

Acting Edition

How the Other Half Loves

A Comedy

by Alan Ayckbourn

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Alan Ayckbourn has worked in theatre as a playwright and director for over fifty years, rarely if ever tempted by television or film, which perhaps explains why he continues to be so prolific. To date he has written more than eighty plays, many one act plays and a large amount of work for the younger audience. His work has been translated into over thirty-five languages, is performed on stage and television throughout the world and has won countless awards.

Major successes include: *Relatively Speaking*, *How the Other Half Loves*, *Absurd Person Singular*, *Bedroom Farce*, *A Chorus of Disapproval*, and *The Norman Conquests*. In recent years, there have been revivals of *Season's Greetings* and *A Small Family Business* at the National Theatre; in the West End *Absent Friends*, *A Chorus of Disapproval*, *Relatively Speaking* and *How the Other Half Loves*; and at Chichester Festival Theatre, major revivals of *Way Upstream* in 2015, and *The Norman Conquests* in 2017.

Artistic Director of the Stephen Joseph theatre from 1972–2009, where almost all his plays have been first staged, he continues to direct his latest new work there. He has been inducted into American Theater's Hall of Fame, received the 2010 Critics' Circle Award for Services to the Arts and became the first British playwright to receive both Olivier and Tony Special Lifetime Achievement Awards. He was knighted in 1997 for services to the theatre.

Image credit: Andrew Higgins.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

After a lifetime of playwriting (I first started as an unpublished writer at the age of ten!) my career has moved steadily forward from the status of untried tyro through to establishment figure to ageing experimentalist!

The work has reflected this. From the early tried and tested plays, (*Relatively Speaking*, *How the Other Half Loves*, *The Norman Conquests*, etc.) which thankfully people still seem happy to produce and come to see, through the middle period, larger scale so called “social” pieces (*Man of the Moment*, *A Chorus of Disapproval*) to the more recent smaller scale departures such as *Private Fears in Public Places*, *Snake in the Grass* and *Haunting Julia*, I have continued to experiment with shape and form, whilst I hope continuing to deepen my characters.

Throughout this, though, I have always needed to remind myself of the over riding prime directive drummed into me at an early age by my mentor, Stephen Joseph, that above all else a playwright is a story teller.

To keep an audience in their seats you need to involve them in a constantly unfolding series of unexpected twists and turns. These can, of course, be the narrative of the story itself as in *Relatively Speaking* or, as with *Woman in Mind* say, through the psychological development of the characters.

One of the nicest things people can ever say to me, coming out of a new play for the first time of seeing it, is “Well, I never saw THAT coming!”

Alan Ayckbourn

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES

This play was presented by Peter Bridge at the Lyric Theatre, London, on 5th August, 1970, with the following cast:

FRANK FOSTER	Robert Morley
FIONA FOSTER	Joan Tetzl
BOB PHILLIPS	Donald Burton
TERESA PHILLIPS	Heather Sears
WILLIAM FEATHERSTONE	Brian Miller
MARY FEATHERSTONE	Elizabeth Ashton

Directed by Robin Midgley

Designed by Alan Tagg

Lighting by John B. Read

The action of this play takes place in the living-rooms of the Fosters and Phillips

Act I Scene One Early Thursday morning
 Scene Two Evening

Act II Scene One Saturday morning
 Scene Two Sunday morning

Time—the present

ACT I

Scene One

The living-rooms of the FOSTERS and PHILLIPS. It is early Thursday morning.

The lights come up on the main set to reveal two living-rooms. Not a composite setting but two rooms contained and overlapping in the same area. Only the furnishings themselves, both in colour and style, indicate which belongs to which room. The FOSTERS' furniture is smart period reproduction, while the PHILLIPS' is more modern, trendy and badly looked after. Both rooms have similar items. Downstage right is the PHILLIPS' dining-table and two chairs. To left of the PHILLIPS' table is a three-seater settee with the right two seats matching the FOSTERS' decor and the left seat matching the PHILLIPS' decor. Centre is an armchair (FOSTER) and left is another armchair (PHILLIPS). Right of the centre chair is a small table (FOSTER). Upstage left is the FOSTERS' dining-table and two chairs. Downstage centre is a composite coffee-table with the PHILLIPS' section right and the FOSTERS' section left. On each section is a phone. Downstage left is the PHILLIPS' child's playpen and toys including a doll's house and the PHILLIPS' armchair. Each room has two doors and a window as follows: Downstage right the PHILLIPS' window, right the FOSTERS' kitchen door, upstage right the PHILLIPS' front door, upstage left the FOSTERS' front double doors, left the PHILLIPS' kitchen and downstage left the FOSTERS' window.

The FOSTERS' main door opens and FIONA, an elegant woman in her forties, enters in her dressing-gown. She goes to the window left and draws the curtains. The lights come up on the FOSTERS' areas. She crosses to the phone and dials. The phone in the PHILLIPS' house starts to ring. After a second, TERESA, an untidy, rather intense, tired-looking woman in her early thirties, enters from the kitchen door left carrying a mug of tea. She is in a different room to FIONA and so does not acknowledge her presence in any way. The characters in their different rooms will often pass extremely close but without ever actually touching. TERESA picks up her receiver.

TERESA Hallo. Hallo...

FIONA hangs up with a sigh. She looks at her watch. TERESA, frowning, crosses to her curtains right and draws them. The lights come up on the PHILLIPS' areas. She reacts to the bright early-morning light. She switches on her portable radio which is on the dining-table. It is a news programme.

FIONA, who has been standing thoughtfully, turns and goes out into the kitchen right.

TERESA sits reading a newspaper cutting and drinking tea.

The FOSTERS' double doors fly open again and FRANK enters like a whirlwind.

He is dressed in running shorts, a vest and a jaunty sporting cap and is breathing heavily.

As he enters, the kitchen timer which is on the coffee-table, rings. FRANK reaches it and it stops ringing. He surveys it in disgust and then switches on the radio on the coffee-table. Loud military music. He picks up a skipping rope from the coffee-table and with an effort, starts to skip.

After a moment, FIONA re-enters. She takes in FRANK with a frown, goes to the coffee-table and, almost unconsciously, switches the radio off.

FIONA That's rather grotesque, darling. Do you have to do that first thing in the morning? I'm sure you'll damage yourself one of these days. It's twenty past. Did you know?

FRANK That's rather why I switched the radio on. *(He sits on chair centre)*

FIONA *(without pausing on her way out)* All right. So long as you know.

FIONA goes out into the hall upstage left.

TERESA *(crossing to the bedroom door and calling)* Bob! Bob! It's twenty-five past—Bob! Get up!

She gives up after hearing no reply and goes out left.

FIONA enters immediately with the newspapers which she tosses on to the settee.

FIONA Frank, I'll have to have the car this morning.

FRANK Oh yes?

FIONA I've got an awful lot of dashing around to do.

FRANK Well, you—haven't got to dash around this morning, have you?

FIONA I have to dash around every morning, darling, but this is more frantic than usual.

FRANK It's jolly inconvenient, as it happens...

FIONA Yes, it's jolly inconvenient for both of us, darling. But I just can't manage without it.

FRANK *(picking up phone and starting to dial)* As long as that's perfectly clear. I mean you're not the only one that has to dash around, you know. I mean there are times when I'm—dashing around...

FIONA Yes, well, I'll get us some breakfast. You ought to get dressed.

She goes out into the kitchen right.

The PHILLIPS' phone rings.

FRANK (*muttering*) Quite frequently—dashing around...

BOB, *in his early thirties, enters bleakly from the kitchen left. He switches off TERESA's radio.*

BOB (*answering the phone*) Hallo.

FRANK (*startled*) Hallo. Who's this?

BOB What?

FRANK Who am I talking to?

BOB Good-morning, Frank. This is Bob Phillips.

FRANK Ah, good-morning, Bob. I'm glad you rang, I wanted a word. I've asked everyone to get to the office a little earlier this morning. I tried to catch you yesterday. What happened to you? Sneak off a bit early, did you?

BOB Yes I had—to meet someone...

FRANK Oh yes? I won't ask who. (*He laughs*)

BOB *laughs.*

Listen Bob, can you be in by a quarter past?

BOB I'll try.

FRANK I'd like the whole team there. Full strength. Right?

BOB Right. (*He goes to hang up*)

FRANK Oh, Bob...

BOB Yes?

FRANK Do you know anything about Featherstone?

BOB Do I know about what?

FRANK Featherstone. Bright little chap from Accounts. Do you know him at all?

BOB Oh, William Featherstone. Yes.

FRANK What's your opinion of him?

BOB (*surprised*) He's all right.

FRANK Good man, is he?

BOB Fine—as far as I know.

FRANK (*hanging up*) Good. Good. Good. (*He rises, switches on his radio, takes it with him, and goes towards the hall, muttering*) I'm frequently dashing around.

He goes out to the hall upstage left.

BOB is left holding the receiver for a moment.

TERESA enters from left engrossed in the paper, her mug of tea still in her hand.

BOB (*replacing the receiver*) Morning.

TERESA (*without looking up*) Hallo. (*She sits on left end of the sofa*) Who was that?

BOB Just business.

TERESA Oh.

BOB Any tea?

TERESA Just made it.

BOB Oh. Good.

TERESA On the stove. My God, there's another letter from this woman. That's about three this week already.

BOB On the stove?

TERESA What?

BOB The tea?

TERESA That's right. Help yourself.

BOB breaks left and turns back.

Oh no, honestly, that's incredible. She's raised six hundred pounds just in coffee mornings amongst her friends. Isn't that incredible?

BOB (*crossing to left of TERESA*) Perhaps you ought to do the same thing with tea mornings? Invite me along. That way I might even get a cup.

TERESA It's on the stove.

BOB Fine. Fine.

FIONA enters from kitchen right with a loaded tray and crosses left. BOB crosses left and goes into kitchen left. FIONA puts the tray on table left and begins to unload it.

TERESA (*engrossed again in her newspaper*) Oh—no! Honestly...

FRANK comes in through the main door.

FRANK (*crossing towards the kitchen right*) Darling—Darling?

FIONA Hallo?

FRANK (*crossing to right of FIONA*) It would appear that I have no clean shirt. Is that in fact the case?

FIONA Hmm?

FRANK No clean shirts. I have no clean shirts, apparently.

FIONA Well, darling, if you'd like to pop upstairs again and look on the third shelf down, I think you'll find no less than three shirts, all nice and clean and still wrapped up in cellophane bags from the laundry.

FRANK Third shelf?

FIONA That's right.

FRANK What the devil are they doing on the third shelf?

FIONA Presumably lying there, waiting for you to put them on, darling.

FRANK What are they doing on the third shelf. What's wrong with the second shelf...?

FIONA Nothing at all as far as I know darling, but since nineteen fifty-seven your shirts have always been kept on the third shelf down. They have not been kept on the second shelf down since we moved from Woking.

FRANK Woking?

FIONA (*crossing to kitchen door right*) We weren't so well off in Woking, if you remember. You had a smaller wardrobe...

FRANK (*crossing to upstage centre*) I don't know anything about Woking...

FIONA goes out right with the empty tray.

FIONA (*as she goes*) You go and have a look.

FRANK Why the hell does she have to drag Woking into the conversation.

FRANK tramps out upstage left, disgruntled.

BOB enters from kitchen left and crosses slowly to left of TERESA.

BOB I see you're hanging on with grim nostalgia to that empty cornflake packet.

TERESA Mmmm? Oh, that. I didn't have time.

BOB Ah.

TERESA Did you get your tea?

BOB No. It appears you only made enough for one.

TERESA No, I didn't...

BOB That was the impression I got from the teapot, anyway. I did do with the idea of chewing the leaves but decided to

make some fresh instead. (*He crosses to the dresser upstage right for a cigarette*)

FIONA *enters from the kitchen right with a tray, and crosses to the table left.*

BOB *crosses to upstage of TERESA who closes the newspaper.*

TERESA Is Benjamin awake?

BOB Haven't heard him.

TERESA He's marvellous these days. It used to be four o'clock, didn't it?

BOB So I remember telling you at the time.

TERESA I got up now and again, as well...

BOB Now and again.

FIONA (*going out right, calling*) Frank—breakfast.

BOB *goes to the dresser for matches.*

FIONA *goes out to the kitchen right.*

BOB *crosses to downstage right of the sofa.*

TERESA Did you want some breakfast, then? Is that what this is all about?

BOB Not if—you're rushed off your feet.

TERESA Well, there's no need to go on at me. I mean considering the fact that you rolled in here at two o'clock this morning stinking drunk and I haven't said a word about it...

BOB Till now...

TERESA Haven't said a word about it, I think it's really a bit of a nerve to sit there complaining there isn't any breakfast.

BOB I'm not complaining.

TERESA Good.

BOB crosses left and pauses left of the centre chair.

FIONA enters from the kitchen right with egg and toast on a tray. She crosses to the table left.

BOB (*going out left*) What on earth have I to complain about?

BOB goes out left.

FIONA Frank—it's on the table. (*She goes to the doors upstage left*)

FRANK (*offstage*) Coming.

FIONA goes to the phone and dials. TERESA's phone rings.

TERESA answers it.

TERESA Hallo...

FIONA is about to replace the phone as:

FRANK enters upstage left, pulling on his jacket.

FIONA (*into the phone*) Eight twenty-eight and twenty seconds...
(*She seems to adjust her watch*)

TERESA What? Hallo?

FIONA replaces the receiver.

Hallo? (*After a second she replaces the receiver, puzzled, and then resumes her reading*)

FIONA (*crossing to the table left*) Eight twenty-eight and twenty seconds...

FRANK (*crossing to the centre chair and moving the small table from right to the front of the centre chair*) Is that what it is?

FIONA Yes.

FRANK Oh. Damn fool on the wireless has just said it's eight thirty-three. (*He sits in the armchair*)

FIONA picks up the tray and crosses to left of FRANK and puts the tray on his table, and then crosses back to the table left, sits and pours coffee.

FIONA Well, they can't both be right...

FRANK Hardly. Ah! *(He tackles his egg)*

FIONA butters herself some toast, and pours coffee.

BOB enters from the kitchen left and crosses to centre, waves his mug at TERESA and then crosses and sits in the armchair downstage left.

BOB Benjamin's awake now.

TERESA Is he crying?

BOB No just beating on the floor with his wet nappy.

TERESA Oh, well, I'll leave him for a minute. Get you your bloomin' breakfast.

BOB As I say. Don't go out of your way...

TERESA Oh, shut up. Some woman rang up just now.

BOB Woman.

TERESA Yes. Told me the time and rang off.

BOB Tim's mother, do you think?

TERESA Oh no, it wasn't that. Anyway, you're supposed to ring them, aren't you?

BOB It's customary. Was she abusive as well—lewd suggestions?

TERESA No. *(She rises and drops the newspaper right of FRANK)*
She was a couple of minutes fast...

BOB No-one I know.

TERESA I didn't imagine it would be.

TERESA goes out left.

FIONA rises, gives some coffee to FRANK and then crosses right and sits the right end of the sofa with her coffee and reads a newspaper. BOB sips his tea. FRANK sniffs at his egg.

FIONA It's perfectly fresh.

FRANK Just make sure. Always make sure first.

FIONA Yes, I've noticed.

FRANK Yes. This is fine. Good fresh egg this.

FIONA Good.

FRANK *(eating)* Very nice. Very nice indeed.

BOB rises, crosses to centre and picks up the newspaper and then sits again downstage left. FIONA reads the paper.

Pity you couldn't get home till late last night.

FIONA Oh? Why's that?

FRANK Well, with being—er—well no point in it really. Sentimental. No, no, no...

FIONA Being what?

FRANK Oh, I don't know why. Always seem to get a bit gooey over these sort of things. I don't know why. It's the women who're supposed to be gooey, aren't they?

FIONA Darling, gooey about what?

FRANK Our wedding anniversary.

FIONA *(in a dead tone)* Oh, Lord.

FRANK *(laughing, embarrassed)* Silly, isn't it?

FIONA Oh, Lord.

FRANK No matter. I—er, bought some special plonk actually. You know, some of your—special plonk...

FIONA Did you?

FRANK Matter of fact I—drank the lot. Rather merry. Opened it up—let the air in and so forth—comes eleven-thirty—not a drop. Thought, well, if she walks in now, sees I've drunk all her special plonk—me for the doghouse, eh?

FIONA I got held up, I'm afraid.

FRANK Yes, I thought you'd been held up. Another meeting was it?

FIONA Umm...

FRANK No. It couldn't have been a meeting, because your Mrs Thingamyjig rang up and said you weren't there and where were you, and I remember saying to her that I thought you must have been held up.

FIONA Mrs Who?

FRANK Can't remember offhand. Mrs Thingamyjig...

FIONA Oh, Lord. *(She continues to read the paper rather angrily)*

TERESA *enters from kitchen left and crosses to right of BOB with sandwich on a plate.*

TERESA I had to get Benjamin up. Put him in his chair. He's tearing the wallpaper up there. I think he's bored. We ought to find something to amuse him. Something on elastic he can twang. Amy Murchison gave her kid an old bra of hers and a couple of tennis balls. Kept it happy for hours. Bit Freudian, though, isn't it? Here you are. *(She holds the plate out to BOB)*

BOB What's that? *(He puts the newspaper on the floor)*

TERESA *(still holding out the plate)* Your breakfast. I made you a sandwich.

BOB What sort of sandwich?

TERESA Peanut butter.

BOB *(staring at it)* Peanut butter?

TERESA It's all we seem to have.

BOB You shouldn't have gone to all this trouble, you know.

TERESA (*dropping the plate and sandwich into BOB's lap almost casually*) Don't have the damn thing, then. (*She snatches up the paper and sits at the left end of the settee*)

BOB *stares at the sandwich, thoughtfully.* **FRANK** *has finished his egg with a flourish and turns his attention to the toast.*

FRANK This toast all right?

FIONA Perfectly.

FRANK Seems a bit dried out. Dry you know.

FIONA I should damp it down then, darling, if I were you.

FRANK (*doubtfully*) Um.

BOB *rises and crosses to the left of TERESA with the plate.*

BOB Never mind. It was a beautiful thought.

TERESA Don't you like peanut butter?

BOB Not round about now I don't.

TERESA That's funny. Benjamin adores it...

BOB Does he?

TERESA Yes. Out of a spoon. He can't get enough of it.

BOB Well, I obviously don't take after Benjamin. I'll put it next to the cornflake packet. As a memento. (*He crosses left and turns back*) I don't know what you're reading that for. You've read one newspaper, you've read the lot.

He exits into kitchen left.

(*offstage*) There's a report in there of this fellow's speech—exactly the same speech that was reported in yesterday's paper...

TERESA This is yesterday's paper.

BOB *appears in the kitchen doorway left.*

BOB Yesterday's?

TERESA I hadn't finished reading it.

BOB Well, where the hell's today's?

TERESA I don't know. Outside, probably.

BOB Oh my God—

He goes out left.

TERESA (*calling after him*) See Benjamin's all right, will you?

FIONA *folds up the paper.*

FRANK That toothbrush is on the blink by the way.

FIONA Um?

FRANK I'll have to look at it after breakfast. Electric toothbrush.
On the blink.

FIONA Oh, is it?

FRANK Battery's flat by the sound of it. Hardly a flicker out of it.

FIONA No?

FRANK No. Had to clean my teeth with the flannel.

FIONA Your own I hope.

FRANK Oh yes. The blue one.

FIONA That's the bath cloth.

FRANK Ah! Is it? Is it! (*He is thoughtful, sucking his teeth speculatively*)

BOB *comes in from the kitchen left.*

BOB (*crossing to upstage of the table left*) Benjamin's poured his prunes all over his head.

TERESA (*leaping up*) Oh no—

TERESA *drops the paper and goes out to the kitchen left.*

BOB *(following her)* Perhaps he prefers peanut butter...

BOB *goes out into the kitchen left.*

FRANK Where did you get to then?

FIONA When?

FRANK Last night?

FIONA Oh, I got held up...

FRANK Oh. *(He pauses)* I see. Doesn't matter.

FIONA It's no secret. There's no secret about it.

FRANK Isn't there?

FIONA No. No secret at all. *(She rises and crosses to right of*

FRANK *putting her cup on the coffee-table)*

FRANK Good.

FIONA More coffee? *(She picks up tray and crosses to downstage of the table left and pours coffee)*

FRANK Ah, thank you.

BOB *enters laughing from the kitchen left and crosses to upstage right of FRANK. TERESA follows him and crosses to the table downstage right.*

TERESA I don't know what you think is so damn funny.

BOB I think the prune juice suits him.

TERESA *(sourly)* Oh ha-ha. *(She grabs handful of tissues from the box on the table downstage right and crosses left)* You're no help. No help at all.

TERESA *goes out left.*

BOB *turns and goes out upstage right.*

FRANK Oh that reminds me, I mustn't forget to give you your present.

FIONA Present?

FRANK Your anniversary present. I must give you that before I go.

FIONA (*crossing to left of FRANK with the coffee*) There's no need to rub it in, darling.

FRANK What? Oh. That wasn't my intention. Wasn't my intention to rub it in.

FIONA collects her own cup from the coffee-table and crosses to the table left.

BOB enters upstage right with a new newspaper and crosses downstage to the phone.

FIONA Good.

FRANK Good Lord, no.

TERESA enters from kitchen left and crosses to the wastepaper basket downstage right.

BOB drops the phone and opens the paper.

TERESA Where the hell were you last night, anyway?

BOB Me?

TERESA Where were you?

BOB crosses and sits in the armchair downstage left.

FIONA crosses and sits at the right end of the sofa.

BOB What a funny question.

TERESA (*crossing to left of the sofa*) No, I'm sick of this. Other husbands tell their wives where they go to. They don't just disappear and come blundering in at two o'clock in the morning. Other husbands... (*She crosses to right of BOB and pulls her apron off the back of the armchair*) I mean

here am I stuck here with Benjamin and you're out having parties and God knows what else and here am I stuck here.

BOB What's all this in aid of? (*He rises and crosses downstage right takes his jacket from the chair downstage of the table and puts it on*)

TERESA He's your child as much as mine.

BOB I believe you.

TERESA (*crossing to left of centre*) Well, where were you? I want to know. Where were you?

BOB (*indignantly*) Out.

TERESA Just out?

BOB (*crossing to right of TERESA*) That's right.

TERESA What doing?

BOB Drinking, talking...

TERESA Who with?

BOB Why do you want to know?

TERESA Because I'm not a fool you know. I'm not a complete fool. I mean I'd be very stupid indeed if I didn't notice—

A crash off.

Oh no! Wait a minute.

She hurries off left.

(*offstage*) Benjamin! Benjamin, you stop that at once...

BOB *meanders and sits at the left end of sofa.*

FRANK (*rising and crossing upstage*) I think I will get it for you, though. All the same the present...

FRANK *goes out upstage left.*

FIONA rises and crosses to downstage of the table left and puts down her cup, dropping the newspaper on the centre chair on her way.

FIONA (*annoyed with herself*) Oh.

TERESA enters from the kitchen left with a large spoon and crosses to left of BOB.

FIONA crosses and picks up the papers.

TERESA I caught him trying to swallow this.

BOB Really?

TERESA He could have choked. Easily.

BOB I think he'd have stood a good chance.

TERESA You don't care. You don't care at all, do you? You don't care. You don't care about me, you don't care about Benjamin... (*She crosses to the armchair downstage left and throws the spoon in the playpen*) You just don't care. (*She sits downstage left*)

Pause. FIONA sits in the centre chair.

BOB What is the matter with you?

TERESA (*more subdued*) I don't think I can cope. I've just about had it. I don't think I can cope, any more.

BOB You do all right.

TERESA The house is in a mess. I'm in a mess. Benjamin's covered in prunes... Everything's foul.

BOB (*uselessly*) Never mind.

TERESA Then I read the papers and I feel more useless. Do you know that woman who raised that six hundred pounds. She's got three children.

BOB So what? She's probably got a staff of fifteen.

TERESA Three children. Here's me with one and I can't cope.
And she writes letters...

BOB You write letters.

TERESA Nobody ever publishes mine though. I mean there must be something I can do. Something worthwhile. Instead of just sitting here, on my own, like a—cow, or something.

Pause.

You're never here.

BOB I'm always here—mostly.

TERESA Not when I need you, you're not. Not when I want to talk.

They both sit gloomily in silence.

FRANK *enters upstage left carrying a small parcel done up with ribbon.*

FRANK *(crossing to right of FIONA)* Here we are. *(He puts it in front of FIONA)* There. Open your mouth, shut your eyes and prepare yourself for a big surprise. *(He hands FIONA the present)*

FIONA Oh. Thank you, darling. *(She puts the present down on table)*

FRANK Well. *(He hands the present back to FIONA)* Come on, then. Open it up.

FIONA *(beginning to open the present)* Oh, all right. You do realize, I've totally forgotten to get you anything, don't you?

FRANK Yes. That's all right. That's all right.

FIONA Right.

TERESA There must be someone I can help.

BOB Who?

TERESA Anyone.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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