

- Sandra** It's allowed of course it is, but I think rock and roll is better, don't you? Kenneth, don't you think rock and roll is simply a better sort of music?
- Kenneth** Yeah I do.
- Sandra** Do you know why Henry? Do you know why I prefer it?
- Henry** No.
- Sandra** You can dance to it. I want to dance. Do you have any music we can dance to? I love dancing. It's form and chaos all at the same time. Freedom and restriction combined. Anarchy and fascism. I love it. Do you have any rock and roll at all? You probably only have Mozart, Beethoven . . . Tchaikovsky. You don't have anything new. Do you?
- Henry** No.
- Sandra** That's a shame I felt like dancing. I really felt like it tonight.
- Henry**
- Kenneth** I've got some.
- Sandra** Oh look, Kenneth has some records as well. He's coming up with everything tonight isn't he?
- Kenneth** Shall I get them?
- Sandra** Why not?
- Kenneth** *goes.*
- Beat.*
- Sandra** Are you going to dance Henry?
- Henry** No.
- Sandra** Well why don't you go to the fish and chip shop then, because I'm getting hungry and you don't

- have any food I remember now because of the mix up, so why don't you be a darling and go to the fish and chip shop and get us all fish and chips and while you're away, me and Kenneth, we'll have a bit of a dance.
- Henry** A dance.
- Sandra** Yes.
- You know what dancing is.
- Henry** *is angry. Stands up, gets his coat.*
- Kenneth** *comes back in holding a small pile of records.*
- Kenneth** Where are you going?
- Henry** Fish and chips.
- Kenneth** Oh right. Good. You . . . Are you . . . ?
- Henry** Back in ten minutes.
- He goes.*
- Sandra** Never seen him so red in the face.
- Kenneth** He gets angry sometimes.
- Sandra** He takes it all so seriously.
- Kenneth** Nothing to worry about.
- Sandra** He's old fashioned.
- Kenneth** He likes you.
- Beat.*
- Sandra** Are you old fashioned Kenneth?
- Kenneth** No.
- I get bored easily. I like new things.
I like things that are fresh.
- Sandra** Fresh.
- Kenneth** *looks through the records.*

Sandra The world's going to be a different place in ten years, everything's that's stopping us, what we're told to do, what we're told is the way to live, it'll all be different, you can feel it.

Kenneth Yeah.

Sandra It's us, it's people like you and me Kenneth.

Kenneth I know.

Sandra Young people, our age. We're the moment. Henry's just that bit too old he can't understand.

Kenneth He's always been old.

Sandra I love being like this, I can feel the muscles in my body, I look in the mirror, there's not a wrinkle on my face, I wake up more vital.

Kenneth Fresh.

Sandra Fresh yes. We don't need ties, we don't need jobs. We don't need these *structures*.

Kenneth Yeah.

Sandra Or clothes. Looking like this, like we do, like you do under that look at you. You could walk around wearing nothing and you'd look better than most people when they're dressed up, you know that?

Kenneth Well you too.

Sandra

Kenneth I don't want to be rude but I imagine you look quite lovely under that.

They look at each other.

Sandra My older sister, she's only five years older than me but she's falling apart. I know I'm not the most beautiful girl in the world, and it's not about looks it's about feeling, the feeling of now,

I want to stay this age, in this summer, doing what I'm doing, for the rest of my life.

Kenneth You could be a model or something.

Sandra A model.

Kenneth Yeah.

Sandra A model what?

Kenneth In a magazine. Advertising holidays or perfume or something.

Sandra A model woman you mean.

Kenneth Yeah.

Sandra I wonder what you think that is?

Kenneth What?

Sandra A model woman.

Kenneth He said you were a feminist.

Sandra You and him ever shared?

Kenneth Shared?

Sandra A woman.

Kenneth No.

Sandra I don't mean shared.

Kenneth I know what you mean.

Sandra I mean kissed.

Kenneth Kissed.

Sandra Have you ever kissed the same woman.

Kenneth No.

Sandra I like you Kenneth.

Kenneth I know, I know that I can tell but he'll be back.

Sandra What do you mean?

Beat.

Kenneth He's my brother.

Sandra I know he is.

But.

Well.

Here's what would happen. He'd be upset, in the moment, he'd be angry and leave, walk out the door, go to the pub, he'd call you a bastard want you to leave, to move out, but in a day or two, maybe even in a few hours, he'd get over it, think of it as a good thing that happened, because we're nothing me and him we're just passing through, he knows that really.

You're running your hand through your hair, I think you do that when you get nervous, when someone's putting you under pressure, but there's no pressure Kenneth. You can do what you like.

I like you.

And let's be clear, Kenneth.

You haven't stopped looking at me since I came through the door have you?

Kenneth No.

Sandra Not since I came through the door.

Kenneth No.

Sandra So we could just dance a little couldn't we? At least. Until he gets back.

Kenneth . . .

Sandra We're going to die.

Kenneth What?

Sandra We're going, to die.

Kenneth Not now.

Sandra Eventually, and the world is terrible, with Russia, and the bomb and Vietnam,

and all we're asking for, people like you and me, all we're asking for, is some humanity, is some freedom, is to throw off everything that holds us down and explore what we could do instead. Maybe it doesn't have to be about power and guns and money, maybe it could just be about the fact that underneath, underneath our background and our countries and our clothes, like we said, we're all the same. That's all that people like you and me, that's all we're saying. We're going to die, and we shouldn't waste our lives. Don't you agree Kenneth?

Kenneth Yes I do.

Sandra The summer's only just started.

We could go off together, see what happens.

What do you think?

We could have adventures together you and me.

Kenneth Adventures?

Sandra You chosen something to dance to then?

Kenneth *looks at the records and smokes, then suddenly remembers, he smiles, looks at his watch, gives the joint to Sandra, runs, jumps over the sofa again, and switches on the television.*

We hear the opening of 'All You Need Is Love'.

Sandra What's this?

Kenneth The Beatles.

Sandra It doesn't seem like music you can dance to.