

A (3) Garry, Monica and Fred

At this moment GARRY ESSENDINE appears at the top of the stairs. He is in his pyjamas and dressing-gown and his hair is tousled.

GARRY *(on the landing; furiously)* I suppose it's of no interest to either of you that I have been wakened from a deep, deep sleep by everybody screaming like banshees! What's going on?

MONICA I've been talking to Miss Stillington.

GARRY Who the hell is Miss Stillington?

MONICA She's in the spare room.

GARRY *(coming downstairs)* I didn't ask where she was, Monica dear, I asked who she was?

FRED looks at MONICA.

MONICA We might look her up in the telephone book.

FRED She forgot her latchkey, if you know what I mean.

GARRY *(moving down below the right end of the settee)* Go away, Fred, and get me some coffee.

FRED *(moving up left to the service door)* Rightyo.

GARRY And don't say rightyo.

FRED *(turning and bowing)* Very good, sir.

GARRY Thank you very much.

FRED exits.

MONICA You met her at a party last night and brought her home here and told her about your early struggles and she stayed the night.

GARRY *(crossing to her)* I remember now. She's a darling. And I'm mad about her. What did you say her name was?

MONICA Stillington. Daphne Stillington.

GARRY I knew it was Daphne but I hadn't the faintest idea it was Stillington. How did she look to you?

MONICA Restive.

GARRY Poor little thing, I hope you were sweet to her. Has anybody given her anything to eat?

MONICA Fred's taken her some coffee and orange juice.

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GARRY What's she doing now?

MONICA I don't know. Drinking it, I suppose.

GARRY Oh, it's dreadful, isn't it? What are we to do?

MONICA She wants to say goodbye to you and to thank you.

GARRY Whatever for?

MONICA That, Garry dear, I am in no position to say.

GARRY Why didn't you tell her to dress quietly like a mouse and go home? You know perfectly well it's agony here in the morning with everybody banging about and the telephone ringing...

MONICA You might have thought of that before you asked her to stay the night.

GARRY She had to stay the night. (*Moving away to centre*) She'd lost her latchkey.

MONICA The sooner we turn that spare room into a library, the better.

GARRY She's probably sobbing her heart out.

MONICA Why don't you go and see?

GARRY (*crossing to her*) Lend me a comb and I will.

MONICA (*taking a comb out of her bag*) Here.

GARRY (*taking it*) What a deplorable-looking object. (*going to the looking-glass on the piano.*) Good God, I look ninety- eight.

MONICA Never mind.

GARRY In two years from now I shall be bald as a coot, with rows of angry false teeth leering at me from a tumbler. Then, perhaps, you'll be sorry.

MONICA (*moving up stage a little*) On the contrary I shall be delighted. There will be fewer eager, gently bred debutantes ready to lose their latchkeys for you when you've got a toupee perched on the top of your head, and life will be a great deal simpler.

GARRY (*thoughtfully*) I shall never wear a toupee, Monica, however bald I get. Perhaps on the stage I might have a little front piece, but in life, never! I intend to grow old with distinction.

MONICA I'm sure that will be a great relief to all of us.