



Set design by Douglas Heap

## ACT I

*The Wimbledon home of John and Mary Smith and the Streatham home of John and Barbara Smith*

*The Wimbledon front door is in the rear wall ULC. There is a letter box in the door. To the L of the front door there is a flight of stairs leading upstairs. Under the stairs is a cupboard, containing coats, hats and scarfs*

*The Streatham front door is in the rear wall URC. There are no stairs in this area but, to the R of the front door, is a hallstand with hooks, and a chest. On the hooks are coats and a leather motorbike jacket. UR there is a window*

*The Wimbledon front door area and the Streatham front door area are decorated in an entirely different style and are only used by the characters when they're in either Wimbledon or Streatham*

*DS is the "communal" area of the set. There is a kitchen door, DL and upstage of the kitchen is the dining-room door. There is a main bedroom door DR and upstage of the main bedroom is a second bedroom door. The main bedroom door serves as both Mary's and Barbara's door and the second bedroom serves as both Vicki's and Gavin's room. All the doors have keys in their locks. There is a settee, C, with a large cotton throw over the back. In front of the settee is a large rug. There are two armchairs DLC and DRC. The settee and armchairs must be solid and secured to the floor to sustain the "business" throughout the play. There is a small chest of drawers between the kitchen and dining-room doors and a small table with a mirror above it between the two bedroom doors. Today's newspaper is set on the small chest of drawers*

*The Wimbledon telephone with a long lead is on a table to the L of the settee. The Streatham telephone, cordless, is on a table to the R of the settee. There is a narrow table behind the settee and a small chair above the second bedroom door*

*Nowhere, in any area of the set, are there family photographs—just pictures, prints and plants, etc.*

*The Wimbledon front doorbell and telephone bell have a different sound from the Streatham bells. John's mobile telephone plays a tune*

*Frequently, throughout the action of the play, action will be simultaneously taking place in both Wimbledon and Streatham but the inhabitants of each home are, naturally, oblivious to the others*

*When the CURTAIN rises, it is mid-afternoon on a warm summer's day*

*After a moment Gavin Smith, aged sixteen, enters excitedly from the dining-room, ULC. He carries a print-out from his computer*

**Gavin** (calling) Mum!

*Vicki Smith enters excitedly from the second bedroom, URC. She carries a print-out from her computer. Vicki is fifteen years old and is wearing a school summer uniform*

*As Gavin is in Streatham and Vicki is in Wimbledon, they don't react to one another*

**Vicki** (calling) Mum!

**Gavin** } (together; calling) Mum!  
**Vicki** }

*Vicki and Gavin walk past each other and stop*

**Gavin** } (together; calling) Mum!  
**Vicki** }

*They then move on — Vicki to the dining-room and Gavin to the main bedroom*

**Vicki** Mum!

*Gavin opens the main bedroom door*

**Gavin** Mum!

*Vicki opens the dining-room door*

*Barbara appears in the main bedroom doorway. She is in her forties and is wearing a dressing-gown and a shower cap*

*Vicki moves to C*

**Barbara** (to Gavin) Gavin. I'm trying to take a shower.

**Vicki** (calling towards the main bedroom) Mum!

**Barbara** Your dad and I are going out tonight.

**Gavin** No, this is amazing.

**Barbara** Gavin!

*Vicki moves to the kitchen door and opens it*

**Vicki** (calling into the kitchen) Mum!

**Gavin** Won't take a second.

*Gavin pulls Barbara to the settee*

*Mary appears in the kitchen doorway. She is in her forties*

**Mary** (to Vicki) I'm doing your dad's sandwiches.

*Vicki pulls Mary to the settee*

**Vicki** No, this is brilliant.

**Mary** He's got to be off in five minutes.

**Barbara** Dad'll be home in ten minutes.

**Vicki** Won't take a second.

**Mary** Honestly, Vicki!

**Barbara** Honestly, Gavin!

*Gavin sits Barbara R of settee and Gavin sits on the R arm. At the same time Vicki sits Mary L of settee and Vicki sits on the L arm*

**Gavin** (to Barbara) It's really unbelievable.

**Vicki** (to Mary) You're not going to believe this.

**Gavin** I've just signed off from Vicki.

**Vicki** I've just signed off from Gavin.

**Barbara** (to Gavin) Who's Vicki?

**Mary** (to Vicki) Who's Gavin?

**Gavin** } (together) Mum!  
**Vicki** }

**Vicki** I told you about Gavin.

**Gavin** You know Vicki Smith.

**Vicki** Gavin Smith.

**Gavin** } (together) Oh, yes —  
**Vicki** }

**Barbara** You had an email from her.

**Mary** He sent you an email.

**Gavin** } (together) Right!

**Vicki** }  
**Gavin** Well, you know I said it was a bit of a coincidence —

**Vicki** And I told you it was really funny, yeah —

**Gavin** } (together) That we were both called Smith.  
**Vicki** }

**Barbara** Smith's a common name, Gavin.

**Mary** There's a lot of Smiths, Vicki.

**Gavin** Well — !

**Vicki** Well — !

**Gavin** } (together) — today.  
**Vicki** }

**Gavin** I started telling her about dad.

**Vicki** I got talking about dad.

**Gavin** It's just amazing.

**Vicki** It's really astonishing.

**Mary** } (together) What is?  
**Barbara** }

**Gavin** } (together) What our dads have in common.  
**Vicki** }

**Gavin** Look at this print-out!

**Vicki** Get a load of this, Mum!

*Each hand their print-out to their mother*

**Gavin** } (together) Both called John!  
**Vicki** }

**Barbara** Probably a million John Smiths in London.

**Mary** Thousands of John Smiths around.

**Gavin** } (together) Middle name "Leonard"?  
**Vicki** }

**Barbara** (laughing) Really?

**Mary** (laughing) That's good!

**Gavin** Hang on, it gets better —

**Vicki** No, it's fantastic —

**Gavin** Do you know how old Vicki's dad is?

**Vicki** How old do you reckon Gavin's dad is?

*Mary and Barbara both shrug their shoulders*

**Gavin** } (together) Forty-three!  
**Vicki** }

**Barbara** } (together, laughing) No!  
**Mary** }

**Gavin** } (together) Yeah!  
**Vicki** }

**Gavin** But the best bit is —

**Vicki** But the greatest thing is

**Barbara** } (together) What?  
**Mary** }

**Gavin** Guess what Vicki's dad's job is?

**Vicki** Do you know what Gavin's dad does?

**Gavin** } (together) He's a taxi driver!  
**Vicki** }

**Mary** } (together) He's not!  
**Barbara** }

**Gavin** } (together) Yes, he is!  
**Vicki** }

**Gavin** We couldn't believe it!

**Vicki** I mean, what a coincidence.

**Gavin** There's Vicki's dad in Wimbledon.

**Vicki** Gavin's dad in Streatham ...

**Gavin** } (together) Same name.  
**Vicki** }

**Gavin** Drives a taxi —

**Vicki** Taxi driver —

**Gavin** Married with a kid —

**Vicki** Married with a kid —

**Gavin** } (together) — and both aged forty-three!  
**Vicki** }

**Mary** (looking at her watch) Yes, well, I've got to see your dad off.

**Barbara** (looks at her watch) Yes, well, I must get ready for your father coming home.

*Mary and Barbara rise simultaneously*

**Vicki** Hold it a second, Mum —

**Gavin** No, hang on, Mum. She's invited me round for tea.

**Barbara** (scolding) Gavin!

**Vicki** I've asked Gavin to come over.

**Mary** (scolding) Vicki!

**Gavin** OK, isn't it?

**Vicki** He sounds really nice.

**Barbara** You don't know anything about her, Gavin.

**Gavin** She sounds great.

**Barbara** } (together) You should have asked your father.  
**Mary** }  
**Gavin** Come off it!  
**Vicki** I'm fifteen, you know.  
**Gavin** I'm sixteen, for God's sake.  
**Mary** Better just check with him that it's OK.  
**Vicki** It's only a cup of tea!  
**Barbara** I've left the shower running.  
**Mary** } (together) Speak to your dad.  
**Barbara** }

*Barbara moves forwards to the main bedroom as Mary moves towards the kitchen*

**Gavin** } (together) { Give over!  
**Vicki** } { Honestly!

*Vicki angrily throws herself into the armchair DL*

*Gavin puts his print-out on the table behind the settee, and moves towards his bedroom*

*Mary stops and turns*

**Mary** He'll be leaving for his night shift in a minute.

*Barbara opens the main bedroom door. She stops and turns to call after Gavin*

**Barbara** He'll be home from his day shift in a minute!

*Gavin exits into his bedroom*

*John Smith, a very ordinary but cheery man in his forties, comes in from the main bedroom as Barbara exits into the main bedroom — as John is in Wimbledon and Barbara is in Streatham they don't react to one another*

**John** (as he enters; to Mary, brightly) Right, I'm off, sweetheart.

**Mary** I'll get your sandwiches. Cheese and pickle and ham. Oo ... a packet of crisps. And a slice of that cream cake.

**John** Yummy, yummy!

**Mary** (to Vicki) Go on, ask Dad.

**Vicki** Honestly, Mum, you'd think it was a drugs and sex orgy.

**John** What's that, the latest TV sitcom?

**Mary** (to Vicki) Ask him!

*Mary exits into kitchen*

**John** (to Vicki) Ask me what?

**Vicki** It's a boy I met on the Internet.

**John** It's not good for your eyesight all that computer stuff.

**Vicki** I told you about him, remember?

**John** Did you?

**Vicki** You know I did! Pretty amazing. We're both called "Smith".

**John** Oh, yes. (Sarcastically) Astonishing. Two Smiths!

*During the ensuing dialogue John gets his jacket from the cupboard, UL and puts it on*

**Vicki** Well, it got even better.

**John** Got better, did it? Good. What did?

**Vicki** The coincidence. Now, there must be — what — at least one hundred and twenty-five thousand "Smiths" in the London area, yeah?

**John** At least. If I'm not awake when you leave for school in the morning, come in and give me a great big hug.

*John kisses Vicki and moves to the kitchen*

**Vicki** Well, this is the brilliant bit, Dad. Of the one hundred and twenty-five thousand "Smiths" in the London area —

**John** London area, yeah.

*John opens the kitchen door*

(Calling through) Mary, don't forget the KitKat and the Mars Bar.

**Vicki** —the boy I logged on to has a father who's called John Leonard Smith and drives a taxi.

*John turns from Vicki to close the door then realizes what she's said. There is a pause then John, still with his back to Vicki, closes the kitchen door*

He only lives in Streatham.

*John turns: his face blank. He then emits a foolish laugh*

And you're both aged forty-three!

*There is a pause as John's mind whirls — then he emits another foolish laugh*

And we met surfing the Internet.

*She holds out the print-out. John hesitates then, dumbly, takes it*

Isn't that the most amazing coincidence?

**John** *(laughing)* Amazing! *(He walks past her scrutinizing the print-out)*

**Vicki** And Streatham's just round the corner!

**John** Yes!

**Vicki** Wicked, isn't it? Me in Wimbledon. Gavin in Streatham.

**John** You in — er — and — er — Gavin in — er —

**Vicki** Streatham, yeah!

**John** And — er — you and — er — Gavin have been — er — on the — er —  
— *(He indicates the print-out)*

**Vicki** On the Internet. He's sixteen and he sounds pretty sexy.

**John** No, he's not! I mean — er — he's probably not.

**Vicki** He sounds it. Really cool.

**John** No, he isn't! I forbid it!

**Vicki** Forbid what?

**John** Everything. What you've been doing.

**Vicki** We haven't been doing anything.

**John** Yes, and it's got to stop.

**Vicki** *(perplexed)* What has?

**John** What you're doing. On the Internet. All this swimming — surfing!

**Vicki** Don't be daft! *(She takes back the print-out and sits in armchair DRC)*

**John** I won't have it! Logging on to strangers!

**Vicki** Have you flipped?

**John** No, I have not flipped! I knew those machines were dangerous. Full of weirdos and cranks.

**Vicki** Gavin's not a weirdo!

**John** Yes, he is! I'm not having my daughter getting involved with weirds and cranks!

*Mary enters with a lunch-box*

**Mary** Sandwiches!

**John** *(jumping)* Ahh!

**Mary** You all right, precious?

*John adopts a light-hearted attitude*

**John** Fine. You can leave this to me. I'll sort it out.

**Mary** Sort what out?

*John pushes Mary towards the kitchen*

**John** Nothing. There's nothing to sort out. Just go back into the kitchen, please.

**Vicki** Dad's totally lost it.

**John** I have not lost it.

**Mary** Lost what?

*Mary crosses in front of John, searching. John pulls her back across him*

**John** Will you please go into the kitchen!

**Mary** I've finished in the kitchen. *(She hands John the lunch-box)*

**John** I want more than this. We've got some of that Indian left over left over, haven't we? *(He thrusts the box back at Mary)*

*Vicki rises*

**Vicki** *(to Mary)* Mum, tell him I can see Gavin!

**John** *(to Vicki)* This is nothing to do with your mother.

**Mary** I said it was best to ask if he could come round.

**John** Mary, will you please — *(realizing)* come round? Who's coming round?

**Vicki** I don't know what you're getting so excited about.

**Mary** *(to John)* The young Smith boy's coming over for tea that's all.

**John** *(to Mary; mortified)* From Streatham?

**Vicki** Yes.

**John** *(to Vicki; mortified)* To Wimbledon?

**Vicki** Yes.

**John** How did he get our address?

**Vicki** How do you think? I emailed it to him.

**John** *(ashen)* You gave him our address?

**Vicki** Yes.

**John** *(hoarsely)* In Wimbledon.

**Mary** That's where we live, John.

**Vicki** He's coming between four and five.

**John** *(to Vicki)* Ring him up.

**Vicki** What?

**John** Tell him not to come.

**Vicki** Why?

**John** Because I say so.

**Mary** It's not all that serious is it, Johnny?

**John** It's bloody serious! *(He pushes Mary towards the kitchen)*

**Mary** I thought it was pretty interesting really. Another taxi driver called John Leonard Smith.

**John** I don't find that interesting. I find that totally boring.

**Mary** Both aged forty-three!

**John** Totally bloody boring! *(To Vicki)* You're not getting involved with him and that's that.

**Vicki** All I'm doing is giving the bloke a cup of tea.

**John** Yes, that's how it starts. *(He moves to the telephone L of the settee)* Ring him up now and tell him not to come.

**Vicki** I won't!

**John** All right. I'll ring him up. *(He lifts the receiver)*

**Vicki** You don't know his number.

*There is a very brief pause*

**John** You're right, I don't. *(He replaces the receiver and carries the phone to Vicki)* You ring him up.

**Mary** I think you're being a bit unreasonable, John.

**Vicki** *(sitting in armchair DR)* Bloody unreasonable!

**John** *(to Vicki)* You mind your bloody language, young lady. *(To Mary)* I'm not having *that* boy in *this* house.

**Mary** For heaven's sake!

**John** I'm not having our daughter subjected to the whims of an on-line sexual deviant!

**Vicki** What?!

**John** Now you call him immediately and say if he pesters you any more your father will put the police on to him.

**Mary** You go and do your night shift —

**John** I'm not going anywhere until this is sorted out.

**Vicki** *(angry but tearful)* It's sorted! He's coming over!

**John** Vicki, go to your room.

**Vicki** Come off it!

**John** Go to your room this instant!

**Vicki** *(rising; crying)* You're a great big bully!

*Mary runs past John to Vicki*

**Mary** It's all right, sweetheart. *(To John)* I'm sure you're wrong about the boy. *(To Vicki)* What's his name again?

**Vicki** *(still crying; confused)* What? I don't know. Gary.

**John** It's Gavin! *(Realizing)* It doesn't matter what his name is! *(To Mary)* And I'm not wrong about him! He should be doing his homework instead of pestering the one hundred and twenty-five thousand Smiths who live in the London area.

**Mary** Really, John —

*Gavin enters from the second bedroom*

**Gavin** *(calling)* Mum!

**John** I'm the man of the house here and I say who's welcome and who isn't. And that sexual pervert is not welcome!

*Gavin closes his door and opens the second bedroom door*

**Gavin** Mum!

*Vicki bursts into tears and runs towards the second bedroom*

*Barbara, in dressing-gown and slippers enters from the main bedroom*

*During the following, John replaces the phone on the table L of the settee*

**Vicki** Oh, Dad.

**Mary** *(running towards the departing Vicki)* Vicki!

**Barbara** What now?

**Gavin** Is Dad back?

**Barbara** No, he's not. He's late, too.

*Vicki goes into the bedroom and slams the door*

**Mary** *(to John, testily)* Do you really want to take the Indian left over?

**John** *(moving towards Mary)* Yes, I do!

*John propels Mary towards the kitchen*

**Gavin** Well, I'm going round to Vicki's place, you tell Dad.

**Barbara** No. Wait and ask your father. He'll be home any minute now. And Gavin, I'm trying to get ready.

**Mary** You're being a real pain today, John.

**Gavin** You're being a real pain today, Mum.

*Gavin slumps off into the second bedroom as Barbara exits into the main bedroom and Mary exits into the kitchen*

*John slams the kitchen door and leans his back on it*

**John** Oh, my God! *(He quickly takes out his mobile phone and dials)* You wretched boy, Gavin!

*The phone in Streatham rings*

Come on, Barbara, come on!



*The Wimbledon front doorbell rings. John looks towards the front door in horror*

Oh—my — God!!! It's Gavin!

*Barbara, now dressed in a towel, runs in from the bedroom and moves to phone*

*John shuts the mobile and puts it in his trousers pocket as Barbara reaches the phone. The Wimbledon doorbell rings again. John dithers not knowing what to do*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Hallo?!

*John hurries to open the kitchen door*

*(Into the phone)* Hallo?!

**John** *(calling through the door)* I'll get it!

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Hallo?!!

*John slams the kitchen door closed and hurriedly tiptoes towards the front door to listen*

*Vicki enters from the second bedroom. She watches John for a brief moment*

**Vicki** Dad ——!

**John** *(yelling)* Ahh! Vicki! Go to your room.

**Vicki** If that's Gavin for me ——

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Hallo!

**John** I'll deal with Gavin! Go to your room, this instant!

**Barbara** OO!

**Vicki** OO!

*Barbara slams the phone down and exits into main bedroom as Vicki exits into the second bedroom, both slamming the doors*

*The Wimbledon doorbell rings*

**John** Wretched boy!

*John quickly turns the key in Vicki's bedroom lock. He grabs an anorak from the cupboard and puts it on. He pulls the hood completely over his head to hide his face. The Wimbledon doorbell rings again. John edges towards the front door*

*Mary enters from kitchen with the lunch-box*

**Mary** *(as she enters)* John!

*John freezes with his back to Mary*

**John** *(turning)* Yep!

*Mary is surprised to be confronted by John totally enveloped in the anorak*

**Mary** What on earth are you doing?

**John** I felt chilly. *(He moves down a pace away from the front door)*

**Mary** It's about seventy degrees out there.

**John** I think I've got a cold coming on. *(He moves down another pace)*

*Mary steps towards John*

**Mary** Well, there's your supper. That'll do you good. *(She hands him the lunch-box)*

**John** Where's my Indian left over?!

**Mary** *(indicating the box)* I've given it to you!

**John** Well, where's my drink?

**Mary** Can of Coke in your box.

**John** Coke?! I want tea.

**Mary** Tea? You never take tea.

**John** I want tea today. And some of your soup. *(He starts to push Mary towards the kitchen)*

*Mary stops*

**Mary** Soup?

**John** Yes, some of your super soup. Super soup.

*John pushes Mary but she stops again*

**Mary** Hang on a second. Didn't I hear the doorbell go just now?

**John** No. *(He turns to Mary)*

*The front doorbell rings again. Mary turns back*

Maybe you did.

**Mary** It might be that Gavin.

**John** If it is I'll get rid of him.

**Mary** Don't do anything stupid!

**John** You leave that nasty little pervert to me! (*He pushes Mary towards the kitchen*)

*Mary is pushed into the kitchen*

*John slams the kitchen door closed*

*John puts the lunch-box on the table, UL. The doorbell rings again. He makes sure that the anorak hood is completely masking his face. He then opens the door about a foot and turns his back to the door*

(*Disguising his voice with a thick German accent*) Go away young man. Zis is Herr Schmidt! You are not welcome here! My family wish to have nuzzing to do viz you!

*Stanley Gardner, aged in his forties, slowly edges through the door clutching two large shopping bags. He looks bewildered. Stanley is a "good soul" but not overly bright*

*John, averting his face, continues the Germanic diatribe which gets increasingly manic*

Zis is private property and I demand zat you leave ze premises immediately. Failure to remove yourself vill result in unpleasant force being perpetrated upon your person. Go — now! Und never darken our doorsteps again!

**Stanley** (*firmly*) Is that from *Saving Private Ryan*?

*John slowly turns to Stanley, then throws off his hood*

**John** Stanley, it's you!

**Stanley** Couldn't find my keys. (*Indicating the anorak*) You got a cold coming on?

**John** Yes! And it could develop into double pneumonia.

*John pulls Stanley down a pace and slams the door*

**Stanley** Why, what's up then?

**John** Disaster!

**Stanley** Oh, dear. I'll just nip up to the flat, dump this lot, then you can tell me about it.

**John** There's no time.

*Stanley crosses John to go upstairs*

**Stanley** Won't take a second. I'll unpack the —

*John pulls Stanley to DL of the settee*

**John** Stanley! I'm going to need your help.

**Stanley** John, you know me. Always willing to lend a —

**John** (*interrupting*) Yes, I know you are. (*He takes out his mobile while continuing to talk*) I've got to make a very important phone call.

**Stanley** Important phone call.

**John** (*pressing on*) But it's going to be safer to make it when I'm in my taxi —

**Stanley** In your taxi.

**John** (*pressing on*) So I'm going to leave you holding the fort.

**Stanley** Holding the fort.

**John** Will you stop interrupting and listen.

*Mary enters from the kitchen with a flask of tea and a flask of soup*

*John quickly puts the mobile into a pocket of the anorak*

**Mary** (*as she enters*) Was that Vicki's young —? (*She sees Stanley; tersely*) Oh, it's you, Stanley. (*She angrily bangs the kitchen door shut*)

**Stanley** Yes, your favourite lodger.

**Mary** I don't know what gives you that idea.

**Stanley** (*chuckling*) Mary!

*John pulls Stanley across him and moves to Mary*

**John** (*to Mary*) You're making me tea, Mary.

**Mary** I've made it. Soup. Tea. (*She thrusts the flasks at him*)

**John** No, I want a cup. Now.

**Mary** Well pour one from that! (*She points to flask*)

**John** No. That's for the road. I want a nice cup of your lovely special "Johnny-I-love-you" cups.

**Mary** Can't you make your own cup?

**John** No, Stanley wants to talk to me, don't you?

*Before the bemused Stanley can reply John presses on*

And it's private, Mary. He's got this very personal emotional problem, haven't you?

*Before the bemused Stanley can reply John presses on*

(*To Mary*) And he needs my advice.



*John tries to push Mary to the kitchen but she returns to Stanley*

**Mary** Advice on how to get a job would be more useful.

**Stanley** Now, Mary, if you're worried that I haven't paid this month's rent yet —

**John** She isn't!

**Mary** No, I'm not worried about this month's rent.

**John** I told you.

**Stanley** Oh, good.

**Mary** It's last month's and the month's before.

**Stanley** Now, Mary. We can discuss this —

**John** Discuss it later. You make the tea while I sort out Stanley's personal emotional problem.

*John opens the kitchen door for Mary*

**Stanley** (to John) Considering I've been a lodger here for nearly eighteen years, I think Mary's being very unreasonable.

**John** It doesn't matter!

**Mary** You've been a lodger for eighteen years and paid the rent for about ten.

**John** Mary —!

**Stanley** I might have missed the odd month.

**John** Stanley —!

**Mary** You're dead right. You pay the rent on the even months and miss the odd ones.

**John** Will you make the tea please! (He pushes Mary towards the kitchen)

*Mary is pushed into the kitchen*

*John slams the kitchen door*

(To Stanley) Now, listen —

*Mary returns*

**Mary** And another thing — (She bangs the kitchen door shut)

**John** God!

*John breaks, puts the flasks down on the table behind the settee and continues R, removing his anorak*

**Mary** (to Stanley) I thought you were going on holiday today.

**Stanley** I am. I've just been shopping for the trip, organizing myself for the delights of Felixstowe. (He puts the shopping bags on the settee and sits)

*John puts his anorak on chair DR and moves DRC*

**John** (interrupting) Forget Felixstowe!

**Stanley** (starting to remove some of the holiday items, pressing on) Sun hat, sun cream, mosquito repellent, Imodium Plus —

**John** We don't need an inventory, Stanley.

**Stanley** Snorkel, mask, water wings. It's never too late to learn, you know.

**Mary** I hope you've left your flat tidy.

**Stanley** (proudly) You know me, Mary.

**Mary** (flatly) Yes. I hope you've left your flat tidy.

**John** Please, Mary! Make the tea! This personal emotional problem of his is very pressing!

**Mary** If he got himself a wife and moved out of our house *all* his personal and emotional problems might be solved.

**Stanley** (rising) I don't have a personal emotional problem!

**John** (to Mary) It's more of an intimate sexual problem, actually.

**Mary** Oh. (To Stanley) I suppose you want a cup of tea as well, do you?

**John** No, he doesn't want a cup! (To Stanley) Do you?!

**Stanley** Better not. I'm leaving in about ten or fifteen minutes and I don't want to be caught short on the motorway. Although, I'm picking Dad up from Clapham first — he's coming with me to Felixstowe — he loves it there ... So, I could always spend a penny while I'm in Clapham — I must make sure Dad spends one, too, with his bladder and that journey, and he's getting very forgetful these days. Only last week in the High Street —

**John** Shut up! (To Mary) Just make the tea! (He pushes Mary off)

*Mary exits*

Stanley, I've got to be brief and very fast!

**Stanley** Fine by me, John.

**John** Our Vicki's found out about me and Barbara.

**Stanley** Who's Barbara?

**John** Barbara, Streatham!

**Stanley** (thinking) Barbara Streatham. No. Name doesn't ring a bell.

**John** Barbara Smith!

**Stanley** No, I can't say I know a Barbara ... (Realizing) Smith?!

**John** Ssh!

*Stanley, mortified, crosses John and points to kitchen*

**Stanley** You mean your other —? *(He indicates his wedding ring finger)*

**John** *(interrupting)* Yes! Vicki's found out about Gavin, too!

**Stanley** *(aghast)* When you say, "Gavin", you mean —?! *(He indicates the height of a young boy)*

**John** Yes!

**Stanley** Ahhh!

**John** Well, she doesn't know she's found out but she has. She's invited him round for tea. *(He feels his pockets)* What did I do with my mobile?

**Stanley** *(aghast)* Your son's coming over to Wimbledon?

**John** She met him in that computer of hers.

**Stanley** *(confused)* Met him where?

**John** Through that Internet thing.

**Stanley** Bloody hell!

**John** Two million subscribers and my stupid daughter has to log on to my stupid son. Where the hell is my mobile? *(He starts to look around the room, moving ULC)*

**Stanley** I told you ages ago you couldn't get away with this double life forever.

**John** I've got away with it for eighteen years.

*Stanley moves URC to John*

**Stanley** Bigamy is still a criminal offence, you know.

**John** I don't want a sermon, Stanley!

**Stanley** "He who dares to tell a lie — 'Shall be smitten.'"

**John** Shut up! Where is it?

**Stanley** *(pointing to the Wimbledon phone)* Why don't you use *that* phone?

**John** Don't be daft. I never use the home phone here or in Streatham.

**Stanley** Why not?

**John** Too dangerous. I always use the mobile to call Mary or Barbara.

**Stanley** *(in awe)* Blimey!

**John** Where the hell is it? If it's not too late, I've got to stop Gavin leaving the house. *(Realizing)* Of course! I put it in my anorak.

*John pushes past Stanley, grabs his mobile from his anorak and, during the ensuing dialogue, dials. He moves DR of the armchair as Stanley moves UL of it*

Stanley, if those two kids meet the truth is bound to come out. Mary and Barbara will be mortified. Vicki and Gavin horrified. As for me —  
**Stanley** Petrified.

**John** Bloody crucified.

*John thrusts the anorak on to Stanley who throws it on to the back of the settee*

*The Streatham phone rings*

It's ringing. I've got to go. If I miss Gavin in Streatham and he turns up here, get rid of him. *(Into the mobile)* Come on, Barbara.

*John moves DS of the armchair to run out. Stanley hurries above the settee and they meet ULC*

**Stanley** What do you mean get rid of him?

**John** That's where *you* come in. *(To Stanley)* Don't let Gavin in the house!

**Stanley** I'm taking Dad to Felixstowe!

*There is loud banging from the second bedroom door*

**Vicki** *(off)* Hey!

*Stanley looks to John*

**John** Ignore it.

*There are more bangs*

**Vicki** Hey, Dad!

**Stanley** Is that your Vicki?

**John** I've locked her in.

**Stanley** Bloody hell!

**Vicki** *(off)* Let me out, you stupid, stupid man!

**Stanley** I think she's getting cross.

*Gavin enters from the second bedroom, shutting the door. He gets a motorbike jacket from the hallstand*

**John** *(calling to Vicki)* Won't be a moment, sweetheart. I'm looking for the key. Thanks, Stan, you're a real pal. *(With the mobile to his ear, he turns to go)*

*Stanley grabs him*

**Stanley** Hold it!

**Gavin** (*calling*) Mum! The phone's ringing.

**John** Why isn't Barbara answering?

*Stanley marches John* DLC

**Stanley** I need instructions!

**Gavin** (*opening the main bedroom door*) Mum, phone!

**John** I've given you instructions. Don't let Gavin in the house.

*As John moves to go Stanley grabs him*

*Barbara enters from the main bedroom and heads for the phone. She is now dressed in a towelling dressing-gown*

*Gavin moves to the mirror between the bedroom doors and checks his appearance*

**Barbara** (*as she enters*) Are you incapable of answering the phone, Gavin?

**Stanley** What if he won't take "no" for an answer?!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Hallo?!

*John goes to speak*

*Mary enters from the kitchen carrying a mug of tea*

**Mary** One tea!

*As Mary turns to close the door John neatly throws his mobile over his shoulder to Stanley who, equally neatly, throws it over his shoulder. It lands on the settee amongst Stanley's packages. John sits down on the arm of the chair DL and Stanley sits down on the L arm of the settee. Mary turns back to be confronted by John and Stanley looking relaxed and totally innocent. Mary crosses to Stanley*

*(To Stanley)* You still here?

**Stanley** Er — yes.

**John** (*rising*) Yes. His sexual problem is bigger than I thought.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Hallo!

*Mary hands John his tea*

**Mary** There's your tea.

**John** Where's Stanley's tea?

**Mary** He said he didn't want one.

*John pulls Mary across him*

**John** He's changed his mind, he's desperate for one.

*John pushes Mary off into the kitchen*

*Mary exits*

**Barbara** Hallo?

**Gavin** (*turning from the mirror*) Is it Dad?

**Barbara** Ssh! Hallo!!

**John** (*to Stanley*) Where's my mobile?

**Stanley** I threw it over my shoulder.

**John** Why the hell did you do that?

**Stanley** Because that's what *you* did!

**John** Twit! Quick!

*John puts his mug of tea on the table behind the settee as they frantically start to search for the mobile behind the settee*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) OO! (*She angrily bangs the phone down and heads for the main bedroom*)

**Gavin** Who was it?

**Barbara** God knows!

**Gavin** I'm not waiting for Dad any longer. Tell him I've gone round to Vicki's place.

**Barbara** Hang on! I'd better ring her mother and say you're coming over.

**Gavin** Please yourself. Their phone number's on this print-out. (*He hands her the print-out and heads for the front door*)

**Barbara** You going on your motorbike?

**Gavin** (*in the doorway*) Yes, I know, drive carefully!

*Gavin exits through the front door*

*Barbara checks the print-out and Stanley finds John's mobile*

**Stanley** One mobile!

**John** (*grabbing the mobile*) Numbskull! You're in charge, Stan.

**Stanley** I'm collecting Dad from Clapham.

**John** You're staying here in case Gavin arrives. "Re-dial"!

*John hits the re-dial key as Barbara starts to dial*

**Vicki** (off) Dad! Have you found that key?!

**John** (calling) Very nearly! (He starts to move but stops) Hell, it's engaged!

I'd better get round there quick.

**Stanley** John!

*John hits the off key, puts the mobile in his pocket and starts to move as the Wimbledon phone rings. John quickly picks up the phone*

**John** (into the phone) Yeah?

**Barbara** (into the phone) My name's Barbara Smith.

**John** (with a strangled cry) Ooo!! (He removes the phone from his ear and looks at it, horrified)

**Barbara** (into the phone) Hallo?

**Stanley** (to John) What's the matter?

**Barbara** (into the phone) Can I speak to Vicki's mother or father please?

**John** (with a strangled cry) Ooo!! (In one movement he removes the phone from his ear, looks at it horrified, and returns it to his ear)

**Barbara** (into the phone) Hallo!

**John** (finally, into the phone; in a Chinese accent) Hallo, this is Blue Dragon Chinese restaurant.

*Barbara looks surprised. Stanley looks amazed*

(In a Chinese accent) Can I help you, please?

**Barbara** (into the phone; confused) Do Mr and Mrs Smith live there?

**John** (into the phone, in a Chinese accent; with false anger) No, this Blue Dragon! Mr and Mrs Hung Lo. (To Stanley) It's Barbara!

**Stanley** Barbara!

*Carrying both receiver and cradle, John moves to DC of the settee to get away from the kitchen. Stanley moves down to John's left*

**John** (into the phone, in a Chinese accent) And you no ring this number again! We no do take-away.

*Barbara sits in the chair L*

**Barbara** (into the phone) I'm sorry!

*Mary comes in from the kitchen carrying a mug of tea. She stops on seeing John on the phone talking in a Chinese accent*

*John is oblivious to Mary. She walks slowly to Stanley's L*

**John** (into the phone; in a Chinese accent) We no believe in take-away! This telephone number only for our personal customers. No riffraff. We do very special Chinese food here. Excellent Peking duck. Chop suey with soy sauce —

**Barbara** (into the phone) Could you tell me what your telephone number is, please?

**John** No! We do sweet and sour fish. Sweet and sour pork. Sweet and sour duck. Crispy noodles. We have very extensive menu ...

*Stanley sees Mary, smiles and taps John on the shoulder. John shrugs him away and presses on*

**Barbara** (into the phone) I'm sure I dialled the right number —

**John** (interrupting) We also do fried rice, boiled rice, spicy rice.

*Stanley tugs at John's sleeve. John pulls away and carries on. Mary crosses to John, intrigued*

(Into the phone; in a Chinese accent) And also poppadoms, chapati and vindaloo — (He sees Mary) OO! Ah, so! (Into the phone; in a Chinese accent) And he be round to collect it right way. (He replaces the receiver; to Mary) She only understands Chinese.

*John hands Mary the telephone. Mary thrusts the telephone on to Stanley. A confused Barbara switches off her phone. Stanley moves ULC and puts the phone on the table L of settee, as John pushes Mary towards the kitchen*

(To Mary) Stanley's taking a Chinese for him and his dad to eat on the way to Felixstowe. Love Chinese, don't you, Stan, and your dad?

**Stanley** (flatly) Love it.

*During the following, Barbara rises, checks the telephone number on the print-out and dials again. Mary crosses John to Stanley*

**Mary** (to Stanley) Here's your tea. (Flatly) It's India not China.

**Stanley** (taking the mug) Lovely.

**John** I've got to get going!

*There is a banging from the second bedroom*

**Vicki** (off) Hey! Have you found that key?!

**John** (to Mary) Don't let her out until she promises never to contact Gavin again.

**Mary** Really, John!

**John** You make her promise! And don't take her word. Get her to sign something. I've got to go! (He pulls Mary across him and starts to go)

*Mary picks up John's lunch-box from the table* ULC

**Mary** What about your supper?

**John** I won't have time ——! (Quickly) Of course, I will! (He takes the lunch-box)

*The Wimbledon telephone rings. John and Stanley look at it, look at each other, look to Mary, look back to each other, then look back to Mary and laugh foolishly*

*Gavin hurries in from the Streatham front door*

**Gavin** Mum, have you seen my crash helmet?

**Barbara** (furiously waiting for the phone to be answered) In the hallstand, I think.

*Gavin goes up and looks in the hallstand chest* UR

**Mary** (to John) Well, aren't you going to answer it?

**John** Yes. (He lifts the receiver, into the phone) Yep?

**Barbara** (into the phone) Is this the right number for Mr John Smith?

*John thinks for a very brief second and replaces the receiver*

(Angrily) OO!

*During the following Barbara dials again*

**Mary** (to John) Why did you do that?

**John** It was a heavy breather.

**Mary** Heavy breather?

**John** It's happened several times. Very upsetting. You've had it, haven't you, Stanley?

**Stanley** (pointedly) Yes, I've had it!

*Gavin moves from the hallstand and towards the second bedroom*

**Gavin** (as he goes) Must be in my bedroom.

*Gavin exits into the second bedroom*

**John** I've got to go!

*The Wimbledon phone rings. John and Stanley look to each other. An angry Mary goes to answer it*

**Mary** For heaven's sake!

**Stanley** } (together) No!!

**John** }

**Mary** (jumping) Ah!

**John** (to Mary) It could be him again. You know —— (He does quick heavy breathing then grabs the phone to his ear)

**Barbara** (into the phone) Hallo!

*John immediately bangs the phone down. During the following dialogue a furious Barbara checks the print-out and dials once more*

**John** (to Mary) It was him again. Disgusting! Don't you find him disgusting, Stanley?

**Stanley** (at a loss) I think I feel sorry for him, actually.

*John takes Mary to the second bedroom*

**John** (to Mary) Look, it might be a good idea, darling, if you went and comforted Vicki. Let Stanley guard the telephone, eh? I really must get going. (To Stanley) If that heavy breather rings again just slam the phone down. And if that pervert Gavin turns up march him round to the nearest police station.

*John opens the front door and picks up his two flasks from the table behind the settee*

**Stanley** What about my poor old normal dad in Clapham?!

**John** He'll keep!

*The Wimbledon phone rings. John hesitates then picks it up. He does some quick heavy breathing into the receiver and slams it down*

(To Mary) See how they like it!

*John rushes out through the front door*



**Stanley** (*calling after him*) John! JOHN!

*During the following dialogue, a fuming Barbara dials again. Vicki bangs on the door*

**Vicki** (*off*) Have you found that bloody key?!

*Mary moves to Vicki's bedroom*

**Mary** (*calls*) It's all right, sweetie! (*To Stanley*) If you've finished your tea, you can pick up your father and push off to Felixstowe.

**Stanley** (*dithering*) I'm not quite sure —

**Mary** Well, I am!

*Mary unlocks Vicki's bedroom door*

*Vicki, angry and tearful, storms in*

**Vicki** Where's that stupid father of mine?!

**Mary** He's left for his night shift.

*Vicki sees Stanley*

**Vicki** Oh, hallo, Uncle Stan. I thought you were going on holiday to Felixstowe with your dad.

**Stanley** So did I!

**Mary** (*pointedly*) Stanley's just leaving.

*Stanley gives Vicki a little wave. The Wimbledon telephone rings. Stanley looks at it, horrified. Mary moves towards the phone but Stanley rushes to it and picks it up. Mary looks surprised and Stanley stares at her. He then breathes heavily into the phone and slams it down. Stanley proudly looks at Mary*

**Stanley** (*defiantly raising his fist*) Yes!

**Barbara** OO!

*Barbara storms off into the main bedroom with the phone, leaving the print-out on the table*

*During the following, Stanley looks out of the front door in case Gavin arrives*

**Vicki** (*blankly*) Why did Uncle Stan do that, Mum?

**Mary** Why does Uncle Stanley do anything? You go and bathe your eyes. Mummy will get you an aspirin.

**Vicki** (*defiantly*) I'm seeing Gavin when he arrives!

**Mary** Of course you are.

*Stanley closes the front door and looks through the letter-box of the closed front door*

*Vicki exits into the second bedroom*

*Mary heads towards the kitchen but stops to glare at Stanley*

*(Pointedly to Stanley)* Goodbye, Stanley!

**Stanley** I've been thinking about Vicki and Gavin —

**Mary** (*sternly*) Have a nice holiday, Stanley!

*Stanley moves DLC*

**Stanley** Er — Mary, if Gavin is a sexual pervert I really don't think —

**Mary** (*interrupting*) Stanley! If I were you I'd forget other people's sexual problems and concentrate on your own!

*Mary exits into kitchen*

*Stanley sits on the chair, DL*

**Stanley** Well, nice way to start a holiday. (*He takes a swig of his tea*)

*John rushes in from the front door*

**John** Stanley!

**Stanley** (*spluttering tea*) Ahh! Please, don't do that.

*John moves DLC*

**John** Would you believe it!

**Stanley** (*rising*) What's happened?!

**John** Half a minute down the road and the bloody taxi gets a puncture! Give me the keys to your car.

**Stanley** Eh?

**John** I've got to get over to Streatham. Now!

**Stanley** I need my car. I'm taking Dad to Felixstowe!

*Barbara enters dialling on her phone, closing her door. She moves to R of the settee and sits on the arm*



**John** I'll be back in twenty minutes. Give me the keys!

**Stanley** Bloody hell.

*Stanley gives John his mug and starts to feel for his car keys*

*Gavin enters from the second bedroom carrying his crash helmet*

**Gavin** Found it! Who are you calling? *(He looks in the mirror URC and during the following secures his helmet)*

**Barbara** Your father on his mobile. It's so unlike him to be late.

**John** *(to Stanley)* Come on! Come on!

**Stanley** All right, all right!

*Before Stanley finds his car keys, John's mobile rings a merry march tune*

What the hell's that?

**John** My mobile.

*John hands Stanley the mug and grabs the mobile out of his pocket. Stanley puts the mug on the table ULC*

*(Into the mobile)* Yeah?

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Johnny! Where are you, pumpkin?

**John** *(relieved, into the phone)* Thank heavens! My little boobie boo-boos!

*Stanley turns*

**Stanley** Boobie boo-boos??

**John** It's Barbara.

**Stanley** Barbara?!

**John** *(to Stanley)* Where the hell are your car keys?

**Stanley** I can't find them!

**John** God!

**Gavin** *(turning from the mirror)* Dad OK?

**Barbara** I think so, yes.

**John** Where's Mary?

**Stanley** In the kitchen.

*Barbara rises and, during the following, moves above the settee and sits on the L arm of the settee*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* You there, Johnny?

**John** *(into the mobile)* Yes, pumpkin. I'm in the taxi on the way home.

**Stanley** Bloody hell!

**John** *(to Stanley)* Keep Mary out of here for a minute!

*John starts to push a resisting Stanley towards the kitchen*

**Stanley** What? How?

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Johnny!

**John** *(into the mobile)* Sorry, darling. I keep losing you. *(To Stanley)* Tell her a funny story!

**Stanley** I don't think I know any —

**John** *(interrupting)* Make one up!

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* You there, Johnny?

**John** *(into the mobile)* I lost you again. I'm in the Blackwall Tunnel.

*John opens the kitchen door*

**Stanley** Blimey, it's like a James Bond movie.

*John pushes Stanley into the kitchen and slams the door*

*Eyeing the kitchen, John moves to DC of the settee*

**John** *(into the mobile)* I'm out now! I've been trying to phone you for ages. Where's Gavin?!

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* I'm not surprised you couldn't get through. I've had the most crazy telephone calls.

**John** *(into the mobile)* Yes, where's Gavin?! Is he there?

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* I've had three wrong numbers, two heavy breathers and a Chinese restaurant.

**Gavin** *(to Barbara)* Bye, Mum.

*Barbara rises*

**Barbara** Bye.

**John** *(into the mobile)* Barbara!

**Gavin** Say hallo to Dad for me.

*Barbara and Gavin kiss across John*

**Barbara** OK. *(Into the phone)* Yes, I'm with you.

**John** *(into the mobile)* Is — Gavin — there?!

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Yes.

**John** *(into the mobile)* Thank heavens! Put him on.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) He's just about to leave actually. He sends his love. (*She waves goodbye to Gavin*)

*Gavin exits by the Streatham front door*

**John** (*into the mobile*) What?! No! Grab him. Stop him! I want to talk to him now.

*Barbara crosses John and sits in the chair DR*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) I think he's made a date, actually. You'll laugh when I tell you!

**John** (*into the mobile*) Barbara!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Do you know how many Smiths there are in the London area?

**John** (*into the mobile*) Yes, not enough! Get Gavin!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Well, he's going round to see this Vicki Smith whose father is also called John Leonard and drives a taxi!

**John** (*into the mobile*) Please — get — Gavin!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Won't it keep until tonight?

**John** (*into the mobile; frantically*) Just get — Ga — !

*Mary storms in from the kitchen, carrying a glass of water and a bottle of aspirins*

*John stops in mid-shout*

**Mary** (*over her shoulder; off*) That's the unfunniest joke I've ever heard!

*Stanley enters awkwardly*

**Stanley** It's the only one I know, actually.

**Mary** (*turning*) John —

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) John!

**Mary** (*to John*) Are you talking?

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) John, have you gone into a tunnel again?

**John** (*to Mary*) I'm holding on for someone. One of my account customers.

(*To Stanley*) Stanley! Car keys! (*To Mary*) Taxi's got a puncture.

**Stanley** I don't know where I could — (*He feels in his pockets*)

**Mary** (*to Stanley*) Have you told John your stupid joke?

**Stanley** I don't think I have, no.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) John, if you can hear me, I'll hang on until you're out of the tunnel.

**John** (*to Stanley*) Hurry up!

**Mary** (*to Stanley*) Go on. Tell him your joke.

**John** I don't want to hear it, Mary!

**Mary** (*to Stanley*) Just tell him!

*Mary pulls Stanley across her and pushes him to John*

**Stanley** A man goes to the vet. The vet says, "Open your mouth and say, 'Ahhh.'" The man says, "Why?" The vet says, "Your dog's just died."

*John and Mary look totally blank. Stanley looks from John to Mary*

(*Stressing the point*) A man goes to the vet —

*John and Mary still look blank*

It's the only one I know.

*Mary holds out the aspirins*

**Mary** John, take these aspirins to Vicki. Make it up with her.

**John** No! (*To Stanley*) Stanley!

**Stanley** I can't think what I could have done with them! Oh, yes I do! I put them in one of my shopping bags for safety.

**John** God!

*During the following, Stanley sits on the settee and empties out the contents of his shopping bags*

**Barbara** (*into the phone; impatiently*) John, I don't know if you can hear me but I'm going to hang up.

*Barbara rises*

**John** (*into the mobile*) No! I'm still here.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Good, shall I see if I can catch Gavin and give him a message?

**John** (*into the mobile*) Yes, I think that would be the most practical arrangement. Tell him to stay exactly where he is. Not to move. (*To Mary*) I've got to pick up this old age pensioner from Tesco's. (*Into the mobile*) Tell him not to go anywhere until I arrive.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Won't be a second then. (*Still holding the cordless phone, she starts to move towards the front door*)

**Mary** (*to John*) Take these to Vicki. Tell her she can just see this Gavin boy for five minutes.

**John** No.

**Mary** All right! *(She moves towards the second bedroom)*

*Gavin's motorbike is heard starting up. Barbara stops in the doorway*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Hang on. I think I heard Gavin's motorbike starting up.

**John** *(into the mobile)* No!

*Mary stops*

**Mary** *(turning)* All right, I heard you.

*Mary exits into the second bedroom*

*John rushes above the settee to UR*

**John** *(shouting after Mary)* She's not to leave her room! *(Into the mobile)* Barbara! Stop him. Don't talk. Just go and stop him. I'll be there in three minutes.

**Barbara** *(into the phone; with surprise)* From the Blackwall Tunnel?

**John** *(into the mobile)* Say five minutes. *(He switches off his mobile)*

*Barbara exits through the Streatham front door*

*John hurries to Stanley who is now surrounded by his holiday items*

For God's sake, Stanley!

**Stanley** I know they're here somewhere. *(He holds up a rubber bathing cap)* Bathing cap to protect my head from the sun.

*John pulls Stanley up*

**John** Never mind your bathing cap. I need your car. Let me look! *(He thrusts his mobile at Stanley to hold, pushes him D/C and starts madly searching through the holiday items; while searching)* And remember. Don't move till I get back.

**Stanley** I'm not happy about this, you know. If I'm late for Dad it'll totally confuse him.

**John** Never mind your dad!

**Stanley** He's confused enough as it is.

**John** Stanley! My life is at stake here!

**Stanley** I want to get to Felixstowe before it's dark.

**John** *(finding the car keys)* These them?

*John rises and moves to Stanley*

**Stanley** Yes. Look, I'm not up to all this.

**John** Course you are. *(He pats Stanley's cheek and moves to go)*

**Stanley** *(stopping him)* No, John. I'm not like you. I'm not good at all this subterfuge stuff. I mean, you know when I was trying to keep Mary in the kitchen. That terrible vet joke.

**John** Bloody funny, "Your dog's just died." I've got to go!

*Stanley snatches the car keys*

**Stanley** No! John! I'm sorry! I can't. I'm just the lodger, you know!

**John** *(suddenly serious)* No, you're not just the lodger, Stanley. You're my best friend. My very best friend. For twenty years. Before Vicki was born. You're the only person in the world I could have trusted with this awesome secret of mine. Yes! *(Getting emotional)* And you helped me out once before, didn't you? All those years ago. When I was nearly found out. You saved my marriages. You saved my life.

**Stanley** *(quite overcome)* I suppose I did, John, yes.

*John snatches the car keys back*

**John** Then stop arguing and save it again!

*John hurries to the front door*

**Stanley** John — !

*John runs out of the front door, not realizing that he's left Stanley holding his mobile*

*Stanley sighs, surveys his holiday items on the floor and goes to collect them. He then realizes that he's holding John's mobile and runs to the door*

John! John! Your mobile.

*John, in Stanley's car, is heard pulling away with a screech of tyres. Stanley slams the door and puts the mobile in his pocket*

Nice way to start a holiday!

*Stanley starts to pick up his holiday items and discovers the mask, snorkel and bathing hat. He puts the mask on and, holding the snorkel and bathing hat, he moves U/L practising the breast stroke*

*Barbara enters through the Streatham front door. She moves to Stanley's R dialling a number on her cordless phone*

*Stanley is swimming beside her practising the breast stroke. The mobile in Stanley's pocket rings its tune. Stanley listens for a second, not knowing where the music is coming from. He realizes and takes the mobile out of his pocket*

*(Into the mobile) Hallo!*

*Stanley realizes he's wearing his mask and he takes it off, throwing the mask, snorkel and hat behind the armchair DLC*

*(Into the mobile; nervously) Hallo?*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Oh, I thought I dialled 077 686 251.

**Stanley** *(nervously, into the mobile)* Oh, yes?

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Is that my husband's mobile?

**Stanley** Ooo! *(He removes the mobile from his ear, looks at it in horror and returns it to his ear)*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Hallo?

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Hallo?

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Is that Mr Smith's phone?

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Er — yes.

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Can I speak to him, please?

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Er — no,

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Who am I talking to?

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Er — me.

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* And who's that?

*Stanley, eyeing the kitchen, moves DLC to the settee*

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* This is Mr Smith's answering service. We're trying to make it more personal, madam.

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* I was speaking to him just now.

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Yes but he's not taking calls at the moment, madam. Would you like to leave a message, madam?

*Barbara moves DLC talking*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Well, I'll be seeing him in a minute but I'll leave a message in case he checks in.

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* What's the message, madam? It will be delivered to Mr Smith personally, madam.

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Would you tell him that his wife called —  
**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Mrs Smith called —

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* And that I missed our son because he'd already left for Wimbledon.

*Barbara walks in front of Stanley to DLC*

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Already left for — *(Realizing)* Bloody hell!

*Barbara stops in surprise*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* What is it? What's happened?

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* Little problem in the office here. One of the operators knocked a cup of coffee into my lap. *(Calling out)* You clumsy oaf, Sharon! *(In a high-pitched voice)* I'm sorry, Mr Wilkinson. I don't know what came over me. *(In a normal voice)* Get on with your work, Sharon! *(In a high-pitched voice)* Would you like another cup? *(In a normal voice)* No! *(In a high-pitched voice)* Whatever you say, Mr Wilkinson. *(In a normal voice)* Sharon!

*Barbara is listening, bemused*

*(Into the mobile)* Sorry about that. Sharon's new at Vodafone. Now are you absolutely positive you can't stop Gavin coming over to Wimbledon?

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* I told you, he's already — *(Realizing)* How do you know his name's Gavin?

*Stanley thinks for a moment*

**Stanley** *(into the mobile)* All Mr Smith's personal details are on our computer, madam. And this telephone conversation may be recorded for your own protection, madam. Good-afternoon, madam. Have a nice day, madam. Thank you for using Vodafone Personal Answering Services, madam. *(He switches the mobile off)*

*Barbara, perplexed, replaces her phone on its base*

*(To himself, in anguish)* Oh, my God! Gavin!

*Barbara hurries into the main bedroom*

*Stanley puts the mobile into his pocket, tiptoes ULC to the front door and peers out*

*Mary comes out of the second bedroom carrying an empty glass. She stops on seeing Stanley*

**Mary** You still here?!

**Stanley** Ahh! *(He accidentally bangs the front door on his head)* Ah! Yes!

Just thought I'd take a look out of the front door. Checking on the weather.

It's still there. Yep, all set for Felixstowe. *(He closes the door)*

**Mary** *(pointing to the shopping on the floor)* Is all this stuff yours?

**Stanley** Yes

**Mary** Well get rid of it, go upstairs and push off to Felixstowe.

*Mary goes to collect one of the empty mugs from the table* UL

**Stanley** Certainly. No problem! Go upstairs. Collect Dad from Clapham.

Push off to Felixstowe. Life's good!

*Stanley collects up the items from settee. NB. The mask, bathing hat and snorkel are still behind the armchair* DLC

**Mary** Right!

**Stanley** Yes. Life's good. Can't wait to get going.

*Mary waits for him to go. Stanley doesn't*

**Mary** Well, clear off upstairs then.

*Mary pushes him out of the way and moves to get the other mug from the table behind the settee. Stanley looks anxiously towards the front door. Mary turns*

**Stanley** Yes. Upstairs. To my flat. Where I live. The good life! You carry on then.

**Mary** Stanley!

**Stanley** Mary?

**Mary** If you don't clear off I shall kick you very hard where it hurts most.

**Stanley** Point taken.

*Stanley rushes upstairs. Mary emits an angry sigh and exits into kitchen. Stanley's head appears around the banister. He checks that the coast is clear, then hurries downstairs. He hurries over to kitchen door and listens. He then tiptoes to the front door and opens it to look out. Gavin is standing in the doorway, wearing his crash helmet and about to ring the bell*

Ahh!

*Gavin steps in, removing his helmet*

**Gavin** Hi, I'm Gavin!

**Stanley** *(looking to the kitchen)* Ooh!

**Gavin** Vicki's expecting me.

**Stanley** Yes. She can't see you and don't come back.

*Stanley tries to close the door, but Gavin walks past him into the room*

**Gavin** Hang on. She said to come over. I'm Gavin.

**Stanley** Goodbye, Gavin.

**Gavin** Gavin Smith. She invited me round for tea.

**Stanley** We've finished tea. Goodbye, Gavin!

*Stanley takes Gavin's arm*

**Gavin** Hold it. Can't I see Vicki?

**Stanley** Absolutely out of the question. Lovely meeting you, Gavin, and don't forget not to come back.

*Stanley pulls Gavin across him to the door*

**Gavin** Wait a minute. Are you her dad?

*Stanley hesitates*

**Stanley** I beg your pardon?

**Gavin** Are you Vicki's dad?

**Stanley** Vicki's dad.

**Gavin** Mr Smith.

*Stanley considers this*

**Stanley** Yes! Yes. Yes, I'm Mr Smith. The father of my daughter — er — Vicki's father. I'm the head of the — er — and I make the — er — I'm the big boss. The big Cappa de Chino. And Vicki can't see you.

*Again Stanley tries to push Gavin. Gavin resists*

**Gavin** But only half an hour ago she told me to come round.

**Stanley** That was half an hour ago, Gavin. The world has changed since then! Now, she can't see you. And she can't see you later. And she can't see you after that either. There's no future for you. It's all over. Goodbye, have a nice day!



*Stanley pushes Gavin out*

*Gavin exits*

*Stanley slams the door shut and leans against it, exhausted. The Wimbledon front doorbell rings. Stanley opens the door*

*Gavin is standing there*

Bugger off!

*Stanley slams the door and leans against it. The front doorbell goes again. Stanley looks mortified*

*Mary enters from the kitchen. She is carrying a large saucepan. She stops on seeing Stanley*

*Stanley freezes with his back against the front door. He has a look of horror. He manages to turn his look to a happy contented smile*

**Mary** Are you still here?

**Stanley** Sort of.

**Mary** That was the doorbell, wasn't it?

**Stanley** Sort of.

**Mary** Well, see who it is.

*Mary moves to Stanley who grabs her and marches her DLC away from the front door*

**Stanley** I know who it is. It's for me.

**Mary** For you?

**Stanley** Yes. It's my visitor.

**Mary** Visitor?

**Stanley** Yes. My visitor. For me. I've been expecting them — and now they've arrived. For a meeting. Very important. It's going to be a very long important meeting. Go on for hours. We mustn't be disturbed.

*Stanley tries to push Mary towards the kitchen*

**Mary** I thought you were leaving for Felixstowe.

**Stanley** That's been cancelled.

**Mary** What about your father?

**Stanley** He's been cancelled, too. I mean postponed. We're going later. After I've seen my visitor.

**Mary** Aren't you going to let them in?

**Stanley** No. Well — er — not while you're here. I need to be alone with my visitor.

*Stanley tries to push Mary to the kitchen*

**Mary** What the hell are you talking about?

**Stanley** That's a very fair question.

*The doorbell goes again. Stanley looks aghast. He's beginning to crack!*

Mary, please! I don't want you to see my visitor and I don't want my visitor to see you!

**Mary** Why on earth not?

**Stanley** Because it's private and personal!

**Mary** Private and —

**Stanley** Personal! Very personal. Very private.

**Mary** Is this anything to do with your problem you were discussing with John?

**Stanley** Yes it is.

**Mary** Your emotional and sexual problem?

*Stanley hesitates. The doorbell goes again*

**Stanley** Yes! My emotional and — er —

**Mary** Sexual.

**Stanley** — problem.

**Mary** And somebody's calling round in the middle of the afternoon to sort it out.

*Stanley hesitates then nods his head*

Well, I'd be grateful if you'd entertain the young lady upstairs!

*Mary storms into the kitchen*

*Stanley closes his eyes and looks up to heaven in anguish. The doorbell goes again. Stanley is in turmoil. He rushes to the kitchen door and opens it*

**Stanley** (yelling into the kitchen) Don't come in. This won't take long! (He slams the kitchen door and starts to hurry to the front door, but stops. He



*returns to kitchen door and locks it) Lock Mary. (He starts for the front door but stops. He goes to the second bedroom door and locks it) Lock Vicki. (He then hurries up to front door and opens it; furiously) Gavin —!*

*Gavin, very determinedly walks in and past him*

**Gavin** Look, I'm sorry, Mr Smith.

**Stanley** So am I, Gavin! Now sod off to Streatham!

*Stanley turns Gavin, but Gavin resists and walks further into the room to below the settee, followed by a frantic Stanley*

But I really don't see why Vicki can't —

**Stanley** Gavin!

**Gavin** No, I don't see why she can't see me!

*Stanley grabs Gavin by the lapels and pulls him close*

**Stanley** She can't see you — you horrible nasty pervert — because she can't see you! Understand, you computerized clot?! She can't see you! She won't see you! She's *unable* to see you!!

**Gavin** You mean there's something wrong with her eyesight.

**Stanley** (yelling) Yes! She's got no eyesight! Now go home!

**Gavin** (with amazement) No eyesight?

**Stanley** No bloody eyesight! It's bloody sad!

**Gavin** (agog) You mean she's blind?

*Stanley desperately tries to calm himself*

**Stanley** Vicki is visually impaired, Gavin. Too much television. Too much Internet. Started off as eye-strain and then suddenly — one morning: "Where's the breakfast table, Daddy?" Nothing.

**Gavin** That's terrible!

**Stanley** Yes. I knew you'd understand, Gavin. Goodbye — for ever.

*Stanley turns Gavin gently. Gavin turns back*

**Gavin** She must be pretty amazing.

**Stanley** Yes!

**Gavin** I mean if she can't see, how can she operate her computer like that?

*Stanley considers this*

**Stanley** It's programmed for voice recognition.

**Gavin** That's fantastic!

**Stanley** All on the National Health. Off you go, Gavin!

*Stanley turns Gavin but Gavin breaks DLC*

**Gavin** Hang on. Are you saying she won't see me because she's visually impaired?

**Stanley** (grabbing Gavin) That's right!

**Gavin** No, I mean I realize she *physically* wouldn't be able to see me — but are you saying she *won't* see me?

**Stanley** Yes, she won't see you!

**Gavin** Like she doesn't *want* to see me.

**Stanley** That's it!!

**Gavin** Why not?

**Stanley** (yelling) I've told you why!!!

**Gavin** No, you haven't. You've told me she's visually impaired and is *unable* to see me.

*Stanley grabs Gavin's lapels*

**Stanley** You're bloody argumentative, aren't you, Gavin?!

**Gavin** It just seems peculiar, Mr Smith. Vicki inviting me round and then you saying she won't see me because she's visually impaired.

*Stanley is now almost weeping in desperation*

**Stanley** It's not just because she's visually impaired. She suddenly realized that, at fifteen, she wasn't yet ready for that kind of deep meaningful relationship.

**Gavin** Deep, meaningful ...? We've been chatting on line, Mr Smith, that's all.

*During the following Stanley moves a bemused Gavin towards the front door*

**Stanley** But Vicki could see where it was leading to. So, very bravely, she has decided not to put you both through that emotional agony — and never to see you. Definitely. Final. No arguments. Goodbye. Stiff upper lip, Gav.

*There is banging from the second bedroom door*

**Vicki** (off) Hey, I'm locked in again!

*Gavin looks to Stanley*

**Stanley** (calling sweetly) Coming!

*Stanley smiles at Gavin*

*(Sweetly)* Off you go, Gavin.

*Stanley turns Gavin. There is more knocking. Gavin turns back*

**Vicki** *(off)* Hey!

**Stanley** *(calling sweetly)* Won't be a moment!

*Stanley smiles at Gavin and turns him around*

**Vicki** *(off)* Is that you, Uncle Stanley?!

*Gavin turns. Stanley smiles at him*

**Stanley** *(to Gavin)* Uncle Stanley lives with us. *(Calling sweetly; in a silly voice)* No-oo!

**Vicki** *(off)* Hey!

**Gavin** *(to Stanley)* Is that your Vicki? *(He eagerly moves towards the bedroom)*

*Stanley grabs Gavin and pulls him across*

**Stanley** No! No, that's not Vicki. Vicki's somewhere else. That's Mrs Smith.

**Gavin** Mrs Smith?

**Stanley** Yes. My — er — my —

**Gavin** Wife?

**Stanley** Thank you, Gavin, yes. Yes, that's my wife. That's my Mary.

*There is more banging from Vicki*

**Vicki** *(off)* Open this door!

**Stanley** Yes, I've had to lock her in as usual. She's a bit funny. She wasn't originally ... She wasn't funny when we first got married — but she went funny after Vicki lost her eyesight. The same day. It was quite a morning. I can tell you.

**Gavin** I'm sorry.

**Stanley** Thank you, Gavin.

**Vicki** *(off)* If somebody doesn't open this door, I'll kick it in!

**Stanley** *(to Gavin)* She gets violent, too.

*Stanley turns Gavin to go as Mary bangs on the kitchen door*

**Mary** *(off)* Hey!

*Stanley and Gavin turn and look to the kitchen. Gavin looks to Stanley who smiles*

*(Off)* Anybody there?!

**Stanley** *(to Gavin)* That's my wife's sister.

**Gavin** Is she locked in as well?

*Gavin moves to the kitchen but Stanley grabs him*

**Stanley** Oh, yes.

**Gavin** So, she's funny, too, is she?

**Stanley** Very!

**Gavin** Blimey.

**Stanley** Yes. That's — er — Rosie. Rosie went funny the same morning as Mary. You know, the day Vicki — *(He mimes being unable to see)*

**Gavin** Cor!

**Stanley** Yes, Cor!

*There is violent banging from Mary*

**Mary** *(off)* Hey, the door's locked!

**Stanley** Rosie gets violent, too.

**Mary** *(off)* Are you still in there, Stanley?! Stanley!

**Stanley** Mary's sister, Rosie, is married to Stanley. And, as Rosie is Mary's sister — *(almost crying)* that's why Stanley is Vicki's uncle.

**Gavin** And Uncle Stanley and Auntie Rosie live here, too.

**Stanley** You have to look after the in-laws, don't you?

*There is banging from the kitchen*

**Mary** *(off)* Hey!

*They look to the kitchen. There is banging from the second bedroom door*

**Vicki** *(off)* Hey!

*They look to the bedroom. Gavin looks at Stanley*

**Stanley** *(desperately)* I think we could be in for a double whammy here.

*Stanley tries to push Gavin but he resists*

**Gavin** No, I really want to see Vicki. You've made her sound fantastic.

**Stanley** *(pleading)* I didn't mean to, Gavin!

**Vicki** *(off)* Hey!

**Mary** *(off)* Hey!

*Mary and Vicki both bang their doors at the same time*

**Stanley** Look, if Mary and Rosie are getting violent together, you'd better clear off.

**Gavin** They don't scare me.

**Stanley** They bloody scare *me*, Gavin!

*Stanley tries to move him*

**Gavin** No! I want to meet your Vicki!

*The two doors are banged by Mary and Vicki. Stanley is now beside himself with confusion*

**Stanley** OK! OK! Wait upstairs in my flat.

*Stanley turns Gavin, but Gavin stops*

**Gavin** *(with surprise)* Your flat?

*Stanley hesitates*

**Stanley** Yes, I took the flat upstairs when Mary started getting violent. We eat together, but it's wiser to sleep apart. It's also a safe refuge for my brother-in-law, Stanley, when Rosie gets violent.

**Gavin** OK. And you'll tell Vicki where I am.

**Stanley** You might have a bit of a wait, Gav. She's been slightly delayed. Little accident. Fell off her bicycle.

**Gavin** *(with astonishment)* Her bicycle?

*Stanley realizes what he's said*

**Stanley** She has this computerized image of a bicycle — on her laptop. And because she has this voice recognition apparatus — it gives her exercise. But, like I say, she fell off — in her excitement. You wait in my flat! I'll send Vicki up.

*Stanley turns Gavin, but Gavin turns back*

**Gavin** How exactly does this computerized image of a bicycle work?

*Stanley stares at Gavin for a moment*

**Stanley** You must be a real pain in the arse in school, Gavin!

*Stanley shoves Gavin upstairs*

*Gavin exits*

*Barbara, worried, enters and goes to the Streatham phone*

*As Barbara dials, Stanley tiptoes towards the kitchen and listens. There is a banging from the second bedroom. Stanley turns*

**Vicki** *(off)* If you don't open this door, Dad, I'll break it down!

*Stanley hesitates then hurriedly tiptoes towards the second bedroom. The mobile phone rings its tune*

**Stanley** *(jumping)* Ahhh! *(He realizes it's the mobile, grabs it from his pocket and presses the on switch and listens)*

**Barbara** *(into the phone)* Hallo, John! Can you hear me? Where are you?

*Stanley gives a few heavy breaths and switches the mobile off*

Ooh!

*Barbara storms off into the main bedroom*

**Vicki** *(off)* Dad!

**Mary** *(off)* Stanley!

**Vicki** *(off)* Hey!

*Stanley dithers between the two doors*

*John hurries in through the Streatham front door. John is now minus his jacket and in shirt sleeves*

*Stanley quickly tiptoes across towards the second bedroom*

**John** *(breathless, calling urgently)* Gavin ... ! Barbara ... ! Gavin ... ! Barbara ... !

*Stanley unlocks the bedroom*

*John exits into the main bedroom. Vicki angrily enters from the bedroom. She has showered, changed into something "groovy" and carries a shoulder bag*

**Vicki** Now, listen, Dad — !

**Stanley** Ssh!

**Vicki** Uncle Stan! What's going on? You said it wasn't you. *(She crosses in front of Stanley)* Where's Dad? Did you lock me in? Was that Gavin Smith at the front door?

**Stanley** One question at a time, please! Your father's picking up an old age pensioner from Tesco's, yes, it *was* Gavin Smith at the front door, and yes, I did lock you in.

*Mary bangs on the kitchen door*

**Mary** *(off)* Hey!

**Stanley** *(to Vicki)* I locked your mother in, too!

**Vicki** Why for God's sake?

**Stanley** *(crying)* I can't remember! *(He sits in armchair DRC)*

*Vicki unlocks the kitchen door*

*Mary storms in*

**Mary** *(as she enters)* Now, what's going ...?! *(With surprise)* Vicki! Did you lock that kitchen door?

**Vicki** No, Uncle Stan did.

**Mary** Why?

**Vicki** He can't remember.

*Mary crosses to Stanley*

**Mary** *(angrily)* Did you lock that kitchen door?

*Stanley nods*

*Why?!*

**Stanley** It seemed like a good idea at the time.

**Mary** Silly sod. *(Coldly)* And where's your visitor?!

**Stanley** Upstairs.

**Mary** So what are you doing down here?

**Stanley** God only knows.

**Vicki** Never mind his visitor. Where's Gavin?

*Stanley quickly rises*

**Stanley** Gavin's gone!

**Mary** I didn't even know he'd arrived.

**Stanley** And he's not coming back!

**Vicki** What? Why?

**Stanley** I sent him packing.

**Vicki** Packing?

**Mary** *(to Stanley)* What's it got to do with you?

**Stanley** *(quickly sitting)* Nothing.

**Vicki** Right! I'm going round to Gavin's house.

**Stanley** *(rises)* No!

**Mary** You keep out of this, Stanley!

*Stanley sits*

**Vicki** He gave me the address. 47 Lewin Road, Streatham.

*Vicki exits by the front door*

**Stanley** *(rising)* No, you mustn't!

**Mary** Shut up!

*Stanley sits*

*Vicki returns pushing a bicycle*

**Vicki** I'm going to borrow your bike, Mum? Is that OK?

*During the next three lines Vicki goes to cupboard UL and gets her crash helmet*

**Mary** Yes, but I'm not sure you should go without Dad's permission.

**Stanley** *(standing up)* Quite right!

*Mary turns angrily to Stanley. He sits*

**Vicki** Dad's being totally unreasonable. And you're a traitor, Uncle Stan!

*Vicki exits by the front door with her bicycle, still clutching her shoulder bag*

**Mary** *(calling after Vicki)* Well, be back in time for supper. I'm making us a lamb stew! *(She slams the door closed)*

**Stanley** (*rising*) Oh, my God!

**Mary** (*to Stanley*) This is all your fault.

**Stanley** (*sitting*) I thought it must be.

**Mary** When did Gavin arrive?

**Stanley** Just now.

**Mary** While your “personal and private” visitor was upstairs?

**Stanley** Er — yes.

**Mary** Well, I suggest you get back and let her finish off your treatment.

*Mary goes into the kitchen*

*Stanley rises and moves URC, towards the Wimbledon front door*

**Stanley** (*to himself*) I must warn John about Vicki. (*He takes out the mobile and looks at the key-pad; to himself*) Re-dial. Re-dial. Where are you?

*In Streatham, John enters from the main bedroom followed by Barbara, who shuts the bedroom door*

**John** (*as he enters*) You should have stopped him!

**Barbara** Gavin says she sounds a very nice girl!

**John** She’s a horrible little tart!

**Barbara** You don’t know what she’s like.

**John** Yes, I do! (*Quickly*) No, I don’t. That’s not the point. I told you to keep him here.

*John heads for the Streatham front door followed by Barbara*

**Stanley** Where the hell is it?

**Barbara** Johnny! Where are you going?

**Stanley** Ah! (*He finds the re-dial button and presses it*)

**John** I suddenly remembered. I’ve left this old age pensioner standing outside Tesco’s.

**Barbara** Well, don’t forget, I’ve booked us into this new vegetarian restaurant.

**John** Yeah, I might have to join you there. If I’m late order me liver and bacon.

*John hurries out of the front door*

*Barbara goes to follow as the Streatham phone rings. She lifts the receiver*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Hallo?

**Stanley** (*into the mobile; nervously*) Is that Mrs Smith?

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Yes.

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) Ah — well, I need to speak to Mr Smith please! It’s urgent!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Who’s this?

*Stanley moves to DR, eyeing the kitchen*

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) Mr Smith’s personal answering service. I have a very important message for him.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) He’s just left.

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) What?!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) He came in and rushed straight out again.

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) Bloody hell!

*Barbara moves RC startled*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) What is it? What’s happened?

**Stanley** (*calling out for Barbara’s benefit*) You clumsy oaf, Sharon! (*In a high-pitched voice*) I’m sorry, Mr Wilkinson, I’m having one of those days. (*In a normal voice*) Do it again and you’re fired. (*In a high-pitched voice*) But, Mr Wilkinson — (*In a normal voice*) Sharon ... ! (*Into the mobile*) Look, I’ve got to get hold of Mr Smith right away!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Well, ring him on his mobile.

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) Good thinking — ! (*He takes the mobile from his ear, goes to dial then he realizes. Into the mobile; panicking*) Look, I don’t think you ought to stay in the house.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) What?

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) You should go out for the rest of the day!

**Barbara** (*into the phone; bemused*) I beg your pardon?

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) In case somebody — anybody — calls. Just get out of the house. Now!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) I don’t know what you’re talking about.

*Stanley crosses below the settee to DLC, talking*

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) That makes two of us. Please! Just go. Now!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Why?!

**Stanley** (*into the mobile; gabbling*) It’s a special “dining-out” offer from Vodafone ... Any restaurant you like absolutely free. Eat as much as you want, Vodafone pays — wine included. But you have to be seated for dinner by — (*he looks at his watch*) 4:45 p.m.; you’ve nearly missed it. Hurry!



**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Hang on a second. Does this offer include that new vegetarian restaurant in Streatham, High Road?

**Stanley** It includes the *Savoy*, the *Ivy* and *Harrods*. Hurry!!

*Mary, unseen by Stanley enters from the kitchen with a pile of plates and cutlery. She is heading for the dining-room but stops on seeing Stanley. During the following she moves towards him*

(*Into the mobile*) It's a fantastic offer!

**Barbara** (*into the phone; confused*) All right! All right! I'll think about it.

**Stanley** (*into the mobile*) No, don't think about it, do it! Drop everything and go. Do it now! (*He turns and sees Mary. He backs away from Mary while speaking to DRC; into the mobile*) Yes — er — do it. Now. Just go. Don't wait. Get out of the house. Lock the door and go. (*He switches off the mobile*)

*Barbara, bemused, looks at her phone and hurries into the main bedroom*

(*To Mary*) Just checking that Dad's set his burglar alarm.

**Mary** You don't seem very anxious to get back to your visitor.

**Stanley** Oh, I am.

*Mary moves to Stanley and pushes him URC to behind the settee*

**Mary** Well, I'm anxious to get on with preparing supper for me and Vicki so — have a nice time upstairs and have a nice time in Felixstowe.

**Stanley** Thank you. I'll get back to the flat and finish — er — say, "thank you and goodbye" —

*Gavin enters from upstairs*

**Gavin** Excuse me —

*Stanley closes his eyes in anguish. Mary's initial look of surprise turns to indignation as she realizes that Stanley's "visitor" is a young man. She backs away and sits on the back of the armchair DRC*

**Stanley** (*to Gavin; politely*) I'll be with you in just a moment.

*Gavin comes downstairs*

**Gavin** I thought you might have forgotten about me.

*Stanley grabs Gavin's arm, desperately attempting to be nonchalant*

**Stanley** (*to Gavin*) No, it's all in hand ... ! I mean, I'm just coming ... ! I'll be up in a ... ! Just go back upstairs!!

*Gavin moves DLC*

**Gavin** (*to Mary; pleasantly*) Are you Mrs Smith?

*Mary moves DRC*

**Mary** (*coldly*) Yes, I am Mrs Smith!

*Stanley quickly moves to Gavin*

**Stanley** (*brightly*) Yes, she's Mrs Smith. (*Cosily*) This is Mary.

**Gavin** Oh. Not Rosie then.

*Stanley crosses to Mary*

**Stanley** No, not "rosy". (*He pats Mary's cheek*) Yes, looking a little bit pale, Mary.

*Mary slaps Stanley's hand and Stanley sits on the R arm of the settee*

**Gavin** (*moving to Mary*) How do you do. (*He holds out his hand*)

*Mary just looks at him sternly*

**Mary** (*coldly*) How do you do.

**Gavin** (*to Mary*) Oh, I haven't introduced myself —

**Stanley** (*rising*) You don't have to introduce yourself!

**Mary** No, you don't!

**Gavin** Oh. Well, in case you're worried, Mum said it would be all right for me to come over.

**Mary** (*with amazement*) Your mother?

**Gavin** Yeah.

**Mary** Your mother *approves*?

**Gavin** Yeah. Dad doesn't know yet but he won't mind either.

**Stanley** Lovely! (*To Gavin*) I think you can go back upstairs now.

*Stanley takes Gavin's elbow but Gavin doesn't move*



**Gavin** (to Mary) Hey, wasn't it funny the two of us meeting the way we did?

**Mary** (coldly) I really wouldn't know.

**Stanley** (brightly) She really wouldn't know!

*Stanley takes Gavin's elbow but Gavin doesn't move*

**Gavin** On the Internet.

**Mary** (coldly) I see!

**Stanley** (to Gavin) Back upstairs.

*Stanley grabs Gavin's hand to pull him away*

**Gavin** I mean, when you think there's over a hundred thousand of us in the London area alone.

**Mary** Oh! (She looks at them holding hands and storms off towards the kitchen, stops and turns) Oh! (She opens the kitchen door, but turns back) Ohh!

*Mary exits into the kitchen*

*Gavin crosses Stanley, looking after Mary*

**Gavin** (to Stanley) You're right. She is funny.

**Stanley** Yes!

**Gavin** She looked as though she might be getting violent again.

**Stanley** Definitely.

**Gavin** So the pair of them are in there, are they?

**Stanley** (blankly) Pair of them?

**Gavin** Your wife and Auntie Rosie. They might kill each other.

**Stanley** Ah, no. We keep them apart. At tea-time we lock Auntie Rosie in the attic. I'll show you to the front door. (He goes to move Gavin)

**Gavin** Hang on. You said you were getting Vicki.

**Stanley** Did I say that?

**Gavin** Yes.

**Stanley** (suddenly) Oh! Hell! I forgot to give you the message.

**Gavin** What message?

**Stanley** From Vicki. Put it right out of my mind having to deal with Mary in the kitchen and Rosie in the attic. Vicki's waiting for you in Poppy's Tea Rooms.

*Stanley makes to move Gavin but Gavin stops*

**Gavin** (with surprise) Where?

**Stanley** Little café in the High Street. She thought it best for you not to meet here with her mother being funny and violent, potty Auntie Rosie on the loose as well, so Vicki's waiting for you at Poppy's Tea Rooms.

*Stanley goes to move Gavin but Gavin stops*

**Gavin** Where's that then?

**Stanley** Turn left out of the house, down Kenilworth Avenue to the High Street. Turn right and Poppy's Tea rooms is about six hundred yards on the left. You got that?

*During the next two lines, John rushes in through the Wimbledon front door and stops dead in horror at seeing Stanley standing there with Gavin*

**Gavin** I think so. Left, right and left.

**Stanley** You've got it. Vicki's expecting you.

*Stanley turns Gavin towards the front door and John. John dives head-first over the settee and buries his head in the cushions. Gavin is stopped in his tracks by the sight of the flying figure. Stanley is mortified but quickly takes the anorak from behind the settee, covers John and tucks him in*

**Stanley** (pointing to John) That's my brother-in-law, Mr Gardner. Stanley's popped down for his afternoon nap. He needs all the sleep he can get with a wife like Rosie.

**Gavin** Right. (To the recumbent John) How do you do, Mr Gardner.

*John emits a loud snore*

**Stanley** Off you pop to Poppy's, Gavin. Left, right, left.

**Gavin** Right. Will Vicki have got to Poppy's Tea Rooms all by herself?

**Stanley** Yes, yes, yes!

**Gavin** I suppose she's got a guide dog as well as a white stick, has she?

**Stanley** Definitely. (He pushes Gavin out of the front door)

*Gavin exits*

*John, bemused, emerges from the anorak, as Stanley staggers DRC and collapses in the armchair*

**John** White stick and a guide dog?!

**Stanley** You don't know what I've been through!

*John rises*

**John** And what's all that about me being your brother-in-law?

**Stanley** That's right. I'm you, you're me, your daughter's blind and Mary's mad!

**John** What?

**Stanley** And wait till you meet potty Auntie Rosie in the attic!!

**John** Potty Auntie Rosie in the —— ?!

**Stanley** Oh, yes, and Mary thinks I'm having it off with your son!!!

**John** Having it off with my ... ?!!

**Stanley** (rising) The main thing is I've kept Gavin and Vicki apart.

*John's fury turns to delight*

**John** Oh, that's brilliant, Stanley!

**Stanley** I've sent Gavin down to Poppy's Tea Rooms to meet Vicki.

**John** Oh, that's ... ! (Realizing; with horror) You've done what?!

**Stanley** It's all right. Vicki's not there.

**John** (realizing) Oh, clever, Stanley!

**Stanley** She's gone round to your house in Streatham.

**John** Oh, clever ... ! (Realizing) She's gone where?

**Stanley** I couldn't stop her.

**John** (mortified) She'll meet Barbara! I've got to get back there right away.  
(He thrusts the anorak on to Stanley and moves)

*Stanley grabs him*

**Stanley** John —— !

**John** Hold the fort, Stanley!

**Stanley** No, I can't cope any more!

**John** I've got to go. My two families are at stake.

**Stanley** What about my family! Auntie Rosie, Uncle Stanley, crazy Mary ——

**John** Stanley! Every second counts!

*John moves to below the L end of the settee. Stanley grabs him*

**Stanley** No, I need my car. Dad's waiting for me to pick him up in Clapham.  
We're going on holiday!

**John** Take a taxi!

**Stanley** All the way to Felixstowe?! Give me my car keys!

**John** I've got to go!!

*Behind John, Gavin hurries through the front door*

**Gavin** (referring to Stanley) Mr Smith! I couldn't quite remember —— (He stops)

*John turns and dives headlong over the front of the armchair DLC. His head hangs over the back out of view with his knees on the seat and his bottom in the air*

*During the following, John, out of view of the audience, puts on the mask, the snorkel and the bathing hat. Gavin walks down to the L side of the armchair to view the spectacle. Stanley hurries down to the R side of the armchair. He drapes the anorak over John*

**Stanley** Uncle Stanley's been sleep-walking. What are you doing back here, Gavin?

**Gavin** Well, I couldn't quite remember whether you said Poppy's Tea Rooms was left, right and left or right ... (Referring to John's bottom) He might topple over, mightn't he?

**Stanley** No, he sleeps like that all the time. It's left, right, left.

**Gavin** I really think he'd be more comfortable on the settee.

*Gavin gets hold of John's arm and pulls him up and round. Stanley grabs John's other arm. They all struggle*

**Stanley** No!

**Gavin** I can manage!

**Stanley** No! He mustn't be disturbed! Gavin!

*Finally, John is propelled round facing front. Gavin backs away DR in amazement at John standing there, in an anorak, wearing a mask, a snorkel and a bathing hat. For a moment, John is at a loss. He then bows politely and does a breaststroke towards the front door. As he gets to the door, the doorbell gives a long urgent ring. He stops for a moment and then continues on past the front door — this time swimming a fast crawl. He swims the crawl DRC, in front of the settee towards the kitchen. He reaches the kitchen*

*Mary enters wearing kitchen gloves and carrying a dish of steaming vegetables*

*Stanley is now masked by the open kitchen door*

**Mary** (*as she enters*) Stanley, will you answer that —— !

*Mary stops in amazement at the sight of John, who has come to a halt in front of her swimming the crawl. John hesitates for a fraction of a second and then moves backwards swimming the backstroke. He stops in front of the settee. The doorbell rings. John quickly looks to the front door, then to Mary and then to Gavin. He holds his nose, jumps and sinks into the "water"*

*Music*

*Black-out*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

*The same. The action is continuous*

*When the CURTAIN rises, the doorbell is ringing urgently and then stops. Mary moves to John below the settee*

**Mary** (*to John*) What the hell are you doing?

**John** (*in a muffled voice through the mouthpiece*) Giving swimming lessons.

*John mimes the breaststroke*

**Mary** (*not understanding*) What?

**John** (*muffled*) Giving swimming lessons.

*John mimes the breaststroke. Stanley appears from behind the kitchen door*

**Stanley** (*interrupting; with a nasal voice*) He's giving me swimming lessons.

*Stanley mimes the breaststroke*

**John** (*muffled voice*) I have to get back on the road. (*He mimes driving a car*)

**Mary** (*not understanding*) What?

**Stanley** (*with a nasal voice*) He says he has to get back on the road. (*He mimes driving a car*)

**John** (*to Mary; in a muffled voice*) I'll go the back way. Through the kitchen. (*He indicates through the kitchen*)

**Stanley** (*with a nasal voice*) He says he'll go the back way through ——

**Mary** (*interrupting*) Shut up, Stanley!

**John** (*in a muffled voice*) So, don't forget! Breaststroke. (*He mimes a vigorous breast stroke*) Crawl. (*He mimes a vigorous crawl*) Backstroke. (*He mimes a vigorous backstroke*) And butterfly.

*John "butterflies" through the kitchen door and exits*

**Stanley** (*calling after John*) Thank you! (*To Mary*) I must remember that. (*In a nasal voice*) Breaststroke, crawl ——

*Mary hits Stanley's arm*

**Mary** Shut up! (*Referring to Gavin*) And why do I keep finding him here?  
**Stanley** Just lucky, I suppose.

*There is the sound of the car noisily starting up and John screeching away at frantic speed. Mary crosses Stanley to the kitchen door*

**Mary** (*slamming the door*) He'll kill himself!  
**Stanley** That would solve all our problems.

*The doorbell rings again — now very urgently*

**Mary** (*moving to Stanley*) Haven't you opened that door, yet?  
**Stanley** (*apprehensively*) We don't know who it might be.

*Gavin moves to below the settee*

**Gavin** Hey, it might be Vicki!  
**Stanley** (*anxiously*) No, she's gone round ... (*He stops; foolishly*) Round. Round. Round and round the garden ——  
**Mary** (*hitting Stanley*) Shut up! (*Referring to Gavin*) What's he got to do with our Vicki?  
**Stanley** (*gabbling*) I was telling him about her. (*To Gavin*) Wasn't I? Telling you about her. What a delightful girl she is. Sweet child. Lovely nature.  
**Gavin** But a dreadful thing about her eye ——  
**Stanley** (*frantically interrupting*) Her eye — ! Her eye — ! Her IQ! Her IQ! is not good — but she's working on it, isn't she, Mary?  
**Mary** You two leave my daughter out of your conversation if you don't mind.  
**Stanley** That's a very good idea!

*The doorbell goes again*

Yes, I think I will open the door. Safer. (*He opens the front door*)

*Stanley's Dad is standing there clutching a suitcase and his heavy-duty metal stick. Dad is in his eighties and fluctuates between senility, alertness and cussedness*

**Dad** (*to Stanley*) I've been waiting for you in Clapham!

*There is a momentary pause and then Stanley slams the door in his face. Mary is amazed at Stanley's action*

**Mary** That was your father.  
**Stanley** I know!  
**Mary** You slammed the door in his face!  
**Stanley** It's not raining.  
**Mary** Yes! You'd be ashamed if your dad saw you with him! (*She points to Gavin*)  
**Stanley** Definitely!  
**Gavin** (*with surprise*) Me?

*The doorbell goes again. Stanley pulls Gavin across him to the kitchen*

**Stanley** (*to Gavin*) Don't forget it's left, right, left. Go this way! (*He indicates the open kitchen door*)  
**Mary** (*to Gavin*) And don't come back!  
**Gavin** I'll try not to!

*Gavin hurries out through the kitchen*

**Stanley** Sweet boy. He's popping into Poppy's for a coffee on his way home.  
**Mary** I'm absolutely shattered, Stanley.  
**Stanley** It's been a long day for you, Mary.  
**Mary** About you! I mean, I don't care whether you're macho, homo or ambidextrous ——  
**Stanley** Very politically correct, Mary.  
**Mary** But, for heaven's sake, that boy is only about sixteen years old.  
**Stanley** No, no, I think he's nearer seventeen, Mary, if you look. Bit of a beard, starting on ——  
**Mary** (*interrupting*) Stanley! I just don't want any more of that sort of thing in this house, do you understand?  
**Stanley** Of course.

*The doorbell rings again*

**Mary** You'd better let your father in.  
**Stanley** Thank you.  
**Mary** Does your poor old dad know what you get up to?  
**Stanley** God, I hope not.

*Mary gives Stanley a glare and exits into the kitchen*

*Stanley takes a deep breath and opens the front door*

*Dad, very irate, is still there, clutching his suitcase and his walking stick. He is about to speak*

Not a word!

*Stanley grabs Dad's arm and unceremoniously pulls him into the room. Dad, angry, goes to speak*

Not a word!

*Stanley grabs Dad's suitcase. Dad, angry, goes to speak*

Not a word! (He pushes the door to, so that it's not completely shut) This has been the worst day of my life!

*Stanley pulls Dad across him to the stairs. Dad turns and goes to speak*

Not a word! Don't ask me why I didn't collect you. Don't ask me why we're late. Don't ask me what time we'll get to Felixstowe and don't ask me where the car is because I've lent the car to the most annoying, conniving, obnoxious man in the world!

*Dad goes to speak*

Not a word! I'm taking you upstairs, sitting you in front of the television and you're watching *Coronation Street* until my life is re-assembled.

*Dad goes to speak*

Not a word, you old bat!

*Stanley pushes Dad up the stairs and they exit*

*After a moment the Streatham front door bursts open*

*John, shattered and totally out of breath, rushes in. He is no longer wearing his anorak. He stands in the doorway gasping for breath. He goes to yell for Barbara but only panted breath emerges. He tries again; same result*

**John** (finally) Barbara — ! (He hurries to the kitchen, leaving the front door open. He opens the kitchen door; hoarsely) Barbara!

*John exits into the kitchen, closing the door. Barbara enters from the main bedroom*

**Barbara** (as she enters) Is that you, Johnny? (She moves to the dining-room. Opening the door) Johnny?

*Barbara exits into the dining-room, closing the door. John comes out of the kitchen, slams the door and hurries to the main bedroom*

**John** (opening the door) Barbara!

*John exits into the main bedroom, closing the door. Barbara enters from the dining-room, slams the door and moves to the kitchen*

**Barbara** (opening the door) Johnny?

*Barbara exits into the kitchen, closing the door. John comes out of the main bedroom, slams door and hurries to the dining-room*

**John** (opening the door) Barbara!

*John exits into the dining-room, closing the door. Vicki appears in the open doorway, carrying her shoulder bag and pushing her bike*

**Vicki** Hallo? (She moves DRC) Hallo? (She rests her bike in the doorway, removes her helmet and walks in)

*Barbara enters from the kitchen*

**Barbara** (as she enters) Johnny — ?

**Vicki** (jumping) Oh!

**Barbara** Where did you come from?

**Vicki** Wimbledon. I'm sorry. The door was open. I'm Vicki Smith.

*Barbara hurries to Vicki*

**Barbara** Oh! Lovely! I thought Gavin had gone round to see you. (She takes Vicki's helmet and puts it on the table behind the settee)

*John, unseen by Barbara and Vicki, appears in the dining-room doorway and freezes*

**Vicki** Well, there was a sort of a misunderstanding. My dad's a bit of a moron.

*John reacts and silently retreats into the dining-room leaving the door ajar slightly*

**Barbara** Come and sit down. Are you all right for time?

*Barbara sits Vicki in the chair DLC*

**Vicki** Well, I wouldn't mind waiting actually. I think Gavin might be back in a minute.

*Barbara moves to the kitchen*

**Barbara** Lovely. Cup of tea?

**Vicki** Have you got a Coke?

**Barbara** I've got a homemade raspberry and carrot juice!

**Vicki** (*trying to be polite*) Never had one of those.

**Barbara** And I want to hear all about your dad.

*Barbara opens the kitchen door*

**Vicki** I want to hear all about Gavin's dad, too. Is Mr Smith around?

**Barbara** Well, I thought he was but he must have rushed out again. He never stops. Got enough energy for two people.

**Vicki** Yeah. Sounds just like *my* dad.

*Barbara exits. John appears in the dining-room doorway as Barbara immediately returns hitting, but also masking John, with the door*

**Barbara** (*to Vicki*) Won't be a sec then.

*Barbara exits into the kitchen*

*John immediately steps down*

**John** Quick!

**Vicki** (*jumping*) Ahh! (*With amazement*) Dad!

**John** (*lifting her*) Come on.

**Vicki** What the — ?! Where the hell did you come from?

**John** Never mind. You've got to go home.

*John pushes Vicki below the settee*

**Vicki** I'm having a raspberry and carrot juice with Mrs Smith and I'm waiting for Gavin. (*She sits on the settee*)

*John lifts her*

**John** Vicki, you don't understand! Please I beg you! You've got to go home!

*John pushes Vicki R. She stops*

**Vicki** (*obstinately*) Why?!

*John hesitates for a brief moment*

**John** Uncle Stanley's died.

*Vicki tries to assimilate this*

**Vicki** (*blankly*) What?

**John** Uncle Stanley — he's dead. He's calling for you. (*Realizing*) I mean he's very nearly dead. And he's calling for you. Shocking accident.

*Vicki collapses in an armchair* DRC

**Vicki** (*shattered*) Uncle Stanley?

**John** Yes.

**Vicki** I can't believe it!

*John lifts Vicki. She inadvertently leaves her shoulder bag in the chair*

**John** Neither can I. (*To Vicki*) He wants you. I don't think there's much time.

**Vicki** What happened?

**John** He fell off the roof.

**Vicki** The roof?!

**John** Just get home as fast as you can.

*John pushes Vicki up to the door but she hurriedly moves to the kitchen*

**Vicki** Hang on, I'd better explain to Mrs Smith.

**John** No! Just get on your bike and go.

*John turns to Vicki to push her out*

*Barbara enters from the kitchen with a glass of juice*

**Barbara** One raspberry and ... Oh! It was you.

*John is mortified for a brief moment then turns happily to Barbara*

**John** Still is, actually. (*As though introducing himself*) Mrs Smith! Hallo! Nice to meet you. How are you?

*John shakes Barbara's hand profusely. Barbara is bemused. John smiles happily from Barbara to Vicki. Vicki is on the verge of tears*



(*To Barbara*) And I believe you've already met my ... (*he realizes*) my ... my ... (*To Vicki*) And you've met my — my goodness it's warm today. Summer's come at last. Thought it never would. Same every year, isn't it? Rotten June and July, then "phew"!! (*He smiles brightly at Vicki*)

*Vicki starts to cry*

(*To Barbara*) Well, Miss — er — Smith has to rush off on her bike because someone has fallen off the roof. Boom!

**Vicki** (*in tears*) It's terrible. It's Uncle Stanley.

*Vicki breaks down in tears, grabs her helmet and rushes out with her bicycle. She doesn't realize that she's left her shoulder bag behind in the armchair DR*

**Barbara** (*totally bemused*) What on earth's happened?

**John** (*innocently*) What?

**Barbara** You said someone had fallen off a roof.

**John** Oh, yes, that. Miss Smith's Uncle Stanley — that's Mr Gardner, their lodger, has fallen off the roof of their house in Wimbledon ... Kerboom! Completely ruined the flower bed. Miss Smith's father, Mr Smith, just popped over to tell her.

**Barbara** Mr Smith? Here?

**John** Yes! That's the other Mr Smith — from Wimbledon, nothing like me. Tall — skinny fellow — bit of a baldy. He couldn't stay. He had to get back to tidy up the flower bed.

**Barbara** What about Uncle Stanley?

**John** I'm sure he'll give a hand if he's up to it.

**Barbara** I mean, is he seriously injured?

**John** Mr Smith didn't go into details. Well, life must go on! I've got to pick up my old age pensioner from Tesco's.

**Barbara** Don't forget you're dining out tonight.

**John** Lovely. I'll ask him what he wants.

*John hurries out through the Streatham front door*

**Barbara** (*calling after*) John! I'd better ring Mrs Smith and tell her Vicki's on her way ...

*John has already gone*

*Gavin appears in the ajar Wimbledon front door*

**Gavin** Mr Smith?!

*Gavin enters and closes the Wimbledon front door, as Barbara closes the Streatham front door*

(*Calling upstairs*) Mr Smith!

*Gavin hurries upstairs*

*Barbara moves down and picks up the print-out to check the number. She sits in the R corner of the settee*

*Stanley enters marching Gavin down the stairs*

**Stanley** (*as he enters*) What are you doing back here, Gavin?!

**Gavin** Vicki wasn't in Poppy's Tea Rooms.

**Stanley** She will be!

**Gavin** No, I asked if anybody had seen a visually impaired girl with a white stick.

**Stanley** Gavin! Go back to Poppy's!

*Barbara starts to dial*

**Gavin** What's the point?

**Stanley** The coffee's brilliant!

**Gavin** I want to see Vicki.

**Stanley** You're obstinate as your bloody father, aren't you?

**Gavin** (*pleasantly surprised*) Do you know my dad?

*Stanley hesitates*

**Stanley** (*suddenly crying*) No!

*The Wimbledon phone rings. Stanley looks anxiously to the kitchen then quickly picks up the phone*

**Barbara** Hallo?

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Wrong number! (*He bangs the phone down*)

*During the following, Barbara double checks the number, re-dials and sits in the DR arm of settee*

**Gavin** How did you know that was a wrong number?

**Stanley** I can tell by the ring. Off you go to Poppy's.

**Gavin** I told you. Vicki's not there.

**Stanley** She'll be there by now!

**Gavin** It was half an hour ago when you said she left —

**Stanley** (*grabbing him*) Gavin!

**Gavin** (*pressing on*) — and Poppy's Tea Rooms is only a five minutes walk.

**Stanley** (*shaking Gavin; yelling*) The girl can't see! It takes longer!

**Gavin** Well, even if it took her fifteen minutes —

**Stanley** (*yelling*) I hate you, Gavin!! (*He furiously shakes Gavin*)

*Mary enters from the kitchen carrying a loaf of bread on a bread board. She stops, amazed on seeing Stanley shaking Gavin*

I never want to see you again! Never! Ever!

*Stanley realizes that Mary is standing in kitchen doorway. He stops shaking Gavin, puts his arm around him and squeezes him affectionately*

*Mary looks outraged and storms back into the kitchen*

Good-bye, Gavin!

**Gavin** No, I reckon Vicki will come back here.

**Stanley** Gavin, please!

*Stanley drops to his knees and clasps Gavin around the waist*

*Mary enters from kitchen*

Please! Please! Please!

*Mary reacts to Stanley with his head apparently in Gavin's crotch. Finally, Mary slams the door. Stanley slowly turns to Mary, puts his hands together and prays to heaven*

*Mary storms into the dining-room*

*The phone rings. Stanley turns, looking apprehensive*

**Gavin** Sounds like the same ring! (*He goes to lift the receiver*)

*Stanley leaps to the phone and puts it to his ear*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Mrs Smith, please!

*Stanley indicates for Gavin to go. Gavin indicates that he's staying. During the following, Stanley picks up the base of the phone, moves to the dining-room door and locks it*

(*Into the phone*) Hallo!

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Hallo?

**Barbara** (*into the phone; with surprise*) Is that Mr Smith?

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Er — yes.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) You must have got home pretty quickly.

**Stanley** (*into the phone; with confusion*) Er — yes.

**Barbara** I was expecting to speak to your wife, actually.

**Stanley** Oh, yes.

**Barbara** Is she there?

**Stanley** Er — no.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) I'm sorry I missed you when you were over here just now.

**Stanley** (*into the phone; confused*) Er — yes. (*To Gavin*) It's my bank manager. Wants to lend me some money. (*Into the phone*) Yes?

*Stanley, to get away from Gavin, moves DLC*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) How were things when you got home?

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Er — not good.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Oh, dear. Mr Gardner didn't die, did he?

*Stanley considers this*

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Not yet, no.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Have they taken the poor man to hospital?

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Any minute now!

*Gavin, intrigued, has moved down to beside Stanley. Stanley sees him*

(*To Gavin*) I really don't require a loan of ten thousand, you know. (*He takes a step away from Gavin; into the phone*) But thank you for asking.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) I suppose he shouldn't have been up on the roof in the first place.

*Stanley is now even more confused*

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) No-oo.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Just how far did Mr Gardner fall?

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) He didn't actually fall, he jumped.

**Barbara** That's terrible!

**Stanley** (*to Gavin*) Talking about a friend of mine.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) What on earth drove him to that?

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) He couldn't settle his overdraft. (*To Gavin*) And they expect me to borrow money from them. (*Into the phone*) I must go now.

*Barbara rises*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Of course. You must be up to your eyes in it there.

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Further than that. Bye, bye.

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Oh, very quickly. Your Vicki should be with you any minute now.

**Stanley** (*into the phone; worried*) What?

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) She left on her bike a good ten minutes ago.

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) No!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) What is it? What's happened?

**Stanley** (*calling out*) Can't you be more careful, Sharon! (*In a high-pitched voice*) Sorry, Mr Wilkinson, I don't know what's —

*Stanley stops as he realizes that Sharon is part of his Vodafone situation. Barbara and Gavin just look perplexed*

(*Into the phone*) Thank you so much for calling and for your kind attention.

*Stanley moves to above the L end of the settee to replace the phone, as Barbara moves to above the R end of settee*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Oh, Mr Smith!

**Stanley** (*into the phone; with false patience*) Ye—es?

*Stanley sits on the L end of the settee, as Barbara sits on the R end of the settee*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) I bet you got a good laugh when you discovered there was another John Smith here in Streatham.

*During the following, Dad, angry, appears at the top of the stairs struggling with his stick and his suitcase*

*Gavin, but not Stanley, sees Dad and goes to assist by trying to relieve Dad of his suitcase. Dad doesn't want any assistance but Gavin persists. They struggle on the stairs with the suitcase being pulled to and fro*

**Stanley** (*into the phone; falsely laughing*) Yes!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) We must meet up one day.

**Stanley** (*into the phone; still laughing*) No!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) No, I expect you're as busy as my John.

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) Yes!

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) My John never stops.

**Stanley** (*into the phone*) No!

**Barbara** (*into the phone; laughing*) I tell him he's got enough energy for two people.

**Stanley** (*into the phone; laughing*) Yes!

*The struggle with Dad and Gavin concludes with Gavin pulling the suitcase from Dad's hand and Dad tumbling down the last of the stairs and falling flat on his face. Dad turns*

(*Into the phone*) I must go now, the doctor's arrived. (*He bangs the phone down*)

*Barbara replaces her receiver*

**Dad** (*from the floor*) I don't want a doctor.

*As Stanley and Gavin try to lift a truculent Dad, Barbara starts to walk towards the main bedroom but she stops when she sees Vicki's shoulder bag. During the following, Dad is helped to his feet*

**Barbara** Oh, no. Silly girl. (*She picks the bag up, thinks for a moment, then goes to the phone, picks up the print-out, checks the number and dials*)

**Dad** I don't think much of this hotel, Stanley.

**Stanley** We're in Wimbledon!

**Dad** I thought we were going to Felixstowe!

*Dad turns to Gavin who is standing there with Dad's suitcase*

(*To Gavin*) Are you the porter in this place?

**Gavin** Er — no.

**Dad** Well, I want that taken to my room and a call at half past eight with a cup of tea.

**Stanley** Dad!

**Gavin** Oh. (*To Dad*) How do you do, sir. (*He holds out his hand*)

**Dad** You'll get a tip when I leave and not before. Cheeky blighter!

**Gavin** No, I was just going to shake your hand, Mr Smith.

**Dad** (*looking around*) Mr Smith?

**Stanley** Dad!

*Stanley pulls Dad out of the way UL, as the Wimbledon phone rings. Stanley looks at it in horror*

**Dad** Phone's ringing.

*Stanley glares at Dad, lifts the receiver and listens*

**Barbara** (*into the phone*) Hallo?

*To Dad's surprise, Stanley replaces the receiver. Barbara, annoyed, starts to dial again*

**Stanley** (to Gavin) I'm changing from Barclays to Lloyds. Right, Vicki's waiting for you.

**Gavin** I told you. She wasn't at Poppy's.

**Stanley** Ohhh! You didn't go to Poppy's, did you? I said Luigi's.

**Gavin** You said Poppy's.

**Stanley** No. Luigi's. Luigi's Bistro. Poppy's Tea Rooms, Luigi's Bistro. Easily mistaken. Do you know where Luigi's is?

**Gavin** No.

**Stanley** Well, it's the opposite direction to Poppy's. You take a right down Kenilworth Avenue —

*The Wimbledon phone rings. Stanley looks at it and hesitates*

**Dad** Phone's ringing.

*Stanley glares at Dad and then, to Dad's surprise Stanley picks up the phone and immediately replaces the receiver*

**Stanley** (to Gavin) I'm going to report Barclays for harassment!

*Stanley pushes Gavin to the front door, as Barbara, furiously, dials again. Dad, intrigued, moves to the phone, waiting for it to ring*

(To Gavin) So, Luigi's. Vicki will be getting anxious. Right down Kenilworth —

*The Wimbledon phone rings. Dad immediately picks it up*

**Dad** (into the phone) Stop pestering us, Mr Barclay!

*Stanley hurries down to Dad's L*

**Barbara** (into the phone) Is that Mr Smith's house?

**Dad** (into the phone) And what if it is?

**Stanley** Dad!

*Stanley tries to grab the phone but Dad shrugs him off*

**Barbara** (into the phone) Who am I talking to?

**Dad** (into the phone) How do I know? I can't see who you're talking to, can I?

**Stanley** Give me the phone!

*Dad shrugs him off*

**Barbara** (into the phone) May I leave a message for Mr Smith?

**Dad** (into the phone) Go ahead, Mr Barclay.

**Stanley** Dad!

*Dad furiously shrugs him off*

**Barbara** (into the phone) Say Vicki left her purse behind.

**Dad** (into the phone) Left Perce behind, right.

**Barbara** (into the phone) And I'm coming over to Wimbledon right now with the purse. Your address is on the print-out.

**Dad** (into the phone) Got it, Mr Barclay. Bye, bye, Mr Barclay.

*Dad puts the phone down*

*Barbara, bewildered, shakes her head and hurries out through the Streatham front door with the shoulder bag and the print-out*

(To Stanley) Mr Barclay says he's going to Wolverhampton with his friend, Perce.

*Stanley tries to work this out*

**Stanley** (confused) What?

**Dad** He says — (He stops) He's got a very high-pitched voice, your Mr Barclay.

**Stanley** Never mind, Dad!

**Dad** You don't get this personal service at NatWest, you know.

*Dad wanders, UR*

**Stanley** Gavin, go to Luigi's! They do a fantastic cappuccino. The treat's on me. Keep the change.

*Stanley takes a five pound note from his pocket*

**Dad** I can't see any deckchairs in this place.

**Gavin** (to Stanley; referring to Dad) That's your dad, yeah?

**Stanley** Yes!

**Gavin** You've got quite a family, haven't you?

**Stanley** Yes!

*Stanley turns Gavin to go as Mary bangs on the dining-room door*

**Mary** (off) Hey! This door's locked now!

**Stanley** (to Gavin) I've had to lock her in again. Goodbye, Gavin.

**Mary** (off) Hey! (She bangs very loudly on the dining-room door)

**Dad** It's a bit noisy this hotel, isn't it?

*More loud banging from Mary*

**Mary** (off) Hey!

**Dad** (shouting across) Who's making all that row?

*Gavin moves to Dad*

**Gavin** (to Dad) I'm afraid your daughter-in-law's having another turn.

**Dad** (with delight) Have I got a daughter-in-law?

*Stanley pulls Gavin across him*

**Stanley** Thank you, Gavin!

**Dad** Was I at the wedding, Stanley?

**Stanley** Yes! Good-bye, Gavin!

**Gavin** You don't think Vicki might have left Luigi's by now?

**Stanley** No, she's mad keen to see you. When I say "see" you —

**Gavin** Well, if I miss her, I'll come straight back here.

**Stanley** No, please don't come straight back here, Gavin!

*Stanley pushes Gavin to the front door*

**Gavin** (stopping) Maybe I should ring your daughter first.

**Dad** (to Stanley) A daughter as well? Blimey, that was quick. You crafty little devil.

**Stanley** (to Dad) Go back upstairs!

*Stanley pulls Dad across him to the stairs. Dad starts to go upstairs*

**Gavin** Does Vicki have a mobile?

**Stanley** No, just a white stick and a guide dog. Go to Luigi's! (He opens the front door to push Gavin out)

*Mary is standing in the doorway, fuming. She storms in*

**Mary** I had to climb out through the window!

**Dad** (coming downstairs) We're not on fire, are we?

**Mary** (to Stanley; referring to Gavin) I thought he'd gone!

**Stanley** He came back for some more. (To Gavin) Thanks for everything.

*Stanley gives Gavin the five pound note. Mary reacts in amazement. Stanley realizes the implication and nearly dies. He pushes Gavin out*

*Gavin exits*

(Calling) Remember, right, left, right! (To Mary; army fashion) Right, left, right, left!

**Mary** Stanley, that dining-room door is locked.

**Stanley** Why did you do that?

**Mary** I didn't do it!

*Mary moves to the dining-room door to unlock it*

**Dad** (to Mary) Excuse me, are you my daughter-in-law?

**Mary** (trying to be polite) No, I am not, Mr Gardner.

**Dad** I know you're not Mr Gardner, I'm Mr Gardner. (To Stanley) This hotel receptionist's a bit thick. (To Mary) And I don't see any sign saying "lavatory" in your hotel.

**Mary** (to Dad; edgily) I'm Mrs Smith. Nice to see you again.

**Dad** I've stayed here before, have I?

**Stanley** Go and have a rest, Dad!

**Mary** (to Dad) Would you like a cup of tea, Mr Gardner?

**Dad** Yes, please. A large whisky, no ice.

**Mary** Large whisky, no ice!

*Mary unlocks the dining-room door and opens it*

*Vicki enters through the Wimbledon front door, still wearing her helmet, and pushing her bike*

**Vicki** I got here as quick as I — ! (She sees Stanley; amazed) Uncle Stan! You're upright.

**Mary** That's a matter of opinion!

*Mary exits into the dining-room*

**Vicki** (to Stanley) Dad said you were nearly dead.

**Stanley** Stick around!



*Stanley crosses Vicki to DRC followed by Vicki*

**Vicki** Aren't you going to see a doctor?

**Stanley** I'll wait till tomorrow. Things will be worse by then.

*Stanley collapses in the armchair DRC. Dad moves DLC*

**Dad** What's the matter, son? Your piles playing up again?

**Stanley** Go upstairs!

**Vicki** (*moving to Dad*) Hallo, Mr Gardner.

**Dad** You'll have to speak up, Nurse.

**Vicki** No, it's Vicki!

**Dad** Yes, rub some of that in. Do him good.

**Stanley** (*rising; to Dad*) You! Upstairs!

*Stanley grabs Dad as Vicki looks in the mirror R applying lipstick*

**Dad** (*cantankerously*) All right, all right! I can manage!

**Stanley** No, you can't!

**Dad** I'm not senile, you know, Rover!

**Stanley** Stanley!

**Dad** That was your mother's idea. I always wanted a dog.

*Stanley starts to push a struggling Dad towards the stairs*

**Dad** And I want my suitcase!

**Stanley** You don't need your suitcase.

*Dad grabs his suitcase*

**Dad** Course I do. I want my costume if I'm going for a swim.

**Stanley** You don't need your costume!

*Dad stops*

**Dad** It's not a topless beach. Is it?

**Stanley** We're not in Felixstowe!

**Dad** Where are we then?

**Stanley** Wimbledon!

**Dad** There's no beach in Wimbledon!

**Stanley** Get off!

*Stanley pushes Dad off upstairs with his suitcase*

*Dad exits*

**Vicki** Right, I'm going!

**Stanley** Lovely. Nice long cycle ride round Wimbledon Common.

**Vicki** (*moving to the front door*) No. I'm going back to Gavin's house.

*Stanley rushes down the stairs and takes a surprised Vicki DRC*

**Stanley** What? No!

**Vicki** I bet he's back there by now. And I was getting on very well with his mum.

*Stanley hesitates*

**Stanley** (*aghast*) You met Gavin's mum?

**Vicki** Yeah! His dad should be home by now as well.

*Vicki moves in front of Stanley. Stanley grabs her*

**Stanley** No!

**Vicki** Don't you start! I'm going to meet Gavin.

*Stanley pulls Vicki across*

**Stanley** Vicki, please! You mustn't go back to Gavin's house. (*Madly thinking*) I mean you — er — you don't have to go there. Gavin's waiting for you!

**Vicki** What?

**Stanley** Gavin's waiting for you. In a café. Round the corner. He asked me to tell you.

**Vicki** Well, why didn't you?

**Stanley** (*shouting*) I fell off the roof, didn't I?!

**Vicki** Well, which café?

**Stanley** Do you know Poppy's Tea Rooms?

**Vicki** In the High Street, yeah.

**Stanley** Yes. Left down Kenilworth. Right at the High Street. Poppy's is on the left.

**Vicki** I know it. Yes!

**Stanley** Whatever you do, don't go *right, left, right*.

**Vicki** No!

**Stanley** That's where Luigi's is. Dreadful place, Luigi's. Worst cappuccino in Wimbledon.

**Vicki** OK!

*Vicki crosses in front of Stanley to below the settee*

*John bursts in through the front door. Once more he is totally out of breath. He moves to DLC*

**John** Visitors? Any visitors?

*Stanley crosses Vicki*

**Stanley** (pointedly) Visitors all dealt with!

**John** Thank heavens!

*John collapses in the armchair DLC*

**Stanley** Yes. So off you toddle, Vicki.

*Stanley takes Vicki's hand and starts to pull her ULCL*

**John** Where's she going?

**Vicki** (stopping) I'm meeting Gavin.

*John jumps up and grabs Vicki*

**John** What?!

*Stanley moves down to L of the armchair and sits John down*

**Stanley** It's all right!

**Vicki** Now don't come "the heavy father" again. I'm going to meet Gavin!

**John** (rising) You can't!

*Stanley sits John down again*

**Stanley** John, it's for the best.

**John** You keep out of this!

**Stanley** No, I mean it'll give all of us some time. Gavin's waiting for her at Poppy's Tea Rooms.

**John** (rising) She's not going!

**Vicki** Yes, I am!

**John** No, you're not!

*Stanley sits John forcefully and then kneels at John's feet*

**Stanley** (pleading) Yes, she is! We need time! That's why she's going to see Gavin at Poppy's — not Luigi's, that's a filthy place!

**John** (rising) She's not meeting him anywhere! She can't! She mustn't!  
**Vicki** Don't start that again!

*During the ensuing tirade, an increasingly crazed Stanley, still on his knees, crawls up John's legs, grabs him by the lapels, pulls him across and bangs John's head against the kitchen door. At the same time a bewildered Vicki backs up towards the front door*

**Stanley** (suddenly furious) No, don't start that again! She's meeting Gavin at Poppy's! It's a good idea. It's the best idea I've had all day. It's bloody brilliant! Poppy's Tea Rooms! Left, right, left. Not right, left, right. Poppy's not Luigi's! Luigi's Bistro does the foulest cappuccino in Wimbledon! (To Vicki; yelling) Now, piss off to Poppy's!

*Stanley pushes a surprised Vicki out with her bicycle*

*Vicki exits*

*Stanley, emotionally drained, collapses in the armchair DR, while John staggers round, dazed, holding his head, ending up DLC*

**John** (finally; aghast) What have you done?

**Stanley** What I've been doing all afternoon! Giving myself a heart attack.

**John** You've sent her round to Poppy's Tea Rooms!

**Stanley** Because Gavin's waiting for her at Luigi's!

**John** (realizing) Stanley, I love you! (He hugs Stanley)

*Mary comes in from the dining-room with Dad's whisky. She sees Stanley and John cuddling*

*They don't see her. Mary slams the dining-room door furiously. John and Stanley slowly turn to Mary. Stanley removes himself from John's arms*

**Stanley** (to Mary) I was giving John —

*Mary backs Stanley to DRC*

**Mary** (interrupting) I'd rather not know what you were giving John, thank you very much. And I suggest you stick to young men, if you don't mind.

**Stanley** No, Mary, love, you see —

**Mary** Don't you "love" me! (Tersely) Where's your father?

**Stanley** He's upstairs.

**Mary** Give him that. *(She thrusts the whisky at Stanley)* He'll need it when I tell him what a degenerate son he's got. *(To John)* Are you staying or going?

**John** Er — going. Yes. Definitely. Pick up this old age pensioner from Tesco's.

*John opens the kitchen door*

**Mary** Haven't you done that job yet?

**John** *(at a loss)* We keep missing each other.

*John pushes Mary into the kitchen*

*Mary exits*

**Stanley** This started off as such a lovely day.

*Stanley sits on the R arm of the settee, drinks the whisky and puts the glass on the table R of the settee*

**John** Don't worry.

*John locks the kitchen door*

I'll put Mary straight later on.

**Stanley** I don't think I'll ever be straight again.

*John crosses DRC to Stanley*

**John** Right. Gavin's waiting for Vicki in Luigi's, yeah?

**Stanley** Hopefully, yes!

*John lifts Stanley*

**John** OK. You go down to Luigi's and tell Gavin —

**Stanley** I'm going to Felixstowe with Dad!

**John** Don't be difficult, Stanley. Tell Gavin he's to get back to Streatham right away. There's been a robbery in Lewin Road, I've been arrested for it, the police are questioning me and his mother wants him back there right away.

**Stanley** *(interrupting)* Wait a minute, wait a minute!

**John** Say anything but get Gavin to Streatham!

**Stanley** It was difficult enough getting him to Luigi's!

**John** Look, while you're dealing with Gavin, I'll go round to Poppy's and tell Vicki we've had a gas explosion here, the kitchen's ended up in the next door neighbour's garden and we've got to go and stay with friends in the Shetland Islands.

*Stanley backs DR*

**Stanley** *(interrupting)* Hold it, hold it, hold it! *(Seriously)* You can't keep this up forever. Face it. Those kids intend to meet. Sooner or later your wives will meet. The game is over.

*John moves to Stanley*

**John** Don't you believe it. The game's not over till the final whistle blows. Remember what Shakespeare said —!

*Dad enters from upstairs*

**Dad** *(as he enters)* Your ballcock's not working, Stanley! *(He moves DLC)*

*They slowly look to Dad*

**John** Or words to that effect.

*Dad has arrived DLC. Stanley crosses to Dad*

**Stanley** What's the problem, Dad?!

**Dad** I spent a penny and I can't stop the flow. *(He laughs)* The flow of the lavatory, I mean, not the flow of —

**Stanley** *(interrupting)* I know what you mean!

**John** You only have to jiggle the handle up and down.

*Dad crosses to John*

**Dad** *(to John)* Are you the manager of this hotel?

**John** I'm Mr Smith!

**Dad** Mr Smith? My son lodges with a Mr Smith. Lovely fellow — I know him well.

*Stanley pulls Dad across him to DLC*

**Stanley** Go back upstairs!

**Dad** No, I think I'll go for a stroll along the promenade. *(He starts to wander towards the front door)*

**Stanley** Dad!

**John** (*moving to Stanley*) Never mind your dad. You go and grab Gavin from Luigi's. I'll sort out Vicki in Poppy's.

*Dad opens the front door*

*Gavin enters*

**Gavin** (*as he enters*) Mr Smith! Mr Smith!

**John** Ahhh!

*John about turns and dives face down on to the floor in front of the settee before Gavin can see him. Gavin arrives DL. Stanley quickly moves very close to Gavin to mask him from John*

**Stanley** Hi. Gav!

**Gavin** It's shut.

**Stanley** What's shut, Gavin?

**Gavin** Luigi's.

**Stanley** Probably opens at six.

**Gavin** No, there's a notice on the door. They're closed for redecorating. I bet you it was Poppy's Tea Rooms after all.

*Gavin moves US and Stanley quickly moves with him, still nose to nose. Dad now notices the prostrate John*

**Stanley** (*grabbing him*) No! It wasn't Poppy's. Definitely.

**Gavin** I'll get on the motorbike and be there in two minutes.

**Stanley** That's a terrible idea, Gavin.

**Gavin** Yeah, might miss her. Better wait here.

*Gavin moves DS a pace and Stanley moves with him*

**Stanley** That's even worse!!

*Dad taps Stanley on the shoulder. Stanley turns to him*

**Dad** (*pointing to John*) I think the manager has collapsed.

**Stanley** Dad!

*Stanley closes his eyes in anguish. Gavin steps forward to look*

**Gavin** (*to Stanley*) Hey, isn't that your brother-in-law, Stanley?

**Stanley** Yes!

**Dad** His brother-in-law, "Stanley"?

**Stanley** (*to Gavin*) Yes. He was sleepwalking again — and he fell off the roof — boom.

**Gavin** Blimey!

*Gavin goes to look but Stanley drags him back*

**Stanley** Yes, he staggered in here then collapsed.

**Gavin** Let's pick him up and put him on the settee.

*Gavin moves towards John again, but Stanley drags him back*

**Stanley** No! Sadly — (*he quickly covers John's head and shoulders with the throw from the back of the settee*) — he's dead.

**Gavin** Dead?

**Stanley** Yes.

**Gavin** Blimey.

*Gavin crosses Stanley to look but Stanley pushes him DR. During the following, Dad moves to ULC watching*

**Stanley** We tried to revive him, but unfortunately, only moments ago, he succumbed. Gavin, go in there — (*he points to the second bedroom*) — and get a sheet off the bed, will you?

**Gavin** A sheet?

**Stanley** Yes. He really should be completely covered.

**Gavin** Don't you need a doctor?

**Stanley** I certainly do.

**Gavin** No, for him. He should be certified, shouldn't he?

**Stanley** Definitely! It's all in hand. Get the sheet, Gavin. (*He opens the second bedroom door*)

**Gavin** Why don't I try giving him the kiss of life first?

*Gavin moves to the body*

**Stanley** (*quickly stopping Gavin*) No! He's definitely dead.

**Gavin** He might not be. I did a survival course at school.

**Stanley** Yes, you bloody would, Gavin!

**Gavin** It's worth a try.

*Gavin moves to the body again*

**Stanley** (*quickly stopping Gavin*) No!

**Gavin** It must be. *(He moves to the body again)*

**Stanley** *(quickly stopping Gavin)* No! *(He pushes Gavin DR)* He's my brother-in-law. *(He marches around the prone John and stands astride him)* If anyone's going to give him the kiss of life, it'll be me! *(Masking John's face from Gavin with the throw, he turns John over. He hesitates, gulps, takes a big breath, closes his eyes and descends on John covering their heads with the throw. He proceeds to give John a prolonged and exaggerated kiss of life)*

**Dad** Blimey, if he's not dead, that'll kill him off. *(He sits on the R arm of the armchair DLC)*

*Stanley, out of breath, comes up for air — still masking John's face*

**Gavin** You have to do longer than that.

*Stanley glares at Gavin, then pounces on John again giving him another exaggerated kiss of life*

**Dad** *(to Stanley)* I say, I bet you wish it was Joan Collins.

*Stanley slowly comes up for air glaring at Dad then turns to Gavin*

**Stanley** *(sadly)* It's no good, Gavin, he's dead.

*Gavin moves towards Stanley*

**Gavin** The book says you should give at least three minutes.

**Stanley** *(shouting)* He's bloody dead, Gavin! Now, please! Please show a little respect for the deceased!

*Stanley rolls John up in the rug. Gavin is aghast*

**Gavin** You can't just roll him up in a carpet. *(He starts to move to John)*

*Stanley grabs Gavin and marches him to the second bedroom*

**Stanley** You're right. You can't just roll him up in a carpet. Go and get a sheet!!

**Gavin** Yeah, OK! Oh. Does Auntie Rosie know yet?

**Stanley** She doesn't care, Gavin, she's potty! Get the sheet!

*Gavin hurriedly exits into the second bedroom*

*John, furiously, rolls himself out of the carpet. Dad is amazed and rises staring at John who stands up with the throw dangling from his mouth*

**John** That was a bit close, Stanley!

**Stanley** *(wiping his mouth)* Too bloody close, thank you.

**John** Lock Gavin in Vicki's bedroom.

**Stanley** God! *(He locks the second bedroom door)*

**Dad** *(gaping at John)* It's a miracle, not a scratch!

*Dad sits in armchair DLC. The doorbell rings. John and Stanley react. Stanley hurries to John*

**Stanley** Might be Vicki!

**John** Vicki?

**Stanley** Back from Poppy's — no Gavin there.

**John** Right, let's think!

**Stanley** Now he says, "think".

*John's ensuing speech is delivered with speedy military precision. During the latter part of the speech, Stanley starts to go crossed-eyed and weakly backs away slowly towards the armchair DR. He feels for the armchair and sits, expressionless, staring at John*

**John** OK! You go upstairs and look out of your bedroom windows. If it's Vicki tell her I've been taken to St Thomas's hospital with concussion — brought about when you banged my head on the kitchen door. She's to get over to the hospital right away. You go with her. While you're dealing with Vicki, I'll go in there to Gavin, put on the "heavy father" act and say I've come over to Wimbledon to take him home to Streatham. As soon as you've dumped Vicki at the hospital get back here and tell Mary that I've had to go and pick up my old age pensioner from Tesco's. I'll take Barbara out to that new vegetarian restaurant in Streatham — better take Gavin with us — yes. Then as soon as we've sat down to dinner, I'll say I've suddenly remembered my old age pensioner at Tesco's and get back here for a quick lamb stew with Mary. OO! As soon as you've dumped Vicki at the hospital — but before you come back here to tell Mary I've gone to pick up my old age pensioner from Tesco's — ring up the AA. You ring the AA and tell them to get over here right away and fix the puncture on my taxi. By the time they've done that I'll be back here with Mary and the lamb stew and you and your dad can have your car and push off to Felixstowe. *(To Stanley)* You got that?

*Stanley shakes his head. Dad rises*



**Dad** I got it, it's brilliant!

*Stanley rises*

**Stanley** It's terrible!

*The doorbell rings again. John and Stanley react. John pulls Stanley across him and* URC

**John** Upstairs. If it's Vicki, St Thomas's hospital. I'll go in there to Gavin and, as soon as you've dealt with Vicki, I'll get him back to Streatham.

*The doorbell rings again. Dad moves* ULC

**Dad** (to Stanley) I'm getting a bit worried, you know.

**Stanley** (confused) What?

**Dad** I keep hearing this ringing sound in my ears

*The kitchen door is banged*

**Mary** (off) Have you locked me in again, Stanley?!

**Stanley** Of course, it's bound to be me.

**John** Upstairs!

*John pushes Stanley upstairs. There is more banging on the kitchen door*

**Mary** (off) Hey!

**Dad** (to John) I'm going to make an official complaint about the noise in your hotel.

**John** (to Stanley) Upstairs. See if it's Vicki.

*The kitchen door is banged*

**Mary** (off) Open this door!

**Dad** (calling) Shut up!

*The second bedroom door is banged*

**Gavin** (off) Hey, this door seems to be locked!

**Dad** And you can shut up as well.

**John** (to Stanley) I'll deal with Gavin and Mary.

*The doorbell rings*

And if that's Vicki ——

**Stanley** I know! You're in St Thomas's hospital expecting a baby!

*Stanley exits upstairs*

**Mary** (off) If you don't open this door, Stanley, I'm going to kick it in!

*The kitchen door is kicked. John decides on the kitchen door. The doorbell rings*

**Dad** (banging his ear) Blast, blast it, blast it!

*Dad moves to the stairs. John unlocks the kitchen door*

*Mary storms in with a carving knife*

**Mary** Stanley, if you lock me ——! (She stops) John! Did you lock that door?

**John** No, Stanley did.

**Mary** Right! He's had it now!

*Mary runs past John to the stairs but comes face to face with Dad. Dad reacts to the pointed knife and puts his hands in the air*

**Dad** (cowering from her) Ahhh! Guest! Guest!

**John** Mary! Never mind Stanley. (He takes the carving knife from Mary and puts it on the table behind the settee) I've got this splitting headache. Could you find the aspirins for me?

**Mary** Can't you get your own aspirins?

**John** No. I'm in the middle of fixing the upstairs lavatory. Water everywhere.

**Dad** (still with his hands in the air) That's the ballcock, not me.

**John** Mary, please! Aspirins. In our bedside cabinet.

**Mary** (to John) No. I left them in Vicki's room. (She moves towards the second bedroom)

*John grabs Mary*

**John** No!

**Mary** Yes, I did. I'll get them.

**John** No! I mean, "no" I don't want any aspirins.

**Mary** You said you had a splitting headache.

**John** I have but the stomach pain is worse. Terrible. OO! Tummy stuff —— bedside cabinet.

*John starts to move Mary to the main bedroom, but Mary moves* URC

**Mary** Hang on. Didn't I hear the front doorbell just now?

*John rushes up to Mary*

**John** Yes. Jehovah's Witness.

**Mary** What?

**John** Jehovah's Witness. I got rid of them.

*The doorbell rings*

They're so bloody persistent, aren't they? *(He holds his stomach)* OO!  
Quick. Tummy stuff.

*John starts to move Mary* DR, but there are bangs from the second bedroom.  
*Mary stops*

**Gavin** *(off)* Will someone unlock this door!

**Mary** *(with surprise)* That's Stanley's young bloke.

**John** Yes.

**Mary** *(increasingly surprised)* What's he doing in that bedroom?

**John** Well, he wanted to leave but Stanley wouldn't let him.

**Mary** *(with outrage)* So Stanley locked him in Vicki's bedroom?

**John** He's besotted with the boy.

**Dad** And he's got Mr Barclay and Perce coming any minute now.

**John** Thank you! *(He pushes Mary down to the main bedroom)*

*Stanley, excited, rushes down the stairs*

**Stanley** It's all right, John — ! *(He sees Mary; sweetly)* Hallo, Mary.

**Mary** I'll deal with you later, Stanley Gardner!

*Mary exits into the main bedroom*

**Stanley** Now what have you told her?

*John locks the main bedroom door. He and Stanley meet below the settee, c*

**John** Never mind! Is that Vicki at the front door?

**Stanley** No, you're all right. It's just some lady.

**John** What lady?

**Stanley** I don't know what lady!

**Dad** I do. It's Jehovah's waitress.

*Stanley and John look at Dad and he smiles*

Got to have your wits about you, Stanley.

*The doorbell rings*

**John** *(to Stanley)* Did you ask her what she wants?

**Stanley** No. She'll go away if we don't answer it. I think she came in a little green car.

**John** *(worried)* Green car?

**Stanley** Yes. Parked outside.

**John** *(agog)* Is she tall, reddish hair and big boobs?

**Stanley** Yeah. Lovely, eh? *(He squeezes imaginary boobs)*

**John** *(with horror)* It's Barbara!

**Stanley** You lucky sod! *(He squeezes again then realizes)* Barbara?!

**John** Yes!

**Stanley** You mean "wife" Barbara?!

**John** Yes! What the hell's she doing in Wimbledon?!

**Dad** Do you think Barbara would let me — *(He squeezes imaginary boobs)*

**Stanley** Go upstairs!

*The doorbell rings. Dad bangs his ears*

**Dad** *(to Stanley)* What's it called, this ringing in the ears?

**Stanley** Tinnitus!

**John** Never mind "Tinnitus"! You've got to deal with Barbara.

**Stanley** Why can't you deal with Barbara?

**John** Because I'm dealing with Gavin and Mary!

*The doorbell rings urgently*

**Dad** Blast this rin tin tin.

*As Dad starts to walk upstairs, there is banging from Gavin*

**Gavin** *(off)* Anybody there? I've got the sheet!

**John** *(to Stanley)* I'll do Gavin. You do Barbara. Go upstairs and strip off.

**Stanley** Strip off?!

**John** Then open your bedroom window and call down to Barbara —

**Stanley** Wait a minute — !

**John** Tell her you're Mr Smith, you're having a bath, there's nobody else in the house and get rid of her!

**Stanley** John!

**John** Go on, strip off and sort out Barbara.

**Stanley** (*firmly*) No. I won't sort out Barbara.

**Dad** I'll sort out Barbara!

*Dad happily squeezes imaginary boobs and exits quickly upstairs*

**Stanley** Dad!

*Stanley exits upstairs*

*There are bangs from Gavin in the second bedroom*

**Gavin** (*off*) Hey!

*John takes a breath and moves towards the second bedroom. There are bangs from the main bedroom. John stops*

**Mary** (*off*) Hey, this bloody door's locked now!

**John** (*calling*) Yes, that was Stanley.

**Mary** (*off*) Silly sod!

**John** (*calling*) I don't know what's come over him today.

**Mary** (*off*) I've got the stuff for your stomach!

**John** (*calling*) I'll go and ask Stanley what he's done with the key.

**Mary** (*off*) I'll kill him!

**Gavin** (*off*) Hey!

*Gavin bangs on his door. John adopts a "heavy father" attitude and unlocks the door*

*Gavin enters carrying a sheet*

**Gavin** I hope this is big enough — (*He stops*) Dad!

**John** Come on, my lad! Home!

**Gavin** What the hell are *you* doing here?

*John moves Gavin towards the front door*

**John** Getting you out of this house! (*He quickly stops*) And we'll go the back way through the kitchen. (*He takes Gavin below the settee*)

**Gavin** Don't be daft! Hey! Where's Mr Gardner gone? (*He points to the floor*)

**John** Upstairs. Taking a bath.

*John turns Gavin but Gavin turns back*

**Gavin** I thought he was dead.

*John considers this*

**John** The other Mr Smith is cleaning Mr Gardner up before the undertaker calls. Come on, you're not staying in this house a moment longer.

**Gavin** Why not for God's sake?

**John** I've done my checks, son. That email from Vicki was really sent by a perverted old Internet weirdo —

**Gavin** A perverted old —

**John** — Internet weirdo who passes himself off as a fifteen-year-old schoolgirl.

*Gavin marches purposefully past John to DR*

**Gavin** No. This address was on that print-out.

*John hurries to Gavin*

**John** That's right. This old pervert lives here.

**Gavin** What?

**John** Yes!

**Gavin** Where is he then?

*Dad enters from upstairs*

**Dad** You're not kidding they're beauties!!

*Dad squeezes imaginary boobs. John's face breaks into a smile and he indicates to Gavin that Dad is the "old pervert". John then smiles at Dad who smiles back and repeats the imaginary squeezing. John looks back to Gavin*

**Gavin** (*amazed*) You mean Mr Smith's old dad sent me the emails signed "Vicki"?

*John grabs the sheet from Gavin*

**John** Yeah. You don't want to stay here another second.

*John turns Gavin, but Gavin is rooted to the spot*

**Gavin** So Vicki doesn't know anything about me then?

*John pulls Gavin across and pushes him to the kitchen. During the following, Dad picks up the newspaper from the chest of drawers LC, moves to the settee DRC, and sits on the R end of the settee*

**John** Not a thing. Through the kitchen. On your bike and get the hell out of here.

**Gavin** Wait a minute, though. Mr Smith said Vicki was waiting for me in a café.

**John** Ah, yes. Mr Smith explained that to me. Little white lie. He wanted to get you away from the house — to keep you out of the clutches of his dad. *(He indicates Dad)*

*Dad happily waves at them and repeats the "squeezing"*

Quick, go while the going's good. I'll see you at home, son.

*John opens the kitchen door*

**Gavin** Aren't you coming?

**John** No. I told Mr Smith I'd help him with Mr Gardner's funeral arrangements.

*Gavin looks crestfallen. John pushes him out through the kitchen door, leaving the door ajar*

*Gavin exits*

*Stanley hurries down the stairs dressed in a towel. He meets John DLC*

**Stanley** *(in a panic)* John, John, I can't get Barbara to go!

**John** What?!

**Stanley** She's brought Vicki's purse.

**Dad** No, I think you'll find Perce is with Mr Barclay.

**John** *(to Stanley)* Tell her to leave it on the front step and go!

**Stanley** She wants to come in and say "hallo" to the other Mrs Smith.

**John** So you told her she couldn't!

**Stanley** No. I said I'd go and see if Mary was available.

**John** What?!

**Stanley** I was getting all nervous!

**John** *(furiously)* Why didn't you just say that Mary was on holiday in North Africa and wasn't expected back until next year?

**Stanley** *(almost weeping)* Because that never entered my head!

*Banging is heard on the main bedroom door*

**Mary** *(off)* Hey! John, have you got that key from Stanley?

*John hurries towards main bedroom*

**John** *(calling)* Stanley's run off with it!

**Stanley** That's lovely!

*Dad rises*

**Dad** *(to Stanley; referring to the towel)* If you're going for a swim, son, I'll come with you. *(He moves to John)* What time's high tide here?

**John** Any minute now! *(He crosses to Stanley)* Go back upstairs and call down to Barbara that Mary has suddenly been taken very ill —

**Stanley** *(protesting)* John — !

**John** Very, very ill.

**Dad** I reckon it's the air in Felixstowe, you know.

*John and Stanley look at Dad*

Well, one ill, one dead and me with my tetanus.

**Stanley** Tinnitus!

**Mary** *(off)* Hey!

*There are bangs from Mary as Dad wanders URC*

**John** *(to Stanley)* I'll deal with Mary! Tell Barbara anything but get rid of her!

*John pushes Stanley ULC and during the following returns c below the settee*

**Stanley** *(angrily)* Why don't I just say that everybody's gone to Stanley Gardner's funeral!

*Stanley exits upstairs as Barbara appears in the half-open kitchen doorway. She is carrying Vicki's shoulder bag*

**Barbara** *(as she enters; calling)* Mrs Smith ... ?! Mrs Smith ... ?!

**John** (yelling) Ahhh! (As he yells, he neatly throws the sheet over his head, completely enveloping himself)

*Barbara sees John in the sheet*

*Stanley hurries in from upstairs to DLC*

**Stanley** (as he enters, with elation) John, it's all right, she's gone! (He sees Barbara) Oooo! (He turns and sees John in the sheet) Oooo!

**Barbara** I didn't mean to drag you out of your bath again.

*Stanley tries to laugh and shrugs helplessly. Dad moves down to John's R to look at the figure in the sheet*

I just thought I'd try the back door in case your wife was in the kitchen.

*Dad is now more interested in Barbara. He gives her a naughty wink and squeezes imaginary boobs*

**Stanley** And you've already met my father up in the window.

**Barbara** (calling to Dad) Hallo again.

**Stanley** And—er—you're probably wondering who—er... (He indicates John) Yes. He fell off the roof.

**Barbara** (referring to John) Oh, he's your lodger.

**Stanley** Yes.

**Barbara** Terrible thing to happen.

**Stanley** Yes. And you're probably wondering why Mr Gardner's wearing a — er...

*There is a brief pause as Barbara waits for Stanley to explain the sheet*

Yes! That is a thermal sheet. To keep Mr Gardner warm. After he fell off the roof his body temperature dropped — so we were advised to wrap Mr Gardner in a thermal sheet. There we are. Just finish off. Make sure it's air tight. (He wraps the sheet tight around John. He then takes the bottom of the sheet and sharply pulls it up between John's legs)

**John** (painfully) Ahh!

**Stanley** You all right, Mr Gardner? (He pulls again)

**John** Ahh!

**Stanley** I'm glad one of us is, Mr Gardner! (He pulls again)

**John** Ahh!

*Dad crosses John to Stanley*

**Dad** (to Stanley) Hang on a minute ... Why do you keep calling Mr Smith, Mr —?

*Before he can finish, John neatly kicks Dad's stick from under him. The stick goes flying and Dad falls to the floor but immediately gets up and starts to shadow box an invisible assailant. He then collects his stick from UR. N.B. If the actor playing Dad is unable to fall to the floor he can stumble around and then sit in the DRC armchair*

**Stanley** (to Barbara) Bye, bye, Mrs Smith. It's been a great pleasure.

**Barbara** Well, actually, I'd quite like to say hallo to a fellow "Mrs John Leonard Smith". Is she around?

**Stanley** No! My poor Mary is very, very, very ill. She's in bed, fast asleep and you can't see her.

**Barbara** I'm sorry to hear that.

**Stanley** Yes.

*Stanley turns to Barbara to push her out. There are loud bangs from Mary in the bedroom. Barbara turns back. The "sheeted" John, Stanley and Dad look to the door*

**Mary** (off) Have you got that bloody key yet?

*John and Stanley look at Barbara*

**Stanley** (to Barbara) That's not Mary! That's Rosie. Rosie Gardner. Married to Stanley Gardner. (He points to John) Rosie went potty about the same time as Mary. Did I tell you that Mary was potty as well as being very, very ill?

**Barbara** (bemused) No!

*There is banging from Mary. The "sheeted" John, Stanley and Dad look to the door*

**Mary** (off) I'm going to kill you, Stanley Gardner.

*John and Stanley look to Barbara*

**Stanley** (to Barbara) Rosie has developed this pathological hatred of her husband. As you can see we're a very dysfunctional family. Thanks for calling and for your own safety don't come back.



*Stanley crosses Barbara and opens the kitchen door*

**Barbara** (*bemused*) I'll say goodbye then.

**Stanley** And you said it very nicely.

*Stanley pushes Barbara out into the kitchen not realizing that she is still clutching Vicki's shoulder bag. He slams the door and leans against it*

*Barbara exits*

Oh, my God!

*John extricates himself from the sheet and throws the sheet into the armchair*

**John** You're learning fast, Stanley.

**Stanley** I think I hate you as much as I hate Gavin.

*Barbara returns holding out the shoulder bag*

**Barbara** (*as she enters*) I say! You forgot to take Vicki's — (*She stops*)

*Immediately, John about turns and dives over the DRC armchair, from the front. His knees are on the seat and his bottom is sticking up in the air with his head and shoulders hanging over the back of the armchair. Stanley tries to smile*

**Stanley** The five minutes on the thermal was up. Mustn't overdo the thermal.

He's now doing his ten minutes yoga. Very therapeutic for those who've fallen off the roof. Brings the blood pressure right down — and the legs up. (*He pulls John's legs up*) Legs apart! (*He pulls them apart*)

**John** Ahh!

**Stanley** Nothing like it! Together — apart! Together — apart! Together — apart!

**John** Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!

**Stanley** Wonderful. (*To Barbara*) Brings tears to your eyes, doesn't it?

**Dad** That reminds me. Is the lavatory working now?

**Stanley** Yes. Just jiggle it up and down!

**Dad** I always do when, when I've finished. Little shake.

**Stanley** The handle! (*To Barbara*) Thank you so much for bringing Vicki's purse back.

*Stanley takes the shoulder bag from Barbara*

**Barbara** (*to Stanley*) Don't the local council provide any nursing assistance for this household?

**Stanley** We don't need any assistance. (*He turns Barbara to go*)

**Barbara** (*turning back*) But with a disturbed wife, a deranged sister, an injured brother-in-law and an incapacitated father —  
**Stanley** That's my lot in life. I accept it!

*Stanley turns Barbara but she resists*

**Barbara** I think I could help, you know. I do stress counselling in my spare time.

**Stanley** Your son takes after you, doesn't he?!

**Barbara** (*accepting the "compliment"*) Thank you.

*The main bedroom door is banged*

**Mary** (*off*) If somebody doesn't open this door I'm going to kick it in.

*The door is kicked*

**Dad** I think Rosie's locked herself in the lavatory.

**Stanley** Dad!

**Dad** (*to the door*) Are you going to be long, Rosie? (*He bangs on the bedroom door*) There's a queue here!

**Barbara** (*to Stanley*) Why don't I take your father upstairs?

*Barbara moves to the stairs as the bedroom door is kicked several times*

**Stanley** Yes! I think that might be the best idea. While I deal with Rosie. Dad! Mrs Smith is taking you upstairs.

**Dad** OO, lovely! (*He mimes "squeezing" boobs and pushes Barbara upstairs*)

*Dad and Barbara exit*

**John** (*standing up*) What have you done?

**Stanley** I've been doing my best under very trying circumstances!

**John** We'll never get rid of Barbara now.

**Stanley** I wouldn't worry. Two minutes with Dad upstairs and she'll be out of here like a shot.

*The main bedroom door is suddenly splintered open with a crash*

*Mary stumbles in with a medicine bottle*

**John** Mary!

**Mary** Right! Where's Stanley!

**Stanley** Now, Mary ... !

**John** Mary! Darling! Have you got my medicine?

**Mary** (*advancing on Stanley*) I'm going to give Stanley *his* medicine first!

*Stanley backs*

**Stanley** Mary!

*John tries to restrain Mary*

**John** Mary! Stanley's not himself today.

**Stanley** I should be so lucky. (*He realizes he's holding Vicki's shoulder bag and guiltily drops it onto the settee*)

**Mary** (*to John*) There's your tummy stuff. (*She thrusts the bottle at Stanley*)

**John** Thank you. Where's the aspirins?

**Mary** You said you didn't want aspirins.

**John** I must have aspirins! The pain! The pain!

**Mary** All right. They're in Vicki's room.

**John** Get them! (*He pushes Mary towards the second bedroom*)

**Stanley** No!!!!

*John and Mary stop and look at him. Stanley realizes that Gavin is no longer in the second bedroom*

(*Foolishly*) I'd forgotten. He's gone.

*Mary opens the second bedroom door*

**Mary** I can't believe what's happened in this house today.

**Stanley** Join the club.

*Mary gives Stanley a withering look and exits into the second bedroom*

*John quickly locks the door*

**John** Right, Stanley —

*John moves to Stanley. Barbara screams from upstairs*

Barbara!

**Barbara** (*off*) Mr Smith!

*John quickly steps into the cupboard under the stairs*

*Barbara appears at the top of the stairs clutching her bosom. She hurries down into the room*

**Barbara** (*to Stanley*) Some of your father's faculties are still functioning.

*Dad enters happily at the top of the stairs. He is clutching a rolled up towel in which are his swimming trunks*

**Dad** I think this sea air's doing me good, you know!

**Stanley** Please, go and lie down!

**Dad** No. I'm going for a swim, and as there are ladies present, I shall change in the beach hut. (*He opens the cupboard door*)

*John is standing there in a raincoat and hat with a scarf completely wrapped around his face and wearing sunglasses. He looks like the Invisible Man. He stands there for a moment then walks stiffly from the cupboard and out through the kitchen door*

*Barbara, open-mouthed, walks DRC staring after John. Stanley takes a deep breath and closes the kitchen door*

**Stanley** I've told you about my mad Mary, potty Auntie Rosie and suicidal Uncle Stanley ... ?

*Barbara nods*

That was crazy Cousin Cuthbert. (*He collapses into the armchair DRC*)

*The kitchen door opens*

*John appears minus raincoat, scarf, sunglasses and hat. He leaves the kitchen door open and hurries to Barbara*

**John** Right, let's go!

**Barbara** (*with surprise*) Johnny!

**John** Come on!

*John pulls Barbara to below the settee c, but she stops*

**Barbara** What on earth are you doing here?

**John** Getting you out of this place. I'll tell you all about it when I get you home.

*John pulls Barbara towards the kitchen but she pulls back. John ends up on Stanley's L and Barbara on Stanley's R*

**Barbara** Wait a minute. *(He points to Stanley)* Mr Smith has a lot to contend with here. This is a deprived home.

**John** None of our business!

**Barbara** It *should* be our business. *(To Stanley)* He doesn't know about your wife's mental problems, does he, Mr Smith?

**Stanley** *(shaking his head dumbly)* No.

*There is banging from the second bedroom. They all look*

*During the following, Dad has puts his towel and costume on the table ULC and comes down to John's L*

**Mary** *(off)* You've bloody locked me in again!

**Barbara** *(to Stanley)* Is that Mary or Rosie?

**Stanley** Take your pick.

**Barbara** *(to Stanley)* Shall I tell my husband about mad Mary, potty Auntie Rosie, suicidal Uncle Stanley and crazy Cousin Cuthbert?

**Stanley** Please don't.

*Stanley shakes his head dumbly*

**John** Mr Smith can deal with it, can't you, Mr Smith?

*Stanley shakes his head. John quickly taps him and Stanley quickly nods his head*

See, Mr Smith can deal with it!

**Dad** *(to John)* Why do you keep calling my son, Mr — ?

*Before Dad can finish, John kicks Dad's stick from under him and the stick goes flying R. Dad falls to the ground and then stands up boxing. John about- turns Dad and pushes him out into the kitchen*

*Dad exits*

*There is the extended sound of the crashing of crockery and saucepans*

**John** Right, we're out of here.

**Barbara** *(to Stanley)* Will your father be all right?

**Stanley** Yes, crazy Cousin Cuthbert will look after him.

*Stanley rises and crosses R for Dad's stick. He leans the stick against the armchair DRC*

**John** *(to Barbara)* Right, we're out of here! *(He opens the kitchen door)*

*Gavin walks straight in, very assertively*

*John is aghast. Stanley sits in the armchair DRC and buries his head in his hands*

**Gavin** Poor old Mr Smith seems to be —

**John** What are you doing here?

**Gavin** *(determined)* I'm sorry, Dad!

**John** Gavin!

**Gavin** I've been thinking about what ... *(He crosses to Barbara)* Mum! What are you doing here?

*John moves to Gavin*

**John** I told you to go home, Gavin!

*Gavin moves to DRC to Stanley. Stanley is still sitting with his head in his hands*

**Gavin** I know but I came back to see Mr Smith. *(He points to Stanley)*

**John** *(to Stanley)* Mr Smith doesn't want to see you, do you, Mr Smith?

*Stanley looks up, shakes his head dumbly and buries his head again*

**Gavin** And I've decided to see Vicki after all.

*Gavin sits on the R arm of the settee*

**John** Gavin — !

**Gavin** Look, I know she doesn't even know that I exist —

**John** Discuss it at home!

**Barbara** What are you talking about, son? Vicki's just been over to Streatham.

**John** Barbara! *(He pushes Barbara to DLC)*

**Gavin** *(rising, delighted and surprised)* Vicki has?

**Barbara** *(crossing to Gavin)* She came especially to see you.

**John** Let's go!

**Gavin** No, I'll wait for her. This is great!

*Gavin sits on the R arm of the settee*

**John** No, it's not! (*Yelling across to Stanley*) Mr Smith, it's your turn to say something

**Stanley** I pass!

**Barbara** (*to Stanley*) Isn't your daughter here yet? She left ages before I did.

**Gavin** It'll probably take her some time to get back from Streatham. Even with her dog.

**Barbara** (*confused*) Her dog?

**John** (*yelling across*) Never goes anywhere without her dog, does she, Mr. Smith?!

**Stanley** (*blankly*) Dog, Mr Smith?

*John shuts his eyes and mimes "feeling the way". Stanley jumps up and crosses to John DC below the settee*

Oh, *that* dog! Yes, she just loves that dog. Won't leave home without Buster. (*To Gavin*) Well, she *can't* leave home without Buster, can she?

**Gavin** Hardly.

**Stanley** Lovely Buster!

**John** Lovely Buster!

**Stanley** } (*together, indicating*) { Tiny little thing with ...  
**John** } Great big Alsatian ...

*They stop and look at each other*

**Stanley** } (*together, indicating*) { Great big Alsatian ...  
**John** } Tiny little thing with ...

*They stop again and look at each other*

**John** Sort of medium size, isn't she?

**Stanley** Yes, medium size.

**John** } (*together*) Medium size.  
**Stanley** }

*Dad enters from the kitchen*

**Dad** I say! I've just put your dustbins out.

*During the following, Dad walks above the armchair, DRC, and collects his stick*

**Barbara** (*to Gavin*) No, Vicki didn't have a dog with her.

**Gavin** She must have. She couldn't manage all the way to Streatham with just a white stick.

*Barbara looks blank. Stanley walks away, sits in the armchair DRC and buries his head*

**Barbara** A white stick?

**Gavin** She can't see!

*Barbara crosses to Stanley*

**Barbara** (*confused*) But, wait a minute — (*to Stanley*) — she arrived on a bicycle.

*Stanley looks up*

**Stanley** (*crying*) It's a computerized image.

*Barbara and Gavin try to work this out*

**John** She must be a game girl, that Vicki! Visually impaired but what guts!

*John pulls Gavin across as Dad comes down to John's R*

**Dad** (*to John*) Cor, I never knew that your Vicki was —

*John turns on Dad, furiously. Before John can do anything, Dad kicks his stick from under himself and falls to the floor. He immediately gets up and shadow boxes. He then goes UR to collect his stick. Mary starts to kick the second bedroom door. During the following, Dad wanders above the settee to DL*

**Mary** (*off*) I'll kick this door in as well!

**Gavin** (*to Barbara*) Mrs Smith has to be locked in every afternoon.

**John** Thank you, Gavin!

**Gavin** (*to Barbara*) She makes Mr Smith sleep upstairs with Mr Gardner.

**Barbara** No!

**John** (*even more murderously*) Thank — you — Gavin!

**Gavin** (*to Stanley*) I suppose there'll be more room up there now Mr Gardner's died.

**Barbara** Died? (*She looks to Stanley*)

*Stanley looks up, goes to speak then puts his hands on his head by way of submission*

*(To Gavin)* Mr Gardner was upside-down doing yoga ten minutes ago.

**John** It doesn't matter!

**Gavin** No, Mr Gardner died right here. *(To Stanley)* Didn't he, Mr Smith?

*Stanley puts his thumb in his mouth and curls up like a baby*

**John** There's a perfectly simple explanation.

*Barbara and Gavin look to him*

*(Yelling across at Stanley)* So, for God's sake tell them, Mr Smith!

*They look to Stanley. Stanley rocks himself like a baby for comfort. There is furious kicking from Mary*

**Mary** *(off)* Hey!

**John** And quickly!

*Stanley takes his thumb out of his mouth but stays curled up. His hysteria is only just below the surface*

**Stanley** Anybody know the one about the dog and the vet?

*The others look totally blank*

*(Trying to control his hysteria)* A man goes to the vet. The vet says, "Your dog's died." The man says, "Ahhh" — so the vet opens his mouth.

*They just stare at Stanley. Stanley's hysteria is nearing breaking point*

The man's mouth, not the vet's mouth! *(He puts his thumb back in his mouth)*

*Dad is now on Stanley's L*

**Dad** *(laughing)* That's bloody funny, Stanley!

*Stanley looks at Dad. Dad gives him the thumbs up and wanders to the stairs. John grabs Barbara and Gavin*

**John** Barbara! Gavin! We're leaving! *(He pulls Barbara and Gavin ULC to the front door)*

**Gavin** Dad!

**Barbara** For heaven's sake, John.

*John opens the front door*

*Mary, looking maniacal and dishevelled, is standing in the doorway*

*Gavin hides behind Barbara as Mary marches in. The others watch agog as she picks up the carving knife from the table above settee*

**Mary** *(to Stanley)* Right!

**Dad** Help! The hotel receptionist has gone mad. Police! Help!

*Dad exits hurriedly upstairs*

**Mary** Now, Stanley Gardner!

**Stanley** *(leaping up)* Mary — !

**Mary** That's twice I've had to climb out through a window! *(She moves towards Stanley with the knife)*

*Stanley back away DL*

**Stanley** Now, Mary —

**Mary** *(pressing on)* If you're not out of here in five seconds, I'm going to cut your balls off. *(She advances on Stanley)*

*Stanley protects himself*

**Stanley** Mary!

*Stanley runs in front of the settee to DR followed by Mary*

**John** *(to Barbara)* I think this could get very bloody — and very high-pitched!

*Mary moves above the armchair to DR and points the knife at Stanley's "parts"*

**Mary** *(counting)* One!

*Stanley runs below the armchair to DLC*



**Stanley** *(as he goes)* Mary!

*As Mary goes to chase Stanley, Barbara moves DRC to Mary's L*

**Barbara** *(to Mary, quickly)* Bye, bye, Mary. It's been so nice to meet you. I'm Mrs Smith. Gavin's Mum.

*Mary is concentrating on Stanley*

**Mary** *(briefly)* Gavin's Mum. You've called at a very bad time! *(She threatens Stanley across Barbara with the knife)*

*Stanley retreats behind armchair DLC*

**Barbara** *(sympathetically)* Yes, I know. You must try to hang on, though.

*John hurries DLC to below the settee*

**John** *(to Barbara)* Just go!

**Stanley** Yes, just go!

**Mary** *(aiming the knife across Barbara)* Two!

*Gavin moves down to Barbara*

**Gavin** *(to Barbara)* Come on, let's go!

**John** Yes!

**Mary** *(to Gavin)* You're not still here! Do you want even more money?! *(She crosses Barbara and backs Gavin to below the settee c)*

**Gavin** *(nervously, at a loss)* Er — no.

*John pulls Gavin across to DLC*

**John** No, he doesn't. *(To Stanley)* He doesn't want any more, does he?

**Stanley** No, he's satisfied ... *(Quickly)* He's had enough ... Just go!

**Mary** *(to Stanley)* Three! *(She runs at Stanley)*

*Stanley runs DL, as John pushes Gavin up to the front door*

*(To Gavin)* Hey!

*Gavin stops by the front door*

How old are you?

**Gavin** Sixteen.

**Mary** *(to Stanley)* Sixteen! I thought so! *(She turns violently to Stanley with the knife)*

**Stanley** Mary! *(He runs across in front of settee to DR clutching his "parts")*

**Mary** *(turns to Gavin)* Well, it's not too late to give girls a try.

**Gavin** *(confused)* Yeah. Sure.

*Gavin exits via the front door*

*Mary moves in front of the settee to Barbara at DRC*

**Mary** *(to Barbara)* You've got a son, haven't you?

*Barbara looks surprised*

**Barbara** Well — er — yes. "Gavin." *(She vaguely waves in the direction of the front door)*

*John hurries DLC*

**John** Nice name, "Gavin"!

**Stanley** Nice name, "Gavin"!

*Stanley steps in. Mary crosses Barbara*

**Mary** Four!

*Stanley steps back*

And how old is your Gavin?

**Barbara** *(to Mary)* Well — er ... *(She vaguely waves in the direction of the door)* He's sixteen.

**Mary** *(to Barbara)* Well, you look after your son!

**John** I'm sure she will!

**Mary** He's special!

**John** Yes, he's special!

*John pulls Barbara away to DLC, but Barbara returns to Mary*

**Barbara** *(to Mary; sympathetically)* Yes. Did you and Mr Smith lose a baby boy very early on?

*Mary looks totally bemused. John walks to the kitchen door as Stanley steps to bedroom door. They lean their heads on the respective doors in despair*

(To Mary) You mustn't blame yourself though. And it's not your fault either that your daughter is visually impaired.

*Mary hesitates then, suddenly overcome, bursts into hysterical tears. The sudden screams make John and Stanley inadvertently bang their heads on the doors*

**John** (to Barbara) Just leave her alone!

**Stanley** Yes, leave her alone!

**Mary** (to Stanley; yelling through her tears) Right! Five! (She runs at Stanley with the knife aimed between his legs)

**Stanley** Mary!!

*Stanley runs up the stairs hotly pursued by John*

**John** Come back!

*Barbara moves URC and holds Mary*

**Barbara** (consoling Mary) Mrs Smith! Don't!

*Dad appears from upstairs*

**Dad** Is it safe to come down now?

**Stanley** No, it's bloody not.

*During the ensuing dialogue Barbara sits Mary, sobbing, on the settee*

**John** (grabbing Stanley) I can't cope without you!

**Stanley** And I can't cope without me balls!

**John** Stanley!

*Stanley exits quickly upstairs. In the process, he knocks Dad down the remaining stairs*

*Dad collects his towel and swimming trunks*

**Dad** I'm going for a swim. If I'm not back by midnight, I'll be in Calais.

*Dad exits through the kitchen*

*John, very nervously, moves to above the armchair DLC watching Mary and Barbara intensely*

**Barbara** (to Mary) There, there!

**Mary** He should stay upstairs where he blood-well belongs.

**Barbara** No, everything will be all right. And you don't really want to cut his —

**Mary** (interrupting) Yes, I bloody do! (She rises and moves to chase Stanley)

*Barbara rises and stops Mary*

**Barbara** He's doing his best for you, Mrs Smith. (She takes the knife from Mary) He loves you.

**Mary** (staring at Barbara) What?

*Barbara sits with Mary on the settee. Barbara on the R and Mary on the L. John, very worried, steps in a pace*

**Barbara** He loves you. (She leans over and puts the knife on the table behind the settee) Do you know what you should do?

**Mary** (flatly) What?

**Barbara** Tell him to stop sleeping upstairs and jump into *your* bed.

*Mary looks appalled*

**John** I don't think that's a very good idea. (He goes to pull Mary up)

*Mary resists*

**Mary** (to Barbara, pointing upstairs) That lay-about, in my bed?!

**Barbara** A nightly session of sex will cure most things.

*Mary hesitates then breaks into hysterical screams again. She rises and crosses Barbara. Barbara rises and re-sits next to Mary. Mary is now on the R and Barbara is on the L of the settee*

**John** (to Barbara) I don't think Mrs Smith is into alternative medicine.

*John lifts Barbara up*

**Mary** (rising) No! (To Barbara) Would you jump into bed with your lodger?!

**Barbara** (taken aback) Well, no I wouldn't.

**Mary** Then don't tell me to do it with Stanley bloody Gardner!

**Barbara** (confused) Stanley — ?

**John** (interrupting; to Barbara) Time to go, Mrs Smith! (He tries to pull Barbara away)

*Barbara resists and sits back with Mary*

**Barbara** (to Mary; laughing) No, you misunderstood. I was saying you should sleep with your husband. Him! (She turns and points upstairs)

**Mary** I'm not married to that useless bugger up there.

**John** (frantically) Anybody know the one about the dog and the vet?

**Mary** I'm married to him. (She points across Barbara to John)

*There is a pause, then Barbara turns and looks to John. There is a moment's awful pause*

*Dad enters from kitchen still clutching a towel*

**Dad** I asked four people!! And not one of them knew the way to the beach.

**John** (trying to contain his hysteria) This dog takes a man to the vet. The vet says "Ahhh" and opens his mouth; so the man puts the dog in it!

*Mary and Barbara continue to stare at John*

(Frantically) This lady takes her pussy to the vet. The vet says to the pussy ... (He stops) Pussy — pussy — pussy.

**Dad** It's the way you tell 'em.

**John** It's the way I tell 'em all right. OK, OK, I've had a good run! The game is finally up. (He takes a breath and during the following moves above the settee and to DRC) What I'm going to say will surprise you both — well, more than surprise you. Mr Gardner, will you sit down, please.

**Dad** All right. I hope this one's funnier than your others.

*Dad sits in the armchair DRC*

**John** (simply and seriously) It's not funny at all actually. (To Mary and Barbara) I love you.

*Mary and Barbara just nod in unison*

Our marriage has been wonderful — perfect — fantastic.

*Mary and Barbara just nod in unison*

I don't think I can live without you.

*Mary and Barbara just nod in unison*

Either of you.

*Mary and Barbara start to nod — but then look to each other for a moment. They then look back to John*

That's it, really. Oh, yes. I'm married to both of you.

*Mary and Barbara just look at John*

Well, there we are! I'll — er — move out today, Mary. And I'll move out from Streatham as well, Barbara. I suppose the police will have to be told — criminal offence. (Tenderly) I just want to say thanks for everything — thanks for the KitKats and the Mars Bars, Mary, and all the super soups and the lamb stews. And thanks for all the vegetarian meals and health food stuff, Barbara. And, well — I'm sorry.

*John, overcome, sits in the armchair DRC and puts his head in his hands. Mary and Barbara just look at him. Dad rises*

**Dad** If that's the funniest you've got I'm going for a swim.

*Dad exits into kitchen with his towel and costume*

*There is a pause. Then Mary and Barbara laugh*

**Mary** (laughing; to Barbara) You tell him.

**Barbara** (laughing) OK. (She looks to John) Johnny, we've known for years.

*There is a brief pause and then John slowly looks up. Mary and Barbara grin happily and warmly at John*

**John** (blankly) You've known for ——?

**Mary** — about fifteen years.

**John** (rising) Fifteen ——?!

*During the following, Mary and Barbara, still chuckling, walk to either side of John and take an arm each, Mary on John's L and Barbara on his R*

**Barbara** (rising) We're not stupid, pumpkin.

**Mary** (rising) All those dreadful excuses, Johnny.

**Barbara** And then week after week after week ——

**John** What?

**Mary** "Not tonight, I'm too tired."

**Barbara** But you know what your biggest mistake is, sweetheart?

**John** What?

**Mary** }  
**Barbara** } (together) You talk in your sleep!

*They both kiss John on the cheek and hug him*

**Barbara** (saucily) So one day I followed you —

**John** (with outrage) Barbara!

**Mary** (saucily) And then I followed you —

**John** Mary!

**Barbara** That's how we met.

**Mary** And we decided we'd got it pretty good.

**Barbara** Yes. You weren't cluttering up the house too often.

**Mary** You spoilt us rotten so we wouldn't suspect.

**Barbara** And it was fun comparing notes.

**John** Wait a minute! Wait a minute! Whoa-whoa-whoa! If you've known all along, (to Mary) why were you having screaming hysterics just now? (To Barbara) And why were you comforting her and giving her advice?

*During the following, Mary and Barbara can hardly contain their laughter*

**Barbara** We were trying to spin it out as long as possible.

**Mary** We haven't had so much fun in years.

**Barbara** We've had some laughs since we found out. But, I reckon that today was the best. (To Mary) Don't you?

**Mary** Definitely.

**John** (astounded) And you've both known for fifteen years?

*Still laughing, Mary and Barbara nod. John looks at them for a moment*

(Sternly) I think your behaviour is the most deceitful, despicable, betrayal of a marriage —

*Mary and Barbara step back and point a derisive finger at him: interrupting and laughing at his effrontery*

**Mary** }  
**Barbara** } (together) Oh!

**John** (pressing on) — of all the sly, underhand, conniving —

*Mary and Barbara step back to John and put their arms around him. They kiss him*

*Stanley enters purposefully down the stairs carrying his suitcase. He is now dressed. He marches DLC*

**Stanley** Right, I'm off! Where's Dad?

**John** (still angry) Stanley, I think there's something you should know —

**Stanley** (interrupting) No! I'm going on holiday with my father. I'm not helping you any more!

**John** Stanley, it's all right!

*Stanley moves below c settee*

**Stanley** No! If you think I'm hanging around here to be castrated by Mary ... (He stops; blankly) Mary and Barbara are cuddling you.

**John** Yes!

**Stanley** They've got happy smiling faces.

**John** Yes!

*There is a pause*

**Stanley** Wake up, Stanley, wake up! (He walks away to DLC smacking his cheeks)

*John crosses to below the settee, c*

**John** They've known for fifteen years!

**Stanley** God, I've had a half a dozen heart attacks for nothing. (He sits in the armchair DLC)

*Vicki hurries in to DLC, through the front door*

**Vicki** I've just met Gavin down the road!

*They all turn to Vicki*

He's fantastic! He's so polite, I mean, considerate. He took me by the arm. He escorted me across the road. He said, "Mind the pavement." "Watch where you're going."

*John moves to Vicki*

**John** (gently) Vicki —

**Vicki** (pressing on) I really like him, Dad. He's as sexy as hell!

**John** Vicki.

**Vicki** (pressing on) He's asked me to go to this club with him tonight. And he wants to take me on his motorbike to Brighton.

**John** Vicki — !

**Vicki** He's brilliant! And he wants to buy me a dog!

**John** (*simply*) Vicki, you mustn't see him any more.

**Vicki** Don't start that again!

**John** No, Vicki, please — !

**Vicki** Listen, I *like* him! That's all. I'm not saying, I'm going to sleep with him and make babies!

**John** Vicki!

**Vicki** But we will if we want to.

*Vicki runs out*

**John** Vicki! Mary, I've got to tell her!

*John goes to move, but Mary quickly steps in and stops him*

**Mary** No, don't!

**John** I must!

**Mary** No, you mustn't!

**John** Mary! There's no future for them! They've both got the same father!

**Mary** No, they haven't!

*There is a pause as John takes this in. Mary quickly sits them both on the settee. Barbara sits in the armchair DRC*

**Mary** (*rapidly*) You're not Vicki's father. I'm sorry, Johnny. It was only once. Sixteen years ago. I was alone a lot. Feeling — you know. It was only once.

**John** (*bravely*) Who was it?

**Mary** The lodger.

*Mary points across John to Stanley. John looks at Stanley. Stanley stands up, mortified. He then indicates to John it was only "once" by raising one finger. John picks up the knife from the table behind the settee. Stanley is rooted to the spot*

**Stanley** John! It was only once! Once! You've been unfaithful every other night for eighteen years.

*John rises, "weighing up" the knife. Stanley holds his "parts". John slowly advances upon Stanley*

John, don't! I'll pay all the back rent! I've been a good friend, John! Except for once. I've been a good friend!

**John** (*suddenly grinning*) You've been a fantastic friend, mate! (*He throws the knife down and hugs Stanley*)

*Stanley is amazed*

**Stanley** Wake up, Stanley, wake up! (*He madly slaps his own cheeks again and moves DL*)

*During the following, John crosses to Mary and Barbara, and hugs them*

**John** I must be the luckiest man in the world. A great mate. Two lovely wives. Two lovely kids. They'll have lovely kids. Life's brilliant!

*Dad enters from the kitchen with his stick. He is wearing his "Long-John" underpants with his bathing trunks over them*

**Dad** (*as he enters*) This hotel's miles from the beach, you know.

*Everybody laughs. Stanley starts to kiss and cuddle Dad. Dad tries to fight him off*

*Music*

*Black-out*

*The CURTAIN falls*