

Cross-fade to MALCOLM and KATE's. KATE is invisible under the sheets. MALCOLM is on the floor and has fallen asleep in the midst of sandpapering. He snores.

Cross-fade to JAN and NICK's.

NICK *(restless unable to get to sleep)* Ooh—ow... *(Softly)* Jan? Jan? Are you asleep? Jan? ...Ooh—ow. *(Loudly)* Aaah.

JAN *(waking up)* What?

NICK Sorry. Did I wake you? It's just agony.

JAN Well, try and sleep darling.

NICK Impossible, I'm afraid.

JAN Well, do try...

JAN turns over. NICK lies, moaning to himself softly.

Cross-fade to ERNEST and DELIA's. SUSANNAH is now quiet. DELIA sleeps sedately. SUSANNAH suddenly sits bolt upright, her eyes wide open.

SUSANNAH Oooooooooaaaah! Trevor...

DELIA *(awake in a flash)* What? What?

SUSANNAH *(fumbling her way out of bed)* I must phone Trevor.

DELIA *(switching on her light)* Not now, dear. It's only a quarter to seven.

SUSANNAH Please, please I want to phone Trevor.

DELIA Well, there's a phone here. Don't go out there, you'll wake Ernest. And if you wake Ernest before he's ready, he gets very tetchy. Here we are.

SUSANNAH I'll just phone home. *(She dials)*

DELIA It's far too early to telephone anyone. Far too early...

SUSANNAH It's ringing.

DELIA And Trevor hates being woken up early. I could never get him to school on time. He's worse than Ernest.

SUSANNAH There's no reply.

DELIA He'll be dead to the world. Try again later on. Now go back to sleep...

SUSANNAH No, no, he would have heard. I know he would have heard. I had this terrible dream... I'll see if he's still at Malcolm's. *(She goes to her handbag)*

DELIA No. Now you really mustn't. It's very naughty of you. Phoning people up at this time of the morning. I absolutely forbid it.

SUSANNAH But I'm worried to death about him. Don't you see? Don't you care?

DELIA *(quietening her)* Yes, yes, all right, all right.

SUSANNAH *(scrabbling for her address book in her bag)* Malcolm and Kate...

DELIA You're going to be dreadfully unpopular...

SUSANNAH *(dialling)* I'll ask Kate if she knows where he went. He may still be there.

DELIA I hope you don't carry on like this at home. You can never hope to keep a husband if you keep bobbing up and down like this all night.

Lights up on MALCOLM and KATE's. The phone rings. MALCOLM remains asleep. KATE's head emerges.

KATE Ooooo—aaah—oh... *(Answering)* Ho. Hoo hiss.

SUSANNAH Kate?

KATE Hes.

SUSANNAH It's Susannah.

KATE Oh. Ho.

SUSANNAH I hope I haven't woken you.

KATE Ho. Ho.

SUSANNAH Is Trevor there?

KATE No...no, he's not. He went to Jan's. Night night. (*She hangs up and slumps back*)

Lights down on MALCOLM and KATE's.

SUSANNAH (*thunderstruck*) He's at Jan's.

DELIA What?

SUSANNAH (*beginning to crumple*) I knew it. I knew he would be. He's at Jan's.

DELIA Now, Susannah.

SUSANNAH I dreamt he was at Jan's.

DELIA Now come along, pull yourself together.

SUSANNAH He's gone back to Jan. I knew he'd go back to Jan. (*She flings herself on the bed weeping hysterically*)

DELIA Now, Susannah. Susannah. I shall smack your face. Susannah.

ERNEST enters angrily, putting on his dressing-gown.

ERNEST Look, what the blazes are you two playing at? Banging and thumping and wailing. It's like sleeping next door to a girls' dormitory.

DELIA Ernest dear...

ERNEST It's too bad, you know. Too bad. I just this minute got off to sleep against considerable odds. (*He puts on his spectacles*)

DELIA Ernest, we have a crisis.

ERNEST I know we have a crisis. And if I don't get my sleep, there's going to be a bigger one.

DELIA Ernest, please. Quietly, darling. Quietly. Please...

ERNEST What?

DELIA You're going to have to do something. Will you do something please? Then we can all get some sleep.

ERNEST Anything.

DELIA Right. Will you pick up that phone, please. And ring Jan whatever-her-name-is and ask to speak to Trevor. And then you can put him on to me.

ERNEST Why should I want to ring Jan?

DELIA Because that apparently is where Trevor is.

ERNEST At this time of the morning?

DELIA Especially at this time of the morning.

ERNEST Oh, no. You don't mean to say...

DELIA Apparently.

ERNEST Oh, no. Well, I warn you. I'm not in any mood for pleasantries. Give me the number then. *(He lifts the receiver)*

DELIA Susannah.

SUSANNAH Mm?

DELIA What is Jan's number? *(Holding up the address book)*
Will it be in here?

SUSANNAH *(nodding mutely)* Mmm.

DELIA Where do I find it? What's her husband's surname?

SUSANNAH Davies.

DELIA Davies. *(Handing the book to ERNEST)* Look up Davies, dear, under D.

ERNEST *(searching)* Davies? Davies? Davies? Nick and Jan Davies. Those the ones?

DELIA That's them.

ERNEST Two six—um—um—seven four— *(Dialling)* —two—six...

DELIA Ask to speak to Trevor.

ERNEST I shall.

Lights up on NICK and JAN's. The phone rings.

NICK (*waking up and trying to sit up*) Aaah. (*He lies back*)

JAN (*asleep*) Phone's ringing.

NICK Well, answer it darling. Will you come round and answer it.

JAN (*stumbling out of bed*) Oh no.

NICK Oh my God, it's probably America. Lights on.

JAN What?

NICK Lights on.

JAN Right. (*She switches on the light*)

NICK Notebook, quick. Pen and notebook. Come along, darling.
Quickly please, they'll hang up.

JAN Pen and notebook.

NICK Jan please, get a move on.

JAN I am getting a move on. (*She answers the phone*) Hallo?
Two six...

ERNEST Hallo. Is that Jan?

JAN Yes, just a moment please. I'll give you my husband.

ERNEST I don't want your husband, young lady. I want to
speak to my son.

JAN Your son?

ERNEST I know he's there. Come along.

JAN Oh I'm sorry. I thought you were America. Just a second...
(*To NICK*) It's not America. It's your father.

NICK My father? Good Lord. (*Taking the receiver*) Hallo there,
Dad.

ERNEST Hallo, who's that?

NICK It's Nick, Dad, how are you? When did you get back?

ERNEST Back?

NICK I thought you were in Rome.

ERNEST Rome?

NICK Who is this?

ERNEST That's not Trevor.

DELIA Who are you talking to?

ERNEST Haven't the foggiest. Some fellow who thinks I'm in Rome.

NICK Look, did you say Trevor?

ERNEST Yes. Trevor. I'm talking to Trevor. We seem to have a crossed line...

DELIA Oh, give that to me. *(She takes the receiver)*

ERNEST Bloody GPO. Absolutely the last straw.

DELIA *(ultra-charming)* Hallo, who am I speaking to?

NICK Madam, you are speaking to a man with a bad back in considerable pain. More to the point, who are you?

DELIA I'm so sorry to disturb you. This is Trevor's mother speaking.

NICK You want to speak to Trevor, do you?

DELIA If it's not too much trouble. Thank you so much.

NICK *(handing the receiver to JAN)* Trevor's mother. It runs in the family.

JAN Delia?

DELIA *(to ERNEST)* There, that's that sorted out.

JAN Hallo, Delia. It's Jan. Do you want a word with Trevor?

DELIA Yes, is he with you, Jan?

JAN Yes, he's sleeping on the sofa. I'll get him.

JAN *goes.*

DELIA Thank you, Jan. She is a nice girl. Her husband sounds a very grumpy thing.

ERNEST I'm not surprised.

DELIA Now then. She's obviously with her husband, Susannah, so there's nothing at all for you to worry about. She's just fetching Trevor. He's sleeping on their sofa apparently.

TREVOR *blunders in. He has been sleeping in his shirt, pants and socks.*

NICK Could you not use the phone in there?

TREVOR Sorry to disturb you.

JAN *enters, speaking.*

JAN No, Trevor, I said you can take it in here, Trevor.

TREVOR *(answering the phone)* Hallo.

JAN Trev... *(apologetically to NICK)* Sorry. *(She gets into bed)*

TREVOR Hallo.

DELIA Trevor?

TREVOR Hallo, Mum.

DELIA I have Susannah here, Trevor. She wants to talk to you.

TREVOR Oh. Right.

DELIA *(holding out the phone)* Susannah.

SUSANNAH Thank you. *(Into the phone)* Hallo—Trevor? *(She kneels on the floor)*

DELIA Ernest. *(She waves him away)*

ERNEST *stamps back into his room.*

TREVOR Hallo, Suse.