

**“The Bananas Way”**

A one act comedy

by

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ISBN: 9781873130681  
The Playwrights Publishing Co.

## THE BANANAS WAY

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## THE BANANAS WAY

### CHARACTERS in order of appearance

**CASSIE** – the part owner of ‘Frocks’ the model agency. She is of sprightly middle-age, elegantly dressed, histrionic, sharp, doesn’t bear fools gladly

**STEPHEN** – around 25-30, photographer of models; slightly but only slightly camp; runs with the hare and the hounds. Toy-boy lover of **CASSIE**’s

**ANDREE** – a rather plump aging model; not very bright, sentimental, soft and desperate to keep her threatened job. Married to **ROBERT**

**ROBERT** – **CASSIE**’s former business partner; middle-aged, solidly built, ponderous in thought; serving a prison sentence for **CASSIE**’s tax misdemeanours. Married to **ANDREE**

### SYNOPSIS

‘Frocks’ is in a mess. **CASSIE** has forged the tax returns and **ROBERT** her business partner has found himself in prison for it. Meanwhile **CASSIE** is reforming the business, has sacked or lost the models with the exception of **ANDREE** who is next to get the chop, which **CASSIE** pins on **STEPHEN**. **ANDREE** turns up for her last ‘shoot’ which **CASSIE** rubbishes. But **STEPHEN** has a soft spot for **ANDREE** and takes some photos of her in case she is sacked. **CASSIE** then sacks **ANDREE**. While she is weeping over this with **STEPHEN**’s arms around her **ROBERT** enters. He has just been released from prison and is keen to sort out **CASSIE**. Also it gets to him slowly that **ANDREE**, his wife, is too friendly with **STEPHEN** and that needs sorting out.

In the end it is **ROBERT**, still a partner in the business, who compromises **CASSIE**, forces her to re-employ **ANDREE** and re-establishes the agency to cater for middle-aged women.

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### SETTING

CASSIE's 'vision' for 'Frocks' should be reflected in a few pieces of bright and shiny modernist furniture – just one rail of frocks – bright lighting and a white floor cloth. Fairly prominent is a cardboard column coloured like chocolate for use in an upcoming advert for chocolate. Large photos of CASSIE should decorate the 'walls'.  
It is morning.

SCENE: the studio of 'Frocks' as described.

(CASSIE the owner, *elegant, poised, sits brooding, as STEPHEN – in jeans and open-necked loose plaid shirt - fiddles with his camera on tripod*)

CASSIE: (*Suddenly jumping up*) What I want.. what I *really* want is a new gamut of slender-legged, blank eyed zombies who'll do my bidding. No questions asked. Who'll fill in a new chapter in the history of this model agency. And save it. Hear me Stephen?

STEPHEN: (*Fiddling*) Yeh.

CASSIE: When I click my fingers so (*clicks*) they will *sprint*, not *run* into position in your camera lens. They will dart like fish into focus -

STEPHEN: (*Startled*) - Yeh? They will?

CASSIE: - and turn into A list models. Long-legged, brainless, handsome zombies. Just like that. Off they go. Click!

STEPHEN: Yeh. Like that? (*Laughs. Clicks*)

CASSIE: That's RIGHT - (*Clicks*)  
(*They click together*)

CASSIE: - bearing on their slender backs masterpieces of fashion!

STEPHEN: So where are they? Hiding in the woodwork?

CASSIE: Stephen you know damn well where they are

STEPHEN: Out of work

CASSIE: Of course. (Pause) You see one must have standards

STEPHEN: So you fired them all and I have nothing to shoot. Not a sausage

CASSIE: A sausage would be hard to photograph

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**STEPHEN:** Not by me

**CASSIE:** And the joke is, the one I want to fire, *need* to fire, before she  
beggars me is Andree! that large bottomed slug. *She* is going to be  
the end of an era if I have *any* breath in my body!

**STEPHEN:** Poor old Andree. Coming here today remember

**CASSIE:** Maybe you could be stern with her. Bully her. Make her feel small so  
that she runs screaming out of here for ever. Could you do that for  
me?

**STEPHEN:** No

**CASSIE:** Take care Stephen. I've got my eye on you. Who gave you the lovely  
socks you're wearing? Who gave you your chest wax? Your pocket  
money? Your camera even?

**STEPHEN:** You did

**CASSIE:** Right. And who... who wasn't *that* good in bed last night? Answer

**STEPHEN:** You

**CASSIE:** Rubbish! I gave my all. Sacrificing myself as usual. (*Thoughtful*) It's  
that Andree again. I was thinking of *her*. How she interrupts even  
our tenderest moments. Yes, she was there - at the end of the bed -  
smiling. Smiling *compassionately!* as if *I* had done something  
wrong! Intolerable!

**STEPHEN:** Should have been thinking of *me*. Not her

**CASSIE:** Well you were there.. somewhere

**STEPHEN:** That's it. She *has* to put her foot in the door, poor thing. She -

**CASSIE:** - Short of killing her I don't know how to squash her. Do you?

**STEPHEN:** (*Alarmed*) Me?

**CASSIE:** Is there someone else in the room? . . . Come on Steve you're always  
so bright, so helpful. So full of imagination often

**STEPHEN:** Not today

**CASSIE:** Your pictures have made us millions

**STEPHEN:** *I* haven't seen any of it

**CASSIE:** Thousands is what I meant. (*Softly*) Don't turn vicious now. You're  
paid a whale's salary as it is. ... Come here

**STEPHEN:** No. You're in a sour mood

**CASSIE:** Let me stroke your hair. It calms me

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**STEPHEN:** I've just washed it

**CASSIE:** Come on, lover. Calm me

*(He goes unwillingly and sits at her feet)*

**CASSIE:** Let's forget Medusa. *(Stroking his head)* I like it when it's so soft and yielding... Stephen, in all those heaps of girl friends you've been through isn't there *anyone* of tender age to replace Andree? ... Think for me

**STEPHEN:** *(Thinks hard)* Millicent? Perhaps

**CASSIE:** Millicent? Millicent who?

**STEPHEN:** McCreevey

**CASSIE:** Oh no! Not with a name like that. No good

**STEPHEN:** *(Levelling)* So *why* have the others vanished?

**CASSIE:** Not my fault. One must have standards, as I've said

**STEPHEN:** Long list of failure isn't it? When I came here to take pictures there were new people. Gorgeous crumpet kept turning up. Could do anything you liked with them -

**CASSIE:** *(Angrily)* - Oh? What have you been up to? What did you do with them? Go on

**STEPHEN:** *(Ignoring this)* There was Kathy. Now what happened to her?

**CASSIE:** *(Laughs)* She fell off her high heels. Disastrously

**STEPHEN:** And Briony?

**CASSIE:** Off a bar stool, poor thing

**STEPHEN:** And Sugar? What happened to her?

**CASSIE:** She's in gaol. For the usual thing

**STEPHEN:** And Melanie?

**CASSIE:** Vanished. Just gone

**STEPHEN:** And now you want to get rid of Andree the only one left. That's silly

**CASSIE:** No, no, no! I know what I'm doing. Okay, she may be all right for modelling bed-socks, thermals or duvet covers, but that's *not* what we're doing now. It's to be what modelling's all about - glamour all the way! *(Her mobile rings)* Welcome stranger. Yes? YES. What's your name? You'd rather not. Mysterious, eh? Come round. We want to see you. You sound absolutely gorgeous

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**STEPHEN:** What does she *look* like?

**CASSIE:** (*Takes no notice*) ... Just about the right height. Very good...

**STEPHEN:** What. Does. She. Look. Like?

**CASSIE:** ... Excellent. Lovely. Good-bye. (*Mobile off*) We have a date

**STEPHEN:** When?

**CASSIE:** When she's ready. She has to do those little girly things you know.  
So she'll give us warning then arrive. I already know she's got a  
sense of drama

**STEPHEN:** (*Sarcastic*) You should get on with her then

**CASSIE:** (*Ignoring this*) Now ways to get rid of Andree.. Think! I'm such a  
coward really

**STEPHEN:** You'll have to sack her first

**CASSIE:** It worries me. Oh Stephen help me in my hour of need. (*Gets up,*  
*discarding him*) But no. On second thoughts best not to

**CASSIE** *goes off*