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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

EASY MONEY

by Arnold Ridley

SAMUEL FRENCH

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ISBN 978-0-573-01117-7

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EASY MONEY

First produced at the Grand Theatre, Blackpool, on Monday, 24th February 1947, with the following cast of characters:

(*in the order of their appearance*)

GRANDMA STAFFORD	*Dorothy Dewhurst*
JACQUELINE WORRALL (JACKY)	*Jane Holland*
RUTH STAFFORD	*René Kelly*
PHILIP STAFFORD	*Arnold Ridley*
CAROL STAFFORD	*Honor Shepherd*
DENIS STAFFORD	*Victor Adams*
MARTHA	*Rhodda Beresford*
MARTIN LATHAM	*John Hewitt*
GEORGE KIRBY	*Nicholas Grimshaw*

The play directed by OLIVER GORDON

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

The action of the play takes place in the lounge of Philip Stafford's house situated on the outskirts of Caterham-on-the-Hill, Surrey, in Winter. The time is the present

ACT I

Saturday evening

ACT II

Sunday morning

ACT III

Monday evening

EASY MONEY

ACT I

SCENE—*The lounge of Philip Stafford's house at Caterham-on-the-Hill, Surrey.*

In every house inhabited by the family of a retired business man of moderate means there is usually a room described as the "lounge" which supplies a variety of needs. Sometimes it is used as a dining-room (to save fires); sometimes for the entertainment of guests, but, more often, as a general hunting ground for all and sundry. It is such a room in the detached residence of Philip Stafford (a retired wine merchant), situated near Caterham, in Surrey, that provides the scene of the play.

There is nothing remarkable about "the lounge". It is comfortably, if rather untidily, furnished in a chintzy sort of way, and it is obviously used by various members of the family in a different capacity. The fire-place is R *and above it stands an easy chair. Then, set on an angle, there is a french window leading up to the back wall which consists largely of bookshelves. The door* LC *faces the audience, and in the right-hand corner stands a large radiogram. A small door down* L *leads to "the study". There is a large settee* RC, *a round table* C, *and various "supporting" furniture.*

(*See the Ground Plan at the end of the Play*)

When the CURTAIN *rises, it is about five o'clock on a Saturday evening in late December. The room is empty, and the only illumination comes from the fire, which is burning brightly, and a grey twilight from the window.*

After a pause, the door up L *opens and* MARTHA, *an elderly maid-servant, enters carrying a tea-tray. She places this on the radiogram, switches on the lights, crosses the room, closes the chintz curtains and then places the tray on the table which has already been laid for tea. She takes a glance at the fire and, finding presumably that it is burning to her satisfaction, quits the room.*

There is another short pause and then HARRIET STAFFORD (GRANDMA) *comes in up* L. GRANDMA *is about seventy-five and poses as a "dear old lady", but—well, ask the Staffords. She is dressed in mauve and black and wears a lace cap. She looks cautiously around the room and, finding it empty, approaches the tea-table and regards it closely with greedy interest. She snatches a small bun which she quickly consumes with obvious relish, and in a manner rather resembling a rabbit. Then she grabs a second bun, and retires with it in the direction of the fire. As she does so, the door opens and* JACQUELINE WORRAL *enters and tiptoes across to Grandma.* JACKY *is a bird-like girl of about fifteen, wearing a gym suit. She creeps up behind Grandma on tiptoe.*

JACKY. Stick 'em up!

GRANDMA (*very startled*) Oh! Who's that?

JACKY. It's me! Blonde Bella, the Moll of Two-Gun Nick!

GRANDMA. Oh, it's you, is it? How dare you play tricks like that? You gave me an awful start! (*She sits in the chair above the fire*)

JACKY. Guilty conscience, perhaps?

GRANDMA. Eh?

JACKY (*turning back to above the table and giving it the once-over*) Buns! Hooray! (*She counts them*) Uncle Phil—Aunt Ruth—Denis—Carol—You—Me! Two short! Someone will have to go without besides you, Grandma!

GRANDMA. What do you mean?

JACKY. Well, you've had yours, haven't you?

GRANDMA. Young girls shouldn't speak until they're spoken to.

JACKY. And old girls shouldn't speak with their mouths full.

GRANDMA (*furious*) Well, of all the——

JACKY. Sorry, Grandma.

GRANDMA. And don't call me "Grandma". I'm not your grandmother. I'd have seen that any child of mine brought you up better.

JACKY (*seriously*) Sez you!

GRANDMA. And don't use those ridiculous expressions you learn at the bioscope.

JACKY (*crossing to the fire, kneeling and warming her hands*) Bioscope? Oh, you mean flicks?

GRANDMA. You know perfectly well what I mean. For the life of me, I can't understand why Philip is always giving you money to spend in these disgusting picture palaces—especially as he can't afford it. I've even spoken to your Aunt Ruth about it, but nothing happens.

JACKY. I expect she's forgotten about it. Aunt Ruth doesn't remember things for very long, does she?

RUTH (*off*) Martha! Martha!

JACKY. There she is now.

(RUTH *enters up* L. *She is about fifty and is one of those indefinite and fussy women with a genius for confusing even the simplest of issues. She is carrying a bunch of letters*)

RUTH (*moving to above the table*) Oh, here you are, Jacky. Have you seen Martha?

JACKY. Not lately, Aunt Ruth.

RUTH. Dear me, where can she be? (*As she goes up to the door*) Martha! Martha! I wanted to tell her we'd have tea in here. When did you see her last?

JACKY. When she brought it in.

RUTH. Brought what in?

JACKY. The tea.

RUTH. Oh, she's brought it? (*She calls off*) Martha! (*She comes*

down stage) Oh, then, I don't want her now, do I? How silly of me. (*She moves to the desk and puts down the letters*) What a blessing tea's in.

JACKY. Yes. Grandma's had hers.

GRANDMA. What!

JACKY. Part of it.

RUTH. Has anyone seen Philip? Or Carol? Or Denis?

JACKY (*rising*) Uncle Philip came in five minutes ago. I heard him go into the what's-it.

GRANDMA (*in horror*) Really!

JACKY. Bathroom, then.

RUTH. Then he'll be here soon.

JACKY (*kneeling on the sofa and facing Ruth over the back*) And Carol's playing hockey and Denis has gone to see his friend, Eric Tranter.

RUTH (*remembering*) Oh, yes, of course. (*She moves towards the table*) In that case, we'll begin.

JACKY. Grandma has.

RUTH (*sitting above the table*) Has what, dear?

JACKY. Begun. (*She comes to the table, sits* R *of it, and reaches for a bun*) Do you mind if I have my bun first, Aunt Ruth? I'll have my bread and butter afterwards.

RUTH. Certainly, dear. (*Pouring tea*) But why?

JACKY. I think buns will be found to drop below the target figure.

RUTH. Are you coming to the table, Grandma, or will you stay by the fire?

GRANDMA. I'll stay here. I've no wish to get in anybody's way.

JACKY. I'll tell the cock-eyed world!

RUTH. Jacky, dear, you really mustn't use that silly picture talk. Pass Grandma her cup.

JACKY (*jumping up*) Oke!

(JACKY *takes a cup of tea to* GRANDMA, *who accepts it without thanks*)

RUTH. I wish Philip would hurry up before the tea gets stewed. (*To Jacky*) Call him, dear, will you?

JACKY. No need! Listen—he's just pulled the——

GRANDMA. Oh!

JACKY. Turned on the tap!

RUTH. Jacky! Dear!

JACKY. Sorry, Aunt Ruth! (*She crosses to the table*)

GRANDMA (*sipping noisily*) This tea isn't very sweet.

RUTH. Sorry, Grandma. It's getting to the end of the week—sugar's running low.

GRANDMA. And we know who to thank for that!

JACKY (*sitting* R *of the table*) Don't thank me. It was a pleasure.

GRANDMA. Really, Ruth. I've never heard of a child that's been so badly brought up. I know your sister and her husband are in Nairobi and she's been left in the hands of strangers, but——

JACKY. Strangers are truer than fiction, eh?

GRANDMA. What *do* they teach you at school?

JACKY. You'd be surprised!

RUTH. Really, Jacky—your manners.

JACKY (*smiling sweetly*) Sorry, Aunt Ruth!

(*The door opens and* PHILIP STAFFORD *enters.* PHILIP, *who is a retired wine merchant, is a boodling easy-going and kindly man of fifty-seven. He wears an old tweed coat, flannel trousers and a pullover. He seems slightly depressed*)

RUTH. Hello, dear. Come and have your tea.

PHILIP. Not late, am I? Hello, Grandma. Hello, Jacky. Good film?

JACKY. Wizard, Uncle Philip!

PHILIP (*sitting* L *of the table and taking his cup*) Splendid! What was it about?

JACKY. Lurv!

RUTH. Lurv? Oh, you mean love?

JACKY. No, Aunt Ruth—lurv. It was an American film. (*To Philip*) You see, there was a girl. And there were two men. And one of the men loved her and pretended he didn't, and the other one didn't and pretended he did. And the one who did was in the American Marines, and the one who didn't was a spy in the pay of the Reds. And she thought the one who didn't love her did and the one who did didn't, and so she went away with the one who didn't—the one who was a spy—and the one who did, and pretended he didn't—the one in the Marines——

PHILIP (*drily*) Sounds a bit complicated to me.

JACKY. Oh, no, Uncle Philip, quite simple. That was the only fault I found with it—it was a bit obvious. Thank you for letting me go.

PHILIP. Neither Carol nor Denis back yet?

RUTH (*rising and crossing with a plate of food to Grandma*) No. Carol's late. She's playing hockey. (*She returns to the table with Grandma's cup and sits*)

PHILIP. Not in the dark, surely, dear. (*To Jacky*) Where was the game?

JACKY. Godstone.

PHILIP. That's not far.

JACKY. It all depends.

GRANDMA. I suppose she means Carol may have stayed behind to talk to "Mr Right". (*She puts her plate on the table* R *of the armchair*)

JACKY. More likely to be Martin Latham.

GRANDMA. That's what I said.

JACKY. No, you didn't. You said "Mr Right".

RUTH. Jacky, dear, you mustn't contradict. (*She hands Grandma's refilled cup to Jacky*) Grandma means that Mr Latham is "Mr Right".

JACKY (*rising and taking the cup to Grandma*) Funny name for him. I'd call him "Mr Slow". (*She returns to her seat*)

(MARTHA *enters up* L *with a bag of golf clubs*)

MARTHA (*coming down between Ruth and Philip*) Some more hot water, ma'am?

RUTH. Thank you, Martha. I'm afraid you'll have to make fresh for Miss Carol and Mr Denis.

MARTHA. Oh, dear! I forgot! Mr Denis won't be in to tea. He rang to say.

JACKY. Good! Bun situation improves! (*She takes another*)

RUTH. All right, Martha.

MARTHA. Thank you, ma'am. (*She moves to go and then returns to* L *of Philip*) Oh, sir, about your sticks . . .

PHILIP (*puzzled*) Sticks?

MARTHA. Golf sticks, sir. The ones you left in the porch. What would you like me to do with them—hardly safe to leave them outside the front door.

PHILIP (*taking the clubs*) You're quite right, Martha. I'll give them a rub over before I put them away.

MARTHA. Yes, sir.

(MARTHA *goes out up* L *with the hot-water jug*)

RUTH. You usually leave your clubs at the clubhouse, don't you, dear?

PHILIP. Ye-es—usually. (*He rises and stands behind his chair*) I—well, I brought them home instead. (*After a pause*) I'm going to sell them.

RUTH (*surprised*) Sell them?

PHILIP. Yes. (*With false gaiety*) Clubs are fetching a good price these days. I'm going to put an advertisement in the *Sunday Times* next week.

RUTH. I expect you're right, dear, and I hope I'm not being stupid, but if they're as expensive as you say they are, it'll cost you just as much to buy new ones.

PHILIP (*crossing below the table to the mantelpiece, placing the clubs below the fire and picking up a pipe*) I'm not going to buy new ones. Fact is, I'm giving up golf for good. I'm resigning from the club at the end of the year.

RUTH. But Philip—I don't understand.

PHILIP (*moving slowly to the upstage end of the sofa and sitting*) It's

one of the things I can go without. I'm getting on for sixty—my handicap's gone back to eighteen and sometimes I don't play for a month on end—when the weather's bad. And they're putting up the club subscription on the first of January.

RUTH. Brutes!

PHILIP. Oh, I don't know! (*He begins to fill his pipe*) Everything's getting more expensive—grass seed, chemical dressings, labour—it's no good, Ruth. We've got to draw in our horns. The only thing that seems to remain on the level these days is my income.

RUTH (*wistfully*) Of course, there's the car . . .

PHILIP. The car's a different matter. The car gives everyone pleasure—you, Carol—Denis—I see it isn't in the garage now. I suppose Denis took it.

JACKY. He's gone to see Eric Tranter.

PHILIP. Has he? *That* fellow, eh?

RUTH. But, Philip. I still feel . . .

PHILIP. No, my dear. It's all settled. I've sent in my resignation. (*He lights his pipe*)

RUTH. It seems very unfair.

GRANDMA (*putting her cup on the table at his right*) Especially when you can waste money in sending a chit of a girl to the bioscope three times a week!

JACKY (*jumping up*) And have to keep a nasty old woman in the house who does nothing but grumble and steal buns.

GRANDMA (*rising*) What!

PHILIP. Jacky! How dare you!

JACKY (*bursting into tears*) I'm sorry, Uncle Philip. I'm sorry, but—oh, you don't understand!

(JACKY *rushes from the room*)

GRANDMA (*furious*) I've never been so insulted in all my life—nasty old woman, indeed! (*She sits*) That child must leave the house—leave the house this very moment!

PHILIP. Don't be silly, Grandma. There's nowhere for Jacky to go.

GRANDMA. Back to her precious school.

PHILIP. The "precious school" is closed for Christmas for one thing, and for another—well, she didn't mean any harm.

GRANDMA. Didn't mean any harm! Little did I think I'd ever live to hear a son of mine call his mother a nasty old woman.

PHILIP. I didn't!

GRANDMA. You take her part—it's the same thing.

PHILIP. Jacky's only a child and . . .

GRANDMA. Yes, and there's a way to deal with children . . .

PHILIP. And when it comes down to brass tacks, Grandma—well, you started it—nagging about her having been to the pictures.

GRANDMA. Nagging! Oh, I see. (*Becoming self-pitying*) It's clear

enough that I'm not wanted here. Perhaps you'd prefer *me* to go? (*She rises slowly*)

PHILIP. I'm not suggesting that anyone should go—

(GRANDMA *sits quickly*)

—but if you insist on forcing an issue it's quite clear. I've undertaken to have Jacky here over Christmas and there's no alternative. *You*, on the other hand, *have* an alternative. I'm not your only son. There's Paul in Wolverhampton, and there's Mabel, too. In fact, the original arrangement was that you should spend four months of the year with each of us.

GRANDMA. That's right, turn me out—your own mother—turn me out!

PHILIP. I'm not turning you out. I'm merely suggesting that perhaps we've been so long together—it's three years since you were last with Paul or Mabel—that we're beginning to get on each other's nerves a little.

GRANDMA. Very well. I quite understand. (*She rises*) I shall go to Paul in the morning. I'll start packing at once. (*She goes to the door*) At once. You understand?

(*Nobody says anything, so* GRANDMA *goes out with dignity*)

RUTH (*rising*) I suppose I'd better go and stop her.

PHILIP. No. Let her alone. She doesn't mean it—worse luck!

RUTH (*crossing above the sofa to the armchair*) After all, Philip, she *is* your own mother, and Jacky *was* very rude.

PHILIP. Of course Jacky was rude, but Grandma's always had it in for her. Plain jealousy. That's all it is.

RUTH. Then you don't think she *will* go?

PHILIP. Not a hope!

RUTH. Of course, I'll make Jacky apologize . . .

PHILIP. I don't think you'll have to make her. If I'm any judge of human nature she'll do it of her own free will.

RUTH (*sitting in the armchair*) Very well, dear. Now—about the golf club . . .

PHILIP. Let's forget it.

RUTH. I suppose we couldn't get rid of Martha?

PHILIP. Rubbish!

RUTH. I could manage all right. Of course, I have to spend *hours* in queues, but Carol would help me.

PHILIP. A fat lot of help Carol would be, and you know it.

RUTH. Of course, there are her classes at the Art School.

PHILIP. To say nothing of young Martin Latham.

RUTH. I do hope something comes of that. Do you think it will?

PHILIP. In time. Martin's not the sort of fellow to be rushed.

RUTH. Oh, I agree! I can't imagine Martin being "rushed"! (*She rises*)

PHILIP. Or even "rushing", eh?

RUTH (*crossing to the table*) But, then, I suppose dull men always make the best husbands!

PHILIP. Eh?

RUTH. I mean—Carol might do a great deal worse.

PHILIP. Yes, he may be a bit of a boob on the surface, but he's sound enough. I only wish Denis had more of his—reliability.

RUTH. Denis is all right.

PHILIP. Of course he's all right. Only I'd be better pleased if he wasn't so *restless*.

RUTH. That time he spent in the Air Force, dear—all that excitement and travel. And flapping about! More tea?

PHILIP. No, thanks.

RUTH. Then I'll tell Martha to keep the kettle on. She'll have to make fresh for Carol.

(RUTH *goes out up* L. PHILIP *rises, moves to the mantelpiece and relights his pipe. He hums a few tuneless notes and then picks out a putter from the bag below the fireplace. He plays a few shots at an imaginary ball. Then he remembers, sighs, shakes his head and replaces the club. The telephone bell rings and he crosses to the desk and lifts the receiver*)

PHILIP. Hello! Yes, Caterham six-seven-six . . . Denis? . . . No? This is Mr Stafford speaking . . . No, he's not in. Might be here any moment . . . Certainly, I'll take a message. Who's speaking? (*With a change of manner*) Yes, yes . . . Ring you when he comes in? Very well, I'll tell him . . . Yes, I've got the name *quite* right. Eric Tranter . . . Yes . . . The number? Oh, he knows it? All right . . . 'Bye. (*He replaces the receiver and crosses back to the fireplace. It is obvious that he is a little worried. He picks up a paper from the stool down* R *and sits on the sofa*)

(*After a pause the door opens and* JACKY *looks into the room. She closes the door, crosses and stands with her back to the fire, looking at Philip. She appears dejected.* PHILIP *goes on reading*)

JACKY (*in a small voice*) It's me!

PHILIP (*looking up*) Eh?

JACKY. I said "It's me"!

PHILIP. So I observe. (*He goes on reading*)

JACKY (*after a pause*) Of course, I'm sorry.

PHILIP. Naturally.

JACKY. And I apologize.

PHILIP. No need to apologize to *me*, Jacky.

JACKY. Well, it's your house!

PHILIP. I sometimes wonder.

JACKY. I suppose I shall have to apologize to Grandma, too?

PHILIP. What do *you* think?

JACKY (*gloomily*) I *have* thought.

PHILIP. Good!

JACKY. How she'll gloat. (*She pauses*) Uncle Philip!

PHILIP. Yes?

JACKY. It's awfully difficult apologizing to Grandma.

PHILIP. You ought to know.

JACKY (*kneeling at his feet*) I think she's jealous because I shall be here with you after she's gone—(*she adds*) I hope.

PHILIP. I hope so, too, Jacky.

JACKY. D'you know, if I was old and *she* was young, *I* shouldn't be jealous.

PHILIP. No?

JACKY. No. I should try to be kind to young people—like you are. If she went away there might be room for me—always. I wish I had a home of my own like other girls. I mean a home in England—*here.*

PHILIP. Well, you have. (*He puts a hand on hers*) You're here now, aren't you?

JACKY. Only as a visitor.

PHILIP (*slightly amused*) So you consider yourself a visitor, do you?

JACKY. Oh, I know I don't behave like one—often. But that's what I am—a poor relation—a hanger-on like Grandma. Only she's always here and she ticks off each day of my holidays and stays on here after I'm sent back to school. That's why I try to score off her.

PHILIP. Do you think you *do* score off her? It can't be much fun scoring off people if, after you've scored, you have to come back and crawl.

JACKY. I wonder why I come back and crawl? She wouldn't come back and crawl to me.

PHILIP. Grandma's never been very good at crawling. (*He puts his arm around her shoulders*) Jacky, you're a very decent kid—although you try very hard not to be.

JACKY. I'm not decent, really. I'd like to poison Grandma!

PHILIP (*removing his arm*) Not really?

JACKY. Oh yes, I would. Like they poisoned the beastly old woman in *Death's Sting.*

PHILIP. You won't try, I hope?

JACKY. No. You wouldn't like it, would you?

PHILIP. I shouldn't count on me as an accomplice.

JACKY. Still, I don't think Grandma *ought* to dislike me so.

PHILIP. Even though you want to poison her?

JACKY. But she doesn't know that.

PHILIP. Perhaps she guesses. She's rather good at guessing.

JACKY. She hasn't guessed about the football pool.

PHILIP (*startled*) Football pool? Which football pool?

JACKY. The one you go in for every week with Carol and Denis.

PHILIP. How did *you* know about that?

JACKY. Carol gives them to me to post sometimes.

PHILIP. She would! (*He sighs*) Never trust a woman with a secret.

JACKY. You can trust me, Uncle Philip. I won't betray you. But there'd be an awful "to-do" if Grandma found out, wouldn't there?

PHILIP. You're telling me!

JACKY. Of course, I don't *really* hate her.

PHILIP. And you'd only poison her in—shall we say—a friendly way?

JACKY (*rising and turning to the fire*) I wish she'd come down and I could get it over—the crawling, I mean.

PHILIP. Why not make a *thorough* job of it and go up to her room and apologize there?

JACKY (*gloomily*) It's an idea.

PHILIP. Not a bad one either. You could offer to help her with her unpacking.

JACKY. Unpacking? What's she unpacking?

PHILIP. Her luggage. She went up to pack twenty minutes ago, so by now she'll be *un*packing again.

JACKY. All right. (*She crosses up* L *towards the door*)

PHILIP. Jacky!

JACKY (*turning*) Yes?

PHILIP. Give us a kiss before you go.

JACKY (*coming to the back of the sofa and throwing her arms around his neck*) Oh, Uncle Philip, I do love you so!

PHILIP. Good. But don't tell your aunt. I can't put up with another jealous woman in the house.

JACKY. All right, I won't. It's a secret—like the football pools.

(JACKY *breaks away and runs up* L *to the door. As she reaches it,* RUTH *opens it and enters*)

RUTH. Hello, Jacky.

JACKY. Hello, Aunt Ruth. I'm sorry about—just now.

RUTH (*crossing* C *in front of Jacky*) Never mind, dear.

JACKY. I'm just going up to apologize to Grandma. (*She turns in the doorway*) Damn her eyes!

(JACKY *goes out and bangs the door*)

RUTH (*horrified*) Philip! Did you hear that? (*She crosses to the fireplace with some logs*)

PHILIP. Yes, dear. Never mind. You must often have thought the same.

RUTH (*kneeling in front of the fire*) Philip, I'm worried.

PHILIP. Now what?

RUTH. About Martin—Martin Latham.

PHILIP. Goodness gracious! Haven't we enough to worry about with our own family without worrying about the people next door?

RUTH (*rising*) But—Martin—it's different.

PHILIP. Out with it then.

RUTH. I don't know really if I ought to tell you. In a way I've been spying.

PHILIP (*surprised*) Spying?

RUTH. I went out to the shed just now to get some logs. You know Martin won't go into the garden after dark since Colonel Rawlings has had that new Alsatian—and the lights were on next door, and the blinds hadn't been drawn. I didn't mean to be curious but I couldn't help seeing.

PHILIP. Seeing what?

RUTH. Martin Latham. (*She sits in the armchair*) He was in that little room at the back all by himself sitting in front of the fire.

PHILIP. Why shouldn't he sit in front of the fire?

RUTH. Philip—it was the *way* he was sitting—with his head in his arms, like this. (*She demonstrates*)

PHILIP. Perhaps he had a headache.

RUTH. That's what I thought at first. (*She rises*) But then, quite suddenly he got up and began to walk about the room, waving his arms. (*She demonstrates*) Then—— (*She hesitates*)

PHILIP. Yes?

RUTH (*sitting quickly*) He sat down again. He looked the picture of misery. I'm afraid he's in some awful trouble.

PHILIP. If he is he won't thank you for interfering.

RUTH. I wasn't going to. But suppose it's to do with Carol?

PHILIP. Why should it be?

RUTH. She's so late. I thought perhaps they were together. Do you think they've had a quarrel?

PHILIP. May have done.

RUTH. Oh, dear!

PHILIP. Why not? A little quarrelling is only healthy before an engagement. It's after one's married it matters.

RUTH. We never quarrelled before *we* were engaged.

PHILIP. Didn't we? You threw a tennis racquet at me, once.

RUTH. Did I?

PHILIP. And hit me!

RUTH. I'd forgotten.

PHILIP (*rubbing his head, thoughtfully*) I haven't.

RUTH. Do you think I ought to tell Carol what I saw?

PHILIP. No. If Martin's quarrelled with her she knows already, and if he's only shaping up for it she'll find out for herself.

(*There is the sound of a door-slam off*)

RUTH (*jumping up and moving* C *above the table*) Here is Carol.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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