

FAY Wait till you see what we've got in the bedroom. *(She laughs)*

GUY *(laughing inordinately)* Yes. Wow. Yes. *(Pause)* You look very nice.

FAY Thank you. So do you.

GUY *(straightening his tie)* Ah.

FAY Do you want to take that off?

GUY No, no. No. That's OK.

FAY I love men in ties ...

GUY Oh, yes? *(Pause)* You'd like it in our office then. It's full of them.

*Pause.*

FAY Look. I might as well say this early on. Then we can relax and enjoy ourselves. If there's anything you particularly like or positively dislike, you will say, won't you?

GUY Oh no, no. I'm not at all fussy, never have been. I take just what's put in front of me.

FAY I mean, as far as I'm concerned, don't worry. I'm very easy. I don't think there's anything. Anything at all. Well, I suppose if it was excessively cruel or painful... I would draw the line.

GUY Oh, yes, yes. *(He considers)* You mean like veal, for instance.

FAY Veal.

GUY Veal, you know...

FAY No. I don't think I've tried that.

GUY You haven't?

FAY No. Something new. How exciting. I can't wait. Veal. How do you spell it?

GUY Er... V-E-A-L...

FAY You mean the same as the meat? What's it stand for?

GUY No idea...

FAY Very Exciting And Lascivious... *(She laughs)* No? Viciously Energetic And Lingerin...

*They both laugh.*

GUY Vomitmakin... Especially At Lunchtime...

*FAY screams with laughter.*

FAY *(recovering, glancing at her watch)* Your friend's late...

GUY Yes. She is. I'm beginning to get a bit worried. I would have picked her up in the car only she's very independent and she does like to make her own way.

FAY Why not?

GUY Quite.

FAY Has she got far to come?

GUY No, only a bus ride. From Wellfield Flats.

FAY Oh, yes. I know. Near the park?

GUY That's it.

FAY Wellfield Flats. Aren't those for old people?

GUY That's right.

FAY Oh, I see. She works there, does she? As a nurse?

GUY No, no. She lives there.

FAY Lives there?

GUY Yes. Only—well, it's rather tricky. She's a proud old soul and she always hates it when people know she lives at Wellfield. So, if you could try not to mention it, I'd be grateful. You know what they're like at that age...

FAY What age?

GUY Well, she doesn't let on but my guess is early seventies...

FAY Seventies?

GUY But you'd never know it. She's up and down flights of stairs like nobody's business. She nursed my wife through a lot of her illness. I've always been grateful to her for...

*He tails off. FAY is weeping with laughter.*

You all right?

FAY Yes, yes... *(Recovering a fraction)* And she's coming here? Tonight?

GUY Well, I hope so...

FAY I can't wait to see Ian's face...

GUY Ian?

FAY Dear God, this is wonderful... I love you. I love you.

GUY You needn't worry about the pictures. She's very broadminded. She's a game old bird, she really is. You'll like her.

FAY *(re-composing herself)* I'm sure. I'm sure.

GUY *(more dubious)* I hope Ian will get on with her but...

*This starts FAY laughing again. She lies on the sofa and flails her legs.*

*(confused)* Sorry, I'm not quite with all this I'm...

*FAY sits up suddenly and listens.*

FAY Shh. He's back. Listen. Don't tell him about your friend. Keep her as a surprise.

GUY A surprise?

FAY Please...

GUY All right. Why?

*IAN enters brandishing a Tequila bottle.*

IAN All over the bloody place. Driven five miles for this. Hi ya, Guy. Hallo, doll. You going to fix us one...?

FAY Sure. (*Taking the bottle*) Guy? Another one?

GUY Well, if it could be not quite so—

FAY Sure... (*She gathers up both their glasses*)

IAN Well, where's your friend, then?

GUY (*with a glance at FAY*) Oh, she's...she's...coming shortly.

FAY *gives a stifled squeak of laughter.*

IAN What's the joke?

FAY Nothing. Nothing...

IAN There is someone else coming, I take it?

FAY (*going out*) Oh. Yes. Definitely someone else coming...

FAY *goes out. Her laughter is heard ringing down the hall.*

IAN How many's she had, then?

GUY No idea.

IAN (*settling*) Like the pictures?

GUY Yes, I've been admiring them. Amazing.

IAN (*indicating one particular picture*) Fay can do that, you know.

GUY (*with disbelief*) Can she really? How incredible.

IAN One of the few women I know who can. You must get her to show you. (*Briskly*) Now, just before things start hotting up and getting out of hand—Could I just clear up this little business matter?

GUY Of course, of course.

IAN I won't beat about the bush. My partner and I have this little building firm as you probably know and we're contemplating buying a small piece of land which, as it happens, adjoins your factory.

GUY Yes, I know the piece. It so...

IAN Good. Well, there is a rumour— (*Laughing*) —isn't there always?—that BLM may be intending to develop their existing premises. In which case, of course, the land in question could become a little more expensive. You follow?

GUY Yes. As a matter—

IAN All I'm asking is, is the rumour true?

GUY Well, all I can give you is the same answer I gave Dafydd. I honestly have no idea, but I'll try and find out. I've had no luck so far.

IAN (*slightly sharply*) Dafydd?

GUY Yes. I presume he's acting for you on this.

IAN Yes, yes. Maybe he is. (*Slight pause*) Don't take this the wrong way but—I could make this worth your while... I think I can speak for Fay and say we both could... (*He looks up at the picture and winks*) OK?

*The doorbell rings.*

Ah, that'll be your friend. (*Yelling*) Doorbell, doll... (*To GUY*) The sort that likes to keep you waiting, is she? (*He grins*)

GUY Well, not if she can help it. She may have fallen over, of course...

IAN Fallen over? What is she? On skates?

*FAY enters. She carries the drinks.*

Where is she then?

FAY You have to answer it.

IAN Why?

FAY Because you have to...

IAN Oh, all right. (*He moves to the door*)

*FAY (giving him a drink)* Here.

IAN (*taking it*) Ta.