

## CELIA

35 – 50 The fact that Celia is in the WI is the greatest justification of its existence. A woman more at home in a department store than a church hall, she may be slightly younger than Chris or the same age, but she always feels like she's drifted in from another world. She is particularly enamoured of Jessie, and despite the fact Jessie has very little time for most Celias of this world, there is a rebelliousness in Celia to which Jessie responds. It is what sets Celia apart from the vapid materialism of her peer group and makes her defect to WI.

**Cora** Not been playing golf recently have you, Ceel? I could do with a vodka.

**Celia** As it happens, I was out yesterday so I'm fully tooled up.

**Annie** Right! Well, that was all a bit –

**Celia** Hey, hey, hey. Times like this we have to get straight back on the Harley!

**Annie** It's not what John would've wanted. *(She starts tidying the net)* For everyone to start arguing –

**Celia** Come on-n...

**Annie** Maybe Marie's right. Maybe we *have* upset people, who –

**Celia** Good. Some people need upsetting.

**Annie** No, I mean –

**Celia** I spent half my life with people who need upsetting.

**Cora** Shouldn't've joined a golf club.

**Celia** Cora, d'you think I planned to? I was *lured*. I was *lured* to Yorkshire with all this "Ohh come back 'ome, love, let me take you back to live in God's county." I agree, we move... *(pointing)* ... Suddenly he comes down with this disease called "Golf". And it's terminal. Suddenly if I want to see him it means spending half my life with a group of women who – sorry, "*ladies*"- who pathologically make rules to make sure *no one* gets upset! Rules for the putting green, And the locker room, And the car park, And the bar. AND – God's SAKE – "Conversation Codes for the Captain's dinner" so we don't stray off the subject of golf when all you can basically say about golf is, "I didn't hit it straight so it missed the hole, but if I had've hit it straight, it would've gone in the hole."

**Cora** I think you might need some counseling about this, Ceel.

**Celia** And of course all the stuff they really want to say still gets said. Just behind people's backs. Usually mine.

*(Beat)*

**Ruth** *(tentatively)* What kind of thing - ?

**Celia** That I dress like a tart.

**Ruth** *No.*

**Cora** In fairness, you do a bit, Ceel.

**Ruth** CORA.

**Cora** No, I'm just saying – Celia's front is never backwards in coming forwards.

**Celia** And DAMN right it isn't. Which is exactly how it should be. Y'r breasts aren't something that should get hidden away for some bloody social – pathetic – whatever – reason, but I tell you what, thanks to women like the bloody golf club girls thy ARE. And if my mum hadn't been too mortified to show doctors her breasts when the time came, we'd still have the rest of her. *(beat)* Which is why what I'd like to say to the Hermes mafia of the Ladies' Bar is, "Get down to the WI, girls. Come and hang out with the real women of this county and learn a little debauchery before it's too bloody late". Cheers.