

# LOONAH, MOONAH, AND NOONAH-PAGE 1

- L, M & N. HEELLOO!!
- MUM. It's Loonah, Moonah and Noonah!
- LOONAH. Babs!
- LOONAH. Sharon, Sausage!
- MOONAH. Sweetie!
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- NOONAH. You look wonderful! I could eat you! (**Aside to MOONAH.**)  
Common as muck.
- SHARON. (**To MUM**) What are they doing here?
- MUM. (**to SHARON**) They've come to see my new piano. It quite  
slipped my mind.
- SHARON. (**aside to MUM**) Get rid of them!
- NOONAH. (**sweetly**) I heard that.
- MOONAH. We can't wait to get singing!
- LOONAH. To think 'poor' little Ali bought his Mum a piano!
- NOONAH. So, where are Ali and Cassim?
- SHARON. (**a beat**) They're –
- SAFIYA. Having a boy's night out.
- MOONAH. Just like my Fazill!
- L, M & N. Boys will be boys!
- LOONAH. Maybe they'll come across even more cash!
- SHARON. (**coolly**) Maybe they will.
- NOONAH. You must love having a rich brother in law, being as how you  
like money so much yourself!
- MOONAH. (**to MUM, indicating CHORUS**) You've got new servants.

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- MUM. Only small ones. Off you go now, dears, it's getting late.  
(The CHORUS exit.)
- LOONAH. We've brought the music.
- NOONAH. We're going to go all choral!
- MOONAH. Singing is sooo fashionable!
- NOONAH. (handing music to SHARON) And we thought you could sing it first, Sharon!
- SHARON. (alarmed) But I don't want to sing!
- NOONAH. You're the lady of the house.
- MUM. (indicating piano) Well, girls. What do you think?  
(The 'WOMEN' squeal with delight.)
- NOONAH. Oh it's gorgeous, Babs! It's gorgeous, it's gorgeous, it's gorgeous! Go on - have a tinkle!
- MUM. (moving to piano) What, right here?
- MOONAH. (to SHARON) Isn't she awful?!
- SHARON. Yes. (Sits huffily.)
- SAFIYA. We'll wait outside for Ali and Cassim. (Exits with HUMA.)
- MUM. (sitting at piano) You do that, dear. It's got a lovely tone. Just listen to this. (MUM plays a scale or two. The piano is slightly unpredictable. It is obvious that MUM is not actually playing.) I had fish for tea, that's why I'm playing scales... Only joking. I'm actually on a diet of quavers. (MUM appears to play a bit more.) Some people talk to you through poetry, some people talk to you through song, tonight I'd like to talk to you through my piano. (Bends down to talk through piano.) Good evening, Everybody... Now where's this music you brought?

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LOONAH. Here are all the dots and squiggly bits.

MUM. Lovely, now let me just have a quick look - oh, it's charming!

**(MUM arranges the music on the piano. The piano starts to play. She gives it a quick thump and it stops.)**

Right Sharon. Are you ready?

SHARON. But I don't want to sing.

LOONAH. Don't be silly, you'll be wonderful.

MOONAH. Up you get!

**(The 'WOMEN' man-handle SHARON stage centre.)**

NOONAH. We can't wait to hear you.

LOONAH. We'll just go down here so that we can listen better.

**(The WOMEN troupe off the stage, but stay at the front of the Auditorium, leaning with their elbows on the stage.)**