

SYLVIA: I didn't think you were in I thought you were out.

JUDY: No, well I'm in.

SYLVIA: I thought maybe you'd started a new job.

JUDY: No.

SYLVIA: I was just going to get a pen and paper from the car.

Can't text you, can I?

JUDY: Is that why you didn't tell me you were coming?

Because I haven't got a mobile phone?

SYLVIA: I didn't know I was coming today but yes, I do think  
it's bloody-minded of you when the entire rest of the world  
has accepted a basic level of

JUDY: Tea?

SYLVIA: Yes please.

Anyway I was just in the area, thought I'd pop in.

JUDY: We do have a landline. Why were you in the area?

SYLVIA: I've been to a funeral, actually.

JUDY: Who, um

Is it sugar at the moment or not sugar?

SYLVIA: Have you got any herbal?

JUDY: No.

SYLVIA: It was Erica.

JUDY: Erica from Willowfield?

SYLVIA: Yes.

JUDY: Milk?

SYLVIA: Just a little.

*JUDY hands SYLVIA a cup and saucer.*

Can't believe she's gone. I can't think of anyone less likely to die.

JUDY: She was a good person.

SYLVIA: People were asking after you today, I realised I didn't know really. How you are.

JUDY: No, we're well. Johnny's being promoted soon,

SYLVIA: Wonderful.

JUDY: Once that happens we'll have a bit more money.

SYLVIA: So money's tight?

JUDY: No, mum. We've got to be careful with it, but that's OK. That's what we love about the fifties: it's not all about acquiring *stuff*. I like being frugal, it's a project, it's fun.

SYLVIA: So when it stops being fun you'll get a job?

JUDY: I've got a job, this is my job

SYLVIA: But if you can't really afford it, comfortably. You've done your experiment, there'd be no shame in putting yourself back out in the

JUDY: Oh you'd love that, wouldn't you?

SYLVIA: What?

JUDY: For this to fail.

SYLVIA: I've made no secret of the fact I'd like to see you doing something more fulfilling.

JUDY: Maybe a human rights lawyer.

SYLVIA: Darling I'm sorry but what do you think it's like for me, standing there at Erica's funeral, the woman who put the staunch into feminist, people asking me how you are, what you're doing, and having to tell them you're a *housewife*? My daughter.

All those years, all those pamphlets, marches. Ghastly rides to London in a minibus, hoping you'd get it by osmosis at least.

JUDY: I'm a feminist.

SYLVIA: Ha.

JUDY: I am. I get to choose now. This is what I've chosen.

SYLVIA: "This is what a feminist looks like"? Wearing a frilly apron and dancing around with a duster isn't feminism.

I don't know why you ever let Johnny coax you into it.

If you had children I'd understand but

JUDY: There wasn't any coaxing, it was a mutual

SYLVIA: It might feel like that, but if you look back long enough this was a man's idea first.

JUDY: Why do I need a job to be fulfilled? Bit capitalist, isn't it? I'm surprised you've swallowed that.

SYLVIA: You've made a luxury choice, don't pretend it's political. You've got no children to support, a husband who's healthy and working.

JUDY: I'm working. My work here is work, why isn't this valued?

SYLVIA: Because men don't do it.

What would you do if something happened between you?

JUDY: Nothing's happened, what d'you mean?

SYLVIA: How would you survive if Johnny came home tonight and said he wanted a divorce?

JUDY: What a horrible thing to say, why would you say that?

SYLVIA: It's all very well for him, out in the world all day long doing whatever he likes and you're stuck here going crackers.

JUDY: I'm not remotely going crackers I'm very happy.

And you going out to work didn't stop you and dad getting divorced, did it?

Mum?

SYLVIA: Alright darling, I'm sorry.

I'm very sorry.

JUDY: Let's leave it, shall we?

SYLVIA: Can I ask you something darling?

JUDY: What?

SYLVIA: What do you *do*? What do you do all day?