

JOHN. One of each! (*Goes to speak on phone again.*)

STANLEY. And a flask of tea or coffee?

JOHN. (*Accidentally into phone.*) Coffee!

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) Coffee?

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Sorry, darling. I was speaking to the farmer. He's a bit—er—well, you know what country folk are like.

STANLEY. (*In West Country burr.*) Coffee and sandwiches coming up, Surr.

(*STANLEY goes into kitchen. JOHN moves back to L end of settee.*)

JOHN. (*On phone.*) The farmer was just telling me that the garage has fixed the taxi. I'd better go, my sweet. I wanted to catch you before you left for the office.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) I'm not going in today.

JOHN. (*On phone, surprised.*) Aren't you?

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) You know I'm not, you're taking the day off, too.

JOHN. Am I? (*Sits L end of settee and hastily looks through his diary.*)

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) It's been planned for ages. Just the two of us. (*Sexily.*) Lazing around.

JOHN. (*On phone, refers to diary.*) Oh, yes, C.D.W.B.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) "C.D.W.B."?

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Cuddly day with Barbara.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) Silly boy. You hadn't forgotten about it, had you?

JOHN. (*On phone.*) No. Damn taxi breaking down has thrown me, that's all.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) Well, you hurry up back home.

JOHN. (*On phone.*) I'm on my way. I'll be four and a half minutes.

BARBARA. (*On phone, surprised.*) Four and a half minutes?

JOHN. (*On phone, realizing.*) Yes. I can cut off the A23 on to the M23 and be in Streatham in a flash. Say ten minutes.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) You drive carefully. I want you all in one big piece.

JOHN. (*On phone, foolishly.*) Yes.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) Are you feeling a little bit sexy?

JOHN. (*Looks anxiously towards the kitchen L. On phone, worried.*) Just a little bit.

(*Mary's DOORBELL goes. JOHN rises and takes a pace up LC.*)

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Hang on, the doorbell's going.

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) So what?

(*JOHN immediately stops and speaks nonchalantly.*)

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Mm? Oh, nothing. It's nothing to do with me. (*Calls off to kitchen.*) Stay where you are, I'll get it. (*On phone.*) O.K., sweetheart, I'm on my way right now. Keep everything warm. 'Bye.

BARBARA. (*On phone, rising.*) Oh, John.

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Yes?

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) You'd better ring the Police at Streatham.

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Police?

BARBARA. (*On phone.*) Or shall I?

JOHN. (*On phone.*) Why should either of us ring the Police?