

Maternal Roots



A social commentary.

Script-Drama

ACT 1

Setting: the framework of a two-storey Australian suburban house. Four wooden pillars hold up the roof. Dining table. Leather couch. Projected onto the back wall is the interior of the home in mid-renovation. Boxes stacked high, impossibly balanced. A framed silhouette portrait of a woman leans against the back wall. A partition protrudes into the space, a metre from the front door. On the left, stairs lead up to the second storey which is on a raised platform upstage, a loft which overhangs the open plan kitchen on the ground floor. A double bed lies undressed in the middle of the second storey.

Lights up. Two women enter. DEMI walks solemnly in front. Black pantsuit. Narcissus flower tucked behind her ear. KORA trails behind. Her black dress hangs awkwardly, not quite fitting. A narcissus pinned on her chest. A handbag over one shoulder and a black purse in the opposing hand. Above the rim of the handbag, papers are evident. DEMI turns back, suddenly aware that KORA hangs back.

Demi: Well, I guess all things considered that was probably the best it could have gone.
Beautiful in many ways.

Kora: Yeah, it was like a florist in there by the end.

Demi: Well, you know Mum, always had to brighten everything, even in death.

Pause, then at the same time.

Kora: Look, Mum I-

Demi: Can I say something- Sorry, I cut you off.

Kora: You go.

Demi: OK... well... I know that it's been a little bit... weird these past couple of years with me having to head off to London... not being around so much, but... I've spoken to Jeffrey, and he's agreed to keep me here. Thought it might be nice for us to pick up where we left off.

Kora: Wow-

Demi: I get it. I haven't been around as much as I would have liked, and that's been rough on you. I can't imagine. But... I'm here now!

Kora: And I get that, but I guess it's just-

DEMI tentatively steps towards KORA

Demi: I love you, Kora. I hope you know that.

KORA pauses.

Kora: Love you too, Mum.

DEMI takes KORA in her arms. KORA is hesitant. DEMI is relieved.

Demi: *(to convince herself)* So, as you can see, I've been making a few changes and I thought maybe we could do it together! A little project! A DIY renovation!

DEMI gestures around the room, making small comments about various possibilities.

Kora: Sounds great, Mum.

Demi: ...and my apartment in Canary Wharf had so many plants that it just felt so homely, even in the depths of January. So, I was thinking we could do the same thing here... a few pot plants to give this place some much needed light and-

Kora: Plants? Are you gonna remember to actually water them?

Demi: *(Wry, self-deprecating)* Ha, actually it was a serviced apartment, so someone else watered them, but ... y'know, how hard could it be?

Kora: So, you're going to live here? Stay here. In one place. Not gonna be running off to the penthouse in London chasing whatever story calls?

Demi: There's only one story I'm worried about right now darling and that's you and that's here and it's now. Fixing this is all that matters.

Kora: *(a dry smile)* Ever the poet.

Demi: *(taking it as a compliment)* Anyway, first thing I want to do is get Nana's portrait on that wall *(pointing to the partition)*. That way I can see her while I'm in the kitchen.

Kora: Will it fit?

Demi: I would imagine so?

DEMI walks over and measures it out with her arms and holds them aloft while she walks towards the partition.

...Yep, plenty of room. I wonder where the joist is.

DEMI places her ear against the wall and begins knocking.

... Come and give me a hand.

the balcony, so I'll get him to mount it then.