

Kenneth What?

Rose Can we not talk about this please?

Kenneth Why not?

Rose It's private?

Kenneth It's only your brother.

Jamie I won't tell anyone. What happened?

Rose / Shut up.

Kenneth Your music teacher, what's his name?

Rose Mr / Parsons.

Kenneth You know he went to Oxford?

Rose Thought I saw you talking.

Kenneth He must've been there the same time as your mother and me, an organ scholar apparently, don't remember him but organ scholars were strange.

Rose He is / strange.

Kenneth We didn't really move in the same / circles.

Rose He smarms up to the parents, but in the classroom he's a total Hitler.

Kenneth One of those?

Rose Yeah.

Jamie He's alright with me.

Rose Right.

Jamie Yeah. I like him.

Rosie Do you.

Jamie It's probably cos you're stupid he only likes clever people.

Rosie I really hate you.

Beat.

Kenneth Well if he gives you trouble, love, you let me know.

Rose What? Are you going to beat him up?

Kenneth No I'll get him on the phone and have a word. The power of rhetoric, much forgotten.

Rose I can't imagine you hitting anyone Dad.

Kenneth Definitely / not.

Rose But isn't that what Dads are supposed to do?

Kenneth What?

Rose Look after their daughters.

Jamie I can hit people. / I've got a really good punch.

Kenneth Rosie don't be stupid you're looked after you get everything you want.

Rose / No.

Kenneth Where is she? Thought we were having cake.

He gets up and goes out.

Rose (to herself) He never *listens* . . .

Jamie I hit someone last week.

Rose Shut up.

Jamie After maths club we were giving each other dead arms.

Rose / 'Maths club'.

Jamie Paul nearly cried when I got him.

Rose Can't believe you go to maths club.

Jamie What?

- Rose** Such a geek.
- Jamie** I'll hit you.
- Rose** You're too old to hit girls.
- Jamie** It's different with sisters.
- Rose** No it isn't. I'm a woman now. I can say what I want, and you can't do anything.

He looks at her.

- Jamie** Daniel's brother said that last Saturday at some party he burst into a bedroom and found Sarah Franks doing something to Mark Edwards that involved his penis.

Rose

- Jamie** Isn't Mark Edwards supposed to be your boyfriend?

Rose . . .

- Jamie** Thought so.
You see? Don't need to hit you.
Happy birthday.
Cake makes you fat.

He goes out.

Rose sits there. Upset. Doesn't know what to do.

A moment.

Kenneth comes back in.

- Kenneth** Wish I'd learnt an instrument. But we didn't have the facilities you do these days, and anyway, we all wanted to play guitar or drums, you've seen the photo. Classical took a back seat. You've seen the photo?
- Rose** Yeah.

- Kenneth** Where's your brother gone?
- Rose** Said he didn't want any cake.
- Kenneth** Not the point.
- Rose** Doesn't matter.
- Kenneth** Jamie come down here!
- Rose** Dad –
- Kenneth** If you're not down in two minutes I'm sending your mother! That'll work.

He winks at Rose.

- Kenneth** Your uncle likes classical. We should invite him one day to see you. But anyway it's all the same thing now though isn't it? McCartney used to say it, these *divisions* between genres well they're pointless, I mean actually what's the difference between Mozart and Procol Harum, essentially they're the same thing.
- Rose** What's Procol Harum?
- Kenneth** What?
- Rose** What's Procol Harum?
- Kenneth** Who not what.
- Rose** They're a band then?
- Kenneth** *What's Procol Harum?*
- Rose** Okay it doesn't / matter.
- Kenneth** This weekend, we're getting the records out Rosie.
- Rose** Dad – really –
- Kenneth** You and me.
- Rose** No.
- Kenneth** Yes. If you haven't heard of Procol Harum you haven't lived.