

When She Grows Up

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(4 Pages)

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WHEN SHE GROWS UP

combine his ambition and sue doctors or perhaps he could only tend lawyers.

TRISH: Have to...er...you did say a mercenary?

FLORENCE: Yes.

TRISH: Isn't that a little risky?

FLORENCE: Well of course she'll have to go to a good public school that specialises in that sort of thing. Then in her gap year, after she's killed her first man, and been on the run in the jungles of Borneo, we hope she goes on to cut her teeth leading a platoon of Ghurkhas in Iraq.

TRISH: Accountancy?

FLORENCE: We didn't think it would stretch her and we quite like the idea of her leading the forces of good and banishing evil from the planet.

TRISH: Careful dear! The sciences?

FLORENCE: We toyed with that idea but I couldn't countenance being a mother to such a dishonest profession. They only do it for the money you know.

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- TRISH: (LOW) And the meaning of the word mercenary? Don't do that! You'll have his ear off.
- FLORENCE: We wanted to save her from the nine-to-five grind, the commute, the queue for pre-frozen sandwiches at the petrol station, getting stuck on the M25 because of a very large snow flake. Nor will she have to wear that special 'interview' blouse or conjure smiles for a bore; the ones that tell you which junction they got off to visit you. No. Not our little Trixie.
- TRISH: Charity then. Good money and of course the kudos is good.
- FLORENCE: She'll be pure, with only the blood of the vain on her hands. Captain Trixie of the Ivory Coast.
- TRISH: Plastic surgeon?
- FLORENCE: O' Yes that would work too. A Surgeon, Miss Trixie Braithwaite of Harley Street. Put the bunny in the box Trixie and we can go home. See you next week. Now Trixie when we get home we can play doctors and estate agents.

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TRISH: Really. Time to go home. Come along. Come to mummy. Come to Mummy. Spartacus!

F/X VARIOUS TODDLERS

BURBLING AND SAYING "I'M
SPARTACUS."

END