

*A Berni Inn. RITA and CONNIE sat at the table reading menus. MONTY is in the background laughing and drinking.*

RITA                    This menu's like reading the Karma Sutra. Everything sounds nice, but I can't picture any of it.

*(They laugh. CONNIE takes a couple of pills from a pot and washes them down with water. RITA sees this.)*

RITA                    Headache?

CONNIE                Yeah.

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RITA                    You're lying.

CONNIE                Yeah.

MONTY                *(Shouting.)* Oi! Garçon!

*(WAITER goes over to MONTY.)*

RITA                    Why's Monty not sitting with us?

CONNIE                He stays at the hotel next door.

RITA                    Hotel?! He only lives in Barking.

CONNIE                You don't understand expenses, do you?

RITA                    So come on did you and Monty ever?

CONNIE                Once. Scarborough, 1953, Labour Party conference.

RITA                    But only once. You learned your lesson, eh?!

CONNIE                Yeah, don't drink and operate heavy machinery.

RITA                    Woo! It's all going off behind the curtains! Why didn't you ever marry?

CONNIE                Monty?

RITA                    I dunno, he can't have been the only single fella in Essex.

CONNIE                He was a good dancer, but I didn't love him and I'd already married the Labour Party, and a lousy husband he turned out to be.

RITA                    You was tryna change the world.

CONNIE                I didn't want to be my mum. The drudge, the grind, low wages, factory work.

RITA                    Cheer up, Con, you can't be miserable in the Berni Inn! You done a lot. You got us a grievance procedure.