

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

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A comedy by

NICO LUWES

English translation of the original
Afrikaans comedy
“Die Buite-egtelike Ouma” (Nico Luwes)



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THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

DR JEFF JOHNSON: (27) Unmarried dentist. Playboy of the dental world.

DR KOOS (KNUPPEL) CRUIWAGEN: (27) Unmarried medical doctor. Jeff's old friend. Stays in apartment next door. Too good to be true and as good as dead. A loser, especially with women.

JEANETTE: (25) A down-to-earth medical representative. Gorgeous, slim and self-assured.

ZAHN (22) A flirt and social butterfly. She must marry a doctor or someone like that.

IDA:

(60) Jeff's mom. She has only one wish, and that is to become a grandmother.

STAGE SET:

THE INSIDE OF A MODERN APARTMENT. AT RIGHT FRONT IS THE FRONT DOOR, OPENING TO THE VERANDAH. A MODERN ROUND TABLE AND TWO CHAIRS ARE ON THE RIGHT, IN FRONT. THE TABLE HAS ROMANTICALLY BEEN SET FOR TWO. ON THE TABLE ARE, AMONG OTHER THINGS, TWO RED CANDLES. AT THE BACK IS AN OPEN-PLAN KITCHEN – ONLY A COUNTER DIVIDES THE TWO ROOMS. ON THE COUNTER IS A MODERN TELEPHONE. IN THE KITCHEN AT THE BACK RIGHT IS A FRIDGE, VISIBLE IN FRONT OF THE OPENING BETWEEN THE COUNTER AND THE STAIRCASE. THIS WHOLE AREA IS ONE LEVEL HIGHER THAN THE SITTING ROOM.

THE BEDROOM STAIRS RUN FROM THE CENTRE BACK DIAGONALLY TO THE LEFT. AT THE STAIRCASE ABOVE, THE STAIRS TURN TO THE LEFT, TO THE BACK OF THE SITTING ROOM'S SCREEN WALL. JUST

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TO THE LEFT OF THE STAIRS AT THE BACK IS A STANDING LAMP AND A DRINK CABINET WITH A MEDICAL CASE ON TOP. AT THE LEFT AGAINST THE DIAGONAL WALL ARE A PAINTING AND A WALL-LAMP. AT LEFT FRONT IS A LARGE WINDOW WITH LONG CURTAINS. RIGHT IN FRONT A HI-FI WITH A CASSETTE RECORDER. IN THE SITTING ROOM IS A MODERN SITTING-ROOM SET WITH TWO SMALL SETTEES AND AN EASY CHAIR. IN THE CENTRE IS A GLASS-TOP TABLE. POSSIBLY A MODERN LAMP ON THE TABLE OR A HANGING LAMP FROM ABOVE. ON THE TABLE IS A LARGE MODERN CIGARETTE LIGHTER AND A RUBIK'S CUBE THAT IS JUMBLED. THE FURNITURE LOOKS NEW AND MODERN.

PROPS:

- (1) ANOTHER 2 RUBIK'S CUBES WHICH ARE NOT JUMBLED
 - (2) AN ICE BUCKET AND STAND FOR CHAMPAGNE
 - (3) TWO BOTTLES OF CHAMPAGNE
 - (4) NAPPIES, BABY BOTTLES AND SAFETY PINS
 - (5) A SYRINGE
 - (6) A MEDICAL MASK
 - (7) DR JAN VAN ELFEN'S 'BABY CARE'
-

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ACT ONE.

SCENE I

ELVIS PRESLEY'S 'ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT' IS PLAYING ON THE AUDITORIUM LOUDSPEAKERS. AS SOON AS THE CURTAIN IS RAISED THE MUSIC MOVES TO THE HI-FI SET ON THE STAGE. IT IS EVENING. THE LIGHTS ON THE WALL, THE HANGING LAMP, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS AND IN THE KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM ARE ON BRIGHT. ONLY THE STANDING LAMP IS STILL OFF. JEFF'S ROMANTIC HUMMING IS HEARD IN THE BEDROOM ON TOP. AFTER A FEW MOMENTS HE APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS WITH TWO SOFT SATIN CUSHIONS IN HIS ARMS. HIS DRESS IS HYPER MODERN. A JACKET WITH PUSHED-UP SLEEVES, OPEN SHIRT AND SHINY ITALIAN SHOES. ABSOLUTELY 'COSMOPOLITAN'S' "HUNK OF THE MONTH".

HE DANCES LOVINGLY WITH THE TWO CUSHIONS DOWN THE STAIRS, SINGING ROMANTICALLY ALONG WITH THE MUSIC OF THE CASSETTE. HE DANCES TO THE FRONT AND ARRANGES THE CUSHIONS ON SETTEE 'A'. HE STANDS BACK AND MIMICS THE STEPS OF A GIRL ON THE WAY TO SETTEE 'A'. HE SINKS COMFORTABLY INTO THE CUSHIONS AND ARRANGES THEM DIFFERENTLY SO THAT THEY ARE COMFORTABLE FOR 'HER'. WHEN HE IS SATISFIED HE TAKES THE LIGHTER FROM THE COFFEE TABLE AND DANCES TO THE DINING ROOM. HE LIGHTS THE TWO RED CANDLES AND PUTS THE LIGHTER BACK ON THE COFFEE TABLE. HE SWITCHES ON THE HANGING LAMP AT THE BACK AND SUDDENLY SNIFFS THE AIR.

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JEFF: Ratatouille! Ratatouille! (HE RUNS TO THE KITCHEN, OPENS THE OVEN AND CLOSES IT AGAIN AND ADJUSTS THE SETTING) First class! Absolutely first class! (HE TAKES A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE OUT OF THE FRIDGE AND PUTS IT ON THE COUNTER) Ice. (HE TAKES OUT THE ICE CUBE TRAY, PUTS IT ON THE COUNTER AND STARTS RUMMAGING AROUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CUPBOARD) Ice bucket ice bucket (HE THROWS AROUND A FEW THINGS IN THE CUPBOARD) Ice bucket! (HE APPEARS AGAIN ABOVE THE COUNTER) What d'you do without an ice bucket, Dr Jeff! (HE LOOKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE WINDOW) Ice bucket! Yes Koos Knuppel! (HE GOES TO THE SITTING ROOM AND SHOUTS THROUGH THE WINDOW) Ko – o-o-s! Dr Koos Knuppel!

KOOS: (IMPATIENT FROM NEXT DOOR) What's it, Dr Jeff?

JEFF: Have you got an ice bucket for me?

KOOS: A what?

JEFF: An ice bucket!

KOOS: For what?

JEFF: For champagne, mate. A stand and an ice bucket.

KOOS: To do what?

JEFF: To put champagne in it, what else!

KOOS: Oh. Yes. Come and get it. I'm reading.

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JEFF: I can't. I'm afraid I'll burn my ratatouille!

KOOS: Your what?

JEFF: My ratatouille!

KOOS: Oh.

JEFF: Besides, she's going to be here any minute. I can't leave now. Quickly, bring it to me, please!

KOOS: (GRUMPY) Get lost, man! I'm reading!

JEFF: Oh, please, my friend! Be a sport! I'll send you another patient tomorrow!

KOOS: OKAY!

JEFF: (STANDS AND LISTENS FOR A MOMENT) Are you coming?

KOOS: Have you got a beer?

JEFF: I think so.

KOOS: Oh, well ...

JEFF: Thanks, Koos Knuppel! (HE CLOSES THE WINDOW AND CURTAINS. ON THE WAY TO THE KITCHEN HE PUTS OFF THE KITCHEN LIGHT) Who can that be now? (OPENS DOOR) Hallo! Doctor Jeff Johnson here. Your dentist without drills and frills at your service.

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IDA: (EXCITED) My child!

JEFF: (SURPRISED) Mom!

IDA: (LOVINGLY) Jeffrey!

JEFF: (DOWNCAST) Mom!

IDA: You mustn't answer the door like this. You're now a respected and professional man.

JEFF: Yes, Mom.

IDA: (COOS NICELY) Are you staying at home tonight?

JEFF: Yes No!!

IDA: (DOWNCAST) Oh, no

JEFF: Oh Yes. Actually, I'm staying here but I'm expecting ... people.

IDA: Oh, no. When are you coming to visit your mother!

JEFF: As soon as I can, Mom.

IDA: Well, my son, you've already been back from London three weeks and you haven't come to see me yet.

JEFF: But Mom, I popped in to see you in the first week.

IDA: I know, my dear. But the year was very long!

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JEFF: Yes, I know, Mom. But at the moment things are rather rough. I had to paint the whole apartment and they only came yesterday to put in the chair.

IDA: Did you manage to get a surgery?

JEFF: Yes.

IDA: Where's it? I want to come and look.

JEFF: Next to Koos Knuppel's, Mom.

IDA: Koos who?

JEFF: Koos Knuppel.

IDA: Is he an anaesthetist?

JEFF: No. A medical doctor, a GP. In the Medsa Building fifth floor. We refer patients back and forth.

IDA: You know him?

JEFF: Yes. We finished together. He stays in the apartment next door. He inherited the practice from his father.

IDA: But is he a good man, my son?

JEFF: (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Yes, Mom! Too good to be true and as good as dead.

IDA: Come now, my son, you don't say things like that about others.

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- JEFF: But it's true, Mom. It's getting late, I still have lots to do.
- IDA: Who's coming to visit?
- JEFF: Just a missy I drilled this morning.
- IDA: Ah, my child. You must get yourself a steady girlfriend.
- JEFF: Mom, I've just been back in the country three weeks! Give me a chance!
- IDA: You're almost thirty and still not married. It's unhealthy.
- JEF: (IMPATIENT) I'm not even twenty-eight yet, Mom, and I feel swell!
- IDA: Yes, but I'm already sixty and I don't feel swell anymore. All my friends already have two or three grandchildren and I'm not even a grandmother yet.
- JEFF: (ANNOYED) Mom! We have already spoken about this! Don't look for a wife for me just because you want to become a grandmother.
- IDA: But it's just that I feel the need
- JEFF: Well, I don't feel the need yet. I'm going to marry when I'm good and ready. I'm not going to ask. I'll just show her to you.
- IDA: Ah, my child!
- JEFF: If it's any consolation, maybe the girl who's going to be here tonight is the right one.
- IDA: That's wonderful! Who's she?

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JEFF: You don't know her.

IDA: Look, I'm going to the theatre tonight with Hermien and Joan. On our way back, if your light is still on, we'll drop in. Maybe she is still here and then we meet

JEFF: (SUDDENLY PUTS THE LIGHTS ON BRIGHTER) No, Mom! Maybe we're going out to eat, or something like that.

IDA: But I'll see if the lights are on!

JEFF: No, Mom! Don't come. I always leave my lights on. We'll probably get back late very late.

IDA: (TO THE DOOR) (DOWNCAST) Oh, very well. Enjoy your evening, my son, and remember

JEFF: (DOOR OPEN, AND SHE IS GOING THROUGH THE DOOR) You want to become a grandmother! I'll try my best! (HE LOOKS AT THE TABLE) What's missing? Oh, yes! Wine glasses! (HE AGAIN RUMMAGES AROUND AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CUPBOARD AND COMES UP WITH THE GLASSES IN HIS HAND JUST AS THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. PANICKY) She's here! (LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Too early! (HE QUICKLY PUTS THE GLASSES ON THE TABLE) The ice bucket! (QUICKLY RUNS TO THE WINDOW AND WHISPERS INTENSELY THROUGH THE WINDOW) Koos! Koos Knuppel! The ice bucket, quickly! (THE BELL GOES AGAIN) Ice bucket! (BELL IS RUNG IMPATIENTLY) I'm coming! (STRAIGHTENS HIS CLOTHES, TURNS THE LIGHTS VERY LOW AND APPROACHES THE DOOR WITH ROMANTIC CHARM. BEFORE THE DOOR IS PROPERLY OPEN HE ALREADY STARTS FLATTERING) Wow!

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JEFF You look wonderful, sweetie!! (ALMOST TAKES 'HER' INTO HIS ARMS)

KOOS: (ENTERS WITH ICE BUCKET AND STAND. HIS HAND IS BANDAGED. HE IS WEARING A WHITE JACKET, HAIR COMBED FLAT, WEARING THICK BLACK-FRAMED GLASSES. HE LOOKS DOWN IN THE DUMPS AND UNPERTURBED)
Thanks. You look terrible!

JEFF: Koos?

KOOS: Jeff?

JEFF: (TURNS THE LIGHTS ON BRIGHTER) What are you doing here?

KOOS: (PUTS ICE BUCKET AND STAND NEAR TABLE) Your ice bucket.
(LOOKS AT TABLE) Good heavens! Did you do this?

JEFF: Did what?

KOOS: These candles and things.

JEFF: Of course!

KOOS: Right! So that's how it's done.

JEFF: What's done?

KOOS: How innocent girls are seduced. (HE BLOWS OUT THE CANDLE)
They are going to burn down. (HE GOES FURTHER INTO THE SITTING ROOM) Well, I never! Cushions, the lot! You've really got things worked out!

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JEFF: (PUTS THE CHAMPAGNE AND ICE INTO THE ICE BUCKET) I have no plans! No man can seduce a decent girl, my mate. They determine everything. They just let you believe that you are seducing them! They decide whether the time and place are right and then they seduce you!

KOOS: My! I wish this were happening to me!

JEFF: It will! Just give it a chance!

KOOS: (RATHER DESPONDENT) Don't you believe it, Jeff. I have been in my practice for a few years, am twenty-seven, with a few bucks in the bank and(HE PICKS UP THE RUBIK'S CUBE AND SINKS INTO SETTEE 'B' WITH HIS BACK TO JEFF) it looks like I'm going to sit here alone for the next twenty years and play with my Rubik's cube.

JEFF: (TURNS AROUND BEWILDERED FROM THE FRIDGE WHILE TAKING OUT TWO BEERS) Your what?!!

KOOS: (LIFTS THE RUBIK'S CUBE ABOVE THE SETTEE) My Rubik's cube.

JEFF: Oh! (BRINGS THE BEER CLOSER) Do you want a glass?

KOOS: No, don't worry. (HE PUTS THE RUBIK'S CUBE ON THE COFFEE TABLE) When you girl turns up I'll simply disappear with the beer. (HE YAWNS AND TAKES THE BEER)

JEFF: (SITS ON SETTEE 'A') There's still time. Cheers! (OPENS CANS)

KOOS: Ditto. You know, you're a lucky fellow. Just take this morning. I get into the lift. The door closes. Just before the door shuts I see her! The

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girl I'll marry! She comes running for the lift. I put my hand in the door to keep it open. But the door does not open! Oh no! It closes on my fingers and I go like that five floors to the top. I scream! Nobody hears me. The lift opens. I scream! A woman and her child are standing in front of me. I scream! The child starts to scream with me. His mother looks at me as if I'm mad. "Are you Dr Cruiwagen?" "Yes," I say. "I had an appointment with you half an hour ago," she says. "For what," I shout. "My child," she says, "he's hypersensitive." "Come in," I shout. "No thanks," she shouts, and gets into the lift with the screaming kid. (HE SWALLOWS A MOUTHFULL OF BEER)

JEFF: That's not an accident, that's coincidence! How must she know why you are screaming?

KOOS: That's not my point. (HAS ANOTHER MOUTHFUL) I am standing at the lift and hear how they are going down screaming. I look at my finger and think of all the examinations I still have to do today. (TAKES ANOTHER MOUTHFUL) The lift opens, and there she stands.

JEFF: The mother?

KOOS: No, the girl. The one that was running for the lift.

JEFF: Your dream girl?

KOOS: The one! "Shame," she says, "what's wrong with your finger?" "I think it's off," I say. "Never mind, I'll help you," she says. "Don't worry," I reckon, "I'm a doctor." "Oh, dear!" she says; not just 'oh', but 'oh, dear'. You should have seen that mouth! 'Oh, dear'. "Here's my surgery," I say. I can't the key out of my pocket with my healthy hand. (HE POINTS TO HIS OTHER POCKET) And then it happens!

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JEFF: What?

KOOS: She takes it out!

JEFF: Takes what out?

KOOS: My keys! She opens up and bandages my fingers. With the softest hands. And she comforts me, “oh dear, oh dear, oh dear”! You have to see those lips! The most beautiful person I have ever seen in my entire life.

JEFF: Really!

KOOS: Then I knew! I am going to marry her!

JEFF: And you asked her?

KOOS: Yes! “Do you like champagne?” I ask.

JEFF: “Yes” she says?

KOOS: “No,” she says, she’s not sure. She is going to think about it. “Will I see you again?” I ask. “Yes” she says a little later she just has to go next door to have her teeth seen to. By Dr Jeff Johnson!!

JEFF: (UP) By me?

KOOS: Quite right! By you! I ask her at the door what her name is, she just says “Zahn”. That mouth “Zahn”. And she’s gone

JEFF: (SITS DOWN AGAIN, DESPONDENT) ZAHN! Now how was I supposed to know it’s her – your dream girl?!

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- KOOS: Never mind, you scoundrel. How could you have known.
- JEFF: I'm terribly sorry, Koos
- KOOS: Never mind! She only popped in half an hour later and said: "Sorry, Doctor! I have an appointment tonight with Dr Jeff Johnson. Maybe another evening." "Ciao!" she says. That mouth! "Ciao!"
- JEFF: But you were too slow! You should have attacked sooner! You could have been much more aggressive!
- KOOS: Aggressive? How do you do it? That's all I want to know!
- JEFF: You nip her ever so slightly.
- KOOS: You do what?
- JEFF: You just nip her slightly on the inside of her cheek with the pincers, just a little, you know.
- KOOS: And then?
- JEFF: Then you just keep on asking: "Come-and-eat-at-my-place-tonight-is-it-sore?" Tiny nip, and "Yes" she says! "Good! Half-past-seven at my place," and I give her the address. As easy as that.
- KOOS: Really! I can tell you one thing
- JEFF: What?
- KOOS: She's lucky you're not a gy.... (TAKES MOUTHFUL) ... general practitioner. What would it look like if I were to dish out nips everywhere. (HE GETS UP) Wait, I'm off. Thanks for the beer. (HE

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KOOS: (STARTS GOING TO THE FRONT DOOR): I'm going to hate having to watch how you seduce my dream girl. And with my ice bucket to boot.

JEFF: (UP AND WALKS WITH HIM) I'm telling you, Koos Knuppel, you're just not aggressive enough!

KOOS: (AT DOOR) You reckon! You'll see something tonight. I'm going to sit all night with my ear stuck to the wall and every time there is silence I'll bang on the wall! I'll play the most horrible music possible and see to it that my Zahn does not succumb to the decadence of dental doctors! (HE'S OUT OF THE DOOR)

JEFF: Sleep tight, Koos! I really didn't know!

KOOS: (OUTSIDE THE DOOR) Yeah, sure. Goodnight, playboy of the dental world. (HIS DOOR CLOSES)

JEFF: (CLOSES DOOR. MUSIC HAS STOPPED IN THE MEANTIME) Music! (GOES TO CASSETTE RECORDER AND PUTS ON 'BABY I WANT YOU'. ON THE WAY TO THE STOVE HE DIMS THE LIGHTS AGAIN. SWALLOWS HIS BEER AND THROWS THE CAN INTO THE DUSTBIN. SPRAYS A BREATH FRESHENER INTO HIS MOUTH AND PEEPS INTO THE OVEN. JUST AS HE DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE COUNTER THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. THE OVEN DOOR SLAMS CLOSED AND HE LOOKS STARTLED) It's her! It's Zahn! (LOOKS AGAIN AT HIS WATCH) She's early! (AGAIN SPRAYS BREATH FRESHENER INTO HIS MOUTH AND AGAIN GOES THROUGH THE SAME PROCEDURE OF STRAIGHTENING CLOTHES, ETC. QUICKLY LOOKS AT THE POSITION OF THE CUSHIONS, DIMS THE LIGHTS EVEN MORE AND OPENS THE DOOR. VERY FRIENDLY) Hi!

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JEANETTE: (STANDS IN THE DOOR WITH A BIGGISH BAG COVERED WITH A SMALL BLANKET. IN THE BAG IS A 'BABY', MILK BOTTLES, NAPPIES, SAFETY PINS, 2 RUBIK'S CUBES AND A BABY-CARE BOOK. SHE'S DRESSED WELL AND AT EASE. FRIENDLY) Hi!

JEFF: (BOWLED OVER BY THE STRANGE FACE. DOES NOT NOTICE THE BAG. JUST STARES INTO HER FACE) Hi!

JEANETTE: (ENTERS FURTHER INTO ROOM) Dr Jeff Johnson?

JEFF: That's me! Your dentist without pincers and (HE LOSES SOME DYNAMICS) frills can I help you?

JEANETTE: You can! May I come in?

JEFF: (MOVES BACK AND MAKES LIGHTS SLIGHTLY BRIGHTER) Of course! Of course! Come in!

JEANETTE: (PUTS BAG NEAR TABLE WITHOUT JEFF SEEING IT. SHE REALISES HE DOES NOT RECOGNISE HER AND ENJOYS THE SITUATION) You know I'm sure you don't remember me anymore Jeff.

JEFF: (AT THE LAST WORD HE FLIES AROUND. IS VERY UNCOMFORTABLE) Of course! I remember you now. (TURNS UP LIGHTS TO VERY BRIGHT) You're hmm ... hmm

JEANETTE: Jeanette.

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JEFF: (OVER-EAGER) That's it! Jeanette! (STILL UNCERTAIN) How are you Jeanette. Come in! (HE MOVES TO THE SITTING ROOM)

JEANETTE: (COMES CLOSER) Thank you. You've got a fabulous apartment. Oh, those cushions are marvellous!

JEFF: (REMAINS STANDING UNCOMFORTABLY AT SETTEE 'A') Yes it's nice, isn't it?

JEANETTE: (STANDS COMFORTABLY BETWEEN COFFEE TABLE AND CHAIR 'C' AND LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM) You were lucky to get an apartment so soon! How was London?

JEFF: Wonderful! Learnt a hell of a lot, Jeanette ... hmm what's your surname again?

JEANETTE: Still the same Spannenberg.

JEFF: (AGAIN OVER-EAGER. HE HASN'T GOT THE FOGGIEST IDEA WHO SHE IS) That's it! Of course! Jeanette Spannenberg! What are you doing again, Jeanette?

JEANETTE: (HIGHLY AMUSED) Still the same

JEFF: Of course! Nice, hey! It's so exciting

JEANETTE: To be a medical representative.

JEFF: Hmm yes.

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JEANETTE: I was wondering when you'd be back. I accidentally saw your name plate in the Medsa Building yesterday. Your home address and everything.

JEFF: Yeah that's rather remarkable. Phew..... when last did we see each other!

JEANETTE: Yes! Time flies, doesn't it! It's already a year ago.

JEFF: Yes! Time flies! Don't you want to sit down?

JEANETTE: (SITS ON CHAIR 'C') Thanks. You're still as gallant as always.

JEFF: Such as when?

JEANETTE: As in Durban.

JEFF: (STILL UNSURE) That's it! Hmm when was that again?

JEANETTE: The evening before your departure to London.

JEFF: The evening before my departure to London?

JEANETTE: Yes! Do you remember the congress on local anaesthesia?

JEFF: Yes.

JEANETTE: Our company sponsored it Unique Laboratories do you remember?

JEFF: I'm going to be honest with you, Floret.....

JEANETTE: Jeanette.

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JEFF: That's it! Jeanette hmm ... (RACKED)

JEANETTE: .. Spanenberg.

JEFF: ... Spanenberg. On that last evening I was a bit ... hmm ..

JEANETTE: A bit ... 'locally anaesthetised'?

JEFF: ... bombed out, yeah

JEANETTE: ... a little bit happy?

JEFF: ... That's it! Before my departure to

JEANETTE: London?

JEFF: Yes! For a year ... you know

JEANETTE: I know You can't....

JEFF: ... really

JEANETTE: ... remember?

JEFF: remember, yes..... (SILENCE)

JEANETTE: (BURSTS OUT LAUGHING) Sis! I'm really nasty to you!

JEFF: No, not at all! It's just that

JEANETTE: You don't remember me ... very well?

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JEFF: No! You look very familiar to me. But ... well ... yes...

JEANETTE: Never mind! I can understand that. We only met after the congress and at that stage all of us were rather happy.

JEFF: You also?

JEANETTE: Yes. We hadn't eaten yet and the drinks were flowing!

JEFF: (CHEERFULLY) I remember!

JEANETTE: You'd asked the whole lot of us to dinner. Very romantic! A restaurant at the harbour – with a band. Wonderful atmosphere! Champagne, crayfish and tequila!

JEFF: Yes! Later on we danced on the tables! You were with me!! It was wonderful!

JEANETTE: Well, until later ... when they... threw you out...

JEFF: (DOWNCAST) Really!

JEANETTE: Yes. I took you back.

JEFF: (STARTING TO SENSE PROBLEMS) With a taxi?

JEANETTE: That's right! I wanted to take you to the hotel but you insisted you wanted to show me Ballito Bay in the moonlight.

JEFF: Why didn't you stop me?

JEANETTE: Nobody could stop you! You made a fire on the beach. The taxi had to wait for us!

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JEFF: And went swimming?

JEANETTE: Yes. The taxi later

JEFF: Drove away?

JEANETTE: That's right

JEFF: (SLOWLY SITS ON SETTEE 'B') I think ... I now remember
everything (SILENCE. HE SWALLOWS) And now?

JEANETTE: Now, nothing.

JEFF: I have to apologise to you. I didn't intend to have to hitchhike back to
Durban.

JEANETTE: It was nothing! It was one of the most wonderful nights of my life. To
tell the truth, it all comes back to me now! And tonight I have another
romantic date like the one in Durban.

JEFF: With me?

JEANETTE: (GIVES A HEARTY LAUGH) No! Don't worry. Someone I met this
week. Tonight I'm going to dance and live again!

JEFF: (RELIEVED) That's fantastic! Live! That's what I always say! When
you're young!

JEANETTE: If you can, yes! (LOOKS AT HER WATCH) Unfortunately I have to
go now. I'm going to be late for my date. (SHE GETS UP)

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JEFF: (ALSO GETS UP) It was wonderful seeing you again! (HE GOES TO THE DINING ROOM AND SHE FOLLOWS HIM) And thanks for popping in, Jeanette! See you again!

JEANETTE: Oh, definitely! I'm planning to pop in every Friday evening. (CLOSE TO THE DOOR)

JEFF: (SOMEWHAT UPSET) Yes that'll be nice. (OPENS DOOR)

JEANETTE: (IN DOOR) But I'll see you again later tonight anyway.

JEFF: How's that?

JEANETTE: Later tonight. When I fetch him.

JEFF: (LOOKS BACK INTO APARTMENT AND STEPS BACK) Fetch who?

JEANETTE: (LAUGHS HEARTILY, LIFTS THE BAG AND PUTS IT IN THE HANDS OF STUPEFIED JEFF) Your half from Ballito Bay!

JEFF: What!?

JEANETTE: That's right. Your half from Ballito Bay. You're an intelligent man, Dr Jeff Johnson! I know we were both very happy, but

JEFF: (WITH A FRIGHTENED PEEP INTO THE BAG) Do you mean ?

JEANETTE: That's right! See you later! (WANTS TO LEAVE THROUGH THE DOOR)

JEFF: (STOPS HER) No! Come back! Jeanette!

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JEANETTE: (APPEARS AGAIN IN THE DOOR) Don't get such a fright. I promise you – his arrival in my life was just as unexpected!

JEFF: (PACING AROUND WITH BAG IN HIS HANDS) Oh my goodness! No! Come back! I have to talk to you. (HE PLACES HIMSELF WITH THE BAG BETWEEN HER AND THE DOOR)

JEANETTE: (WALKS BACKWARDS INTO APARTMENT) I'm going to be late for my date, Dr Jeff!

JEFF: (PUSHES HER FURTHER IN) To hell with your date! You can't be serious!

JEANETTE: (TURNS AROUND AND GOES TO SITTING ROOM) I also thought at first it wasn't serious!

JEFF: (FOLLOWS HER LIKE A ZOMBIE) It can't be.

JEANETTE: (LAUGHS HEARTILY) That was also my first reaction! Want to peep?

JEFF: (TERRIFIED, PUTS BAG ON COFFEE TABLE) No!

JEANETTE: Careful, Dr Jeff! You don't want to wake him, do you?

JEFF: No, I'm sorry.

JEANETTE: (AMUSED. SITS ON SETTEE 'A') Okay. Just be calm.

JEFF: Calm!?

JEANETTE: That's what everybody told me! Sit.

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JEFF: I don't want to!

JEANETTE: I know. But sit. You have to sit down again some or other time, you know. Sit!

JEFF: (SCARED, SITS ON CHAIR 'C') Sh-h-h.... shucks!

JEANETTE: Simmer down, Jeff. Just be calm. You don't have to worry. I'm not going to try and corner you.

JEFF: (PERPLEXED) I don't believe you.

JEANETTE: (SMILES) I believed you! That night in Ballito Bay!

JEFF: That was completely different!

JEANETTE: I know. Now listen carefully. What happened was not only your fault.

JEFF: (LIKE A CHILD THAT IS COMFORTED) Yes.

JEANETTE: You see ... I don't blame you. You were in any case

JEFF: a little drugged?

JEANETTE: (BURSTS OUT LAUGHING) No! I won't say that. Rather happy though!

JEFF: Just so.

JEANETTE: The sea air must have affected us.

JEFF: That's right, yes ... the sea air!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: And not one of us actually expected that one of us would ... ex ... you know what I mean.

JEFF: Yes.

JEANETTE: The fact remains. Jeffrey was born.

JEFF: Born?

JEANETTE: Yes! He's the cutest little guy and I did not for a moment think of

JEFF: ... not letting him be born.

JEANETTE: (BURSTS OUT LAUGHING AGAIN) I didn't have much choice! Well, I kept him against everybody's advice. And I'm not sorry that he

JEFF: was born.

JEANETTE: That's right. I tried to find your address in London and then I realised it was madness to interrupt your last year's studies. I was going to get you

JEFF: when I got back

JEANETTE: No. Just tell you! You had to decide. We hardly knew each other! Well, I waited for Jeffrey for a year and cared for him and tonight

JEFF: you got me!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: No, that's not all! Tonight for the first time in a year I have a date with a nice guy, for which I'm almost late, and I want to go out tonight.

JEFF: And now?

JEANETTE: I have no one to look after Jeffrey and I thought

JEFF: (UP) I could look after him.

JEANETTE: Yes. That's all I ask.

JEFF: Just once ?

JEANETTE: Sure! Every week.

JEFF: But tonight

JEANETTE: ... is Friday evening and from now on I want every Friday night off until three hundred and sixty-five Friday evenings are over. Then we can talk again.

JEFF: (SITS) You can't be serious!

JEANETTE: (GETS UP) I am!

JEFF: (UP) You are! (SILENCE)

JEANETTE: I knew you would understand, Jeff. You're just as lovable as on the first night in Ballito Bay.

JEFF: I think I

JEANETTE: What smells so strange? (SHE GOES TO THE KITCHEN)

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: That's my ratatouille.

JEANETTE: It smells delicious! (AT ICE BUCKET) Champagne! That's what I've forgotten! I had to buy the champagne! Oh, please Jeff, lend me a bottle!

JEFF: (DUMBFOUNDED) Yes.

JEANETTE: Oh, you're wonderful! (SHE TAKES THE CHAMPAGNE AND GOES TO THE DOOR) You understand, don't you? The last time I had champagne was years ago. (OPENS THE DOOR TO GO)

JEFF: (REMEMBERS ZAHN) It's actually ... mine and ... hmm Zahn

JEANETTE: (IN THE DOOR) I'm late! Bye, Jeff!!

JEFF: (AS SHE LEAVES) What must I do? I can't! I don't know how!

JEANETTE: (APPEARS AGAIN BRIEFLY IN THE DOOR) You learn quickly – just ask me! At the top in the basket are the milk, nappies, safety pins and Dr Jan van Elfen's Babycare. Good luck! See you later tonight! (SHE DISAPPEARS QUICKLY DOWN THE PASSAGE)

JEFF: (AT A LOSS, JEFF STANDS AND STARES AT THE OPEN DOOR. THE BABY IS MAKING NOISES. JEFF WAKES WITH A START FROM HIS NUMB STATE, TURNS AROUND, CLOSES THE DOOR AND ALMOST STALKS THE BASKET IN THE SITTING ROOM. HE SLOWLY LIFTS THE BLANKET. THE BABY STARTS TO CRY) Shhh! (IT'S AS IF THE BABY'S ALARM GOES OFF. JEFF GETS A FRIGHT AND DROPS THE BLANKET AND STARES AT THE BASKET. HE LOOKS UP) And now? (HE IS

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

BLOCKING HIS EARS. IT DOES NOT HELP. HE INSERTS A CASSETTE AND IN DESPERATION PUTS UP THE VOLUME TO DROWN THE CHILD'S VOICE. BOB DYLAN'S 'IT AINT ME BABY' BOOMS THROUGH THE APARTMENT. THE BABY IS QUIET. JEFF LOOKS CAREFULLY OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE CHILD AND CAREFULLY LIFTS THE BLANKET. HE GRADUALLY MAKES THE MUSIC SOFTER WHILE WATCHING THE EFFECT ON THE BABY. THE MUSIC IS SOFT AND THE BABY QUIET. JEFF LETS THE BLANKET DROP) Nice! (HE GETS UP SLOWLY AND THEN IN PANIC LOOKS AT HIS WATCH) Zahn! It's time! My ratatouille! (HE RUNS TO THE KITCHEN BUT STOPS AT THE ICE BUCKET) Champagne! (HE RUNS TO THE WINDOW, OPENS IT AND WHISPERS URGENTLY NOT TO WAKE THE BABY) Koos! Koos Knuppel!!

KOOS: (LOUD FROM NEXT DOOR) What's it? I'm meditating!

JEFF: I need champagne!

KOOS: What?

JEFF: A bottle of champagne!

KOOS: Another one?!

JEFF: Yes.

KOOS: Wait, I'm coming!

JEFF: (CLOSES WINDOW) My ratatouille!! (WHILE RUNNING TO THE KITCHEN HE DIMS THE LIGHTS AGAIN. HE OPENS THE OVEN AND DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE COUNTER) Outstanding! Outstanding!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

KOOS: (ENTERS FRONT DOOR. LOOKS FOR JEFF) Jeff? Jeff? (MAKES LIGHTS BRIGHTER AGAIN) Where are you? (LOOKS UP THE STAIRS)

JEFF: (COMES UP FROM BEHIND COUNTER) Here!

KOOS: Phew! And they say Speedy Gonzales is fast! (POINTS TO TABLE) You haven't even eaten yet!

JEFF: (FROM THE KITCHEN) No man! It's not the way you think!

KOOS: (SITS ON CHAIR AT TABLE) Now just wait. (TO HIMSELF) I'm meditating. I hear high-heeled shoes going past my door. A doorbell rings. Voices; music; confusion; a girl laughs; a door closes; high-heel shoes (HE AGAIN POINTS BACKWARDS) and there you are! You really don't play, Dr Jeff! If they were patients you'd be a millionaire by now! You let them come and go just like that!

JEFF: You're right, Koos Knuppel! I don't play!
(THERE'S A SHORT CRY FROM THE BABY)

KOOS: (JUMPS UP) What was that?

JEFF: Too clever by half.

KOOS: Huh?

JEFF: Too clever by half. (HE GOES TO THE BASKET) Come look at this. How do you like this package? What do you think is in here? (HE SITS NEXT TO THE BASKET)

KOOS: (CAREFULLY CLOSER) A bomb?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: You're not wrong! (THE BABY GIVES ANOTHER SHORT CRY)

KOOS: (JUMPS BACK SLIGHTLY) What was that?

JEFF: (STARTS TAKING OFF THE BLANKET) The result.

KOOS: (CURIOUS, COMES CLOSER) Of what?

JEFF: Sea air and too much champagne.

KOOS: (TAKES A PROPER LOOK INTO THE BASKET) It's a child!

JEFF: You're right.

KOOS: It's a baby!

JEFF: Patient's age correctly diagnosed, Dr Koos Knuppel. Sex: male, name: Jeffrey.

KOOS: (SURPRISED) Jeffrey?

JEFF: Jeffrey.

KOOS: (POINTS TO JEFF) Jeff ... (THEN TO THE CHILD) ...Jeffrey?

JEFF: (POINTS TO HIMSELF) Jeff... (THEN TO THE CHILD) ..rey.

KOOS: (DROPS DUMBFOUNDED ONTO SETTEE 'A ') I didn't know you had a child!

JEFF: (CLOSES BLANKET) Me neither. Not until tonight.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- KOOS: (JUMPS UP TOTALLY CONFUSED) With my girl, Zahn?
- JEFF: Don't be simple! I'm not that fast! (HE SITS ON CHAIR 'C ') Do you know Unique Laboratories?
- KOOS: (SITS AGAIN ON SETTEE 'A') Of course. Local anaesthesia.
- JEFF: It's all their fault.
- KOOS: That's a breakthrough! So fast?
- JEFF: Koos! How did you get through Physiology I?
- KOOS: Swotting, of course!
- JEFF: Chapter 6. Franken and Franken. Page four hundred and thirteen.
- KOOS: (MECHANICAL) The Human Repro..... (PAUSE)
- JEFF: That's it!
- KOOS: (SHOCKED) You mean the child is from that time?!
- JEFF: Yes! The human repro.....
- KOOS: Now, what have Unique Laboratories to do with that?
- JEFF: Not 'they' – she.
- KOOS: Who?
- JEFF: Do you remember the congress on local anaesthesia a year ago in Durban?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

KOOS: Yes.

JEFF: Unique Laboratories were the sponsors.

KOOS: (BURSTS OUT LAUGHING) That's it! The evening before you left! You were as drunk as a skunk that evening!

JEFF: I know that well enough! No need to rub it in!

KOOS: At one stage you passed out completely! You were still sitting in the harbour restaurant – and the next minute – wham! (KOOS HITS THE BENCH NEXT TO HIM) you're lying on the lap of the girl next to you.

JEFF: That's not funny. You tricked me nicely with all that Tequila and champagne!

KOOS: (CONTINUES WITHOUT INTERRUPTION) Here you're lying, with a slice of lemon on your cheek. And you're telling that Jeanette rep how gorgeous she looks and how much you love her! And the world is so beautiful!

JEFF: Shut up, man!

KOOS: And you know Ballito Bay!! You'll show her the world!! And the whole caboodle!

JEFF: I never said that!

KOOS: (SITS UPRIGHT) You made such a racket, they threw you out. If that girl hadn't been sorry for you, you wouldn't have been in London the next day. (STARTS TO LAUGH AGAIN) You're

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standing in the door: “Come on, throw me out! I love her!!!”

(SUDDENLY SERIOUS) You know, I swear she believed you!

JEFF: She did.

KOOS: She did?

JEFF: (POINTS TO THE BASKET) Here’s the result.

KOOS: (SERIOUS) Really?

JEFF: Yes. (SILENCE)

KOOS: And now?

JEFF: Now nothing. Jeanette’s just been here.

KOOS: Not my Zahn?

JEFF: No, Jeanette.

KOOS: Where’s she now?

JEFF: Gone to eat out.

KOOS: Is she married?

JEFF: No.

KOOS: Oh, hell!

JEFF: Don’t worry! She’s not planning to hit on me.

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KOOS: Do you know women?

JEFF: Yes! I just have to babysit for her tonight.

KOOS: You?

JEFF: Yes.

KOOS: Only tonight?

JEFF: Yes ...sort of (CATCHES A WHIFF OF HIS FOOD AND JUMPS UP) My ratatouille! (RUNS TO THE STOVE) I swear it's burnt!

KOOS: (AMUSED TO HIMSELF) You haven't just burnt the ratatouille, my friend!

JEFF: (HAS OPENED AND CLOSED THE OVEN IN THE MEANTIME) Just right! Simply the very best! Now we just need the champagne!

KOOS: (GETS UP AND MOVES TO JEFF) Oh, yes!

JEFF: Oh, please lend me a bottle of champagne, Koos. Jeanette's taken mine. I know you've got one.

KOOS: What do I hear? My bottle of champagne?

JEFF: Please, Koos!

KOOS: You'll never learn! (HE POINTS TO THE BASKET) Here's the result of one bottle and you want another?!

JEFF: I'm in a fix, Koos!

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- KOOS: It's all that cheek-nipping that's put you in a fix! And besides! Do you know the history of my bottle of champagne?!
- JEFF: (IMPATIENT) Yes, I know! You're keeping it for a
- KOOS: (IMPORTANT)special occasion! I got it as a present! Ten years ago. From a girl in matric. Ronêl. "When you've finished swotting" she says, "then we'll drink it - at our wedding!" A year later? The invitation arrives! Ronêl is getting married to Hendrik van Grabow!
- JEFF: Wonderful! She's already married! Lend the thing to me.
- KOOS: (SERIOUS) I can't.
- JEFF: Why on earth not?
- KOOS: I took an oath that day that I would only drink this bottle of champagne with the girl I was getting engaged to. I won't be second best again, my mate! My dream girl! That day I'll drink the bottle!
- JEFF: Please, Koos! Maybe Zahn doesn't even drink champagne! I'll just put it here in the ice bucket. For atmosphere – you know! I promise you I won't even open it!
- KOOS: And if she wants to drink it?
- JEFF: Then I'll just say I can't get the bottle open.
- KOOS: My bottle in the wet ice bucket! What about the label?
- JEFF: I'll put a plastic bag around yes! A plastic bag! (SILENCE)
Pleee-a-se, Koos.

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KOOS: (TO HIMSELF) While I'm standing here I feel I believe you. If I do it, I feel I'm breaking my oath. (HEAVY SIGH) Okay. I'll bring it. (GOES TO THE DOOR)

JEFF: Thanks, Koos my friend! I'll buy you a whole case tomorrow!

KOOS: (TURNS AROUND IN THE DOOR) I don't want a case. I want one bottle! My special bottle of champagne! (HE SLAMS THE DOOR AND A LITTLE LATER HIS APARTMENT DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES. AS JEFF'S DOOR SLAMS THE BABY STARTS TO CRY)

JEFF: (PULLS OPEN THE DOOR AND YELLS DOWN THE PASSAGE) Nitwit! Can't you hear Jeffrey's sleeping? (JEFF RACES TO THE BABY AND REWINDS THE CASSETTE. HE TALKS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BASKET) The music's finished! (THE BABY CRIES LOUDER AND JEFF LIFTS THE BLANKET) I'm telling you, I'm just rewinding the cassette!! (HE TAKES A BOTTLE OF MILK FROM THE BASKET AND LOOKS AT IT FOR A MOMENT. THEN HE PUTS THE BOTTLE IN THE BABY'S MOUTH AND THE BABY IMMEDIATELY STOPS CRYING) That's it, Jeffrey! Just hold it, my mate! (HE TAKES ANOTHER TWO FULL BOTTLES FROM THE BASKET AND TAKES THEM TO THE KITCHEN. HE STOPS IN THE OPENING AT THE COUNTER) Why does your mom give me three bottles?? I hope she doesn't leave you here with me! (THE BABY CRIES IMMEDIATELY) Okay! Okay! (HE QUICKLY PUTS THE BOTTLES IN THE FRIDGE AND COMES BACK TO JEFFREY) I wasn't serious! Come now! Come now! Stop crying! Here's your bottle! (HE PUTS THE BOTTLE BACK IN THE BABY'S MOUTH, BUT THE BABY KEEPS ON CRYING!) Come on! (HE STARTS SINGING RATHER LOUDLY) Simbamba, Mamma's little darling! Simbamba, Daddy's little scallywag! (THE BABY STARTS AGAIN

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FROM THE BEGINNING) Okay! Whoa! That's it! (BENDS DOWN FLUSTERED TO THE SCREAMING CHILD) What do you want!? That's enough now! (HE GETS TO HIS MEDICAL CASE ON THE DRINK CABINET) You know where your mom works? At Unique Laboratories! You know what she sells? (HE PULLS OPEN THE CASE AND TAKES OUT A SYRINGE) Local anaesthesia! (THE CHILD IS SUDDENLY ABSOLUTELY QUIET. FEELING GUILTY JEFF PUTS THE SYRINGE BACK) Phew! That's it, my mate! I really wasn't serious. But your screaming was too terrible! (HE SITS WITH THE CHILD THAT IS NOW GURGLING SWEETLY) Is your tummy full? (HE PUTS THE BOTTLE ON THE COFFEE TABLE) What do you want to do now? No way, I'm not going to pick you up. (HE LOOKS AROUND, SEES THE RUBIK'S CUBE AND GIVES IT TO THE CHILD) Here you are. Play with the thing. Yes, like that! That's right! Turn it! (JEFF PUTS ON THE CASSETTE AGAIN AND 'IT AINT ME BABE' BY BOB DYLAN FILLS THE ROOM. THE CHILD SOUNDS HAPPY AND JEFF PULLS THE BLANKET OVER IT. HE SIGHS AND SINKS ON TO SETTEE 'A'. THE FRONT DOOR BELL GOES) Don't make so much noise, Koos! Come in, man! Don't be so pathetic! (HE SUDDENLY SITS UP) Come on, Koos!

ZAHN: (A COOING, INGRATIATING VOICE FROM OUTSIDE) Can I come in?

JEFF: (ON HIS FEET) Sh-h-h-... shucks! Zahn!

ZAHN: (RINGS BELL AGAIN) Hallo! Jeff!

JEFF: (JUMPS TO BABY AND PICKS UP BASKET) Shhh! (HE STARTS RUNNING TO THE STAIRS BUT WHEN THE BELL RINGS AGAIN HE FLIES AROUND) Champagne! (HE RACES TO THE

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WINDOW AND WHISPERS HARD TO KOOS) Too late, Koos!
You're too late!

ZAHN: (A LITTLE IMPATIENT) Jeff? Are you there?!

JEFF: I'm coming! (HE QUICKLY HIDES THE BASKET BETWEEN THE CURTAIN AND THE WINDOW ALONGSIDE 'A'. SOFTLY, INTENSLY TO JEFFREY) Jeffrey! If you're nice and quiet now – I'll buy you a Lamborghini! (HE PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER. THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN URGENTLY AND THE LIGHTS DIM QUICKLY. 'IT AINT ME BABE' SWITCHES TO THE AUDITORIUM LOUDSPEAKERS AND THE CURTAIN FALLS FOR

INTERVAL

OR PLAY CONTINUES STRAIGHTAWAY

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

THE SAME MUSIC SWITCHES BACK AGAIN TO THE HI-FI SPEAKERS WHEN THE CURTAIN IS RAISED.

JEFF: (ON HIS WAY TO THE DOOR HE DIMS THE LIGHTS AGAIN. AT THE DOOR HE QUICKLY LOOKS BACK IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BABY. HE SEES THE MILK BOTTLE ON THE TABLE AND GETS IT. THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS JUST AS HE IS PICKING IT UP. HE GETS A FRIGHT AND PUTS THE BOTTLE IN THE INSIDE POCKET OF HIS JACKET AND RUNS TO THE DOOR) Hallo!

ZAHN: (COMES IN. SHE IS WEARING A LONG MODERN COAT. FABULOUS, SEXY AND VERY SLICK) Hi! Is there someone with you?

JEFF: No no, no! Come in! You look

ZAHN: (COMES IN FURTHER) Thanks! I could have sworn you said you'd buy someone a Lamborghini! (LAUGHS PLAYFULLY) I hope it's for me!

JEFF: (EMBARRASSED) Maybe in a few years.

ZAHN: Never! (SHE GIGGLES WHILE SHE IS TAKING OFF HER COAT. JEFF HELPS HER AND SHE STEPS PROPERLY OUT OF THE COAT. SHE IS WEARING A VERY LOW-CUT CARDUCCI JACKET WITH VERY LITTLE UNDERNEATH. CERESE KNEE-LENGTH SLACKS ROUND OFF THE OUTFIT. JEFF'S EYES ALMOST POP OUT) My mother says dentists are the richest of all the medical professions!

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- JEFF: (PUTS HER COAT OVER THE COUNTER, EMBARRASSED)
Hmm yeah maybe the old ones
- ZAHN: (HAS ALREADY STARTED TO MOVE WITH SWAYING HIPS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SITTING ROOM) Your apartment is magnificent! Such style!
- JEFF: (TRIES TO LURE HER TO THE TABLE) Come, let's sit here at the table, Zahn.
- ZAHN: (WALKS TO SETTEE 'A' NEAR BABY) But why? It's so romantic here! (SHE FOLLOWS THE SAME PATH THAT JEFF DID AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EVENING) I'm crazy about your curtains! And these cushions are beautiful! (SHE WANTS TO SIT ON SETTEE 'A')
- JEFF: (HAS ALREADY JUMPED CLOSER AND STOPS HER) Don't!
- ZAHN: Don't what?
- JEFF: Sit there!
- ZAHN: Why not? The cushions look great and very comfortable!
- JEFF: They're very prickly. (TAKES HER TO CHAIR 'C' SO THAT SHE DOESN'T SEE THE BABY) Sit here on the chair. It's much nicer! (HE HIMSELF SITS ON SETTEE 'A')
- ZAHN (ENVIIOUS) It looks very comfortable to me. Don't they prick you?
- JEFF: No but I'm used to it.

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- ZAHN: O. (DISPARAGINGLY) What music is that?
- JEFF: Bob Dylan.
- ZAHN: That fossil! It's awful! (SHE BENDS DOWN TOWARDS THE CASSETTE RECORDER TO PUT IT OFF) Come let's listen to something
- JEFF: (REALISES THE BABY IS GOING TO CRY AND FLIES FORWARD TO STOP HER) Don't! (THE BOTTLE SLIPS OUT OF HIS JACKET POCKET ONTO THE CARPET IN FRONT OF HER) put it off.
- ZAHN: (PICKS UP THE BOTTLE) What's this?
- JEFF: (STILL ON ALL FOURS IN FRONT OF HER) It's ... hmm ... milk.
- ZAHN: Your's?
- JEFF: No hmm ... (HE TAKES THE BOTTLE AND PUTS IT ON THE COFFEE TABLE) There's a little kitten running around here. It's for him.
- ZAHN: (ENVIIOUS) You're a darling! Of course I hate cats. Their hair is on everything and they smell terrible!
- JEFF: Hmm yes.
- ZAHN: Aren't we going to drink anything?
- JEFF: (GETS UP FROM FLOOR) Of course! That's a good idea! Come with me. (HE PRACTICALLY PUSHES HER IN THE DIRECTION

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

OF THE KITCHEN) Come along! (HE QUICKLY PEEPS AT THE BABY) Come with me to the kitchen. I think it's very romantic!

ZAHN: (GLIDES PAST COUNTER) Not really ... I, well actually I hate kitchens.

JEFF: (LOOKING FOR SOMETHING IN THE FRIDGE) Really! (BUT HIS EYES ARE REALLY ON HER BIG 'V' AS SHE LEANS OVER THE COUNTER)

ZAHN: Yes! My mother says kitchens are not really the place where ladies belong.

JEFF: (STILL STARING, GRABS THE MILK BOTTLE IN THE FRIDGE AND PUTS IN FRONT OF HER) There you are!

ZAHN: What's this?!

JEFF: Something to (LOOKS DOWN AND SEES THE BOTTLE) It's milk! (HE SWINGS AROUND AND THROWS THE BOTLE IN THE FRIDGE)

ZAHN: There's another one in the fridge!

JEFF: Yes. That's right.

ZAHN: How big is the cat?

JEFF: Small. Very small! It's only a very hungry cat.

ZAHN: (SHUDDERS) I just hope you don't always put those cat bottles in your fridge!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- JEFF: I don't know where else to put them.
- ZAHN: Sis! (SHE TURNS AROUND AND SEES THE ICE BUCKET) Don't you have champagne?
- JEFF: Yes I have! It's in my friend's fridge next door.
- ZAHN: Now that's romantic.
- JEFF: I didn't want to put it in the fridge together with the cat milk.
- ZAHN: (THROWS HER EYES HEAVENWARDS) Well, that's a consolation! (DYLAN'S 'THE TIMES THEY ARE A'CHANGING' IS PLAYING ON THE TAPE RECORDER)
- JEFF: (UNCOMFORATBLE) Zahn, can't we dance until he brings the champagne?
- ZAHN: To that music?
- JEFF: Why not?
- ZAHN: It's not exactly romantic.
- JEFF: Well, we can try.
- ZAHN: All right. If you want to.
- JEFF: (TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS AND DANCES TO THE WOODEN MUSIC. HE TRIES TO KEEP HER BACK PERMANENTLY TURNED TOWARDS THE BABY. IF SHE WANTS TO TURN AROUND HE STANDS STOCK-STILL AND TURNS HER BACK. THE RESULT? A VERY UNIMAGINATIVE DANCE)

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ZAHN: Why don't you want to turn?

JEFF: That's what they dance like in London.

ZAHN: It's horrible. (THERE IS SUDDENLY A HARD KNOCK ON THE INNER WALL. SHE STOPS) What was that?

JEFF: That's my neighbour. He sits with his ear against the wall.

ZAHN: Why?

JEFF: He doesn't like me. He listens to what we're doing.

ZAHN: Can he hear?

JEFF: Almost everything.

ZAHN: (NEGATIVE) Well, that's romantic! You know, I think I hate apartments.

JEFF: Hmm yes. (STARTS DANCING AGAIN) That's nice, isn't it?

ZAHN: Oh no! (SHE SITS ON THE DINING ROOM CHAIR) I can't say that I'm crazy about this. Put something else on for us. 'Sky' - or something like that!

JEFF: (DOWNCAST) Let's see what I have. (HE WALKS TO THE CASSETTE RECORDER. PANICKY ABOUT THE BABY'S POSSIBLE REACTION) This music is often very calming.

ZAHN: Calming? Actually I think I hate Bob Dylan.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- JEFF: Oh, well! Tastes differ! (HE PUTS OFF THE CASSETTE RECORDER. THE BABY IMMEDIATELY GIVES A SHORT ‘WHE’!)
- ZAHN: (STARTLED) What was that?
- JEFF: (IMMEDIATELY SWITCHES ON THE CASSETTE RECORDER AGAIN) Just as I thought!
- ZAHN: What was that?
- JEFF: My tape recorder. It always does that.
- ZAHN: I thought it was a baby!
- JEFF: No! I mean, yes! It sounds like it, doesn't it? The machine always does it. That's why I bought the machine. I'm crazy about children!
- ZAHN: Good heavens, no! I actually I hate children! Have you got something else?
- JEFF: No I think that's all I have. All my things haven't been unpacked yet.
- ZAHN: (IMPATIENT) Then just make it softer!
- JEFF: Yes. (HE CAREFULLY MAKES IT SOFTER)
- ZAHN: (SUDDENLY JUMPS UP) Jeff!
- JEFF: (ALSO JUMPS UP) What's it?
- ZAHN: What smells like that?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Like what?

ZAHN: That!

JEFF: Like ... that?

ZAHN: Something smells very funny!

JEFF: (LOOKS QUICKLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BABY AND THEN AT ZAHN) Very funny! (HE SNIFFS THE AIR) You're right! I also smell it.

ZAHN: What is it?

JEFF: (TO HER) That's probably my aftershave!

ZAHN: Sis!

JEFF: or my ratatouille!

ZAHN: It smells terrible! Can you eat it?

JEFF: (RUNS TO KITCHEN) Yes that's my speciality! (HE OPENS AND CLOSES THE OVEN) You're right! It's my ratatouille.

ZAHN: Sis! It's awful! Actually I think I hate ratatouille! Can't we rather go and eat out?

JEFF: Yes! Sure! (WITH A SCARED LOOK AT THE BABY)

ZAHN: Wonderful!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: No!!

ZAHN: Why not?

JEFF: I can't. I can't go out.

ZAHN: Are you scared your kitty cat wants milk?

JEFF: No, no, no it's only my ATM card hasn't arrived yet.
I have no money.

ZAHN: But you're a dentist!

JEFF: Yes, but I've only been back from London a short time. My banking affairs haven't been sorted out yet. All my money is in London!

ZAHN: Oh dear! That means we'll sit here the whole evening. (SHE WALKS TO THE CASSETTE RECORDER) And listen to this terrible music! Come let's switch it off and at least talk a little! (BEFORE JEFF CAN STOP HER SHE HAS PUT OFF THE CASSETTE RECORDER)
That's better! (THANK GOODNESS THE BABY STAYS QUIET AND SHE SITS COMFORTABLY ON SETTEE 'A')

JEFF: (SLOWLY DROPS DOWN ON SETTEE 'B') Yes it's rather quiet.

ZAHN: (NEXT DOOR KOOS PUTS ON THE SOFT MUSIC OF 'SKY'. ZAHN LOOKS AT THE WINDOW) Listen to this! Now that's my kind of music! Oh, I'm crazy about 'Sky'! Now that's romantic!

JEFF: Yeah. Rather.

ZAHN: Who stays next door?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Koos Knuppel.

ZAHN: (LAUGHS) Who?

JEFF: Dr Koos Cruiwagen.

ZAHN: Why do you call him Knuppel?

JEFF: He got that name at varsity.

ZAHN: Why?

JEFF: I don't know.

ZAHN: Now that's interesting. Cruiwagen that sounds familiar. Maybe my mother spoke about him.

JEFF: You know him. You bandaged his finger this morning.

ZAHN: Oh, him! He's a darling! He's rather absent-minded. You know, he also asked me out tonight. At least, I think so!

JEFF: Yes, he mentioned something like that.

ZAHN: It was in a roundabout way. I only realised later he had asked me out. After I'd already said 'yes' to you.

JEFF: He's like that, so vague.

ZAHN: All he said was: "Do you like champagne?" How was I supposed to know?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Yes, how should you. I keep on telling him he's not aggressive enough.

ZAHN: Oh, he's just like a teddy bear!

JEFF: He's just in a muddle! That's all!

ZAHN: (TAKES OFFENCE) Sis! You're nasty!

JEFF: (THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. HE JUMPS UP) Oh my goodness!

ZAHN: Who's it?

JEFF: How am I supposed to know?

ZAHN: Go and open!

JEFF: I can't !

ZAHN: Why on earth not?

JEFF: It may be Jea....

ZAHN: Jea who?

JEFF: Jay-Jay.....

ZAHN: Your kitty cat?

JEFF: No! (DOOR BELL RINGS AGAIN) It may be my Mom!

ZAHN: (GETS UP) Now I'm going to open!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- JEFF: No! I don't want to see her. She's going to sit here all night and ruin everything. (STARTS MOVING TO THE STAIRS)
- ZAHN: You know, you're very nasty! (STARTS MOVING TO THE DOOR) I'm going to open!
- JEFF: (STOPS HER PHYSICALLY) Don't!
- ZAHN: (GETS ANNOYED) Leave me alone! (GOES TO THE DOOR) Why do you carry on like that? You'd swear it's your kitty's mother!
- JEFF: No, it's okay! You go and open I just want to ... quickly ... go somewhere! (HE RACES UP THE STAIRS AND EXITS)
- ZAHN: (TO HERSELF) Very weird! If you weren't a dentist I'd really go. (THE BELL GOES AGAIN) I'm coming! (SHE MAKES THE LIGHTS BRIGHTER AND OPENS THE DOOR. IN THE DOOR STANDS KOOS, DRESSED UP IN A SUIT, A ROSE IN HIS BUTTONHOLE, HAIR WASHED, WITHOUT GLASSES AND HOLDING A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE WITH A RED RIBBON IN HIS HAND. HE HAS THE SELF-CONFIDENCE OF 007)
- KOOS: (LOVINGLY) Hallo Zahn!
- ZAHN: (IMPRESSED) Hallo Doctor.
- KOOS: (STEPS IN FURTHER) Please, just call me Koos.
- ZAHN: (LOVINGLY) Koos.
- KOOS: (PROUDLY) Knuppel.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

ZAHN: Knuppel. (AWAKES A LITTLE FROM HER TRANCE.) Oh!
Come in!

KOOS: (TAKES HER HAND AND KISSES IT) You look breathtaking,
Zahn.

ZAHN: You also look completely different.

KOOS: (PEEPS PAST HER AND WHISPERS) Where's the weirdo?

ZAHN: Who, Jeff?

KOOS: You know! The weirdo!

ZAHN: He's upstairs. He's really a little

KOOS: weird?

ZAHN: Yes.

KOOS: I'm glad you found out in time, Zahn. By the way, I brought my
special bottle of champagne for the two of you.

ZAHN: Yours?

KOOS: Yes. Didn't Jeff tell you? I'm lending you my special bottle of
champagne.

ZAHN: I thought it was his! But it was in your fridge.

KOOS: Now why would it be with me?

ZAHN: Because his cat's milk is in the fridge.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- KOOS: His cat?
- ZAHN: Yes.
- KOOS: Oh, I see! No, Zahn, it's my champagne. Do you think a weirdo like him would think of such a detail before he entertains a lady
(AGAIN KISSES HER HAND) such as you?
- ZAHN: Really?
- KOOS: Yes! Almost everything here is mine. Everything borrowed at the last moment. For instance this ice bucket and stand. And my special bottle of champagne!
- ZAHN: Special?
- KOOS: Very special! I've been keeping this bottle for ten years for a very special girl such as you. (HE TAKES HER HAND)
- ZAHN: (COMPLETELY BOWLED OVER) That's very romantic.
- KOOS: We're going to open it the day we get engaged.
- ZAHN: We?
- KOOS: Maybe! I asked you this morning whether you like champagne.
(AGAIN HE KISSES HER HAND) Do you like champagne, Zahn?
- ZAHN: It's so fast! Can I think about it?
- KOOS: My offer stands only until twelve o'clock tonight.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

ZAHN: But what about

KOOS: the weirdo?

ZAHN: Yes.

KOOS: He didn't even buy champagne for you! And he wouldn't even have opened this bottle tonight.

ZAHN: What!?

KOOS: Yes. Terribly stingy! And did you hear his music? Now, is that romantic?

ZAHN: No, it's dreadful! 'Sky' is

KOOS: much more romantic?

ZAHN: Yes.

KOOS: (GOES PAST HER IN DIRECTION OF STAIRS) Wait, let me see where he is. He's terribly forgetful! (HE AGAIN COMES CLOSER TO HER) Every time he has guests or if he's told lies he leaves them just like that and hides in the upstairs room. For hours!

ZAHN: Really?

KOOS: Yes. His conscience bothers him! And if you want to get him out of there he gets terribly tense and aggressive. I've already had to give him a prescription. (HE AGAIN MOVES TO THE STAIRS AND CALLS TO UPSTAIRS) Jeff!

ZAHN: (SINKS NONPLUSSED ONTO CHAIR AT TABLE) What?!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- KOOS: (AS SWEET AS HONEY TO JEFF) You can come out now, Jeff!
It's me! Koos Knuppel!
- JEFF: (PEEPS AROUND THE WALL. WHISPERS HARD) Koos, you
rogue! I thought it was Jeanette who
- KOOS: (LOUDLY ON PURPOSE) Jeanette?! No, it's only me, Jeff, Koos
Knuppel. But you know me!
- ZAHN: (LOOKS UP) Jeanette?
- JEFF: (URGENT) Are you crazy! What's wrong with you?
- KOOS: (STILL LOUDLY) Nothing, Jeff! Everything is safe! Come down
now. I brought my special bottle of champagne.
- JEFF: (COMES CAREFULLY DOWN THE STAIRS) Are you alone?
- KOOS: (TAKES HIM BY THE SHOULDERS AND TAKES HIM DOWN
THE STAIRS IN A FATHERLY MANNER) Yes Jeff! Not altogether
alone, but don't be afraid. Zahn is also here. You do remember don't
you Jeff?
- ZAHN: (GETS UP CAREFULLY)
- JEFF: (CROSS) Of course, man! (LIKE A ZOMBIE) Hallo, Zahn.
- ZAHN: (FRIGHTENED) Hallo Doctor.
- JEFF: Now why do you call me 'doctor'?
- ZAHN: Sorry Doctor.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- KOOS: What on earth smells so bad, Doctor?
- JEFF: (CROSS) I smell nothing! Do you smell something, Zahn?
- ZAHN: Yes it's your ratatouille.
- KOOS: Can you eat it? It smells rather like babatouille!
- JEFF: (FURIOUS WITH KOOS) Are you crazy?!
- ZAHN: (RETREATS FRIGHTENED TO DOOR) I am scared I'm cold!
- KOOS: (COMES CLOSER READY TO HELP) Wait, I'll help you! Here's your coat, Zahn! That's it. (HE HELPS HER PUT ON HER COAT)
- ZAHN: I think I have to
- KOOS: I'm taking Zahn to my apartment for dinner, Jeff. I don't think she still feels like having your ratatouille. The smell is unbearable!
- JEFF: (FURIOUS) What the hell is going on here! You can't drag my date for the evening away from here!
- KOOS: (PACIFYING) Calm down, Jeff! Remember I'm a medical doctor! I can repeat your prescription if you need it.
- JEFF: (SCREAMING) There's nothing wrong with me! I'm calm! Absolutely calm! Why would I want a prescription?
- KOOS: For example for your sinuses!
- JEFF: What for?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- KOOS: It's clear to me that you don't smell your ratatouille, Jeff!
- JEFF: Shut up!
- ZAHN: (AFRAID) Leave him Koos!
- KOOS: Relax, Zahn, he gets like that. Come let's go.
- JEFF: (JUMPS IN BETWEEN KOOS AND ZAHN AND PUSHES KOOS BACK TO THE KITCHEN) You're not going anywhere!
- KOOS: (IN KITCHEN ACROSS COUNTER) Did you know that tiny bums get a rash if they don't get cleaned straightaway, Jeff!
- JEFF: I know!
- KOOS: Vaseline does help.
- JEFF: I know what you're trying to do!
- ZAHN: Jeff! Don't get so cross. It scares me. (KOOS RUMMAGES IN FRIDGE)
- JEFF: (TO ZAHN) No one needs to be scared of me. Look! I'm calm!
- KOOS: (HAS TAKEN TWO BOTTLES OUT OF THE FRIDGE AND PUTS THEM ON THE COUNTER) Maybe you'll feel better when you've given your kitty cat some milk!
- JEFF: You pig!
- ZAHN: Leave him alone, Koos. He's already cross!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

KOOS: He's not cross! Have you seen him cross? He starts to wail like a baby when he gets cross!

JEFF: (PUTS HIS HANDS IN THE AIR AND PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER BEFORE HE STARTS IN A CONTROLLED MANNER) Okay! He's busy blackmailing me, Zahn. Don't believe him. He's only jealous and trying to ruin our date. That's all. Do you believe me, Zahn?

ZAHN: (UNSURE) I don't know, Jeff. Can I think about it?

JEFF: Yes. Take as much time as you need. I'm going to get you for this, Koos Knuppel!

KOOS: Great! The pills have started to work.

ZAHN: Jeff.

JEFF: Yes.

ZAHN: Please be honest.

JEFF: Yes?

ZAHN: Did you buy this bottle of champagne for me?

JEFF: Hmm yes.

KOOS: Jeff!! What about your conscience! He's lying, Zahn!

ZAHN: Did you?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Hmm no!

KOOS: That's better.

ZAHN: Whose ice bucket is this, Jeff?

JEFF: It belongs to (HE GLOWERS AT KOOS WHO LOOKS HAPPILY AT THE CEILING) Koos.

ZAHN: I'm sorry, Jeff. Koos is telling the truth. I think I've got to go now. (SHE FASTENS HER COAT AND GOES TO THE DOOR) You're unromantic, dangerous and definitely a weirdo. (SHE EXITS THROUGH THE DOOR)

JEFF: What?

KOOS: (SWEEPS PAST THE TABLE TO THE DOOR AND ON THE WAY TAKES HIS BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE) Wait for me, Zahn! (TO JEFF) I don't think you'll be needing it anymore. (HE TURNS AROUND IN THE DOOR WITH A BROAD SMILE ON HIS FACE) What do you say now, Jeff? Is this aggressive enough?!

JEFF: (WANTS TO POUNCE ON KOOS BUT KOOS SLAMS THE DOOR IN HIS FACE. THE BABY STARTS CRYING AT THE SLAMMING OF THE DOOR. JEFF JERKS OPEN THE DOOR AND SHOUTS AFTER KOOS) You pig!! Look what you've done now! (THE BABY CRIES HARDER)

KOOS: (FAR OUTSIDE) Good night, Jeffie! And stop crying like a baby!

JEFF: (SLAMS THE DOOR AND SHOUTS AT THE BABY) I'm coming! I'm coming!! There's a friend for you! (HE GOES TO THE BABY AND DRAGS THE BASKET FROM UNDER THE CURTAIN)

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

What's wrong, huh? (HE SUDDENLY SMELLS THE AIR) Please!
Not that! I think I (HE TAKES A CLEAN NAPPY FROM
THE BASKET AND TRIES TO FOLD IT. HE TAKES OUT JAN
VAN ELFEN'S BABYCARE AND PAGES THROUGH IT) Nappies
... changing, and so on (HE FINDS THE PLACE AND STARTS
FOLDING THE NAPPY ACCORDING TO THE INSTRUCTIONS.
HE TRIES TO CALM THE CHILD ALL THE TIME) Hush, hush, be
quiet, be quiet, I've almost finished (HE GETS MORE AND
MORE DESPARATE AND SINGS ALL THE LOUDER) Baa, baa,
black sheep, have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full. One
for my master, and one for my dame, and one for the little boy who
lives down the lane.
(THE NAPPY IS READY. HE BENDS OVER THE BASKET) I think
I (STARTS UNDOING THE SAFETY PIN) Now just to undo
the safety pin! (THE CHILD STOPS CRYING) There you are.
(HE SLOWLY LOOKS UP TO THE AUDIENCE AS THE NAPPY
OPENS) Sheee shucks! (HE SWALLOWS A FEW TIMES,
TURNS AROUND TO HIS MEDICAL CASE AND OPENS IT.
TAKES OUT A MEDICAL MASK AND HOOKS IT OVER HIS
EARS. HE SITS AGAIN NEXT TO THE CHILD, TAKES A DEEP
BREATH AND GETS READY TO PUT HIS HANDS IN THE
BASKET. I think I think I hate Ballito Bay!! (AS HE
PUTS HIS HANDS IN, THE LIGHTS DIM QUICKLY AND THE
HAPPY MUSIC OF A "BABY SINGING AND LAUGHING"
TAKES OVER THE SCENE)

INTERVAL

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

ACT THREE

(THE SCENE OPENS WITH THE SAME MUSIC AS THE PREVIOUS SCENE. AS THE CURTAIN RISES AND THE LIGHTS FADE IN, THE SOUND FADES. JEFF IS BUSY WALKING WITH THE DIRTY NAPPY, WHICH HE HOLDS AS FAR AWAY FROM HIMSELF AS POSSIBLE, TO THE STAIRS. HE IS STILL WEARING THE MASK AND DISAPPEARS AT THE TOP AT THE STAIRS. AS HE PULLS THE CHAIN OF THE FLUSH TOILET THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. THE WATER IS FLUSHING AT THE TOP. THE CHAIN IS PULLED AGAIN AND THE BELL RINGS AGAIN. THE DOOR OPENS SLOWLY AND IDA ENTERS CAREFULLY.

SHE'S A DARLING MOTHERLY WOMAN. NICELY DRESSED UP FOR THE THEATRE. THE WATER IS STILL FLUSHING AT THE TOP)

IDA: Deary? (SHE WALKS FURTHER INTO THE ROOM) Jeff? (SHE HEARS THE WATER AT THE TOP AND JUST WANTS TO GO UP THE STAIRS WHEN THE BABY IS COOING. SHE TURNS AROUND SLOWLY. THE BABY COOS AGAIN) What do I hear? (SHE SEES THE BASKET AND PEEPS IN) It's a baby! (SHE IMMEDIATELY STARTS TALKING BABY TALK TO THE CHILD) Coochy, coochy, coo! What a little darling! And what is your name? Granny's little sweetheart! (JEFF APPEARS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. SHAKEN, HE PULLS OFF THE MASK AND CAREFULLY TRIES TO CREEP DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE FRONT DOOR. IDA IS BUSY COOING ONCE MORE)

My little babykins, chickywicks, snooky, snookums, etc., how's my little pumpkin? (JEFF WALKS INTO THE DINING ROOM CHAIR BECAUSE WHILE HE IS WALKING HE TURNS AROUND. IDA LOOKS UP)

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

Jeffrey!

JEFF: (GETS A FRIGHT AND SITS ON CHAIR) Mom!

IDA: (TERRIBLY PROUD) Jeffrey!!

JEFF: (UP) Mom.

IDA: Oh, my child! What is her name?

JEFF: What is his name.

IDA: His name.

JEFF: J-J-J-Jeff... rey.

IDA: (ALMOST FALLS INTO THE BASKET) Oh, mamma! He's too gorgeous! Jeffrey! (TO JEFF) Why didn't you tell me?

JEFF: Tell you what?

IDA: Why didn't you let me know?

JEFF: Let you know what?

IDA: That you got married in London?

JEFF: Mom, I didn't know

IDA: Shame on you my child! Of course I would have said 'yes'. Even if it was in London. You know how much I yearn for a baby. And what does her mommy look like? Probably full of freckles!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: No she's rather beautiful.

IDA: English?

JEFF: No, Afrikaans.

IDA: Well, isn't that nice! Where's she now?

JEFF: She's gone out for the evening.

IDA: (GETS UP AND PROUDLY TAKES HIM BY THE SHOULDERS)
Well, isn't that wonderful! Daddy gives her a chance to go out! Babies make mummies tired, but from now on you must drop him off at his granny's.

JEFF: No listen, that won't be possible

IDA: Nonsense, my child. And don't look so embarrassed! Just like your Dad! Just as bashful and embarrassed and afraid of babies; and just look what a wonderful father he became! There was only one thing he didn't like doing

JEFF: Changing dirty nappies.

IDA: Listen my child! You already talk like a seasoned father! (SHE SITS AGAIN WITH THE CHILD) Bibbidi-bobbidi-boo! Look how he's laughing at his granny! When does his mommy come back?

JEFF: Very late! She's going to eat out, then to the movies and whatever!

IDA: (UP) Oh Jeffrey! This is the most wonderful present you've ever given me. And my child, you mustn't be cross with me, but I

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

simply have to tell Joan and Hermien. Where's your telephone?
(SEES THE PHONE ON THE COUNTER) Oh, there it is! (SHE'S
ALREADY HALFWAY TO THE TELEPHONE)

JEFF: (DESPERATE) Mom, please! Just listen to me

IDA: (STRICT) Listen my child, how long do you think you can hide it?
And what for? You've no reason to be ashamed. I just love children,
especially my own grandchild! (SHE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND
STARTS TO DIAL)

JEFF: I know all that! It's only

IDA: Like father like son! I was already in the maternity ward when your
father was still telling his friends that it was an appendix operation.
Wait! It's ringing!

JEFF: (DESPONDENT, MOVES TO STAIRS) I hate Ballito Bay!

IDA: What are you saying?

JEFF: (FLIES AROUND) I say I HATE Ballito Bay!

IDA: Oh, I think it's great! (ALL ATTENTION ON TELEPHONE. SHE
BUBBLES OVER) Hallo, Joan!

JEFF: (DESPONDENT, GOES TO BABY) What are we going to do now?

IDA: Are you sleeping?

JOAN: (HER VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE) Yes! I'm sleeping!.

IDA: Oh, I'm so glad you're still awake! I have the most wonderful news!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

Jeffrey has a baby! (JEFF SINKS DEJECTEDLY INTO CHAIR 'C')

JOAN: (WIDE AWAKE) Jeffrey has a what?

IDA: A baby! I'm a granny!

JOAN: Ida, be calm. Where are you?

IDA: With Jeffrey! He has a baby!

JOAN: Are you sure?

IDA: Yes. He's here with him.

JOAN: When did Jeffrey get married?

IDA: (TO HERSELF) When did Jeffrey get married? (TO JEFF) When did you get married?

JEFF: (JUMPS UP) That's just the point! I did not

IDA: (AGAIN ON THE PHONE) get married here. In London! Yes! He's married and has a baby! (JEFF SINKS INTO CHAIR 'C' AGAIN)

JOAN: Ida, that's wonderful news. You're finally also a

IDA: granny! Is Hermien still there?

JOAN: No, she's already gone home.

IDA: Oh no! How can I let her know?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

- JOAN: You'll have to drive there, her phone is not connected yet.
- IDA: Oh, no.
- JOAN: What does she look like?
- IDA: Wonderful! Wonderful! Just like his Grandpa!
- JOAN: His Grandpa?
- IDA: Yes! It's a boy. Jeffrey!
- JOAN: Oh.
- IDA: Come and have lunch with me tomorrow and I'll show him to you!
(JEFF JUMPS UP AGAIN)
- JOAN: Fabulous! I can't wait!
- IDA: Bye! See you tomorrow. (SHE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE AND RETURNS TO THE BABY) Oh my child, I'm the happiest creature on earth! You've no idea what it means to me. It's the most important happening (SITS WITH BABY)
- JEFF: (TO HIMSELF) since Hiroshima!
- IDA: (DOESN'T EVEN HEAR HIM) in my life! Just look at granny's little pumpkin! (SHE TAKES RUBIK'S CUBE (2) OUT OF THE BASKET. ALL THE SIDES ARE CORRECT) And just look at this naughty daddy! To put a Rubik's cube that is in the correct positions in his child's bed! Everybody must know how clever daddy's little boy is! (SHE GIVES THE RUBIK'S CUBE TO JEFF WHO LOOKS

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

DUMBFOUNDED AT THE THING) Sleep tight, granny's babykins!
Bye, baby Bunting, Daddy's gone a'hunting, To get a little rabbit
skin, To wrap his Baby Bunting in! (SHE TAKES HER HANDBAG
FROM THE COFFEE TABLE) I have to go straightaway, my child.
Maybe Hermien is already in bed. (SHE GOES TO THE DOOR)
Tomorrow half past twelve you come and have dinner with me and
then I show Joan and Hermien your little smelly bundle! And bring
your darling wife along. She doesn't have to do anything. Granny will
take care of everything! (SHE OPENS THE DOOR)

JEFF: Mom!

IDA: What's it?

JEFF: I don't know if his mom can come.

IDA: And why not?

JEFF: She's very shyin the presence of people.

IDA: Dear me, Joan and Hermien aren't just people! Please make her come!

JEFF: It's very difficult, Mom.

IDA: Well, then, as long as Jeffrey is there! I've got to go now! Sleep tight,
my child. Twelve o'clock at my place tomorrow. (SHE GOES OUT
OF DOOR AND CLOSES IT)

JEFF: Shhh.....

IDA: (OPENS DOOR AGAIN) Tell her she's very welcome at our place.
Bye, bye. (SHOE CLOSES THE DOOR AGAIN)

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Shhh.....

IDA: (OPENS THE DOOR AGAIN) What's her name again?

JEFF: Whose name?

IDA: Your wife's name!

JEFF: It's hmm..... Jeanette.

IDA: Jeanette! I hope I remember it. Bye-bye my child! (SHE CLOSSES THE DOOR FOR THE LAST TIME)

JEFF: (DUMBFOUNDED, STANDS AND LOOKS AT THE DOOR. THEN HE CAREFULLY TURNS THE DOOR KNOB AND LOOKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR. WHEN HE IS ABSOLUTELY SURE THAT SHE IS GONE HE CLOSSES THE DOOR) Tomorrow morning. Twelve o'clock! Jeanette and I ... (HE LOOKS AT THE BABY) and Jeffrey! (HE WALKS TO SETTEE 'B') What are we going to do now, my friend. What are we going to do now! (HE LOOKS THE RUBIK'S CUBE IN HIS HAND AND REALISES THAT THE CHILD HAS CHANGED THE COLOURS CORRECTLY. HE LOOKS AGAIN AT THE CHILD AND THEN AT THE CUBE) You little crumb crusher! (A HAPPY COOING COMES FROM THE BASKET. HE TURNS THE CUBE ONCE OR TWICE AND GIVES IT BACK TO THE CHILD. HE STARES IN AMAZEMENT AT THE DEFT CHILD) Yes, yes! That's it! Really! (HE TAKES CUBE (3) OUT OF THE BASKET. THE COLOURS ARE TURNED INTO THE CORRECT POSITION) Daddy's clever little buddy!! (NEXT DOOR KOOS IS PUTTING ON A ROMANTIC RECORD AND 'SKY'S' MUSIC SOFTLY FILLS THE ROOM. JEFF GETS UP AND OPENS THE WINDOW. ZAHN'S HAPPY GIGGLES CAN BE HEARD FROM NEXT DOOR) Well, well! What do you say about that Jeffrey!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

(HE WALKS TO THE BACK WALL AND HITS THE WALL A FEW TIMES WITH HIS FIST. KOOS IMMEDIATELY PUTS THE MUSIC LOUDER AND THE BABY BEGINS TO CRY. JEFF WALKS TO THE WINDOW AND SHOUTS TO THE OUTSIDE) Hey, you! Don Juan! Koos! Romeo! (THE MUSIC GETS SOFTER)

KOOS: (AUDIBLE OUTSIDE) What's it?

JEFF: You're making a noise, Valentino!!

KOOS: Good night, Scaramouche!

JEFF: (CLOSES THE WINDOW AND GOES BACK TO THE BABY) Come now, quieten down! (PUTS THE CUBE ON THE TABLE) I'm not going to pick you up! (THE CHILD CRIES HARDER) Oh well, all right! (HE CAREFULLY PICKS UP THE BABY IN THE BLANKET AND JEFFREY II IS IMMEDIATELY QUIET. 'SKY'S' MUSIC IS SOFTLY AUDIBLE. JEFF PUTS THE BABY AGAINST HIS SHOULDER AND STARTS TO HUM WITH THE MUSIC WHILE HE SLOWLY BEGINS TO DANCE IN THE SITTING ROOM) Da...da... dum..di..dum, da.... da... dum...di...dum! (THE MUSIC NEXT DOOR BECOMES GRADUALLY SOFTER AND JEFF SOFTLY STARTS TO SING 'ALOUETTE') Alouette, gentille alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai. Je te plumerai la tête, Je te plumerai la tête, Et la tête, Et la tête, Alouette, Alouette, Ah! Alouette, gentille alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai. (THE FRONT DOOR BELL RINGS. JEFF ANSWERS IN A SING-SONG) Come i..n..n, the door is o...p..en... Alouette, Alouette! (THE DOOR OPENS AND A DOWNCAST JEANETTE IS STANDING IN THE DOOR WITH A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE) And now?

JEANETTE: (DOWN IN THE DUMPS) He didn't turn up.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: (DANCING AND SINGING AGAIN) And wh..y...y not? (STANDS AND TALKS) What happened?

JEANETTE: (CLOSES DOOR SOFTLY AND PUTS BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE ON THE TABLE) Probably found out about Jeffrey! Is he sleeping?

JEFF: (DANCING AND SINGING AGAIN) Not completely he's just closed his ey...es. Please talk more so..o..ft..ly, he sou...nds li..ke a fi...i..re en...gine.

JEANETTE: (STARTS TO SINGS SOFTLY ALONG) Put him down he's been aslee..ee..p for a long time. Put him carefully in his bed.

JEFF: (PICKS UP THE TUNE) Do you think so... ho?

JEANETTE: (SINGS) Yes, I think so. Put him down carefully, in his bed.

JEFF: (CAREFULLY PUTS JEFFREY DOWN. JEANETTE WATCHES HIM WITH A SMILE) Da.. dee.. dum, da... dee dum. (A FEARFUL MOMENT AS HE STOPS SINGING. JEFFREY IS SLEEPING) Is it like this every night?

JEANETTE: Yes. Every night.

JEFF: That's terrible! How can you stand it?

JEANETTE: I can't stand it.

JEFF: Can't they invent something that sings and rocks. Like a singing-rocking hot water bottle, or something like that.

JEANETTE: (SMILING) Such a thing will also have to change nappies!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: (SITS SHOCKED ON CHAIR 'C') Sit! D'you know what he did tonight? I had to well

JEANETTE: (SITS ON SETTEE 'A') Never mind, I can guess. He's been doing it for three months now.

JEFF: That's terrible!

JEANETTE: I know. Where's the nappy? Rinsed out?

JEFF: No. Flushed down! (HE'S PULLING AN IMAGINARY TOILET CHAIN)

JEANETTE: But you can't do that!

JEFF: You can! You must flush twice, but you can!

JEANETTE: The stuff costs money!

JEFF: I'll buy you a whole packet. Of that stuff you can throw away. Sniffies or something like that.

JEANETTE: (LAUGHS) Huggies! Don't worry, it's no problem! I must be honest with you, I've also been tempted to throw one away. (SHE GETS UP) Thanks Jeff for the evening even if it was such a flop. I've got to go and sleep.

JEFF: No! Just wait! What are you going to do at home now?

JEANETTE: I still have a whole lot of nappies that have to be washed.

JEFF: If I were you I'd just remain sitting here. Please don't go now.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: (SITS AGAIN) I must say I don't know whether I'll have the energy for that.

JEFF: Can't I pour you some of my champagne? It doesn't look as if you are going to need it now.

JEANETTE: Yes, well. Why not.

JEFF: (OPENS THE BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE AT THE COUNTER)
What happened to the guy?

JEANETTE: It happens as regularly as clockwork. Full of wisecracks and compliments at the beginning. Romance of the year, until they ask all sorts of questions.

JEFF: And then?

JEANETTE: (SHE GOES TO JEFF) Then I feel I have to tell them about Jeffrey. (SHE LAUGHS) Then they turn slightly white around the gills and stutter overfriendly: "That's nothing! Absolutely no problem! See you tonight!" And then

JEFF: They don't turn up.

JEANETTE: That's right. But the guy tonight I believed! And I'm sitting alone in the restaurant with my bottle of champagne.

JEFF: Men are mean!

JEANETTE: Never, they are wonderful! Within ten minutes five men wanted to join me at my table!

JEFF: (POPS THE CORK) Really!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: Even the owner! Smarmy: “You knowa, I’ve gotta thisa nica place upstairs..... Maybe you woulda lika to join me for an ouzo?” (SHE GOES INTO THE KITCHEN) What smells so nice?

JEFF: My ratatouille.

JEANETTE: Smells great.

JEFF: (GIVES HER CHAMPAGNE) Thanks. You’re welcome to eat with me, if you like. Here.

JEANETTE: (TAKES THE CHAMPAGNE AND GOES TO THE SITTING ROOM) That would be wonderful. You know, it’s a year ago that I last had champagne!

JEFF: (FOLLOWS HER) Really?

JEANETTE: Indeed!

JEFF: In Durban?

JEANETTE: Yes!

JEFF: Never again?

JEANETTE: (SITS ON SETTEE ‘A’) Yes! I got a slight fright, you know! And for the first three quarters of the year I couldn’t! Jeffrey you know.

JEFF: Gee! That’s long.

JEANETTE: And uncomfortable!

JEFF: (SITS ON SETTEE ‘B’) Men are dangerous!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: I know that now! (SHE PICKS UP THE RUBIK'S CUBE FROM THE TABLE AND WANTS TO TURN IT)

JEFF: Don't turn it.

JEANETTE: Why not? It's made for that!

JEFF: I want to keep it like that. Do you know how clever Jeffrey is? I gave him the thing to play with and when my mother (HE LOOKS UP FRIGHTENED) My Mother!

JEANETTE: What about your mom? Was she here?

JEFF: Yes! Never mind, it's nothing. Only tomorrow Well when my mom took the Rubik's cube out of Jeffrey's basket he had made the correct turns!

JEANETTE: He's clever, yes.

JEFF: He's above average. And very deft for his age.

JEANETTE: (SMILES AND PUTS DOWN THE CUBE) I suppose he got his 'deftness' from his father.

JEFF: (WITH EMBARRASSED SMILE) Ehh ... yes..... cheers! (TOUCH GLASSES) To Jeffrey.

JEANETTE: (LIFTS HER GLASS) To Jeff-rey.

JEFF: Jeanette, I want to ask you a great favour.

JEANETTE: Glad to hear you are asking already!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: (EMBARRSSED) I would like you to come and eat with me at my mother's tomorrow.

JEANETTE: At your mother's?

JEFF: Yes. You see, my mom was here and, well ... she ... thinks I got married in London and she thinks Jeffrey is my child.

JEANETTE: Clever woman! And now?

JEFF: Well, she's terribly excited about Jeffrey. She's dying to be a granny and

JEANETTE: And?

JEFF: She's phoned all her friends and she wants to show Jeffrey to them, and

JEANETTE: And you didn't put her in the picture?

JEFF: I couldn't! She was so excited she didn't give me a chance!

JEANETTE: I see.

JEFF: Well, she asked if you would also be there

JEANETTE: And you said 'yes'!!

JEFF: No! I said I'd first have to ask you.

JEANETTE: (SERIOUS) Jeff. I have been bringing this child up for a year now. Alone!

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: I though he was three months.

JEANETTE: When I say 'bring up' I mean bringing into this world! You should have seen me! It wasn't easy alone. If you think I'm going along tomorrow to save your bacon again, you must think again. Do you have any idea how I'm going to feel? What is your mom going to think when she finds out? (SHE GETS UP) You're irresponsible, Jeff. I think I better go now. You better go alone and explain yourself!

JEFF: (JUMPS UP TO STOP HER) Wait a bit! (HE PUSHES HER ONTO SETTEE 'A')

JEANETTE: What do you think you're doing?

JEFF: You can't go now!

JEANETTE: (UP. FURIOUS) You're not my boss, or my husband! I'm going!
(SHE WANTS TO PICK UP THE BASKET)

JEFF: (GRABS HER HANDS) First wait!

JEANETTE: (FREES HERSELF AND SLAPS JEFF ONTO SETTEE 'A') Leave me alone!! (BABY STARTS TO CRY)

JEFF: Now you've woken him!

JEANETTE: I can hear that!! (SHE SITS NEXT TO THE BASKET AND CONSOLES THE CHILD) Come ... now, hushababy!

JEFF: (DESPONDENT ON SETTEE) You're brutal!

JEANETTE: You shouldn't have tried to stop me. I'm sorry. I didn't know what

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

I was doing. I think this slap has been waiting to come out for a year now.

JEFF: Do you also do this at home?

JEANETTE: What?

JEFF: (SITS UP SHOCKED) I hope you don't hit my son like that!

JEANETTE: You're simple! Hush, hush, Jeffrey. Hushababy!

JEFF: (GETS UP AND GOES TO THE CASSETTE RECORDER) Wait, I'll help you. (PUTS IN OTHER CASSETTE) That's how an intelligent child is handled!

JEANETTE: It's not going to work.

JEFF: (STARTS 'ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT'. JEFFREY QUIETENS DOWN SOMEWHAT) That's all. I know. Listen now. (JEFFREY IS QUIET) Now he's going to sleep.

JEANETTE: (GETS UP) I've learnt something tonight. Good night, Jeff.

JEFF: (PLEADING IN FRONT OF HER) Please, Jeanette. Don't go now. It's windy outside. Jeffrey will catch cold. (HE PICKS UP HIS GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE) Come we start at the beginning

JEANETTE: (SMILES) You don't mean right at the beginning.....

JEFF: (EMBARRASSED) No just tonight. I have a whole pot of ratatouille in the oven.

JEANETTE: And I have a lot of nappies at home.

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Are we going to eat it?

JEANETTE: Hopefully your ratatouille!

JEFF: (GIVES HER HER CHAMPAGNE) Yes. Please!

JEANETTE: It's very late, Jeff.

JEFF: I know, but Jeffrey is now nice and quiet. You can't take him outside into the cold now. What he needs is quietness and restfulness. Please have a bite with me.

JEANETTE: All right. I'm really starving. Where must I sit?

JEFF: Here! (HE DRAWS HER CHAIR OUT FOR HER) Please sit here, Jeanette.

JEANETTE: (COMES TO THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN) Do you set the table so nicely every night?

JEFF: From now on yes. I'll just go and check if Jeffrey is sleeping. (HE TAKES THE CIGARETTE LIGHTER FROM THE COFFEE TABLE) He's quiet. (ON THE WAY BACK HE DIMS THE LIGHTS)

JEANETTE: What are you doing?

JEFF: (EMBARRASSED) The light.... shines in Jeffrey's eyes. (HE LIGHTS THE TWO CANDLES) One has to protect children's eyes from bright light – and quickly changing light intensity. Their pupils don't have the ability yet to adjust very quickly

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: Jeff!

JEFF: Yes?

JEANETTE: I'm hungry. (THE CASSETTE HAS FINISHED)

JEFF: Yes, of course! (HE RUNS TO THE KITCHEN) I hope you like it.
It's just a simple dish. (HE OPENS THE OVEN) I like it. (THE
OVEN DOOR SLAMS SHUT) Ouch!! !!

JEANETTE: (JUMPS UP) What's wrong?

JEFF: I've burnt my fingers!

JEANETTE: (GOES TO THE KITCHEN) Wait, I'll give you a hand. A kitchen
is not a place for a man.

JEFF: That's very romantic!

JEANETTE: I know, yes. Cook and enjoy. Where are oven gloves? (OVEN OPEN)

JEFF: I don't have any. (HE JUST HOLDS HIS FINGERS)

JEANETTE: An ordinary dishcloth.

JEFF: There on the wall. (GIVES IT TO HER) Here.

JEANETTE: (TAKES THE POT OF FOOD TO THE TABLE WITH A
DISHCLOTH AND PUTS THE POT DOWN) Thanks. It really
smells nice! Have you got butter?

JEFF: What for?

JEANETTE: For your fingers. (SITS DOWN AT TABLE)

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEFF: Yes. (TAKES THE BUTTER OUT OF THE FRIDGE AND PUTS IT NEXT TO HER) Here.

JEANETTE: (TAKES SOME BUTTER OUT OF THE DISH) Give me your hand. (SHE SPREADS THE BUTTER ON HIS FINGERS) How does that feel?

JEFF: (ENJOYS THE ATTENTION) Wonderful! (HE STARES AT HER) Jeanette.

JEANETTE: Mmm?

JEFF: I'm not sorry.

JEANETTE: About your fingers?

JEFF: No about Jeffrey. You're fantastic.

JEANETTE: (LETS GO OF HIS HAND) Don't be silly.

JEFF: (TAKES HER HAND AGAIN) I'm serious.

JEANETTE: (LETS GO OF HIS HAND AGAIN. RATHER UPSET) Jeff.

JEFF: Yes? (NEXT DOOR KOOS PUTS ON ROMANTIC MUSIC SOFTLY)

JEANETTE: The ratatouille of yours (SHE LIFTS THE LID)... is getting cold.

JEFF: I know (THEY SIT DEAD STILL FOR A MOMENT AND JEFF TAKES HER HAND AGAIN. NEXT DOOR ZAHN GIGGLES AND A CHAMPAGNE CORK POPS. KOOS LAUGHS)

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

JEANETTE: What's that?

JEFF: That's Koos ... and Zahn and his special bottle of champagne.

JEANETTE: Oh! (LOOKS INTO THE POT AGAIN JUST TO DO SOMETHING)
Aren't we goingto ... eat?

JEFF: (TAKES OTHER HAND AS WELL) Jeanette please come and eat
together with me at my mom's tomorrow.

JEANETTE: (SWALLOWS) What time?

JEFF: Twelve o'clock.

JEANETTE: On one condition.

JEFF: Yes?

JEANETTE: We make the appointment for half past nine.

JEFF: Half past nine?

JEANETTE: Yes. At the magistrate's.

JEFF: For what?!

JEANETTE: To get married!

JEFF: (BOWLED OVER) Are you serious?

JEANETTE: Of course! What must your mom feel like tomorrow when she finds
out she's an illegitimate granny?

THE ILLEGITIMATE GRANNY

(THEY ARE MOVING CLOSER TO EACH OTHER AND JUST AS THEY WANT TO KISS JEFFREY STARTS TO CRY. BOTH LOOK DISAPPOINTEDLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE BABY.

THE LIGHTS FADE AND 'ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT'
TRANSFERS TO THE AUDITORIUM LOUDSPEAKERS)

CURTAIN