

THE INDENTED

VI

Wherever You Go, There You Are

By
J W Bowe

Contact details:

Serious Biscuits.

admin@seriousbiscuits.com

Copyright © J W Bowe 2017

SCENE 1: Ralph takes careful steps around his mothers van and heads down the side of her semi-detached house, towards the back garden.

Connie: Ah...my boy, come and embrace me; it's been a long day on the stall today.

They embrace.

Ralph: You just back then, Mum?

Connie: Not long... long enough to find my chair and a cup of tea.

Ralph: You want me to roll a big fat one for you?

Connie tuts.

Connie: You're as bad as Charlie... go on then my sweet. Do you want the comfy chair?

Ralph: No, you go ahead, I'm good with the stool. Heard anything from Dad?

Connie: Yesterday I did. He's still doing sound tech stuff with that band in London; I think they're trying to keep the studio for a few more days. How's your day been, much going on?

Ralph: Nothing... nothing going on...

Connie: OK, if you're sure. We'll play it your way...

Ralph: I was just going to say that I haven't seen Charlie this week. He's been talking me through his next project though...

Connie: Yes I've heard some details.

Ralph: What did you say?

Connie: Just be encouraging, Ralph, I think that's about the best you can offer. Charlie's fine as long as he's kept busy. You been keeping busy the last couple of days then?

Ralph: Yup...

Connie: Seen much of Ivy?

Ralph: Ah, Mum... please, no.

Connie: I was just wondering if you're coming with me to Morris practice this fine evening?

Ralph: That's why I'm here. Right, pass your big rolling papers over, and please tell me that Charlie hasn't been crying around you again.

Connie: No... he doesn't do that any more. In fact I'd say he's ever more house trained since he took ownership of that boat. Except that he's just the sort of fool to go and run into a Selkie now, to lead him astray.

Ralph: That happens, doesn't it... Mum, I'm in love with Ivy Brennin...

Connie: At last...! Feels better to get that out in the open I bet.

Ralph: How much don't you know about it?

Connie: Well I've gotten to know Ivy pretty well, and people's eyes don't lie my love. I know what's worrying you... don't let it become an excuse. It takes all sorts my love, and stick or no stick you're as precious as anyone.

Ralph: Has she said anything to you about that specifically?

Connie: She left enough bread crumbs, yes. Ralph, she's a lovely girl, and far too good at Morris for our side anyway.

Ralph: So you know she's going to leave for Hereford? Does Dad?

Connie: Your father is oblivious to everything outside of that recording studio at the moment, bless him. Hereford is lovely, Ralph; go and love Ivy there... and if it passes do you really think Eugene or any of your others will have moved away if you returned?

Ralph: Wherever you go, there you are... Eugene told me that. He's not going to move anywhere, Mum.

Connie: Well, there you are.

Ralph: And there you are... do you mind if I have the first go on the roly?

Connie: Of course you can. There's some pressure in the air this evening... how's your knee?

Ralph: I'm pretty exhausted to be honest.

Connie: Well yes, I could well bet that. Pass me that roly, before you pass out from all the excitement.

Ralph: I haven't even told you about the UFO that I saw a couple of nights ago yet...

Connie: Oh! Lucky boy! I haven't seen anything like that for ages. Did it have good colours?

Ralph: Greens, so...

Connie: Fantastic... and you wrote up some notes on it?

Ralph: A few pages, yeah. It's in my bag; you can have a read if you like?

Connie: ... were you out with Clive, when you saw it?

Ralph: Does it affect the experiment if I was?

Connie: No, not that you both saw something; just that Clive confuses being a commentator with playing on the actual

field. That'll happen in life of course, and it's always a pickle of a route out of it.

Ralph: Perhaps that's why I'm sympathetic towards him. He's thinking of moving away as well.

Connie: Clive!? Where on earth would he move too?

Ralph: Cerrigydrudion. Something like that he said.

Connie: North Wales. Makes sense, that'll always pull the magnets of that sort of man. Does he still make those cages for fruit plants, do you happen to know?

Ralph: I've no idea, but he seems ever busier with the skies if I'm honest.

Connie: Shame; he was never better than when his hands were around the soil. Here you are, have another go on that roly and I'll go and get you some of my Elderflower cordial.

Ralph: No go on, stay there and I'll get it.

Connie: There's some cuttings by the kitchen window, for you to take to Hereford.

Ralph: I don't even know that the bungalow has a garden, Mum...

Connie: I do. You're going to need a lot more than what's in the kitchen too. And a ride on mower. Best see Clive for that, and you could ask him about those fruit cages then as well.

SCENE 2:

Ralph and his Mum sit quietly at a table in the garden and finish their meals. Ralph is the first to push his plate away. He looks up to the sky.

Ralph: I know that I'm going to miss the skies around here, Mum...

Connie: You'll fall for other skies, other views. You're just that type of person, Ralph. Like your father...

Ralph: I bet he's not thinking much of the views in London.

Connie: That's sacrifice though, isn't it; even though your father's sacrifice only measures to hanging out with a jazz funk ensemble, and doling out sound cables.

Ralph: People always seem to think it's a good job.

Connie: Well it's much better than him trying to hold down a real job, much better for everyone.

Ralph: I suppose I've continued that tradition.

Connie: C'mon now, don't have me say appalling things of Charlie. He's a dear boy, and on the whole... I'm glad you were his friend in school.

Ralph: I don't think I want to get sentimental, Mum; I can't stand goodbye's...

Connie: Then would you let Ivy leave you behind?

Ralph: It's out of the question.

Connie: Then don't let matters over-complicate you, son. There's more than enough time for that later in life; play it simple for as long as you can play it at all.

Ralph: I think I'm just excited; and concerned with being selfish.

Connie: Well don't be too Catholic about doing that, either; it isn't becoming or true.

Ralph: It's always motivated me to assume some amount of guilt. And I know that's just like Dad, before you say...

Connie: Ah, you are in a mess! Haven't you ever fallen in love before?

Ralph: I won't even be able to help bringing my boxes into the new house...

Connie: No, you're correct. But you'll always have that deft hand with a touch of drama in place of that.

Ralph: I'm sorry... Ivy is the first girl that I've loved, so that's why everything is... y'know...

Connie: I know. You've got six weeks though, Ralph. Hey! You should take Charlie on a recce to Hereford, get a feel for it over there. Lot's of B-roads from what I can remember...

Ralph: Yeah, I might ask if he wants to do that...

Connie: *Don't* let him move in with you both though.

Ralph: No, no; he likes living in his house boat.

Connie: It doesn't mean he wouldn't try and park himself up in your garden. Ivy wouldn't let him though; she's of better heart than that. She'll be a great loss from Avalon's Brigand; those dirty bloody thieves over on the Border Morris line will jump to take her back no doubt.

Ralph: I think they're better outfits.

Connie: I know you do. That'll be the corsets. Well go then! Take my long sword partner away! I'll have to start practising with Cecil tonight, see if I can thrash a little life into him.

Ralph: Are you going to be able to contain yourself at practice? Any chance that Ivy and I being together could remain quiet?

Connie: Possibly; possibly it could have if you two hadn't taken so long chasing each other. Everyone and their dogs can see what's going on between you both. Morris has always welcomed lovers...

Ralph: You're not putting us in the middle and doing a dance around us.

Connie: Of course we're going to do that!

Ralph: You said you'd be discreet!

Connie: I implied you're already passed that. And I can't guarantee discretion for people who aren't me, can I... Geoff might even give you a free double if he's behind the bar.

Ralph: Ah... practice is at The Stoat tonight then?

Connie: Yeah...you might have to settle for a blend.

Ralph: Nah... I'll pretend to slip up on the floor, press Geoff for something good.

Connie: Be discreet, he said he'd let us practise outside the pub for the next few weeks if we don't overcrowd the car park.

Ralph: OK; I don't want to mess with any politics but otherwise... these are my last few weeks in the east, and everyone is fair game.

Connie: You are in the first throws of love, aren't you; here, in aid of your last wild summer... Peck gave me these at the stall today.

Connie hands Ralph over a dozen ecstasy tablets.

Ralph: What? Where did you get ecstasy from?

Connie: Peck handed it over from his stall this morning.

Ralph: Why?

Connie: Well I asked him to, didn't I.

Ralph: Why?

Connie: Well for you. I know you all like it and you were saying that the chap who writes biographies was asking. But I thought you'd need some more for Ivy so I got twenty of them for half price.

Ralph: Half price!?

Connie: I threw in a Leylandii. To be honest I didn't know if Ivy would be interested...

Ralph: I'm definitely going to ask her tonight. Thank you, Mum.

Connie: Are you going to be heading back with her after practise, even if she doesn't like ecstasy?

Ralph: To be honest I already know she does so, yeah, I'll head back to hers.

SCENE 3:

Ralph is leaning against the side of his mother's van with a large sack of outfits and apparel at his feet.
Connie appears at the front door and goes to lock it.

Connie: You all done in here?

Ralph: Yeah I think so. C'mon, we don't want to be late if we're taking the Rag Bag.

Connie: Yes yes yes, like you don't have other reasons for haste. You've never shown haste for getting to practice before.

Ralph: Then I'm not going to remind you to put the bins out for tomorrow.

Connie: No, don't. What are we all going to do without you, Ralph?

Ralph: Please Mum... think of something else to talk about on the way.

Connie: OK; you ever hear about Eugene's reasons for separating the mystic from the wizard?

Ralph: No, he's kept that one from me.

Connie: He does that, or else it slipped away from him...

Ralph: It is a slippery mind, and great one at that.

Connie: No doubting that; damn bloody shame that it's stuck in that skull of his though. C'mon then, let's go and see Ivy; get a measure on how you lean on her. Oh hang on, I'm not supposed to talk about her. What shall we talk about?

Ralph: Well... I've just started writing a book.

Connie: Ooh! What's it about?

Ralph: A walking stick... it gets handed down through ten generations of a family. In each of the generations someone needs to use it. I'm already hoping that that is not going to happen in my case.

Connie: Ralph you are telling me what I'm taking from your words...?

Ralph: I'm not sure, what are you taking?

Connie: Ivy... that she's pregnant...?

THE END