

**Fact and Fiction: Historical Murder Material
Refocused in a Play Script.**

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Abstract

The aim of this Masters in Fine Arts, (Theatre Studies) was to integrate the historical material of the ‘Jukebox murder’ within a full length play script which shifts focus from the two dead men, Albert Lawrence Black and Alan Keith Jacques, to that of the girl at the heart of the murder.

The unanswered challenges to solve were the ethical questions that surrounded the use of factual evidence from the past and how that might be interwoven with the created work of fiction.

The methodology used to write the play script *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* and the accompanying exegesis was an adapted form of Grounded Theory; Narrative Theory and a self-conscious awareness and cognizance of the influence of my whakapapa on my writing.

A comparative analysis of the authors’ adaptations of historical murders was conducted, providing useful points of reference for my own approach to the inclusion of historical material. The research centred on those dealing with the Parker–Hulme murder, specifically, my analysis rested on the plays of Bruce Mason and Michelanne Forster: *The Verdict*, (Mason, 1955), and *Daughters of Heaven* (Forster, 1991).

The writing of the play developed over each re-write and focused on the life of the girl and of her family who were all affected by the impact of the Jukebox murder. The game of Mah-Jong was introduced as a family ritual and as a physical placement of the present, as a link with the past and as a poetic metaphor for cyclical repetitions of a family and of the emotional inheritance passed forward.

Writers of fiction have used historical murder material since time immemorial, this exegesis records how this playwright chose to answer her own ethical questions and include the real drama of two unfortunate men in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

Preface.

My thanks go to Lisa Warrington (Associate Professor) Theatre Studies at the University of Otago who suggested I do this Masters of Fine Arts, who has directed my plays and 'gets me'. She has supported me as supervisor and been instrumental in my writing *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. I wish to thank Stuart Young (Associate-Professor) Co-ordinator of Theatre Studies Programme for his polite direction as my supervisor in supporting me with my thinking and writing style towards this exegesis. Thanks go to Lisa Chisholm the Liaison Librarian at the Robertson Library for her help.

To my God, who was called on often, to my parents and whanau and specifically, to my greatest support, without whom this work would not be possible, that is my husband, Ewan McDougall.

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CD of public play reading at The Fortune Theatre, of scenes of <i>Moon at the Bottom of the Garden</i>	Attached in cover sleeve

Moon at the Bottom of the Garden.

A Play Script.

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of
Master of Fine Arts (Theatre Studies)

at the

University of Otago

by

Sarah McDougall

So much of what I am writing still at this stage is me me, me, me
everybody is me (Nolan 142)

Whakapapa is the recitation of genealogies or stories which create a base or foundation of meaning for people. As whakapapa can include genealogies or stories about the entire world, whakapapa are ways by which people come into relationship with the world, with people, and with life (Royal).

Moon at the Bottom of the Garden.

The action is set in 2012 and in 1955 in Auckland and Wellington and in both time periods simultaneously.

Characters

NANA ROSE: Seventy five year old mother of Dawn, grandmother of Rata, great-grandmother of Lilly, great-great-grandmother of Jasmine, (who is also called Bubs).

ROSIE: Nana Rose's sixteen year old self, known only to Nana Rose.

ROSIE doubles as **ROSIE** the Widgie in 1955, aged sixteen.

DAWN: Fifty five year old daughter of Nana Rose. Mother of Rata, grandmother of Lilly, great-grandmother to Jasmine. Has an on-again, off-again relationship with her mother and daughter. She visits her mother for a ritual monthly game of Mah-Jong.

RATA: Thirty five year old dearly loved granddaughter of Nana Rose, uncomfortable daughter of Dawn, estranged mother of Lilly and grandmother to Jasmine.

RATA doubles as **YOUNG ROSE'S MOTHER IN 1955**

LILLY: Nineteen year old great granddaughter of Nana Rose, granddaughter of Dawn, daughter of Rata and mother to Jasmine.

LILLY doubles as **SUZY:** Sixteen year old Widgie in 1955. Rosie's best friend.

ROSIE in 1955 and in 2012 and **LILLY** address the audience directly.

Each scene carries the name of a Mah-Jong winning hand and what occurs within each scene bears resemblance to its given name.

The action in act one scenes one, three, five, seven, nine, eleven, and thirteen are set on the same evening, at Nana Rose's home.

Widgies were the female equivalent of Bodgies. They were teenagers of the 1950s in Aotearoa New Zealand and wore specific clothing and hairstyles to differentiate themselves from the older generation and a more conservative peer-group. They 'hung out' in milk bars and listened to rock and roll. *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties* (Yska, 1993) was used extensively in the research of this play and is used as a prop.

Albert Lawrence Black and Alan Keith Jacques are the real men of the Jukebox murder, all other characters are invented, however, in act two scene four, sections of speech taken from the court transcripts of Albert Lawrence Black's trial are included in the dialogue of the characters Rosie and Nana Rose

ACT ONE SCENE ONE: MOON AT THE BOTTOM OF THE GARDEN.

1st November 2012. Dusk. Korimako sings. Under a full moon, NANA ROSE enters back garden, it is an effort for her. She leans against the wall beside the cherry plum tree to catch her breath, shadows from the plum tree blossom play on her face. She lifts her face up to the moonlight and moon-bathes. Korimako sings. NANA ROSE watches the bird as it flies around the garden stopping back up in the tree. ROSIE is watching, she emerges from the shadows and mimics the bird song. NANA ROSE is aware of her presence but ignores her and bends down to pull out a weed from the earth beneath the tree, then brushing off the dirt from her hands she turns and gets a card table from the shed. ROSIE stands under the tree and whistles up to the Korimoko. NANA ROSE puts the table down and watches ROSIE for a moment, then studies her hands, the spots on the back and then traces the shadow on the lines of her palm with her finger, examining the lines on the side of her outer palm. She turns her palms over so moonlight and shadow play on them and as she does so ROSIE comes from behind her and blows on her open palm. NANA ROSE sighs into her hands and her breath joins ROSIE'S. As if remembering a lover's caress NANA ROSE lifts her hands to her cheeks and slowly down over her neck to her chest, head back, face uplifted to the moonlight. ROSIE raises her arms sensuously and moon bathes.

NANA ROSE: Moon at the bottom of the garden.

ROSIE: There it is.

NANA ROSE: Same old moon.

ROSIE: Same light, same light as that night.

NANA ROSE: I'm not thinking about that.

ROSIE: That night, in the garden, at Paddy's.

NANA ROSE picks up the card table. ROSIE whistles the Korimako song.

NANA ROSE: Do stop it.

ROSIE: I'm talking back to her.

NANA ROSE shakes her head in disbelief.

ROSIE: I am. It's how I talk to her.

NANA ROSE: Perhaps.

ROSIE: It's true, it's her.

NANA ROSE: It's just a bird.

ROSIE: She's part of me. I know.

ROSIE whistles the Korimako song. NANA ROSE picks up a spray of blossom.

NANA ROSE: She's covered in blossoms.

ROSIE picks up some blossom and throws them like confetti.

NANA ROSE: I'd like to believe.

NANA ROSE throws the blossom down and picks up the table. ROSIE smells the blossom.

NANA ROSE: But I don't.

ROSIE: Have you smelt them? Smell!

ROSIE holds a spray to NANA ROSE who breathes in the scent.

NANA ROSE: Lovely.

ROSIE: Smells like the first time.

NANA ROSE: Don't be disgusting.

ROSIE: It does, smell.

NANA ROSE: Get away.

ROSIE: Smelt just like that, up against the wall with Johnny.

NANA ROSE: Poor Johnny.

ROSIE: *Mimics.* Poor Johnny

NANA ROSE: It was only meant to be a kiss, just a kiss.

ROSIE: Yes but it wasn't. I didn't only kiss him.

NANA ROSE: Poor Johnny, poor Paddy.

ROSIE: *Mimics.* Poor Johnny, poor Paddy.

NANA ROSE: I was young.

ROSIE: Bloody moon.

NANA ROSE: I am not to blame.

ROSIE: Yes I am.

NANA ROSE: I wish I could forget.
 ROSIE: It's never to be forgotten.
 NANA ROSE: I do sometimes, but I shouldn't.
 ROSIE: Not ever.
 NANA ROSIE: I feel guilty if I forget.
 ROSIE: I don't, I won't, never.
 NANA ROSE: Sixty years.

ROSIE sits under the tree and whistles the Korimako song.

NANA ROSE: I am not thinking about it. I've got Mah-jong and the girls. For the rest of the night it's a closed book.
 ROSIE: You started it! You said she's covered in blossoms.
 NANA ROSE: Let me be for one night. I said it's over. Get out of my head.

ROSIE gets up and slaps NANA ROSE on the arm.

ROSIE: It's never over. There's no getting away with murder.

LILLY enters from back gate and stands texting.

NANA ROSE: I've got away with nothing. Look at my family.
 LILLY: Hi Nana.
 NANA ROSE: Lilly! There you are.

LILLY is focused on her phone while she speaks.

LILLY: Nana Rose, you know talking to yourself is the first sign of madness.
 NANA ROSE: Happens when you get old, so they tell me.
 LILLY: Ah Nana, you're a funny old thing. I love you.

ROSIE address's audience

ROSIE: Lilly's my great-granddaughter.
 NANA ROSE: You come to play Mah-Jong with us Lilly?
 ROSIE: You can love her, but you can't trust her.

LILLY: Is it Thursday?

NANA ROSE: I set a place for you, first Thursday every month.

LILLY: Nah I can't sorry, can't make it.

ROSIE: Watch her, last visit she stole mum's eternity ring.

NANA ROSE: I don't know if it was her.

ROSIE: Yes I do.

LILLY: Nana, I was wondering if you can please, please, help me out. I've got a visit to see bubs.

NANA ROSE: Lilly, oh I am so pleased, you're allowed to see her.

LILLY: Jasmine'll be so happy seeing me, been five weeks, but I don't have enough for the bus fare, it's gone up, can you loan me \$40?

ROSIE: My great granddaughter, as greasy as a pork chop.

NANA ROSE: I don't know if I have the money.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE on the arm.

LILLY: Please, Nana, it'll so help me out. Here, let me help you.

LILLY takes the table from NANA ROSE and brings it through to her kitchen lounge.

ROSIE: She's not going to see Jasmine.

ROSIE follows LILLY, NANA ROSE hurries behind them.

NANA ROSE: I do my messages tomorrow, that's when I go to the bank.

LILLY: Where's your purse Nana, in your bedroom?

LILLY exits to NANA ROSE's bedroom. ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE on the arm.

ROSIE: Don't let her go in there, who knows what she's taking this time.

NANA ROSE: Wait on, my handbags in here Lilly.

ROSIE: No it's not.

NANA ROSE: I know that.

ROSIE: She's a little thief.

NANA ROSE: Yes, but she's our thief.

ROSIE: She wants money for drugs. It's not to see bubs.

NANA ROSE: She might need it to see Jasmine, if it is, I have to help her. It's blood.

ROSIE: The money's not for bus fare.

NANA ROSE calls.

NANA ROSE: Lilly, Lilly. Come back in here please.

LILLY calls back.

LILLY: Found it.

NANA ROSE: The book, I left it on my bed.

NANA ROSE is agitated. LILLY enters with NANA ROSE'S purse in one hand and Redmer Yska's book, All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties book in the other. LILLY is examining the cover. ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: Get it, the book, get the book.

LILLY: I thought it was a photo of me on the cover Nana, don't you reckon? / looks just like

NANA ROSE snatches the book from LILLY and holds it under her arm.

LILLY: /Nana whatever! That's mean.

LILLY gives NANA ROSE her purse.

NANA ROSE: Would you like something to eat?

ROSIE: Doesn't want to eat. She never eats.

LILLY: You only had to say.

NANA ROSE: \$40 was it?

LILLY: Yeah, that'll do.

NANA ROSE: I've made your gran's chocolate cake.

LILLY: Nah, but Nana, did you see, funny isn't it, that girl, looked just like me. She does, doesn't she?

NANA ROSE: Yes, there's a likeness. I'll cut a slice of cake shall I? Go on, you like it.

LILLY: Another time, I'm in a bit of a rush I've got to get the bus so I can visit with bubs. They only allow me an hour, and that has to be supervised.

ROSIE: At night?

NANA ROSE: Won't bubs be sleeping?

LILLY: It's in the morning, there's no bus in the morning, I have to leave now, you'll make me miss it Nana, come on, I need it, are you giving it me or not?

ROSIE: Don't!

NANA ROSE: I've nothing smaller than a \$50. That's all I've got, it's for the power. Sorry Lilly. I can't.

LILLY lifts the \$50 note out of her fingers and kisses NANA ROSE.

LILLY: That'll do. Thanks Nana, just between you and me, eh? No need to tell mum or gran.

NANA ROSE: I want it back Lilly.

LILLY: Course, I'll bring back the change Nana, bye, love you heaps.

LILLY exits to back garden. ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE on the arm.

ROSIE: What do you think you're doing?

NANA ROSE: It's too hard for me to say no. I had to give it to her.

ROSIE: I'm talking about the book, Lilly saw the book!

NANA ROSE: That's why I offered the money. I like to keep things nice.

ROSIE: Do you want them to find out?

NANA ROSE: No.

ROSIE: They'd better not. What do you think you're doing leaving it in the bedroom, they look in every room when they come. You should have hidden it away. It's our secret, ours only.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE on the arm.

NANA ROSE; I wasn't to know, Rata phoned and I left it on the bed.

ROSIE: Hide that bloody book, and keep your mouth shut.

NANA ROSE: They're going to find out.

ROSIE: Only if you tell them. Put it away before they come.

NANA ROSE: Where?

ROSIE: Who is that outside? Put it in the cupboard, quick.

NANA ROSE: I've not been the best of mothers.

ROSIE snorts. They both look up when they hear the name Rosie called from 1955.

ACT ONE SCENE TWO: HOVERING ANGEL.

Monday 25th July 1955 at 8.45pm. In ROSIE's Auckland family home.

ROSIE'S MOTHER is calling from outside ROSIE's bedroom door. There is a Jehovah's Witness meeting happening in another room, they can be heard singing 'From House to House from Door to Door, Jehovah's Word We Spread'.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Rosie, Rosie. Rosie. Rosie pet, your father says come join the closing prayer.

ROSIE is peering out at the full moon.

ROSIE: He's not my father.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Rosie.

ROSIE: I hate him, I hate the bloody Jehovah's.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Rosie. Come join us in prayer, please.

ROSIE: Mum, I told you, I can't, I'm in pain, it's killing me.
I have to get out of here.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Why have you locked this door?

ROSIE: To keep him out.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Unlock this door right now.

ROSIE puts a bed-jacket on over her clothes peers around the door, showing her mother her top half only.

ROSIE: There, what?

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Don't lock the door.

ROSIE: Can't I have any privacy? I don't want him barging in.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: It's your father's house.

ROSIE: He's not my father.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: He doesn't barge in.

ROSIE: He does, he came in and saw me in my undies

Pause.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Rosie, pet.

ROSIE: Mum, please. I've got my rag. I want to stay in bed. I've got to be at Wong's all day tomorrow, I don't get hardly a break from standing up serving, have you forgotten I'm a working girl.

ROSIE'S MOTHER puts her hand on her daughters' cheek.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: My little girl, where has she gone?

ROSIE: Out paying my keep.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: When did all this happen?

ROSIE: You wanted me to leave school, thought you were pleased.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Don't be silly.

ROSIE: It's what he told me, your husband who must be obeyed.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Rosie, do stop it, honour thy mother and father.

ROSIE: Mum! He is not my father!

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Don't let him hear us argue. Your father gets so upset when you miss bible study.

ROSIE: He's not my father mum, Christ.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Don't swear. Do stop it. He loves you Rosie.

ROSIE snorts.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Armageddon's coming Rosie, we want you to be our sister as well as our daughter. Don't you want to live forever, a family everlasting in Jehovah's paradise?

ROSIE: I don't see how that can be.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Rosie, it's the end of days, I need you to stay in the Truth.

ROSIE mimes puking out of sight of her mother.

ROSIE: Mum, I've to be at Wong's by eight, I'm in pain, let me be I've got my mate.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Do you have enough pads. *A beat.* For down below?

ROSIE: Yes, stop hovering around me. I'm not your little girl.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: You'll always be my little girl.

ROSIE'S MOTHER takes Rosie's hand.

You're not wearing mums eternity ring?

ROSIE: It's loose, falls off when I sleep.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: It's all we have of her. You are glad I gave you it, you will wear it?

ROSIE: Yes, mum, yes, Christ you always do this, can't you just give me something and forget about it. Look please, I'm sore, goodnight.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Want me to bring you a hottie?

ROSIE: No, let me be, leave me alone.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Shall I bring up a bunch of daffodils for your room, I picked a bunch from the garden today, they smell so fresh, cheer you up?

ROSIE: No thanks, please, mum, I don't need cheering up and I don't like cut flowers.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Daffs were mum's favourite. You look just like her. *A beat.* Do you want me to pray with you?

ROSIE: No I'll do it myself.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: You get some sleep then. Want me to wake you in the morning?

ROSIE: I've set my clock.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: I'll tell your father you're not well. Shall I make you toast for breakfast, or porridge?

ROSIE: Mum, I don't care.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: I'll make a big pot of porridge.

ROSIE: Toast, I'll have toast, but not till I'm dressed, hate cold toast.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: All right pet, I'll bring some up, give your mother a kiss.

ROSIE kisses her mother and shuts the door.

ROSIE'S MOTHER: Night love, Jehovah bless

ROSIE has taken off her bed jacket and is doing up her suspenders. She addresses the audience.

ROSIE: I'm out of here as soon as I can. I'll never call him father. Been hell these last three years since she married him, I don't believe Mr Pioneer's rubbish. He never even went to war, Jehovahs' don't believe in it, bloody conchy. Stuff them and stuff Jehovah.

ROSIE plumps her bed with a pillow to look like she's sleeping and climbs out of the window.

Last Sunday, they forced me to go to the Kingdom Hall, he even made me change my dress. I'm not going again, ever, do what they like. I was sitting in the back of the car and I asked him about everlasting life, because I've been thinking. I said what about babies, if it's everlasting life, do babies grow up? Couldn't answer me! I said what about old people, do they stay old. He said yes. How revolting, a world full of babies and old people.

So then, and I knew he'd blow a fuse, I said what about sex, would there be sex in paradise, and he said no. He calls that Paradise on Earth! Imagine that, everlasting life and no sex. Then I said, if there's no sex after Armageddon you'll have to stop doing it with my mum, and he leant back and tried to whack me, nearly went into the other lane, mum didn't say a word.

Outside the Kingdom Hall, he jerked the car to a halt, he's a useless driver, I'll be much better than him when I get my license; he leant right over the seat and asked me

if I was a virgin. What business is it of his? I wouldn't answer, so he slapped me. He slapped me! I had a big red mark of his hand on my thigh. Mum said nothing.

When they walked ahead of me into the Kingdom Hall, mum had two spots of blood on her bum, her sanitary belt'd slipped, gone right through her crimpolene dress and coat set, so ugly, she thinks it makes her look like the queen. I let her walk into the hall with everyone looking. I didn't tell her. Serve her right. *A beat.* Thing is I don't know if I'm a virgin or not because I'm not sure what a virgin is.

ACT ONE SCENE THREE: LILLYPILLY.

*Two minutes later on the same day as in scene one in NANA ROSE'S back garden.
LILLY is talking on her phone.*

LILLY: I don't know! Look, get it, I do not know. I'm running out of battery, talk later.

Enter DAWN.

LILLY: Giddy gran.

DAWN: Lilly. Hello love, where're you off to?

LILLY: Can't stop gran.

DAWN: You can stop long enough to give your gran a kiss.

LILLY kisses DAWN who holds up her cheek to be kissed but doesn't kiss back.

DAWN: That's my Lillypilly How'd you go with those CYFS bastards, what are the plans for getting back Jasmine?

LILLY shakes her head no.

DAWN: What do you mean?

LILLY: No, I dunno.

DAWN: You're not? When are you?

LILLY: Mum's narked on me, again. Thanks to her I don't get custody of Jasmine.

DAWN: Why, what did she say? You in trouble? Are you? You using?

LILLY: Gran. No, I'm not.

DAWN: You can tell me, come on don't come the innocent.

LILLY: Gran I'm not.

DAWN: Lilly?

LILLY: Gran! Why don't people believe me!

LILLY gets her phone out and texts.

DAWN: My little Lillypilly, what will we do with you, eh?

LILLY: Honest gran, I'm not.

DAWN: Why don't you stay and play Mah-jong with us? You used to like playing.

LILLY: With mum there? Don't think so.

DAWN: Talking might make things better.

LILLY: Or not.

DAWN: That phone glued to your hand? We're talking.

LILLY: I told a friend I'd meet him sorry. I have to reply. Oh but gran, I've give up smoking.

DAWN: That's good, that's my good girl.

LILLY: Haven't got any pocket money you can give me have you gran? Please? I'll be ever so grateful. I've stopped five days and I'm craving lollies.

DAWN: Here y'are, that's all you're getting, five bucks, I'm only giving you money for lollies.

LILLY: Thank you. Can I have ten?

DAWN: No. Behave yourself. Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

LILLY: I won't. What about a can?

DAWN: Go on then.

DAWN holds out a can of beer for LILLY but Dawn doesn't let go.

LILLY: Thanks heaps gran.

DAWN: Now you keep off the drugs hear me? Have a few beers if you need to, but no drugs. Hear me?

LILLY nods her head. DAWN lets go of the can.

DAWN: I mean it Lilly, you want bubs back in your life don't you?

LILLY: Course I do, I do.

DAWN: Jasmine needs to know her family, while she's little.

LILLY: I know, I know.

LILLY starts to text.

DAWN: I've kept some of your toys for her, do you know that?

LILLY: No, what ones?

DAWN: Your Panda family, the dolls-house, your rattle, they're all in the garage.

LILLY: Nice.

DAWN: Have you spoken to your mother?

LILLY: No, and I'm not going to, bitch.

NANA ROSE calls from her back door.

NANA ROSE: Hello, anybody there?

DAWN: You've only got one mother.

DAWN calls out to NANA ROSE.

DAWN: It's me mum, me and Lilly.

LILLY: I've got to be somewhere gran.

DAWN: Where?

LILLY: A friend round the corner, they're waiting.

Exit LILLY.

DAWN: You remember, you want bubs back, be good won't you Lillypilly.

From Off

LILLY: Love you heaps gran.

DAWN: Love you too Lilly.

NANA ROSE and ROSIE come out to see DAWN.

NANA ROSE: Dawn, there you are.

DAWN holds her cheek out for NANA ROSE to kiss her.

DAWN: What's she up to, been trying it on with you, didn't give her anything did you?

NANA ROSE: Only a few dollars.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: \$50! You'll have to draw out more for the power bill.

To audience.

ROSIE: Dawn, my daughter.

DAWN: I'm exhausted, anything in the tins?

NANA ROSE: I did some baking, help yourself, but don't tell Rata. My leg plays up if I'm standing up cooking, then she insists I see the doctor. Last visits cost \$35 and that was a repeat. Had enough of doctors.

DAWN: Don't bake or go to the doctor, is there chocolate cake.

NANA ROSE: Had enough mucking around with. In the bottom, red tin. I can put up with a bit of pain. Don't like taking tablets, swallowed a lifetime's worth by the time I was twenty. Have I played you this CD Rata bought me, so thoughtful, must put it on for when she arrives

DAWN: What about me? Aren't I thoughtful?

Dawn eats a piece of cake and sits down watching NANA ROSE move chairs for Mah-Jong.

DAWN: Let me get that mum.

NANA ROSE: I've done it now, you stay there, don't get up on your mother's behalf.

ROSIE: Dawn won't get up, not when she's got cake.

DAWN: What did Lilly want?

NANA ROSE: She's away to see Jasmine.

DAWN: When? Not now she isn't.

ROSIE: Told you.

NANA ROSE: In the morning. It's arranged, she visits bubs in the morning, but she gets the bus tonight.

DAWN: Is she, that's good. Poor Lillypilly, thought that baby'd be the making of her, then again, it didn't stop Rata.

NANA ROSE: Come on now, that's all changed, all in the past.

DAWN: It's terrible losing Jasmine, our bubs, our own blood.

ROSIE: I know all about that.

DAWN: Reported her own daughter to CYFS. If anyone should have stepped up and taken bubs, it's Rata.

NANA ROSE: Rata's not to blame, You can't go out and leave a baby unattended all night, and Rata can't possibly leave her work. She's trained so hard to be where she is, and she's got a killer of a mortgage.

DAWN: Are you insinuating I should have taken her.

NANA ROSE: Lilly lived with you all those years.

DAWN: You know I couldn't have her, I have to pay to live, I'm working too.

NANA ROSE: Rata's got a career.

DAWN: I can't stop my job either, and don't give me that look.

NANA ROSE: Yours is just cleaning.

DAWN: I'm a qualified carer. Undervalued that's all, you wait, you'll need one some day and believe me, you're going to want somebody who is trained.

NANA ROSE and DAWN lay out the Mah-jong tiles

NANA ROSE: I'm staying in my own home.

DAWN: Yes, well, I'm not looking after you, we have enough fights already.

NANA ROSE: I never asked you to, that's the last thing I want. I'm never moving into one of those places. Now tell me, what happened?

DAWN: I didn't go.

NANA ROSE: Dawn!

DAWN: Mum, you must be joking. You wouldn't go why should I have to? I'm not having my personal life exposed to a bunch of strangers.

NANA ROSE: Rata said they're trained social workers.

DAWN: Exactly, even worst. Pack of do-gooders, read some books and know what's best for everybody but themselves if they're anything like Rata.

ROSIE: She's got a point.

NANA ROSE: It was to help Lilly and bubs.

DAWN: State interference didn't work for us did it?

NANA ROSE: It was different back then.

DAWN: How?

NANA ROSE: I never had family.

DAWN: You had me.

NANA ROSE: That's not what I mean.

DAWN: Till you gave me up.

NANA ROSE: I was sick Dawn, we've been through this. You always twist things, make everything difficult.

NANA ROSE puts on Tutti Frutti.

DAWN: Mum, bit loud.

ACT ONE SCENE FOUR: TWITTERING SPARROWS.

Monday 25th July 1955, 9 pm. Auckland Bus Stop. Tutti Frutti continues to play, SUZY is singing, music fades.

SUZY: A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-wop-bam-boom!

ROSIE: Not missed the bus have we?

SUZY: Still got five minutes.

ROSIE: You've had your hair done.

SUZY: D' you like it? I did it at home.

ROSIE: How did you get the curls to stay?

SUZY: Rollers, from Woolworths. Smell. It's the hairspray, touch it, see, it doesn't move.

ROSIE: It's really holding. Looks so good, real good, wish I had hair curlers.

SUZY: Buy some.

ROSIE: Can't. I bought this jumper.

SUZY: Steal some.

ROSIE: I can't do that.

SUZY: You have enough with your wages.

ROSIE: Mum takes my wage packet, the pig made her, all I get is pocket money.

SUZY: Steal some back out of her purse, go through their pockets, it's easy.

ROSIE: I couldn't do that, they'd know.

SUZY: Suit yourself.

ROSIE: We had something new for tea, mum got baked beans, they're real nice, the sauce is so sweet.

SUZY: Johnny had a can at his flat, he said they make you fart.

ROSIE: Johnny's a hard-shot. When were you at his place?

SUZY: Last week. We had oysters again tonight, I'm sick of oysters.

ROSIE: Why didn't you tell me?

SUZY: What?

ROSIE: About Johnny.

SUZY: I just did. Why, fancy Johnny do you?

ROSIE: I don't mind, not if you're going out with him.

SUZY: No I'm not going out with him, I thought you liked Paddy?

ROSIE: He's all right.

SUZY: What, you want the two of them?

ROSIE: No.

SUZY: You can have either one, I don't care, I've had them both.

ROSIE: Have you?

SUZY: Of course I have, you know I've been with Paddy I told you we had a knee trembler. What do you think I was doing at Johnny's, looking at his record collection? It's not serious, it's only fun. Why, you're not still a virgin are you?

ROSIE: No.

SUZY: Rosie?

ROSIE: I'm not.

SUZY: I lost mine at Piha, nothing to it. I'm going to get ma to buy baked beans. *A beat.* What about the chemist on Queen Street's? Shoplifting easy, that's how I got the curlers, there's a stand by the window, just put them under your coat.

ROSIE: I couldn't.

SUZIE: Dare you. *A beat.* Don't then, you chicken.

ROSIE: I could, shall I? In my lunch hour.

SUZY: If you do, I'll shout you milkshakes for a week.

ROSIE: All right then.

SUZY: You going to?

ROSIE: Why not, if you can it must be a doddle.

SUZY: Wonder if Paddy'll find you so hard to persuade.

ROSIE: I make up my own mind.

SUZY: Course you do, still going to the Jehovahs?

ROSIE: No. *A beat.* Who's buying your drinks tonight?

SUZY: Paddy will, or one of the others, or Johnny. Oooh I saw you blush, Johnny McBride. Who's got a thing for Johnny.

ROSIE: A little.

SUZY: When he looks over his shoulder he's a like Marlon Brando in the Wild Ones.

SUZY makes motorbike revving sound.

ROSIE: If you get a ride home with him, what'll I do?

SUZY: There are ways and means to get a ride home. N. R. N. R. H.

ROSIE: What?

SUZY: N. R. N. R. H. No root, no ride home.

ROSIE: Do they say that?

SUZY: It's how it is. They just do, they call us pillion pussy.

SUZY purrs and meows

ROSIE: Disgusting. Stop that. I could get a taxi.

SUZY: Why don't you let Paddy take you and I'll go with Johnny?

ROSIE: Paddy hasn't got a car.

SUZY: As long as one of them pays for our drinks and we get home, what do you care?

ROSIE: Mum'll kill me if she sees I'm gone.

SUZY: If your mum knew you'd snuck out to be with me, she'd be like that woman in the Killer Tomato movie.

SUZY speaks in a melodramatic B Horror movie style speech

Oh no, my pure sweet daughter, Rosie surely you don't mix with those, those, *a beat.* Bodgies and Widgies!

Screams like she saw the killer tomato advancing.

ROSIE: Suzy, stop it.

SUZY and ROSIE laugh during bodgie widgie dialogue.

SUZY: A widgie tempted her, drew her into the world's oldest trap, my Rosie driven crazy.

Screams.

Sex mad Suzy made Rosie sneak out of her bedroom window to go and drink at parties to meet up with other Bodgies and Widgies.

Both scream.

ROSIE: I'm going to die at Armageddon, why shouldn't I sin? I'm young.

SUZY: Yeah.

ROSIE: We are young, we should be going out, we should go to parties.

SUZY: Yeah. We're not like them.

ROSIE: Yeah. We're not old.

SUZY: Old and decrepit.

ROSIE: Old like Mr. Wong.

SUZY: Don't.

ROSIE walks like an old man.

ROSIE: Like Mr Wong and Mrs Wong, Come on Mr.Wong give me your parsnip, I like a root vegetable.

SUZY: Rosie, she's my great auntie, that's not funny. They're nice to us.

ROSIE: Sorry.

SUZY: I mean it.

ROSIE: Sorry Suzy. *A beat.* Where is this bus? Is it the last one?

SUZY: No, there's one at eleven. What are you doing wearing that coat?

ROSIE: It's freezing.

SUZY: You should take it off, just hold the coat, don't wear it, you'll look much better.

ROSIE: My suspender's broke on one side.

SUZY picks up a fag butt.

SUZY: Here, use this.

ROSIE: I can't use a butt out of the gutter.

SUZY shows her suspender and fixes ROSIE'S suspender.

SUZY: Try it. I've used them before, see. I've got buttons, they broke at Piha, can't tell ma, she'd ask me how.

ROSIE: Does it poke out, what's so funny?

SUZY: I told ma I had my rag, she didn't remember I said that two weeks ago. I'm the amazing bleeding girl.

ROSIE: So am I. It's the pills they're on.

SUZY: Still the same ones? Like ma takes? Johnny liked them. Did you bring any more?

ROSIE: No, mum only had three left, she'd notice if I took them.

SUZY: Don't worry, we'll get drunk. The butt doesn't show, keep your coat off, looks sexy. But put it on when the bus comes, that old pervert bus driver'll want to charge adult fare like last week. I'll walk to the back, you pay for two child fares to Queen Street.

ROSIE: You do look older.

SUZY: Do I? How old?

ROSIE: I don't know, eighteen.

Tutti Frutti music comes up slow.

SUZY: I do, don't I? I've put ankle socks in my bra, pushes them up.

ROSIE: Watch out they don't slip out when you dance.

SUZY: It's not when I dance, it's when I lie down.

Sings

A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-wop-bam-boom! Tutti Frutti I wan-a-rooty.

SUZY dances, lewd. ROSIE laughs.

ROSIE: I wan-a-rooty?
 SUZY: Johnnie said. It's what he sings. The record's censored.
 ROSIE: Like everything!
 SUZY: But we can get round it, there are ways.
 ROSIE: Suzy, my step-dad's right, you are a bad influence.
 SUZY: It's not me, it's Elvis, Tutti Frutti, I wan-a-rooty,

ROSIE copies SUZY'S dancing and ROSIE and SUZY sing until DAWN in the next scene yells 'Turn it down'.

SUZY/ ROSIE: Tutti Frutti, I wan-a-rooty, Tutti Frutti, I wan-a-rooty. A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-wop-bam-boom.

ACT ONE SCENE FIVE: CIVIL WAR.

2012 NANA ROSE'S home, a continuation from scene three.

DAWN: Turn it down woman, you deaf?
 NANA ROSE: I like it loud.

NANA ROSE sings A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-wop-bam-boom! over DAWN'S next line. The music stops.

DAWN: As I was saying, if you've been listening, Rata gets all emotional on me, you know her, said I should have been there and turned on the water works.
 NANA ROSE: Rata's always been sensitive.
 DAWN: And I'm not? What was it you said, no sense, no feeling.
 NANA ROSE: I didn't mean it that way.
 DAWN: You said it.
 NANA ROSE: Years ago, I said it as a joke, it was never intended.

DAWN: I'd just given birth, mother.

NANA ROSE: And I travelled the country to see you.

ROSIE begins to speak from her place in the last scene and comes over into this scene.

ROSIE: It was an effort. I was not long out of the funny farm.
Zapped from electric shock treatment, again.

ROSIE mimes being given electric shocks.

DAWN: Your first grandchild, of course you'd come, anyone would.

NANA ROSE: Best stop living in the past.

ROSIE: Past is always present. Try forgetting being forced to have ECT.

ROSIE mimes on the floor being given electric shocks.

DAWN: I said giving birth was as easy as having a shit, and you said, no sense, no feeling.

NANA ROSE laughs at ROSIE.

DAWN: Don't laugh, was cruel thing to say.

NANA ROSE: I was glad you had an easy birth, not everybody can.

ROSIE: You've nothing to complain about. Not everyone has it easy.

DAWN: Your words stick mother, you say things to me you wouldn't dream of saying to anyone else.

NANA ROSE: It was just something I said.

DAWN: I get my blunt tongue from you. Nothing I say is right according to Rata.

NANA ROSE: Rata's perfectly fine with me.

DAWN: Lucky you. *A beat.* It's not fair how you two are, she's my daughter not yours.

NANA ROSE: You should have gone to that CYFS family conference, shows us up having only one person there as her family.

DAWN: Lilly's test showed positive. That's why CYFS took bubs again. She tested positive for P.

NANA ROSE: P! She didn't, P! That's serious.

DAWN: Lilly's a druggy. Like mother like daughter.

ROSIE: Like grandmother and great grandmother.

NANA ROSE: I don't like it when I don't know what's going on, you should have told me.

DAWN: Don't have to be Einstein to work it out. You want it all to be nice, you don't like it when you're told, and you don't like it when you're not told. You're never happy.

NANA ROSE: I am.

DAWN: Not with me you're not.

NANA ROSE: Yes I am.

ROSIE: No I'm not. You're the wrong one.

NANA ROSE: I don't mean that.

DAWN: What don't you mean?

NANA ROSE: You're my daughter, you should know I love you, don't need to say it.

DAWN: I'm never good enough am I? Always a disappointment to you aren't I? Rata's the same, right from a little one, whatever I gave her, nothing's ever enough, never one word of thanks, that's Rata.

NANA ROSE: You were the same.

DAWN: Was not. For all her faults, at least Lilly's grateful, she may be out for all she can get, but she appreciates me, little Lilly Pilly. If I taught her one thing when she lived with me, it's manners. Anyroads, P can't be worst than the speed I used to do.

NANA ROSE: You used P?

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: I said, didn't I? Finally she comes out with it.

DAWN: Sulphate. Gave men rubber truncheons and me the farts.

ROSIE snorts.

DAWN: When I worked the ships, before Rata was born.

ROSIE: I knew she worked the ships.

NANA ROSE: You're exaggerating, you went there for parties.

DAWN: Wasn't going to tell you the truth was I?

ROSIE: My daughter, a pro', I knew it.

NANA ROSE: I certainly did not know.

DAWN: Well now you do. *A beat.* I was young.

NANA ROSE: That's no excuse.

ROSIE: Hypocrite, being young was your excuse.

DAWN: Sulphate kept me slim, never wanted to eat.

ROSIE: You've made up for it now haven't you, hasn't she?

DAWN: Turned to fat after I married, was your fault I went through with the wedding, only did it to please you.

NANA ROSE: You were pregnant.

ROSIE: I wanted you to have a different life.

NANA ROSE: I thought you were marrying a good man.

DAWN: He wasn't. *A beat.* Never got my figure back, blame Rata for that. My stomach looks like an AA map of New Zealand.

NANA ROSE: Blame away, what else haven't I done?

DAWN: Not you mum, Rata. It's not all about you.

NANA ROSE: How did we get on to this?

NANA ROSE puts her CD back on.

DAWN: Lilly, talking about Lillypilly. She may be a druggy my granddaughter, but I can't help but have a soft spot for her, makes up for her mother.

RATA enters carrying daffodils.

NANA ROSE: Rata, there she is.

RATA: Mum. You're playing Mah-Jong?

DAWN: Yes, I am Rata, if that's all right with you!

RATA puts briefcase down and kisses DAWN's offered cheek

NANA ROSE: Rata you good girl, daffs are my favourites.

ROSIE: Didn't use to be.

NANA ROSE: They are now. Never cared for them as a kid, my mother did, silly how you go against them.

RATA kisses NANA ROSE, they have a warm embrace.

RATA: Liking your CD nana?

NANA ROSE: Yes, all the old tunes.

RATA takes NANA ROSE in her arms and dances her around the kitchen area.

DAWN: I've never liked cut flowers.

ROSIE: Nor me.

DAWN: Been slaving at the home since seven this morning, all for \$13.50 an hour and that's before tax.

RATA: You're a right little twinkle toes aren't you nana

DAWN: My raise came through last week, not backdated like we wanted. 50cents an hour, that's \$20 a week extra, what am I going to do with that? National Party pack of bastards!

RATA: You should join a dance club.

NANA ROSE: Get away.

Dawn gets a tin of buttons and distributes them three ways. ROSIE is interested.

DAWN: Pass me a can would you Rata.

NANA ROSE: I don't join clubs.

DAWN: Rata! I'm doing all the setting up here. Pass me a can would you please.

RATA: You said we weren't going to be drinking when we play?

DAWN: We? Who's we? I've been working my guts out since seven. I don't just sit at a desk listening to people

whinge. I work. I've brought one six pack and it's not for decoration.

NANA ROSE: Have you had something to eat?

DAWN: Do sit down woman, you've got to look after that leg.

NANA ROSE: Don't fuss, come on, that'll do. I'm fitter than you.

They stop dancing.

DAWN: It's not a competition.

RATA: I'll have bubs next weekend nana, if all goes well. I can bring her for a visit.

DAWN: Who's looking after her now?

RATA: She's with a lovely family.

DAWN: Bloody disgrace.

RATA: Let's not go there, you would know if you'd come to the family conference.

DAWN: I was wild myself, but I kept you.

NANA ROSE: Leave it be Dawn.

DAWN: You know Lilly was here earlier.

RATA: Nana?

NANA ROSE: She didn't stay, called in to say hello, she's visiting bubs, all arranged for tomorrow.

RATA: No it isn't.

NANA ROSE: It's what she told me.

ROSIE: See!

RATA: Did you give her any money Nana?

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: I said not to give her any money.

DAWN: She's told a pack of porkies again, does it with such a straight face, could be a politician.

NANA ROSE: I gave her money for the bus fare. Sorry Rata.

RATA: It's not your fault Nana.

DAWN: Should have given her a brother or sister, spoilt brats only children.

ROSIE: Lonely, not spoilt.

RATA: I was an only child, you didn't spoil me.

DAWN: No, mum did that.

NANA ROSE: She wasn't spoilt, she was a good girl.

RATA: Thanks Nana.

DAWN: She gave you what she should have given me, and you weren't the only child, you've two stepbrothers. Best thing your father did, those boys were beaut.

NANA ROSE: You were an only child Dawn.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: No she wasn't.

All look and arrange their Mah-jong tiles.

DAWN: Lilly'd still have bubs if not for drugs, should have kept Lilly with me, she never saw any drugs at my home, and where did she learn how to do that, eh?

NANA ROSE: Dawn.

DAWN: Drug counsellor, what a joke, what about your own child! Of all my friends' kids, you've got the worst of the lot.

NANA ROSE: Rata hasn't used drugs for years, how many Rata? Eleven, twelve years?

RATA: Ten.

DAWN: And don't we know it, Miss Sanctimonious.

NANA ROSE: Stop, please, let's play nice for once.

RATA: Yes, mum, let's have some respect, Nana's home, Nana's rules.

- DAWN: Might just as well have been using, all Lilly's formative years, off mixing at those meetings, dragging Lilly with you, she's turned out the worst for it.
- NANA ROSE: Dawn, enough.
- RATA: Mum, when you say that it really hurts my feelings.
- DAWN: Wah-wah-wah feelings. Don't give me your counselling talk. I told you when you trained, remember mum, I said to you didn't I? She's practicing on me, and you, who knows what she said about us in her groups. I saw Pie Mason give me the one two at Countdown. Oh yes, my name's Rata and I'm an addict, my mother is terrible, it's all her fault that I turned into a druggie. Well you certainly taught my granddaughter.
- RATA: It's about me, the meetings are about me.
- DAWN: She was a useless mother and now I'm better than any of the lot of you, and my shit don't stink.

ROSIE laughs.

- RATA: I don't talk about you, it's about me. The meetings are for me.

ACT ONE SCENE SIX: PURITY HAND.

2012 At a Narcotics Anonymous Meeting. Cast are now N.A. members attending the meeting.

- RATA: Kia ora my names Rata and I'm an addict.
- CAST : Hi Rata.
- RATA: I'm sharing because I am clean today. Ten years clean last Wednesday.

Other cast members applaud, one calls out Happy Birthday.

Thanks. It's a miracle. This time ten years ago I walked out of prison for doing over a chemist. I went to a few meetings inside, mainly for the biscuits, but I got the message because the day I got out I went to a meeting, and I kept coming back, and I didn't pick up the first one, and things changed and here I am. You might think

now I'm clean everything is wonderful. It's not. It's life on life's terms. I'm not using but, for a change, right now, I'm obsessed with my family. It would make my life so much simpler if my mother would just die.

One cast member laughs.

My daughter's using and I can't do anything about it. My granddaughter, Jasmine, is in care, don't you think I'd help my daughter if I could. I'm no hypocrite, Lilly was eight when I got clean. I preferred prison to rehab, left her with my mother, God help her. And my mother, who likes, 'a drink', never stops blaming me, and she's right. I hate this disease.

I reported Lilly to CYFS. She's not fit to care for baby. She's furious with me. I feel so selfish. I'm not having Jasmine live with me again. I can't. I've just got a new job and a mortgage and I'm not giving them up. I tell myself I am not responsible for my adult child's life. She has her own higher power. My recovery is my responsibility and I have to take care of that first. And here I am employed to help clients sort out this stuff.

I feel better already. You understand me. I don't want mum to die. It's a mission sometimes, not using and behaving well. I'm not fixed, I don't want to use today and I haven't for ten years, how's about that!

I'm grateful I'm clean. I didn't come here because I wanted to, but I keep coming back because it works. Thanks for being here for me.

ACT ONE SCENE SEVEN: WINDY ONES.

2012. NANA ROSE'S home, a continuation from scene five playing Mah-Jong.

NANA ROSE calls RATA and she hears that at the end of the last scene

NANA ROSE: Rata, Rata, sit down, don't mind her. We play, we talk nice or you can pack up your beer and go home Dawn.

ROSIE: Oooh finally.

RATA puts on the music. Earth Angel plays. ROSIE covers her ears. NANA ROSE moves to kitchen, RATA follows.

ROSIE: Turn it off!

NANA ROSE: I'll get us some snacks.

RATA: Let me get the tea.

NANA ROSE: No, I'll get it.

NANA ROSE moves fast and switches the music to the next track.

RATA: Not fond of that track nana?

NANA ROSE: Just that one.

RATA: Why's that, bad memories?

NANA ROSE: You don't mind? All the rest are cracker.

RATA: Course not.

NANA ROSE: Earth Angel. That one, only that one, It's just that song I don't like.

RATA: I'm like that with music too, can bring it all back, music, food, smells.

NANA ROSE: You go sit with your mother, go on, let me get supper.

RATA: I'd rather be with you.

NANA ROSE: Be a good girl, don't mind her, she cares, it comes out all wrong, like me.

RATA: You never come out wrong, that'd be impossible.

NANA ROSE: Get out, you're biased.

ROSIE: She is, she's totally biased.

RATA: What is it? Is your hip hurting?

NANA ROSE: No, my legs playing me up.

RATA: Sit down, let me do it. Have you seen the doctor?

NANA ROSE: No, no need. Old age, body's wearing out, that's all. I don't mind.

RATA: That's why you should put your feet up.

NANA ROSE: I got used to aching legs standing in Wongs all day.

RATA: Wongs. That's right Wongs, yes, I loved that shop.

NANA ROSE: Forty years I worked for them, kept us fed in fruit and veggies.

RATA: Never ran out of kiwi fruit, kiwi fruit and apples.

NANA ROSE: And cabbages, never bananas, but as many cabbages as we could eat.

RATA: Cabbage is the only thing you cooked I don't like. Stunk the house out, and you did it in that horrid pressure cooker.

NANA ROSE: You're exaggerating. Was a quick way to cook, when I got home from work.

RATA: Terrified me, I hated it, spinning and screeching and the little wobbly top'd hiss like mad, I was frightened it would explode in your face and I'd have to go back and live with mum.

DAWN Calls out to RATA and NANA ROSE.

DAWN: Can we have the music off?

NANA ROSE and RATA pull faces about DAWN. NANA ROSE turns the music off.

DAWN calls back.

DAWN: Thank you!

NANA ROSE: Wongs rented me this house.

RATA: Did they? I never knew that.

NANA ROSE: Why would you. No, the Wongs took me on when I moved down from Auckland, they stood by me.

RATA: When was that?

NANA ROSE: Before you were born. It was Suzy's mum organised it for me. Wongs was Suzy's family's business.

RATA: Who's Suzy?

ROSIE: My friend.

NANA ROSE: My good pal. You won't know her, we were friends before I had your mum. Her family were good to me,

they didn't need to. Even when I went in and out of hospital, the Wongs always took me back on.

RATA: Why were you in and out of hospital? I didn't know that.

NANA ROSE: Woman's troubles, not to worry, all in the past, you brought me luck see, I never went back to hospital after you were born.

DAWN calls to RATA and NANA ROSE.

DAWN: What are you two whispering about?

NANA ROSE calls back.

NANA ROSE: Nothing. *A beat.* Do you remember you'd come from school into the shop asking for an Eskimo Pie?

RATA: They're still for sale.

NANA ROSE: I know, there's a couple in the freezer.

RATA: Can I have one?

NANA ROSE whispers.

NANA ROSE: We'll wait till Dawn's gone, there's only two. Here, take that.

RATA holds the cake.

RATA: You do know that with her diabetes, if she eats enough of this she could die.

NANA ROSE and RATA grin. NANA ROSE dances, a la Dame Everidge, in with two bowls.

DAWN: I've twittered the sparrows.

They play Mah-Jong.

NANA ROSE: Throw the dice then. Move the tiles over a bit, you throw first Rata.

DAWN has the dice and gives them to RATA.

RATA: Six and five, eleven. Damn, I left it in the car.

DAWN: What?

RATA: I brought some celery, carrots and dip.

DAWN: Very tasty, if you're a rabbit, you shouldn't always be on a diet, men like a bit of meat on the bone Rata, something to get hold of.

DAWN throws dice. NANA ROSE offers chippies and nuts.

NANA ROSE: We'll just have a few.

DAWN: Yes, relax Rata, Jesus, have a drink why don't you. Pathetic, two twos.

RATA: I am relaxed.

NANA ROSE: I've got two so that counts me out, which of you two girl's got East wind?

RATA: Me.

DAWN: Put the chippies by me, I'm west wind.

DAWN lifts her leg and farts.

And there's an ill wind.

RATA: Mum!

NANA ROSE: Dawn! Please, go to the toilet if you need to.

DAWN: I couldn't help it.

NANA ROSE: I'm North Wind. So you break the wall Rata.

The three build their walls and discard flowers.

NANA ROSE: I've got a cherry plum blossom. Rata, have you got any flowers?

RATA: Wait on Nana.

DAWN: I'll see to hers, I've got mine sorted.

RATA: I can do it.

DAWN: Come on hurry up Rata, you're supposed to be the smart one.

RATA glares at her mum.

DAWN: Pass me some more nuts mum.

NANA ROSE gets some and hands them to DAWN.

RATA: I've ordered a book called *Blue Smoke* from the library nana, you'll like it. I'll pass it on when I've read it. It's about New Zealand music and history, won the Book of the Year award.

DAWN: Mum doesn't read non-fiction Rata.

RATA: But it's about when she was a girl, you'd be interested wouldn't you Nana?

NANA ROSE: I do like a bit of history.

RATA: This has heaps on Auckland in the 1950s, the music, heaps of photos.

ROSIE: That's my button, that's my button from my jumper.

DAWN lays down a tile and picks up another.

RATA: Some of the hairdos in the fifties were hilarious.

DAWN: Pass me another beer please mum. How many rounds are we going to play after this?

NANA ROSE passes a beer to DAWN. RATA places a tile down.

RATA: Five bamboo.

NANA ROSE places a tile down.

NANA ROSE: One circle. Moon at the bottom of the garden. Curtsy your wall Rata. Got to keep the devil out.

ACT ONE SCENE EIGHT: WRIGGLY DRAGON.

1955 In the lounge at Paddy's. It is the same evening as in scene four, now it is two hours later, 11pm. The music Jungle Drums plays.

SUZY: Wonder if any other girls are coming.

ROSIE: Don't like it if it's only us.

SUZY: Love this music.

ROSIE: Me too.

SUZY: It's on the Juke Box at the Milk Bar.

ROSIE: Wonder where Paddy got it?

SUZY: Merchant-Seamen, you know, those English sailors that come to Ye Olde Barn.

ROSIE: I love the way they talk.

SUZY: And how they dress, Johnny's always doing deals with them down at the docks. It's where he gets his cannabis.

SUZY shouts off.

Love this record Paddy!

ROSIE: Suzy! Don't call out. I'm trying to avoid him.

SUZY: Why is that?

ROSIE: Wonder if any sailors are coming tonight.

SUZY laughs.

SUZY: Mmmn, Seamen. Shall I ask Paddy if there'll be any semen here tonight?

ROSIE: You're drunk Suzy.

SUZY calls.

SUZY: Paddy.

ROSIE: No, don't call him over. He asked me to sleep with him tonight.

SUZY: You're not are you?

ROSIE: I don't want to.

SUZY: Rosie, I'll get us a ride, you're coming home with me.

ROSIE: Just because we kissed he thinks he owns me.

SUZY: Have you gone all the way? You have haven't you?

ROSIE: We kissed, that's all.

SUZY: Is that all you did?

ROSIE: Shut up.

SUZY: You've had sex haven't you, you have? Tell me, I'm your best friend.

ROSIE: I'm not Paddy's girl.

SUZY: What did you say about sleeping with him tonight?

ROSIE: Said I might.

SUZY: Rosie, they'll call you a Cockteaser.

ROSIE: I'd prefer Johnny.

SUZY: Cockteaser. *A beat.* Rosie, I've something I've not told you before.

ROSIE: What?

SUZY: No, I can't tell you.

ROSIE: Tell me.

SUZY: I can read palms, ma does it, she taught me. I've got the gift.

ROSIE: Have you, have you really, do it to me.

SUZY: Do you really want to? You might not want to know your future?

ROSIE: Yes, show me, please, come on Suzy.

SUZY: All right, give me your right hand.

SUZY examines ROSIE'S palm, she traces the lines with her finger.

SUZY: Now see this, that's good. That's your life-line, you're going to have a long life.

ROSIE: Am I?

SUZY: But, there are some breaks early on where you'll have an illness.

ROSIE: What illness?

SUZY: That's the break in the line there. Something about the head.

ROSIE pulls her hand away.

ROSIE: You're making it up.

SUZY grabs it back.

SUZY: I'm not. We've started now, you have to let me finish.
Yes a very long life line, and I see a man, men, lots of
men.

ROSIE: Don't.

SUZY: There's one that stands out, a tall dark stranger.

ROSIE: That'll be Johnny.

SUZY: Show me the side, bend your fingers, children, yes,
you'll have two children.

ROSIE: Will I?

SUZY: But see there, that crease is broken at the start, means a
child dies.

ROSIE: Suzy, don't say that.

ROSIE pulls her hand away, SUZY grabs it back.

SUZY: It's fate, it's what I see.

ROSIE: What else?

SUZY: I see a beautiful home, a big house with lots of land.

ROSIE: Really?

SUZY: A rich house.

ROSIE: Truly?

SUZIE: In the garden I can see, what's that? There, look.

ROSIE: What?

SUZY is still holding her hand, both look intently into ROSIE's palm.

SUZY: There, a beautiful flowering tree.

ROSIE: Is there?

SUZY: Yes, and beside it, I can see, I can see.

ROSIE: What?

SUZY spits into ROSIE's hand.

SUZY: A swimming pool!

ROSIE pulls her hand away. SUZY laughs. ROSIE wipes the spit onto SUZY'S sleeve.

ROSIE: That's horrible.

SUZY: Dad did it to me last night, your face, so funny.

ROSIE: What about the baby dying?

SUZY: I was only joking.

They hear a car. SUZY looks out of the window.

ROSIE: Whose car's that? Is it Johnny?

SUZY nods yes.

How d' I look, is my hair nice.

SUZY: Yes, you've lost a button.

ROSIE: No! It's my new angora.

SUZY: Undo another one and tie it at your waist, it won't notice.

ROSIE: Like this.

SUZY: Yes, bit more, and undo a few top ones. As soon as Johnny walks in, we walk out.

ROSIE: Where? To the kitchen?

SUZY: No. To the bedroom and some semen.

ROSIE: Suzy.

SUZY: We walk through the hallway out to the back garden, is he coming in now?

ROSIE: No.

SUZY: Now?

ROSIE: No.

ROSIE spills her drink down her front.

Oh my jumper.

SUZY: Rub it in, Angora doesn't show, see.

SUZY spills more drink on Rose's jumper and rubs it.

ROSIE: You imbecile! What d'you think you're doing!

SUZY: It's true, you can't see anything.

ROSIE: Suzy!

SUZY: I'm not an imbecile.

ROSIE: Now I'm all wet.

SUZY: It doesn't show. He's coming in. I'll go first, go, go. You need to be behind me, show him your bum, he's a bum man.

ROSIE: How do you know?

SUZY: Believe me Rosie, I know.

ROSIE and SUZY laugh and wiggle past the door and out to the bottom of garden.

A long pause.

ROSIE: Suzy you're mad, what good is that, now we're out here on our own.

SUZY: You want to see him. He'll follow, trust me. He saw us walking out here, didn't he?

ROSIE: There's nothing out here but the full moon.

SUZY: We'll lure him out. When he comes, I'll go back in. He'll stay out with you. Mmmn. Makes everything glow. Under the moon at the bottom of the garden with Johnny.

ROSIE: It's sitting on top of the plum tree. Look, looks like my arms are around the moon.

SUZY: The moon at the bottom of the garden, that's a tile, it's one circle.

ROSIE: What circle?

SUZY: Mah-Jong, it's a tile, and a Mah-Jong.

ROSIE: A tile?

SUZY: A piece, in the game. I play it with ma when the girls visit.

ROSIE: Who are they?

SUZY: From work, from the market gardens, they left me fortune cookies last time.

ROSIE: Chinese girls?

SUZY: Yeah, they don't bite you know.

ROSIE: Did you try one?

SUZY: Prefer Afghans. But I like Moon Cake.

ROSIE: Moon cake, is it nice?

SUZY: It's made out of lotus flowers. It's sweet, kind of like peanut butter and treacle pud. I like it. And the names, funny names to learn when you play Mah-Jong.

ROSIE: What like?

SUZY: Twittering the sparrows.

ROSIE: Pretty.

SUZY: That's when you move the tiles before you deal. There's the Four Winds, Dragon's Breath.

ROSIE: That'll be Paddy, should brush his teeth. Can I play Mah-Jong?

SUZY: It's for old ladies. I only play when auntie Cherry, comes, she gives me money. There's Dragon's Tail and Civil War, that's your family.

ROSIE: Not everyone has a family like yours. Cherry, she interviewed me. Why doesn't she work at the shop?

SUZY: She's a lawyer. That's what Ma wants me to be. There's Gates of Heaven.

ROSIE: Gates of Heaven, that'll be sex.

ROSIE snorts and laughs.

SUZY: Rosie you did, you did it.

ROSIE: I don't know if I've done it.

SUZY: You did it and never told me.

ROSIE: I'm not sure, I don't think so, it was so quick.

SUZY: I know what you are, you're a Wiggly Dragon.

ROSIE: No.

SUZY: Yes you are, you're a Wiggly Dragon, Rosie's a Wiggly Dragon. Mmmn, I'm a Wiggly Dragon, come to me Johnny, feel my fire.

ROSIE: That's the door, it's Johnny.

SUZY whispers.

SUZY: I'll wait for a bit then go in.

SUZY speaks to Johnny.

Hi Johnny.

ACT ONE SCENE NINE: HACHI BAN.

2012 NANA ROSE's home. A continuation from scene seven, a short time has passed and they are still playing Mah-Jong.

Distracted NANA ROSE puts down a tile.

NANA ROSE: Red dragon.

DAWN: Not paying attention mum, Red dragon, thank you very much. That's my three pair of dragons, and Mah-Jong, Hachi Ban.

DAWN takes the buttons from NANA ROSE and starts turning the tiles over for next game.

RATA: How much?

DAWN: 400. We should be playing for money instead of buttons, if I had this luck with the pokies we'd be laughing.

RATA: You pour all your winnings back.

DAWN: Didn't complain when I got mum the TV.

NANA ROSE: For the want of a nail the shoe was lost.

DAWN: Here she goes.

RATA: I like buttons.

DAWN: I like money.

RATA: Pokies are fixed, they're rigged so you always lose.

DAWN: I have a win some times. It's another world at the Casino. Sitting in the dark, lights flashing, numbers spinning, coins chinking, forget all my worries, nothing matters. No you, no mum, no Lilly, no bubs, no rotten job, nothing.

RATA: The hook is to let you win free games.

DAWN: You don't understand. It's fun. Hey look she's nodding off.

RATA: Let her, she does that.

Their voices lower.

I studied it in my second year.

DAWN: Rata you think you know everything, but since you've been on the wagon, girl have you lost your sense of humour. Talk about got a chip. And I see what you're doing.

DAWN holds up two entwined fingers.

You're like that with mum aren't you? What about me, I'm your mother.

RATA: Yes well nana brought me up, maybe you should have kept me.

DAWN: And maybe you should have kept Lilly. Least I stopped smoking dope when I had you.

RATA: And alcohol's not a drug.

DAWN: It's legal. So are the pokies. I work hard for my money, and if I lose, I lose. I can afford to. Mum, wake up, it's rude, we're in a game. Still playing Rata?

NANA ROSE: For the want of a shoe, the horse was lost.

ACT ONE SCENE TEN: RED LANTERNS.

Tuesday 26th July 1955, 6am at Paddy's house.

ROSIE is getting dressed. Earth Angel plays soft.

ROSIE: I didn't want it to be this way.

Whispers. ROSIE calls off

Have you found any?

ROSIE pulls on her skirt.

Paddy's digging down the back of the couch for coins. He's walking me to the cab stand, if he can find enough money. *A beat.*

I never meant to stay the night with him. *A beat.*

He crept up on us. I didn't think anyone could see us, with all the blossom, but he did, must have been the moonlight.

Whispers.

Me and Johnny were doing it, up against the cherry-plum, I told Paddy to go away we were just kissing, but we weren't only kissing. *A beat.* It was lovely.

Big smile.

They were fighting over me. *A beat.*

Paddy yelled at me to go in, but I stood on the back steps watching them.

Rosie puts on her shoes.

Then I went inside and got the boys to come and break it up, and they came running out, and they did, they split them up, but Paddy and Johnny wouldn't shake hands and it all started up again, carried right out onto the street, neighbours were shouting and everything.

Johnny gave Paddy a real hiding.

I was leaving, I was. I tried to leave, I did, in the car, I got in with Suzy and Johnny, but Paddy pulled me out, back into the house, and the car drove off, then everyone

else left and I ended up staying there, with him, with Paddy. Wish I hadn't. It's turned into a rotten night. If mum brings my breakfast up and I'm not there...

ROSIE calls off.

Hurry up Paddy.

I have to get back home before mum wakes up

ACT ONE SCENE ELEVEN: TRIPLE KNITTING.

NANA ROSE. 2012 NANA ROSE'S home, a continuation from scene nine.

NANA ROSE: For the want of a horse the rider was lost.

ROSIE: Stop it with that stupid rhyme.

DAWN: You may have your degrees, Rata, but that doesn't prove intelligence.

RATA: Thanks mother, always count on you for awhi.

ROSIE: They had no right to say that about me. That book should never have been printed.

NANA ROSE: It's out now, they're bound to know.

ROSIE: Where did you put it? Is it hidden?

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

DAWN: Awahi! What's awahi?

RATA: Support. It's Maori, awahi means support.

DAWN: Don't tell me you're learning Maori.

RATA: The language of my country, and of my father isn't it?

DAWN: He's not Maori.

RATA: My great-grandmother was.

DAWN: Shame you didn't find out earlier, could have had your study paid for.

RATA: It's not for that!

DAWN: How do you know she was Maori?

RATA: Been doing some research.

DAWN: So what does that make you? One sixteenth? Mum, hear that, Rata's reckons her father is Maori, you'd think I'd know wouldn't you, stupid, I'd know if my ex was Maori.

NANA ROSE: What, what's that?

DAWN: Maoris. So says Rata. She's just trying to cash in.

NANA ROSE: He didn't look Maori, is he really?

DAWN: First I've heard of it.

RATA: It's not about percentages, if you can trace your whakapapa, you are or you're not.

DAWN: Have you seen him?

RATA: No, but I want to, I need to.

DAWN: I never got a lot of things I've needed.

RATA: Can I swop this button with a bell, I love that button.

ROSIE: That's my twin-set button.

DAWN: Shouldn't have gambled it, I won, you lost, sayonara, winner takes all. Hand it over.

RATA doesn't.

DAWN: You're a poor loser Rata.

DAWN takes it as her winnings She has a pile of buttons the others have a few. She runs the buttons through her fingers.

DAWN: Ha ha ha, mine all mine.

RATA: Shut up mum.

NANA ROSE: Let her have it Dawn.

DAWN: She's a grown woman, she doesn't need defending. You should stick up for your daughter for once.

NANA ROSE: It's only a game.

DAWN: It's only a game? You've changed your tune.

RATA: Mah-Jong nights are important aren't they Nana? She likes us all to be together, don't you? Don't you?

NANA ROSE: I do.

ROSIE: That's not what I know. Tell them to leave. Go on. Clear off.

DAWN: You two should have learnt you can't beat me. Mah-Jong requires tactics, calculation and observation.

RATA: I've been told I have highly developed observation skills.

DAWN: You haven't got this kind.

DAWN laughs, RATA is annoyed.

DAWN And memory, you need to have a good memory.

RATA: I have a good memory.

ROSIE: I keep memory alive in this house.

NANA ROSE: For the want of a rider the battle was lost.

ROSIE: Stop it with that stupid rhyme.

ROSIE hits NANA ROSE

RATA: For the want of a battle, the kingdom was lost.

DAWN: If you had kept the bamboo's you gave me you could have had Red Lily and won.

NANA ROSE: All for the loss of a nail.

RATA: It all depends on the tiles, it's the tiles you're dealt.

DAWN: It's skill, we've been playing long enough. I took from the wall, you lost. Choices, no matter the hand, it's what you do with it, you throw yours away Rata.

RATA: Thanks a lot mum.

NANA ROSE: Sometimes other people take away those choices.

ACT ONE SCENE TWELVE: LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

2012. At LILLY'S home on the same day as scene one, one hour after saying goodbye to her nana and gran.

LILLY is paranoid and rants on P. She's texting while she speaks.

LILLY: I'm being watched. My mother's set the police after me. I know she has, first CYFS, now the police. I know because I have exceptional peripheral sight, I can see what's happening over there without looking see, yes, and this is such a brilliant quality I have that you know, I should use it, it's exceptional. I am exceptional; actually I am pretty shit hot. Mum can't talk, I used to pick her dope for her, her companion plants, kept the tomatoes company she said, she used to sell it. I took some for myself. Now she's having me followed. I get stoned, so what! I'm not harming anyone, governments making people illegal for no reason. Gran wouldn't do that, calls my social worker carrot, she loves me my gran. Carrot tried to force me on the five year contraception, that causes cancer, and what kind of an idea is that, if I'm on permanent contraception might as well have sex, or it'd be a waste of money, they don't think straight. That's why people occupied the man, it's so not fair, but I'm allergic to sleeping in tents, need my space. I do, but I could be such a good mum. I would be, I am I could be, I'd give her everything, but my mum, my own mother had my baby taken from me, she could have helped but she's too busy making her own life good, when she should be helping me, I'm her only child, what kind of a mother is that !No answer!

She re-dials and listen and rants and redials.

It's hot. I should go barefoot or swim I could swim the Bays yes, man I don't know why people just don't work out how it is. I am so together more than any of those in power and it's so not right, it's not fair, I should be in control, why would you not want someone like me with my abilities to get things sorted and then it'd be a fun place for everyone and especially the youth because we are the future of this planet and its all the old people who ruined it with their ozone shit and debt and stuff ruining

it for us, I mean how can we own a home? We own this city yes, I haven't voted but I will, vote them out and me in, yes I'd be good to vote for, you could text me, when I have credit, text me in to power, I'd get us what we need. I can see, I can sort things out, they can't see, they're so stupid. That's what I'd do, if I could give a shit, which actually I don't, because I'm going to get my baby girl first. Yes, bubs, my little Jasmine she's so beautiful, that's what I have to do. Yes, bubs.

First though, I have to score. I don't like to run out. My flatmate, Gearbox, thinks he's my boyfriend, he doesn't know, I've stashed enough for one pipe, we're out as far as he knows, he's selling his takeaways. Thinks I'm waiting here in the flat, it's a mess isn't it, I mean I'd so tidy it up if I had my bubs but then I haven't so why bother, not that I'd pay rent for this shit hole, look at the state of the ceiling and the doors, I mean would you pay rent for this? I'm not and they can't force us out for at least three months, got my rights. So while he's selling his 'done, I'll see our dealer, he lives around from my nana, and I can get there and back before he returns, then I'll have double up. Best I go on my own, my dealer, he's given me credit before, fat pig that he is, he'll let me score for free if I have sex.

LILLY'S drug dealer answers, she speaks to him, her voice rises up two pitches.

Hi, it's me. Me, Lilly. Yes, I was nearby and thinking of coming to visit. Shall I? I love your coffees. Yes, I'm on my own, no Gearbox is out doing something, it's just me. Sweet. Five minutes? K.

I'll have to, it's revolting, it doesn't mean anything, it's just sex.

ACT ONE SCENE THIRTEEN: DOWN YOU GO.

2012 NANA ROSE'S lounge same day continuation from scene eleven, midway through Mah-jong game.

DAWN: Mum's only interested in Bodice Rippers, that's the history she reads, bit of sauce, aren't they mum?

RATA removes the two empty cans from the table and smells the daffodils.

DAWN: Get me the last can while you're up Rata.

RATA: You're all out.

DAWN: Look in the bottom left hand cupboard, I left two from last time.

NANA ROSE is agitated, ROSIE understands why.

NANA ROSE: No, they're not there, Lilly had those.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE who rushes to the cupboard.

ROSIE You imbecile, I said hide it.

RATA finds the book.

RATA: Good for you Nana, New Zealand history, this looks interesting.

ROSIE: Tell her to keep out of there.

RATA: She's pretty, Could be Lilly, or you, when you were young.

NANA ROSE: Yes it's stirred up a lot of memories.

To ROSIE.

I'm going to have to tell them, wont I?

ROSIE: They can't know. No!

NANA ROSE: I should, now it's published, out for all to see.

RATA: I wish we had some photos of your mother.

NANA ROSE takes the book from RATA.

NANA ROSE: Yes. Me too.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: They don't know, keep it that way.

RATA: You're wrong mum. Look what she's reading.

RATA takes the book from NANA ROSE and shows it to DAWN who is not interested. NANA ROSE takes it back.

DAWN: Are we playing Mah-Jong or what? Come and sit down Rata, always up getting for something just like mum.

ROSIE: Go put it under the bed, go on.

ROSIE slaps NANA ROSE who tightens her grip on the book.

RATA: I should have gone for circles.

DAWN: History's just nostalgic rubbish.

RATA: We are formed by those who went before, like it or not.

ROSIE: Put it away, what are you doing sitting there, you stupid old woman.

DAWN: History doesn't get you anywhere. That's one thing the commune had right.

RATA: What? That commune has a lot to answer for.

DAWN: Whatever you "remember" Rata, I'm not talking about that, truth be told you loved living on that commune, we were happy there.

RATA: Loved it so much I ran away to live with nana.

DAWN: Not my fault you were jealous of your stepbrothers.

RATA: It wasn't that!

DAWN: Didn't do you much good moving in with mum did it?

RATA: Nana's been good for me.

DAWN: Yes well you got the better deal. No offence mum, wasn't fun growing up with you, bad enough having divorced parents back then let alone being the bastard to a solo mum, names I got called.

RATA: Don't say that to nana.

ROSIE: It's the truth. People treated us like dirt.

- DAWN: All I'm saying is you had it better living with her than I did, right isn't it mum?
- RATA: The commune elders were arrested. Are you forgetting?
- DAWN: Now is all that matters. That's right isn't it? Mum'll only tell you what she wants. Nine bamboo. I'm fishing.
- RATA: Not again.
- DAWN: I gave up asking who my father was years ago, she won't tell me, will you, mother? Your turn mum, come on. Maybe I was a one night stand, just sex?
- ROSIE: Get up and put that bloody book away, what are you doing sitting there holding it, I'm warning you.
- RATA: Mum.
- DAWN: I can't be bothered now, hasn't done me any harm not knowing who my dad was. If you don't like it, lump it, that's what she'd tell me. Might be the answer to why we have asthma? Might be genetic.
- RATA: Poverty gave us asthma.
- DAWN: Only history I'm interested in is the tiles, paid more attention to them, might win a bit more Rata. Isn't that right mum? Mum? Hello anyone in there?

DAWN waves a hand in front of NANA ROSE.

- NANA ROSE: Round and round, round and round, it never stops. Will you two let up for once!
- DAWN: I'm only joking. What's got into you? That's how we are. She don't mind, do you Rata? It doesn't mean anything. What are you doing holding onto that book, show me it, go on, is this what's troubling you, let's see the book, mum, mum. Rata saw it, show me.

NANA ROSE doesn't let go of the book.

- RATA: Nana are you OK? Leave her be if she doesn't want to give it to you.
- DAWN: Give it to me woman, come on don't be daft.

DAWN laughs.

DAWN: Rata, she has an iron-claw grip.

RATA: Mum, let go.

DAWN prises the book from NANA ROSE and reads the title.

DAWN: ‘All Shook up, The Rise of The Flash Bodgie and Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties’. Why are you making such a fuss about this, it’s not even fiction. What is there that makes it so special?

ROSIE: Bodgies, Bodgies and Widgies.

NANA ROSE: Yes. Widgies.

RATA: Widgies? What do you mean nana? What’s a Widgie?

DAWN: Finally, Miss Know-all, knows nothing. Bodgies were like Teddy boys, and the bad girls who ran with them were Widgies. He’s a looker, wouldn’t mind running with him.

RATA: That photo’s from 1955, when you were a girl eh nana?

DAWN: 1955, she’ll have been what, how old mum? Same age as our Lilly?

NANA ROSE: I was sixteen, only a child.

DAWN: Got some gruesome stories, this one’s called The Jukebox Killer.

NANA ROSE: Give me that.

NANA ROSE snatches the book from DAWN, both DAWN and RATA are shocked.

DAWN: What’re you doing? Mum?

RATA: Is everything all right Nana?

ROSIE: No!

NANA ROSE: Yes! Yes!

DAWN: Don’t bite our heads off, we were just asking.

NANA ROSE: Haven’t I given you enough, both of you, haven’t I? Do you have to know everything, do you have to wring me out like a tea towel?

DAWN laughs.

DAWN: Well would you believe that! There's the nice little old lady for you.

RATA: I don't understand.

DAWN: What's got into you mum?

NANA ROSE holds the book and goes to leave for her bedroom, ROSIE follows.

RATA: Where are you off to Nana?

NANA ROSE: My nose is running, I'm getting a hanky, is that all right with you two?

Exit NANA ROSE and ROSIE.

DAWN: She was fine before. Then she gave away the red dragon, that's not like her.

Calls off.

That's not like you mum, give away Red Dragon.

To RATA.

She knew I was after it, then she opened up that book, what's in it?

RATA: I'll go to her.

DAWN: No you won't, I will, you're the one that's upset her.

RATA: I didn't do anything.

DAWN: You did, you passed her the book

RATA: It's her own book. I haven't done anything. I was looking for beer for you.

RATA goes to get up but DAWN stops her.

DAWN: No you stay, I'll go, you always come the bloody innocent, don't get up, sit down.

RATA: You're raising your voice.

DAWN: So, so what!

RATA: Mum, calm down.

DAWN shouts.

DAWN: Don't tell me to calm down.

RATA shouts.

RATA: Don't shout at me.

DAWN: I'm not shouting, stay right there, I said I'll see to her, always trying to worm your way ahead of me, she's my mother.

RATA: What are you talking about?

DAWN: Oh me, Rata, sweet goodie good Rata, nana's favourite butter wouldn't melt, you're the jailbird, you're the one caused all her worries. It should be me she loves not you.

RATA: Get your hands off of me, I'll see to Nana if I want to.

RATA and DAWN struggle as RATA gets up, DAWN tries to keep her down, a chair is knocked over.

DAWN: You're the one that's upsetting her, not me, you, you, you're bloody useless aren't you, same as your bastard kid.

RATA upturns the Mah-jong table.

DAWN: Lovely, some bloody counsellor you are.

RATA is shocked with her actions and exits to the back garden. A pause.

NANA ROSE and ROSIE enter.

DAWN: What's wrong with our family?

NANA ROSE: What's happened?

DAWN: Rata kicked it over, my fault I suppose.

NANA ROSE: Where is she gone?

DAWN: Outside.

NANA ROSE: Oh Dawn.

DAWN: I'll go to her, shall I? I don't know why we're like this.

NANA ROSE: You girls.

DAWN: Why don't you make us all a nice cup of tea.

ROSIE: Cup of tea, cup of tea.

DAWN: Rata helps other people, why can't she help us?

Exit DAWN to garden. ROSIE takes the book from NANA ROSE.

ROSIE: That's my new jumper before I lost the button. The Angel gang, Paddy and Johnny, and me.

NANA ROSE: A handsome bunch.

ROSIE: They both were. Then look what happened. If I'd known what to do.

NANA ROSE: I didn't know what to do though did I? I didn't, enough!

NANA ROSE knocks the book out from ROSIE'S hands then she bends down to pick up the tiles. RATA enters with DAWN. They are both sheepish.

RATA: Nana, get up please, I'm sorry. I'll clean it up.

DAWN helps NANA ROSE up. RATA picks up the tiles while DAWN straightens the table. RATA picks up the book.

NANA ROSE: We're not playing anymore tonight, put the table out in the shed Dawn.

DAWN takes the table and exits.

RATA: It's the book isn't it? There's something in it about you. That girl, in the photograph, is it you when you were young?

NANA ROSE takes the book from RATA.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: Yes.

ROSIE: Of course it is, can't you see.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: It's me. I'm that girl.

NANA ROSE: I'm the girl from the Jukebox Killer.

ACT TWO SCENE ONE: DRAGONFLY.

1955 Tuesday 26th July 6pm. at the Olde Barne Café. Simultaneously NANA ROSE in 2012 watches herself, she holds the book. Music Earth Angel plays.

ROSIE: No you said, you said I'll shout you. I nearly got caught.

SUZY: I will.

ROSIE: I stole the lipstick, you pay for my milkshake.

SUZY: Rosie, I don't have enough, I'll buy you one Saturday, when I get my pocket money from Dad, I will, but tell me, what I don't understand about last night Rosie, is if you didn't want to, why did you get out of the car?

ROSIE: Paddy pulled me, he pulled me out. I told you.

SUZY: Yes, so then why did you stay with him?

ROSIE: You were too drunk to see, some friend you are, he just about yanked my arm out. What happened with you and Johnny?

SUZY: Nothing.

ROSIE: You got change for the Jukebox.

SUZY: I've only enough for one milkshake.

ROSIE: Keep it then.

SUZY: You can have it.

ROSIE: Johnny's putting something on.

SUZY: Let's go to the toilets. I want to brush past Johnny.

They wiggle-walk, SUZY bats flirtatious eyes. They are in the toilets.

SUZY: He looked at you didn't he?

ROSIE: Yes he looked, he smiled I guess.

SUZY: What did he look like that at you for?

ROSIE: I don't know.

SUZY: He called you tutti frutti didn't he?

ROSIE: I didn't hear.

SUZY: Yes, well, you was ahead of me, he did. Do you want to go?

ROSIE: No.

SUZY: Well make up your mind.

ROSIE: I never said I wanted to go, it was you who wanted to.

SUZY: Give me your lipstick.

ROSIE hands over the lipstick.

SUZY: Not a bad colour. Suits me, bit pale for you.

ROSIE: I didn't look closely I just took it, girl behind the counter was looking.

SUZY: You'll learn. There's an art to shoplifting.

ROSIE: You can keep it. I have to hide it from mum she gets upset if I wear lipstick, thinks I won't be one of the 144,000.

SUZY: 144,000?

ROSIE: To be saved, after Armageddon.

SUZY: And because of that you aren't allowed to wear makeup?

ROSIE: Jehovah's Witnesses can't be worldly.

SUZY: You've got a job at my aunties, you could leave home.

ROSIE: I'm not allowed yet, have to wait till I'm eighteen.

SUZY: What do they expect, they're so strict.

ROSIE: I'm damned now so I may as well keep sinning. You go out first this time.

SUZY: You don't live on Mars. It is 1955.

They wiggle-walk back to their space in the Milk bar.

SUZY: He looked up and winked.

ROSIE: He's looking over at you now.

ROSIE smiles at Johnny. SUZY looks the other way.

SUZY: What's he doing?

ROSIE: He's looking at the Jukebox.

SUZY throws her bag onto the floor.

SUZY: You cough and I'll laugh and I'll bend over to get my bag.

ROSIE coughs and SUZY laughs and bends over, looking behind her over her bum.

NANA ROSE laughs.

SUZY: He looked over?

ROSIE: He smiled at us.

SUZY: I'm going to see what he's putting on. Shit, Paddy's coming in.

ROSIE: Let me get in the booth, no let me in behind, sit down, sit in front of me.

Earth Angel plays loud. NANA ROSE shakes with fear.

ROSIE: Has Paddy seen me?

SUZY: No, he's not looking, he's going over to the jukebox.

NANA ROSE walks back to her home.

ACT TWO SCENE TWO: DRAGON'S TEETH.

2012 A week has passed since act one scene thirteen. NANA ROSE is in her home holding the book, ROSIE walks over from the last scene takes it from her and reads the passage out loud. NANA ROSE relives the moment as ROSIE reads. Earth Angel plays soft.

ROSIE: 'Auckland's bodgie subcultures became the subject of an official witch hunt after nineteen-year-old 'Paddy' Black stabbed 'Johnny McBride' as he leaned over the jukebox in a Queen Street café. McBride' whose real name was Alan Jacques had selected 'Earth Angel when a five-inch dagger was plunged into his neck'.

ACT TWO SCENE THREE: CHOP SUEY.

2012 A week has passed since act two scene two. Different location yet actions and dialogue happen simultaneously. Silence slow to start. LILLY is at her dealers, she prepares a pipe to smoke. DAWN is working at the rest home. NANA ROSE is at home peeling a potato with a paring knife beside the daffodils. RATA is in her office reading the book. ROSIE watches LILLY.

DAWN speaks to an oldie off.

DAWN: Don't worry your head over it, happens all the time, I've changed the bed for you. Yes, you're all cleaned up. Mash wasn't bad tonight, bit cold was it? Too many lumps? Not to worry, we can have a secret snack shall we? Eh? You'll like that won't you dear? Might even order us some hot chips like last time yes? I'll get this done and see to you next. I'll be back to talk, I will..

DAWN's phone rings and vibrates in her pocket and makes her jump, she finds it hard to work out which button to answer.

DAWN: Hello. Hello, can you hear?

RATA: Mum, I'm reading it.

DAWN: What?

RATA: The book!

DAWN: What are you talking about, I'm at work.

RATA: Nana's book about the bodgies, from the Mah-Jong night.

DAWN: Did she give it to you?

RATA: No, but I took it after we'd got her messages. *A beat.*
There's a chapter about Nana.

DAWN: About mum?

RATA: Yes, about her.

DAWN: How do you know?

RATA: Because I've read it, the photo on the cover, I think that's her when she was young.

DAWN: Yes, well, come on tell me, be quick about it, the dragon doesn't like us talking when we're working and I've five more to put to bed.

RATA: Thought you were changing your roster.

DAWN: Been put down for night shifts again, I can't say no, hurry up, what is it?

RATA: There was a stabbing at a milk bar, Nana was there, it was front page news.

LILLY smokes her pipe.

DAWN: Mum was there when what happened?

RATA: That's why she got so upset with the book. A man was murdered, over Nana.

DAWN: You don't know for sure.

RATA: She said, she said to me I'm the girl, I'm the girl from the Jukebox Killer. Nana was the witness at the trial, it's on record.

DAWN: What did she say again because she tells me nothing.

RATA: Nana said I am the girl from the Jukebox Killer, she had a thing with the murderer.

DAWN: Over her, someone's murdered, because of mum?

RATA: Yes, because he found her with this Johnny.

DAWN: There might have been another reason, you can't say it's because of mum.

RATA: There's evidence, transcripts from the court trials. She got caught in the act.

LILLY starts to take her knickers off. ROSIE stands.

RATA: Yes, it says. Johnny, Johnny McBride, he might be my granddad, your dad. Or the murderer, Paddy, it could have been him.

DAWN: Hold on.

DAWN speaks to the staff nurse.

I'll only be a moment, yes two floors, be right there. A *beat*. I just changed her nightdress and her bed for the second time! I'm not raising my voice. It's urgent family business. Don't get your knickers in a twist.

LILLY is reluctant but pulls her knickers off.

DAWN: I've just been told to get off the phone.

RATA: It's my granddad, I think so, Johnny McBride might be your dad. It's him, or the murderer, Paddy.

DAWN: The murderer is your granddad?

RATA: Yes, your dad! I thought you'd want to know.

DAWN: Yes well, I've five to put to bed. You don't exactly know, so doesn't make any difference to the price of fish does it.

LILLY flicks off her knickers in the direction of her dealer and smiles.

RATA: But this book will tell us, it'll tell us who we are.

DAWN: Rata, I know who I am. I gave up asking questions of mum years ago, she can keep her secrets.

RATA: But mum, Nana was there. It's bound to be my granddad.

DAWN: How's our Lilly and bubs, how's my granddaughter doing, that's what I want to know? That's what I care about, the living, not the dead.

RATA hangs up her phone, throws the book down.

DAWN: Done it again, I'm a stupid, stupid, stupid woman.

NANA ROSE: All for the want of a nail.

LILLY turns and grimaces as she lies down and parts her legs for sex with her dealer, she sits up a little and reaches for her pipe.

ACT TWO SCENE FOUR: MOON AT BOTTOM OF WELL.

1955 at the court trial of Paddy and 2012 simultaneously.

ROSIE: These are Suzy's shoes. She's dressed me for the day.
It's like Perry Mason. Everyone's looking at me. I feel
like a movie star.

NANA ROSE and ROSIE both have their hands raised whilst being sworn in. They address the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE/ROSIE: To tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth, so help me God.

ROSIE: If ever I believed in one.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: My name is Rose Adams. I'm sixteen years old your
honour. I live at 16 Dukes Road, Ponsonby and I work at
Wong's fruit shop on Queen Street .*A beat.* I've been
going to the Olde Barn Café since May.

ROSIE: I wish they'd let me keep my beret on, when I wear it, I
look just like Natalie Wood.

NANA ROSE: I go to the Olde Barn Café quite often. I've known
Paddy for about three months and I knew the deceased,
Alan Jacques. I knew him by the name of.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: Johnny McBride.

ROSIE looks up and waves at SUZY.

ROSIE: Suzy's in the gallery.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: I remember Monday, 25th July. I went to the Olde Barn
Café. I was going to go home but Paddy asked me to a
party at 105 Wellesley St. I had been there before, once.

ROSIE: That's not true.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: The house shown in photo exhibit number one is of the house.

ROSIE: It's so scungy.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: I went home that night.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: And I climbed out of my bedroom window.

ROSIE: Been doing it for months, ever since I left school.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: My mother and stepfather didn't know I'd left.

ROSIE: It's in all the newspapers. They write about me, us Widgies, our clothes. At night, we plan what I'll be wearing to court. Suzy helps me with my hair. I'm living at Suzy's, for now. I've been thrown out of home. mum's not allowed to see me. He said.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: I'm dead to them now that I've been Dis-fellowshipped.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: I got to the party about ten. During the course of the evening Paddy asked me to sleep with him, I said I'd think it over. About eleven I went out to the toilet at the back with my friend Suzy. Johnny McBride followed us out. After a while Suzy went inside. Johnny and I were together for about five minutes, we went to the end of the garden against the wall.

ROSIE: It was a full moon, we were under the moon against the tree. It was covered in blossom. As we, kissed.

ROSIE/ NANA ROSE: Petals fell all over me.

ROSIE: Paddy crept up on us, he saw.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: Paddy saw us. I don't know who struck the first blow.

ROSIE: It was Paddy. They are fighting over me. I didn't do anything wrong. The boys have fights all the time. It's exciting.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: That photo, No.3 in Exhibit A, that looks like the front room where the party was being held. There's two beds, Paddy laid down on the bed on the left then he called a boy over and started fighting. Everyone joined in, it carried on onto the footpath. Johnny McBride was mixed up in this. Paddy had a broken beer bottle in his hand. He went for Johnny's face. I was standing by the car. Johnny kicked Paddy in the stomach.

ROSIE: Paddy doubled over.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: Then we were trying to get Johnny into the car. He did get into the car. I got into the car too, with Johnny McBride, I followed him. Suzy was in there too. After we got into the car Paddy opened the door and asked me to get out. I got out not altogether on my own accord.

ROSIE: Paddy pulled my arm so hard, it nearly broke.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE: After I'd got out from the car.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: Paddy made me go inside.

NANA ROSE addresses the court, the audience.

NANA ROSE : Johnny McBride went away in the car. Everyone else left the party. Paddy asked me to lie on the bed with him, so I did.

NANA ROSE/ ROSIE: I didn't like to say no.

ROSIE: I did tell Paddy I might lie with him, and he did get a hiding.

The trial is over, they both step away. Dialogue from now on direct to audience.

NANA ROSE: Suzy and me, we'd been giggling and mucking about, the trial was fun.

ROSIE: I'm famous, everybody's watching me, writing about my clothes. I never believed anything bad could happen, but then, when the judge came back out, everything went quiet.

NANA ROSE: It was so quiet and, and closed in.

ROSIE: I feel caught out, like I've been doing something really bad.

NANA ROSE: The judge put the black cloth on his wig.

ROSIE: He reads out the death sentence.

NANA ROSE: Paddy sways. I cry out.

ROSIE cries out.

ROSIE: No!

NANA ROSE: I never thought that they were going to hang him.

ROSIE: It's my fault. All because of me, they are going to kill Paddy.

ROSIE/NANA ROSE: And I am pregnant.

ACT TWO SCENE FIVE: HEAVENLY TWINS.

1955 October at SUZY'S home on the table is the Truth with headline JUKE BOX KILLER TO HANG. ROSIE'S about to leave, she's holding a suitcase.

Simultaneously in 2012 at NANA ROSE's home, on the same day as act two scene three. NANA ROSE is in her home peeling the potato beside the daffodils.

SUZY: You're not are you?

ROSIE: Three months. It's going to start showing.

SUZY: Out of us two, I always thought you were the quiet one.

NANA ROSE: I was the quiet one.

SUZY: I've asked him if you can stay, but Dad won't change his mind, I'm sorry Rosie.

ROSIE: I never expected to.

SUZY: They should let you stay.

- ROSIE: One dead and another to hang, I don't blame them, I'm trouble.
- SUZY: It's not fair.
- ROSIE: Don't blame them, wish they were my family. They've been kind to me, thanks to them I've got a room and a job when I get to Wellington.
- SUZY: The great Wong's nationwide fruit shops. *A beat.* You shouldn't have to leave. I wish you could stay.
- ROSIE: Everyone in Auckland knows it's me.
- SUZY: You've got name suppression.
- ROSIE: Everyone here knows what I've done. Nobody will know me in Wellington.
- NANA ROSE: I wonder if they did know, I doubt it, I could have stayed.
- SUZY: But you've no friends there Rosie and you're, *Whispers.*
Pregnant.
- ROSIE: I'll make friends soon, I will, I'm young.
- NANA ROSE: Trouble, that's what I found, more trouble.
- SUZY: At least you'll be out of town when they hang him, must have been awful visiting him. I don't know how you did it.
- ROSIE: I feel sorry for him.
- NANA ROSE: I owed him.
- SUZY: We saw him murder Johnny, he doesn't deserve to live.
- ROSIE: And me.
- ROSIE/ NANA ROSE: How am I to live?
- ROSIE: I know it's because of me, they'll both be dead.

SUZY picks up a package and hands it to ROSIE

- SUZY: Take it.
- ROSIE: What is it?

SUZY: A Mah-jong set.

ROSIE: It's precious.

NANA ROSE: It is precious, it was from her ma.

SUZY: You're precious. You're my best friend Rosie. I want you to have it. Ma gave it to me, I'm giving it to you. Take it. We'll play together one day.

ROSIE: When we're old ladies.

Exit Suzy. NANA ROSE shakes her head no.

It is now 2012 at NANA ROSE 's home, early morning. NANA ROSE cuts the daffodil stems.

NANA ROSE: Ah Suzy, we never did get to play Mah-Jong.

ROSIE: I miss Suzy.

NANA ROSE: I missed her, but... my girls, my girls fill my life.

NANA ROSE rubs her hands and winces ROSIE is querulous.

NANA ROSE: Arthritis.

ROSIE: Mum had sore hands.

NANA ROSE: That was her garden, and no washing machine.

ROSIE: You can tell a lot about a person by their hands.

NANA ROSE: Suzy could.

NANA ROSE smiles and strokes her palm with her fingers.

ROSIE: No swimming pool.

NANA ROSE looks at the crease on the side of her hand.

NANA ROSE: Suzy was right on the button about them. Sixteen, no wonder I went mad. *A beat.* I feel for that poor young girl in the book.

ROSIE: For me?

NANA ROSE: Yes, for me.

NANA ROSE comes close to a hug with ROSIE but instead picks up the daffodil and cuts the stem, at the same time DAWN calls from the garden. They both look up and as NANA ROSE does so she slips with the knife and cuts her finger.

ACT TWO SCENE SIX: ALL WINDS AND DRAGONS.

2012. NANA ROSE'S garden. Continuation, same day LILLY is hiding behind the tree. DAWN calls out as she arrives.

DAWN: Mum, mum. Hello.

NANA ROSE enters garden. ROSIE stays in the house.

NANA ROSE: You come straight from work?

DAWN: Can we have a talk mum, Rata called me last night, what's wrong?

NANA ROSE: I just cut myself.

DAWN: You're bleeding, hold it up, mum. I'll get a cloth.

NANA ROSE: Don't fuss.

DAWN rushes past her inside to the kitchen area and gets a tea-towel. She mutters.

DAWN: You stupid old woman.

NANA ROSE turns to follow but before she is in the house, LILLY calls to NANA ROSE. She is barefoot, wearing her bra and skirt, trembling, distraught with blood splatters on her stomach.

LILLY: Nana, Nana Rose.

NANA ROSE: Lilly, what on earth?

LILLY runs crying into Nana Rose's arms.

LILLY: Nana, it's my fault. It's all my fault.

NANA ROSE notices the blood

NANA ROSE: You're hurt. Dawn! Dawn!

DAWN runs out, she has a tea towel that she drops at NANA ROSE's feet when she looks at LILLY.

DAWN: Lilly, what's happened to you?

LILLY cries.

LILLY: There's blood, it's his blood, it's all over me.

LILLY freaks out and hits her stomach where the blood is. ROSIE comes out and watching LILLY she is in a state of shock

DAWN: Lilly, are you bleeding?

LILLY yells.

LILLY: No, it's not me I said it's his.
 DAWN: Whose blood is it?
 LILLY: It's his blood.
 DAWN: Who's he? Lilly answer me!
 LILLY: His head, he smashed him on the head.
 DAWN: Who?
 NANA ROSE: Dawn, call Rata.

NANA ROSE picks up the tea-towel and dabs at Lilly's blood splattered body.

DAWN: Whose blood is it Lilly?
 NANA ROSE: Dawn please, go on, go! Call Rata.
 DAWN: I am, I am.
 LILLY: I'm scared, I ran. His eyes, they were red.
 NANA ROSE: Good girl, yes that's right you ran, and now you're here and you're safe.
 DAWN: Who did it Lilly?

NANA ROSE glares at DAWN.

NANA ROSE: Let's get you warm, come on Lilly. Call Rata, Dawn.
 DAWN: I'm calling her, shall I call the police?
 LILLY: No don't! I didn't mean to.

LILLY allows herself to be led into the house.

NANA ROSE: You're safe, you're safe now. Come, come on, come sit down with Nana.

DAWN speaks on her phone.

DAWN: Rata, I've got Lilly here, she's bleeding, she needs you. You need you to come to mum's straight away, now, it's an emergency.

To LILLY

DAWN: Do you want to talk to your mother?

LILLY: No, I can't. I need her here. I need her here gran, mum, I want my mum.

DAWN speaks on her phone.

DAWN: She doesn't want to. No, she's been in an accident.

LILLY: I want mum, I want mummy. I want my mum.

ROSIE: Is someone dead? It's happening again, it's blood.

DAWN: Mummy's round the corner Lilly, in New World, that's lucky isn't it, eh Lillypilly, she'll be right here.

LILLY: You'll hate me for this nana, and you gran. She'll hate me. Mum'll hate me.

DAWN: No, Lilly, she won't, none of us will, you're our Lilly.

LILLY: Gran, it's all my fault. I've got his blood on me, nana I've got blood on me. You'll hate me too. When you see who I am and know what I've done.

NANA ROSE: I won't, I don't hate you, I love you Lilly, we love you, it's going to be all right.

LILLY: I'm cold Nana.

NANA ROSE: You sit here with me, there, there.

DAWN puts a crocheted blanket over LILLY.

LILLY: There's more, I can see it, oh no I want it off, get it off.

DAWN gets a flannel and wipes the blood from Lilly's stomach.

DAWN: Here, gran's got a nice flannel, from the sink, a nice warm flannel. We'll wipe it all off. See, I'll never hate you. No, not my Lillypilly eh?

NANA ROSE: Gran'll sit beside you too. There. That's it, it's all gone, it's all gone my girl.

LILLY: No it's not. I can still see some nana! There's some on the blanket.

NANA ROSE: Get another blanket Dawn.

DAWN: It might be coming from you mum.

DAWN looks at NANA ROSE'S hand and wraps it up. She gets another blanket.

NANA ROSE: Silly old nana, got a cut finger, here, wipe this away. Whatever happened Lilly, you're OK now.

LILLY: No, I'm not nana. I'm such a bad person. I could see into his head gran.

DAWN: Into his head?

LILLY: He asked me to have sex, and I had to because I needed to, if I run out, I have to, I need to, and he gives me it for free.

DAWN: Who?

NANA ROSE hushes DAWN.

LILLY: I had a pipe, and then we were, then Gearbox came in.

DAWN: Gearbox?

LILLY: He's my flatmate but he thinks he's my boyfriend, but he's not. I saw his eyes he was going to get me too, I ran. I ran away. I'm sorry, I 'm so sorry, oh no I've still got blood on me.

DAWN: There, let gran get that last bit off. It's all gone now, all wiped clean.

LILLY: I don't like it, I don't like it, he had red eyes nana and he was looking at me, he was going to hit me and he was screaming and he started saying these crazy things.

ROSIE: She's me, she's just like me.

NANA ROSE: She's not.

LILLY: It cut open a big gash in his head, and he fell back lying on top of me, all his weight was squashing me, it splurged out, it was bleeding on me, and I couldn't get up.

DAWN: What cut his head, was it a knife?

LILLY: Gran! You're not listening to me! I told you, I said the coffee machine!

DAWN: OK Lilly, OK.

LILLY: Nana I said didn't I? I looked up at Gearbox standing there, and he saw it was me and that's when he pulled the coffee machine off the bench and hurled it at us, and

it hit him on the head, and the blood's gone all over me, and his head fell onto me and I could see inside it and I couldn't get him off of me.

LILLY cries. RATA arrives.

LILLY: Mum, mummy

NANA ROSE gets up. RATA takes her seat and LILLY climbs on her mother's lap. RATA looks to DAWN questioning.

RATA: The blood?

DAWN: It's not hers.

RATA rocks LILLY like a baby on her lap, LILLY lets herself sink into her mother.

DAWN: Let me see your hand mum.

NANA ROSE: It's just my finger. Don't fuss.

DAWN speaks to RATA.

DAWN: Same face, same dear face as you, as when you were born. The best day of my life.

NANA ROSE nods at DAWN. RATA looks quickly at Dawn, smiles and then stays focused on LILLY, DAWN sits beside RATA.

RATA: Mummy's here, you're safe Lilly, you're safe with us, with your family.

LILLY: On no!

RATA: What, what is it?

LILLY: My phone, oh no, back there, at his house, I can't believe it, I've left my phone.

RATA, DAWN and NANA ROSE look to each other and smile

NANA ROSE I'll make a tea shall I?

RATA and DAWN shake their head no.

ROSIE: It's happening again, she's just like me.

NANA ROSE: She might be, doesn't mean she ends up the same.

DAWN: What're you saying mum?

NANA ROSE: I've something I need to say to you Lilly.

RATA: Now might not be the best time Nana.

NANA ROSE: Rata, I'll be dead before it's the right time.
 DAWN: Mum, Lilly's in a state, she's in no condition/
 NANA ROSE: Tough.

LILLY and RATA are surprised.

NANA ROSE: Yes, tough. Time I told you some things about me. All three of you, now hush. Lilly, that fellah you got the drugs from, when you left, did anybody know?
 LILLY: Some neighbours were on the street.
 NANA ROSE: Good, so they'll be getting a doctor.
 LILLY: He might be dead, nana, he might be dead.
 RATA: Nana, let's have some quiet and we can/
 NANA ROSE: /No Rata. Lilly, you think you are responsible for the joker being hit, don't you?
 LILLY: Nana, it was my fault.
 DAWN: Mum!
 NANA ROSE: No, it's not. Now you listen to me, all three of you, Lilly, you love your nana?

LILLY nods.

NANA ROSE: You think I'm a good person? When I was your age, I lived in Auckland and I was a Widgie.
 LILLY: What's a widgie?
 NANA ROSE: I was a tearaway, like you. I mixed with the wrong crowd, and I took drugs. Just like your mum, only I was put in the nut farm.
 LILLY: You, you took drugs nana?
 NANA ROSE: Listen, Lilly. I want this to get through to you. Two young men fought over me and they were both killed. Do you hear?
 LILLY: Two men, two men were killed, over you Nana?
 NANA ROSE: Yes, I was not responsible, I did not kill them, do you believe me?
 LILLY: Mum?

RATA: It's true.

NANA ROSE: You still think I'm a good person?

LILLY nods.

NANA ROSE: Let me tell you something else, something nobody else knows. I was pregnant when I left Auckland, and I came here, to this house.

DAWN: It is true then, the man in the photo is my dad?

NANA ROSE: It's not him.

RATA: Do you not know who mum's father was? Is he even in that book?

LILLY: You don't know who gran's dad is? Nana?

NANA ROSE: Listen Lilly, I came here and I was pregnant and I had that baby, a beautiful baby girl. I was sixteen, same age as you had Jasmine, but I was all on my own, and I knew nothing. My waters broke in the back garden, out there, that's where she was born.

LILLY: Where I was hiding?

NANA ROSE: Yes, right there. Under the tree.

RATA: That wasn't where mum was born.

NANA ROSE: No, she wasn't. My first baby girl was your sister Dawn. I was sixteen and I gave birth to my baby girl alone.

RATA: Where is she now?

LILLY: Without anyone?

NANA ROSE: I didn't know I had to cut the cord. She lived beautiful girl in my arms, and then she died. She died in my arms. I killed her.

LILLY: Nana, you didn't know to cut the cord?

NANA ROSE: No, I didn't.

LILLY: You had a baby Nana, you?

NANA ROSE: Yes. I did.

LILLY: And she died, out there in the garden.

NANA ROSE: Yes. I buried her at the end of the garden, and I planted a tree over her, that cherry plum, that's her tree. Nobody knew, all these years, and now I've told you, I've told you all.

LILLY: That's terrible.

RATA: Nana, how awful.

DAWN: I had a sister.

LILLY: It wasn't your fault. You're still a good person Nana.

NANA ROSE: So are you Lilly, you're young and you can change, hear me. I was a poor young girl without a clue what to do. I'm not a murderer, but I've punished myself for it all my life, and I want you to know Lilly, I want you to stop punishing yourself, because Lilly you are a good person and you can have a happy life, are you going to do all you can to have that, are you?

LILLY: Yes Nana.

ROSIE stands at the door.

ROSIE: She was ours, our secret.

NANA ROSE: No more secrets. No more punishment. No more.

LILLY: You are a good person Nana.

NANA ROSE: So are you Lilly.

LILLY: I can hardly believe it of you Nana, you're so, you've always been so, good.

NANA ROSE: Nobody's all good, and nobody's all bad.

LILLY: What about your mum? Why didn't your mum help you?

NANA ROSE: I left after the murder trial. She never knew what happened to me, about baby dying. She didn't know I was pregnant. That was the last time I ever saw mum's face

Koriimoko sings.

NANA ROSE: When Dawn was born, I sent mum a telegram, but she never wrote back because she was dead and buried. I didn't have anyone Lilly, but you, you have us, and even if we argue, we are family and we love you.

NANA ROSE looks to Dawn who is visibly shaken.

NANA ROSE: We love each other.

Koriimoko sings. ROSIE whistles back.

ACT TWO SCENE EIGHT: SUNSET.

2012 Two weeks have passed. At NANA ROSE'S home playing Mah-Jong.

NANA ROSE Lays down a winning hand.

NANA ROSE: Sunset.

DAWN: That's not fair, you've cleaned me out.

RATA: Pay up mum.

DAWN and RATA pay up their buttons.

RATA: And had she always been a Jehovah's witness?

NANA ROSE: It was after the war, mum lived through the blitz. I'm glad she was now, might have made dying easier.

RATA: That was so mean of your stepfather, not telling you she was sick.

NANA ROSE starts to pack up the tiles.

NANA ROSE: I was dis-fellowshipped, then when I did telephone, he told me that there was 'no point in letting me know when she died because she was just dead meat'.

DAWN: Dead meat, what a pig.

NANA ROSE: He said she 'would rise up after Armageddon and live life everlasting'. I hope she did believe that, cancer can be agony, poor mum.

DAWN: It is, I've seen some young people in the home who shouldn't be. They're left to die if they hold on too long, there's no room for them in the hospice, so they shove them in the dementia ward, and we don't know how to manage their pain relief.

RATA: Mum, be sensitive.

DAWN: You've got the market on sensitivity.

RATA: Carry on Nana.

NANA ROSE: I was about done.

RATA: No, please, you were saying about the phone call, he said rise up life everlasting.

NANA ROSE: I was running out of pennies, there was a queue, you were crying Dawn and he was preaching to me down the phone saying 'If I wanted to see her, I'd have to join the Truth'. I hung up. Walked back through Newtown my feet soaked, breasts leaking, both me and Dawn crying. I couldn't believe it. I'd never ever see mum again. I'd have liked to have had something with mum's smell on it, just something with her smell. *A beat.*

DAWN has farted.

DAWN: What? I didn't do anything. Aren't we playing another one? Last round come on. I want to win my buttons back.

RATA: Count me out, I've half an hour to pick up Jasmine and I'm not going to be late.

NANA ROSE: Bring her for a visit, if she's allowed.

RATA: Probably not Nana. It'll be too late. We'll come on Lilly's first weekend leave, if she's not kicked out, or walks out.

DAWN: Stupid there's no family visits for the first month.

RATA: It's so she can focus on her addiction without distractions.

NANA ROSE: It was jolly lucky she got in so fast.

RATA: It's a miracle the Sallies took her, people die waiting to get into treatment.

DAWN: She had two options, that or jail. We'll get to see them soon enough mum.

RATA and DAWN pack up the tiles and trays. NANA ROSE folds the legs of the card table.

NANA ROSE: Take some cake with you Rata.

DAWN: What about me?

NANA ROSE: Let bubs have it, she'll like my chocolate cake, it hasn't turned out the best. If she doesn't like it tell her to/

DAWN /RATA: Spit it out.

NANA ROSE: I'll put this away till next time.

RATA: Here, let me.

RATA holds the table and the three women move to the back garden.

DAWN: You're walking better mum, that leg not hurting as much?

NANA ROSE: No, I'm a lot freer these days.

They are under the tree, under the moon at the bottom of the garden. Korimako sings, NANA ROSE looks up to the tree and smiles. The lighting must be beautiful.

NANA ROSE speaks to DAWN

NANA ROSE: He was a sailor.

DAWN: A what?

NANA ROSE: Your father.

DAWN: A sailor? In the New Zealand Navy?

NANA ROSE: No.

DAWN: The Aussie Navy?

NANA ROSE: No.

DAWN: My father was a sailor, what was his name?

NANA ROSE: English, they were English.

DAWN: They! Hold on, they!

RATA starts to laugh, so does DAWN.

NANA ROSE: I was young, I was like Lilly, just like Lilly.

DAWN: Like mother like daughter, I wasn't the first to work the ships.

NANA ROSE: I never charged money.

DAWN: No you gave it away.

RATA and DAWN continue laughing.

RATA: Generous to a fault nana.

DAWN: To everyone but your daughter.

NANA ROSE: I gave you life.

DAWN: Thanks mum.

RATA: Thanks nana.

NANA ROSE: You're welcome.

The three laugh loud, ROSIE stands beside the tree, NANA ROSE joins her.

ROSIE: It's a beautiful light.

NANA ROSE: I have to forgive myself.

ROSIE: Isn't it too late?

NANA ROSE: Never, never too late, I do, I forgive you, I forgive me.

*The two embrace. Koriimoko sings. ROSIE sings back, NANA ROSE whistles too.
NANA ROSE bathes in the moonlight arms out wide.*

NANA ROSE: Sunset and moon rising, round and round we go under
the sun and under the moon.

ROSIE: Moon at the bottom of the garden.

Lights down to darkness but for the full moon and tree.

The end.

The Whakapapa of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

An exegesis

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of
Master of Fine Arts (Theatre Studies)

at the

University of Otago

by

Sarah McDougall

Me titiro me anga ki whakamua: Look to our history as we move forward
(Quince).

Men make their own history, but they do not make it just as they please;
they do not make it under circumstances chosen by themselves, but under
circumstances directly encountered, given and transmitted from the past
(Marx).

Pepeha.

E ngā rau rangatira, tenā koutou katoa. Tuatahi, he mihi ki te Runga Rawa, nāna nei ngā mea katoa. Tuarua nga mihi ki te iwi whānui. Nō reira, tenā koutou, tenā koutou, tenā koutou katoa.

Ko Harold te Maunga, Ko Rom te Awa, Ko Ingarani te Whenua, Ko Essex te Hapu, Ko Cockney te Iwi. Nō Ingarani, Wiwi, Werehi, Airihi, Hūrai ōku tipuna. Ko Caroline Mumby raua ko Kate Venmore Wilson ōku kuia. Ko Alfred Pariser raua ko George Martin ōku koroua. Ko Olive Rose Pariser raua ko William Douglas Martin ōku mātua. Ko Ewan McDougall tōku hoa rangatira, Ko Sarah Caroline McDougall tāku ingoa, Ko Paul rātou ko William ko Melissa aku tamariki. Kei te noho au kei Ōtepoti inaianei, i raro te maru o Kai Tahu. Kua noho au ki Ōtepoti mō nga tau toru tekau .

To the noble people reading, greetings to you all. Firstly, greetings to the Almighty God, everything belongs to him. Secondly, greetings to the wider community. Therefore, greetings, greetings, greetings to you all.

My ancestors are English, French, Irish and Jewish. Harold is my mountain. Rom is my river. England is my land. Essex is where I was born. My family and wider tribe are from East London and are Cockneys. I now live in Dunedin under the mantel of Kai Tahu and have been settled here for three decades. My maternal grandmother is Caroline Mumby, and my paternal grandmother is Kate Venmore Wilson. My maternal grandfather is Alf Pariser and my paternal grandfather is George Martin. My mother is Olive Rose Pariser and my Father is William Douglas Martin. I am Sarah Caroline McDougall. Ewan McDougall is my husband. We have three children, Paul, William, and Melissa.

This whakapapa and introduction is given because I believe that who I am is inextricably linked with my choice of approach to the writing of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. It gives an insight into my values and an understanding of the reasons why I include the Jukebox murder into my play in the manner that I have. That is, with an emphasis on the consequences and repercussions to the girl at the heart of the murder and the effect on the proceeding generations of women of her family.

As my pepeha states, I am from Harold Hill, Essex. Despite living in Aotearoa New Zealand for thirty years, the humus and humour of Essex permeate my language and perception of the world. ‘Billaricay-Dickie’ Essexite Ian Drury, wrote about Harold

Hill in the song “This is What We Find” (*Ian Drury and the Blockheads*, 1979), lyrics of which are supplied in Appendix A. Drury’s accent and vernacular are mine and this is evident in the characters in my plays; they may not feature Essex locations and residents but they are similarly working class. The parlance of Essex, the dropped h’s and poetic back-slang patois rate low on the class scale that permeates life in England. Sociologist Christie Davies writes in “The Comparative Study of Jokes” about the Essex girl’s voice being “grinding, ugly, mud-in-yer-mouf, ‘Estuary English’”; he judges it as “a mode of speech which occupies the lowest rung on the British hierarchy of accents and dialects” (39). To say I am from Essex conjures for some the phrase ‘Essex Girl’ which carries classist and misogynistic connotations.¹ This viewpoint of Essex is apparent in Aotearoa New Zealand: journalist Stephanie Holmes describes Essex girls as “Vapid fools”.²

In a more positive light, feminist writer Germaine Greer defends the Essex girl, saying she is “Tough, loud, vulgar and unashamed”. My plays deal with tough issues, such as abortion, miscarriage and the slow suicide that is addiction. I have been described as having an earthy humour, which some may consider vulgar and of that I am unashamed. A review by Sara O’Sullivan in *The Scotsman* of *Up the Duff* described the play as “funny, earthy, in your face”. I am keenly aware of the classist, misogynistic environment that nurtured me and by which I am labelled, but I am grounded in the woods of Essex, ever grateful I fell into the Nirvana that is Broad Bay, Dunedin, where I have lived for the past thirty years; yet, I am of that earth of my birth. My whakapapa is one of layer upon layer of people living in positions they accepted or rejected. This affects how I speak, how I look and how I listen to people. From my background and my experience, I am able to connect with others of similar ilk. This has resulted in empathy with other marginalised groups. Playwright Yvette Nolan says, “Once you understand the viewpoint of one marginalised person, it’s easier to understand the

¹ An example of this prejudice was demonstrated by Cambridge Don Eric Griffiths who mimicked an Essex schoolgirl’s accent in an admissions interview at Trinity College and mocked her inability to comprehend T. S. Eliot because of her Essex background. (*The Times*), and a search on 8th September 2012 for Essex girl jokes on the website Google gave 863,000 results that were sexually demeaning of women from Essex and clearly misogynistic.

² This class prejudice to which I am sensitized, was expressed at a performance of *Dickens’ Women* at The Regent Theatre Dunedin on 12 May, 2012, where Miriam Margolyes told of a character who hailed from a lowly place, that they came from “somewhere like Brockville”, to which the packed auditorium tittered, then as Margolyes hit her joke twice with the question, “Is anybody here from Brockville?” the audience roared with laughter, laughter at the people from the low socio economic suburb of Brockville. I imagine that somebody who lived in Brockville or its equivalent may feel humiliated by such discourse. It affected me enough to yell out, “Nothing wrong with Brockville”.

viewpoint of another” (145). Essex is where my core values and attitudes were learned, and these values and attitudes permeate my plays.

My work is driven by an interest in whakapapa, female positioning, class, addiction, immigration and resistance to constructed positions. The plays I want to write are of politics writ small; domestic relationship dramas of working class families with an emphasis on women. This is evident in other works that I have written: *Up the Duff*, *Bullies and Blake*, *Hairway to Heaven* and *Things I Hate about Mother*. I am aware that I have a heightened sensitivity to the impact of class, poverty and injustice and that I do have an agenda.

One of my family sayings is that ‘all toffs are thieves’.³ This attitude is echoed by Dawn in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. “My raise came through last week, not backdated like we wanted. 50 cents an hour, that’s \$20 a week extra, what am I going to do with that? National Party Pack of bastards!” (27).

To pay workers less than a living wage whilst gaining wealth through their labour equates to theft according to my values.⁴ This and other inherited beliefs cannot be separated from my writing. According to Louis E. Catron,

Membership in the distinguished community of playwrights starts with developing keen insight into your personal beliefs, attitudes, and standards. These provide the subjects and themes of your plays. You also examine your beliefs about human behaviour, deciding what you think are admirable or disreputable traits. These concepts lead you to create characters you’ll believe in and care about. These two steps give your plays special meaning and make them original works. Being a playwright begins with a strong need to communicate your deepest personal beliefs (3).

I am interested in subjectivity and discourse, and that I deem me to be inseparable from my work. I concur with Nicola Gavey who in her article “Feminist Poststructuralism and Discourse Analysis Revisited” writes, “...my interest is in the complete enmeshment of experience and culture and that I am interested in discourse only insofar as it is a way of understanding the cultural conditions of possibility for

³ The *Oxford Paperback Dictionary* defines the slang word ‘toff’ as meaning “a well-dressed or upper-class person” (1994). My understanding of ‘toff’ is that it covers people of privilege who abuse their power, a belief validated here where “Inland Revenue has found only half of wealthy individuals worth more than \$50 million each are paying the top personal tax rate, despite Government moves to combat tax avoidance” (Levy, 2012).

⁴ Tim Hazledine, professor of economics at the University of Auckland, writes of the need for a living wage in his article in the business section of the *NZ Herald* (2012).

being in the world”(186). The ‘I’ spoken of in this exegesis is one conscious of the social, cultural, historical, political and economic reality constructed by the ever changing world I live in. Born in 1957 in Harold Hill, my prospects were either a job in the bubble-gum factory or at the Lovable Bra factory. Instead, having left school at twelve, I found myself thirteen years later a permanent resident of Aotearoa New Zealand, and being over the age of twenty-one, I was eligible to attend university. This opportunity was given to me by my adopted land, but it is the resilience of my whānau, and my Essex culture that has provided me with the fortitude to do this mahi. Essex is my strength.

When Redmer Yska gave me his book, *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties*, I was drawn to the girl on the cover image and imagined that she was the person caught up in the tragedy of “The Jukebox Killer”; a chapter in the book about a murder case from 1955 in which two men fought over a girl, one was stabbed and the other hung. I decided then to write a play about the Jukebox murder, and the affect it had on that imagined girl. This practice-led research offered the opportunity to do this work and learn how to create a play based on the Jukebox murder, reframed from the viewpoint of the girl. My area of learning was how to integrate historical documentation and fact within the play script. This project examines and reflects on the process of how this was done, that is, it shows how *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* was conceived, researched, written and re-written.

This exegesis comprises of seven sections. The first provides a brief summary of the interpretive constructionist ‘Grounded Theory’ approach, explaining why it is an appropriate choice and how it was used in my research. Section two deals with the social climate of Aotearoa New Zealand in 1955, and then gives a fuller account of the Jukebox murder.⁵ The third section of this paper presents a comparative analysis of dramatic treatments of the notorious Parker-Hulme murder case, treatments which provided useful points of reference for my own approach to the inclusion of historical material in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. In section four, I track the writing of the characters Rosie and of Nana Rose through reference to draft scenes and reflect on the changes. Included here is my response to feedback. I further contextualize my work in section five where I discuss the form, structure and conventions other women

⁵ Much of the research involving the Jukebox murder is sourced from the pivotal text, *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties*, (Yska 1993) and from newspaper reports in the *NZ Herald*. It is this book that initially aroused my interest in writing this play script. In fact the book itself came to be an essential prop in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

playwrights use to express their ideas. I reflect on their works and take specific interest in their use of time and use of self and compare the differences and similarities with my own practice. In particular I look at Joanne Tompkins and Julie Holledge's *Performing Women/ Performing Feminisms: Interviews with International Women Playwrights*, Charlotte Keatley's *My Mother Said I Never Should*, and Caryl Churchill's *Seven Jewish Children*. An evaluation of the invented whakapapa/back-story that served as a skeleton from which the first draft began, together with an account of how Mah-Jong emerged as a device throughout the play is given in section six. Finally in section seven, I review and précis the reflections recorded in my journal where I discuss ethical issues I faced in writing *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

In the section to follow, I discuss the adapted version of Grounded Theory, which is the methodology used in this project, and the means by which I grasped how to integrate historical murder material in my play.

Section One: Grounded Theory.

What it is and How it is Used in this Project.

Barney Glaser and Anselm Strauss's Grounded Theory is a systematic approach to research, and to the forming of a hypothesis from data.⁶ *The Discovery of Grounded Theory* (Glaser and Strauss, 1967) endorsed Grounded Theory as a new and valid methodology, describing it as a "...comparative process to generate theoretical processes" (63). A fundamental aspect of Grounded Theory is that research commences without a hypothesis to prove. It is a means by which a researcher can dissect material, categorize, trial new ways of working, assess findings, revise and become intimate with the research material to the point of saturation and then answer research questions.⁷ Information is gleaned and compiled into categorised lists that are labelled and expose other questions to ask of the data. This entails further research which, through a process of decision making and selection, the data narrows and theories are tested and validated or rejected. Kathy Charmaz in *Constructing Grounded Theory* writes, "Grounded Theory methods consist of systematic yet flexible guidelines for collecting and analysing qualitative data to construct theories 'grounded' in the data themselves" (2). The Grounded Theory researcher records their interpretations of the content of the data in memos. These are compiled simultaneously to the analysis formation. Similarities found between the categories, including that found in the bibliographies of each work are noted.⁸ "Recording data alone confers interpretation of them because we place a conceptual frame on them through our use of language and understandings about the world" (40).⁹ The memos elucidate which data to sample. This may then answer the researcher's question and form a theory. Glaser and Strauss write, "Theoretical sampling is the process of data collection for generating theory whereby the analyst

⁶ Barney Glaser and Anselm Strauss published three works of which *The Discovery of Grounded Theory* was the last. The first was, *Awareness of Dying* (Glaser and Strauss, 1965) which along with a *Time for Dying* (1968) gave clear and detailed examples of their method of research.

⁷ The data includes the thoughts and feelings of the researcher in relation to the analysed works.

⁸ The bibliographical comparisons recorded in my memos showed shared research amongst the works analysed and led to other historical research such as that of the case of the Papin Sisters, who murdered their employer's wife and daughter in France in 1933, on which films and plays have been based and alluded to in adaptations of the Parker-Hulme murder (Wen 245).

⁹ The memos were a place for debating the use of material in emerging play drafts I was writing, one of which was the issue of audience safety. They also made clear the structure of the various works and how each writer emphasised the position and voice of one character over another.

jointly collects codes and analyses his data and decides what data to collect next and where to find them, in order to develop his theory as it emerges” (45).¹⁰

I choose to use Grounded Theory, the interpretive constructionist version which I prefer, because it assumes historical context as an important aspect of research, and by deconstructing societal positioning, accepts that societal positions are constructed. This supports the position I hold that whakapapa is a fundamental influence on life, and therefore the researcher’s own history impacts on their perception. In my case that means that as playwright researching and writing my play and writing this exegesis I am implicated in my research. Kathy Charmaz writes, “...we are part of the world we study and the data we collect. We *construct* our grounded theories through our past and present involvements and interactions with people, perspectives, and research practices” (10).¹¹

Another reason why I choose this methodology is because it fits well with my working method. As I write a play I begin with an image, gather a multiplicity of material, refine the material, research that which is of interest, discard what is not important and revise the writing over many re-writes. I create a history of the characters. I read novels and watch films and plays that are pertinent to the subject and use anything to my advantage that best allows me to show the story and advance my argument. I look at mapping individual sections and scenes and trial different features. I make notes about my feelings and pose questions which lead to further research. I listen to comments and act or don’t act on them. I hear the play read out and make further re-writes until the scenes flow and all questions I have are answered. I find out how to write the play by writing it, knowing that at the beginning I don’t know how to start or how to end, and that is no impediment, because within the research and by re-writing, the play script’s form develops and answers to my questions work their way to the fore and are resolved.

Research for the play and this exegesis involved an analysis of a wide source of data, a major component of which was material dealing with historical-murder-based

¹⁰ Grounded Theory is not without its critics. Glaser and Strauss, who initially formed the approach, have disagreed since 1990 (Glaser, 1992). Constructivist Grounded Theory proponent Charmaz disputes Glaser and Strauss’s position that theory is discovered and can emerge from the data separate from the scientific observer (Glaser and Strauss, 1967), and instead favours an interpretive theory seeking understanding rather than a positivist Grounded Theory that explains and seeks generality and universality (Charmaz, 126).

¹¹ Italics, authors own.

drama, and articles and theses discussing these works, the rationale being to clarify the strategies these writers' adopted in their various dramatic works so as to discern if there was anything useful for my project.¹²

I named the memo process 'journaling'. This revealed my interpretations and value judgment of other writers' approach to the use of historical material and made clear that which I found useful and that which was not. The manner in which Michelanne Forster dealt with time in *Daughters of Heaven* assisted my own handling; whereas Forster ricocheted between before the murder, and after the murder, I too wrote scenes between after and before the murder, but I moved between different eras, 2012 to 1955 alternately, and at times scenes had characters from both eras.

The Grounded Theory approach is to sample theories the researcher takes from the findings of their analysis of the data. Using the Bridget character that Forster created in *Daughters of Heaven* I experimented with the narrator devise in an early draft of my play-script. The narrator character was written as Ghost girl, later to be Rosie. Nana Rose was in this draft named Rose. This theory sampling, trying out a narrator, proved to be unsuccessful. Here is a sample of the first page of that second draft.

GHOSTGIRL: The moon at the bottom of the garden, this is where I was born. That's my tree. It was only that big when mummy planted it. Right isn't it mummy? She won't answer.
(SINGS) 'Maid was in the garden, pegging out the clothes'. She was on her own when I came, grunting on the grass, she was happy and crying when I opened my eyes, but then she didn't cut the cord. If she hadn't been on her own, things could have been different, I can't blame her, well I do, what else are mothers for? I have these past sixty years, it's all I know. Seven minutes breathing then dead.

ROSE moves towards the dining-room.

GHOSTGIRL: Don't mind her, she can't hear me. She can feel me though.

GHOSTGIRL gives an elbow jab and Rose flinches with a pain in her heart.

¹² Data in the case of the Parker-Hulme analysis means all dramatic works inspired by the Parker Hulme murder including: novels; interviews; reviews; journal articles on the works or of works of others in the same field, including theorists in common; recordings of the plays or of filmed interviews of the dramatist, or directors associated with productions, or of comparisons made between different productions.

GHOSTGIRL: I'm her secret. Shhh She carries me with her, always.

ROSE composes herself from her heart flutter and enters her kitchen dining room.

GHOSTGIRL: If she'd known to cut the cord, our lives would have been different. What if, if only, maybe. There's her mother, Jehovah's Witness, no sex education see, I could blame her, I could blame the war, I could blame the music.

Earth Angel plays.

I could blame my father, if I knew which one he was.

Grounded Theory is an appropriate choice for me. It is used by psychologists and other researchers in the social sciences and it is compatible with Narrative Therapy, a modality I trained in as a counsellor.¹³ Narrative Therapy, an approach formed in the southern hemisphere by Michael White and David Epsom and advocated in their co-authored book *Narrative Means to Therapeutic Ends*, is a social constructionist post-modern approach that believes the construction of self is on-going and is defined by language and discourses.

...meaning is derived through the structuring of experience into stories, and that the performance of these stories is constitutive of lives and relationships. As this storytelling of experience is dependent upon language, in accepting this premise we are also proposing that we ascribe meaning to our experience and constitute our lives through language (27).

Narrative Therapy is a distancing practice that places great store on externalising conversations. It asserts that there is no single truth and that positions are made available as a result of the society, the race, the era, the class, gender, sexual persuasion, health and place in which the person lives. The term 'thick description' is used to articulate a dense detailed description of a person's life that permits an alternative story to be re-authored, and an alternative perspective shifts the power dynamics of the problem (White, 2007). Different outcomes can occur when the problem is examined as "...actions seen as events that have occurred in a sequence, across a time period according to a particular plot" (Morgan, 2006).

¹³ . "The grounded theory perspective is the most widely used qualitative interpretive framework in the social sciences today" (Denzin 508).

Narrative Therapy has informed the writing of the character Rosie who serves as Nana Rose's externalized inner young self made flesh, and given an understanding to the character Rata, the granddaughter of Nana Rose who as an ex-addict and a drug counsellor has managed to re-author her own life. Having stated my approach to the construction of this project I will continue now with section two and give a picture of the social environment of Aotearoa New Zealand in 1955 and an account of the Jukebox murder.

Section Two: The Social Climate of Auckland in the 1950s and the Jukebox murder.

The ‘Jukebox murder’ occurred amidst a climate of moral panic. In 1949, with a platform of re-establishing capital punishment the National Party were elected with a narrow majority and in 1950 the National Government re-introduced the death penalty (Yska:11). The newspapers and state-run New Zealand Broadcasting Service were filled with propaganda. MP Jack Marshall, head of the Publicity Division noted in a memo to the Prime Minister Sid Holland: “For some considerable time, the Publicity Division has been distributing anti-communist propaganda. I am encouraging and extending this work” (26). Such was the moral and psychological climate in 1954 that a Special Committee on Moral Delinquency in Children and Adolescents was formed, chaired by Dr Oswald Chettle Mazengarb, Q.C. This document was presented to Parliament on the 23rd July 1954. It decried the behaviour of a ‘sex-crazed wild youth’ and offered a number of recommendations in a report that was posted to every family which was in receipt of the family benefit (81).¹⁴ Following the Morals Report, the Indecent Publications Amendment Bill became law in 1954. This Act resulted in police conducting sweeps of bookshops, confiscating banned books and in some cases even burning them. “In an unprecedented display of zealotry, police purged every library, bookshop, milk bar and dairy in the land of Spillane and Milestone books during June and July 1955” (93).¹⁵

The perceived growing lawlessness and moral decline of teenagers saw a harsh reaction towards Bodgie and Widgie culture from both the authorities and the press in Aotearoa New Zealand, which feared the growing numbers of ‘delinquents’. In neighbouring Australia, attitudes towards Bodgies and Widgies mirrored that of New Zealand. This was the era of world-changing music: the emergence of rock-and-roll and

¹⁴ One of these recommendations was to withhold contraceptives from young men and women. “The Committee has found a strong public demand that contraceptives should not be allowed to get into the hands of children and adolescents. Whatever views may be held concerning the use of contraceptives by older people (married or unmarried) no responsible father or mother would countenance their possession by their young sons and daughters” (Project Gutenberg).

¹⁵ In July, 1955, Nellie Bell a dairy owner in Hastings who stocked books by Milestone Books of America such as *The Nude Was Framed*, escaped conviction under the Indecent Publications Amendment Bill, however the local magistrate ordered that 107 books that she stocked in her dairy published by Milestone to be incinerated (87).

young people were partying.¹⁶ In *Bodgies, widgies and moral panic in Australia 1955 – 1959*, Keith Moore writes,

Law-abiding citizens observed with concern bodgies and widgies congregating in milk bars and on street corners. Violence and sexual license were their hallmarks, they believed, with alarmist and sensationalist media reports having established and fuelled these understandings (Moore 2).

The Parker-Hulme ‘teen murder’ of 1954 foreshadowed the Jukebox murder and garnered wide publicity in the national and international press, linking poor moral behaviour with murder.¹⁷ In March, 1955, four months before Black killed Jacques, Frederick Foster, also a migrant from England, shot and killed his ex-girlfriend. He received the death penalty, despite pleas for clemency from his mother, who travelled from England to see him.¹⁸ The social environment of 1955 Auckland in which Albert Lawrence Black was sentenced to hang for the murder of Alan Keith Jacques was one of Cold War paranoia and censorship.

Black and Jacques were working class migrants from the United Kingdom. Black was from Belfast and Jacques, from London, was a forced child migrant.¹⁹ Black and Jacques had lived through the Blitz and then found themselves young and adrift in a country the size of Great Britain, populated by just over two million people, which by contrast would have seemed jarringly quiet. They were unskilled and unemployed in a post-war ‘little England’ that in the few years since their arrival had proved to be anything but a Utopia. They were on the wrong side of a moralistic and conservative administration and at odds with local young men straight out of conscription. In 1955, the year of the murder and subsequent hanging, when Black was twenty years old and Jacques nineteen, the two men were seeking a passage back home. It could be assumed

¹⁶ Keith Moore describes a rock and roll riot in Sydney following the screening of *Rock Around the Clock*, writing that dancers were arrested for “offensive and indecent behaviour” (5).

¹⁷ The Parker-Hulme crime was the murder of Honoria Parker, who was battered to death with a half-brick in a stocking by her teenage daughter and her daughter’s friend.

¹⁸ Black’s mother also wanted to visit her son but was discouraged by the New Zealand High Commissioner in London (Yska 180).

¹⁹ This account of the Jukebox murder is derived from evidence published in *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties* and from the *NZ Herald*.

that they were unhappy, and their self-medicating use of alcohol and other drugs may have been an attempt to survive a low mental state.

As outsiders, the men would have fitted easily into the section of society known as ‘bodgies’. They wore ‘bodge’ garb, specific clothing and hairstyles to differentiate themselves from the preceding generation and a more conservative peer group. They frequented milk bars and listened to rock and roll with ‘widgies’, their female counterpart. Black, known as Paddy in the bodgie and widgie scene, held drinking parties at his home. Jacques was known as Johnny McBride, a name he adopted from the violent hero in Mickey Spillane’s censored book, *The Long Wait*. At a party at Paddy’s home, the two men fought over a girl. Black lost the fight and Jacques threatened to continue the fight the next day. The girl stayed the night at Black’s home with Black. The next day, July 26th at 6.12pm in the milk bar Ye Olde Barn, that same girl watched the fatal knife attack on Jacques. He was standing at the jukebox, when Black walked up to him and stabbed him in the back of the neck. After stabbing him, Black left the café and eight minutes later walked into Auckland police station and confessed to the murder (Seaman Killed in City Café). Jacques died shortly after arrival at Auckland Hospital. The girl the men had fought over was called as a witness in the court trial. A letter handed to me by Redmer Yska moved me to include a visit by the fictional character Rosie to see Black. The letter is included in Appendix B.²⁰ The dialogue here mentions that visit.

SUZY: At least you’ll be out of town when they hang him, must have been awful visiting him. I don’t know how you did it.

ROSIE: I feel sorry for him.

NANA ROSE: I owed him (68).

In court, the girl was given name suppression, and in respect of that decision she is not named in this exegesis. In my research I attempted to trace the woman who was that girl, but on reflection, I decided not to contact her or the family. Instead I created a fictional past and future in Rosie and Nana Rose, one that shows empathy towards the girl and expunges guilt in the character Nana Rose.

²⁰ The letter is from the private collection of Redmer Yska and was kindly loaned to me. It was given to Redmer Yska by Raymond Hastie, the recipient of the letter and a friend of Albert Black who corresponded with him from prison as he awaited his death sentence.

The following section focuses on the Parker-Hulme murder where I analyse how different writers approach the use of historical murder material in their work.

Section Three: The Parker-Hulme Analysis

Here I give an account of the notorious Parker-Hulme murder and then offer a synopsis of the works analysed and discuss their influence on my writing. The initial dramatic works analysed were: *The Christchurch Murder*, a film script written in 1988 by Angela Carter, posthumously published in Charlotte Croft's *Anagrams of Desire* (Crofts, 2003); Beryl Bainbridge's novel *Harriet Said* (Bainbridge, 1972); and Peter Jackson's film *Heavenly Creatures* (Jackson, 1994). A comparative analysis of these works proved beneficial to this project, however I decided to narrow the focus of this analysis onto the two plays written in Aotearoa New Zealand; Bruce Mason's *The Verdict*, (Mason, 1955), and Michelanne Forster's *Daughters of Heaven* (Forster, 1991).

In 1950's Christchurch, a city of "...Anglo-colonial conformity" (Wen 242), sixteen year old Pauline Parker, and her friend, fifteen year old Juliet Hulme, murdered Honora Mary Parker, Pauline's mother. Pauline had kept a diary recording daily entries from January, 1953, through to the morning of the killing on June 22nd, 1954. The police took the diaries which contained details of the plan to kill Honora. The diaries contained poems and prose and details of the girls' fantasy life. "The murder was imbricated in an increasingly complex set of fantasies recorded in the girls' poetry and prose and, particularly, in Pauline's diaries" (Marsh 167). Both girls signed confessions admitting to the murder (Glamuzina & Laurie 18). Journalists, both local and international, filed daily reports to the gratification of a pre-television, web-free world. The trial moved to the Christchurch Supreme Court which sat for six days hearing the case. Amongst the evidence shown at the trial were Pauline's diary entries which exposed intimate details of the lives of the two families, the upper-class Hulme family and the working class Parker/Reiper family. Each family was perceived as having transgressed the conservative moral codes of the time. Pauline's father and mother were unmarried, and Juliet Hulme's mother Hilda was having an affair, with divorce pending (57). The defence's medical witnesses claimed that the girls were insane, suffering from an exalted type of paranoia, a *folie à deux* (89). Homosexuality, listed in the second edition of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders was the defence their lawyers chose; insanity by means of being in a homosexual relationship (Meyer 674). The Judge, Mr Justice Adams, advised the jury that insanity had not been proven and the girls were found guilty of murder (Glamuzina & Laurie 97). The girls were

sentenced to be detained during Her Majesty's Pleasure (*The Press*: 12). The press coverage of the trial included sections of the court transcripts and salacious headlines of the murder and of the girl's unnatural relationship was published widely around the world.²¹

Written in 1955, the year after the murder, Bruce Mason's *The Verdict* is a one act play that unfolds chronologically in a straightforward narrative. It had two performances at Unity Theatre, Wellington where its similarities to the recent Parker-Hulme case rendered Mason's parallel story clear enough for the public to recognise.²² The action is located not in any location involved with the murder or trial but in a hotel bar in a town with a scent of sulphur. "The house bar of the Tirimoana Hot Springs Hotel, in the heart of the thermal district" (Mason: 1). Unrestricted from using actual events, Mason used his characters to create a J'accuse treaty, wherein the hotel was written as a metaphor for the country whose people were represented by the maligned mother of the murderer, an empathetic working class barman, a journalist persecutor and two middleclass couples with hidden moral shortcomings discussing the verdict from the trial. Naturalistic in style, *The Verdict* reveals the effect the murder has had on the mother and the denigration she has experienced and allows her voice to be heard. In a biblical, 'let he who hath not sinned cast the first stone' tenor, Mason exposes the couples secrets, one of the two women had allowed her baby to die while she left it unattended, and her husband was having an affair with the woman from the second couple, the wife of his friend. The couples then find compassion for the woman and guard her from the prying reporter so she can escape without pursuit. The mother, who was at first intent on leaving Aotearoa New Zealand for England, following her mock trial in the bar decides to stay and support her imprisoned daughter.

Dealing with material within the recent aftermath of the murder trial, Mason made a dramaturgic, ethical and methodological choice to focus, not on the murderer, but on the behavioural responses and attitudes of the adults and authorities that prevailed at that time in Aotearoa New Zealand. The public appetite for coverage of the

²¹ Examples of the press coverage, such as shown on the Abram's website, are from, *The Oakland Tribune*. It leads with "THRILL KILLERS // 2 Teen-Age Girls Guilty Of Murder" and continues with "An all-male jury found two sullen teen-age girls guilty of a "thrill" killing today, but their age saved them from the hangman's noose". While in New Zealand the *NZ Truth* suggested sexual activities of the girls with innuendos such as "STRANGE HAPPENINGS ON MOONLIT LAWNS", (Glamuzina & Laurie 115).

²² Dick Corballis and Marian McCurdey: 25.

murder was great, but debating such appetite was deemed inappropriate, even the Communist Party newsletter described *The Verdict* "...as being in bad taste" (Corballis and McCurdy 30). In changing the names and creating the character Mrs Douglas as the murderer's mother, Mason was able to cast that character as victim:

MRS. DOUGLAS: Yes. That's right. I've heard you all, tearing me apart. I suppose in every bar and every home tonight they're at me, doing just this. Condemning, gloating over the juicy bits... (Mason: 7).

The Verdict allowed Mason to give the silenced woman a voice.

MRS. DOUGLAS: I've never had a chance to talk, oh yes, I said my say in Court. I answered the questions they gave me. But myself: what I am, what I feel, what I've tried to do-that no one, no one has asked me (Mason, 8).

In so doing he allowed himself the freedom to shift the focus of debate from the murder by "...two precocious dirty-minded little girls" (Forster, 78), to one of a wider examination and critique of Pakeha society. Writing *The Verdict* without using the real names, Mason was unrestrained and able to spur the debate he chose to arouse.

Mason's focus is on the aftermath of the crime, the judgmental public response and the effects the murder had on the woman. Like Mason, I concentrate the story on the woman in the shadow of murder, concentrating on its effect on her life rather than focus on the actual murder. Unlike *The Verdict*, the Jukebox murder does feature in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*, but my main argument rests on the repercussions of the murder for Rosie and Nana Rose's family. Mason's act of giving voice to a silenced woman gave encouragement to me and my intent to do the same, and his refrain from the salacious, the 'juicy bits', gave influential support to my thinking. I wanted to shift the focus from the men because it is not their story that I am showing, even though I aim to make them real and present without their appearance on stage. Mason's use of creating representative fictional characters in a world where the mother could argue her position allowed him the freedom to write his characters say and do as he wished, as I have done in my play. I differ from Mason in that I have included the names of the men killed, the location of the murder, and pertinent details from the trial. Mason wrote *The Verdict* to a public that was well versed in the Parker Hulme details, whereas the Jukebox murder is relatively unknown. I needed to write the parallel scenes set in 1955 to tell 'a true story' encapsulated within the fiction and to make understandable the

positions the women of 2012 found themselves to be in. Mason's decision in *The Verdict* sidesteps the sensationalist aspects that feature in the play *Daughters of Heaven*. My choice to exclude the physical presence of the men on stage was not only because my focus was on an alternative story told from the women's perspective, but also to not put words into their mouths and avoid writing the murder and hanging scene. I wanted the audience to imagine just how awful it was that this country had sanctioned killing.

Another influential aspect of Mason's *The Verdict* on my writing is his straightforward use of time. *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* has two eras running parallel, that tell two stories, albeit that Rosie, Nana Rose's young self exists in 2012, and Nana Rose relives the court scene with Rosie in 1955. The scenes unfold from a beginning and build in a chronological line towards their end, as does Mason's. It is less direct than Mason's *The Verdict*, but his style of storytelling has affected mine in that I have something to say about the aftermath, and therefore my characters live beyond a murder story. Mason opts not to show a story of two young girl murderers who slept together. This is in contrast to Forster, whose stories end at the point of sentence, "I also believe that, after you have served your sentence, (or your public obligation) your story is your own again – which is why both my plays about females who have killed, finish where they do" (Forster, 2008: 2).

Written in 1991, thirty seven years after the murder, *Daughters of Heaven* opens with the two girls in prison in separate cells; Juliet speaks from her fantasy world while a repentant Pauline prays. The last scene is of the girls still in their separate cells but together reciting a poem that Pauline Parker wrote in her diary, and from which Michelanne Forster took the title of her play. The premier production opened in 1991 at The Court Theatre in Christchurch, the city where the murder was committed and to a public well versed in the Parker-Hulme murder. All characters, bar the created narrator Bridget, bear the names of the actual people. The play jumps in time back and forth from after the murder to before the murder and the action takes place in multiple locations where Forster shows the girls' close relationship, their writing, their fantasy world and their relationships with their families as they lead up to the killing. This murder was deemed by the girls to be the only recourse to arrest their separation. This trajectory is interspersed with nine court scenes where evidence is produced by prosecutor and defence. Twelve of the twenty eight scenes are mediated by Bridget the narrator, housekeeper of the Hulmes and holder of insider-knowledge, who in direct audience address, tells what she knows to have happened. Bridget is the only character

that shifts between narrator and participant in the action. Forster includes the murder in her play, “PAULINE *strikes her mother. JULIET comes running to assist her. The Fourth World envelops them*” (Forster: 58). The murder has been shown to various affect by different directors, but it is shown. According to Alison J. Laurie’s article about the Downstage’s production in *Illusion*, the killing was an, “...obligatory-and gratuitous-splatter scene” (Laurie: 25).

Michellanne Forster deliberately seeks sensational material for her plays, “I purposely go looking for the contentious, the salacious, the quirky, the confrontational and the tragic” (Forster, 2008:1). She imbues *Daughters of Heaven* with a ‘true story’ element by her use of real names and extensive excerpts uplifted from press coverage and court transcripts.²³ I too have used historical material, though to a far lesser degree than Forster who in act one scene sixteen uses an extract of Pauline Parker’s diary of fourteen lines in length (Forster: 49). Christina Stachurski addresses the persuasive aspects of using factual elements in fiction saying that “The apparent historical veracity conferred on the fictional element by the factual element in this genre leaves texts particularly open to producing persuasive perspectives of the writer and protagonist(s)” (Stachurski:111).

I was in a quandary regarding whether to use the real names of the people involved in the Jukebox murder in my play; it was an ethical issue for me. I questioned whether or not to use the names of the dead men, and in early drafts I chose not to. On further reflection, as a result of this comparative analysis, I decided to use the names of Paddy Black and Johnny Jacques, yet I was determined not to put my words in their mouths as did Forster with Pauline, Juliet, and their families. It is my intent to have written an accurate and empathetic portrayal of those unfortunate men. All other characters in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* are fictional, however, I wrote the dual character Rosie and Nana Rose as if she was the girl involved in the murder, and like Mason, writing her as a creation and not bearing the actual girls name, provided me artistic freedom. Surmised from my research, I gave this fictional figure, elements of fact taken from *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties*, the court transcripts, and the letter from Paddy. The fact that the girl involved in the Jukebox murder, who I invent as Rosie and Nana Rose, may be a seventy year old woman living in Aotearoa New Zealand and because I wish to cause

²³ “Courtroom testimony and Pauline’s diary quotations are taken from court reports as recorded in the Christchurch Press and the Christchurch Star Sun. All other dialogue is fictional” (Forster, 1992:14).

her and her family no harm, meant that for me she had to be given a different name and be written as a fiction. The actual girl was given name suppression in court and this is honoured in the play and this exegesis. I concur with Laurie in my disquiet when she writes of *Daughters of Heaven*, “Forster however uses real names and details in her play. I have serious misgivings about this when the two women are still alive as are others closely connected to the case” (Laurie: 24).

In order for me to familiarise myself with the fictional character Rosie, I wrote a whakapapa which is supplied in Appendix D. This gave me a framework to write the young girl forward in time, writing the following generations of those affected by the trauma of the murder. The circumstances of a world of poverty and addiction for a girl pregnant and alone in 1955 would mean that future positions she could occupy would be grim and perpetuate.

Forster endows Bridget with an authority of ‘truth’. She privileges her voice as the only character giving direct address and frequent appearance on stage, informing the audience, in a running commentary, of the ‘juicy bits’ in *Daughters of Heaven*, telling of how she has seen the girls kissing in bed, and that they were queer (70). In Bridget, Forster airs a portrayal of lesbians, as mad and bad. Foster writes Bridget saying of the murder, “Forty-five times they hit her. Not once, not twice but forty-five times” (Forster: 58). However, Dr Colin Thomas Bushby, the pathologist reported in the *Star Sun* stated that there were, “forty-five discernible wounds” (“Called to Park”), multiple wounds could have been caused from one blow. An audience who watch *Daughters of Heaven* would have knowledge that the girls did kill Pauline’s mother, they listen as an actor speaks Pauline’s own words taken from her diary, her poems and plans to kill. Embellishment of fact, such as the ‘forty five blows’ may be received as a truth amongst many ‘truths’ and could be misleading of a public who may assume and believe that the facts of the murder are true and that the girls’ relationship, as told by Bridget is true.

This analysis was helpful in my decision making and with my approach to the murder and trial scenes, confirming that perspective and dialogue would be from Rosie and Nana Rose’s only, I did not want to put words into the mouths of the dead men.

The structure that Forster created to shape the relationship between Bridget and the audience proved helpful for me in establishing the convention and audience expectation of the Rosie character. The opening sequence of *Daughters of Heaven* is a

short scene of the two girls, followed in scene two where Bridget delivers her first lines as narrator and then continues, as part of scene two, as the new housekeeper with Mrs Hulmes in a class conscious repartee at the Hulme's home. I knew that like Forster, I had to introduce the two protagonists and show that Rosie was known only to Nana Rose. I created this early audience expectation by introducing Lilly in the first scene showing that Rosie was invisible and unknown to her, as she was with all, except Nana Rose.

The locations Forster chose for *Daughters of Heaven* are in and around Christchurch, with the exception of the '4th world' fantasy scenes. The play is non-naturalistic in style and jumps back and forth from the past to the present, as the girls' story is shown.²⁴ I trialled such a rapid location change, but it proved unsuccessful; it did however, allow me to realise that I could tell parallel stories by writing scenes of Nana Rose and her family and move to scenes of Rosie and Suzy in a different era. Creating established locations for each era and limiting the characters appearing in scenes set in 1955 served to ground the time periods. Forster, unlike Mason who restrains his storytelling to within the hotel, moves between locations within scenes, and from scene to scene. Act one scene four, demonstrates this location movement within a scene where Forster changes the setting for her characters from the courtroom, to Pauline's bedroom, to Juliet's bedroom and then back to Pauline's bedroom, to the Reapers' front door and then back to each girl's bedroom and closing the scene at the Reaper's front door, a total of eight location changes. On reflection, analysing Forster's handling of location and time assisted me in developing my own approach to the construction of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

The use of historical material is not used in *The Verdict*, there are no actual sections of court transcripts and nor are the girl's diaries integrated yet Mason does manage to include court testimony and diary writing in the dialogue of the character Lewis, a cuckolded lawyer who speaks in a judgmental tone of 'Fiona,' the young murderer.

LEWIS: *with a slightly pontifical, legal air:*
Well, we know this much. We know for one thing,
that Fiona Douglass, spinster, aged fifteen years,

²⁴ In previous plays I have written, I also close the circle with an image from the opening echoed at the end, as does Forster. *Up the Duff* has a musical merry-go-round toy that plays in the beginning and closing scene, and in *Bullies and Blake* the protagonist enters and leaves on a bicycle. I do so again in this new play, beginning and ending with Rosie and Nana Rose in the garden under the moon.

three months, murdered, according to careful plan, her father, Dr Maurice Douglass, while he was taking his bath. By her own testimony, she stunned him, held him under the water till he was dead, then committed the incident to writing in a good copperplate hand... The crime was planned months ago- it's all in her diary (Mason: 5).

In *Daughters of Heaven*, Pauline Parker's words are interspersed with fiction. The character Juliet here mimics sections of Pauline Parker's speech virtually word for word and with much the same rhythm pattern, creating a scene that is part truth, part fiction. Demonstrated in act one scene five, the girls are yet again together but apart, writing in their diaries in different locations. Pauline's words are taken from her diary.

PAULINE: Suddenly the means of ridding myself of the obstacle occurs to me.

JULIET: I see the faint shadow of a solution...the faintest of shadows, there on the horizon.

PAULINE: I will not tell Deborah of my plans-yet.

JULIET: I will not say anything to Gina-yet. She must come to see its inevitability herself (Forster: 30).

Like Forster, I have used sections taken from the court transcripts of the trial of Albert Lawrence Black and used these in the trial scene of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. As with Forster, the dialogue in Act Two Scene Four: Moon at the Bottom of the Well is interspersed between uplifted historical material. This is a sample from that scene.

NANA ROSE: My name is Rose Adams. I'm sixteen years old your honour. I live at 16 Drummer Road Ponsonby and I work at Wongs fruit shop on Queen Street. I've been going to the Olde Barn Café since May.

ROSIE: I wish they'd let me keep my beret on, it made me look just like Natalie Wood.

NANA ROSE: I go to the Olde Barn Café quite often. I've known Paddy for about three months and I knew the deceased, Alan Jacques. I knew him by the name of

NANA ROSE & ROSIE: Johnny McBride.

The court report reads:

“I’m 16 years old. I live at 16 Crummer Road, Ponsonby, shorthand typiste. I know the Accused. I’ve known him for about 3 months. I knew him by the name of ‘Johnny McBride. Prior to his death I’d known him for about a fortnight.” (Transcripts of Auckland High Court trial files).

The idea of Rosie wearing a red beret was taken from Yska who quotes the *NZ Truth*’s description of the girl at the trial as ‘dark, heavily made-up, she was dressed in a tight fitting grey suit and wore a red woollen beret over black hair which fell in a bang over one pencilled eyebrow’ (Yska:182).

In *The Verdict*, Mason opts not to show a story of two young girl murderers who slept together and, like Mason, I chose to resist the suggestion to remain in the 1950’s, as did Forster, which meant I could concentrate on the girl in the shadow of murder, and show its effect on her and her family’s life. Deciding not to emphasise the murder and the hanging is in respect for the families of the dead men. It is my intention and belief that if they are ever to see a production of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* they would not be harmed. It is my hope that the framing of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* shows a sympathetic regard towards the youth of that era through empathetic drawing of the proceeding generations from Rosie’s line and ending in Lilly.

The major learning I take from this analysis is that to write an alternative story of a historical murder is valid, that it is important to introduce a convention early in the life of the play, that time frames can sit side by side and tell a parallel story, and that with care, it can be legitimate to use the facts of historical murder material and the words of another person in a fiction. I acknowledge the influence this analysis has had on my approach to writing my play.

Development of the Characters Nana Rose and Rosie.

In this fourth section I comment on the development of the characters Nana Rose and Rosie I examine the problems and areas of significant changes made to solve those problems. In retrospect, the first draft held the crux of what the play is about, which is Nana Rose's fear of exposure, that her secrets, her culpability for the death of her first born, compounded by the guilt over the deaths of Paddy and Johnny would, if exposed, result in her worst fear being realised, that her family would reject and abandon her as did her mother, yet at its core, the play is about self-forgiveness.

The First Draft.

In the first draft of the play, Nana Rose is named Rose and Rosie is named Stillborn Girl. The opening stage directions of draft one read:

Rose is carrying a card table, its winter evening in the garden in Wellington. She leans on the wall under the moon at the bottom of the garden. A teenage girl in 1950s dress peeps out from under Rose's arm and steps forward (Draft 1:1).

STILLBORN GIRL: Under the moon at the bottom of the garden. That's where I was made? Result of a knee trembler. My father? I don't know which one, she never said, she won't say and I'm not going till she does. Yes, this dear-sweet-old-butter-won't-melt nana. Don't mind her, she can't hear me. She can feel me though.

She gives an elbow jab and Rose flinches with a pain in her heart.

I'm her secret (Draft one: 1).

Stillborn Girl addresses the audience and hits Rose this action is continued in each subsequent draft. Rose, in this first draft, is a weak and downtrodden character. The Stillborn Girl character, written as a baby grown to teenage hood, a ghost-type figure that stayed a sixteen year old for sixty years, was problematic and took two drafts to resolve. I spent time reflecting on the effect of Stillborn Girl on audience members who may have had abortions or miscarriages and I questioned the effect it may have to watch a dead baby grow, walk and talk. I maintained the secret of Nana Rose's dead baby until Nana Rose is driven to, 're-remembering' her experiences with compassion and forgiveness, and in the penultimate scene of the final draft she is able to tell her great granddaughter Lilly what happened. This compounded secret of the dead baby proves more damaging to Nana Rose and the rest of her family, than the murdered men Johnny

and Paddy, however that happened as a result of her involvement with them and with what happened to them.

The Second Draft.

The second draft opens with GHOST GIRL, who was Stillborn Girl. She is still Rose's dead daughter; however the opening scene includes tree imagery and sexual memories for Rose.

It's a cold winter evening, full moon in Rose's back garden, Karori Wellington. Rose takes a card table out of the shed and leans on the wall that is patterned with the bare branches of a sixty year old fruit tree. GHOST GIRL in 1950s dress emerges from under ROSE's arm, she leans beside her, strokes her hair. Rose doesn't see GHOST GIRL yet she notices her hair being moved and puts her hand up to her cheek as if remembering a lover's kiss (Draft two:1).

Rose engages in banter as she plays Mah-Jong with her daughter and grandchild, and GHOST GIRL interjects with a blatant exposition as she explains to the audience who the family members' are, introducing the drug taking of Sapphire's daughter Chantal, named Lilly by draft six.

GHOST GIRL: Are you getting lost? They do go on. Diane is Rose's daughter. Rata is Diane's daughter. Sapphire, if you get to meet, is Rata's daughter and Chantal is Sapphire's daughter, just a baby, could be alcohol syndrome by the shape of her face. And if I had lived, none of them would have. Be just you and me mummy.

GHOST GIRL slaps ROSE on the arm. Rose rubs her arm. (4).

Notwithstanding the leap of imagination required for an audience to believe Nana Rose's dead baby was a ghost grown to teenage hood, and my misgivings of audience safety, by the end of draft two I came to the realisation, and prompting by my supervisor, that GHOST GIRL could be the young sixteen year old self of Nana Rose.

The Third Draft.

GHOST GIRL now became Young Rose Ghost Girl, and Rose, Nana Rose. The opening of this draft shows Young Rose Ghost Girl in the garden singing to the tune of Frère Jacques and, following Young Rose Ghost Girl's song, the characters, Nana Rose and Young Rose Ghost Girl speak together for their first time.

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: Beer and vodka, beer and vodka, I arrest you, I arrest you. Climb in your bedroom window, be a Jehovah's Witness. No thank you. No thank you (Draft three: 1).

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: Everything was fun before.

NANA ROSE: Before.

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: Before the murder.

NANA ROSE reaches out and touches the tree branch. YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL hums two bars of Nat King Cole's 'They tried to tell us we're too young' (1).

I attempt to write the pair speaking as if one person. They muse on the past, give and fend off self-recriminations and blame. It is underdeveloped, yet was advancement.

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: Her tree's grown.

NANA ROSE: If only I'd known.

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: My fault.

NANA ROSE: I didn't know. I was too young.

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: Knew how to make her.

NANA ROSE: You're not to blame.

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL: Yes you are (1).

The tree, and its significance is first mentioned here in the stage directions and its importance becomes increasingly realised with each draft.

NANA ROSE picks a cherry blossom (1).

YOUNG ROSE GHOST GIRL takes the blossoms from NANA ROSE's hand and throws them confetti like over her head (Draft 3:2).

NANA ROSE kisses her hand and lays it on the branch (3).

In *Performing Women/Performing Feminisms*, Cherie Imlah speaks of "...becoming more acquainted with my characters, mainly to trust them to carry a message without preaching" (140). This is my process also, with each draft I get to know my characters' better and as I do so they become less dogmatic. In this third draft I wrote scenes in 1955, and moved from that era to the present. Young Rose Ghost Girl leaves 2012 and is herself with her mother in 1955. She prepares to escape out of her bedroom window, and then is with her friend Suzie on their way to the milk bar. The

man Young Rose Ghost Girl plans to meet is named Frankie. There is no mention of the real men Paddy or Johnny as I hadn't yet decided on using their real names.

The Fourth Draft

Paddy and Johnny are named for the first time in draft four. Young Rose Ghost Girl is now Young Rose. Bodgies and Widgies are spoken of in page one and two where Young Rose acts out having sex with Johnny while Nana Rose watches and smiles.

YOUNG ROSE: Sex with whoever, up against the wall, you and Johnny.

NANA ROSE: It wasn't like that (Draft four:2).

This was an attempt to show the sexuality of Young Rose within Nana Rose in this opening scene and employ the recurring image of cherry plum blossoms to infer the sexual act via their scent. This image of blossoms is used in the final draft.

ROSIE: It was a full moon, we were under the moon against the tree. It was covered in blossom. As we, kissed.

ROSIE/ NANA ROSE: Petals fell all over me
(*Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*: 65).

Young Rose is now far more involved in scenes with Nana Rose and in scenes where they play Mah-Jong with daughter Diane and granddaughter, now named Rata. This is the first time the consequences poem is used. It becomes a saying that Nana Rose uses with Rata and to the annoyance of Young Rose and Diane.

NANA ROSE: Sometimes other people take away those choices.

YOUNG ROSE: If I hadn't kissed Johnny.

NANA ROSE: It didn't mean anything.

YOUNG ROSE: You shouldn't have, if Paddy hadn't seen you there would have been no fight.

NANA ROSE: For the loss of a shoe the horse was lost.

DIANE: I took from the wall you lost

NANA ROSE: In life, there are times that change everything.

YOUNG ROSE: Paddy changed everything (Draft four: 16).

In this fourth draft, I write the vindictiveness of Young Rose towards her mother where, following an argument in the car with her stepfather, Young Rose, who, having seen a blood spot on her mother's dress, says nothing. The scene closes with Young Rose expressing her ignorance and says that she doesn't know what a virgin is. I wrote this scene because I wanted evidence of naivety to endear the audience to the youth in the play, both the girls and the men. I wanted to persuade the audience to judge them less harshly and see that the murder and hanging, awful as it was, created the eventual alcohol fuelled predicament of the young Nana Rose and that the cause and effect of this was passed down the line to the P addicted Lilly.

The Fifth Draft.

In Draft five Diane is named Dawn. I introduced Mah-Jong names for each scene. I wanted to integrate the game throughout the whole play including the dialogue. I created Young Rose's father figure returning to her as a blackbird, and wrote Young Rose in 2012 and in 1955 communicating with him by whistling. The father figure proved confusing, and was dropped but it was from here that the whistling to the dead baby in the guise of the Korimako emerged. It is also in this draft that Suzy takes over the sexy persona, leaving Young Rose as the less worldly, and better to show her fall, this was a suggestion from my supervisor which I acted on..

In the four pages of scene five I introduce the book *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties*. Rata gives it to Nana Rose during Mah-Jong. I then follow this with a scene in 1955 where Young Rose and Suzy meet Johnny in the garden. Then, before I return for reaction from Nana Rose and Young Rose, I add two short scenes of Dawn in 2012 and Young Rose in 1955. This was problematic. I wanted the book to shock Nana Rose and when I remove her from the stage it dissipated the moment and reduced its dramatic affect. On reflection, information about the murder in act one lessened its impact.²⁵

For the first time I include the historical material from the court transcripts of the trial of Albert 'Paddy' Black. I wrote a long monologue for Young Rose whose dialogue is intermingled with evidence given by the actual girl from the jukebox

²⁵ In my research I read the novel *Harriet Said* by Beryle Bainbridge. I knew it was based on the Parker-Hulme murder yet Bainbridge created such an emotional involvement with the characters that although aware that the story was building to a climax, when the murder happened on page 149, three pages from the end, its impact was shocking. This was what I wanted to do with my play.

murder. This was rewritten for both Rosie and Nana Rose to share in the court scene of the final draft

In act one of this draft, scenes set in 2012 have a lot of information about the murder. This information gives too much away too soon. The closing scene of act one ends with Dawn begging Nana Rose to tell her the name of her father. This was cut and is brought back in a lighter mood in the final scene, of the final draft.

The Tenth Draft.

In draft ten the characters names are: Nana Rose and Rosie, no longer Young Rose. Dawn and Rata remain the daughter and granddaughter. Lilly is Rata's daughter, and Jasmine or bubs is Lilly's baby. The opening has a half page of stage directions for Nana Rose and Rosie. These involve actions repeated throughout the play, such as when Nana Rose and Rosie moon bathe and frame the moon with their hands, as do Rosie and Suzy in the garden at Paddy's and Nana Rose and Rosie in the final scene. In the opening of this draft, Rosie and Nana speak of the dead baby.

ROSIE: Sixty years since she stopped breathing.

NANA ROSE: Since she died.

ROSIE whistles the Korimako song. NANA ROSE glares at her to stop.

NANA ROSE: I'm not thinking about it, it's a closed book.

ROSIE: You said she's covered in blossoms.

NANA ROSE: Let me be, get out of my head.

Following the Public Reading.

The changes made following this public reading for Nana Rose and Rosie were the appearance of the book, and my need to show its significance. This I did by writing Lilly find the book in act one scene one, and make Nana Rose snatch it from her, berated by Rosie who orders Nana Rose to hide it, until found by Rata later in act one. I also changed the reader of the murder description to Rosie in act two scene two, in order to show Nana Rose's reaction. The stage directions for Nana Rose and Rosie where they hold their hands up to see the moon in the opening and closing scenes, mirrored by Rosie with Suzie in act one scene eight were wiped, they proved to be a distraction.

Contextualising my work

In this section I explore how other women playwrights discuss their practice and consider potential commonalities or differences to my own work. I focus on four women playwrights interviewed in *Performing Women/ Performing Feminisms: Interviews with International Women Playwrights and* then conduct a similar comparative process with Charlotte Keatley's work *My Mother Said I Never Should*²⁶ and with Caryl Churchill's *Seven Jewish Children*.

Cherie Imlah, a Bundjalung playwright described her first play *Hags and Harpies* (1981) as being, "...about the women who were given prison sentences for demonstrating at the Canberra Cenotaph" (Joanne Tompkins and Julie Holledge 138). Imlah then described how she wrote *The Dormitory* (1990) and even though both works are political, the latter work had moved away from "...the victim orientation to one of resistance and empowerment" (139).²⁷ Imlah used historic material to create her fictional play *The Dormitory*. "The story line is fictitious but most of the daily events which occur in the play are factual" (139). Imlah said that the story was not hers, but of friends from Palm Island. As an Aboriginal Bundjalung playwright, Imlah writes of oppression of the Aboriginal people, with specific focus centred on women. "...the women's story in the struggle takes centre stage in my play and the story is specifically about aspects of Queensland history" (140). A later play by Imlah is *Belongings* (1998). This is a one person play, a story of relationships with her mother and grandmother and retraces the family line to the discovery of her Bundjalung grandfather. In the interview with the *Koori Mail: the fortnightly National Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Newspaper* Imlah states the use of self in her play, "It's a play about my mother, my grandfather and myself, and the hidden Aboriginal side of the family". The desire to show the life of women as she knows them, their struggles and search for empowerment is evident in her work, and in this we share a commonality. I like to explore families affected by addiction in some guise or another, and to trace how they learned to connect and disconnect with others.

²⁶ This book contains not only the play script *My Mother Said I Never Should*, but includes an extensive commentary and notes by the playwright Charlotte Keatley.

²⁷ *The Dormitory* deals with the forcing of Aboriginals to live in segregated dorms which split families from their land in prison like conditions, a practice that was occurring throughout Queensland. (Joanne Tompkins and Julie Holledge 139).

The next playwright I will write of is the Irish playwright Margaretta D’Arcy. Her first words in *Performing Women/ Performing Feminisms: Interviews with International Women Playwrights* are “Out of the Irish struggle and the Resistance Movement in Ireland, I am what I am” (17). This sings to me. I am what I am too, as my writing on my whakapapa attests. D’Arcy speaks of ‘Dead Theatre’, ‘Ritual Theatre’ and ‘Rough Theatre’ and tells of her ‘Real Theatre’, which is a melding of ‘Rough Theatre’ and ‘Ritual Theatre.’²⁸ She then gives examples of Real Theatre fighting injustice, of a woman standing naked beside her tent before the enemy on Greenham Common, of serving an injunction and taking over a court to save young mothers and babies locked out from the homeless women’s hostel between 12 and 6 each day in the winter, of the use of body by women striping themselves with menstrual blood while she served a sentence in Armagh gaol. There are many differences between us, but her yell for justice is mine. I am a fifty five year old English woman who has spent over half my life in Aotearoa New Zealand, I am English from the land of colonisation and I am not a coloniser nor do I need to apologise for being born in my skin. I have a voice to add. I want to show injustice and empowerment in my work, in not the same manner as D’Arcy, but in the manner I am able to do, learned from my history. I am what I am.

Renée, of Ngati Kahungunu and Irish/English ancestry, spoke with Ann Jansen and said of her interest in class and race that roles for working-class people were “the maid or the gardener, they were there for comic relief” (147). Whereas Renée had a desire to write centre stage courageous working class characters, after her mother and her mother’s friends, “...who were so brave and courageous during the Depression” (Ibid.). It is my desire to write about people living in addiction and poverty, and I have done so in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

Yvette Nolan is of Algonquin and Irish heritage, her play *Child*, a two person play was presented at the *Third International Women Playwrights’ Conference* is described as being about “...two women who fail to interact to the level they might because of racial inequalities and cultural differences” (142). In this interview Nolan quotes the Aotearoa New Zealand playwright Renée as saying that she was “not white enough for some groups, not dark enough for others” and likens her own experience to that received perception of self, appreciated by both groups when successful, but easily disowned for being “... a white girl”, who “‘passes’ anyway” (142).

²⁸ Here D’Arcy refers to the description Peter Brook makes of theatre.

This racial element is not of my experiencing, yet my whakapapa may describe why my history, migration and foot-in-each-country, dislocated, marginalised position has resulted in an understanding of other marginalised people.²⁹ I write about areas of interest to me. In writing characters in specific situations dealing with family, with love and loss, they may resound with wider humanity, because love and loss is felt by all.

Another of Nolan's plays is *Annie Mae's Movement*, which is about a young activist named Anna Mae Pictou Aquash who was murdered in the 1970s. Here Nolan utilised three time periods to show this historical murder: present day, past time, in 1970s and blended time. Christy Stanlake in *Blending Time: Dramatic Conventions in Yvette Nolan's Annie Mae's Movement* writes

Annie Mae's Movement, itself, appears to be an element of blended time, for throughout the play, Nolan allows Anna Mae Pictou Aquash to step out of death into the present lives of the audience. The play does not merely replay Anna Mae's story. Through the use of blended time, the play bridges past to present and transforms audience members into active witnesses who are challenged, not only to question Anna Mae's unresolved murder, but to question the ongoing treatment of powerful Native American women. Thus, Nolan's strong choices of character, progression, and the arrangement of time, work to touch the audience intellectually, emotionally, and ethically (Stanlake 143).

This is something I have done with *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. I use present time, the year 2012 and move back to 1955, past time. Rosie, the young self of Nana Rose, lives in the present, visible only to Nana Rose, and I use the same character Rosie in the past time, alone, and with her friend Suzy. I use blended time in scenes where Nana Rose watches, and in three scenes she joins Rosie in 1955.

Similarly, Charlotte Keatley plays with time in *My Mother Said I Never Should*. In her commentary she questions why many women playwrights use time in a non-linear manner. She reasons that the demands on women's time and pressure to put others needs before their own may be a learned and an innate behaviour.³⁰ Keatly writes that "...most woman are taught a different emotional idea of time from men" and comments that a woman's internal body clock which rules the ability most woman have

²⁹ I am asked if I am a cockney here in Aotearoa New Zealand, and asked if I am Australian when I visit England, perceived as belonging to neither one country nor the other.

³⁰ As a nursing mother, feeding my newborn baby son two hourly, I would wake moments before he did, while his father slept in blissful ignorance.

to procreate, ticks for a limited time.³¹ She mentions her desire to act and see women she wanted to see on stage and decided she had to write them, as do I.³² She writes, “...there were a great many kinds of women who I had not seen in contemporary plays so I decided I had better write the kind of play I would enjoy watching or acting in”(Keatly xii). Another commonality I found was my interest in family as the first world and that the drama that exists in relationships between mothers and daughters, in a generational hand-me-down, is realised by Keatly who, like Renée saw how “...hugely dramatic the ‘ordinary ‘lives of woman has been” (xxii).

A difference between Keatly and myself is that in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* there are scenes set in the past, whereas in *My Mother Said I Never Should*, Keatly specifies that, “It is most important in the staging of this play that no time is presented as the past, otherwise the play becomes nostalgic and sentimental” (xxxiii).³³

I do not consider my work to be sentimental and sentimental is not a term I would use to describe *Seven Jewish Children* by Caryl Churchill. This work, written as a response to Israel’s bombing of Gaza in 2009, is a historical overview of the Palestine and Jewish ‘situation’. It is a whakapapa which explains how the present conflict was constructed.³⁴ The play shows, in a series of monologues, mothers and grandmothers instructing each other as to what they must or must not tell their children. It is shown from multiple viewpoints beginning from the pogroms and culminating in the present, the year 2009 (*Brown Churchill's Children: Guardian reading for Caryl Churchill's Gaza play*). As a fellow playwright I applaud this work and like Churchill I do write as political as I am, as I can and I do. My interest in history and war rests with families at this stage in my career. The history of Nana Rose, the protagonist in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* was first invented in the created whakapapa which is evaluated in the next section.

³¹ The character Ruby in Act One Scene One of *Up the Duff* complains that even Picasso could have babies in his 70s. Unlike women who cease to ovulate, men can keep churning out sperm till they drop.

³² *Up the Duff* was written as an alternative family to those I saw promoted in The International Year of the Family.

³³ A difference shared by Yvette Nolan and Cherie Imlah who both use ‘the past’ in their plays.

³⁴ *Seven Jewish Children* was granted permission by Caryl Churchill to be posted for free access on the Guardian Website, this is a political stance in and of itself.

Evaluating the invented whakapapa skeleton and how Mah-jong emerged as a device in the *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

The girl on the cover of *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties* (Yska 1993) was my beginning image. Writing her life backwards gave me an understanding of how it might have been for teenagers living in 1950s Aotearoa New Zealand.³⁵ To write beyond the events of the murder and hanging which left the character Rosie, who is the young Nana Rose, pregnant and homeless in 1955 made plausible to me the repeated patterns of early pregnancies and poverty in Rosie's daughter, granddaughter, great granddaughter and a potential future for Jasmine the baby great great-granddaughter. Writing this whakapapa gave me a timeline and provided initial circumstances of cyclical trauma. It gave me dates of the births of Dawn, Rata, Lilly and Jasmine and a thick description of the mental, emotional, physical and spiritual health of the characters.

It was suggested to me by a supervisor at the beginning that I write about what each character wanted or needed. I had no idea, this was still forming. Rather than go to the end point and know what the characters need, I had to go back and imagine the construction of their life to place them in their world. With knowledge of what each character has lived through in early years, it was possible for me to develop their relationships with each other. I like to believe that emotional memory is passed on in generations, and Keatley affirms this belief, "...suppressed resentment is carried on to the next generation and the next" (Keatley xxxiv). The character's whakapapa skeleton was useful as part of my finding a deep description of the characters and why they might behave as they did. The finished play retains many elements of the whakapapa.

Mah-Jong.

During my research I interviewed a woman of the same age as Nana Rose and we began to play Mah-jong. The language of the game was beautiful, and I discovered that it is possible to hold conversations while playing. It occurred to me that Mah-jong would be a family ritual that Nana Rose could play with Dawn and Rata, and would place them in the local of the present, and allow a family competitiveness to be shown. It also developed into being a link with the past because Rosie was given the Mah-jong set by Suzy when she left Auckland following the trial. Using Mah-jong as a game the

³⁵

The whakapapa of the characters in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* is found in Appendix C.

family play extended to using the names of the plays for scene titles, titles that corresponded to the theme of the scene. Moon at the Bottom of the Garden is the name of a tile in Mah-jong and the name of a winning play of Mah-jong. The symbol of the Mah-jong tile Moon at the Bottom of the Garden is a circle, and this is appropriate for my play because it deals with cyclical family relationships that repeat behaviours.

The journaling process.

My journaling diarised my reflections and feelings during my writing of the play and this exegesis. These entries focused on ethical dilemmas: my treatment of the death of Albert Lawrence Black and Alan Keith Jacques, that of the imagined death of Rosie's baby and Ghost girl, the character in my first draft.

My consideration of potential painful emotional impact for the audience has come from a personal experience that has left me with a heightened awareness of audience safety when I write.³⁶ Theatre must deal with all that happens in life and when I handle material that could cause potential harm I am mindful of effect.

The first impulse I had to showing the Jukebox murder was that it would be the girl's story. It was my intent that I created a benevolent attitude towards youth in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*. This I hoped would place in context the circumstances of the murder, abhorrent as I believe killing is, so too is state sanctioned killing. I used information from *All Shook Up: The Flash Bodgie and the Rise of the New Zealand Teenager in the Fifties* (Yska 1993), newspapers, transcripts from the court trial, and letters from Albert Lawrence Black. My intention was to use factual historical material and create no innuendo around the men. This is because a repeated story can remain and become the truth in the public mind such as Michelanne Forster's forty five blows. For example, in *Daughters of Heaven* the audience know that the real girls killed Pauline's mother. Many would be aware that the girls who killed are now women, and those women are alive. The audience watch the 'before the murder' scenes, knowing what is coming, and throughout the play hear the actual words Pauline Parker wrote in her diary, planning her path towards murdering her mother, unaware of what is and what is

³⁶ As a Theatre Studies student I watched a play about rape that was staged in the women's toilet at Allan hall Theatre. There was a warning outside, but no mention that it was about rape. Crammed inside watching the performance, surrounded by men, the drama involved a drunk-girl in mini skirt and stockings being raped by a man who she had 'led on'. As a survivor of rape in a toilet this caused me great distress. I left mid performance crying and was told outside to be quiet, which compounded my hurt.

not embellishment. Some would know that one of them is now a successful author who writes over and over stories of murder.³⁷ From my analysis and journaling I realised that I didn't want to be creating disinformation about Albert Lawrence Black and Alan Keith Jacques, using their names was bad enough and could bring unwanted repercussions' for the family of the men. To rest on the murder and hanging and stay in the 50s as was initially suggested by a supervisor, may make a juicy play, but is of no interest to me.

The other problems I grappled with were the handling of Rosie's baby. Ghost girl, was initially the dead baby of Rosie, a walking, talking, feeling person who died because of her mother. Statistically there could be a woman in the audience who has aborted their child, or miscarried. I have dealt with miscarriage in *Up the Duff*, where the character Janelle showed the audience her aborted foetus and told how she was going to bury it. The dialogue stayed with Janelle, not the baby. The first written draft had Ghost girl, as a dead-baby-now-teenager, berating her mother. On reflection, this was not something I could continue with; it could harm an audience member, so I changed Ghost girl to be Rosie, the younger self of Nana Rose, not her secret dead baby.

The death of Rosie's baby is mentioned by Nana Rose and Rosie in act one scene one of *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden* and then is revealed later act two scene seven, where by this stage the audiences have an understanding and empathy towards Nana Rose. It was my intent that by placing the exposition of the dead baby in the penultimate scene, if a woman who had lost a child is in the audience, the effect on her would be one of sadness and warmth towards Nana Rose and then maybe, towards self. Sad twists and self-forgiveness make for the happy endings that I like to write.

³⁷ There are multiple articles and books discussing the crime writer Anne Perry, once known as Juliet Hulme. The 2009 documentary, written and directed by Dana Linkiewicz, *Anne Perry: Interiors* made the greatest impression on me. It shows the autocratic Anne Perry dictating murder fiction, which has been her life-long exercise. It supports my whakapapa argument, that people do what they do because of who they are and that they are who they are because of where and who they are from.

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Appendix A.

Example of my preferred language style, from *Ian Drury and the Blockheads*.

“This is What we Find”.

Home improvement expert Harold Hill of Harold Hill

Of do-it-yourself dexterity, and double glazing skill

Came home to find another gentleman's kippers in the grill

So he sanded off his winkle with his Black and Decker drill

This is what we find

The hope that springs eternal, springs right up your behind!

This is what we find (1979).

References’ for the performance shown on *YouTube* of “This is What We find” and for “Billaricay-Dickie” by *Ian Drury and the Blockheads* are given in the Bibliography. “Billaricay-Dickie” was filmed for the ITV British music show *Revolver*, a punk version of *Top of the Pops*. It was MC’d by a sardonic Peter Cook, and was a favorite show I watched in my formative youth.

Appendix B.

The letter from prison by Black mentioning the girl's visit.

10 November 1955

Dear Peter

Your most welcome letter cam to hand today and I was certainly glad to hear from you so soon. Now Peter, old chap. I hope you don't think I was getting bored with your company, when I asked you to go the last day that you visited. You see my girl friend Shirley was waiting to see me, and I only had to four o'clock. I do hope that you will understand. No Peter I haven't quite smoked the cigarettes yet. I have enough to last me for a week or so yet, but if you could send some up I should appreciate very much thank you Peter. Well, my appeal comes up on Tuesday so here's hoping. Yes Peter, prisoners come and go but I guess I stay on forever. Ha Ha. Well I see you went to my happy hunting grounds. I'm sorry that you did not like the place. I guess I have not thought much about a trade, though I may take up plumbing if I get the chance. Time seems to go by ever so quickly. For me it seems only yesterday that I booked in at this hotel. Well Peter so sorry old chap, I shall have to close for as I have just about exhausted my writing ability so 'Cheerio for Now' and God Bless You.

Your friend

Appendix C.

Whakapapa of Characters in *Moon at the Bottom of the Garden*.

Timeline for: Rosemary, Diane, Sapphire, Chantal, Rata. The names were later changed to Rosie, Nana Rose, Dawn, Rata, Lilly and Jasmine. Bev is changed to Suzy.

- | | |
|--|------|
| Rosemary is born in Hackney, Christmas Eve. Cockney mother Kiwi dad. | 1938 |
| Rosemary's dad killed in Battle of Britain. Rosemary is 3. | 1941 |
| Rosemary's mother's family killed. War ends. Rosemary is 6 | 1944 |
| Rosemary and her mother sail to Wellington to be with Rosemary's Kiwi family. They are gifted a set of mah-jong Rosemary is 10. | 1948 |
| Rosemary's mother marries a Jehovah's Witness. They move out from the home of Rosemary's Kiwi Nana, who Rosemary loves, to live in Hellensville. | |
| Rosemary meets Bev, they play mah-jong with the neighbours in the market gardens. Rosemary is 12. | 1950 |
| Rosemary hates stepdad and countryside, only fun is mah-jong Rosemary is 13. | 1951 |
| Rosemary runs away to Wellington to Nana. Step dad drags her back. Rosemary is 14. | 1952 |
| Rosemary and Bev truant, they hang out in milk bars. Rosemary is 15. | 1954 |
| Rosemary kisses Paddy, then Johnny, the men fight, Paddy kills Johnny. | |
| Johnny is hung. Rosemary moves back to live with her nana. She is 16. | 1955 |
| Rosemary is pregnant, loses baby and is cared for by Nana. Rosemary is 17. | 1956 |
| Nana dies. Rosemary inherits house, marries an English sailor, Diane is born. Sailor husband, drunk abusive away, she's lonely and 19. | 1958 |
| Rosemary has affairs, is caught by husband. Rosemary is 22. Diane is 3. | 1961 |
| Rosemary is an alcoholic. Diane is taken into care. Rosemary is 25, Diane is 6. | 1964 |
| Rosemary has nervous breakdown, divorced. Rosemary is 29, Diane is 10. | 1968 |

- Rosemary enters treatment stops using, she is 30 Diane is 11. 1969
- Diane returns to Rosemary having been abused and is wild. Rosemary is 31 Diane is 12. 1970
- Diane is pregnant and leaves for a commune. Rosemary is 34 Diane is 15. 1973
- Sapphire is born on the commune. Rosemary is 35 Diane is 16. 1974
- Rosemary drinks, returns to hospital has EST, Returns home develops agoraphobia.
- Rosemary is 38 Diane is 19 Sapphire is 3. 1977
- Diane leaves commune, leaders are abusing children. She returns home to Rosemary who is 39 Diane is 20 Sapphire is 4. 1978
- Diane abuses Rosemary who is drinking again and growing dope. Diane drugs and takes Sapphire out late with her. Sapphire loves Rosemary her nana and fears her mother Diane. Diane is arrested in a drugs raid and Rosemary is forced out of her agoraphobia to collect her granddaughter. Rosemary is 41, Diane is 22 Sapphire is 6. 1980
- Rosemary starts therapy, quits using, Diane leaves. Rosemary gets custody of Sapphire. Rosemary is 42 Diane is 24 Sapphire is 8 1982
- Rosemary studies and begins working at Women's Refuge taking Sapphire with her Diane returns frequently for a month or two, bringing big presents for Sapphire, then leaves. Diane gets a job running a hotel, wants custody of Sapphire. Sapphire wants to live with her mum and moves into the pub. Rosemary is 46 Diane is 28 Sapphire is 12 1986
- Sapphire moves back to Rosemary who can't manage her and so she returns to live with Diane at the pub. Rosemary is 48 Diane is 31 Sapphire is 14 1988
- Diane moves to running a pub in Auckland, they have no contact with Rosemary. Sapphire is pregnant. Rosemary is 49 Diane is 32 Sapphire is 15 1989
- Sapphire visits Rosemary with black eye and baby Chantal. When Sapphire leaves Rosemary picks up alcohol and is found in a stupor at women's refuge where she works as the administrator, and is taken into hospital. Rosemary is 51 Diane is 34 Sapphire is 17 Chantal is 1. 1991

Rosemary is clean from all drugs and working. Sapphire leaves Chantal with Diane and drugs. Diane is drunk and Chantal, left alone in the pub, cuts off tip of finger in till. Sapphire and Chantal move in with Rosemary. Rosemary is 53 Diane is 34 Sapphire is 19 Chantal is 3. 1993

Diane is devastated, drinking increases, leaves chip fat on, burns down pub. Attends a treatment centre moves in with Rosemary. Chantal calls Rosemary nana. Diane doesn't like it. Sapphire trains as social worker while Rosemary cares for Chantal. Rosemary is 55 Diane is 36 Sapphire is 21 Chantal is 5. 1995

Diane moves out party crowd drinks works at Mill. Sapphire qualified addiction counsellor, drinks socially, then binges crashes car kills a man is in the papers and jail. Rosemary cares for Chantal. Rosemary is 59 Diane is 40 Sapphire is 25 Chantal is 9. 1999

Back in recovery Sa,pphire is living with Rosemary and Chantal, working in a treatment centre. Rosemary is too old to care for Chantal who visits Diane at weekends. Chantal starts drinking. Rosemary is 64 Diane is 45 Sapphire is 30 Chantal is 14. 2004

Chantal is pregnant. Sapphire wants her to have an abortion; Diane supports her to have baby, lets her move in with her. Baby Rata born premature. Rosemary is 66 Diane is 47 Sapphire is 32 Chantal is 16. 2006

Chantal cuts contact with Sapphire, moves in with Rata's father but CYFS take Rata when their P lab house is raided and Chantal and Rata are found living there. Rosemary is 68 Diane is 49 Sapphire is 34 Chantal is 18 Rata is 2. 2008

Chantal has sex with P dealer, Rata's father finds them and knifes the dealer and on a P craze of ten days high attacks police and is killed. Sapphire is playing a game of mah-jong at Rosemary's and they are informed by police that Chantal is in hospital from attempted suicide. Rosemary is out getting a chair for Bev from the garden shed, Sapphire tells Rosemary, Rosemary has heart attack and drops under the moon at the bottom of the garden. Rosemary is 70 Diane is 51 Sapphire is 36 Chantal is 20 Rata is 4. 2010

Chantal visits Rosemary in hospital and cries that it is all her fault. Rosemary tells Chantal that the same thing happened to her and that she is ok and it will be ok.

They all return home to Rosemary's and play mah-jong.