

PORTERHOUSE. (*Trying to be jolly.*) Now, Mrs. Smith, I don't think you should have sent him packing like that. (*Puts newspaper in wastebin DL.*)

MARY. He's a bloody nuisance!

PORTERHOUSE. (*Gives Mary his handkerchief.*) We all have these little rifts. Today's been a bit of a strain. You and he will be all right after a kiss and cuddle.

MARY. (*Is astonished.*) Kiss and cuddle?!

PORTERHOUSE. Never fails. Do what you were planning to do and spend the morning together in bed.

(*MARY rises, outraged and moves in front of Porterhouse to DC.*)

MARY. (*Outraged.*) I was planning no such thing.

PORTERHOUSE. Well he was.

(*MARY turns, surprised.*)

MARY. (*Angrily.*) Was he?! Well, I assure you the last thing I'd do is jump into bed with that moron.

PORTERHOUSE. I'm sorry to hear that.

MARY. (*Moves back to chair DL.*) I don't indulge in that sort of thing.

PORTERHOUSE. I'm sorry to hear that, too.

MARY. (*Outraged.*) What sort of wife do you think I am?

PORTERHOUSE. I really don't know.

MARY. Once you start that sort of think you've got no marriage at all.

PORTERHOUSE. (*Surprised.*) Well, it takes all sorts, I suppose.

MARY. Yes.

PORTERHOUSE. I'm surprised that you ended up with little Stanley.

MARY. (*Is now confused.*) I don't intend to end up with "little Stanley."

PORTERHOUSE. (*Worried.*) Oh, dear.

MARY. (*Gives Porterhouse the hanky and sits.*) The way he's been acting this morning, I think the sooner he's put away, the better.

PORTERHOUSE. No, no! The young fellow needs physical love and lots of it.

MARY. What?!

PORTERHOUSE. (*Chuckling.*) I can see my wife could teach you a thing or two.

(*During the following dialogue JOHN appears stealthily from kitchen DL. HE looks around and then moves in front of Mary and Porterhouse to Barbara's door URC to check if Barbara is around. JOHN then moves DRC to Barbara's phone and dials.*)

MARY. (*To Porterhouse.*) If I could just resolve what's happened to my husband.

PORTERHOUSE. As far as I'm concerned, he's clarified the situation.

MARY. But you said you'd seen him and I'd like to know where he is?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Hesitates and looks up.*) Well, he's upstairs, isn't he?

MARY. (*Hesitates and looks up.*) What's John doing up there?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Hesitates and looks up.*) Isn't that where he went?

MARY. (*Hesitates and looks up.*) To see Stanley?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Frowning.*) I thought Stanley was at school?

(*PORTERHOUSE scratches his head, confused.*)