

## After Miss Julie by Patrick Marber

It is the night of the Labour landslide victory of 1945. Miss Julie, the highly-strung daughter of a Labour peer, is left behind with the servants while her father goes to London to celebrate. Miss Julie has got drunk at the celebrations and finally succumbed to the on-going sexual flirtation between herself and the family chauffeur, John. At this point in the play Miss Julie has slept with John for the first time, losing her virginity in the process. The two find themselves caught in a passionate and destructive relationship with each alternately humiliating the other. Having explained that her father, despite his Labour background, would never accept a cross-class relationship between herself and John, she tells him about her parents' relationship.

---

**Julie** Did I tell you about my mother? She was quite common, you know . . . she had this thing about women's emancipation . . . she swore she'd never marry so she told my father she would be his lover but never his wife. But then, I was born, I was . . . a mistake really - . . . So they got married and my mother brought me up as . . . a child of nature, she used me to demonstrate the equality of sexes. She used to dress me up in boy's clothes and made me learn about farming - she made me kill a fox when I was - and then she reorganised the estate, the women had to do the men's work and the men the women's. We were the laughing stock of the whole county. Finally my father snapped and she fell in line. But she began to stay out all night . . . she took lovers, people talked, she blamed my father for the failure of her brave new world . . . her infidelities were her revenge. They rowed constantly, and fought, she often had terrible gashes and bruises . . . he did too, she was very strong when she was angry . . . and then there was a rumour that my father tried to kill himself - [ . . . ] he failed . . . *(Smiling.)* . . . obviously. I didn't know whose side I was on . . . maybe I learnt all my emotions by the age of ten and never developed any more . . . a child experiences the world so deeply . . . without the sophistication to protect itself . . . it's not fair really.

*Pause.*

Anyway, my mother almost on her death-bed . . . no, on her death-bed, made me swear that I'd never be a slave to any man.