

Latin and Greek, to play hockey on their famous pitch, to make friends with all those jolly girls and have midnight feasts and get into fearful scrapes just like they do in books. I should miss Mother and Dick, Douglas, Daniel and Duncan of course . . . and all my chums at Elementary School. But I must win the scholarship for the sake of others as well as for myself, for if I, the first scholarship pupil at Grangewood, make a success of the scheme, Grangewood will open its doors to other Elementary School pupils, as poor as myself. . . . (*The letter arrives.*) Mother! Oh, Mother, I'm through! I've got the scholarship, I can go to Grangewood. . . . (*MOTHER enters and helps DAISY get into her uniform.*) I hope I make a success of it. I'll have a good education, pass all my exams and then, when I leave, find a job as a teacher in an Elementary School and perhaps I'll earn enough money to buy you the country cottage you've always wanted, and to pay for Dick, Douglas, Daniel and Duncan's education if they haven't won a scholarship by then. . . . (*To the audience.*) The summer holidays passed all too slowly, for Daisy, that is, until the time came to say goodbye to those she loved best. . . . Write often, Mother, I'll be dying to know what you're all doing, and any news you may hear of my old school pals. (*Hearing a whistle off.*) We're off – oh, Mother. See you at the end of term.

All Things Nice

Sharman Macdonald

Although dominated by her much sharper, more knowing, street-wise friend, Linda, Moira is more sensitively aware of her own developing sexuality and growing-up. Influenced by Linda, Moira is persuaded to report and give evidence against a man the two girls see exposing himself one day. When the man subsequently commits suicide, Linda grows uneasy.

The setting: In front of a mirror, just before the court case. The play uses Scottish dialect, but may be set anywhere in Britain.
Time: The present.

MOIRA is standing at the mirror with her glasses on.

LINDA. Take those (glasses) off. Take them off. (MOIRA turns to look at her.) All right. At least wear socks. Take your stockings off. Go on, Moira. A nice white pair of socks. (MOIRA stands there.) What are you going to say? At least warn me. Prepare me. I'll tell the truth. I didn't see him. Not then. Not after school. It was him. It was him all right. As had been doing it. But he wasn't doing it then. Not right then. Or maybe he was. It was getting dark. I don't know what I saw. What are you going to say? Moira? We've been friends a long time. We shared a play-pen together. My God. Moira. Here. (*She holds out a blue velvet Alice band.*) Look at this. I've brought you this. Don't tell me what you're going to say. Remember we used to play hairdressers. Remember you cut my hair off and I wanted you to, and mum nearly killed us and she plaited up my hair and she put it in a box. How she cried. Eh, Moira? She has it yet. And my teeth. She collected all my teeth one by one as they fell out. The Tooth Fairy never visited our house. She put them in the