

A LEAK IN THE EN SUITE

a farce

By

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Set in the North of England in 1968' - "Beatle era"

ACT I

Scene I Noises off. Friday afternoon

Scene II Felicity returns home

Scene III Sometime later. Fiona comes home.

Scene IV Giles and Virginia arrive

ACT II

Scene I A little later

Scene II Much later

Scene III The escape

Scene IV Small hours of the morning

Scene V Maybe!

THE END

The Cast in order of appearance

Miss Margot Salts

The cleaner (a strong character , a large woman who wears a wrap around apron and a couple of rollers in her hair under her hairnet and tight headscarf plus her fifties style glasses)

Young Tom Bottomley

The plumber's apprentice (none too bright , black thick national health specs , blue dungerees , enormous boots)

Mrs Felicity Stephenson

The long suffering wife(twinset and pearls , blacks slacks ; well spoken laquered stiff hair .)

Fiona Stephenson

The flirtatious daughter (short skirt , American tan hold ups , polo neck sweater , backcombed curled out long hair ,pointed low heeled court shoes)

Mr Giles Stephenson

The husband (golfing trews , brillcream flattened hair , very well spoken)

Virginia Cummings

The tarty girlfriend (very tight jumper , large breasts in hard pointed bra very backcombed hair chewing gum ,sexy stockings)

Andreas Poppodopoulos

Fiona's present Greek boyfriend(his mother is Italian ,very vain , rich flashy dresser ,)

The Burglar

Richard (old boyfriend of Fiona good looking , ,side burns and lots of hair . Beatle fringe)

SOUND AND MUSIC Extracts from the Beatles Margot..... Love love me doNo . 1 FelicityIf there is anything that you want ...No2 TomYesterday ..No...11 She`s a big teaser (when Tom sees Fiona on the bed with Richard ...No ...12.....Fiona She says she loves you No/////3 I want to hold your hand (in the bed with Fiona and Tom When on the bed the second timeIt`s been a hard days night ...No 6 No ////4.....GilesAndreasI`m in love with her No /.....7 RichardEight days a week No8..... Can`t buy me love No 5..... RichardHelp me if you can //.....No 10 5 When he is falling through the windowWe can work it out(at the very end No ..13 Help me if you can ////No 10 (FOR ALL MURDERS) Music to repeat for all the little scenes of the murder enactments) Daytripper for the trip wire ...No12 ...Virginia`s theme

ACT I

Scene I

(Noises off. Margot Salts, the cleaner, noisily coming down the stairs with the Hoover. Enters breathless. Wearing old fashioned apron carrying duster and polish. She views an untidy lounge with disgust.)

Margot: Oooh... oooh... I am getting too old for this... lugging hoovers about, dragging um up and downstairs at my age... oh mi back. Why, she should have an upstairs Hoover., with all their money... um I'll mention it to Mrs Stephenson on Monday..... um I'm sure she'll say yes..... of course she will....I mean to say where's she going to find another cleaner like me? No... no.. she never will, I'm quite unexpandable, oh yes I am (*looks at her watch*) oh by heck is that the time? Right, I'll just give the lounge a quick flick over with mi duster and that will have to do for today or I'll miss mi bus.

Oh, he's such a messy creature... tut... tut, Mrs Stephenson only went away Wednesday evening, oh, oh, such disarray, oh... what's this? - eh up he's had a guest in here, oh by heck.. (*looking closely at the rim of champagne glass*) That's not Mrs Stephenson's colour lipstick, ooooh.. well, I'll go to the foot of our stairs, ooooh. (*eyes wide as saucers*) oh, .. he's had a woman in here, in her lounge, by heck,... how could he?, oh my they're all the same – poor Mrs S. Mind you, no...no.. I've never liked the look of him. No, from the first time I saw him,.... I'd better put these posh glasses away, Mrs S.'s best cups and saucers, how he's managed to make a mess like this in just three days is a mystery to me. (*returns with the tray of glasses and cups, bends down, leaves tray on top, moans as she starts to put the glasses into the cupboard*) oh, what's he been up to, they're all the same menapart from my Edgar, God rest his soul, (*holds up breakfast cup, gets out her glasses, puts on the end of her nose*) no, what's this breakfast cup doing in here, e, oh... breakfast cups, oh, it's a bit of nail varnish, a cheap brash red colour,.... on.... it speaks volumes, dirty old devil, I've never liked him, mind oh, no, you can see it in his eyes, hm, the whites they are all dirty, yellowish and grey (*cleaning off marks on the cups, as she speaks, with a bit of rubbing with her nail, and then she notices on the side table the champagne bottle and two glasses, bottle upturned*) Oh, poor Mrs. S. , I'll have to get rid of all this. Mrs S. is such a lady. Men like him they don't want ladies,... no, they want cooks and servants by day and trollops by night. (*picks up the cushion from the settee and sniffs it*).. sniff, sniff,... cheap scent!, oh (*bangs the cushion*). Oh, if I had my way he'd go in the stocks with his bit of fluff, and the whole village could throw rotten eggs and tomatoes at the both of them, that would teach em (*sadly*). Poor Mrs S. – she's going to be... oh, so cut up....she's going to need me more then ever now (*looks at the watch again*) – oh I ,m, gonna miss mi bus! – {*as she starts the Hoover*} I'm going to have to fly round with the Hoover . (*plugs in the Hoover, this is why she doesn't hear the knocking from the kitchen door*) - knock, knock,... knock, knock! (*Tom creeping nervously and looking round kitchen door into the lounge, he can see Miss Margot Salts Hoovering, back side to face him*).

Tom: (*peeping round the back door*) Hello,... hello, ... is anyone there? Hello,, ,it's me, Tom, Tom Bottomley, you've sent for me, I'm your plumber (*creeping up behind Miss Salts, taps her on the shoulder*) .. hello,... (*Margot jumps and turns round smartly and flicks off the Hoover*)

Margot: Oh,... oh, you nearly frightened me to death,...oh, oh, my giddy aunt what do you mean by creeping up on a woman like that... what do you think you're doing – you nearly gave me an heart attack I thought you were going to deduce me from behind. (*Tom interrupts*)

Tom: No, .. no, no, I wouldn't do anything like that... I'm sorry, I'm so sorry if I shocked you..., I did knock, I did, honest I did.,,... I'm really sorry, but I did knock, but you didn't hear me, so I saw you and I..., oh...

Margot: (*Tom is moving backwards in fear of Margot's temper*) I nearly jumped out of my skin! Who are you? And what's more to the point, what are you doing in this house?

Tom: (*very nervous and twitchy ; keeps dropping his pencil from behind his ear also trips over the Hoover cable*) Like I said, I'm Tom Bottomley, the plumber, of Bottomley and Bottomley and Sons, (pulling out a scrap of paper with Mrs Stephenson`s message on it) three generations of them. Mrs Stephenson rang our firm, or I should say you rang our firm on... when.. was it now? You said (reading the details with some difficulty, due to his poor eyesight and intelligence), you had a bit of a leak. By the way,...I'm not the son, I'm the nephew, and you said (reading again)you really needed the leak mending urgently, quickly, as it was in your bathroom in your (*stuttering as he has never seen this phrase before*) n suit

Margot : (*said with great pride*) on sweet , it`s French , but the likes of you wouldn't know that would you?

Tom : Oh (*a nervous giggle*) um..... you said the tap was dripping badly.

Margot : (*Checking her appearance*) Nothing but the best in this house This is a posh residence

Tom : I could fix that in a giffy.

Margot : That`s why they employ me ?

Tom : Ey... it probably needs a new little washer and don't worry, your problem will be sorted out in no time (*he touches Margot on the arm but unfortunately his eyes rest on her enormous bosoms*) as he would his Auntie Flo , and I'll tighten things up a bit an all . You see I have a feeling for this sort of work, a calling, a leaning, I like putting things right, you know caring for things cause.... did I say I was the nephew not the son, oh, I did, didn't I?...oooh,, I'm lucky fellow I am. You see, yes I know, how annoying the sound of a little drip can be.

Margot : Oh, .. do you?, do you really, ? I'm not so sure about that, I think your blabbering on is just as annoying as any little drip could be, um? When did she ring you?, Mrs Stephenson, because I am her daily, you see.

Tom : I think it were a Wednesday, 'cause it's Friday today, that's right, and, and we have steak and kidney pie of a Wednesday, normally, for our tea... ey.. I remember now I'd just raised mi knife and fork when mi auntie Flo, said,.. I was just tucking mi napkin under mi chin, that's right,.. . I don't like to make a mess on mi clean shirt, when phone rang, eh... and auntie Flo doesn't like phone ringing when we're having our tea,... no, no, wait, wait, it were a Tuesday, 'cause we were eating sausages and chips with mushy peas, that's right, 'cause auntie Flo was going to go to Bingo with mi Mom, and she'd had a bit of cold and it turned all windy and she said I'd better not go to Bingo with mi Mom, Rose that's mi mam's first name, you see, I think er mum that's my gran, liked flowers especially roses, so that's why she called her Rose you see, I think her name was Marigold and her other sister was called Daisy. now where was I....she'd had a bit of a cold mi auntie Flo, and she said I don't want that cold creeping down onto my chest. ... she always had a bit of a weak chest, yes.... It were definitely a Tuesday! Yes, you see, I have a very good memory ! You need a good brain in this business, eh.... cause fixing leaks can be tricky. I'm not just a pretty face, nooo...nooo... (*laughs*), and even smaller leaks can be even trickier. Ey, I've a very good brain.

Margot: (*very firm manner while cleaning the silver candlesticks with gusto*) You a very good brain, you're more like a slow train stopping at every station....
It's Friday afternoon.

Tom: But, but, ...but....

Margot: No buts... mi lad. This is typical of the British workman of today (*holding the candlestick in a point your finger manner*). If Mrs Stephenson called you out of a Tuesday, what on earth are you doing here now on a Friday afternoon?, Why didn't you come on Tuesday?

Tom: Well, on Tuesday we were right busy, honest we were, I was, I was rushed off mi feet, mi feet hardly touched the ground. We had a call from a woman in Baldamore Lane and {*Margot interrupting him so they are talking together*}

Margot: ... I don't want to hear any more of this. (*she is replacing the ornaments in the lounge and dining room*) I haven't the time, I'll miss mi bus! And the next one and the one after that. But I will say this. There were a time years ago when you called a man to do a job and he came then and there and he did it.... straight away, and did a right good proper job and all, . But today, huh,... three days late, huh,... things aren't what they used to be. Oh, no..

Tom : That's just what my auntie Flo says. You'd like my auntie Flo – she makes lovely chips. She says, - Tom – things aren't what they used to be oh no but, ,... thank the dear Lord, Tom Bottomley senior, my uncle, only had a daughter, oh, where would I be,you see – I'd be without a job... three generations of Bottomleys. All boys they were and now no son to carry on the firm, I was right lucky, wasn't I, I was, wasn't I ?; cause modern gals do all sorts of things today, don't they?... women's lib and all that... burning their,...bras. (*looking very embarrassed*) but few girls like to stick their hands up a dirty blocked drain pipe, do they ?. So I'm a lucky lad to have apprenticeship of Bottomleys and Bottomleys and Sons, aren't I? So, if you show me the way up I'll get on with it right away. I'm very quick when I get going, you'll see.

Margot: Quick... (*Margot has been tidying up all through Tom`s babbling*) Oh, are you, let's hope you work more quickly than you talk which I very much doubt. I suspect I will need a blooming Ark to float away in before you fix this leak. Right, turn left down the hall, I said left, right, left, right, are you listening to me? [*rolling her eyes*] [*Tom goes up the stairs and stops very embarrassed as he has forgotten his bag*] up the stairs and through the master bedroom go straight through – you can't miss it. Mind you, you probably could.

Tom: [*reappears*] Ops, I forgot my bag [*Margot points to his bag*] It's been nice talking to you, Mrs,,,,, Mrss... ..

Margot: Mrs Margot Salts! (*Tom looks surprised at the name Margot , Margot picks this up*) My Edgar, God rest his soul said I were so light on my feet that I were like a ballet dancer (*Tom looks completely blank , she smiles with pride and does a fairylike movement*) Margot Fonteyn .

Tom: Oh I see (*but of course he doesn't*) Well it has been nice talking to you ...Ma (she interrupts)

Margot : (*looking very irritated*) Mrs Salts to you. I wish I could say the same about talking to you, hurry up! For Goodness sake! Right now I'll just put this Hoover away (*puts the Hoover away in the cupboard and then starts shouting back to Tom*) – Mrs Stephenson will be back soon, but... if you've finished, which I very much doubt,[*rolling her eyes*] before she gets back, slam the back door and next time somebody calls you out to do a job, come a bit quicker. Straight away, if that's possible. See that patch on the ceiling in the hall, it's grown bigger by the day and I've been frightened to Hoover (*putting on her coat and hat*) in the bathro... en suite because the carpet's damp and might get electrocuted and I've just had mi hair permed..(*looking in the mirror*). eh.... And I don't want it going all fizzy with the shock. (*picking up her bag walking to the kitchen*) Electricity can be very dangerous. (*slams the back door and she's gone*)

Tom: [*puts down his bag*] I'll get started then. (*Muttering*); I want to knock off at 5. 'cause mi mam puts tea on table at 5:30 – if I'm late the chips will be all... cold and soggy. Oh, I hate soggy chips. (*Tom starts singing a rendition of „Yesterday”. And whistling*):[*looks into the bedroom*]

„ .. yesterday, all my troubles seemed so far away, now it looks as though there're here to stay, oh, I believe in yesterday”..

Oh, what a lovely bedroom, if I work hard one day I'll have a big bedroom like this and a big bed, and the big woman inside it [*he laughs*] yes, yes.. one day I'll be the boss of Bottomleys and Bottomleys and Nephew. I'm not sure it sounds quite the same but ... I'll have earned it by all my hard work and come on.... Tom, stop your day-dreaming and get on with the job you are here to do. (*Whistles as he goes into the en suite*). Right, let's have a look here then (*puts down his bag, feels carpet*) hm...bit damp, oops, that tap needs a new washer ..(*sings again*), oh, I'm never wrong....” all my troubles seem so far away”...Oh the shower head leaking (*climbs into the bath*),, ..um.., now let's see if that leaks at this little joint, oi,.. oi... it seems to be all soggy, oi... oi. I'm like a caring doctor, I am. I'll soon have you better in a flash little tap.I'll just turn

tap on very slowly (*turns tap on, water comes pouring out, soaks him from the shower as the tap's the wrong way, slips on the soap and falls in the bath knocking himself out*) oh...oh... o my... oh...my....oh... what happened? Oh, my poor head, ouch [he touches his head] that hurts, oh, I'm going to have a lump there, I'd better put some cold water on that, ohh, I oopps oh, no you don't Tom, [*starts to lose his balance and falls in the bath again. nearly knocking himself out. He comes up very slowly, very dazed and exceedingly wobbly as he stands up he notices that he is soaking wet he starts to touch his soggy dungerees and slips on the soap skidding several times...ooops and he flies back in the bath his legs in the air for a second and then the legs collapse onto the side of the bath,he is knocked out again*].

Scene II.

(*Felicity enters through the front door through the hall. Flustered, tired, clutching a broken Morgan style head lamp, shivering and blowing her nose*)

Felicity : (*looking at her watch, very worried and agitated about the car accident and the damage she has caused to her husband's precious Morgan sports car*). 5 hours...., 5 blasted hours on the road nothing but traffic jams , oh I hate motorways,.. I'm ready to go and live on Mars if someone could assure me there was no traffic .Giles will never see the morgan behind the shed , I will take it to the garage tomorrow (*trying to find a place to hide the broken headlamp*) and maybe on Mars there will be no late night dog walkers on narrow lanes or perhaps Martian dogs will have head lamps in the middle of their foreheads. [*She mimics this*], What was that stupid, stupid man, doing, walking a black labrador in the dark. On a sharp bend.. It shouldn't be allowed. I'd have seen him if it had been a golden one, People like that should be locked up. Dogs should wear, a white scarf or a little hat or something. Ha..... I only just missed him. Oh dear (*holding the lamp*) pity, last... fence post, oh,... why did it have to be there? Giles didn't want me to take the Morgan... tough..., it's his blasted aunt if I'm going to play the angel of mercy. I'm going to arrive in style. (*feels her head*). On top of it all, I think, I've got a great aunt. Wilhelmina's flu's coming. . Oh, I hope it will be worth it.[*searching for a box of tissues*] Giles keeps saying I'm her favourite niece, and she'll leave everything to us, arh.....oh..... leave everything to us, huh,.... cartankerous, selfish, demanding deaf old trout. She's as tough as an old boots, she'll probably out live us all. Oh, my throat, it's really sore and then he says - It will be worth it, you'll see,... well.... wild horses won't drag me there again. I've had enough of playing the nursing angel. (*taking coat off and hanging it up in the cloakroom*).

Golf clubs fall on top of her and some of the coats. Telephone rings). Oh, Giles, your blithering.... golf clubs, if I haven't been through enough today enduring your aunt, now I'm being beaten to death by your golf clubs. If that phone dares to stop ringing before I get there, I'll scream. *(she struggles out of the cupboard and dives across the settee, noticing a note cellataped on the phone. It stops ringing as she picks it up).* Hello,... hello..*(exasperated... shricks... hrh.... damn....damn, damn, damn, damn...slams down the phone, and moves the note).* That's another annoying little habit of yours, darling *(opens the note – reads)* – „ Hope you had a good trip, huh.... and aunt Wilhelmina wasn't too difficult. I had a chance to fit in a round of golf with the pro. I'll stay over at Franks, as I expect we'll have a few...mustn't drink and drive. See you late morning, love, Giles.” So... he can play golf, while I nurse his ailing aunt. *(Phone rings.....ring...ring... she answers crossly)* Hello, who is it? *(Voice changes and she speaks more slowly and louder).* Oh... aunt Wilhelmina, yes, dear, yes, yes, I'm back safely, finally, yes, yes... no... I could not ring you earlier, no dear, I've only just walked through the door, yes, it is quite a long way ... yes, it took 5 hours... yes, just a bit of traffic dear, couple of pile.. ups...rain... fog, you know... fog. that present from God to remind you that you are in England and not in the south of France. No, dear, I'm not in the south of France. , it was just a figure of speech. .. speech, dear. , just forget what I said aunt Wilhelmina. No, no, I know you don't forget what I say. *[hold her hand over her eyes totally exasperated]* Yes... that's right dear. Yes. It's good to be home. Nearly killed a black labrador *[puts her hand over the receiver]* why the hell I did say that, *[thinking quickly]* no, not me, dear, it's on the television now, yes, it's shocking, the things people do not to pay a dog license, yes, terrible, yes England's going to the dogs! *[she laughs]*...that was a joke, dear, ... , the important thing is I'm back safe and sound, *[sighs heavily]* how are you feeling, auntie? Good... good... ready for bed? Well done,... well done... They're in the cupboard....no...no... the top cupboard to the right of the sink, yes... the brown ones, yes, the brown ones, yes, the brown ones, yes... two in the evening, before bed,...remember what Dr Bryant said.... yes, take them with a hot drink.... it will help you sleep, yes.... I know I make lovely cocoa, , yes, better than yours, but Giles needs to see me sometimes dear.... doesn't he? What?..... no, no.... he's not here, he's, he's out playing golf with the pro, yes... the pro,.... professional, yes, I know, it's dark now, but it wasn't earlier, yes....he's been looking forward to playing around with..the...*(pulls out the lacy bra from behind the cushion).* Pro,.... yes, pro... professional, dear, yes, he's employed by the club to play with the members... yes the members.... they pay him, oh.....what for? yes I know Giles has been playing for years *(pulls out a stocking from the side of the settee)* yees, It improves their style.... their technique.... *(pulls out some black knickers)* Hh....., yes,..... yes,.....there's a lot to learn about

golf, aunt Wilhelmina,... yes, some men play all their lives and still have high handicaps....no,... handicaps.... it's to do with scoring..... *(pulls out suspender belt)* scoring.....they play around, count the strokes....yes.... yes they do it in....four strokes a hole sometimes....a hole, dear.. I think I'm going to go mad, no I'm sad dear I'm missing you yes....how many holes?... about 36, yes, yes,,... no, there are 18... but they go around twice, yes.... twice...It's quite an energetic sport, but it keeps Giles going.... oh, yes,,, ,fit. Look, you really should be getting some rest dear, huh.... yes in the cupboard,....the right....huh....yes, of course.... I can't wait to see you again yes, very soon...huh.....,huh, huh....wild horses wouldn't keep me away.... bye, bye dear.... sleep well,...night, night *(puts the phone down)*. Oh Lord,....so,... Giles, it's golf, is it? Playing around without your clubs dear? Hm..... *(sniffs the perfume on the cushion...)* hm..... I must be crazy putting up him and his nutty family, oh Giles, you have gone too far this time. I could kill you,..., you Liar,....you cheat,....you sneaky rat..... oh....oh,....no, I'm angry now, oh.... no. I feel like a binge.oh.....what's it matter anyway. I'm not well, a few chocolate biscuits will help me, I must have a whole tin.... I must.... *(looking in the cupboard)*, yes, I'll....I'll.. stuff thousands and thousands until I burst *(crying)*. The gin, is only ,.... to wash them down. I've been such a good wife. I'm so faithful and loyal....oh, I need to drink to forget, oh .. Giles, how could you? huh.... *(clutching the biscuits, starting to munch biscuits swigging brandy)* *(black out)* *(crunching noises, quite tiddled now and bloated)* ... eh....that's finished the top row,....I can't eat all the biscuits in the bottom row or could I ... , *(laughs)* ...because I'll surely be sick ... who cares anyway? I don't. *(removes paper)* and then I'll ... *(a gun in a big tin in the second row. She holds it up pointing it at herself. Nozzle between her eyes being cross-eyed as she speaks)*. That's not a chocolate biscuit, and ,... it's not a free gift. They don't put free gifts in tins of chocolate biscuits, only packets of cereals. It's a gun! It's a gun! It's a gun! No, no, no, this is my house, these are my biscuits .Who would put a real gun in my biscuit tin..... I said I'd never binge again.... Ah..... so did Giles plant this? Ah.... he knows my weakness. It's too horrible to imagine ...oh no, he wouldn't, would he? Surely, he doesn't hate me that much, does he? Oh my god this is serious. *(she hiccups)* he is trying to get rid of me.*(hiccups)*, [*she says it with a very drunk voice*] .Huh.....huh,....huh,.... I'm perfect apart from a little binging and that's only, when I'm very upset and the gin washes them down . huh.....so, I'm supposed to shoot myself,[*hiccup*.]...so he can be free,[*hiccup*.]... to play around, *hiccup*.. *hiccup*..... As many rounds as he likes, *hiccup*..... That's so horribly cruel *(hears a noise upstairs, Tom)* - Shhh.... what's that? Oh..... It's Tiddles' , it's my pussy (starts looking for Tiddles),here pussy... pussy.. come on.. shh.. Tiddles, , oops I haven't got a cat anymore Tiddles died 2 years ago, *hiccup*....my God, there is someone in the house! A burglar.*(hiccups and laughs)* Maybe,

it's a cat burglar, ! *(she laughs)* I'd better phone the police. No, wait, he might be armed and dangerous! No. wait! I'm armed and I'm dangerous! *(she wobbles towards the table)* I think, I think,, I'd better sit down *(she gradually passes out and sinks under the table).....*

Tom: *(coming up ,completely soaked,his glasses all covered in water so he cannot see properly)* Oh, dearie me, oh no, I'm dripping wet I don't want to get a chill. *[he feels his chest]* I don't want something creeping down onto my chest , I'd better take off mi dungarees *(undressing and wiping his glasses on a small towel)* yes, that's the only sensible way thing to do. *(he puts them on a radiator to dry.)* I can mend the leak in mi underwear, they shouldn't take long to dry. No one can see me in ere , can they ? */(Black out slowly...)*

Scene III

(The key turns in the lock, Fiona dashes in ,she is in a temper and very upset she; chucks her keys in her bag ;she hangs up her hat and coat in the cupboard while calling her mother)

Fiona: Mum, Mum, it's me! Fiona , I think I'm going to leave Andreas..... I must talk to you, Mum, Mum....., we had a fearful row. He behaves like a Greek god. *[she looks about her]* , , Mum. Mummy where are you? *(she peers towards the kitchen, doesn't hear any noise, looks in the lounge, briefly, looks upstairs, it's a bit late.)* Oh, I suppose it is a bit late, .. I... expect she's gone to bed. I do so want to tell you all the gory details, hm..... . It always helps me when you and I have one of our little chats. *(she starts going upstairs, peers through the bedroom door, hears a noise in the bathroom, she moves towards the door)* Mum,

Tom : Eh.....eh...*(Tom does a huuuh.. very surprised , grabs a facecloth thinking it is a towel to cover himself up oops too small. and then wraps a hand towel round his middle...he creeps to the door and locks the door). sounds coming from the bathroom)*

Fiona: Mum, are you going to be long? *[very close to the door her hand moves to the handle then she stops]* . I know Andreas and I are engaged,*[she stares at her big diamond ring]* and he's got pots and pots of money, but money isn't everything. is it ?..He may not be right for me, you know that special one who will make me happy for evermore... (holding the wedding photo). like you and Dad.. .., the slightest thing and he. is insanely jealous, It's not that I want to be unfaithful,, but I still want to look at other men, admire their bodies, (she is imagining this) ,..... there's nothing wrong with that, is there? I'm just fascinated by the male physique, ..their.

rippling muscles, the curve of their broad shoulders, (she lets out a big sigh)uummm...[Tom very nervous thinking she is a man eater starts looking at his muscles in the mirror , flexing his biceps and winching his muscles , pulling faces suggesting he is not too confident that he is Mr Muscle man)]... it all started when I took those sculpture classes you remember I love moulding clay ... touching, shaping, (*she sighs , imaging a gorgeous male body , Tom bites his lip as he feels acutely embarrassed*) If I can't tell you, Mum, who can I tell? Men ,they don't understand us females[Tom gives an agreeing nod] Oh, I'm so tired,, can I stay the night?

Tom: (*another ..em.....from the bathroom*)

Fiona: Oh good, I'm.... so tense....., Mum, if I sleep here, it might help me to calm down a bit (she sees the jar of sleeping pills and picks it up and opens it), I'll take a couple of your pills, yeh,... that' .ll help me drop off . (*She sits on the bed, holding the pills ...*) I'll fetch a drink..... , . (*then she pops down the stairs and goes through the lounge and out into the kitchen*) exit Stage left).

Tom: Ooooh..... (*still wrapped .in a small towel*)... oh..... I.... think I better get dressed. , Erhhhh,, ,no...no wait ...think Tom ...yes , I should stay here, , don't fret Tom, she'll go to sleep, very quickly if she takes them sleeping pills ... umm and .I'll finish up in ere and when she's asleep I'll creep out very quietly , cause I can't leave a job unfinished that would be very unprofessional (*Tom listens at the door ,Fiona is seen downstairs passing through the lounge with her glass of milk noticing the empty brandy bottle which she tips upside down ; it is empty but she replaces it on the drinks table with the other bottles and she wipes the empty glass and puts it back on the table she goes back upstairs looing very worried*)

Fiona : (*comes running upstairs, while this little speech is happening, with the glass of milk, she speaks as she opens the door*) Mum,....Mum...Mum, you've not fallen asleep in the bath, have you?

Tom: (*does another.. eeemph.....in the bathroom she puts the drink by the bed and goes to the bathroom door*)

Fiona: Mum..... I did see the empty gin bottle was nearly empty , (*she tries to open the door,*

but it is locked) eeh.....eh. are you all right,? How much did you drink Mum ? Perhaps I should ring Dad . Are you all right, Mum? I don't feel happy about this. (*she runs downstairs and then she notices the bra on the armchair ; Felicity is awake and listening*)eeh.....oh God!..... That's not Mum's size..... Oh... Dad.... what have you been up to while Mum was away. So that's why she drank the brandy, getting upset)... If she goes sleepy, she could drown in her own bubble bath, .. oh no...I better ring Dad'.he;s sure to be at the club (*She rings the club*). Hello.... Hello, can I speak to Mr Giles Stephenson please? No... it's his daughter speaking.... could you,..... he's not there? Oh, well, if he comes, can you tell him to come home immediately.... Tell him, (she is holding the bra ,) it's an emergency. Thank you. (*slams the phone down, she shoves the bra behind the cushion when she notiices the other bits of underwear which she shoves behind the cushions then she runs upstairs ;Felicity smiles, she is still under the table*]

Felicity: Um.... Fiona thinking and worrying about me rather than just thinking about herself.

Fiona: (standing very close to the door) Mum, please, speak to me. (*Tom tries to do an impression of the mother*)

Tom: I'm just having a good soak, dear. (*He runs the water*) I'll be out in a minute or two!

Felicity: (*creeps out and goes towards the stairs when she hears Giles car arriving she darts under the table saying*)....this should be interesting .

Fiona: Are you sure you're all right? You sound a bit strange.

Tom: (*whispers*) Strange! No , dear. I'm fine.

Fiona: Good. (*she yawns and stretches*) I'm so tired. (*and Fiona jumps into the bed and falls asleep*) Tom is seen creeping out of the en suite he is pleased to see Fiona is asleep but then he hears voices so he tiptoes to the stairs and listens ; he can'tell quite what they are saying he squints as he tries to hear)

Scene IV

(*Husband and Virginia return*)

Giles: (*in smart checked golfing style trews and golf bere*) Hello, hello, I'm home,... Felicity, (*very relieved she does not reply*) oh, thank God, she's not back yet. [*he gestures and whispers to Virginia to come in the front door*] Virginia, you can come in ,the coast is clear. That was a mad idea of yours (*Tom hears the following, his eyes open wider and wider and then his mouth drops open*), I should never have agreed , it was so evil ,a scare is one thing but what if she had shot herself accidentally,[*he is looking in the cupboard for the tin* ,Tom is frozen with fear on the stairs and hears] I'm going to take the gun, [*Tom terrified and wide eyed dashes back in to the en suite shaking like a leaf .*]

Tom: (*still shaking*) I'm not sure these people are quite normal. What's he need a gun for? Oooh I `m frightened , I will try and finish up here quickly and sneak out of the house without anybody seeing me. [*Giles looks in the tin*]

Giles: Oh...my God....it's gone.....(*looks very puzzled*) I think I should take you home .[*opens the cloakroom door*] um.. I must take my clubs this time [*facial reaction from Felicity*]

Virginia : Well, , even if she did take the gun,.. you said she was a bit of a boozier, so she probably couldn't see to shoot straight, [*giggles*] she'd never have shot herself really, would she? [(*Looking a bit worried*) ...

Giles: Yes, but where is she? She should be back by now and she's got the gun....You've no heart, have you? You're just a.....

Virginia: Oh... yeh....I'm just a....what? .. a damn good lay. hm..... Plenty of men at the club look at me, they undress me... with lustful passionate desire in their eyes, and they are all married men looking for a younger model. So you had better mind how you treat me or I might take up better offer. A girl has to aim as high as possible and get what she can before her looks fade. (*she caresses her body*) so you had better watch out! There are plenty more fish in the sea. I can take my pick, you watch me. Anyone would think you are just after me for quick sex [*she giggles Felicity is fuming under the table*] but you know I want a lot more than that. You said you loved me and we are going to be married [*Tom appears on the stairs and hears the next sentence*]. After you had got rid of your old woman.

Tom : (mouths the words) he's going to shoot Mrs Stephenson [*he dashes back to the en suite terrified*]

Virginia: Hmmm, Why are you so different now ?, What's changed ?

Giles: Yes, well, the trouble is I've got commitments here, and when I'm ;; sober, I feel
[Felicity smiles]

Virginia: Sober GILES I feel proper,....you mean like a good husband give me a break ...,
...Oh, right, so now, suddenly you're got a conscious . You yellow bellied turncoat.. Hh.....
plenty more fish in the sea, as I said.

Giles: Yes,.. Virginia, but some of them are sharks,.... *(Fiona hearing the voices she stirs and starts to wake up)*

Virginia: Yeh, sharks, but you are just a little tiddler *[she is starting to shout]* You haven't got
big enough equipment to be a really great catch. *(Tom has his ear pressed to the door trying to listen)*

Giles : Oh you *(Fiona sits up and calls out)*

Fiona: Dad ,Dad is that you?.. *(she is still rather drowsy)*....

Tom: Oh bother they have woken her up.

Giles :Oh. God. ! That's my daughter Fiona! Oh Lord.... No.. I'm not ready to tell her about us!
Please *(he drags her towards the cupboard door .)*

Virginia: *(complaining bitterly)* Ere !.... Where you taking me?

Giles : Virginia, Get in the cupboard quickly please, I'll give youanything you want *(there is a look of great expectation on her face)* a big diamond ring.... a complete new wardrobe... just please get into the cupboard and stay quiet.

Virginia : *(whispering)* Oh ! All right big boy .. now you're talking. *(Virginia smiles a very sly smile and goes into the cupboard. Fiona is now running down the stairs)*

Fiona : Dad, Dad. ! Oh thank God ; you're here. It's mum. She's in the bath.

Giles : So...that`s where she is *(he sighs with relief)*

Fiona : But for ages and.. *(Giles interrupts)*

Giles : Fiona ; What are you saying?.

Fiona: Well.. she's been drinking . *(The wife has been listening to all this)*

Giles: *(They go and look at the bottles on the drinks tray in the dining room and then they dash upstairs)* Oh, no.

Tom: Oh I hope he's not got that gun ... no .. no.. he wouldn't use it in front of his daughter . Would he ? No...no even if he does think I am Mrs Stephenson.. surely he wouldn't shoot ...oh ..heck how did I get myself into this mess?*[Giles and Fiona are listening for breathing ,they both have an ear against the door]*

Giles : Fiona you haven't heard any loud noises , have you ?

Fiona : Loud noises ...No just the water running *(Giles sighs with relief they listen at the door ,Fiona`s head is above her father`s)*

Felicity : So, I'm a boozier, am I ? I'll show you, Virginia, you scheming little bitch *[opening the door]* So you want my husband, do you? We will have to see about that.I think I am prepared to fight to keep what is mine .Oh yes *(comes out showing the gun and goes to the cupboard; opening the cupboard door. Virginia looks terrified)* Stick that coat on backwards or I'll shoot you , you hussy *[Virginia wide eyed]*

Virginia : I'm too young to die...like you..

Felicity : I 'm not sure you were named correctly ...Virginia *(and ties her in the sleeve and puts a scarf over her hair and gags her mouth. Virginia, while she's doing this, starts speaking)*

Virginia: How are you feeling Mrs Stephenson, ? You're looking so chicche, so young, so attractive. What are you going to do to me ? *[she is terrified .]*

Felicity : Shut up, you flousie. I'm shoot you if you don't do exactly what I say.

Virginia: *[thinking hard]* Oh ..no I am far too young and beautiful to die .

Felicity : That's a matter of a opinion Virginia.

Virginia : You didn't hear what I said earlier ,did you ? *(Felicity gives her a knowing look)* Because I didn't mean anything I said It was just a bit of fun. ... I'm not really involved with your

husband seriously. I much prefer another chap at the golf club, honest... I do.... You didn't believe all that stuff I said, did you,? Your not too upset are you ? [*Felicity is tying her up .*]

Felicity : No, I'm not upset.[*Virginia starts to look relieved*] I'm mad....completely mad,[*Said with a mad tone in her voice*] . Not mad as in angry, but as in completely loopy. I think ...; I'm capable of anything right now.....So I might blow your silly head off, or just your pretty little earrings, heeh..... (*she laughs ,Virginia squeaks and moans*) So stay quiet or you'll be dead flousie. Got it? [*Virginia nods terrified, Felicity slams the door with a satisfied grin she, turns the key in the lock and listens to the conversation between Giles and her daughter from the foot of the stairs*).

Giles : (*outside the bathroom door with daughter*) [*Felicity is listening*] I can't hear anything at all oh dear,.....[*Tom is too terrified to move .*] Let me in, Felicity,..... come on,.....; (*pause*) please....., it's Giles, let me in. Felicity. (*very sweet tone in his voice*) ... please, darling, it's Giles, ' (*pauses and listens*) for God's sake, let me in. (*Tom is too frightened to move or speak,*) *Giles is sounding very irritated*) Now, Felicity, come on.... come on, Felicity. Open the door. [*rattling the door*]

Fiona: Dad, she's not going to open the door. (*Tom is just behind the door ;*)

Giles: Okay, We're going in [*said very dramatically*] I'm going to break the door down. . , Felicity (*Tom jumps into the bath, puts the towel on himself*). Okay, here we go .

Fiona: What if she has collapsed near the door Dad. ?

Giles: Felicity darling ,move away from the door .

Fiona : Dad she won't be able to hear you if she is out cold.

Giles: Shut up, Fiona we are going in . (*turns his shoulder to the door*). One, two, three, (the door flies *opens, f and he flies into the bathroom*) ouch, that bloody hurt, I think I `ve dislocated my shoulder... ouch. [*Fiona screams very loudly as she has seen a body under a bath someone is under the towel ,face down in the bath, Giles looks too and jumps back in shock , they can't really see very much, but their imagination runs riot ; Tom is totally covered ;*) Oh my God!, oh my God! Huh..... I'm never going to forgive myself. Oh God, I should never have let.... (*hugs Fiona; Fiona sobbing because she can't look*) *Giles is comforting Fiona ,their backs to the bath , and Tom stands up very slowly behind them*)

Fiona: *(sobbing)* Oh, Mummy, no!...no! She spoke earlier Daddy, honestly she did, oh, no....
(They are both hugging each other and Tom is standing , clutching the towel, hiding his private parts)

Felicity: *(sitting on the stairs listening and smiling .)*

Tom: *(standing up in the bath ; his head above theirs)* Hello,... excuse me. I think there's been a bit of a misunderstanding. Nobody's dead. I...., I....., heeh.

Giles: Who the hell are you? What are you doing in my bath... in my en suite?

Fiona: *(screams while Giles is speaking)* Aaaaah.....

Tom: I've been fixing a little leak *(he gestures to the tap and looses his grip on the towel , he grabs it very embarrassed)*. I'm Tom Bottomley from Bottomleys and Bottomleys and Sons, your plumber. Your wife called me in to fix her leak in ere in the en suite. Didn't you know you had a little leak?

Giles: Where is she? Where's my wife? Where's Felicity? Oh God, ! What have you done to her *(his face has a look of horror)* you tried to assault her and she struggled and ..., you pervert?

Tom : Me a pervert...no I am completely normal ,it's you who has a gu...[he stops as there is no gun visible]

Fiona: I didn't hear a struggle...Dad.

Tom: There wasn't a struggle ,I have been in here on mi own , she's not here. Look, I mean, it's a nice little en suite, but it's small, very small, I think.... you'd see her if she was in here, don't you?

Giles: Where's my wife? If you are just her plumber..why ...

Tom: *[interrupting]* I am your plumber too.

Giles : *(he snatches the towel out of Tom`s hands.)* So why are you working so late? There's something funny going on here and why aren't you wearing any trousers ? Most plumbers do , don't they ?

Tom: Ah yes but, there is a reason for that. They are all wet, you see, because *[Fiona screams]*

Fiona: Oh, so you drowned Mummy in her own bath and then hid her naked body and put your dunderrees on the radiator to dry. (*she gasps in horror*).

Tom: Hid her naked body (*very shocked*) ...No, no, I never saw any body apart from your daily, Mrs. Salt.

Giles : Ar ... so what did you do to her ?

Tom : Nothing ;.

Fiona: My God, he is a serial killer.

Tom: Do I look like a serial killer [*they both look at his knobbly knees and look doubtful*] No, she was hoovering, I just tapped her on her shoulder and she jumped. She was alive when I left her. She said she was going to catch her bus.

Fiona: He's obviously a lunatic, who's escaped from somewhere.

Tom: No, no, I'm not a lunatic, a pervert or serial killer, I'm just a plumber. honest! I am....but I heard you say you were going to get the gun.. and she said you were going to get rid of Mrs Stephenson ;

Fiona: What gun ..she ..get rid of mum ..What is he talking about ?

Giles : He's talking rubbish ,don't listen to him .How can you believe a complete stranger who has been hiding in my bath .

Fiona: But...what has happened to mummy ?

Giles: Tell me what really happened or I'll strangle you with this shower hose. . [*holding the hose menacingly*] .

Tom: Well, I came to mend the leak in your on suit, I was just.....

Giles: Ah, I've got it. You like the older women, more experienced, no strings attached.

Tom: No, no, , Older women ! no,no ... I like my auntie Flo but this doesn't mean I..... I'm not that sort of man.

Fiona: Oh, my God, he's queer (*Giles looks blankly at Fiona*) Oh Dad you know a man that

likes another man (*she opens her eyes very wide*)

Tom: No, no I'm not queer no....;no. I'm a real man... I am...

Giles: Auntie who ? why haven't you got your trousers on? Why are your dungarees on my radiator?.

Tom: I slipped on the soap when I turned on the shower and....they got wet. I knew, you wouldn't believe me, it squirted me all over my dungarees, I looked down and then I must have slipped again cause it was slipperyI. must have fallen and knocked myself out on the bath, 'cause my head still hurts.*[Tom touches the spot Giles presses it and Tom yelps]*

Fiona: Oh, so Mummy, fought back, oh, how brave she must have been *[crying]* oh, poor Mummy.

Tom: No, no, I heard you coming up the stairs and I panicked, I was frightened because I had already taken off my dungarees because I was determined to finish the job . So what would you have thought if you had seen me in mi underpants ?. It's a bit strange mending a little leak with no cloths on ,I've never done it before and I'll never do it again I was just trying to do mi best .
[trying to smile but failing]

Giles: So you haven't seen my wife ? (*Felicity has poured herself another drink and dashes into the kitchen*)

Tom: No, no, I heard a noise, and I

Giles: Get back in your soggy dungarees and get out of my house!

Fiona: Oh . Dad, don't be so hard on him, he's just a young plumber an innocent (*Fiona is looking at him with covetous eyes*).... .. he's just a lad, it's a bit of a misunderstanding, I'm sure *[she grabs the wet trousers and gives them to her father saying]*pop these in the tumble dryer for fifteen minutes by that time you will have tidied up in here won't you Tom?. (*Giles grabs the trousers and flies down the stairs muttering as he goes ; Fiona goes into the bedroom. After this Tom starts to tidy up bending over .. Fiona turns back and looks at the door rather longingly and approaches him and puts her arms around him*).

Tom: Wooo..... what's the matter? Why are you touching my shoulders? Oh, by heckStop it that tickles (he lets out silly little giggles)

Fiona: Ummm.[*stroking him as though she is moulding putty*]. I like to act on impulse, sometimes You've got such neat tight little muscles,...um, so firm, and your skin is so... it all started when I modelled clay at my sculpture classes. I (*and then she kisses him passionately and throws him on the bed. Tom is reeling and squirming trying to get away and Fiona tries to pull herself together and breaks away. Tom runs to the bathroom and then he thinks, he must be dreaming, he smiles and starts posing again in the mirror, flexing his muscles, admiring himself, thinking what a handsome boy he is, and Fiona is in the bedroom miming that she can't believe that she really fancies him, but she does. Meanwhile, Giles is downstairs, talking, sitting on the settee, head in hands, reflecting, and Giles calls out Virginia's name*).

Giles: Virginia, Virginia, where are you? Virginia ! Where she's gone ? (*and assumes Virginia may have gone back to the car, so he goes out through the front door. Meanwhile, back upstairs, Tom comes out of the bathroom. Felicity creeps back as she hears a car arriving and goes under the table*)

Fiona: Oh, Tom... (*and she starts to kiss him passionately, she throws him, on the bed and starts to kiss his chest .. At this point a burglar is at the window, who has climbed up a ladder now starts cleaning the window very quietly while watching them making love on the bed, he is trying to see their faces, he tilts his head to one side rocking on the ladder Fiona falls asleep. Meanwhile downstairs, Andreas has arrived Tom climbs out from under Fiona and tiptoes to the en suite, he puts on a large towel like a roman toga and tiptoes to the stairs Panics when he hears Andrea's words and dashes back upstairs as Tom passes the bed Fiona makes a grab for him, off comes the towel and she resumes her seduction THIS ACTION IS WITH THE FOLLOWING SPEECH*)).

Andreas: (*Giles is coming through the front door, while Andreas is coming out of the kitchen having entered by the backdoor*) Good evening, Mr Stephenson. (*he is very agitated*)

Giles: Good evening Andreas

Andreas: I am so sorry to disturb you but I have to know has Fiona got another man in her life? Because if she has, I will kill him very slowly and painfully with my bare hands (he is nearly crying) Forgive me for saying such very wicked things but I love your daughter too much). (*Tom is reversing back up the stairs*) Fiona and I had the most terrible rows [*remembering he has in his hands a pot of Taramasalata and the bottle of Greek wine*] and....

and well, and.... I want to make up with hers . I was hoping she is here,.

Giles: [*looking a little strained*] Yes, she is here.;;here . She's upstairs ..alone..(*Giles is very worried*) Of course, there's no one else. She adores you ,Andreas (*he pats him on the back in a reassuring manner*)

Andreas : Ah this is so good to hear with my own ears from your lovely father ; I feel a little better now... yes I feel perhaps a little romantic reconciliation (*he winks and gives him a knowing nudge*) Shall I take her my wine and Tarmasalata upstairs, 'cause I really need to see herwith my own ears and hear now to explain? (*he moves towards the stairs*)

Giles: (*remembering that Tom is upstairs*) No,...no wait..... (*he bars the way .*)

Andreas: But I need to talk to her, I want to explain, it's my Greek temperament. but also the problem is the mix of two very passionate peoples you see my mother she is Italian so I am full of hot passionate Greek Italian bloods..... it is very good for the making of the love but not so good for the shortness of the temper and it is very much make me an explosive cocktail but my heart she is so sincere to my Fiona , your bambini ...

Giles: Ah... yes that is so good to hear ..hear (*Andreas makes another move towards the stairs , Giles stops him again*) um ..I think we should let her have a little rest. and you and I should have a talk you know - man to man.[*putting his arm round Andreas*], Fiona ,she is so young and very impulsive...but of course she is intensely loyal to her loved ones ..oh yes .. a true blue (*Andreas looks very puzzled*) faithful to her party (*Andreas looks even more puzzled*) and I know that my daughter would never do anything to spoil your relationship [*his eyes keep looking upwards*].*[Tom and Fiona can be seen kissing on the bed throughout the speech]*

Andreas: You say she is having a party how she have a party when you say she is alone ?

Giles : No a political party it was just an expression ... we English are full of them. (*but Andreas is not listening*)

Andreas : You see, Fiona is always looking at other men, I'm sorry to spill it out the beans like this .; good English expression no ? , but it is true on my honor ...she 's eyes on the body of young man.... she is looking inside the clothes she is seeing the bare body of the man she imagines him in her head and in her bed I know she does this.... I see it in her eyes I think maybe

she one day really do something . Oh my ear... she is so easy... it is real pain for me (he clutches his heart dramatically , *Giles facial expression is very odd*) and I naturally get de jealous feeling and de anger she swell up from in my loins into my chest my ear she ache , I've a very good body, no .(*he tightens his pectorals*)

Giles : Why .. yes but I... (*Andreas interrupts*)

Andreas : Yes I've haven't I ? And I am young and very handsome., and a very successful business man so .. she should be satisfied with me I am perfect ; I know it is very normal that de young man see so de wild oots ; you see another good English expression but ... cannot help myself ... I love her with all my heart in me it beats in my breasts I just want to have Fiona in marriage, successful marriage, , like your marriage? You and Mrs Stephenson, you are so happy together, yes ? *[Giles nods]* And after all these years being faithful is important, yes isn't it? And when her eyes wonder I where' does her ... loyalty ... party lie? I love her with English yes yes .. I want to grow old with Fiona..... in her arms .

Giles: Yes, of course, you do, it's*[puts on same music "She loves me, yeah" on the radio .]*

Andreas: *(interrupts):* As de time she goes marching on, love she lies stronger ..no ? It's not only de physical, is it ? (*he is pointing his finger gesticulating*) But the trouble is Fiona....she is not just de looking.. at de other men.. she is really desiring them sexually,*[noises are heard from upstairs]* I feel...deep inside of my breaking heart (*nearly crying*)..there is animal urges ,. will destroy our bondage relationship.*[more noises purring with satisfaction, and a little louder are heard ,scratching sounds]* What's that noise ?

Giles : Oh oh that's her ..er that's .. Tiddles , our tom cat ,he's probably jumping on something and slipped .. naughty . cat. (*he looks up towards the stairs*)..shut up Tiddles *[another scratching sound is heard]* bloody tom cat ,Shut up Tiddles or I'll have you ..I'll have you done *[another scratching sound]* or put down without an anesthetic ; destroyed unless you stop it ... shut up . *[said very loudly]*.

Giles: Why don't I go upstairs and have a chat with T.. Fiona. And while I'm up there I'll chuck that blasted cat through the window.*[he feigns a feeble laugh]* and I'll tell her that you're really sorry and I will bring her down here ..

Andreas: No, no, maybe I should talk to you first. You have so much , what I want ..a

successful marriage, Mr Stephenson? So please you tell me the secrets how you make it work so well for so many years.

Giles: Oh, right.... well,... perhaps we should.... make some coffee. This could take some time. Come into the kitchen and we'll talk there. *(While in the kitchen the wife comes out from her hiding place and decides that she is watching and observing the whole lives of her family unknowing, and she's rather pleased the way things are going. So she resumes her position.,*

Felicity: This is so enjoyable, you created this mess Giles ,so you had better get out of it I wish Fiona would stick to moulding clay obviously takes after her father...[said in a scheming way]..but I will help you tie yourself in knots.[*meanwhile, the burglar has come through the window and he has his back to the bed opening the jewelry box, knowing that she's asleep, , bending over.... Richard, an ex boy-friend of Fiona. Tom is going to give a kiss good-bye to Fiona, who is asleep on the bed, then he sees the burglar and being an upright man he walks across the room and turns the burglar around)*

Tom: What do you think you're doing? Give that to me,[*trying to snatch the jewellery box*] you thief! *(Richard has put on the watch. A struggle ensues and pushing and shoving and Richard, , reels back, hits his head on the wall and falls unconscious).* Oh, no,... I've never had so many problems in one day. *(He shakes Richard but he doesn't stir. Hears noises on the stairs, which is Andreas , he panics, shoves the body under the bed, head at the feet end..... realizes he can't make it out of the house and rushes back in the bathroom . Meanwhile, downstairs, Giles is worrying that Andreas will find Fiona and see the plumber, so he is listening on the stairs, Giles pops his head into the bedroom, sees Fiona asleep, dashes down and frantically pours two whiskies, his back to the kitchen, and tries to look very relaxed when Andreas reappears]* Andreas says his line twice once upstairs and once downstairs)

Andreas: *(whispering)* She's sleeping like the angel of innocence. *(Tom peeps out of the bathroom mouths the word angel and rolls his eyes and retreats, Andreas creeps out of the room and downstairs, back the lounge].* She is sleeping like an angel, *(he is gesturing wing movements and then hands together in prayer)* her face her face she is so angelica.

Giles : Good. What a relief . well there you are you see ..she's obviously not that upset ; just sleeping all alone peacefully .*(he does a sigh of relief)*

(Fiona wakes up with a start and looks towards the jewelry box which is open and in a different

position, she moves across the room to the jewelry box, sees the ladder at the window, looks round, plonks down at the end of the bed and then sees a hand sticking out from under the bed. She freezes....)

Fiona : *[she screams]*

Andreas : Oh my god that's Fiona I must go to err somethink must be wrong ..no ?

Giles : No....no (*he is whispering*) Don't worry she`s always done that yes even when she was quite young ..yes .. that's just her way of releasing tension ..oh.. yes there is absolutely noything for you to worry about ;

Andreas : Really

Giles : Oh yes' ;come on let`s fetch the coffee .

Fiona : Oh, God... is that you, Mum? Oh no.. that's Dad's watch. Oh, Lord, no. .that's .. a man's hand.*(she looks down.. She recognizes the watch. It's her father's best watch, . She freezes for a second..)*

Richard: *(groans and moans)*

