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SF PERUSALS

And Evermore Shall Be So

A play

Norman Robbins

Samuel French — London
www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk



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CHARACTERS

Ida Cornish
Sheila Pashley
David Lilywhite
Helen Lilywhite
Roy Steadman
Lydia Summerfield
Rev. Edwin Summerfield
Brandon Walsh
Maurice Walker
Gwendoline Cranshawe

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(See also page ii)

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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I
SCENE 1 A Wednesday morning in early September
SCENE 2 The following Tuesday

ACT II
SCENE 1 A few hours later. Evening
SCENE 2 Six weeks later. Wednesday morning
SCENE 3 Thursday evening

The action of the play takes place in the living room of Glebe House, a rambling Victorian vicarage, presently occupied by the Rev. Edwin Summerfield and his wife

Time: The present

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Puss in Boots
Red Riding Hood
Rumpelstiltzkin
Sing a Song of Sixpence
Slaughterhouse
Sleeping Beauty
Snow White
Tiptoe Through the Tombstones
Tom, the Piper's Son
Tomb with a View
Wedding of the Year
The White Cat
The Wonderful Story of Mother Goose

For

Vivien Goodwin

I'll sing you twelve, O
Green grow the rushes, O
What are your twelve, O?
Twelve for the twelve Apostles,
Eleven for the eleven who went to heaven,
Ten for the ten commandments,
Nine for the nine bright shiners,
Eight for the eight bold rangers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky
Six for the six proud walkers,
Five for the symbols at your door,
Four for the Gospel makers,
Three, three, the rivals,
Two, two, lilywhite boys,
Clothèd all in green, O-O
One is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

Anon

ACT I

SCENE 1

The living-room of Glebe House, a rambling Victorian vicarage in Athelston, near Norwich. A Wednesday morning in early September

The room, though large and airy, has a tired look to it, and is in need of redecorating. The entrance to the room is through the heavy-looking door far L *of the rear wall. When this is opened, a glimpse of the dingy hall can be seen. This runs behind the rear wall, leading* R *to the kitchen and the back of the house, and* L, *to the staircase, dining-room and study. The wall* R, *is dominated by huge french windows. These are framed by heavy drapes with matching pelmet. A mature garden may be glimpsed. Below the french windows is a record and CD cabinet supporting a dated-looking sound system. The wall opposite is featureless, but upstage is a large cabinet containing various drinks bottles, glasses and various knick-knacks. Extreme downstage is a small glass fronted cabinet filled with ancient books. On top of this is a small table lamp and, piled haphazardly, several more battered books. On the back wall,* R, *is an upright piano which has obviously been used for many years. Piles of books, sheet music, etc., are stacked on top of this. A box piano stool is tucked beneath the closed keyboard. To the* L *of the piano, and almost by the door, is a large bookcase crammed with ancient tomes. On top of this, a hideous vase filled with fresh flowers.* C *of the room is a comfortable looking settee. Behind the settee is a narrow table on which the telephone stands* L. *It is also host to various ornaments. In front of the settee is a long coffee table. Several books occupy the* R *side of this and an open box of chocolates is displayed. Slightly below the settee, and flanking it* L *and* R, *are two armchairs. Both are angled* C *front as though facing the room's fireplace. The carpet, though of good quality once, is now somewhat threadbare. Various framed pictures decorate the walls. The light switch is* L *of the door and operates the central light*

When the scene begins, it is daylight, the room is empty and the telephone is ringing. After a moment, Ida's voice is heard off L

Ida (*off*) All right. All right. Hold your horses.

She bustles into the room, hastily stuffing a duster into the pocket of the faded overall she wears over her dress. She is in her early sixties and an inveterate gossip

(*Snatching up the phone and assuming a telephone voice*) Vicarage speaking. ... That's right. Athelston vicarage. (*Forgetting the unnatural voice*) Is it him you're wanting or Mrs Summerfield? Not that it matters much. They're both out. (*Brightly*) But I can take a message if you'd like? (*Warmly*) I'm Ida Cornish. Their cleaner. (*Proudly*) Every Tuesday and Friday for the past four months and never missed once. ... Yes. I know it's Wednesday, but somebody's coming to stay, so I'm giving them extra time. Now do you want to leave a message or are you calling back later? I've a bedroom to finish before he gets here. ... Oh. I see. (*Curiously*) And where are you calling from? ... Staffordshire. (*Chuckling*) I should have guessed, shouldn't I? I knew you couldn't be local. Not with that accent. (*Smugly*) I've a good ear for accents. Always have had. Should have been an actress, according to my late husband, but you can't be doing with that sort of thing when you've a family to look after, can you? (*Proudly*) Two daughters in London, and a son in New Zealand. None of them married, but they've all got partners and Mary's expecting in June, so that'll be nice. There's one in the village, though. An actress, that is. Runs the tea-room on Castle Street. (*Confidentially*) Never made a name for herself. Just a walk-on in *Last of the Summer Wine* and a few lines in *Heartbeat*. (*Shrugs*) It's why she gave up, I suppose. Though she does make a good sponge cake. You've got to give her that much. There's some I could name who couldn't do a decent sponge to save their lives. (*Lowering her voice*) But I'm not impressed with her lemon meringues. Too much crust and not enough lemon, for my taste.

Sheila (*calling, off* L) Are you there, Ida?

Ida (*turning and calling*) Through here, Sheila. (*Into the phone*) Sheila Pashley. One of the neighbours.

Sheila Pashley bustles into the room bursting with excitement. She is a thick-set woman in her sixties, wearing a two piece suit, white blouse, flat shoes and a heavy-looking bead necklace

Sheila (*blurting it out*) I've just heard the news. From Molly Fisher at the Spar shop. (*Seeing Ida on the phone*) Sorry. (*She hastily covers her mouth*)

Ida (*into the phone*) I'll tell them you called, anyway. Bye. (*She replaces the receiver*)

Sheila (*embarrassed*) I didn't know you were on the phone. Nothing important, was it?

Ida (*shaking her head*) Just a wrong number. So what news is this, then? Not Tony Morrison again? 'Cause if it is, you needn't believe a word of it. I saw him outside the Post Office only an hour ago and there wasn't a mark on him.

Sheila (*impatiently*) No, no. It's nothing to do with Tony Morrison. (*Eyes sparkling*) It's Brandon Walsh.

Ida (*blankly*) Who?

Sheila (*excitedly*) This visitor they're expecting.

Ida still looks blank

(*Impatiently*) Don't say you've never heard of him. He wrote that thing on television. The one you raved about last month. (*Prompting*) The missing postman.

Ida (*dismissively*) You can't have that right. What would he be doing here?

Sheila (*sitting on the settee; confidentially*) According to Amy Ferris—who heard it from Gladys Appleton and told Molly—he went to the same school as Reverend Summerfield. And Lydia Summerfield's his cousin on his stepmother's side.

Ida (*scornfully*) And how'd Gladys Appleton know that? She couldn't give you the name of her own father with any certainty. (*She pulls the duster out of her pocket*)

Sheila (*beaming*) She heard them discussing it with Henry Wilson while she was doing the brasses. You know how voices carry at that end of the church? (*Pointedly*) Remember Tom Silver and the butcher's wife? (*Eagerly*) So what do you think?

Ida (*flatly*) About what? (*She flicks her duster at the telephone*)

Sheila Brandon Walsh, of course.

Ida (*pretending indifference*) I don't think anything. (*Tightly*) Except if Amy Ferris has anything to do with it, it'll be all round the village by the time he gets here. (*Annoyed*) It's scandalous the way some folk can't keep their noses out of other people's business.

Sheila (*squirming slightly*) Well, you must admit, he'll be a breath of fresh air in this place. It's not every day we get somebody famous here.

Ida (*sniffily*) I'd hardly call him famous on the strength of a television play.

Sheila (*correcting her*) But he's written books, as well, Ida. Six of them.

I asked at the library and she looked them up on the Internet. (*Coyly*) I've put an order in for his last one. (*Quoting*) "The Truth Behind the Edgemoor Mystery."

Ida (*surprised*) Since when did you start reading murder mysteries?

Sheila It's not a murder mystery. It's factual. About the Edgemoor Cross affair in 1765.

Ida Never heard of it.

Sheila (*pityingly*) Well, of course you haven't. That's what it's about. (*Lowering her voice*) It was all covered up, according to him. (*Confidentially*) A Government conspiracy to protect George the Third.

Ida (*dryly*) I bet that was a best-seller. (*She heads for the door*)

Sheila (*startled*) Where are you going?

Ida (*halting*) To put the kettle on. I presume you'll not say "no" to a cup of tea and a biscuit?

Sheila (*puzzled*) Well, no. But won't they mind?

Ida (*patiently*) They'll not be back till after I've gone, and a couple of cups of tea's not likely to plunge 'em into bankruptcy, is it?

Sheila (*curious*) So where are they, then? It's not often they're out together, is it? She seems to spend half her time in London.

Ida They've gone to Norwich to pick their visitor up. Left before I got here.

Sheila (*puzzled*) So how did you get in?

Ida (*dryly*) How do you think? They'd not bolted the cat-flap. (*Relenting*) I've got my own keys in case of emergencies. (*Impatiently*) Now, do you want that tea or don't you?

Without waiting for an answer, she exits and turns R

Sheila (*after a moment*) Who's been rattling her cage? (*Knowingly*) Jealous because she's not the first to know, I expect. (*Smugly*) Well, wait till she hears my other bit of news. That'll wipe the smile off her face. (*She leans back with a satisfied smirk on her lips*)

A moment or two later, Ida enters with a tray of tea things

Ida (*flatly*) Be ready in a minute or two. (*She moves down to the coffee table*)

Sheila (*sitting up again*) You don't know how long he's staying, do you?

Ida (*still put out*) Who?

Sheila Brandon Walsh.

Ida (*in mock surprise*) Oh—didn't she mention it? (*She deposits the tray*) I'm surprised you've not got his shoe size and how much he

carries in his wallet. Must be losing her grip, Amy Ferris. (*Affecting disinterest*) And what else did she tell you?

Sheila (*shrugging*) Nothing, really— (*Slyly*) Except he was here to write a book.

Ida (*frowning*) Book?

Sheila (*blurting it out*) About the Lilywhite murder.

Ida (*after staring at her for a moment*) I'll get that tea.

She hurries out

Sheila (*to herself in satisfaction*) I knew that'd shake her. (*Singing softly, but gleefully*) "Two, two, the Lilywhite boys...Clothèd all in green, O-O... One is one and all alone... And evermore shall be so."

There are a few moments of silence

Ida re-enters carrying a teapot

Ida (*flatly*) Better make this quick. (*She moves down to the settee*) I've no time for gossip this morning. (*She sits next to Sheila and pours the tea*) Some of us have work to do.

Sheila (*thoughtfully*) Makes you wonder, doesn't it? I mean—who'd be interested in that? He wasn't exactly Leonardo di Cuppachino, was he? If they've not found out who did it after this time, what good's a book going to do?

Ida (*tartly*) It's all her doing, if you ask my opinion. (*Handing Sheila a cup and saucer*) Gwendoline Cranshawe. She'll not be satisfied till somebody's life's in ruins.

Sheila (*doubtfully*) Well— you know more than me about it, but I can't see how she'd be involved. Not after all the fuss. I'm surprised she's still here. If I'd found myself in her shoes, I'd have been off like a shot. (*She sips at her tea*)

Ida (*snorting*) And so would anyone else with a scrap of decency. She's got a mind like a sewer, that one. (*Hotly*) She'd not have accused any of mine and got away with it, I can tell you.

Sheila (*frowning*) But if she did see them in the quarry—and heard what she said they said—?

Ida (*sharply*) It was all lies. I've told you before. She had her knife into those two from the day they came here. You know how much she wanted that tea-room—and they snatched it from under her nose before she had time to find her gold-plated cheque book. (*Seething*) It was bad enough he was murdered in the first place, but to tell the police his brother killed him—well—the mind boggles. (*She angrily sips at her tea*)

Sheila (*uncomfortably*) She didn't exactly say he'd done it, Ida.
Ida (*indignantly*) She might as well have. I shudder to think what that couple went through before the police found out they were barking up the wrong tree. And now she's at it again.
Sheila (*agog*) You don't think it was her asked Brandon Walsh to write this book about it, do you?
Ida Well, nobody else would. If the police think some foreigner shot him, then that should be the end of it. We don't need it all raked up again. Especially by somebody who thinks——

The door chimes sound and they both react

(*To Sheila; flustered*) Finish your tea.

Ida puts down her cup, gets to her feet and bustles out into the hall, L

Sheila hastily gulps her tea, puts down the cup and saucer, and rises

Ida (*off* L; *surprised*) David.
David (*off* L; *angrily*) Where's Eddie Summerfield?
Ida (*off* L; *flustered*) He's not in.
David (*off* L; *raging*) Then I'll wait till he's back. I'm not having this.

David Lilywhite enters the room. He is a good-looking man in his forties, dressed in jacket, open necked shirt and light chinos

Ida hurries in after him

I'm not having it. (*Turning to Ida*) Is it true? He's coming here to write a book about us?
Ida (*soothingly*) We don't really know that.
David (*ignoring her*) It's all round the bloody village. Is he out of his mind? It was bad enough the first time round, but to have some tin-pot bloody writer grubbing about when we've finally managed to put it all behind us—it's not on. (*He notices Sheila for the first time and looks embarrassed*) Oh. Sorry, Mrs P. Didn't know you were here. I'm a bit upset. I can't believe he'd be so—so—insensitive.
Sheila (*soothingly*) I know just how you feel, David. I've only just heard about it myself. You must feel devastated.
David (*incredulously*) Devastated? I'm bloody furious. God knows what effect it'll have on Helen when she finds out. (*Despairingly*) I can't believe this is happening.
Ida (*kindly*) You mustn't take it to heart, love. It could all be a storm in a teacup. You know what this place is like. Some folks are never happier

than when they're spreading gossip. (*She indicates the settee*) Now, why don't you sit down and let me get you a nice cup of tea?

David (*moving to the settee and sitting*) It's not as if we're public enemy number one, is it? I mean—we've done our best to fit in. We don't overcharge. Helen does the flowers on a Wednesday and I help out with the Hall twice a week. Why is he doing this?

Sheila (*lightly*) I'm sure there's an explanation. I mean—we don't even know if it's true yet, do we? And like I was saying to Ida, who'd be interested in a book about somebody getting shot for running a time-share swindle? (*She suddenly realises what she has said and looks aghast*)

David (*heavily*) It's all right, Sheila. I've heard it all before. (*More controlled*) He was involved in the Bonneville Scandal—and he did do time in jail for it. But he was my brother, jailbird or not, and I loved him. (*Acidly*) Though not in the way the Cranshawe woman seemed to think. Every time I see her, I want to vomit.

Ida (*primly*) The less said about that one, the better. Makes you ashamed to be a woman. I never did have much time for her, but after the things she said— well. If I see her coming my way, I cross the street to avoid her.

David (*grimly*) She never sets foot in our place.

Sheila (*stoutly*) I should think not, indeed. I wouldn't be seen dead in the same room as her—no matter how much I love Helen's Black Forest. (*She smiles warmly*)

David (*forcing a smile*) She does make a good cake, doesn't she?

Ida (*sensing the crisis is past*) I'll get you that tea.

David No thanks, Ida. I'll just wait for Summerfield to get back. I won't get in your way. I expect you've got work to do?

Ida (*diffidently*) Just the spare bedroom and a quick dust round in here. It won't take me long. I'm due at the Lawsons in half an hour.

Sheila (*brightly*) If you'd like a bit of company, David?

Ida (*firmly*) I thought you were late for your dental appointment?

Sheila stares at her in bewilderment

(*Sweetly*) Or was it your bunions? (*To David*) If she didn't have me to remind her, she'd forget her own head. (*To Sheila*) I'll see you out. (*She tilts her head as an indication for her to leave*)

Sheila (*reluctantly*) I'll—er—see you later, then. (*Smiling regretfully at David*)

Sheila moves to the door, Ida close behind, and they exit into the hall, L

David puts his head into his hands, dejectedly

A moment or two later, Ida reappears

Ida (*confidentially*) She's my best friend, Sheila Pashley, but she must have invented the word gossip. (*She moves down to* R *of the settee*) I've told her to say nothing about you being here, so you don't need to worry about it getting round.

David (*looking up*) I don't give a damn who knows I'm here. I just want to find out what Summerfield thinks he's playing at. Haven't we gone through enough?

Ida (*staunchly*) I quite agree, David. But as you know, I never listen to gossip. (*Primly*) "Get the facts before you commit yourself," I've always said and, to tell you the truth, I've only heard the barest outline up to now. (*Prompting*) So—er?

David (*scowling*) I heard it from Molly Fisher when I popped in for The Courier. They've asked this hack to come up from London and do a book about Jason's murder. I ask you, what's it to do with the Summerfields? They weren't even living here when the bastard shot him. They'd never set eyes on him.

Ida (*frowning*) Does seem a bit strange, doesn't it?

David (*annoyed*) Strange? It's bloody bizarre. They couldn't possibly have any interest in him. He'd been living in Spain for ten years before he got arrested. Did the next five in jail, and only came out a few weeks before we came down here and took the tea-room. Two days later he was dead.

Ida (*shuddering*) We couldn't believe it, when we heard. None of us could. And it must have been terrible for you, not knowing anybody.

David (*distractedly*) She still has nightmares about it. Waking up in the middle of the night, with a madman aiming his shotgun at us.

Ida And if poor Jason hadn't come home late...

David It might have been me.

Ida (*hastily*) Now, you mustn't go thinking that, love. It was Jason he was looking for. They said so, didn't they? The police. Somebody he'd swindled.

David (*hotly*) But he couldn't have known I wasn't Jason, could he? The lights were out, and we looked like twins even though we weren't. He was three years older than me.

Ida (*reassuringly*) Good job Henry Wilson was passing and heard the shot. He was calling the police on his mobile when whoever it was ran out.

David I owe him my life. If it hadn't been for him, they'd have done me for the murder after what the Cranshawe bitch told them.

Ida (*soothingly*) Yes. But nobody believed it. You might get that kind of thing in London, but not round here. It's not natural, is it? Especially with your own brother. I've said it before and I'll say it again. She's got a mind like a sewer, that one. I'm surprised you didn't sue her.

David (*bitterly*) Believe you me—I thought about it. But the state Helen was in... (*His voice tails away*)

Ida (*kindly*) Well...it's all in the past, isn't it? And I can't see anybody beating down doors to read about something like that. I mean—no offence...but it's hardly Agatha Christie, is it? I should let him get on with it. He'll be lucky to sell a dozen.

Helen Lilywhite hurries into the room. She is an attractive woman in her forties, wearing a skirt and blouse, and has an anxious look on her face

Helen (*breathlessly*) Leave it, David. Let them... (*She realizes the expected argument is not taking place, and stops in her tracks*)

David (*turning his head to her*) Helen. What are you doing here? (*He rises and moves round to her*)

Helen (*shakily*) I heard you were heading in this direction.

David (*ruefully*) And came to stop me making a scene? (*Shaking his head*) You needn't have worried. They're not in. Poor Ida got the worst of it.

Ida looks embarrassed

So how'd you find out?

Helen (*grimacing*) It didn't take a genius. It was all they could talk about once Gladys had shown her face. Then when I heard you'd stormed out of Molly's place, I just had to come after you.

David (*frowning*) But what about the tea-room?

Helen (*reassuringly*) It's quite safe. Annie Milton's there.

David (*reluctantly*) We'd better get back. I'll speak to the Summerfields later.

Helen Just leave it, David. It's not as though we've anything to hide. If he wants to write his book, let him.

David (*protesting*) But what about Jason?

Helen (*firmly*) Whatever he did is on public record. It's nothing to do with us. We can't be held responsible.

Ida (*to Helen*) Exactly what I said, Helen.

David (*to Helen; stung*) So you're quite happy to have it dragged up again, are you? All the lies and gossip? Every personal detail exposed to public gaze? What if he interviews the Cranshawe woman? Do you think he wouldn't use her story?

Helen (*soothingly*) It wouldn't matter if he did. It'd just make her look a bigger fool than she was at the time.

David (*scowling*) Maybe it would. But you know what they say? "There's no smoke without fire". And we've a business to run.

Helen If I thought for a minute our trade would be affected, I'd be right behind you. But it's four years, now. Everybody knows us, and the idea that a book's going to make any difference is just—(*floundering for a word*)—stupid. There's nothing to worry about.

Ida (*firmly*) Quite right, love. If he comes round asking me questions, he'll get more than he's bargained for. And that goes for any of the others. There'll not a word be said against you by anybody in Athelston.

David (*to Helen*; *shamefacedly*) We'd better be going. (*To Ida*) Don't bother the Summerfields, Ida. Forget I was even here.

Ida (*warmly*) You're welcome any time.

David and Helen exit

The minute they have gone, Ida hurries to the telephone and dials

(*Into the phone*) Is that Chloris? It's Mrs Cornish. Is your mother in? I'd just like a quick word if she has a minute. (*Disappointed)* Oh. Just gone out. Well, do you know where? ... Oh. (*With forced brightness*) Well, never mind, dear. It was nothing important. (*Breaks the connection*) I wonder if Brenda's home? (*She begins to dial hastily*)

Roy Steadman appears at the french windows. He is a surly-looking man in his mid forties, dressed in gardening clothes

Seeing Ida, he taps on the glass. Startled, she turns to face him and quickly replaces the receiver

(*Sharply*) What do you want?

He gestures for her to open the windows and she does so with bad grace

Roy (*entering*) Back door's locked.

Ida So?

Roy I need the shed key.

Ida What for?

Roy (*sarcastically*) We're having a dinner and dance in there and I need to set the tables and chairs. (*Harshly*) What do you think I want it for? It's Wednesday, isn't it? The lawn needs cutting.

Ida (*tartly*) You'd better wait there. I'll see if I can find it for you. You're not bringing soil in all over the carpet. It's bad enough as it is. (*She makes for the door*)

Roy If you open the back door, I'll get it myself.

Ida (*pausing*) Not while I'm in charge, Roy Steadman. If anything goes missing, it'll be me they'll hold responsible, not you.

She exits

Roy (*stepping further inside and calling after her*) You can put the kettle on while you're at it. I always get coffee from Mrs S.

He stands for a moment, then fumbles in his pocket for his mobile. Punching in the numbers, he puts it to his ear and lowers his voice

Mark? Roy Steadman. Running a bit late, but I'll be there before dark. We are still on for tonight, aren't we? ... Just checking. ... (*Frowning*) I thought you had one of your own? ...So what happened to it? ... Doesn't matter. I'll bring mine. Nobody knows I have it, so it won't be a problem. Just don't let on.

Voices are heard in the hall, and he hastily ends the call, replacing the phone in his pocket

Lydia (*off* L)...And the next thing he knew, he was knee deep in it. (*She laughs*)

Edwin (*off*; *amused*) That's not strictly true, Lydia. If he hadn't been looking...

Lydia Summerfield enters the room. She is an attractive woman in her thirties, wearing a summer dress, high-heeled shoes and carrying a handbag

Lydia sees Roy

...at you in those sexy shorts and indecent top, it never would have happened.

Lydia (*slightly puzzled*) Mr Steadman.

Brandon (*off*) So even a Bishop's not immune to hidden charms?

Edwin (*off*) There wasn't much hidden, I can tell you.

The two men laugh

Lydia (*calling hastily*) Visitor.

Roy (*easily*) Called for the shed key. She's just sorting it out for me.

Edwin Summerfield enters. He is a pleasant man in his late thirties, wearing slacks, clerical grey shirt and collar and black shoes. He is followed by Brandon Walsh who is also in his thirties, wearing chinos, open-necked shirt and loafers

Edwin Roy? (*Puzzled*) What are you doing here?
Roy It's Wednesday morning.
Edwin But—didn't you get my message?

Roy looks puzzled

From Henry? I asked him to tell you. (*Shaking his head*) Obviously not. It's just that the kitchen fitters cancelled yesterday, so we've had to stack the new units in the shed till next Tuesday, and the mower's underneath them at the back. It doesn't look too bad, the old lawn, so I think we can give it a miss this week.
Roy (*not too happily*) Fine by me. But I set this morning aside.
Edwin (*hastily*) I know. I know. But don't worry. We'll come to some arrangement. Wouldn't want to see you out of pocket.
Roy Better be off, then. Take the chance to tidy my own patch. You know what they say, Vicar? The cobbler's son is always the worst shod.
Lydia (*brightly*) We'll see you next week, then?

Roy nods and exits through the french windows

Lydia gives a small sigh of relief and beams at the others

Now, who's for a nice cup of tea?
Brandon I'd rather a cold lager.
Lydia (*raising an eyebrow*) It's good to know you haven't changed. Once a drunk, always a drunk.
Edwin I wouldn't mind a lager, myself, actually.
Lydia (*shaking her head in amusement*) Two lagers coming up.

Lydia exits to R

Brandon (*glancing around*) So this is Athelston.
Edwin (*indicating the armchair* R) Sit down. Take the weight off your feet.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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