

# Rose Cottage (2F) An Adult Black Comedy

By Tim Kenny

## Excerpt

Edie is long established as the cloakroom attendant in the Coldwell Sports Hall. She has made the cloakroom (to which no one seems to come) a home from home. Her only task, it seems, is to care for Andy, a stuffed dead dog, belonging to May in reception upstairs where it is banned because it smells. Edie's comfortable life is suddenly disrupted by Daisy who claims she is the holiday relief. Although the play has laughs and farce, there is an underlying sinister tension that slowly grows to an ending which is as shocking as it is surprising.

It is rare to have a full length play for only two women. It was a hit with audiences and the Press. '*An emotional rollercoaster*'; '*Made me jump out of my seat*'; '*Wickedly funny*'

### Preview

DAISY:            (*At counter*) Hi!

EDIE:             Yes? Just a mo.

*(EDIE rises and turns down music)*

Sorry. Yes?

DAISY:           (*Brightly*): Hi, Edie. I'm Daisy.

EDIE:             (*Suspiciously*) Yes? Can I help?

DAISY:           Well, this is a fine welcome at your counter. Ain't you goin' to invite me in?

EDIE:             This is private this is. Says that on the door. 'No Unauthorised Personnel'.

DAISY:           I know that. But I'm...

EDIE:             ..and why are you calling me Edie?

DAISY:           ...oh, come on Edie. I am 'authoritised'. I'm supposed to... you know....supposed to 'elp.

EDIE:             What d'you mean 'supposed to' and 'help'? (*Emphatically aspirates the 'h'*)  
What help? I don't need help.

DAISY: And authoriratised. I got the door code. You going to let me in?

EDIE: Why?

DAISY: 'Cos I'm the 'oliday relief. Mr Coldwell sent me. And I'm just being polite, see. Didn't want to just burst in.

EDIE: And what's this about a holiday? I don't know anything about a holiday. And nothing about a relief. (*Crossly*) I'm not having a holiday. He knows that.

DAISY: Well, that's what he told me....

EDIE: Told you, did he? Well, he didn't tell me.

DAISY: Said he did. Last Thursday.

EDIE: He knows I'm not here on a Thursday.

DAISY: He must have missed you then.

EDIE: How can he miss me when he knows I'm not here? Not Thursdays. I'll call him.

*(EDIE picks up phone and dials. Listens. Faint ringing sound.)*

DAISY: He's not there....

EDIE: How do you know that?

DAISY: I just passed his office.

EDIE: (*Cynically*) Did you now? You just happened to be passing his office.....

DAISY: Yes.

EDIE: ...and he wasn't there.

*(Kettle boiling)*

DAISY: Kettle's boiling.

EDIE: I can see that.

*(Replaces phone and turns kettle off)*

Look, I don't know anything about all this. What did you say your name was?

DAISY: Daisy. (*Pause*) Well....

EDIE: Well what?

DAISY: You gonna invite me in?

EDIE: How do I know any of this.....?

DAISY: ...yes, you said. It's only temporary while you get a bit of a 'you know what'...rest, a break. *(Pause)* Come on Edie. *(Stamping feet)* It's as cold as fuckin' charity out 'ere in this draughty corridor. I'm freezing me tits off *(Brightly as EDIE struggles for words)*. I got the code. He says to me: 'Daisy, you can be the relief while we give Edie a little 'oliday. Code's four seven eleven'. Like the perfume – that colon stuff. *(Leans back and stares at lock)* He didn't say about it being broken.

EDIE: *(Cynically)* Well, it only works sometimes. So we have a key.

DAISY: Look! I'll do it. See I knows the code....4..mm...7..1..1....there.

*(DAISY presses code buttons again but before she can finish EDIE opens the door. DAISY enters wearing short tight skirt, halter and high heels. She is carrying a Spar bag. She walks past EDIE to centre stage and looks confidently around her.)*

EDIE: *(Suspicious)* It is only temporary? You did say that?