



MILLIONS

By Kathy Reid

CAST

Derek Weaver – mild mannered husband in his sixties

Doris Weaver – his domineering wife also in her sixties

Sheila – their next door neighbour in her fifties

Sally – National Lottery representative in her twenties

PROPS

Stage setting of a lounge with telephone

Lottery ticket

Carton of full fat milk

Sally's briefcase

Doris' suitcase

Two glasses of milk to toast

Millions

Morning. Doris and Derek (both in their sixties) sit in their lounge waiting by the telephone.

DORIS: Not gonna change us. No way. Still be the same Doris n' Derek. Like always.

DEREK: That's right dear.

DORIS: No airs, no graces. Just Doris n' Derek. Not gonna change me. Not one bit.

DEREK: No.

DORIS: Would like to move though. That's one thing I'd like. D'ya think anybody else has winning numbers D? Better not. The fifty's gonna be all ours. Can't imagine it. Fifty million. Always dreamt of being a millionaire, of living the millionaire lifestyle...

DEREK: *(to himself)* I know.

DORIS: ...but fifty times a millionaire? Wow! Too much to take in. Nice little cottage on the coast. That'd do me. Yeah. Nice. Or one of them new five bed luxury houses on the old airfield. Nah, let's go for it, it is fifty million. Gotta be a manor house. With massive grounds and a pool. Lovely.

DEREK: Best wait and see. Let's not get our hopes up before it's confirmed.

DORIS: Yeah some other swine could've got his grubby mitts on our winnings.

DEREK: That's one way of seeing it.

DORIS: What's the time?

DEREK: Ten past ten.

DORIS: Said they'd call at ten. We did get the numbers right?

DEREK: Yes, for the fiftieth time. They confirmed that on the phone.

DORIS: Why haven't they called?

DEREK: They'll call when they're ready Doris.

DORIS: So cool headed, so calm in a crisis that's our Derek.
Cool as a cucumber.

DEREK: Better than a red hot chilli pepper.

DORIS: Sometimes you need a bit of spice dear.

DEREK: I know.

DORIS: Do you?

DEREK: Let's not fight about that now. This is a happy day.

DORIS: Fifty million. More than I could spend in a lifetime.
(*chuckles*) I'm gonna give it a good try though. It's not gonna change me. Still go to bingo on a Friday and talk to the old biddies. Still meet Vera for a sherry.
Champagne now though. Dom Perig-non. Only the best. We can afford it!

DEREK: Let's wait and see.

Knock on front door.

DORIS: Who's that this early?

DEREK: No idea.

Derek opens the door onto neighbour Sheila (fifties).

DORIS: (*exasperated*) Sheila! (*aggressively*) What is it?

SHEILA: Morning Doris. Morning Derek.

DEREK: Morning Sheila.

DORIS: Well, what d'ya want?

SHEILA: Sorry to bother you Doris. I've run out of milk.

DORIS: Again?

SHEILA: Again, sorry. Could you give me a splash for my morning cuppa? I'm off to the supermarket later. I can get you a whole carton in return.

DORIS: Skimmed, semi-skimmed or full fat?

SHEILA: Don't mind.

DORIS: You might not but I do.

SHEILA: Sorry.

DEREK: Doris is joking.

SHEILA: I know Derek. I'm sure she doesn't begrudge me a splash of milk.

DORIS: (muttering) Scrounger.

Doris exits to kitchen. Awkward pause.

SHEILA: Sorry to come round again.

DEREK: It's the third time this month. I've been counting.

SHEILA: I know. Sorry.

DEREK: I'm joking.

SHEILA: Sorry. I'm all over the place.

DEREK: Us too.

SHEILA: Why?

DEREK: Big news. Bit too soon to tell.

SHEILA: Oh! Hope it's good news.

DEREK: I think it will be.

Doris enters.

DORIS: Milk. Full fat. Those bones could do with more on 'em.

SHEILA: Thanks Doris. Sorry to trouble you again.

DORIS: Not gonna be a waitress much longer. They'll be waiting on me hand and foot.

SHEILA: What do you mean?

DORIS: You'll see.

SHEILA: Is that the news?

DEREK: There's nothing to tell at the moment.

DORIS: You'll read about it in the papers. That's all I'm saying.

DEREK: My lips are sealed.

SHEILA: How intriguing. (*long pause*). Thanks for the milk. Bye Doris.

DEREK: I'll see you to the door. (*to Sheila*) Come by later and I'll reveal all.

SHEILA: I'm dying to know. Bye.

DEREK: See you soon.

Sheila exits.

DORIS: Good riddance.

DEREK: Doris, do you have to be...

DORIS: Don't. She's annoying, always round here after one thing or another. Stupid cow. What's her problem?

DEREK: It's only milk.

DORIS: Get your own milk. Is that unreasonable?

DEREK: No dear, of course not.

DORIS: Won't have to worry about her much longer. Nobody'll be bothering me for milk in my mansion. They still haven't called!

DEREK: They will dear. It'll be worth the wait.

DORIS: Fifty million. We can help out the family. How much? Two million each? They'd all be comfortable for life. Stop. That'd leave us twenty six million. A half! No, that won't do. Don't need to be that generous, they're mainly on your side. Let's be sensible. Can still do something for 'em, doesn't need to be two million each. Let's see. Three hundred thousand per couple. That's a fortune. Six times three, eighteen. Million eight hundred thousand in total. That's a lot. Isn't it? Might regret giving away that much. They wouldn't want me to live with regrets. No. Better for everyone to halve it. Yes. Hundred and fifty thousand. A fortune for the lot of 'em. Yes, very generous.

DEREK: Doris, we don't know how much we've won.

DORIS: Get on the blower will you.

Knock at the door.

DORIS: Don't believe it, she's back. What now?

DEREK: Doris!

DORIS: Derek?

DEREK: Shall I open the door?

DORIS: What you waiting for?

Derek opens the door onto Sally (thirties).

SALLY: Mr Weaver?

DEREK: Yes.

SALLY: Good Morning. Sally Jones from the National Lottery.

DEREK: Do come in. We were expecting a phone call.

SALLY: There's a reason I've come round.

DORIS: There's been a mistake. I knew it.

SALLY: No mistake Mrs Weaver. We tell all large winners in person.

DORIS: Large winners!

SALLY: Yes. You're very large winners. It's my pleasure to say you've won fifty million pounds on the Euro Lottery.

DORIS: We've won. The whole fifty?

SALLY: Yes. Congratulations.

DORIS: I'm gonna get that house now and a holiday home in the Maldives and a chauffeur driven limo, and a ...

DEREK: Doris, you're getting carried away.

DORIS: (*Doing a jig*) It's amazing.

SALLY: Mr Weaver, how do you feel?

DEREK: Can I ask a question?

SALLY: Of course.

DORIS: Why aren't you celebrating?

DEREK: Just one question.

SALLY: Fire away.

DEREK: Who owns the ticket?

SALLY: Let me check. The ticket was bought by Mrs Doris Weaver. Is that correct?

DORIS: Yes, bought it before bingo last Friday.

DEREK: So who owns the ticket?

SALLY: Mrs Doris Weaver.

DEREK: Doris?

SALLY: Yes.

DEREK: Do I have any claim to the ticket?

SALLY: Not in theory but winners generally share winnings with their partners.

DEREK: And if they don't?

SALLY: It ends up in the courts which is not something we at the National Lottery would recommend.

DEREK: Interesting. (*pause*) Isn't it Doris?

DORIS: Are you saying it's all my money?

SALLY: Legally that is correct.

DORIS: I can have all fifty million.

SALLY: Yes. It's your money to do with as you choose.

DORIS: I don't have to share it (*low*) with him?

SALLY: That is your choice Mrs Weaver.

DORIS: Wow. Fifty million all to myself. How do you feel about that Derek?

DEREK: I don't know Doris. It's your money I suppose.

DORIS: What would you do with fifty million pounds?

DEREK: No clue Doris, you know that. I'm happy pottering around as I am.

DORIS: Typical.

DEREK: What?

DORIS: No ambition, no dreams. So boring!

DEREK: I like my life here Doris.

DORIS: Derek, you only live once.

DEREK: What do you mean?

DORIS: (*to Sally*) There's paperwork I suppose?

SALLY: That is correct.

DORIS: We'll do that later. There's a few things I need to sort first.

SALLY: Shall I come back in an hour or two?

DEREK: What's going on?

DORIS: No. Meet me in the Grand Hotel at one.

SALLY: No problem Madam. I'll see you then. Congratulations once again.

DORIS: Thank you.

DEREK: I'll see you to the door. Thank you for such fantastic news.

SALLY: Goodbye and best of luck.

DEREK: Goodbye.

Sally exits.

DORIS: You'll want to know what's going on.

DEREK: Yes.

DORIS: Sorry Derek. Life hurts sometimes.

DEREK: What do you mean?

DORIS: I'm leaving you.

DEREK: Leaving me?

DORIS: Yes.

DEREK: What about our win?

DORIS: My win, Derek, my win.

DEREK: You're leaving me and taking it all?

DORIS: Don't worry, I'll see you right. Hundred and fifty thousand should sort you out.

DEREK: That's very generous.

DORIS: I know.

DEREK: Is it over between us?

DORIS: Over? Oh, yes. You know it's been over for a long, long time. I have other options now.

DEREK: What are you going to do?

DORIS: I'm going to pack. Then I'm moving to the Grand. It's the lifestyle I've always deserved and the one I will enjoy from now on. Don't take this the wrong way Derek but I never want to see you or this house ever again.

DEREK: Never?

DORIS: You'll be lost without me. I'm sure. But it's for the best.

DEREK: But....

DORIS: You're a good man, I suppose, but dull, dead dull. Somebody else can put up with your boring ways. I'm moving on. Where the grass is greener. Don't worry about me. I'll be living it up in paradise.

DEREK: Doris...

DORIS: Don't try and change my mind. It's made up.

Doris exits. Lights down.

Lights up. Doris holds a suitcase.

DORIS: Well that's me. Off to the Grand. Just a quick stop off to buy new luggage to replace this tat. Louis Vuitton I think. Bye Derek. Chin up. You'll be fine.

DEREK: Bye Doris. Have a good life.

DORIS: I will. I'll put you a cheque in the post once the winnings are through. That'll soften the blow of losing me.

DEREK: Thank you Doris. Very generous. Very kind.

DORIS: Bye Derek.

DEREK: Bye.

DORIS: Bye tatty old house. I won't miss you either.

Doris exits through front door. Derek looks out the window to check she's gone and lunges for the phone to call Sheila but there's no reply. Faint knock on front door. Derek opens it onto Sheila.

DEREK: Sheila! I tried to call you.

SHEILA: Did you?

DEREK: Yes.

SHEILA: I've just seen Doris getting into a taxi...

DEREK: I want you to be the first to know.

SHEILA: Your big news.

DEREK: Doris bought a lottery ticket last Friday, we've just heard, she won fifty million.

SHEILA: Pounds?

DEREK: Yes.

SHEILA: Life changing money.

DEREK: Absolutely.

SHEILA: Congratulations. How wonderful.

DEREK: It is wonderful.

Awkward pause.

SHEILA: Why was she getting into a taxi?

DEREK: She's left me?

SHEILA: That's a surprise.

DEREK: Is it?

SHEILA: Isn't it?

DEREK: I knew if it was a choice between money and me, Doris would choose the money, every time.

SHEILA: She's really gone?

DEREK: She's gone.

SHEILA: She was happy to go?

DEREK: Never seen her happier.

SHEILA: Oh, Derek.

DEREK: Glass of milk?

SHEILA: Thanks. Don't mind if I do.

DEREK: Cheers.

SHEILA: Cheers.

Lights down.