

BRIAN Not at all. *(To the speaker)* Don't go away, postman. I'm coming right down.

BRIAN *opens the front door and hurries out eagerly. At the same time, PETER comes hurrying down the stairs calling back off.*

PETER That's all right, Eleanor. I'll ask Mr Bromhead if he's free for dinner tomorrow.

FRANCES *(offstage)* Whaaat!

PETER Now, Frances.

PETER *exits to the main bedroom.*

FRANCES *(offstage)* If your mother thinks that I am throwing cocktail parties for Mr Bromhead and all her silly friends she's absolutely crazy.

PETER *(offstage)* Don't you worry about Bromhead, darling. I can get us out of that all right.

PETER *enters carrying an electric blanket and transistor in one hand and a Teasmaid in the other. FRANCES comes to the doorway, still in her dressing-gown.*

FRANCES I'm sure we're not allowed to run a restaurant over a bank, either.

FRANCES *slams the bedroom door again. PETER is becoming very worried. He hurries upstairs.*

PETER *(as he goes)* It's all right, Eleanor, I'll move the wardrobe.

The front door opens and BRIAN comes in carrying a large brown parcel. He is clearly curious about its contents.

BRIAN *(calling)* I've got it, Frances. It's quite big. I say, I had to laugh—somebody thinks you're a man. *(He laughs)*

FRANCES *(offstage)* What did you say, Brian?

BRIAN This parcel. It's incorrectly addressed to Mr Frances Hunter. Somebody thinks you're a man, you see. *(He laughs again and turns the parcel over, looking for some clue)*

FRANCES *(offstage)* Sometimes I wish I was.

BRIAN I must say it's jolly well tied up. All the knots are sealed with wax. *(Putting the parcel down)* I'll leave it here. If you'll excuse me, I'd better get back to the bank.

FRANCES *(at the door)* Thanks, Brian. God knows where our scissors are. And we haven't got a sharp knife in the place.

BRIAN *(eagerly)* I've got my old Scout knife with me. Would you like me to do it for you?

FRANCES *(going offstage)* Would you? Thanks.

FRANCES *disappears again.*

BRIAN Not at all, not at all—it's a very professional job. *(He cuts the string on the parcel and removes it)*

FRANCES *(offstage)* Does it say who it's from?

BRIAN No, no, I haven't looked—I mean, well, yes, there is a label on it. Let me see—er—the Scandinavian Import Company.

FRANCES *(offstage)* What? Oh, no!

FRANCES *comes running out of the bedroom pulling her shortie dressing-gown on, as she is still only wearing bra and pants.*

It's all right, Brian—I'll take it. It's only some wineglasses—I sent for—for the flat—a little surprise for Peter...

She goes to take the box from him and between them they fumble and drop it. The box falls to the floor. To their surprise there is no crash and, instead, a pile of plain envelopes litter the carpet.

BRIAN I'm most terribly sorry. How clumsy of me. Allow me.

FRANCES That's all right—I'll do it. It was my fault.

They both get down on their hands and knees and start picking up the envelopes.

BRIAN Funny sort of glasses, Frances. They feel more like packets of postcards.

FRANCES (*gathering envelopes*) They must have got the orders mixed, the idiots. And they're all sealed down.

BRIAN No, no, this one isn't... (*He starts to withdraw a selection of postcard-sized photographs*) Oh, my God! It's a dirty photo!

FRANCES What are you talking about? Let me see.

BRIAN No, no, I couldn't. You can't possibly look at this— (*Looking at a second card*) —or this. (*Looking at a third card*) And as for this—I'd rather not look myself. (*He surreptitiously slips it into an inside pocket*)

FRANCES (*tearing a packet open*) Don't be ridiculous, Brian. They can't be that bad. (*She looks*) Good lord, they are, too! (*She cannot suppress a laugh*)

BRIAN It's nothing to laugh at, Frances. I'm extremely embarrassed. Peter will be furious if he finds out.

At this moment, PETER appears coming down the stairs.

BRIAN and FRANCES are positioned so that he cannot see them and vice versa. The words he overhears stop him in his tracks. As BRIAN blethers on, PETER becomes more and more incredulous.

FRANCES Oh, Brian.

BRIAN It wasn't me—I didn't want to look. You came rushing out, grabbed hold of it and dropped them on the carpet.

FRANCES You admitted you were clumsy.

BRIAN The next thing I knew I was down on the floor looking at a naked girl in a very odd position. Do them up again before Peter comes down.