

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE

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JOHN. It it's the police, just confirm what happened to me—er—at the farm and if they want to see me they'll have to make an appointment. (*Opens kitchen door.*)

BARBARA. Are you sure your head's all right?

JOHN. I'm not sure of anything at the moment. I'll see you outside the restaurant. You'll recognize me, I'll be wearing exactly what I'm wearing now.

(*The DOORBELL rings.*)

JOHN hurries into kitchen.

BARBARA frowns and goes out URC into her hall as STANLEY returns from Mary's hall ULC. Stanley is now fully dressed.)

STANLEY. (*Calls.*) Mary?! Mary! (*Looks into kitchen.*) Mary?! I sound like a bloody nursery rhyme.

(*STANLEY hurries out into hall ULC as BARBARA returns from the hall URC with BOBBY FRANKLYN. BOBBY is in a bit of a "state."*)

BARBARA. You just caught me, actually.

BOBBY. I'm so sorry, lovey.

BARBARA. (*Moves DL towards kitchen.*) It's no trouble, honestly.

BOBBY. (*Moves DR.*) We're just moving in up there and we don't seem to have a *thing* in the flat.

BARBARA. No problem.

BOBBY. (*Crosses to Barbara at DL.*) Although you'd think that dizzy bitch could have remembered to get milk, wouldn't you?

BARBARA. How about sugar and tea?

BOBBY. No, he got those all right. (*Surveying the flat.*) Oh, this is "tres chic."

BARBARA. You short of anything else up there?

BOBBY. Only decorators, darling. We're up to our armpits in paint.

BARBARA. (*Smiling.*) I'm afraid that's not my line.

BOBBY. No, it's not Cyril's either. He won't lift a finger, lazy queen.

BARBARA. I'm Barbara Smith, by the way.

BOBBY. Bobby Franklyn. I'd like to say I won't be a nuisance again but, knowing me, I probably will.

BARBARA. Any time.

BOBBY. For God's sake don't encourage me. I thrive on familiarity.

BARBARA. Well, anything we can do to help. My husband can put his hand to most things.

BOBBY. Can he?!

BARBARA. He's a bit of a handyman.

BOBBY. Well, if he's also young and handsome for God's sake don't let my Cyril get at him.

BARBARA. (*Laughing.*) O.K. Hang on a sec.

BOBBY. Thanks ever so.

(*STANLEY returns from hall ULC as BARBARA exits into her kitchen. BOBBY is looking around Barbara's lounge.*)

(*STANLEY carries the Evening Standard and is looking horrified.*)

STANLEY. (*Looks at newspaper.*) Oh, my God! (*Reads.*) "Taxi driver has a go at muggers." Front page—with a picture! I must tell John.

(*STANLEY hurries to phone, picks up piece of paper and dials as BARBARA pops her head around her kitchen door. STANLEY sits L end of settee. BOBBY has wandered to R and is surveying the decor.*)