

You should know better than this my dear  
 What have I told you all these years?  
 No matter what may portend  
 We have to face it  
 And see it through to the end  
 The Dosserdalian Way

UPPER SIXTH.

The Dosserdalian Way

MISS AUSTIN.

Open your arms to the day

MISS AUSTIN/UPPER SIXTH.  
 And embrace it

MISS AUSTIN.

These days they may not be the best  
 But every day must be addressed  
 Believing in the best of the rest of your lives

MISS AUSTIN/UPPER SIXTH.

Bring back the best days  
 Sparkle-and-zest days  
 Riding-the-crest days  
 We will see those days again  
 Freely expressed days  
 Just be-my-guest days  
 Oblige-noblessed days  
 On-with-our-guest days  
 Roll on the best days of our lives.

School bell rings.

MISS AUSTIN ushers the UPPER SIXTH into school, all  
 with heavy hearts but heads held high.

CAMILLA takes SUSAN by the arm and whisks her off.

CAMILLA. Darling, don't let's suffer assembly. It's too, too  
 tedious.

SUSAN. But darling, you heard Miss Austin. We have to be  
 stoic.

CAMILLA. No we don't. We can leave that to the drones and  
 be divinely à deux in the locker room.

SUSAN. And risk getting another detention off Bleacher?

CAMILLA. My mother says if self-expression is now a sin,  
 defensions are the new merits. The more I get the prouder  
 she'll be.

SUSAN. You're lucky. All my parents want me to get is straight  
 As and a scholarship to Oxford.

CAMILLA. Yawn.

SUSAN. No one else in my whole family's ever had the chance  
 to go to university before.

CAMILLA. Sigh.

SUSAN. Couldn't we just wait until break?

CAMILLA. Wait?

She recoils, clutching her heart.

Oh, l'amour, l'amour! Je suis désolé!

CAMILLA flounces off. SUSAN fusters, torn - then  
 scurries after her.

BRENDA SMEARS, the school sneak, pops up from her  
 hiding place - squinting after them and jotting in her  
 notebook.

BRENDA. Oh l'amour - l'amour - je suis désolé...  
 Then she's hailed by a whistle and BENNY enters - a cheeky  
 young chappie dressed as a workman with tool bag.

BENNY. Watcher, darlin' l'Awright? Betcha chuffed to clock me  
 wiv me big wrench at the ready, ain'tcha!

BRENDA. Pardon me?

BENNY. Well just point us the way to yer showers, I'll have a  
 butcher's and Bob's your uncle - (Clicks his tongue and  
 whisks.) know what I mean?

## Scene Eleven

*Chelsea flat.*DORIAN *ushers in exuberant CAMILLA and uneasy SUSAN.*

DORIAN. Make yourselves at home – all facilities at your disposal.

CAMILLA. How simply splendidous!

SUSAN *glares at her, hands in prayer.*

SUSAN. Don't thou forget thy calling, Sister Camilla?

CAMILLA. What? Oh – whoops! Mea culpa, Sister Susan. I mean, Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

SUSAN. Amen.

DORIAN *halts as he pops champagne.*

DORIAN. I say – are Jehovah's Witnesses allowed to drink?

CAMILLA. Oh yes, drink's fine. Holy spirit and all that. We're just not allowed to have lots of money or nice clothes.

SUSAN. Or boyfriends.

DORIAN. Talking of nice clothes – I really don't think I can stand another minute in this 'putting on The Ritz' kit. Give me five? Don't run off.

CAMILLA. Don't worry, we won't.

*He dashes out – and CAMILLA rounds on SUSAN.*

Look, we simply can't keep this up.

SUSAN. I agree. Let's just go.

CAMILLA. No, silly, let's just stay here and be ourselves.

SUSAN. What?

CAMILLA. He said all facilities at our disposal, which presumably includes a bathroom and guest bed.

SUSAN. You mean – stay here, with him?

CAMILLA. Why not? He seems perfectly civilised.

*Camilla*

SUSAN. But now we're in Chelsea we can go in search of The Stairways Club.

CAMILLA. Oh, Susan, we don't even know if it really exists, never mind where.

SUSAN. Your mother said anyone could find it if they needed to.

CAMILLA. When my mother was an art student she was probably hallucinating on absinthe.

SUSAN. But we can't be ourselves with him.

CAMILLA. Well, not completely, obviously.

SUSAN. Then what's the point?

CAMILLA. Oh, stop being so difficult.

SUSAN. But why are you being so strange?

CAMILLA. Just don't pressurise me, Susan, or I shall get my tension earache.

*She moves away, hands over ears.*

SUSAN. Camilla – ?

DORIAN *returns, wearing trendy casual attire.*

DORIAN. Your host returns as himself.

CAMILLA *springs back to life, impressed.*CAMILLA. Well, hello...  
SUSAN *turns away to the bookcase, agitated.* DORIAN  
*pours champagne.*

DORIAN. Shall we drink to chance encounters?

CAMILLA. Yes, let's. Susan, what are you doing?

SUSAN. Reading poetry.

CAMILLA. We're drinking to chance encounters.  
DORIAN. Cheers!  
CAMILLA. Cheers!

CAMILLA/DORIAN. Dorian - / Camilla -

*They laugh.*

DORIAN. Ladies first.

CAMILLA. No, I was just going to say something silly.

DORIAN. So was I, actually.

CAMILLA. Well, I can't explain why, but I keep feeling there's something strangely déjà vu about you.

DORIAN. But that's exactly what I was going to say about you!

CAMILLA. Really?

DORIAN. Something about your voice...

CAMILLA. Nothing about your voice, some sort of *anima*...

DORIAN. Or the champagne - ?

CAMILLA. Likewise makes light.

CAMILLA. Yes, it's ridiculous!

*They both turn away to look out of the window.*

Gosh! This really is the most marvellous view.

DORIAN. Battersea Power Station.

CAMILLA. It looks like a great dark cathedral.

DORIAN. Or an upside-down elephant?

CAMILLA. Yes!

*They catch each other's eyes again.*

Can I ask you a probing personal question? Dorian.

DORIAN. If I may ask you one in return. Camilla.

CAMILLA. Well, Dorian -

DORIAN. Yes, Camilla?

CAMILLA. Oh, stop it, you'll give me the giggles.

DORIAN. Then I trust you'll give me them back.

CAMILLA giggles.

No please, do ask.

CAMILLA. But I can't now.

DORIAN. But I beseech you.

CAMILLA. But I want to ask you lots of questions.

*Music 12. I Know It's Asking a Lot*

DORIAN. So do I.

CAMILLA. But hundreds.

DORIAN. Me too.

CAMILLA. Go on then.

DORIAN. After you.

CAMILLA. No, after you.

DORIAN. But I don't know what to ask you first...

I know it's asking a lot

To find out everything about you

Even so, now you're on the spot

I want to know what is your point of view

I want to delve into your psyche

I think I like imagining the way that we could be

I know it's asking a lot

But I have got to get to know you

CAMILLA.

I know it's asking a lot

To find out everything about you

But oh, I'm wondering what

Wondering, when, where, why, how and who?

I want to know all of your history

Don't be a mystery, satisfy my curiosity

I know it's asking a lot

But I have got to get to know you

CAMILLA/DORIAN.

Now is the moment I've waited for

How can I tell you that I adore you?