

The hospital. The screens around CONNIE's bed are open but there is no bed there. MONTY is in the bedside chair, praying, in a secular kind of way. Enter RITA, carrying some fruit and a magazine.

RITA Where's Connie? (*Beat.*) Monty?! Oh, no. No, no, no!

MONTY We was talking. She seemed quite chipper. She smiled at me, and I was talking, and I held her hand, and then I realised she'd gone. (*Beat.*) I loved her.

RITA Yeah, we all loved her, Monty.

MONTY No, no. I loved her. I asked her to marry me, 1956. We had a thing, but it weren't love, not for her it weren't.

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RITA I'm sorry. I didn't know.

MONTY She was a very private woman. Bit old fashioned in some ways. And she wanted to marry for love, I guess, and she knew that she didn't love me. So that's was it for her. Some people get hitched just not to be lonely, but she was a very principled, you might say, idealistic woman. A dreamer.

RITA That's got my name on it.

(An envelope.)

MONTY Yeah. That's for you.

RITA I think I know what it is.

MONTY I've read it. It's bloody brilliant.

RITA Is it? Oh Jeez.

(RITA takes the envelope.)

MONTY She put her whole life into that speech. (*Pause.*) I let her down, you know.

RITA No, Monty, no.

MONTY I've let all you girls down.

RITA How's that?

MONTY Rita, in a million ways.