

FRANK Oh that reminds me, I mustn't forget to give you your present.

FIONA Present?

FRANK Your anniversary present. I must give you that before I go.

FIONA (*crossing to left of FRANK with the coffee*) There's no need to rub it in, darling.

FRANK What? Oh. That wasn't my intention. Wasn't my intention to rub it in.

FIONA *collects her own cup from the coffee-table and crosses to the table left.*

BOB *enters upstage right with a new newspaper and crosses downstage to the phone.*

FIONA Good.

FRANK Good Lord, no.

TERESA *enters from kitchen left and crosses to the wastepaper basket downstage right.*

BOB *drops the phone and opens the paper.*

TERESA Where the hell were you last night, anyway?

BOB Me?

TERESA Where were you?

BOB *crosses and sits in the armchair downstage left.*

FIONA *crosses and sits at the right end of the sofa.*

BOB What a funny question.

TERESA (*crossing to left of the sofa*) No, I'm sick of this. Other husbands tell their wives where they go to. They don't just disappear and come blundering in at two o'clock in the morning. Other husbands... (*She crosses to right of BOB and pulls her apron off the back of the armchair*) I mean

here am I stuck here with Benjamin and you're out having parties and God knows what else and here am I stuck here.

BOB What's all this in aid of? *(He rises and crosses downstage right takes his jacket from the chair downstage of the table and puts it on)*

TERESA He's your child as much as mine.

BOB I believe you.

TERESA *(crossing to left of centre)* Well, where were you? I want to know. Where were you?

BOB *(indignantly)* Out.

TERESA Just out?

BOB *(crossing to right of TERESA)* That's right.

TERESA What doing?

BOB Drinking, talking...

TERESA Who with?

BOB Why do you want to know?

TERESA Because I'm not a fool you know. I'm not a complete fool. I mean I'd be very stupid indeed if I didn't notice—

A crash off.

Oh no! Wait a minute.

She hurries off left.

(offstage) Benjamin! Benjamin, you stop that at once...

BOB *meanders and sits at the left end of sofa.*

FRANK *(rising and crossing upstage)* I think I will get it for you, though. All the same the present...

FRANK *goes out upstage left.*

was just before the office Christmas party and he decided to put Mrs Carter in charge of the—no, it wasn't Carter. What was her name now...?

FIONA Darling, we are all simply panting for our second course.

WILLIAM and MARY *swivel*.

TERESA Did you ever hear that very funny story about the wife who came home unexpectedly and found her husband in bed with the baby-sitter.

MARY Oh!

WILLIAM No I don't believe we have.

TERESA Well, there they both were, you see. Him and this girl—

WILLIAM Terry, I wonder if I could just—

TERESA Both of them on the bed. At it for dear life—

The doorbell rings.

—and the wife just stands there and says—

WILLIAM Isn't that the doorbell?

TERESA The wife says—let it ring—says to her husband very sweetly—

WILLIAM I think that was the doorbell.

TERESA (*sharply*) Let it ring—she says to him, terribly sweetly, "You can practise till you're blue in the face, darling, but you'll never get it right."

MARY *laughs nervously*.

WILLIAM (*appalled*) Mary!

MARY *stops laughing*. WILLIAM and MARY *swivel*.

FRANK (*slamming down his spoon, having suddenly remembered*)
Fraser! That was it. Mrs Fraser.

FIONA Well done, darling. I'll get the rest. *(She rises and picks up the tray from trolley)*

MARY *also rises.*

No, sit still Mary. I can manage.

FRANK Anyway, now then. Mrs—I've forgotten what I was telling you about now.

WILLIAM The office Christmas party.

FRANK Oh yes. And Mrs—

MARY Mrs Carter.

FRANK Carter? That wasn't her name.

WILLIAM Mrs Fraser.

FRANK Fraser! That's it, Fraser. Yes, the Chairman decided to put Mrs—I don't think that was her name either, come to think of it. What was it now?

FIONA *(going out with the plates)* Darling, you really are becoming awfully tedious.

FIONA *goes out to the kitchen right.*

As she does so TERESA's doorbell rings. WILLIAM and MARY *swivel.*

WILLIAM *(rising)* I think I'd better answer it.

TERESA It's entirely up to you, Bill. I'm not answering anything. I'm going to enjoy my dinner.

FRANK *polishes his cutlery thoughtfully on the tablecloth.*
BOB's singing is heard off.

WILLIAM *opens the door and recoils as BOB lunges in holding a carrier bag.*

BOB Well, well, all tucking in are we? Filling ourselves with goodies? Very nice too. Did you cook anything for me, love, or shall I go the Café?