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SF PERUSALS

A Word From Our Sponsor

A Musical Play

Alan Ayckbourn

A Samuel French Acting Edition

SAMUEL FRENCH
FOUNDED 1830

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A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

First performed at the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round on 13th April, 1995 with the following cast:

Harry	Peter Forbes
Janice	Eileen Page
Gussie	Sophie Winter
Francis	Christopher Webber
Nonie	Prue Clarke
Rache	Alison Burrows
Earl	Graham Kent
Valda	Kate Arneil
Valder	Dale Rapley

Directed by Alan Ayckbourn
Musical direction by John Pattison
Choreography by Sheila Carter
Designed by Roger Glossop
Lighting designed by Mick Hughes

CHARACTERS

Harry, a vicar; 30s
Janice, a widow; 60s
Gussie, her companion; late 20s
Francis, a chemist; late 40s
Nonie, his wife and a bookseller; 40s
Rache, their teenage daughter
Earl, a businessman and entrepreneur; 30s

Valda
Valder } who are something else entirely

Time — Sometime all too soon

The action takes places in a small town railway station — now defunct

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Absurd Person Singular
Bedroom Farce
Callisto 5
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Communicating Doors
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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

SONGS

ACT I

1	He Was An Angel	**Gussie**
2	Dog Eat Dog	**Earl**
3	Imagine It Like This	**Harry, Gussie, Nonie, Francis, Janice**
4	Sorry To Bother You ...	**Harry**
5	It's Getting Darker Every Dawn	**Valda, Valder**
6	Time With You	**Gussie, Harry**
7	Right Side And A Wrong Side To Us All	**Valda, Valder, Gussie**

ACT II

8	Perfect Man	**Janice**
9	You're Not So Bad	**Valda**
10	Now	**Valder, Earl, Francis, Nonie, Janice, Harry**
11	Shining Like Stars	**Valder**
12	He Was An Angel (Reprise)	**Rache**
13	We Can Do It	**Harry, Gussie, Nonie, Francis, Janice, Earl, Rache**

ACT I

Evening

A disused railway station in the very near future. Once serving a busy provincial town, it now stands empty and deserted. No trains stop here any more. Indeed the only evidence that there is a railway still running at all can be heard in the distance. From a couple of far off (non-functional) platforms, 200 kph intercontinental express trains thunder through regularly, shattering the quiet and rattling the ancient structure built for more sedate forms of transport. The station is a sorry sight. Metal grilles seal it off from vandals. Nonetheless, there is a good deal of graffiti suggesting that at least one or two have managed to get in. We are looking at the main station entrance, where once they stood to consult the indicator screens (long gone). Off in various directions are the buffet, the waiting-rooms, offices, ticket halls and former bookstall. Leading off is a staircase to a metal walkway which links the distant platforms. Tonight the lights are temporarily on again. Or at least those that remain

Gathered in the gloom here is an incongruous group. The first is Harry Wooller, thirties, who has gathered them all together. Harry sees himself, possibly due to the absence of other candidates, as the spiritual leader, the self-appointed saviour of the soul of this dying town. Till now, his efforts have been unavailing; the town's condition indeed is terminal. But to his credit, Harry tries to be positive at all times and to inspire others with his enthusiasms, whatever they may be at the time. Alas, a chronic vagueness of manner coupled with an air of eternal indecisiveness, a desire to compromise at all costs, has brought Harry few devoted followers

One who does believe in him, though, is here tonight, Augusta (Gussie) Smith, late twenties. A former primary teacher, she now spends most of her time running after Janice for whom she acts as a glorified unpaid companion and cook/housekeeper. Technically, in fact, she is Janice's ward. As a result of her adoption, understandably Gussie believes she has a lot to thank Janice for. But if truth be told Gussie is more than a little in love with Harry. Her commitment to Janice, coupled with the uncertain state of Harry's own marital status, has meant that any overt expression of her feelings must be sternly kept in check. It is not a situation that Gussie feels at all comfortable

with. She is, after all, the most honest, forthright, person one could ever hope to meet — without a trace of self-righteousness or self-satisfaction. If there is a fault it is perhaps a naïveté, an occasional over-trusting nature, a misreading of the true motives of others

Janice Poole is in her mid-sixties, although she wouldn't thank you for saying so. The widow of the former local MP, Sir Bradley Poole — whose sole distinction in 30 years of public service was that he did the public no service whatsoever, instead making a great deal of money in suspicious circumstances. Janice was his trophy wife, high spending, flighty and much indulged by her doting husband. Whatever brains she was born with, Janice long ago put away in a drawer and forgot. The premature death of her husband, twenty years ago, left her a little bit lost. In the years since, she has never grown up but determinedly clung on to her image of 50 years ago, when she was pursued by every young buck in the neighbourhood. An image which contrasts rather uncomfortably with the realities of her appearance today

Also present are Antonia (Nonie) and her husband Francis Kebble. Nonie, in her early forties, works in the (last) bookshop in town. She is mild mannered, pleasant, inoffensive. Her husband, Francis, now in his late forties, has been Nonie's sweetheart since childhood. He is a local chemist, a trifle overweight but on the whole as affable and unassuming as she is. They are, indeed, a very close couple, mutually supportive in mutual admiration; they would, no doubt, in less troubled times have become quite unbearably inward-looking and complacent. But these are anxious days and Francis and Nonie feel the need of others, which is one of the reasons they're here tonight

The main source of their anxiety is also here, namely Rache Kebble, their daughter. Rache, in her teens, is the classic instance of an over-indulged child who has been permitted excesses and freedom with no accompanying strength or guidance. Skin dyed and sullen she sits for ever twitching to an unheard beat as she listens to her IPR (Implanted Personal Receiver), more commonly referred to as an Impree. Outlawed when they were proved to be linked with potential brain damage, the law has proved mainly unenforceable. Rache is in the majority. Her parents have bowed to the inevitable and hoped for a quiet life. But recently Rache was caught up in a minor skirmish with the law. She has been given a PAO (Parental Accompaniment Order) a recent innovation by the government to attempt to bring responsibility for the child's behaviour more firmly back to the parents' door. What it means, in effect, is that the child may not be out of sight of either parent at any time when not in the home. They must accompany her and she them. Needless to say, Rache is not happy to be here amongst this elderly crowd. About as happy as she is with the prominent, ungainly, fluorescent PAO bracelet she has had locked to her wrist

Finally, and the reason for their all gathering tonight, is Earl Smallboys, local businessman, wheeler dealer, club owner and one of the few people left in the town with any real capital. Earl lives more or less on the fringes of the law. He knows the meeting is for his benefit and he's rather enjoying it. He sits there at the centre of the improvised array of station benches, his mobile phone at the ready, every inch the small time mogul, ruler of his tiny local empire. His role of local boy making good convinces no-one. His father was a crook and Earl is following easily in his footsteps

At the start, there is a performance in progress entirely for Earl's benefit. Gussie is 'demonstrating' a song. She stands apart from the others, singing clearly and unfussily. Francis, the song's co-writer, who accompanies her on a small portable keyboard is clearly in seventh heaven. His eyes are closed and the expression on his face suggests he is playing Mozart rather than a pleasant but unexceptional arrangement of a local folk tune. Nonie, his fellow composer, sits bolt upright, mouthing the words silently as Gussie sings. The others watch her too, Harry with ill-disguised longing — with the occasional glance towards Earl, attempting to glean his reaction. Earl, disappointingly, remains inscrutable. Gussie, it might be gleaned from this, is not his type

The lights start on Gussie and gently spread to reveal this tableau during the next

Song No.1: He Was An Angel

Gussie

My dear husband, don't be angry,
I've no wish to cause you pain.
Could I only find the words to reassure you and explain
What defies all explanation —
For I know you fear the worst
How I came to this condition —
But I beg you, hear me first …

It was an angel
Appeared to me that night.
A special angel,
A blaze of golden light,
A shining angel —

He gently smiled, then explained
That there were certain things had been ordained —

Thus spoke this angel,
A man — yet so much more —
A precious angel,
With wings, I'm almost sure,
The sweetest angel …

What could I do, but believe
It was the will of God I would conceive
With an angel?
He was an angel …

The song ends. They all look at Earl who appears to be wrapped in thought. He becomes aware of their stare and applauds enthusiastically, if a trifle belatedly

Earl (*applauding*) Excellent. Very good. Excellent. (*To Gussie*) Nice voice.
Gussie (*modestly*) Thank you.
Earl Lovely quality. Lovely tone. Good timber.
Harry (*enthusiastically*) Hasn't she?
Gussie Thank you.
Janice (*absently*) Lovely.
Earl Nice tune, too.
Francis (*gratified*) Thank you.
Nonie (*equally*) Thank you.
Earl Lovely words, and all.
Harry Aren't they, just?
Nonie Thank you.
Francis Thank you.
Earl Wonderful. I congratulate you. I congratulate you all. Congratulations.
All (*variously*) Thank you.

A slight pause

Suddenly, from a distant platform the first non-stop express train comes thundering through. Although at a distance it is still very loud. Everything and everyone shakes slightly

Francis (*after this has died down a bit*) Zurich train. Thirteen fifty. From Glasgow.
Earl (*not much interested*) Oh, yes?
Nonie Francis used to train spot.
Francis Only in an amateur way.
Earl Really? Never appealed.

Francis That's when there were still trains, of course.
Earl Not these days, eh?
Francis No, alas.
Earl Have to be quick to spot one of them round here these days. (*He laughs*)
Francis Yes.
Harry (*tentatively*) So — Do you think, Earl, you might possibly see your way to — er — to — to — to — putting a little — giving a little ——
Gussie (*muttering*) — money ——
Harry Money — towards this venture?
Earl No. (*He shakes his head*)
Harry (*taken aback*) Oh…
Earl No. I'm sorry. But I don't see it, Harry, I'm sorry. Call you Harry?
Harry Of course.
Francis You don't see what?
Earl How this could work — I mean, let's face it, it's a Nativity Play, isn't it?
Nonie A Mystery Play…
Francis A musical Mystery play.
Earl Right. Used to do them at school. I mean at school yes, fair enough. For the kids. I mean you're a parent, your youngest kid's a donkey or the back legs of a shepherd, you're honour bound to go along and cheer your side, aren't you? But who's going to come to this, Francis? Call you Francis? I mean they're going to need a reason. And quite frankly, I can't see them coming out on a cold night and sitting in a freezing cold disused, disgusting railway station listening to her singing on a footbridge about angels, no offence, Gussie. Call you Gussie? I mean in my book — and prove me wrong please, please prove me wrong, I am ready and willing for you to prove me wrong — that does not spell commercial. That does not say to me, Earl, money spinner. I mean, I know you're a man of the cloth, Harry, and I don't mean to offend you but let's face it, the bottom is right out of the Jesus industry, face it. I mean, look at this town. Knocked down the last church only three weeks ago, didn't they?
Harry Yes, that's precisely the point of all this, you see ——
Earl Hard fact of life, Harry. Religion. People don't want it. Not these days. For the majority, you can't give it away.
Harry No, we're not talking about religion, not in the narrow sense. This is something far broader, this is ——
Earl Supply and demand — basic rule of life. People need it, they'll buy it. Try stopping them if they want it. Remember Prohibition? No, neither do I but… Look what happened there. People wanted it. They got it.
Harry But what I'm saying is, there are some things people do need that they don't recognize as — as ——
Gussie Needing.

Harry Needing. Just look at the state of this town. Look at it. Look at what's happened to it. Are you saying these people don't need something? That something doesn't need doing?

Earl I agree. It's shocking. It's in a shocking state.

Harry It's — it's ——

Earl Dying, yes. But what it needs is investment. Major capital investment. Not your — whatever they are — musical Mystery stories. I mean the bottom line is you're asking me for money, no strings attached, to pay for something nobody wants. To invest in something with not even the possibility of a financial return. Harry, I'm a businessman. I'm sorry. I can't throw money down the drain. It would stick in my throat, I'm sorry.

Song No.2: Dog Eat Dog

Totally frank and true to say,
I didn't get where I am today,
By giving my hard earned money away,
I never do things for love, mate,
I don't do things for love.

Number one rule, it's down to Jack,
You never defend it's all attack,
You want some of mine, try scratching my back.
Don't ever do things for love, mate,
You can't do things for love.

It's rat race dog eat dog,
It's rat eat dog race rat,
Vicious piranhas,
Spider bananas,
Basically simple as that.

Shove in the queue, don't wait your turn,
Don't ever declare how much you earn,
This government thinks you've money to burn
They never do things for love, mate,
They don't do things for love.

Grab what you can and then turn and split,
Occasionally someone gets hurt a bit,
At the end of the day, who gives a shit?
We're not in this life for love, mate,
We don't do things for love.

It's rat race dog eat dog,
It's rat eat dog race rat,
Snakes in the grasses,
Pains in the asses
All there is to it is that.

Boiling it down, it's all a game,
And honesty's — what? It's just a name —
The guys at the top they do the same,
They hardly got there through love, mate
They're not up there through love.

What do you bet, the Pearly Gates,
We'll see as we all stands in line and waits,
Writ over the door it proudly states,
I didn't start this for love, mate,
I'm not in this for love.

It's rat race dog eat dog,
It's rat eat dog race rat,
Vicious piranhas,
Spider bananas,
Basically simple as that.

It's rat race dog eat dog,
It's rat eat dog race rat,
Snakes in the grasses,
Pains in the asses
All there is to it is that.

An honest confession,
But in my profession,
To coin an expression
Don't get the impression
We ever do things for love.

Earl seems to be about to leave. In desperation, Harry makes a final bid for his interest. Initially he gropes for words, as ever

Song No.3: Imagine It Like This

Harry Imagine it like this …
In case there's some small part you may have missed of it,
Permit me to refresh you with ——

Gussie — the gist of it…
Harry Take the Sermon on ——
Nonie — the Mount …
Harry Each club within the community
Has shared this call for ——
Francis — unity.

Harry Every woman's group, every scouting troop
Plus the dominoes team,
Sharing this same ——
Gussie — dream ——
Harry Gathered as one.
Isn't that something you'd like to have done?

Nonie Picture it like this …
There may be some slight aspect you can't visualize,
Forgive me if I try and roughly dramatize
Take the Canaan wedding feast —
The Licensed Ladies Auxiliary
Persuaded this distillery
Who gen'rously donates, several dozen crates,
Of Cypriot Chablis,
Totally for free.
Isn't that fine?
Francis Which Jesus can hopefully turn into wine.

Gussie Envisage it like this …
In case you're still bewildered by the scale of it,
I'll briefly fill you in on the detail of it.
Take the scene in Bethlehem —
As Mary gives birth so mis'rably
A trumpet call and suddenly
From up there in the flys — sorry, skies — a host of W Is
Dressed in silver attire,
One celestial choir…
Chorus (Aah, aah, aah, aah)
Janice God, what a thrill,
Theatrically worthy of Cecil de Mille.

Francis Conjecture it like this …
I don't know if you grasp what we're intending here,
Or how, if we had finance, we'd be spending here …
Take the money lenders' scene —

Thus following heated dialogue,
The gents becomes the synagogue.

Nonie It will all depend on this builder's friend
Getting timber, of course,

Francis From some dodgy source.
Still it's a start.

Nonie The Chamber of Commerce have said they'll take part.

Harry Now, look at it like this …
Before you make a sudden rash decision here,
I think you ought to taste the ——

Gussie — total vision here.
It's a *son et* ——

Harry — *lumière* —
Or put in the plain vernacular,
A technical ——

Gussie — spectacular.
Lighting everywhere,

Francis Speakers right up there,
He'll do at retail price,

Gussie People are so nice.

Harry That's if this bloke,
Isn't in prison ——

Gussie — or simply gone broke.

Janice Envision it like this …
The costumes and the pageant and the panoply
I wonder, can you picture how it's going to be?
See the Roman army there —
Set to rule rude barbarians

Nonie All played by the Rotarians

Francis With King Herod's men, there on platform ten …

Janice The whole thing will be *fun*.
Listen, here is one
Secret I'll share —
Herod is going to be played by the Mayor.

Gussie So just remember this —
There's something more beside, we're not denying it,

Nonie An undisclosed agenda underlying it.

Francis There's a real world out there —

Nonie Consider our young society,

Francis The source of all anxiety —

Nonie Every Ray Ban tout, every spray-can lout —
Francis We want them taking part.
Janice God help them if they start,
Wrecking the peace,
Then we will evict them or call in the police.

Harry I have one final thing …
You may regard us all as plain hilarious,
But can't you see our future's so ——
Gussie — precarious?
Harry I'm looking far beyond today.
Gussie We're talking of posterity,
Harry Of those who follow you and me.
Nonie We, who really mind what we leave behind.
Francis Before our world's destroyed,
Janice Sinks into the void.

Harry We've found a cause,
Gussie No need to tell us we're clutching at straws …
Harry But — imagine it like this …

Nonie Picture it like this …
Harry Imagine it like this …

Gussie Envisage it like this …
Nonie Picture it like this …
Harry Imagine it like this …

Gussie Envisage it like this …
Nonie Picture it like this …
Harry Imagine it like this …
Francis Conjecture it like this …

Gussie Envisage it like this …
Nonie Picture it like this …
Janice Envision it like this …
Harry Imagine it like this …
Francis Conjecture it like this…
All Imagine it like that.

They look at Earl

Earl has had enough of this high pressure sales technique

Earl (*after a slight pause*) All right, all right, all right! (*Pause*) Tell you what, I'll give you five.
Harry (*disappointed*) Five. Oh…
Earl Subject to contract. That's my limit. Times are hard.
Harry Yes — Well …
Janice I think that's very generous, thank you.
Earl Not at all. Always delighted to help the arts…
Gussie It was just we were rather hoping for slightly more, because ——
Earl Look, if you don't want it just say.
Francis No, no, no…
Nonie No, no…
Janice I think that's extremely generous. Surely we can do everything we want with five hundred pounds?
Earl (*startled*) Five hundred? I thought we were talking K?
Harry We were, five thousand.
Gussie Thousand —
Earl I mean five hundred. You can have five hundred. That's petty cash, that is.
Harry No, no. Please. Five thousand.
Janice *Five thousand*? Well, for five thousand, I think we should probably be able to —
Gussie We can just about manage.
Nonie With trimmings.
Francis Drastic trimmings. (*To Nonie*) There goes most of the sound system.
Nonie Don't tell me.
Janice In my day, with five thousand pounds one could do miracles — it was a fortune…
Harry Yes, but to be fair — that was in your day, Janice…
Janice It wasn't that long ago.
Gussie Harry didn't mean that, Janice.
Janice I mean, God, I'm only — How old does the man think I am? (*To Francis and Nonie*) Did you hear what he said? How old does he think I am?
Earl Well, to me you look no more than fifteen, darling.
Janice (*flirtatious*) Oh.
Earl I bid you good-night. I look forward to seeing it develop. Nice tune.
Nonie / **Francis** (*together*) Thank you.
Earl Lovely voice.
Gussie Thank you.
Harry I'll let you know when our next committee meeting is, Earl.
Earl I'll be there, Harry. Call you Harry? (*To Rache*) Good-night.

Rache seems unaware of him

She all right?

Nonie (*anxiously*) Yes. Yes. She probably didn't hear you, she's — listening to ——

Francis — something or other…

Harry Kids and their music. Where would they be without it, eh?

Janice It doesn't sound like music to me. Now, in my day…

Gussie (*swiftly*) Yes, Janice.

Earl (*indicating his own head*) She got one of them in there, has she? Implant?

Nonie (*smiling bravely*) An Impree, yes…

Francis You know — kids.

Earl They're not good, you know.

Francis No.

Nonie We know.

Earl They damage the brain. That's what they say.

Francis Yes. Supposedly.

Nonie Occasionally they can.

Earl No, it's proven. Proven fact. It's the constant volume. Gets to them. I mean, they say they can control it but you know — little by little — I mean, it's plumbed in to the brain, isn't it? Do you get me? They get used to it and then they creep it up, the volume. Well, day after day of that, non-stop, day and night, pounding away in your head — shakes it all loose.

Francis Yes. Must do…

Nonie Yes…

Earl Does she sleep with it switched on, does she?

Francis Er — we've ——

Nonie We never see her asleep. We're not allowed in her bedroom. We haven't seen her asleep since she was ——

Francis — five.

Nonie Five and a half, no.

Francis (*coaxing her gently*) Rachel — Rachel, darling.

Rache remains unaware of him

Nonie Rache! Rache! (*To Francis*) She doesn't like Rachel, darling… She won't react.

Francis So what's new? She won't react to anything, anyway. Nothing I say. Rache! — Rache, it sounds like some awful — *thing*.

Janice A cockroach.

Earl (*indicating Rache's bracelet*) I see she's got one of them on, too.

Francis Yes. PAO. Parental Accompaniment Order.

Nonie It's the law now. She has to come with us everywhere, I'm afraid, doesn't she darling?
Francis (*laughing*) Or else we go to prison.
Earl Ah, well. Worth a try, I suppose. Won't do any good. Shoot them, that's the way. Only joking. Been in trouble, has she?
Francis Er...
Harry Nothing too serious, was it, Francis?
Janice She tried to burn down the town hall. I don't call that nothing serious.
Earl Oh, she's part of that mob, is she? The firebugs.
Francis No, no, no. She just got — caught up with them — temporarily——
Janice I'll tell you something — if she was mine and my husband had been alive ——
Gussie (*a fraction impatiently*) He'd have put her under the grill, lit the gas and taught her a lesson, yes, Janice. But unfortunately Bradley's dead, isn't he? So he can't help us...
Janice Short, sharp shock. That was the phrase.
Earl Short, sharp shock. Dead right.
Janice (*to Earl*) My husband was MP here for 30 years, you know.
Earl Oh, I know, I know. Those were the days of firm government.
Janice Thirty years of unstinting public service. And he never regretted it, not for a single minute. And apart from me, you know what his one love was? This town. He adored this town. If he could see it now, he'd sit down and weep. He'd simply weep. He'd ——
Earl (*who has lost interest, yelling at Rache*) Oy!

Rache is oblivious

(*To Francis and Nonie*) Dead to the world. Take my tip. Get that thing out of her head. You get a pair of tweezers, you can pull it down her nose. I done it once. To my nephew. He thanked me later. She'll end up a vegetable, otherwise. (*Yelling even louder*) Oy!

Rache looks at him fleetingly and then turns away

Shame. She's good-looking enough, isn't she?
Francis She can be.
Nonie She could be. Her bone structure's very ——
Earl Well. Once she fills out a bit, you know. In the right departments. Send her down my club, if you like ——
Francis (*nonplussed*) Oh.
Nonie (*likewise*) Ah...
Earl (*producing a card*) Here you are. Give her that. Paradise Club, you know where it is? Always looking for new talent. Give her a job.

Waitressing. Dancing even, if she moves. Get her back on the straight and narrow. They don't get into trouble, my girls.

Francis I'm sure.

Earl Well, only the once, eh? (*He laughs*)

Francis (*holding the card awkwardly*) Yes, thank you.

Earl Not at all. We're all in the same business, aren't we? Show business, eh? Am I right?

Harry Right.

Earl *Au revoir*, as we say in our profession. *À bien toût.*

Harry (*as they move off*) Your car nearby?

Earl Right outside.

Harry I hope it's all right.

Earl Benny's looking after it. Anyone wants to take him on, they're welcome. (*A last good-night to the others*) *Comment ça va*?

All (*variously*) Good-night.

Harry sees Earl out

The others watch. He has left his mobile phone behind but no-one has spotted it. As soon as Earl is out of earshot, Harry turns to the group. He smiles. They cheer and move close together, suddenly a triumphant happy group. Gussie embraces Harry and almost at once they break somewhat self-consciously apart. Francis hugs Nonie. Gussie embraces Janice, partly to cover her confusion over embracing Harry. Harry pats everybody rather vaguely, including Rache

Francis (*as this happens*) I didn't think he'd — did you?

Harry No, I never thought he'd…

Nonie I thought he was really…

Gussie Yes. He just seemed so… didn't he?

Harry No, I must say I thought we'd — I really did. That's it, I thought. If Gussie can't persuade him with that — beautiful song ——

Gussie Sorry, I went a bit wrong in the…

Francis You did it beautifully. Beautifully.

Nonie Beautifully. Made me cry.

Gussie (*bashful*) Oh…

Janice I thought we were just going to get five hundred pounds. I was perfectly content with that.

Nonie Yes, I know, Janice. And you very nearly ——

Harry Never mind. Five thousand. Think of it. Five thousand wonderful pounds.

Francis We really needed ten, though, didn't we? That's what we asked for.

Janice Well, we'd never have got that. I mean, we're terribly lucky to get that

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