

# **The Girl Next Door**

**by**

**Malcolm D. Broun**

**Sydney  
March 2006**

**e-mail: [abroun@bigpond.net.au](mailto:abroun@bigpond.net.au)**

**(C) Malcolm D. Broun 2006**

**THE GIRL NEXT DOOR**

*[Scene description – a comfortable lounge room in a reasonably modern home unit. A knock on the door. He goes to the door and opens it. She enters with a pleasant smile.]*

Her: *[talking rather quickly]* You certainly must like me a lot. We are not the cheapest escort service in town and you seem to call for me every week. I was just working on my thesis when the call came in. I was about to have a cup of coffee and a break anyway, so I thought I might as well come around here for some sex and to earn some money. I thought you were about to be married.

Him: It all fell through.

Her: But I thought it was going to work perfectly. She was the daughter of your senior partner.

Him: Well he sent me an application for an additional card on my AMEX, so I worked out that he wasn't planning on losing a daughter so much as getting his credit card back.

Her: Isn't that what marriage in the professional classes is all about. How can a respectable Vauclose newly married wife cope without a good piece of plastic. If she loses daddy's, she has to have her husband's.

Him: I consulted the partner who deals with family law and she suggested a pre-marital agreement, so I had one drawn up and I showed it to the father. He thought it was reasonable. I showed it to her. My ring was returned with the torn up pieces of the pre-marital agreement. I returned the application for an additional credit card to the father.

Her: You should have asked me about your prospective fiancé. After all, I've got something out of 3 \_ years of study of psychology and sociology. Overall, the best wife to find is an experienced nurse. They are in a caring profession. Looking after people is what they do. Husbands generally require a lot of looking after. They are high maintenance items. But that is what nurses like doing. Also they are used to patients who are totally unreasonable and very demanding, so that fits them for married life.

Him: Where on earth would I find a nurse other than by getting sick and going to hospital?

Her: Well if you can't find a nurse, the really safe thing is the girl next door.

Him: But the girl next door doesn't even speak English.

Her: Great! Then you wouldn't be able to have any arguments until your first child was old enough to translate.

- Him: But she's ugly.
- Her: Beauty is only skin deep.
- Him: But ugliness goes to the bone!
- Her: The whole point of marrying the girl next door and why that generally works is that unless you live in a suburb that is ethnically very mixed, it will probably mean that you are both from a similar socio-economic background. You will have similar education, similar financial status, and similar expectations. You will probably even have some shared experiences of schools or church or even the local shopping centre. Also it makes courting much easier if you live nearby. But it is not so much where you live at the time of deciding to marry, but where you were brought up. People can often move away from their suburb of origin but the early life is what shows the socio-economic status and expectations. It does not have to be the house immediately alongside, it can be a few blocks apart as long as there are not significant changes in suburban areas.
- Him: Will you just shut up! What I called you over here tonight to tell you is that I love you and I want to marry you. You are beautiful, clever, you are great fun, I want to wake up everyday with you along side me. I never knew what great sex was until you entered my life. Our children will be beautiful and clever with every opportunity with a PhD mum.
- Her: *[After a pause]* I've heard of some marriages where the girl marries her best customer and I suppose you are my best customer. I understand that often they work. You look good, the sex is fine and you seem intelligent but I never imagined I could cope with a lawyer as a partner. *[Pause]* A normal life, a career and children makes a husband useful – they can move the furniture, they can put out the garbage and get the mail out of the spider box.
- Him: Of course they work. If the sex life is great, and there is no question ours is absolutely wonderful, then the man is always going to be happy and that means the wife will always be happy, and the children will be happy.
- Her: How is that for a sexual bias! I would be supposed to be happy just by keeping you happy. Has it ever occurred to you that a woman can want something more than a happy husband? Why do you think if you were happy, I would be happy if we were married, that is.
- Him: Well surely it's a very good start.
- Her: I suppose it is at least a start. But anyway, I would not want to waste all these years I have spent at university getting my qualifications. While I think having children is a good idea, I would want to have a career.

Him: Great. A working wife is always safest. That way she understands if the husband has responsibilities that sometimes make him late. A fulfilling career keeps wives away from week-day tennis courts, coffee shops, David Jones and other dangerous places. And as to children, what are grandmothers for?

Her: You've got a grandmother too?

Him: Yes, and she loves my brother's children, much more than she ever loved my brother and me. I think it's because she can enjoy them and then give them back after a few hours. Anyway, girl next door, where were you brought up?

Her: In Chatswood, just near Ashley Street.

Him: And where did you go to school?

Her: Secondary school at Chatswood High.

Him: You are the girl next door! I was brought up in Chatswood just north of Mowbray Road. I went to Chatswood High. I guess I was there 3 or 4 years ahead of you. I suppose after school and on holidays you tended to hang out around Victoria Road.

Her: Yes. Didn't you?

Him: Of course!

Her: In that case, I am the girl next door. Maybe it would work. We would each have to have a full health check.

Him: Sure, and also we ought to have a pre-nuptial agreement.

*[She looks at him quizzically and gives a little laugh.]*

Him: Then you will marry me?

Her: If this pre-marital agreement doesn't show you to be some sort of mean chauvinist skin flint. After all, I suppose marrying somebody who doesn't know how I have supported myself while doing a full-time honours degree course might be very embarrassing and difficult.

*[He embraces her warmly and affectionately.]*

Her: You're not getting any freebies until we're married.

*[He looks disappointed.]*

Her: But you've already paid for tonight, so let's get to it.

*[They run off the stage to the bedroom together.]*