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It Could Be Any One of Us

A comedy

Alan Ayckbourn

Samuel French — London



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IT COULD BE ANY ONE OF US

First performed at the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round, Scarborough, on 5th October 1983, with the following cast:

Mortimer Chalke	Graeme Eton
Jocelyn Polegate	Ursula Jones
Brinton Chalke	Robin Herford
Amy Polegate	Liza Sadovy
Norris Honeywell	John Arthur
Wendy Windwood	Lavinia Bertram

Directed by Alan Ayckbourn
Designed by Edward Lipscomb
Lighting by Francis Lynch
Music by Paul Todd

Subsequently performed in this revised version at the Stephen Joseph Theatre on 20th August 1996, with the following cast:

Mortimer Chalke	Malcolm Rennie
Jocelyn Polegate	Juliet Mills
Brinton Chalke	Richard Derrington
Amy Polegate	Tabitha Wady
Norris Honeywell	Jon Strickland
Wendy Windwood	Janet Dibley

Directed by Alan Ayckbourn
Designed by Roger Glossop
Lighting by Mick Hughes
Music by John Pattison

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(See also page ii)

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CHARACTERS

Mortimer Chalke: a composer; mid-fifties
Jocelyn Polegate: a writer, his sister; late forties
Brinton Chalke: a painter, his brother; early forties
Amy Polegate: Jocelyn's daughter; sixteen
Norris Honeywell: a detective, mid-forties
Wendy Windwood: mid-thirties

The action of the play takes place in the hall/sitting-room of the Chalke family residence during a fortnight in January

ACT I	
SCENE 1	Monday evening at about 5.30 p.m.
SCENE 2	Saturday evening at about 5.30 p.m., two weeks later
ACT II	
SCENE 1	That same Saturday night at about 9 p.m.
SCENE 2	The next day, Sunday morning, at about 11.30 a.m.

Plays by Alan Ayckbourn published by Samuel French Ltd

Absent Friends
Absurd Person Singular
Bedroom Farce
Callisto 5
A Chorus of Disapproval
Communicating Doors
Confusions
A Cut in the Rates
Dreams From A Summer House (with John Pattison)
Ernie's Incredible Illucinations
Family Circles
Henceforward ...
How the Other Half Loves
Intimate Exchanges (Volume 1)
Intimate Exchanges (Volume 2)
Joking Apart
Just Between Ourselves
Living Together
Man of the Moment
Mixed Doubles (*with other authors*)
Mr A's Amazing Maze Plays
Mr Whatnot
My Very Own Story
The Norman Conquests
Relatively Speaking
The Revengers' Comedies
Round and Round the Garden
Season's Greetings
Sisterly Feelings
A Small Family Business
Suburban Strains
Table Manners
Taking Steps
Ten Times Table
This Is Where We Came In
Time and Time Again
Time of My Life
Tons of Money (*revisor*)
Way Upstream
Wildest Dreams
Wolf at the Door (*adaptor*)
Woman in Mind
A Word from Our Sponsor (with John Pattison)

NOTES

The Ending

There are three alternative endings built into the play.

It is possible that, depending on small textual alterations, either Jocelyn or Amy or Brinton could have committed the crime. This can either be pre-decided and arranged or, more interestingly, the card game at the end of ACT I SCENE 1 can be used to pre-select the guilty party at random — depending on who gets a certain card.

In any event, if it should be **Brinton**, then the section on page 44 between +++ and +++ should be excluded and the section on pages 70-71 between +++ and +++ should be included and the first alternative ending played.

If it should be **Amy**, then the section on page 66 between ••• and ••• and the section on pages 68 between ••• and ••• should be included and the second alternative ending played.

If it should be **Jocelyn**, then the section on page 63 between *** and *** and the section on page 64 between *** and *** should be included and the third alternative ending played.

Interrupted Speeches

A speech usually follows the one before it BUT:

When one character starts speaking before the other has finished, the point of interruption is marked /.

e.g. **Norris** You want me to stand outside in the pouring rain while he plays the piano, fine. / Next time, I will do. I'm so sorry.
Jocelyn All I'm saying is when you saw he was playing the piano, / the least you could have done was to show a little — —
Norris I'm so, so sorry.

ACT I

SCENE 1

The hall/sitting-room of the Chalkes' family residence somewhere in rural Northern England. Monday evening. About 5.30 p.m.

The house itself is a large stone built Victorian folly, built at a time when money was plentiful and when servants and fuel bills were cheap. Some hundred years later it has become very run down and in need of refurbishment. There are, however, still a few indications of how it must have looked even twenty years ago when old man Chalke was alive. The furnishings are substantial if shabby. A fine ornate fireplace, still practical but at present adorned with a totally inadequate electric fire. A table to seat at least six though probably extendable to seat sixteen. In one corner, a good quality grand piano, again having seen better days, with a piano stool. A sideboard. One or two comfortable armchairs and possibly a sofa. Impressive, if rather draughty, high windows, expensively but shabbily curtained, that look out over the remains of a once-splendid lawn and trees, and part of a gravel drive. The exits from this high room include a solid front door leading directly to the outside; another door across the room leading to the rest of the formal downstairs area including an unseen study, dining-room and billiard room; another, less evident door, possibly even a concealed one, leading to the kitchen and servants' area; finally, a rather impressive flight of stairs leading directly up via a landing to all the upstairs rooms. Overall, we have a feeling of size and a now-faded attempt to recapture a forgotten or perhaps a partially ill-remembered grandeur. Today, anyway, on ground floor level, the family, for practical reasons, have adapted this room into a general-purpose living area

The CURTAIN *rises on darkness. Before we see anything, we first hear the piano being played; a piece unfamiliar to us, in style perhaps best charitably described as of the modern school. It is quite dramatic with sudden flurried runs of notes, followed by a series of thick, dark chords punctuated rather too often perhaps by lengthy silences. The Lights come up. It is a dark, cold, wet evening. We are now able to see the player of the piece — no less than the composer himself, Mortimer Chalke, a red-faced, rather fiery man in his middle fifties. He is playing with great concentration and feeling, eyes closed, with only the most occasional glance at the rough hand-written score in front of him. Listening to this are an audience of three. First, his younger sister, Jocelyn Polgate née Chalke, now in her late forties. She is a rather wispy,*

hand-knitted sort of woman but, like all the Chalkes, displays an unexpected strength of personality, particularly when you least expect it. She is listening at present with all the attention she can muster. Giving the proceedings slightly less of his attention is their younger brother, Brinton Chalke, a pale, lean, nervous and rather restless man in his early forties. In manner, he is inclined to veer between fits of childlike passion and middle-aged gloom. His eyes are at present darting round the room and it is doubtful, in truth, if he is even hearing the music. The third member of the trio is Amy (Amaryllis) Polegate, Jocelyn's daughter, aged about sixteen. Amy sits to one side of the room wearing her normal expression, a mixture of bored, blank, lowering resentment, the sort of resentment that only a teenager with problems could harbour. She is dumpy and overweight and whilst not altogether unattractive, gives the unfortunate impression of having made only half an effort. Mortimer continues his recital, giving us a chance to study them all. He reaches another passage in the music punctuated by silences

During one of these silences we hear the swift rattle of a Yale key being inserted in the front door. Almost immediately, this swings violently and unexpectedly open. A sharp gust of wind, a flurry of rain and into the doorway blows Norris Honeywell, a sad-eyed mournful man in his forties. He clutches a soaking umbrella but, despite this, his mac and shoes are sodden

The wind catches Mortimer's sheets of music and they flutter on the piano. He steadies the score but doesn't otherwise react, refusing to allow his concentration to be broken

Norris (*blowing the rain off his face, loudly*) Whor! It's fair pissing down out there, you know. (*He closes the door*)

Jocelyn
Brinton } (*together*) Ssh!

Amy stares at him

Norris (*looking puzzled*) Eh?

Mortimer rather pointedly plays another chord

(*Realizing what's going on, mouthing apologetically*) Ah! Right. Sorry. Yes. Didn't realize. Right.

Mortimer continues to play. Norris carefully leans his umbrella in the doorway, leaving it to form a puddle on the floor. Brinton watches the puddle grow during the following. With great care, Norris squelches his way across the room towards the kitchen, unbuttoning his coat as he goes

Norris leaves the room, but in a moment, returns again, now holding his coat

Norris attempts to convey by gestures to Jocelyn that he requires a coat hanger for his coat. Jocelyn looks puzzled, failing to interpret his mime, and she is forced, rather irritably, after a second, to rise and go to him in the kitchen doorway. He whispers something to her. She takes the coat from him

Jocelyn goes out to the kitchen

Norris squelches back again to the seat Jocelyn has recently vacated by the fire. He sits and starts to take off his shoes. He indicates to Amy that he'd like his slippers

Amy gets up without enthusiasm and exits towards the study

Mortimer plays on. Norris, having removed his socks, hangs them on the fender to dry. Norris feels under the cushion of his chair and pulls out an old newspaper. Having checked the date, he starts to tear it cautiously but nonetheless noisily and then stuff pieces of it into his wet shoes. Mortimer's expression grows grimmer. Norris, having stuffed his shoes, rises and props them carefully in front of the electric fire, balancing them delicately against the fender. Meanwhile, Brinton, having come to a decision regarding the umbrella, now rises and, taking it in one hand, opens the front door with the other and steps outside, presumably with the intention of shaking off the excess moisture. The wind catches Mortimer's music and he stabs at it again. There is a sudden gust of wind and the front door slams shut like a pistol shot

Brinton is left outside

Norris, still at the fire, jumps involuntarily and knocks over the fire-irons. Mortimer, in fury, slams shut the lid of the piano. He turns to face the room for the first time. He is somewhat surprised to see only Norris there. He looks at him with intense hatred

Norris Is that the end, is it?

Mortimer (*white with rage; in a low voice*) Yes. Yes, it is. That's the last time you'll ever do that to me, Norris. The last time in your life.

Norris (*genuinely puzzled*) Sorry?

Mortimer You're a growth, Norris. You're not a man at all. You're a malignant growth.

Norris What are you on about?

Jocelyn and Amy reappear in their respective doorways. Amy carries Norris's bedroom slippers

(*Turning to Jocelyn and Amy*) What's he on about?

Mortimer I'm going to have you cut out, Norris. I'm going to have you cauterized.

Norris Look, I have wet feet. I am drying my shoes. What else am I supposed to do, you stupid pillock?

Jocelyn Norris!

Mortimer (*advancing menacingly on Norris*) What did you call me?

Jocelyn (*with sudden authority*) Mortimer! Norris! Now stop it, both of you, at once.

There is a silence. The two men face each other, glaring. They so nearly came to blows. The tension is broken by a rather apologetic knocking on the front door. Jocelyn looks at Amy, puzzled. Amy crosses to the front door and opens it

Brinton enters rather apologetically, still holding the umbrella

Brinton Sorry. I got — locked out. I was listening to see if you'd finished, I — — (*He stops, appreciating the situation, and coughs nervously*) I ...

Mortimer I want this so-called detective out of my house. Do you hear me, Jocelyn? I want him out now. Instantly.

Jocelyn He can't go now, Mortimer, don't be silly. It's pouring with rain.

Mortimer (*smiling and nodding knowingly*) He's got you all on his side, hasn't he? All ganged up against me, aren't you? Safety in numbers. All stand together, there's a chance you can prop each other up. What is it? Jealousy? Has to be, doesn't it? Pathetic bunch of second-rate failures and all you can usefully do is try and destroy the only one with any talent among you. Well, it won't — — (*he snatches his music from the piano, tearing it first in half, then quarters, then eighths as he speaks*) — work, you — won't — bring me down, you — Visigoths. (*He scatters the paper on the floor and stamps off towards his study*) I'll have you first. I'll bring you down first, every one of you.

Mortimer exits

Jocelyn (*without any real hope of calling him back*) Mortimer.

Norris Well, what about that for behaviour, eh? What about that? Ever seen behaviour like that before? Deranged.

Jocelyn He was playing us his new composition, Norris. You know what he's like when he's doing that. It's not much to ask. The least you could have done was — —

Norris (*angrily*) All right, all right. You want me to stand outside in the pouring rain while he plays the piano, fine. / Next time, I will do. I'm so sorry.

Jocelyn All I'm saying is when you saw he was playing the piano, / the least you could have done was to show a little — —

Norris I'm so, so sorry. I didn't know he was playing the piano. I thought he was tuning it.

Amy Here we go again. (*She throws the slippers down by the fire and starts to go out towards the kitchen*)

Brinton Please, don't start shouting. Please. (*He coughs*)

Jocelyn All right, all right. (*She controls herself*) Put the kettle on for tea, will you, Amy?

Amy exits, her voice almost, but not quite, out of earshot as she goes

Amy Every single bloody evening it's the same.

Jocelyn (*calling after her*) And that's enough of that, please.

Brinton I wish Mother was alive. (*He coughs*)

Jocelyn Oh, don't you start.

Brinton She wouldn't have stood for this. She wouldn't have allowed all this argument. And she'd have had him out to start with. (*He indicates Norris*)

Norris groans and sits

Jocelyn Brinton.

Brinton Non-productive, that's what she'd have called him.

Jocelyn Brinton, shut up.

Brinton It's always me that has to shut up, isn't it? Never anyone — — (*he breaks off and coughs again*)

Jocelyn Oh, Brin.

Brinton (*opening the front door*) It always has to be my fault these days, doesn't it? No matter what it is, it's my fault.

Brinton exits, coughing furiously. The front door slams behind him

Silence

Norris It's good to be home.

Jocelyn I want to speak to you.

Norris Oh, don't please, Joss. I've had a hell of a day. Hell of a day.

Jocelyn (*looking towards the front door*) He's not got a coat on. He'll get soaked to the skin. Be in bed again for weeks.

Norris He's all right. He'll be in his — what do you call it — his studio.
Jocelyn I think that's even wetter.

A slight pause. Norris warms his feet

You're going to have to apologize to Mortimer, you know.
Norris Why?
Jocelyn Because it's not fair on the rest of us otherwise.
Norris I'll apologize when I'm in the wrong.
Jocelyn You were in the wrong.
Norris (*getting angry again*) I was not in the wrong.
Jocelyn (*calming him*) All right. Well, you must make allowances then. He's — —
Norris (*bitterly*) Artistic.
Jocelyn Well, yes — I wasn't going to say that but — —
Norris Whereas I am an artisan. An untouchable. A pariah. An unclean. I'm the token tone deaf, dyslexic, colour-blind, non-creative member of this community.
Jocelyn No, you're not. (*Gently*) Please, Norrie. Apologize. For me.
Norris Again?
Jocelyn Please.

A pause

Norris He is mad, though. Let's get that quite clear. I will apologize but I would like you to recognize that in any normal, sane house your brother would be chained up in the attic.
Jocelyn Very possibly.
Norris (*growing depressed suddenly*) Still, who am I to talk, eh? Who am I?
Jocelyn Another bad day?
Norris Not really. Just like yesterday. And the same as tomorrow.
Jocelyn Why don't you give it up, Norrie? It's killing you slowly.
Norris And do what? What else can I do? Ten years ago, I was the hottest claims assessor that the Pendon Mutual Fire and General ever had. Slightly dodgy claim? Send for Honeywell. Honeywell's your man. You mean the fire was started deliberately? My God, how does he do it? The man's a genius. They used to stand up when I came into the office. Some of them.
Jocelyn Yes.
Norris Why did I ever think I could go it alone?
Jocelyn Because I persuaded you you could.
Norris No, no, no. It was my decision.
Jocelyn I wanted you to — I wanted — — (*She stops*) Oh, don't let's talk about it again.

Norris You were writing your books, your detective books, and that took you away from me and I was jealous. That's all it was. I wanted to be the detective in your life. Michael Stonehill.

Jocelyn Martin Stonegate.

Norris Right. I wanted to be Martin Stonegate. That's a laugh, isn't it?

Jocelyn Well, you make a good pair, anyway. Martin Stonegate's never solved a case either.

Norris He has, he has.

Jocelyn Not really. Thirty-four of them he's started on, poor man. Thirty-four books and I haven't managed to finish writing one of them. I doubt if I ever will now.

Norris (*encouragingly*) You will. You've got your — what is it — writer's block, that's all.

Jocelyn (*bitterly*) Martin Stonegate. Master of the unsolved crime.

Norris Do you know, I think I could give it up, Joss, if I could only solve just one case. I really could. Just one. Examining the scene of the crime, inspecting the body, narrowing down the suspects, checking the alibis and then, all together in one room, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am about to present to you a murderer."... "A burglar." ... "The man who nicked my felt tip pen." Anybody.

The phone tings (someone is using an extension elsewhere)

Jocelyn Who could Mortimer be phoning?

Norris A psychiatrist?

Jocelyn He very rarely phones. He hates it.

Norris At least he's allowed to use it.

Jocelyn It's his house, his phone.

Norris And are we not allowed to forget it. Incoming calls only. Terrific. If you're feeling suicidal, you're meant to sit here praying the Samaritans get a wrong number.

Jocelyn Nothing we can do, Norris. It's the same for all of us.

Norris It's your house as well. It's yours and Brinton's as well.

Jocelyn Not legally. Father hated women and he thought Brinton was sub-normal.

Norris Well, I think the day is coming when somebody's going to have to sort him out. (*During the following he picks up the remains of the old newspaper and begins to read*)

Jocelyn Splendid. Then we'll all be out in the street, won't we?

Amy enters from the kitchen with a tray of tea things which she places and unloads on the table

I suppose I'll have to fetch Brinton in a minute. My whole life these days

is spent fetching people from various rooms. Bringing them back together again. No wonder I can't write. I never get a minute to myself. I'll give you a hand in a second, Amy.

Amy (*heading for the kitchen; as she goes*) Hooray, hooray, hooray.

Amy exits with the tray

Jocelyn (*ineffectually, calling after Amy*) Don't talk to me like that, Amy. Don't talk to your mother like that.

Silence

We're going to have to do something about her. We really are.

Norris Oh, yes.

Jocelyn We are, Norrie.

Norris Don't look at me.

Jocelyn We're both responsible — —

Norris It's too late now, Joss. You can't ask me to start being a father now. Ten years ago, yes, with pleasure. But no, you didn't want that. Amy didn't want that. Fair enough. Stranger in the home. Understood. But you can't expect me to start now. She's a grown girl. Mind of her own.

Jocelyn (*muttering*) Another thing left to me, is it?

Norris (*angrily*) Look, you want a father for her, go and find him. He'll still be there. In his symphony orchestra. Shacked up with half the cello section, no doubt. Go and drag him out of the Birmingham Town Hall. She's his responsibility, not mine.

Jocelyn suddenly sobs a little

(*Softening at once*) I'm sorry. Sorry, Joss.

Jocelyn (*feebly tearful*) It's very hard sometimes.

Norris Yes, I know. I know it is. I'm sorry.

Jocelyn rises to recover and, crossing to the table, starts to lay out five places

Jocelyn She's so — angry with me. I brought her up so lovingly. All the good things. Music. Painting. Beautiful books. She could have done anything she wanted. Danced. Played the piano. Sculpted. She's had pottery classes, acting lessons, everything.

Norris Sometimes it doesn't quite work out like that, does it?

Jocelyn How do you mean?

Norris (*cautiously*) I mean, maybe you should have tried her with — I don't know — panel-beating classes or something.

Jocelyn (*dismissing this*) Oh, Norris. She doesn't even have any friends. And she never even speaks to me now. I don't know what it is I've done.

There is a knocking on the front door

Oh, thank heavens. He's back. Why does he never take his key? (*She opens the front door*)

Brinton is blown in

Brinton, are you wet? If so, dry your hair immediately.

Brinton (*angrily*) I would like it known that my studio is now totally underwater. My canvases are actually floating off the floor. This, of course, is because the roof leaks.

Jocelyn I'll get you a towel.

Jocelyn exits to the kitchen

Brinton And why does the roof leak? Because I am not given money to repair it. I have been asking for money for three years.

Norris (*closing his eyes*) Oh, God.

Brinton (*warming to his subject*) Let's feel the piano, shall we? (*He does so*) Oh, yes, nice and dry. Super. Well, the musical department's all right, isn't it? Let's feel the books, shall we? (*He moves to the bookcase*) See if they're damp. (*He feels the books*) No. No. Good news, everyone, the books are dry. It appears it's just the visual arts that are under water. Surprise, surprise.

Norris Look, give it a rest, will you, Brinton?

Brinton Even the detective service seems to be nice and warm.

Norris Oh, Lord, save us.

Brinton Don't you use that tone. You tell me how I'm supposed to paint in a flooded studio.

Norris Water colours. (*He laughs*) Water colours.

Brinton (*looking at him contemptuously*) Mortimer was right. You are, you're a — whatever he said — a fizzy — thing.

Norris Probably.

Jocelyn returns with a hand towel

Brinton He's a tight-fisted bastard who doesn't give a damn about any of us, but he was right about you.

Jocelyn Here you are, Brin. Dry your hair before you catch cold.

Brinton You help me, then.
Jocelyn Oh, honestly, Brin, you're forty whatever it is now. Really.

Jocelyn stands behind Brinton holding the back edge of the towel. Brinton holds the front. They seesaw the towel to and fro across his scalp

Brinton (*as they do this*) I'm forty-two and I don't see what difference that makes at all. I also have a coloured hippopotamus in my bath that swims, and squeaky soap.
Norris I know you do and I wish you'd take it out so that other people do not sit on it.
Brinton Oh, it was you, was it?
Norris A nasty sharp little hippo.
Brinton He is now, you've broken his flipper.
Norris Good.
Jocelyn I didn't know hippos had flippers. (*She finishes the task*) There. Dry.
Brinton (*combing his hair with his fingers*) Yes.

Amy enters with a final tray of tea things including the teapot and a cake

Ah. Teatime, is it?
Jocelyn Well done, darling, well done. Sorry, I meant to help you.

Amy bangs the tea things down but does not reply. The telephone tings again. They all look up

Oh, he's finished.
Norris Been on for ages.
Jocelyn Would you see if Uncle Mortimer wants some tea, Amy?

Amy goes towards the study

Ask him if he'd prefer it in there.

Amy goes out

Norris Hopefully.
Jocelyn Do you want your tea by the fire, Norrie?
Norris If he's sitting at the table, yes.
Jocelyn You promised to apologize.
Norris All right.
Brinton Is this cake any good?
Jocelyn I don't know, Amy bought it.

Brinton (*studying the cake suspiciously*) Did he tell you my studio roof was leaking?

Norris groans

Jocelyn Yes, Brinton, yes. (*She starts pouring the tea*) Maybe we could get you some polythene. That's not expensive.
Brinton Polythene?
Jocelyn To spread over the roof.
Brinton What, all over it?
Jocelyn Yes.
Brinton It would be like painting inside a polythene bag.
Jocelyn No, it wouldn't.
Brinton I'd suffocate.
Jocelyn Only over the roof.
Brinton I'm not sitting all day in a polythene bag.
Norris (*muttering*) I wish you would.

Brinton looks at Norris nastily

Amy slops back in from the study

Jocelyn Does he want it in there?
Amy He's coming in.
Jocelyn Oh.
Brinton Good. I can have a word with him about my roof.
Jocelyn I wouldn't, Brinton. Not this evening. Pass that to Uncle Norrie, would you, Amy?

Jocelyn hands Amy a cup. Amy clumps across to Norris. Jocelyn pours tea for Brinton, Amy and herself, and puts out these cups. Amy hands Norris his tea. He inspects it. Amy clumps back to the table

Norris Hey.
Amy What?
Norris You've left a bit in the cup.
Amy (*mirthlessly*) Ha-ha-ha-ha.

Jocelyn looks anxiously at them both. Amy sits. Norris transfers his tea back from the saucer to the cup

Brinton (*to Amy*) Is this cake any good?
Amy No, it's foul. It's full of greasy fat. White sugar. Carbohydrates.

Cholesterol and revolting processed sticky gunk that rots your brain and eats away your stomach lining. It's called Angel's Vomit.
Jocelyn (*wearily*) Amy.
Brinton Sounds pretty good. (*He takes a piece of cake*)
Amy I'm having three pieces.
Jocelyn You're getting quite tubby, you know.

Brinton eats a mouthful of cake

Brinton It's good. What do you call it again?
Jocelyn (*swiftly, before Amy can reply*) You want a piece, Norrie?
Norris No, no. Thank you. (*He pats his stomach*) I'll wait for my supper.

Silence

Jocelyn Oh, it's Monday. Card night, isn't it?

Pause

Are we going to play cards tonight?

Pause

I'd like to. Are you going to play cards, Brinton?
Brinton I keep losing.
Jocelyn No, you don't.
Brinton I lost last week. I hate losing all the time.
Jocelyn It's only a game. It's only for matchsticks.
Brinton (*angrily*) I don't happen to like losing matchsticks.
Jocelyn Norrie, are you playing?
Norris If everyone else is.
Jocelyn Amy and I are, aren't we, Amy?

Amy doesn't reply

I wonder if Mortimer will.

In the distance, in the direction of the study, a door slams. They look towards the sound

(*Softly*) He's coming.

In a second Mortimer enters. He carries a statuette. It is his Timothy White and Taylor's Young Composer of the Year Award, 1966

Hungry for More?

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