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An Elephant's Memory of Cakes Once Thrown

A new play by Matt Purland



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An Elephant's Memory of Cakes Once Thrown

PRINCIPAL CAST:

**DEE
BUTLER**

(Note: all other parts can be played by two additional actors)

SCHOOL FÊTE:

[**DEE** and **BUTLER** are setting out their stall for a school fête. Song starts:]

If you think when I look at you
I don't know what I see;
If you think when I hold your hand
That your feelings can't be real,

Chorus: I would give you everything
If you'll come home with me;
I would show you all the world
If you'll give your heart to me.

When I see you walking down the street
The guys all look your way;
I tell 'em all that you are my sweet,
In my arms alone you're gonna stay,

Chorus

Didn't think I could ever give
My heart away but I did;
Didn't think I would ever fall
In love again, ever give my all,

Chorus

DEE: It's a boiling hot day. The whole school's gonna be 'ere soon. All the children who aren't selling stuff will come with their mums and dads and buy all

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our stuff. An' go on the fair. An' go on the rides. That's all. You've brought a lot of stuff. Is it all yours?

BUTLER: It's mostly stuff my brother dun't want. All the books. The bat, that's my brother's.

DEE: Should get good money for it. What d'you think, fifty pee? It is the cricket season, in't it?

BUTLER: More.

DEE: What?

BUTLER: We'll ask for more; but if we don't sell it we could call it fifty pee.

DEE: Are these yours, these shorts?

BUTLER: They don't fit me any more.

DEE: Should stop growing then.

BUTLER: My dad says I can't grow any more 'cos he can't afford more clothes.

DEE: He's weird.

BUTLER: Yeah, but he's still my dad.

DEE: Hm. Did he go to the pub last night? Did he come home?

[**MR. BRAITHWAITE**, a teacher, approaches.]

MR. BRAITHEWAITE: Dee and Butler. Alright? Good. We've got our first customers on the cake stall. Are you going to throw some wet sponges? At your teachers? Remember to keep your money safe. Remember to check the change you give back very carefully. Always. Remember, you are a Stanniccliffe pupil on display to the public. Important. To parents, mums and dads. Alright? Remember to have fun.

[He exits.]

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DEE: Our day is consisting mainly of selling things. It's quite boring but I've done a few things I like. Butler looked after the stall while I went for a walk, and I bought myself an ice-cream from the van with some of the money we've made. I went on the bouncy castle as well. It's over there. It was well good. You take your shoes and socks off and when everyone does it et stinks. I donated my dolls to the stall so it's half my money. I didn't want them anyway. At ten you don't use dolls realleh. They always take up much too much of my time. [**ROY** approaches. He is **BUTLER'S** friend and also ten years old.] Hello, Roy.

BUTLER: Hi, Roy. What have you been doing?

ROY: Hi! I've been on the ghost train. Miss French said I could have a break. We've been on it all morning. It's been really busy. Phew! It's a brilliant fair, innit? You know the ghost train? Everyone likes it.

BUTLER: Took us ages to build.

DEE: But it's not scary.

ROY: No. Well; it is. It isn't meant to be all that scary but – .

DEE: How scary can it be when you're being pushed 'round the track by all you lot?

ROY: We can't exactly have an electric one, can we? How's your stall goin'?

BUTLER: We've sold loads. I've sold it, mostly.

DEE: What?

BUTLER: You've been walking all round.

DEE: I'm watching the competition, innit?

BUTLER: And eating ice-cream.

ROY: See you guys later.

BUTLER: See you, Roy.

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DEE: 'Bye. I bought you one didn' I?

[Another pupil, **JOHN**, approaches.]

JOHN: What have you lot got?

DEE: What does it look like?

JOHN: This stall is rubbish.

BUTLER: So, we've been selling stuff all day. The best stuff's all gone – .

JOHN: I bet you only had this to start with. What're these?

BUTLER: Books.

JOHN: *Books?*

DEE: You can't read.

[**DEE** and **JOHN** fight.]

DEE: Ah! Leave me!

BUTLER: Leave her alone! Idiot!

DEE: [To audience.] I'm quite glad he's stepped in for me. I'm always scrapping with him, with John. Not Butler. Never fight with him. [Indicates **JOHN**.] I like fighting him. [To **JOHN**.] Leave me alone!

[**JOHN** leaves. **DEE** and **BUTLER** begin to pack away the stall. **PETE**, another pupil, approaches.]

PETE: [Picking up a magnifying glass.] Can I buy this? Can I buy this?

DEE: What?

PETE: You can't go home.

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DEE: We can.

BUTLER: What d'you wannit for?

PETE: 've always wanted a magnifyin' glass.

DEE: What for?

PETE: Magnifyin' things. What d'you want for it?

DEE: How much have you got? What'll you give us for it?

PETE: I haven't got a lot.

BUTLER: Twenny pee?

PETE: Fifteen?

DEE: Fifty!

[They exchange: magnifying glass for fifty pence. **PETE** goes.]

DEE: I'll have it. It's not going into the pot. I made him pay.

HOME MONOLOGUE:

DEE: It shows you how much people want for things, dunnit? How much they'll pay? Ow! I'm really tired after that. Mmm! This is our house; this is where we live. It's nice. It's quite small; I like it anyway. I've got my own room. Some of my friends haven't got their own rooms. Have to share, with their brothers and sisters. I haven't got any brothers and sisters. Not any, at all. Which I like. As you can see I keep my room neat and tidy. It's better that way as you can find things if you need them and happen to be in a rush. The best thing about my room is that my window looks out onto the playing field. It's the football field really, though you can play all sports there. Not swimming. Second best thing, apart from looking out over the football field is you can see far away into the horizon, on the very edge of town we are. All that way is work, work and boring work. This way is flat and you can see right to the end of the sky where the stars touch the

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land. The other good thing about my house is that it's dead near Butler's. Butler's my best friend. He is a really good friend. We help each other out if we're sad, or if we're in trouble 'cos we've done something naughty. Or lonely. We have funny times. Once ... Butler's my best friend. I love Butler.

INDIA 1:

[DEE enters riding on the back of a huge Indian elephant. GILLIFOLLIE is with her. She is dressed as an Indian princess, wearing full jewellery, being led at the head of a large procession with a full escort of elephants.]

DEE: How far? Can you see where we are yet?

GILLIFOLLIE: Not yet, Madam. We're still on this mountain path. The overhanging rocks are blocking our view of the impending vista.

DEE: Come on, Gillifollie! We have to be at Bendip for tea. It's quarter past three in the afternoon, you know.

GILLIFOLLIE: I know, my lady, but the elephants are really suffering in the baking hot sun. It really is becoming intolerable for them. We are going to have to halt when we come to the next hiyhaha so that they can be properly rested and watered. Madam, they are starting to flake.

DEE: Ugh! It's not possible. Not possible. The next hiyhaha? All you do is go on about the next hiyhaha.

GILLIFOLLIE: Madam – .

DEE: And don't call me your lady. I'm *not* your lady. Remember your place. Remember where you are.

GILLIFOLLIE: Yes, Madam. In the special company of your royal ladyness Princess Jasmine, Princess of all of India.

DEE: Exactly.

GILLIFOLLIE: Daughter of the Grand Poohbear.

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DEE: Oh, don't go on, Gilliefollie. Ow! [To elephant.] And there's no need for you to poke your nose in, young lady. You're tired, aren't you? I know you are. I'm tired of all this moaning. We travelled for almost a decade. We didn't get there in time for afternoon tea. I was extremely exhausted but I didn't care for my own woes and wouldn't stop for anything; except to go to the toilet. We carried on until one day we came to the banks of the great River Mowwhow. It was, as misfortune would have it, the widest part of the River Mowwhow. Damn. We'll have to stop for a moment.

GILLIFOLLIE: It's too wide to cross here.

DEE: My lady.

GILLIFOLLIE: My lady. We're going to have to carry on along the banks. But we cannot go that way, for that way lies a great waterfall – the wall of water, as it is locally known; and also that way lies the caverns of doom and death.

DEE: Sounds spooky.

GILLIFOLLIE: It is. But we cannot go that way because the plains cannot be navigated by night, and it is almost night ...

DEE: Alright. We must cross here then, and we must do it now. I'm not having another night sleeping on the back of an elephant. What if I fall off, eh? [There is a call.] Hey. What's that? What's that?

[They see a **MAN** on the bank on the other side of the river.]

GILLIFOLLIE: A shout, Madam.

MAN: Hie!

DEE: Hello! Over there! You there, on the other bank!

MAN: Helloo!

DEE: Can you help me? I need to cross the river. My elephants are tired, and also they can't swim. I don't think. Can they? I can't swim that far. Can you help me?

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MAN: What?

DEE: Look! Can you see? He's driving a barge. He's on a barge. I didn't see it before. Can you give me a lift across the river? Please! I'm desperate!

MAN: What will you give me?

DEE: Give you? Me? *Give?*

MAN: What is your name?

DEE: Mine? I'm Princess Jasmine. [Pause.] Can you help me? Please?

GILLIFOLLIE: Madam, it's no use. He's sailing away. Oh. He's gone.

DEE: Come on. I'll go across in my own barge. There's a boat for every elephant. Everyone. Everyone will cross. Come on – . Should've thought of it before. Everyone will go across. Everyone should. Come on. Come on. We'll make it. Come on.

SCHOOL PROJECT:

[**DEE, BUTLER** and **MISS TACE.**]

MISS TACE: Are you two going to work together again?

BUTLER: Yes, Miss Tace.

DEE: Come on. What have we got to do exactly?

BUTLER: Here y'are. We've got to fill out these sheets.

DEE: We've got to find the ghost.

BUTLER: I don't think so.

DEE: How are we going to find a ghost anyway, in this dusty old place? I don't believe in ghosts.

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BUTLER: No, I don't. First question. How old is Fally House?

DEE: Old.

BUTLER: How are we supposed to find out that?

DEE: Ask somebody. A tour guide.

BUTLER: Good idea. I haven't seen hardly anybody yet, 'cept our class. We've been here since half ten, han't we? Gets us out of lessons.

DEE: I know. It's brilliant, innit? [**CURATOR** approaches.] Here's somebody. Excuse me?

CURATOR: Hello.

DEE: Excuse me. Can you help us?

CURATOR: Well, I'll try to if I can.

BUTLER: We have to fill in these sheets – about the house. We want to know – .

DEE: How old is it?

CURATOR: Very old.

DEE: Are you the owner?

CURATOR: No.

DEE: Have you lived here since you were born?

CURATOR: No.

BUTLER: Have you always worked here?

CURATOR: No.

BUTLER: Thanks. You've been very helpful.

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DEE: How old is 'very old'?

CURATOR: Oh? One hundred and fifty three years, to be precise. Fally House was originally erected as a workhouse during the Victorian era. Do you know what a workhouse was?

DEE: No. Next question.

BUTLER: How many towers does it have?

CURATOR: That's interesting. You see – .

DEE: Come on, Butler – let's go and count.

BUTLER: Thank you. Thank you very much.

[**CURATOR** exits.]

BUTLER: How many towers?

DEE: Nine. So far.

BUTLER: That's not a tower.

DEE: Is. Is a tower. We should have asked him about the ghost.

BUTLER: Probably he was the ghost.

[Later on ...]

DEE: Have you got any sandwiches left?

BUTLER: I've eaten them all.

DEE: Oh – this is boring! Not as much as a single ghost. We finished off our sheets ages ago. I told him I don't believe in ghosts – . We're waiting to go home now really. Miss Tace is up there trying to sort out those boys. Oh! So no ghosts. Butler's getting on my nerves today. Give me some of that drink. He won't lend me ten pee I need to buy a key ring. I need it. He says he hasn't got ten pee –

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but I've seen 'im with it. Then I saw him talking to Jessica, and she's a right pain; gets right up my nose. Up my nose, up my nose, Jessica Markham gets up my nose. Up my nose, up my nose – why couldn't you give it to me?

BUTLER: I haven't got any money. Your mum gave you some.

DEE: What?

BUTLER: Oh, I can't talk to you while you're in this mood!

DEE: [Starting to cry.] You little pig.

BUTLER: Shut up.

DEE: Leave me alone.

BUTLER: I'm leaving you alone.

DEE: Leave me alone. Little pig.

BUTLER: Shut up, selfish.

DEE: Me? I'm not selfish! Me?

ATTIC MONOLOGUE:

DEE: I called him a bastard. He was very nasty to me. He hurt me. It's raining. I wish it would stop raining. I can't go out to play wi' 'is rain. Can't go out and see him. Can't do anything with this rain. It's cold in here; up here in the attic with the mouldy woodworm and the dusty paintwork, but I don't want to see anybody. Please! Dad's just come home from work. Butler said that his Dad came home drunk from the pub again last night an' told his mum to go. At least my Dad is not like that. Not nasty. I could go to bed. [Pause.] The beds up here are soft. They haven't been slept in for ages ... That old man said that the house was Victorian. I watched this thing about Victorians once. They always wore beautiful long, flowing dresses and their hair was always in curls. At night ladies used to wear long white nighties, which were like dresses trailing on the floor. They used to

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walk about in their bedrooms, in their white nighties. Ffff! Cold! Can't go to bed yet.

GHOST STORY:

[**AUDREY** and **EMILY** are two Victorian girls at a boarding school. **EMILY** is running. **DEE** plays the part of **ELIZA JANE**.]

EMILY: Eliza! Eliza!

[Night. The three girls look out of a window onto the patchily moonlit lawn eighty feet below, with the rain pouring down.]

AUDREY: Sshh!

EMILY: All the other girls are at supper. Where have you been?

DEE: Just sitting. Thinking.

EMILY: Headmaster is in a terrible fug. His temper is unbearable.

AUDREY: It's all those gooseberries he ate. They have given him the fugue.

EMILY: Goosebumps!

AUDREY: What are you doing up here on you own in the dorm? I must say, Eliza, you are very bold.

DEE: Why?

AUDREY: Why, don't you know? Of course, you haven't been at this school for very long, have you? It's an old story.

DEE: What?

EMILY: Don't tell her.

DEE: What?

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AUDREY: I wouldn't like to be alone up here at night, that's all. Not seeing as how this school is haunted. Haunted by a ghost who, every August, comes through the Low Hall every night, always at eleven o'clock, making the curtain rails shake and the bedsteads rattle with his low moans. We can't hear him if we're asleep or half-asleep because of the tolling of the bells. When they stop, he is gone.

[Pause. **EMILY** surprises **DEE** and frightens her.]

DEE: It's real?

EMILY: 'Tis the same story that she has told me and every other girl in this school. I don't believe it is true.

DEE: You've never seen him?

AUDREY: You cannot disprove me though. 'Tis only seven o'clock. We should all be sound asleep by the time he comes tonight.

DEE: Tonight? Why?

AUDREY: A long time ago, in medieval days, there were fields where this school now stands, as far as the brook which goes through the meadow. In the village – it was the same village then – was a man who had a very beautiful wife. He loved his wife and she loved him. His friend was also in love with her, and haunted their yard every day, like a lost soul – trying to gain a peek at her. One day he made his feelings plain. Later on that day her husband found out and forced the bold friend to meet him in a duel. It was a question of the lady's honour. The morning arrived and the man came to meet the husband, but he was afraid.

[The **HUSBAND** and the **MAN** approach. The sound of horses coming to a halt.]

MAN: Forgive me, my friend, for having taken this liberty with you and with your good lady in this way. I'm – sorry. I am a poor man; I need all I make, but all what I've got is yours if you will consider please to take away the necessity of this adventure. My aim is poor and I am sure I will be shot. I'll be forever in your debt. I throw myself at your disposal. Have mercy!

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HUSBAND: Curse you – you dog! You who have come morning and night, stealing into my yard, stealthy as a year-old cat, behind my back, with an aim to take my wife! Ah! Have a stout heart!

MAN: Please! Mercy!

HUSBAND: You take me for a fool, and yet expect me to give you mercy? You play me for a fool, yet you ... you are nothing more than a coward who has no more bone than a worm when is asked to display any substance of anything concrete of the love that he professes for my wife! On!

AUDREY: The meeting place was arranged, and the contest was set for that night – eleven o'clock. When the husband went home and told his wife what had happened she was upset and begged him to reconsider.

[**HUSBAND** and **WIFE** together.]

WIFE: Do not go. You will kill him. Do not go. Oh. I am in love with him. We – . Oh.

AUDREY: Night came. The wind was howling outside. The rain was rushing in the gutters; the corn was shaking in the fields, yet there stood the husband, head bent, waiting. Eleven came. Then a quarter of the hour. Then half past eleven. He grew restless.

HUSBAND: Come on.

AUDREY: At a quarter to midnight, tired of waiting, he went to the inn where, above the sound of making merry, he could decipher a great clatter and feverish debate. There was a group of twenty or more, gathered around the door, having come direct from the river.

HUSBAND: What's the commotion?

VOICE 1: Someone's drowned.

HUSBAND: Who?

VOICE 2: Water dragged poor youth down.

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VOICE 1: Fallin', fallin'.

VOICE 2: Jumped – from off of the top of Montane Bridge.

VOICE 1: Fell a long way, didn' he?

HUSBAND: How awful.

AUDREY: He walks through the Low Hall every August night from eleven until midnight, thinking that it is the meadow. Thinking that he will find his former friend. Thinkin' he might be forgiven and all will be forgot.

EMILY: 'Tis a fable.

DEE: Why does he still – wander?

AUDREY: His soul is filled with unease and he cannot rest.

DEE: Why not?

AUDREY: Until he is forgiven. And what he didn't know is that the husband had gone out to meet him that night to tell him what he'd decided on – the duel was to be all forgot and his friend completely released.

HEADMASTER:

DR. DOMBEY: You needed to see me, Eliza Jane?

DEE: I want to ask you about death. About ghosts. I want to know why when they die ghosts stay and don't go on anywhere – to heaven, or to hell, or anywhere? Why they stay and don't do anything, and it is as if they don't die but hang around going on about the same sad past – . I'm really sorry and that. Why when they die can't they go somewhere – ghosts – and leave us alone? Leave us alone. Are ghosts real, Dr. Dombey?

DR. DOMBEY: Why are you asking me, Eliza Jane? Hm? Let us see. Have you ever seen a ghost?

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DEE: No.

DR. DOMBEY: Neither have I. I thought I glimpsed one once but it was the illuminated edge of my sister's filigree net curtain in the sunlight at noon against the edge of the leg of her table at the château in Montmartre. Mon – . Ghosts are said to be the spirits of unhappy souls who cannot find rest, but in my experience the only unhappy souls with whom I have been acquainted have been very definitely alive.

NIGHTMARE:

[Confusion. **DEE** is on her own. She hears the following voices.]

EMILY: Fug. The headmaster is in a terrible fug.

DEE: Ow! Ow!

AUDREY: Listen to the bloody bells. *Bloody* bells. Pealing. Regularly. Regularly.

BUTLER: But you've been walking all around – .

DEE: Ow!

AUDREY: Eleven.

DEE'S MUM: There was no way to stop it. How could I stop it?

EMILY: Eleven.

DEE'S MUM: How could Dee have stopped it? *She* was just a baby – .

AUDREY: Eleven.

DEE'S MUM: Honestly, Dee – .

AUDREY: Eleven.

DEE'S MUM: Dee – . You should try to get on with other girls. Poor Dee.

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EMILY: Eleven.

AUDREY: Eleven.

EMILY: Eleven.

AUDREY: Eleven.

AUDREY & EMILY: Eleven.

BROTHER MONOLOGUE:

[**DEE** awakens with a start. She walks around trying to compose herself.]

DEE: What's a brother for? So what if I'm eleven? Mine was useless. Oh, he had his uses sometimes. Like when I wanted to stay up for a bit longer and it was still light I used to pick him up and carry him up and down all the garden.

FRANCE MONOLOGUE:

DEE: Ooh! It's warm, innit? Warmest this year. It's rubbish this campsite is. Best place of all is by the pool. Oh. Water's a bit cold. I'm not going swimming; just sun-bathing; topping up my tan. In this place with 'bix' in the title – it's spelt B.I.X. – 'bix' – like Weetabix. It's really silly. Mum says I've gone quite brown. Ow! 'Ave to keep putting this on though. Butler'll be back by now probably, from Scarborough. Wish I was back with 'im. This is boring, this is – no kids my age. It's dead, except for the beach. Just thinking about our new school. Bit scary – but it should be good. Me and Butler are gonna be in the same class an' tha', so 'at's alright. Ow! These little flies – .

BOYFRIEND:

[An English boy, **JIM**, approaches. He is a year older than **DEE**.]

JIM: 'Ello – bonjaw. Bonjaw.

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DEE: What?

JIM: Are you English?

DEE: Yes.

JIM: Haw, haw! I'm Jim. What's your name?

DEE: Hmm.

JIM: I'm from that caravan over there. You might have seen me about. That's my mate's caravan; an' that's my brother Simon an' me mum an' dad – .

DEE: No, not really.

JIM: Are you on holiday then? No. Sorry. What are you doing? Have you got a boyfriend?

DEE: Why d'you wanna know?

JIM: Have you?

DEE: Yes.

JIM: Oh. Was going to ask if you wanted one. Oh. D'you want a holiday romance?

DEE: Already got one. [**JIM** is staring at her.] What?

JIM: Really suits you, you know, your hair like that ... all ... How old are you then? About twelve?

DEE: Eleven.

JIM: Oh. Bye. See you later.

[Exit **JIM**. **DEE'S DAD** approaches.]

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DEE'S DAD: Your mother and I are going to have a walk to the castle. *Le chateau*. In the country. *Dans la campagne*. By foot. *Au pied*. Do you want to come, or are you going to stay by the pool for a while?

DEE: Am gonna go for a walk.

DEE'S DAD: OK. Well, put some sun cream on, love, and don't go far. Eh? Are you alright?

DEE: Yeah.

DEE'S DAD: It *is* warm, isn't it. You're sure you're OK? Don't want to come with us? OK.

DEE: Why did we have to come here?

DEE'S DAD: Bix-sur-Nies? It's a marvellous place. It's interesting. It's intriguingly different.

DEE: H'rumph!

DEE'S DAD: We haven't got much longer.

DEE: I 'iss 'im.

DEE'S DAD: Only a couple days more.

DEE: I 'eally 'onna 'ee 'i 'im!

DEE'S DAD: Only a couple days more.

FIRST KISS:

[Days later. A school disco. **DEE** and **BUTLER** stand at the edge of the dance floor.]

BUTLER: You miss me then?

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DEE: 'Course.

BUTLER: Make friends with anyone?

DEE: Yeah. No. You?

BUTLER: No.

DEE: Good.

[Song starts.]

BUTLER: Want a quick dance?

[They slow dance, hesitatingly at first, then more confidently. They hold each other close, and then kiss. Towards the end of the song, **DEE** is on her own, caught up in the moment.]

If you think when I look at you
I don't know what I see;
If you think when I hold your hand
That your feelings can't be real,

Chorus: I would give you everything
If you'll come home with me;
I would show you all the world
If you'll give your heart to me.

When I see you walking down the street
The guys all look your way;
I tell 'em all that you are my sweet,
In my arms alone you're gonna stay,

Chorus

Didn't think I could ever give
My heart away but I did;
Didn't think I would ever fall
In love again, ever give my all,

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Chorus

IN LOVE MONOLOGUE:

DEE: [Talking over the last verse of the song.] We've spent every day of the holiday together. It's been absolutely brilliant. We've been everywhere, done everything – we've done loads of different things, mainly hanging out around here an' tha'. And sometimes all we did was – aw – we would jus' hug and jus' hold each other together, and hug, and of course all kissing – who'd have ever thought there'd be so much to it – 't it'd be so difficult, at first, then so brilliant ... Butler is so brilliant. I told him I love him. He told me he loves me – he told me he has loved me for ages – ages! – but couldn't find the right time or words to tell me! After that first time we kissed – ah – we just couldn't find the words what to say to each other, to tell each other how each of us feeled, so we didn't say anything at all, but you could tell – I could just feel it – we were thinking and feeling the exact same things. Oh. It is so brilliant! I love him. I love him. I love him!

OLD DRESS:

[**DEE** and her **MUM** are at home. **MUM** is doing alterations to a dress that **DEE** is wearing.]

MUM: Dee. Hold still, Dee. What are you writing?

DEE: A story.

MUM: What sort of story?

DEE: Just a story.

MUM: Is it for class work?

DEE: No.

MUM: Hold still.

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DEE: Sorry.

MUM: 'Princess Jamsin'? That's an unusual name. Have you spelt it right, darling? Is it meant to be Jasmine?

DEE: I don't know. [Pause.] It looks stupid.

MUM: What's the matter?

DEE: I want that dress. I don't want to wear this.

MUM: Dee – I've spent all morning mending this dress. Will you keep still?

DEE: It's my dress, that other one.

MUM: It doesn't fit you any more. It'll fit Anna. You've got to take a nice present to a birthday party, haven't you?

DEE: Not my dress you haven't.

MUM: Oh. That's OK. Now. Stand down for me. Come on. Turn around. That's it. Give us a twirl. You look nice.

DEE: Don't see why Anna should get nice things.

MUM: Dee!

DEE: I can't wait till it's my birthday and I get loads of things off people. Please! Why do we have to take presents when we go to a birthday party anyway? They're meant to throw the party – they invited me so why should I have to pay by taking a gift?

MUM: Pay? You're not paying.

DEE: It's my best dress, mum. Was.

MUM: It's two sizes too small. You're a big girl now. As you get older you'll realise that the joy of a gift comes in the giving not the taking. It's better to give than receive. That's what your nan taught me.

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DEE: It's stupid.

MUM: Maybe it feels that way now. Come on. Take this off. I've got a few other things to do today.

MATHS LESSON:

[A maths lesson. **ROB**, **BUTLER** and **DEE** are working. The teacher is silent. What he says is suggested below in italics but not actually spoken.]

DEE: Rob! Rob!

ROB: What?

DEE: Can I borrow your ruler?

ROB: 'Course.

BUTLER: I can't do this.

DEE: It's stupid, innit? Thanks. This isn't your ruler.

ROB: It is.

BUTLER: It's mine!

ROB: Have it if you want.

BUTLER: Thanks.

DEE: Oh shit.

BUTLER & ROB: What?

DEE: I've gone through the page.

Is there a problem at the back?

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BUTLER: No problem.

DEE: What am I going to do now? I was trying to do this out really neat.

ROB: You can borrow mine if you want.

DEE: Ooh.

Can you be quiet, please?

DEE: I am being quiet, isn't we?

BUTLER: It's alright, we've just got – .

ROB: Oh.

DEE: Rob – .

ROB: What?

DEE: Have you seen old Mr. Phillips's shoes?

BUTLER: What?

ROB: Arw – they're gross!

BUTLER: What?

DEE: Shh! Shh! Shh!

ROB: Gross!

DEE: He's coming over. Hm hm hm – .

ROB: Get on with it!

DEE: Stop it!

Butler. How are you getting on?

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BUTLER: I can't do this one.

Which? This one? Let's have a look.

DEE: Eurrgh! Close up – . In fashion. Fashionable!

BUTLER: He's leaning in. Oh yes – I'm getting a proper picture of the 1970s textile industry in action.

DEE: Butler!

BUTLER: What?

[**DEE** and **ROB** laugh.]

DEE: Did you see them bags under 'is eyes? I bet he was out all last night.

ROB: Getting pissed. Bet he's a right piss-artist. Did you hear about him and Miss Spencer?

DEE: PE? No, she's a lesbian. Really. She is. I really hate this. Maths work. [**BUTLER** is trying to kiss her.] Oh. Butler. Don't do that – not here.

BUTLER: How d'you work out the minus o' this?

ROB: Divide it by a number which is an average of itself over the mean, divided by pi. I don't know.

DEE: All this talkin' about pie is makin' me 'ungry!

ROB: Ha ha!

No talking!

BUTLER: We're working.

DEE: We are actually working. Ooh, did you see him? John. 'E's always lookin' at me.

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ROB: You don't fancy 'im do you?

DEE: Eurrgh! I'm too much in love. Butler? What sha' we do tonight?

BUTLER: Nothing.

DEE: Friday night.

BUTLER: I could stay over.

ROB: Oo! Stay over.

DEE: Yeah. Oo!

I'm going to have to split you three up.

ROB: What?

DEE: What a lovely sweetie.

Stop talking! I mean it.

ROB: Tha's a point. Have you got any sweets?

DEE: We can go to the shop for lunch.

[Pause. **ROB** starts flicking things at **BUTLER**.]

BUTLER: [Loudly.] Bog off!

I've had enough.

BUTLER: No. Sir!

DEE: No. Don' move 'im.

Sit here.

BUTLER: Hm.

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ROB: You could always go out wi' me. I'm goin' out wi' my brothers.

DEE: I don't wanna go out with your brothers.

BUTLER: Dee.

DEE: Butler.

ROB: You're gorgeous, Dee. Give us this. Dee? Are you working now?

PARK MONOLOGUE:

[**DEE** is waiting in the park for **BUTLER**.]

DEE: That vicar at my nan's church told us love is like a seed which is dead when it's waitin' in the ground, but sprouts an' grows an' comes to life. That it 'as to die before it can do that. He told us that 'at's like love because before 'at can grow you have to give it totally away, or it can't grow and develop an' new things can't be born. I think I got what he was on about. If you give somthing to someone you don't give it 'cause you want a certain reaction, or something back from that person but for the sake of giving it – 'cause you want to make them happy. I s'pose that is angling after a reaction, but it shows that you love 'em. Unless you love 'em unselfish like, with no thought for what *you* want out of it, it's no good. 'Cause there will always be more than jus' the two of you in the relationship. You. He said if you both have that rule 'at's the key. Giving in to each other – that's the secret. I always like coming to this park. I could live here; if I built a house – . He said that love is unique in it's the only thing in the world that if you give it away you get more back. It's – .

[A toddler bounces a ball at **DEE**. She catches it and throws it back.]

Ah! Thank you! Sweet. 'Ere's all sorts of people 'ere. Children, playing, on push bikes, walking, on swings – wi' their parents. I'm meeting Butler. 'Ere. Under this tree. It's our favourite tree. There's people on the river. So nice; I wouldn' mind going swimming. Hm hm. Oh, oh. Y'alright? Ah – in't she sweet? Aren't you adorable, eh? Yes. Yes, you are. Aren't you? Yes. How old is she now? Two? Ah – wobble; whoops! 'Bye 'bye. Ah. Butler'll hopefully be early. Mum 'as got this charity thing tonight an' I don't wanna be late for me tea. Oh. How – ? Oh – .

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Butler and me broke up; but it's okay now. We're together again. We've been seeing each other for about four years now and we 'ave broken up and got ourselves back together several ... It sounds ages, but it 'asn't felt ages. We only broke up those times 'cos I – we – felt that we were getting very close. Too close. It's no good. Am gonna 'ave to get some new shoes. I love being with him anyway – . [She sees **BUTLER**.] Hi, babe. How was your day?

GOALKEEPING MONOLOGUE:

[**BUTLER** is in goal during a Year 10 football match.]

BUTLER: Come on! Yeah. Oh. Dee's on the other field, playing hockey. She's hopeless at it. She dun't like it but she has a go. Oh. Go! Go! Go! Don't see much of her today. We're going out later, for chips, she said. She's going to her friend's first. Oh. Come on. Shit. It's going – OK. I think we've been getting on more these last few weeks. Yeah. Come on! This last year has definitely been the best. It's – . We're older an' we know now what we want more. Oh! I can' be expected to do it all! No! No! No. We've been seeing a lot more of each other lately. It's nice, you know? All our other friends have got in couples too so we can go out more. We've gotta work more too, 'cause we've got exams. Put summet inta et! Well run at 'im! Shit! We haven't had sex yet. Bollocks! 'E're only in Year 10. Yes? Do you want something, eh, pal? Dee's somehow got herself convinced that if we do she'll have a baby. What? Get 'im! In! In! I don't mind – waitin'. He – ! I would wait until the ends of the earth for Dee. Make – ! Oh ... Barry! What is good is how we know we will both be each other's first time. Come on! Come on! What? What? We 'ave strained a bit under some pressure, though. Oh. Go! Go! We 'ave split up a few times. Dee sayin' she needed to be on her own. I try and give her time on her own. I know she needs me. She needs me but – . I know what it's about this time thing. In. In! In! Don't wait! Well, / can't wait! Dick 'ead! Things 'ave been – yeah – been OK for a while recently. Things are sweet. Wonder if Derby need me yet. I really hate keeping.

TOM'S DEATH:

[**DEE** and **BUTLER** are at **BUTLER'S** house watching TV. **DEE** is lying on a sofa.]

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DEE: What time'll your dad come 'ome?

BUTLER: It's anybody's guess what time 'e'll roll in.

[**DEE** starts crying.]

BUTLER: What's the matter? What's wrong, sweetie? Eh? Come on. October has always been a bit of a bad time of the year for Dee. Ever since I've known her; which is forever really. Come on. Shh – . There. Shh – . Come on. Her baby brother died on an October morning, when she was six. He was killed outright. Just died. There was no pain. I don't think so anyway. He was walking around on his own upstairs. Somehow got onto the bay window and he just toppled out – outside onto the grass below. Dee was outside playing at the time. She saw the whole thing happen. It was horrible for her. There. Come on now. Ah – . It's alright. She said then that it was 'er fault 'cos she should 'ave been looking after Tom, but it wasn't anybody's fault, was it? A girl of six can't be responsible for a four year-old, can she? No one blamed her. Or does now. Come on, love. There you are. Dry your eyes, hon. Ah, my baby – . But she says that she didn't want him at the time, didn't love him. When you're six you don't really think about things like that – if you want your brothers an' sisters to live an' that – they're just there, ain't they? And you have to get on with it. Baby. Baby. I love ya – I love ya. Love ya, baby. Are you thinkin' about him? About Tommy? Hm?

DEE: I want. I could've saved him. Was supposed – to – be – lookin' after 'im. Ah. I didn't think. I didn't want him around. Didn't want – .

BUTLER: Ah – you did. You did – .

DEE: [Serious.] No. I didn't. I – .

BUTLER: What?

DEE: I wanted to make him – disappear.

SONG MONOOGUE:

[**BUTLER** alone.]

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BUTLER: Aargh! She calls me up to tell me she's leavin', I ask if it's in a hurry but she says she isn't grieving and that sometimes when you're suffering and which way don't like no way you can only go where your heart leads. Dee! It's a mystery that I for one can stand and watch and see her go, but when she said that she was *stifled* (!) I went and told her where to go, but when we met last Saturday, after the club had closed, I got down on my knees and asked for her to stay – I said: 'You can only go where your heart leads. You can only go where your heart feels.' Somewhere through the hazy coffee smoke she spoke. I heard her voice, but no noise that silence broke. We agreed to meet after the third of July and I got a pretty good picture of how the land was lying – she was crying. Crying. Summertime brought a new perspective on the way I could feel, she was callin' me but it did not feel real. I heard a warning bell but, well, all she did was dispel my fears. An' all my tears. She said: 'You can only go where your heart leads. And you can only go where your heart feels.' Feels – . Well?

CLIMBING:

[**DEE** and **BUTLER** are rock climbing. **BUTLER** is leading.]

BUTLER: Here y'are. Give your hand to me.

DEE: This rock's slippery. I've been slidin' all over the place today. Hey! We're nearly at the top.

BUTLER: What?

DEE: It's a good drop. Hey! Don' look over at the drop.

BUTLER: We went climbing today. Walked over Thorpe Cloud, then back to the caves by the Green Ridges. We did Eskimo, then Back-packer's End – not too far out. I led 'cos Dee dun't like leading. Likes to let me go first, in case there are any dangerous drops. Oh. It was hot today. This summer's been a boiling one. The heat made all the rocks sticky, which sounds a bit weird. The weird thing is what Dee said to me at dinner time. Something she hasn't never told me before.

[**BUTLER'S DAD** appears. Scene shifts to **BUTLER'S** living room.]

BUTLER'S DAD: Can I watch TV?

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BUTLER: Yes dad.

BUTLER'S DAD: Not tapin' ote are yer?

BUTLER: Nope.

BUTLER'S DAD: Oh. I wanna tape summat.

BUTLER: Well I'm not stopping yer, am I?

BUTLER'S DAD: Butler?

BUTLER: What?

BUTLER'S DAD: There's summat wrong in our garden – 'ose.

BUTLER: Righto.

[**BUTLER'S DAD** exits. **DEE** and **BUTLER** together.]

BUTLER: On the top of Pev'rul Reach, on the top of this big old cliff end. We'd just got up there an' were starting our packed lunches. Other folk were climbing nearby to us. I had just got out my sandwiches and tha' when she said somethin' a bit strange.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?:

DEE: Do you like my name, Dee?

BUTLER: What? 'Course.

DEE: I was only wonderin'.

BUTLER: Why d'you ask me?

DEE: I've always thought – I've always thought that Dee is a bit small, in't it?

BUTLER: Small? You've lost me now, love.

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DEE: Well, Dee is small, isn't it? Dee. Not a word. No, I tell a lie, it is a word. Dee. It means an old kind of harness, for horses. An' it's a river – the River Dee in Cheshire, in't it? I looked it up in my mum's dictionary. Is not a great name though. Rebecca!

BUTLER: What?

DEE: That's a great name. Rebecca! An' then you've got your Daphne Du – whatsit, an't you? Her book about Rebecca – ? Ay? When you say Dee or think of Dee it's more like a single letter, in't it? Not a word. A letter. Letter ... I wanted to have a much different name when I was growing up. A princess name – Jasmine.

BUTLER: That's alright. But so's Dee. It is. It is. It's not the name – . Pass us some crisps, love. You know Charlotte, right?

[Pause.]

DEE: Yeah ...

BUTLER: Well she's ...

DEE: Yeah. In't she just.

BUTLER: An' you hate the name Charlotte, right?

DEE: Right. So?

BUTLER: Well, I know this Charlotte works at the cinema an' tha' and I've known her for ages. I've always liked her so I've always liked the name of Charlotte. The person makes the name, Dee, not the other way 'round. Because of the associations it make you make and the things you think of because you are thinkin' of a certain person. And the association you make with a person that you like – or thing – is stronger than the association it has with a person you know with the same name who you don't like. I think. Anyway – doesn't matter what yer name is, love. You could be called Coke. I'd still love you, love you, love you!

DEE: *Diet* Coke, if you please!

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BUTLER: Or ... *Muriel* – or *any* name.

DEE: I preferred Diet Coke.

BUTLER: But because you're called Dee – and always have been – .

DEE: [Overlapping.] An' Jasmine – .

BUTLER: – for as long as 'ave known you – and because I love you so much I've allays loved the name of Dee. What? It dun't matter what your name is, honey. [Pause.] It *is* a word. It's your name.

[They start to play. He goes for a kiss. She plays, then resists, pulling away.]

PHONE MONTAGE:

[**BUTLER** is on the 'phone. There is no answer.]

BUTLER: 'Ello? 'S nobody at 'om. 'Ello? 'Ello?

DEE: Hello?

BUTLER: Can I see you tonight?

DEE: No. I've gotta stay in.

BUTLER: What for?

DEE: Just got to. What d'you mean 'What for?'?

BUTLER: Dee? Hi, it's Butler.

DEE: Hi.

BUTLER: Thought I'd ring to see how you are doing.

DEE: Am OK. Do you need somethin'? Only I'm a bit busy – I need some time on my own really. Can we leave it for a bit?

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BUTLER: 'Course.

[Pause.]

DEE: You know. How it is.

BUTLER: Er, hello – it's Butler – oh, she's already gone? Oh – no. OK. Thanks.

BUTLER: It's Butler.

DEE: Butler.

BUTLER: Why didn' you call round yesterday? You said you was goin' to.

DEE: I know. Did you see the homework we got for History this mornin'? Do you want me to come round?

BUTLER: 'Course.

DEE: You know what I was sayin' yesterday – yesterday about us – ? I'm sorry; I don' think that we can really, er, *ever* be – . I'm *being* calm, Butler. Butler – . I can't – . It can't ever be like it was. What? OK? I'm sorry. Look – . I don' think I can be responsible for – . Uh? What? Don' take it out like that on me, Butler. Butler!

DEE: Hi – . Butler? Are y' comin' out?

TOTALLY EXPOSTULATED:

[**BUTLER** is with **LISE**, an American girl.]

LISE: Oh, Butler – why don't you tell how we met?

BUTLER: OK.

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BUTLER:

1.

I was at the school dance.

Recently.

Was feeling fine.

With all the guys.

We had totally expostulated.

Again,

Dee and I.

I was in the frame of mind to find a sign to make acquaintance with a babe of unspicacious mien who – would always answer when I phoned her – I found you.

[The next section is sung, with lines in italics spoken.]

2.

Instantly.

[Both:] Together.

We had a row.

Just not worth it.
You're right, you're right

LISE:

School dance.

June 15th.

Looked so fine.

All the guys.

'postulated.

Broken up.

Another fight.

We fell in love.

Meant to be.
We had some wine.

We talked about classes.
You'd had a row.
Again.
She is not worth it's what
I said.

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[Both:] I [He] swore I [he] wouldn't see her again.

3.

As if alone.

If I had only known before what I'd
been missing when with Dee.

She was so angry –
Always so angry –

Right there I knew this woman cared
only for me.

We danced all night.

My friends were jealous.

I couldn't bring myself to score
points anyway 'cos she was so
mad –

As the love he showed for me
was pretty plain.

4.

She isn't ugly.

All the guys always ask us to come out
Friday nights.

Each other's passion for the higher
things in life.

We talk of Engels, Dostoyevsky and
*the fluctuation of the dollar against
the currency market in relation to
current trading trends on the New York
Stock Exchange.*

What a gait!

He's so great!

We enjoy
Each other's company so much.

He's so urbane, but when in bed
he is a ...

Stud!

[Enter **DEE.**]

5.

I've heard it all from Butler,
And it's not my part to say,

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But, well, it sounds a little stormy
And he's better well away.

You know, I guess you'll have to
suffer
For the problems that you're
masking,
I don't know you well yet, girl,
I find myself constantly asking:

How could you throw him –
How could you throw him –
How could you lose him and
Throw this love away?

6.

She is my baby.

Only today we went around some
shops pretending to be wed.

What a nightmare!

She is from Boston –
Said I can go sometime to stay.

No. No way.

We had totally expostulated.

So I was in the frame of mind to find a
signpost to the way to make acquaintance
with a babe of an unperspicacious mind.

What?

No, I don't.

So he is mine.

What a find!

She has so lost him.

It is such a shame.
But then, I don't feel sorry for her,
nor should I.

They had broken up. Again.

I sometimes find –
You talk to fast.

Way too fast.

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*You do. You do for a girl from
Boston you do.*

SEEING TOM:

[Enter **DEE**, on her own.]

DEE: Tom? Tom?

INDIA 2:

[Enter **DEE** and **GILLIEFOLLIE**.]

DEE: Gilliefollie? What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be back at the camp looking after the geese?

GILLIEFOLLIE: Madam. I had to come aboard. I had to be a part of this expedition. This boat is so large and well-adorned. Water-tight too, I'll be bound?

DEE: It is a right royal launch.

GILLIEFOLLIE: What is the purpose of this expedition, oh Royal Leader, so majestic, etc.?

DEE: We're looking for a boy.

GILLIEFOLLIE: A boy?

DEE: You heard me, Gilliefollie. Don't be silly. We have lost a boy and he must be found at all costs, or – . The wind's really getting up.

GILLIEFOLLIE: Princess, you would be an awful lot more comfortable down below in the cabin.

DEE: I must stay out on deck. I must.

GILLIEFOLLIE: How long until this expedition ends?

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DEE: Until we find him.

GILLIEFOLLIE: But how on earth are we going to – oh! – find him?

DEE: This is very important, Gillifollie – ow! This salt water. Is spraying up my nose holes.

GILLIEFOLLIE: I think that you ought to go back down below, madam.

DEE: I'm not straying from my position at the helm. My duties must come first. Go back down below? How can I see him below? There aren't any windows. I should have really had some windows put in. He could be on any one of these rocks – .

GILLIEFOLLIE: Rocks!

DEE: Or outcrops. Calling. Calling. Like a long lost blubbery old sea lion. Oh, don't cry, Gillifollie. We'll find him. We must. I had word that he was on a desert island. I am sure he is in these parts. These storm-hit depths are the same calm seas we always used to navigate, so easily, Gilliefollie. When the sky was blue and a slight breeze meant we stayed cool – relief from the heat. In those days we would call port in a cove and spread out our clothes along the shore. We would camp down there for as long as we pleased. When the night came and the silvery stars awoke we used to lay for hours beneath heaven's blanket, talkin' about our day. Oarsmen would be waxing our oars. Our elephants laying calmly near the water's edge, waves lapping on their tails. Gilliefollie! The next day, after coming awake, I would have been presented in my most royal estate to the friendly native people of those isles. We may have stayed for a while, or for ages, drinking, dancing, singing and crying for joy to the humorous planets as we lay back in the cold waters and let their gentle splishing and splashing sweetly dissipate all our grief and pain. Oh. What – ? What – ? Ow!

GILLIEFOLLIE: My dear, sweet princess: princess – don't cry. The man in the crow's nest would like to know whether you'd like to drop anchor now. We can't see where we're going. The coastline becomes hazardous, madame. Dotted with rocks.

DEE: What? Anchor? We must go on.

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GILLIEFOLLIE: Go on?

DEE: Until we find him. Are the elephants all OK? I can hear my beloved jumbos thundering about below as if they have just heard that they've won first prize in an 'Elegant Elephant' competition in the local free paper. The rocking unsettles them and makes them so uncalm. The salt – . I want to tell you something, Gilliefollie.

GILLIEFOLLIE: What?

[Music begins. One verse as instrumental, then words, below.]

DEE: I'm so glad you're here with me, 'Follie. Will you stay with me, 'Follie?

GILLIEFOLLIE: Of course, princess. Of course.

MAN: [Off.] Ahoy!

DEE: Have they found him?

GILLIEFOLLIE: [Weakly.] Rocks.

MAN: [Off.] Ahoy!

GILLIEFOLLIE: [Overlapping.] Rocks! I'm sorry madame. Believe me. The rocks – .

[Exit **GILLIEFOLLIE.**]

DEE: 'Follie! 'Follie! Don't leave me, 'Follie! Don't leave me!

[Exit **DEE.** Song continues:]

If you think when I look at you

[Enter **BUTLER,** aged ten.]

I don't know what I see;
If you think when I hold your hand

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That your feelings can't be real,

Chorus: I would give you everything
If you'll come home with me;
I would show you all the world
If you'll give your heart to me.

[Pause.]

WAITING:

BUTLER: [Sung.] Waiting.
Waiting for the first sound of their steps on the pavement
outside.
Waiting for him coughing or sniffing the air.
Waiting for him to stamp on the step.
Or fall against the door, banging.

Waiting.
Waiting for the scraping of his key against the lock; waiting
for it to click.
Waiting for the sound to form in our lounge.
Front door slam and quiet. Sleeping.
They think I'm asleep, but I'm not. Not.

But how come when I close my eyes at night I can see his
face?
Why can't there just be black, nothing there?
How can I say 'Good morning, dad' when I see him next day
at breakfast
When the night before I heard him shout at mum he wanted
to kill her?

How can I say 'I love you, dad',
'Can you sign this for my teacher please, dad?'
How can I say anything like that?

Does he want to kill mum?

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Does he want to kill mum?
Does he want to kill mum?

Waiting.
Waiting for her, for Dee, she's comin' round in a while.
I can't wait for her to come, she's comin' round in a while.
It's pretty good 'cos we both like and know the same games;
it's the holidays next week.
We will see each other every day. Every day. Every day.

How can I say 'I love you, dad',
'Can you sign this for my teacher please, dad?'?
How can I say anything like that?

How can I say 'Good morning, dad' when I see him next day
at breakfast
When the night before I heard him shout at mum he wanted
to kill her?

Ffff!

Waiting.
Watching, waiting in the cold for it to take me away.
Waiting for mum to run upstairs.
Waiting for the horrible bang on my door.
As he pushes her against my door.

One day, I won't be waiting; waiting;
Here in the dark, not any more.
She will be with me.
We'll be together every day.

BARBADOS:

[**BUTLER** and **DEE** are on holiday together in Barbados.]

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BUTLER: Ah. Three weeks in Barbados 'as got to be the best holiday. I like you at breakfast asking Uncle Dennis if he's got any more coconut oil. It was stuff he was putting on his hair.

DEE: Is Hawaiian-style dancin' tonight.

BUTLER: In the Caribbean?

DEE: It's international, in't it? Says it is 'ere. Give me some of that.

[She grabs his suntan lotion.]

BUTLER: Which bit d'you want me to rub?

DEE: Here. I never thought I'd be lyin' on a beach in Barbados wi' you, Butler, with the love of my life.

BUTLER: What can I say? His horse romped home, didn't it. Good old Uncle Dennis.

DEE: Twenty-one grand! How's your dad?

BUTLER: He's sleepin' it off. We're goin' to send 'im to a clinic for his booze, with a bit of the money what's left over.

DEE: Good.

BUTLER: It won't do any good. He knows he can't ever change. He's got to want to change an' he dun't want to last time I noticed. [Pause.] Anyway, change subject. Let's 'ave a look at them shells you collected. Hm. Ah.

DEE: Hm.

BUTLER: Is pretty, that one is.

DEE: Ah.

BUTLER: Like you.

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DEE: Sayin' I look like a shell now, are ya mister?

[Both laugh. Later, hand in hand.]

BUTLER: What're you gonna do at college next year then?

DEE: Art.

BUTLER: Yeah?

DEE: Yeah. Am gonna do foundation thing an' then ... what are you gonna do after A' Levels?

BUTLER: Relax. An' then go to university? I'm not in no hurry to get no job.

DEE: [Aside.] I don't want him to go.

BUTLER: Isn' it brilliant – this? Walk in the water. Walk in it – in the surf. Come in. Whee! What would Uncle Dennis be sayin' if 'e could see us now, babe?

DEE: Good job. Money well spent. Butler.

[They kiss.]

BUTLER: He's easy wi' money, ennee? 'At's why he wins a lot on the horses. Says you 'ave got to speculate before you accumulate. You have to pay out sometimes before you ever get a return. Sometimes, like now, he wins big. Hits the jackpot with some sort of accumulator – what every gambler dreams about winning. Other times he loses more than he put in. He sees it all just as – life – and a laugh in equal parts. Hm?

PARTY MONOLOGUE:

[Night. **DEE** is on her own in the garden of a large house. There is a party in progress inside.]

DEE: After the holidays the reality. Days after the holiday, arguments takin' hold. Days after we first had a – slept together – nothin' casual about that. I *did* give

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myself away. To him. So I thought. But now: I'm selfish ... selfish! 'Like nobody I know.' Ah! I don't know what picture I'm in. I don't know what I'm doin' 'ere. I don't know anyone at this party. Except 'im. I don' know what 'e wants from me. Don't know why he's always goin' on at me – demandin' so. Ow! I don't know how to get home. Never wanted to come to this party. I didn' want to wear this dress. I told him before. Didn' want the flowers he bought me. Didn' want to be worn on his arm like some sort of ... so much of an accessory. Ow!

TOM'S WORDS:

TOM: What a day. I know what you're thinking. It's all in a mess. You seem alone, but people love you. You're the reason that your dad comes home every day. You're calling, in my dreams, I hear you calling. In your arms you carry me and my fall. But for so many years I have been free. All the money in the world can't buy you. All the happiness you give to people is why you're special, Dee. Give your heart and don't be afraid. A new heart will come to take its place. And every day another one. Day after day. Come out, you're smiling, reluctant to the last, my heart is beating – afraid that this evening will soon pass. You are my friend, my sister. You're in my heart. In the trees I can see you hiding. In the skies my star is colliding – with yours. Forgive. Yourself. Let it pass. [Pause.] I love you, Dee. Give your heart to me, and I will give you another ... and another one.

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An Elephant's Memory of Cakes Once Thrown

by Matt Purland

A play for four actors.

This imaginative and affecting play traces the lives of two Nottinghamshire schoolchildren, Dee and Butler, as their friendship develops from innocent playground games and long, lazy days of being 'best friends forever', through to adolescence, when dark memories resurface and more complicated feelings begin to take over.

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