

Mary | John

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE

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BARBARA. *(To John.)* I shall probably ring you from a hotel. *(To Stanley.)* You can now stay the night if you like. *(To Mary.)* I hope you collect more than I have. *(Moves, then stops and comes back to Mary.)* Don't you normally have a habit?

MARY. *(After a moment's pause.)* Oh, sorry. How do you do?

*(MARY then shakes Barbara's hand thinking that his is the "habit" to which Barbara is referring. BARBARA looks blank for a moment, looks at the two men, then storms out URC into the hall with her suitcase. MARY steps into John below R. end of settee.)*

MARY. What was that all about?

*(There is a pause.)*

JOHN. That was Lofty.

MARY. Lofty?

JOHN. Lofty. Yes. *(Matter-of-fact.)* He's a transvestite.

*(JOHN looks at Stanley. STANLEY walks away and sits in his chair DL with his head in his hands.)*

MARY. *(Amazed.)* A transvestite?

JOHN. A fellow who dresses up on women's clothes.

MARY. I know what a transvestite is!

JOHN. Good.

MARY. *(In disbelief.)* That was a Man?

JOHN. Yes, Lofty's really amazing when he dolls himself up.

MARY. *(Astonished.)* Is he going to walk down the street like that?

JOHN. Yes.

MARY. It's incredible!

JOHN. (*Nods.*) Yes. (*Deadpan.*) Lofty's a friend of Stanley's. (*Looks towards Stanley who slowly looks up.*)

STANLEY. Lofty is *not* a friend of Stanley's.

JOHN. They've just has a bust-up.

STANLEY. (*Rise. To Mary.*) "Lofty" is a friend of your husband's.

MARY. (*Shocked.*) John!

JOHN. (*Hurries over to Stanley.*) Let's say we share him, Stanley.

MARY. What?!

STANLEY. We *don't* share him!

JOHN. Well, let's not fight over him, Stanley. Poor Mary's had enough shocks for one day haven't you darling?

MARY. I damn well have. You've never shown any of these kinky signs at home.

JOHN. (*Weakly.*) I haven't had the time.

MARY. (*To Stanley.*) I don't think I'm so surprised about you.

(*BOBBY enters from Barbara's hall URC. HE looks furious.*)

BOBBY. (*As he enters.*) Are you all deaf or what?!

(*JOHN and STANLEY break away in despair. JOHN to DR. STANLEY to DL.*)

JOHN. Some other time!

BOBBY. What about my banging?

JOHN. What banging?!

BOBBY. Cyril and I have been banging away up there for ages. Tapping away like Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

JOHN. Never mind!!