

PHYLIS No raffle?

ETHEL Not so much as a whiff of a raffle.

PHYLIS Ethel, you're raffle obsessed.

ETHEL What's wrong with a little raffle?

PHYLIS I think there are better things to look forward to.

ETHEL Not me. I adore it. It's the excitement of it all.

RAQUEL I reckon the food *will* all fit, I just don't think there's enough room for plates, cutlery, etc.

PHYLIS Excitement? It's a fundraising tactic, not the national lottery.

ETHEL But think of the possibilities. You could get anything. A bottle of wine, a selection of chocolates. I won a massage once.

*Enter AUBREY through the kitchen door. She looks miserable as sin. Probably never smiled at anything ever. She's been blowing up balloons. Struggling a bit, going quite red in the face. She's probably had enough now.*

AUBREY I can't bear a massage.

ETHEL You don't strike me as a...as a...

PHYLIS A massage hater?

AUBREY *(With proper disgust)* Don't like the idea of a stranger touching me, rubbing me with his big fat sausage fingers

PHYLIS Sausage fingers? I know plenty of women masseuses.

AUBREY Are you saying women can't have sausage fingers?

ETHEL I had a lovely masseuse once. Didn't feel strange at all.

PHYLIS Aubrey, I'm not sure I've ever met a woman with sausage fingers.

AUBREY *(Deadpan)* You've never spent much time with Auntie Margaret.

RAQUEL I could put the sausages and burgers on one tray

AUBREY Don't like sausages either.

ETHEL They weren't like sausages. They were tiny towers of power.

RAQUEL I could always bring out the coffee table, put the cutlery on there...

PHYLIS *(to ETHEL)* Swedish?

RAQUEL Ikea I think.

ETHEL Made me feel dead relaxed. They put some whale song on the speaker and just let me drift into unconsciousness.

AUBREY I had that once.

ETHEL Whale song?

AUBREY No, unconsciousness.

PHYLIS *(Confused)* How exactly?

AUBREY Too much tequila.

PHYLIS I think ETHEL is trying to explain how relaxing a firm hand on your body can be.

AUBREY Well you can keep your hands to yourself. Firm or otherwise.

PHYLIS Ignore my daughter ETHEL, she's never been as free spirited as I was at her age.

AUBREY I'm not so much of a bloody looney either.

ETHEL We had a term for free spirited girls back in my day.

AUBREY *(subtly)* We've got a term for women like you and all.

ETHEL Sorry dear?

RAQUEL Right, ETHEL. What did you bring again?

ETHEL        Vegan Potato salad.

AUBREY      Vegan?

PHYLIS      Well I think that's very thoughtful ETHEL. Isn't that thoughtful AUBREY.

AUBREY      I thought potato was vegan already?

PHYLIS      Well... yes, potatoes are vegan.

AUBREY      Not according to ETHEL.

ETHEL        I wanted everyone to be able to enjoy it.

AUBREY      You wanted everyone to enjoy it, yet you made it so no one will enjoy it...except the vegans that is.

PHYLIS      We mustn't think only of ourselves. We are all creatures in Gaia's Tapestry...

AUBREY      What makes it vegan then?

ETHEL        Well I made a little sign, it says Vegan...

AUBREY      No...what makes this particular potato salad vegan?

ETHEL        Well I used vegan mayonnaise.

AUBREY      What's wrong with real mayonnaise?

ETHEL        Oh it's very real, I've seen it.

AUBREY      Don't ya like real mayonnaise?

PHYLIS      Vegans don't do eggs Aubrey.

AUBREY I     thought they liked the Chickens?

PHYLIS      Not to eat my love.

AUBREY      But an egg ain't a chicken.

