



Wonthaggi
Theatrical
Group Inc
EST 1969

“Home, I’m Darling” – 2026

Script extracts for audition – MARCUS (Fran’s husband)

Age: 40s-50s

pp. 53 – 55

pp. 90 - 96

See Audition Information for details

FRAN: It's very nice.

JOHNNY: If there are things I can do to, um, improve

No sure yeah, you've got other people to call, we can talk about it on

Yes yes, no I appreciate it.

Alright yeah, thanks bye.

Yes you too, yeah bye.

JOHNNY hangs up.

MARCUS: You know, this might be the best chocolate cake I've ever had. Johnny's a lucky man.

JOHNNY sits on the bed. He looks around the room.

FRAN: Have you guys got a holiday planned?

JUDY: No, um. Jivestock was going to be

FRAN: Oh god I'm so sorry.

JOHNNY comes down the stairs and into the living room.

JUDY: Everything alright?

JOHNNY: Yes, just. Just work stuff.

JUDY: Cake?

JOHNNY: I'm alright, thanks.

MARCUS: You know you have to take a firm line with these people if you don't want them ringing you at the weekend. Set your boundaries. I have to be very clear with everyone at the agency.

JOHNNY: Right.

MARCUS: They respect it, in the main, don't they?

FRAN: Yes.

JUDY: Johnny doesn't normally answer it on a Sunday but he's got a promotion coming up.

MARCUS: Ah, best behaviour.

JOHNNY: So Cuba.

MARCUS: Yes, very exciting. Wonder how much it's changed now Castro's gone.

JOHNNY: Yes, crazy times.

JUDY: Where's Castro gone?

JOHNNY: Castro, Fidel Castro.

JUDY: Yes I know who Castro is.

JOHNNY: He died. Last year.

MARCUS: Longer than that, I think. Year before.

JOHNNY: Was it? I'd have said last year.

MARCUS: Let's look it up...

MARCUS googles it on his phone. JUDY watches.

JUDY: Completely missed that.

FRAN: You're so funny, how did you miss it?

MARCUS: Yes, there we go. Eighteen months ago.

MARCUS shows the phone to JOHNNY.

JOHNNY: Yup, OK.

MARCUS: So you're being promoted?

JOHNNY: Well not actually, no.

JUDY: What?

JOHNNY: There's a reshuffle going on but. I'm going to be pretty much staying where I am.

JUDY: There's not going to be an Assistant Manager?

JOHNNY: No, there's going to be an Assistant Manager, it's just not going to be me.

That's what Alex was ringing to tell me.

Letting me know before going into the office, so that's kind of her.

JUDY: Who's

JOHNNY: Toby.

JUDY: Toby?

JOHNNY: Yup.

JUDY: After all the effort we went to, having her over for cocktails.

JOHNNY: Yeah, I'm not sure it helped.

JUDY: We didn't do anything except be welcoming.

JOHNNY: Yes, when does 'welcoming' tip over into 'scary'?

FRAN: I think maybe we should go, leave you guys to

JUDY: No no no don't go don't go. Let's put a record on, why don't we all have a little drink. It's nearly six o'

Five o'clock that's fine on a Sunday, isn't it?

JUDY goes over to the record player and puts on a jive.

MARCUS: Sorry to hear it, mate.

JOHNNY: S'alright. We'll get through it.

JUDY: Oh, I love this one, don't you?

JUDY goes to JOHNNY, tries to pull him into dancing with her.

Come on, let's have a little dance. Everything feels better after a dance.

JOHNNY: I'm not in the mood.

FRAN: I really think maybe we should go.

A sex thing?

JUDY: Oh my god you didn't

ALEX: Johnny?

JUDY: Oh my god.

ALEX: That would be completely

I'm his boss.

JUDY: I thought he'd told you, I thought it was a mutual

ALEX: Johnny?

JUDY: I'm his wife it's obviously not that hard for me to understand someone being attracted to him.

ALEX: No sorry of course he's lovely but

God no.

OK that makes more sense now.

JUDY: What does?

ALEX: The way he's been behaving.

Right, OK.

Huh.

JUDY: Oh god.

ALEX: God, men are so

JUDY: Please don't tell him I told you?

SCENE 5

Afternoon. JUDY and MARCUS in the living room, with drinks.

MARCUS: And that's why it's called a Screwdriver.

JUDY: Because they stirred it

MARCUS: Yes, with a

JUDY: That's brilliant, I never knew that.

MARCUS: No well no one does really.

JUDY: Is it true, do you think?

MARCUS: I don't know. Why let truth get in the way of a good story?

JUDY: This from the man who looks everything up on the internet.

MARCUS: Ha! No, well you've got me there, haven't you?

MARCUS sits back.

This is nice.

JUDY: We get on, don't we?

MARCUS: Yes, we get on very well.

JUDY: We're good friends. Even if it's me and Fran, really, that see each other most often, and you and I don't really see each other without the others but I do always feel

I think there's a lot of things we agree on.

MARCUS: Yes, I do too.

JUDY: Yes?

MARCUS: Yes.

JUDY: I don't see why we shouldn't take that to another level.

MARCUS: Another - sorry?

JUDY: I wondered if I might come and work for you.

MARCUS: Work for me?

JUDY: Fran told me you lost your secretary. PA.

MARCUS: Fran told you the reason, did she? The circumstances behind

JUDY: It's really rough, I'm sorry.

MARCUS: You know they've sent me home, while they

JUDY: But you'll be back, presumably, soon? Won't you?

MARCUS: I'm off indefinitely. While the other partners *review the situation*.

JUDY: I suppose there's a procedure they have to

MARCUS: Oh yes there's a procedure. Procedure that I put in place, when we set up the agency. Collecting statements from the rest of the staff, anyone I'd been in contact with, anyone that had seen us working together.

JUDY: God.

MARCUS: And you know that's my company. Everything I've worked for.

Hashtags flying around, people who've never met me.

JUDY: It'll blow over, won't it? When they work out she was just looking for attention, or money or whatever? It's not like you *really* did something.

MARCUS: Course not.

JUDY: With any luck they'll work out there's nothing in it, welcome you back with open arms. At which point you'll still need help, presumably.

MARCUS: Yes.

JUDY: When Fran told me about it, it was like a lightbulb, I just had this idea of *me* as your secretary.

MARCUS: But why would you want to be

I thought you were very happy here?

JUDY: Well, circumstances. It looks like I'll need to take on some kind of paid something. If we're to stay afloat.

MARCUS: This job that Johnny didn't get.

JUDY: And I don't know, maybe it's time to shake things up a bit, I've had three lovely years of

MARCUS: You used to manage a team, didn't you?

JUDY: I'm not looking for something at that level now.

And, you know, I think working for *you* would be. I'd work hard but it'd be fun, I think, it wouldn't feel like a job.

Typing your letters, pouring your coffee, your four o'clock whisky. Knowing where you've left your pen or your glasses. Fending people off on the phone when you're up against it. First line of defence, a tiger when you need one, pussycat the rest of the time. Shirts from the cleaners, a spare one in the drawer in case you want to freshen up.

Maybe it's a romantic idea, I just quite like the thought of working on one of those old typewriters, cardigan round my shoulders, you know?

MARCUS: Pencil skirt and heels.

JUDY: Of course.

MARCUS: Take a letter Miss Martin! Glasses?

JUDY: Only when I think you're out of the office.

MARCUS laughs.

I mean I know no one really, those old typewriters

MARCUS: Don't send email, sadly.

JUDY: I'm not sure that's better.

MARCUS: Tell me something. If I came into the office in the morning and said 'that's a nice cardigan', would you be alright with that?

JUDY: Why wouldn't I?

MARCUS: I find it quite hard, if I see a nice cardi, say, not to say anything.

JUDY: No well that's normal, I think.

MARCUS: Or if you looked particularly nice that day, if you'd had a good sleep and looked fresh and lovely, would you mind if I said something? Like 'don't you look fresh and lovely today?'

JUDY: Yes that would be fine.

MARCUS: You wouldn't be offended?

JUDY: No, I'd be glad, compliments are nice.

MARCUS: Where do you stand on contact?

JUDY: With?

MARCUS: Physical contact, I mean. Accidental, like if my hand brushed yours when we both reached for the stapler.

JUDY: Oh but that's - honestly, is that what

MARCUS: You'd be surprised.

JUDY: For heaven's sake.

MARCUS: And say you'd done something for me, something really excellent and I wanted to thank you and I put my hand on your shoulder, the back of your shoulder as I said it.

Like this.

JUDY: Yes of course

MARCUS: Or I was leaning over to congratulate you so I put my arm round your shoulders like this

JUDY: Yes that's fine.

MARCUS: Further down your back? Say here?

JUDY: Yes.

MARCUS: Here?

JUDY: Yes.

MARCUS: Here?

JUDY: Borderline.

MARCUS: takes his hand away.

No but this is me, you know I wouldn't misinterpret

MARCUS: Just working out the boundaries.

JUDY: No, sure.

MARCUS moves away.

MARCUS: I mean these women. The power they wield. And they know it, they know they can end you. Watching you all the time, just waiting for you to slip up, say something they can label sexist or racist, something they can enjoy being outraged about. Anything. You can't do anything now. Years where she doesn't object to a compliment, a hand on the arm, nor does she leave me out when she's looking for career advice, looking to *progress*, and doesn't mind doing it over a glass of wine that she's not paying for, the flinty little bitch. Then suddenly boosh it's everything exploded and it's not just now it's historical it's did you *ever*, has it *ever* happened, right back to the first boss who ever patted his PA on the bottom and said 'run along now' as a *joke*.

JUDY: Is that what you did? Patted her on the bottom.

MARCUS: As a joke. I wasn't exactly chasing her round the desk. I don't even find her attractive. She's completely flat-chested, she's no hips to speak of.

JUDY: I'm not sure that's going to help your case, saying that.

MARCUS: No, well. Among friends.

I mean come on, a hand on your arse through several layers of clothing? Grow up. It's not like I fingered her, she'd already made it very clear she wasn't going to let me

JUDY: When did

MARCUS: Oh, years ago.

So anyway. I'm not going back to work anytime soon.

But I'm sure there are things we can do. Now that I've got my afternoons free. If you wanted to put on a pencil skirt and a pair of heels I'd happily provide you with an old typewriter and an enthusiastic audience.

He waits. JUDY doesn't respond.

Or has that idea gone a bit icky?

JUDY: You'd pay me for that, would you?

MARCUS: If that's what it takes.

JUDY thinks about it.

She holds out her hand to him. He puts down his drink and kneels in front of her. He runs his hand slowly up her leg from her ankle.

When he gets above her knee she steps backwards.

JUDY: No, sorry.

She goes towards the kitchen.

Sorry.

MARCUS sits back.

SCENE 6

Evening. JUDY and JOHNNY are at the table, with two takeaway pizza boxes between them, and used plates / cutlery. JOHNNY's finished his pizza, JUDY has eaten half of hers.

JOHNNY is in a work shirt and suit trousers.

JUDY is wearing a pair of modern jeans and a jersey top.

JOHNNY: D'you want any more?

JUDY: No, it's

JOHNNY: Didn't you like it?

JUDY: No, it's very nice, I just

I can't remember what pizza I like.

I might not get chicken on it next time.

JOHNNY: I thought the pineapple was the real bum note.

JUDY: It's *ham* and pineapple you have on pizza, isn't it?

JOHNNY: Hawaiian.

JUDY: There's something chicken and pineapple in one of the recipe books I must have been thinking of that.

Was yours nice?

JOHNNY: Yeah. The spicy sausage was good.

JUDY stands and picks up the plates.

JUDY: Not much washing up, anyway.

JUDY goes to the sink.

JOHNNY: I'll do that. Sit down?

JUDY comes back to the table.

Are those new?

JUDY: What?

JOHNNY: Jeans.

JUDY: Old. Back of the wardrobe.

JOHNNY: Still fit.

JUDY: Housework keeps you trim.

JOHNNY: No, you look good.

JUDY: Good. I feel a bit drab.

JOHNNY: You don't look