

MAGGIE: Every night, I cream my face –

MAGGIE caught in the bathroom window, creaming her face.

As my mother did. And her mother did before that. Perhaps that's why I now see my mother staring back at me.

MAGGIE stares at her reflection.

I do this not just in an attempt to preserve my face. Though I like it when people say 'You're how old?' And then I tell them and they say 'No. No way.' And invariably they are lying. But I smile and look suitably

flattered. They go away feeling good that they have bolstered the old girl and I go away knowing more than ever I look my age.

I do it because in doing it I am telling myself, 'your mother did the same.' She cooked. And she watched TV. And she raked leaves in her garden. And she creamed her face. And maybe just maybe if I do the same I will stave off the inevitable.

I can see it's a kind of madness now.

MAGGIE peers at herself more closely at the mirror.

... The world changes and you with it.

MAGGIE puts down her pot of cream.

It's inevitable.

WILLIAM and MARGARET running up the stairs, laughing, passing

BILLY just coming out of the bedroom –

MAGGIE turns listening. Suddenly she reaches out a hand, gripping the shelf, knocking the pot of cream on to the floor.

BILLY: Maggie –

BILLY stands in the landing illuminated.

You OK?



LOVESONGS

by Abi Morgan

OBERON MODERN PLAYS