

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

FRANK Me?

FIONA You realize that man is in a totally unbalanced state.
The mood he's in at the moment, he could shoot someone.

FRANK With a monkey wrench? Do you think that's possible?
(He crosses to the phone and starts to dial) I think I'd better
call Bob Phillips and warn him.

FIONA *(crossing downstage, picking up the chair left of the
armchair and placing it left of the double doors)* They were
perfectly happy until you started on them.

FRANK Me?

FIONA Yes.

FRANK Now look here, I don't think you can really keep on
blaming me for this.

FIONA I'm going to change. *(She crosses to the doors upstage
left)* I'm going to get out of this monstrosity.

The PHILLIPS' phone rings.

FIONA exits upstage left.

*MARY enters from the kitchen left and crosses to the
front door upstage right.*

FRANK crosses downstage of the armchair with the phone.
MARY crosses and answers the phone.

MARY Hallo.

FRANK Hallo.

MARY Hallo. Oh hallo, that's Mr Carrycot, isn't it?

FRANK No. Is that you Mary, now—

MARY I'm sorry, Mr Carrycot, Mr Phillips is in the bedroom
at the moment.

FRANK Mary—

MARY His wife is with him, so I didn't like to disturb them—

FRANK Mary listen to me. This is Foster, do you hear? Foster...

MARY Who?

FRANK Frank Foster.

MARY Oh, I thought you were Mr—

FRANK Yes, yes quite. But I'm not. I'm me. Now listen, Mary.
This is urgent. You must replace that receiver and leave
that house immediately, do you understand?

MARY Yes. But—

FRANK Don't argue. Just do as you're told. But before you leave
you must go upstairs and tell Phillips to lock himself in that
bedroom and stay there.

MARY But I can't go in, he's with his wife.

FRANK This is a matter of life and death, woman. Now, Mary,
when you've done that. Leave the house. But on no account
go to your home. Come straight round here. And run, run,
all the way, do you hear? It's vital you do this.

MARY But Mr Foster, I've to get William's dinner. He gets very
cross—

FRANK William is more than cross just at the moment, Mary,
he's—

WILLIAM *bursts through the front door upstage right.*

WILLIAM Mary!

MARY (*looking off to the door*) Oh, talk of the devil, Mr Foster.
Here he is.

FRANK Take cover! Take cover! (*He kneels downstage of the
armchair centre*) Get down on the floor...

MARY Beg your pardon?

WILLIAM Mary! (*He crosses to upstage of the sofa*)