

SPRING

WRITTEN BY DARREN BREALEY

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SPRING

Each Spring Mrs Wentworth-Brewster's dowdy rooms are Spring-cleaned of their previous occupants. Its dust remains, only its occupants disappear along with their belongings in the vegetable patch.

Three new young and fresh female students arrive to seek out their own accomplishments, ready in time to start University next year. They seek inspiration, love and self esteem, meaning in their lives, whilst Mrs Wentworth-Brewster seeks redemption.

Mrs Wentworth-Brewster attends to her vegetable patch, along with her imaginary friend, Marjorie believing the talents from the buried girls make their way into the vegetables she consumes, absorbing their talents.

Spring was first performed at the Maroondah Secondary College, Croydon, on 29 September 2007, as part of Play In A Day, produced by Mitcham Theatre Group Inc, with the following cast.:

<i>MRS WENTWORTH-BREWSTER</i>	...	<i>Cheryl Ballantine</i>
<i>LESLEY DIAMANTE / ZOE</i>	...	<i>Sarah Howett</i>
<i>JENNY BRIGGS / ANTHEA</i>	...	<i>Elisa Arnold</i>
<i>SUSAN MILES / REBECCA</i>	...	<i>Julia Matthews</i>

Centre Stage is brightly lit, allowing for the edges of the stage to be surrounded in shadow. In the sitting room, a table and chairs sit centre stage left and a couch sits centre stage right. ANTHEA stands up stage right. REBECCA stands up centre stage. ZOE stands up stage left. All three stand in darkness, carrying a suitcase.

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ANTHEA: My name is Anthea and I was a first year music uni-student. I was staying at Mrs Wentworth-Brewster's from the beginning of Spring last year. For me Spring was the start for new beginnings, new friends and new parties. Mrs Wentworth-Brewster didn't like the loud music in the house. I played the drums. (*She plays air-drums with her drum sticks.*)

REBECCA: Yeah, I'm Rebecca, like it matters now, you know. I didn't even want to live in these crummy rooms, but mother knows best. Like she'd know what's been going on here. I was an Artist, but I was studying for my Bachelor of Arts, like it matters now.

ZOE: I'm Zoe. Hi. Was studying Nursing at uni, but you-know, you get messed up sometimes and I can't sleep for days and I get agitated and stuff. I never used to be like this, but Mrs double-barrel didn't like me bringing the stuff into the house. I reckon she could've had a toke herself, you know. Reckon it would've calmed her down a bit. I was doing real well at nursing, learning about all sorts of drugs, but not anymore.

ANTHEA, REBECCA and ZOE exit in their darkness, as MRS WENTWORTH-BREWSTER (Mrs B-W) enters carrying a shovel and wearing red hat and a mud-soaked raincoat.

Mrs B-W: I think the vegetable garden will be a bumper crop this year. Marjorie, have you seen the size of the compost I've cultivated? It's hard work digging that garden. That soil becomes thicker each Spring, but I hope to gain some new skills this year. Marjorie, how about learning a musical instrument this year? No. Oh well, I will have some new talents at the end of the crop.

LESLEY enters, carrying a suitcase.

LESLEY: Hello. Anyone here?

Mrs B-W: Is that you Marjorie?

LESLEY: Lesley Diamante. I called about the vacant room you advertised.

Mrs B-W: I'm Mrs Wentworth-Brewster. Welcome to Wentworth-Brewster Lodging of Carlton South. You're the Hairdressing student.

LESLEY: Yes.

Mrs B-W: I don't normally take ladies who aren't attending the University, but you sounded so nice on the telephone. Now, why don't you sit yourself down over there and make yourself comfortable.

Lesley sits on the couch.

LESLEY: I'm really happy you chose me to...

Mrs B-W: Oh no, dear. I haven't chosen anything.

LESLEY: But on the phone you said...

Mrs B-W: That must've been Marjorie. A little bit unstable is our Marjorie, but I'm sure there won't be a problem. Will there be a problem?

LESLEY: Oh no, I shouldn't think so.

Mrs B-W: You can stop with the high society voice; nobody can afford to be so laa-de-bloody-da, these days. So, what do you do?

LESLEY: I'm a waitress at the moment, just picked up some extra shifts, so paying your rent money won't be a problem.

Mrs B-W: What are you studying?

LESLEY: Hairdressing.

Mrs B-W: Oh my, that won't do.

LESLEY: I'm sure it won't be a problem, I mean, like, you know, I won't bring my work home or anything and make a mess.

Mrs B-W: I should think not. But a Hairdresser? Marjorie. Marjorie. Always leaving the front door open. Do you like Spring, Lesley?

LESLEY: Oh yes, Mrs Wentworth-Brewster. It's a time for events and parties; Melbourne Cup, Spring Carnival and Fashion Week.

Mrs B-W: What about roses?

LESLEY: I love roses.

Mrs B-W: Of course. Have a look at the rooms and tell me what you think. They are through there.

LESLEY: Thank you.

LESLEY exits.

Mrs B-W: Marjorie. Marjorie.

JENNY enters carrying a suitcase.

Mrs B-W: Marjorie, what are you doing leaving the front door open for the street urchins to enter?

JENNY: It was open, so I came in. I heard voices, so I came in here.

Mrs B-W: That girl is a Hairdresser. I have no need to absorb the skill of a Hairdresser?

JENNY: Um. I'm Jenny Briggs, I've come about your vacant room.

Mrs B-W: I'm Mrs Wentworth-Brewster. Welcome to Wentworth-Brewster Lodging of Carlton South. You're the Architecture student?

JENNY: Yes.

Mrs B-W: I read it somewhere on the message pad next to the phone. Marjorie must have left it there.

JENNY: When is the room available?

Mrs B-W: The last one just became available this morning. The last young girl had to depart in a hurry; poor thing didn't have a chance. Her name was Anthea, something-or-other, but we didn't like her anyway, she was one of those gothic musicians', forever making loud music in my lodgings.

JENNY: Have no fear Mrs Wentworth-Brewster; I have no such afflictions.

Mrs B-W: Excellent. I'm sure we will become new best friends.

JENNY: Is this strictly a ladies only boarding house?

Mrs B-W: Ladies only lodgings of Carlton South.

JENNY: I see.

Mrs B-W: Pretty young girl must have a boyfriend or two?

JENNY: No, Mrs Wentworth-Brewster. No boys look at me.

Mrs B-W: It's Spring my dear, time to make boys look at you.

JENNY: Spring incorporates pollution, asthma and the Grand Final. It should be full of spider webs and dew drops.

Mrs B-W: In these lodging we enjoy Spring and celebrate the beginning each year with the turning of the soil in the vegetable garden. We also must tend to the rose garden.

JENNY: I like roses.

Mrs B-W: Yes. Of course. Have a look at the rooms and tell me what you think. They are through there.

LESLEY exits.

Mrs B-W: How can you not like Spring? Spring is a time for poetry, flowers, gardens, and singing. You like singing, Marjorie. It's not my fault you don't have much of a voice.

SUSAN enters carrying a suitcase.

SUSAN: Hello.

Mrs B-W: How many more do I need to endure, Marjorie?

SUSAN: Susan Miles, one more.

Mrs B-W: You're that nurse. What are you doing back here, I thought I got rid...

SUSAN: Doing back? No, this is my first time here.

Mrs B-W: I'm Mrs Wentworth-Brewster. Welcome to Wentworth-Brewster Lodging of Carlton South.

ZOE enters up stage left. Mrs W-B looks closely at Susan.

ZOE: Mrs double-barrel don't like nurses very much.

Mrs B-W: You're that nursing student.

SUSAN: I'm a nursing student.

Mrs B-W: You're *that* nursing student.

ZOE: Now she thinks all nursing students are drug dealers.

SUSAN: Have I offended you Mrs Wentworth-Brewster?

ZOE: Run away whilst you have your wits about you.

ZOE exits.

Mrs W-B: No. No dear, of course not. Once upon a time there was a nursing student staying with us, but she had to go; always bringing drugs into the house. We don't appreciate drugs in our house.

SUSAN: I'm pleased; drugs are for medication not for recreation. Now, I'm here about the room.

Mrs W-B: Would you like to see the room?

SUSAN: Yes, please.

LESLEY and JENNY enter, giggling like old friends.

Mrs W-B: Is that you Marjorie?

LESLEY: Its Lesley and Jenny.

Mrs W-B: Of course.

SUSAN: Lesley Diamante, what are you doing here?

LESLEY: Susan. Like, wow. When did you get into town?

They embrace.

***** Truncated *****

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