It never stops with my girls. If it's not a broken fingernail it's a broken heart . . .

JANE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS

. . . and on my wedding day. I told them today I'll do nothing but . . . Emma it's Jane. Where are you darling? . . . You were meant to pick up my gown half an hour ago. You know I need time with it . . . Ring the caterer's for me too darling. Find out what time they're arriving. I'm sure they're late. Then I want you to ring the florist, the chair hire, the celebrant, the best man, the Spanish dancers and the ice sculpture people. Make sure everyone arrives early except the ice sculpture. Emma? . . . Are you writing this down? . . . Good girl.

JANE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE.

Now then. I was walking down the street, saw him, tell my girls, don't let go, I was . . .

I was a beautiful child, took after my mother who was the best looking woman in town. Everyone said she was the best looking woman in town, and I was a beautiful child. They would say, child you take after your mother like none of the others, such a beautiful child, what a pity (*you're a boy*) . . . I was still the best looking child.

I used to watch my mother get dressed and I'd say Mum, when I grow up I want to be just like you. And she would ruffle my hair and tell me things. Horror stories about the body.

She would tell me it's work to be beautiful, you can't ever let it slip and I tell my girls.