

TERESA That's right. Help yourself.

BOB *breaks left and turns back.*

Oh no, honestly, that's incredible. She's raised six hundred pounds just in coffee mornings amongst her friends. Isn't that incredible?

BOB *(crossing to left of TERESA)* Perhaps you ought to do the same thing with tea mornings? Invite me along. That way I might even get a cup.

TERESA It's on the stove.

BOB Fine. Fine.

*FIONA enters from kitchen right with a loaded tray and crosses left. BOB crosses left and goes into kitchen left. FIONA puts the tray on table left and begins to unload it.*

TERESA *(engrossed again in her newspaper)* Oh—no! Honestly...

*FRANK comes in through the main door.*

FRANK *(crossing towards the kitchen right)* Darling—Darling?

FIONA Hallo?

FRANK *(crossing to right of FIONA)* It would appear that I have no clean shirt. Is that in fact the case?

FIONA Hmm?

FRANK No clean shirts. I have no clean shirts, apparently.

FIONA Well, darling, if you'd like to pop upstairs again and look on the third shelf down, I think you'll find no less than three shirts, all nice and clean and still wrapped up in cellophane bags from the laundry.

FRANK Third shelf?

FIONA That's right.

FRANK What the devil are they doing on the third shelf?

FIONA Presumably lying there, waiting for you to put them on, darling.

FRANK What are they doing on the third shelf. What's wrong with the second shelf...?

FIONA Nothing at all as far as I know darling, but since nineteen fifty-seven your shirts have always been kept on the third shelf down. They have not been kept on the second shelf down since we moved from Woking.

FRANK Woking?

FIONA (*crossing to kitchen door right*) We weren't so well off in Woking, if you remember. You had a smaller wardrobe...

FRANK (*crossing to upstage centre*) I don't know anything about Woking...

FIONA *goes out right with the empty tray.*

FIONA (*as she goes*) You go and have a look.

FRANK Why the hell does she have to drag Woking into the conversation.

FRANK *tramps out upstage left, disgruntled.*

BOB *enters from kitchen left and crosses slowly to left of TERESA.*

BOB I see you're hanging on with grim nostalgia to that empty cornflake packet.

TERESA Mmmm? Oh, that. I didn't have time.

BOB Ah.

TERESA Did you get your tea?

BOB No. It appears you only made enough for one.

TERESA No, I didn't...

BOB That was the impression I got from the teapot, anyway. I did toy with the idea of chewing the leaves but decided to



BOB Yes?

FIONA What?

TERESA Do you know what that child has done with an entire jar of honey?

BOB (*into the phone*) Yes, well listen old man, I suggest your best bet is to divide the whole figure by two thirds...

FIONA Is she there?

BOB (*cheerfully*) Yes.

TERESA Where's the dishcloth?

BOB (*picking it up off the coffee-table and tossing it to her*) Here.

TERESA (*going*) You would not believe what that child of yours has done with an entire jar of honey.

*She goes out in to the kitchen left.*

BOB (*into the phone*) I'm sorry, you were saying?

FIONA Listen, the point is Frank's getting rather curious as to where I was.

BOB That's funny. Same here.

FIONA What do I tell him?

BOB You were with a friend.

FIONA No. He knows practically everyone, it's too risky...

BOB Look, I've got to go in a minute...

FIONA You haven't told me what I'm going to say...

BOB I don't know.

FIONA What did you tell Terry, then?

BOB That I ran into someone.

FIONA Who?

BOB William Featherstone.

FIONA Who on earth is William Featherstone?

BOB He works in the Accounts Department at the office. Anyway, he's married to Mary Featherstone...

FIONA Oh, Lord, I remember them. What on earth made you think of them?

BOB They're safe, obscure... They're the first names that came into my head anyway...

FIONA Go on. What?

BOB Their marriage is breaking up. Third party...

FIONA Really, I didn't know.

BOB No, not really. That's just the story. But since it's all very hush hush nobody's to say a word...

TERESA (*offstage*) Bob—Bob—come and look at this.

BOB (*to TERESA*) Coming! (*On the phone*) Look I must go... Say what you like...

FIONA But what about...?

BOB *puts down the phone.*

TERESA (*offstage*) Bob...

BOB *crosses downstage left.*

FIONA Bob...

BOB (*going off*) What?

BOB *exits into the kitchen left.*

FRANK *enters upstage left.*

FRANK What?

FIONA (*replacing the receiver*) Oh, have you brought the car out?

FRANK (*coming down the steps and crossing behind the sofa*) It's already in the drive. You didn't put it away last night.