



only holiday romance I've had is with meself, Joe. An'--an' I think...I've come to like meself, really." I said to him, I said, "I think I'm all right, Joe. I think that if--if I saw me, I'd say that woman's OK...She's alive. She's not remarkable, she's not gonna--gonna be there in the history books. But she's--she's there in the time she' livin' in. An' certainly she's got her wounds...and her battle-scars but maybe--maybe...a little bit of the bull-shit is true an'--an' the wounds shouldn't be hidden away ...because--because even the wounds an' the scars are about bein' alive." There was a long pause. I thought he'd gone off the phone. An' then I heard this voice, "I knew it," he was sayin', "I knew it, it's the bleedin' change of life, isn't it?" "That's right, Joe," I said, "that's right, it's a change of life. An' that's why you're wastin' your money phonin' me to try an' get me back. I'm not comin' back." The last time he phoned he said our Brian had been arrested--buskin' without a license. An' our Millandra was frettin' for me. An' that he loved me an' the only thing he wanted in the world was for me to come back. I explained to him that it was impossible because the woman he wanted to go back didn't exist anymore. An' then I got his letter sayin' he was comin' to get me. To take me back home. Ah, God love him, he must've been watchin' *Rambo*. He'll be here soon. I hope he stays for a while. He needs a holiday. He needs to feel the sun on his skin an' to be in water that's

as deep as forever, an' to have his wet head kissed. He needs to stare out to sea. And to understand. (*pause*) I asked Costas if he'd put the table out for me again. He said to me, "You look for you dream again?" "No, Costas," I said. "No dream. But I'm gonna sit here an' watch for Joe an' as he walks down the esplanade, an' keeps walkin' because he doesn't recognize me anymore, I'll call out to him. An', as he walks back, an' looks at me, all puzzled and quizzical, I'll say to him, "Hello. I used to be the mother. I used to be the wife. But now, I'm Shirley Valentine again. Would you like to join me for a drink?" (*Blackout*)

**Curtain**