

Mary
Stanley
Porterhouse

RUN FOR YOUR WIFE

69

(PORTERHOUSE frowns and looks at Stanley who is standing the other side of Mary.)

PORTERHOUSE. Yes, I think so.

STANLEY. Yes, I think so!

MARY. (*Glares at Stanley. To Porterhouse.*) Have you spoken to him then?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Glances at Stanley.*) Yes, thanks.

STANLEY. Yes, he has!

MARY. (*Glares at Stanley. To Porterhouse.*) When?

PORTERHOUSE. When what?

MARY. (*To Porterhouse.*) When did you talk to John?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Surprised.*) Well, just now.

MARY. Just now?

STANLEY. (*Steps in. Quickly.*) Yes, it must have been. (*To Porterhouse.*) Well, it was, wasn't it?

(MARY pushes Stanley back.)

PORTERHOUSE. (*Getting confused.*) Yes.

STANLEY. Yes!

MARY. (*Glares at Stanley. To Porterhouse.*) Where?

STANLEY. Where what, dear?!

MARY. (*Glares at Stanley. To Porterhouse.*) Where did you talk to John?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Glances at Stanley again.*) Well, I was standing here and he was standing—

STANLEY. (*Quickly.*) Standing about there!

MARY. (*Glares at Stanley. To Porterhouse.*) I've been looking everywhere for him.

PORTERHOUSE. (*Surprised, looking at Stanley.*) Have you?

MARY. (*To Porterhouse.*) Well, where is he now?

PORTERHOUSE. (*Totally confused.*) Who?!

STANLEY. Who'd like a nice cup of tea?

MARY. (*Glares at Stanley. To Porterhouse.*) My husband. Where is he?

(*STANLEY steps in front of Mary and takes Porterhouse DR.*)

STANLEY. (*To Porterhouse.*) Yes, where is he? What's his *position*? Where exactly does he *stand* with the police?

MARY. Stanley!

STANLEY. (*Hesitates a brief second.*) Stanley's gone to school, my sweet.

MARY. (*Tries to fathom this out.*) What?!

STANLEY. Yes, I gave the little chap his comflakes and saw him on to the bus.

MARY. What's the *matter* with you?

STANLEY. Nothing. I'm fine now, dear. (*To Porterhouse.*) You're happy, too, aren't you?

PORTERHOUSE. Yes, I'm quite satisfied, Mrs. Smith. Now I've talked to him. (*Indicates Stanley.*)

MARY. (*Surprised.*) Him?

STANLEY. Me. Yes. (*To Porterhouse.*) You wanted to talk to me, didn't you? Little chat. It's all O.K. now.

MARY. (*Edgily to Stanley.*) Will you just keep out of this for a moment.

STANLEY. Only trying to help.

MARY. Well, you're not. (*MARY pulls Stanley in front of her and propels him to L end of settee. MARY suddenly notices the newspaper that Stanley has folded and put in his pocket. SHE moves to C.*) Is that the Evening paper?

STANLEY. (*Takes out newspaper.*) Mm? Oh, yes.

MARY. Anything in it about last night's mugging? (*Takes paper.*)

STANLEY. Yes. Front page.