

Jennifer and Mrs Hinson sit in silence

The front door slams

There is a pause

Mrs Hinson Walking about, this time of night, he'll get himself mugged.
Jennifer He won't go far: down to the corner for some cigars I should think.

It's about as far as the cord will stretch. (*She "beams" at Mrs Hinson and takes up her handbag*)

Jennifer goes inside

Mrs Hinson sits, moodily flicking through her magazine as:

Michael comes out from behind the shed, with his wig in his hand to mop his brow

Roma appears excitedly in the french windows

Roma Toby's here!

Michael Where?

Roma He's parking the car.

The Smethurst doorbell rings

Mrs Hinson Door!

Roma hurries back inside

Michael (shouting after her) Hat! Hat! (*He quickly puts on his wig, using the window as a mirror, then realises he is still wearing the pinny and gloves. He pulls them off and shoves them behind the shed*)

Toby (off) Oh I see, Fred Astaire, very good.

Toby and Roma come through the french windows

Toby is about the same age as Michael, very tall and slim. He wears an immaculate white suit, white shoes and socks, red buttonhole and a completely incongruous red fez

Roma now wears a top hat and carries a wrapped bottle of wine

Don't tell me I'm the first?

Roma It's lovely to see you . . .

Toby (seeing the food on the table) And it's a barbecue, eh? (*He rubs his hands together enthusiastically*) Great—I'm starving.

Roma Look darling—Toby's brought a bottle of wine. (*She unwraps the wine, putting the paper in the bin and the bottle on the table*)

Toby Well now, if Roma is Fred Astaire, you must be—no—give up.

Michael Ginger—Rogers.

Toby With a moustache. Very good.

During the following Roma takes off her hat. She puts it on the table and adjusts her hair

Michael And you?

Toby (*posing*) The Man In The White Suit. There was a film. You remember.

Michael (*disdainfully, of the fez*) What about that thing?

Toby Well I had it in the cupboard so I thought I'd throw it in as a sort of bonus. Some lucky girl gets *me* and the hat. (*He poses*) *Olé*.

Michael You do know there's a theme, do you? Famous Couples in Reverse.

Toby Ah—yes—true—but travelling solo, I couldn't see much point.

Roma I thought you were bringing Caroline.

Toby I was. Her husband came back from Zimbabwe or she had to wash her hair, something like that, I can't remember. (*He sees the walking frame, frowns at it, then pulls out a packet of cigarettes*) Anyway, I have to tell you that I'm really looking forward to this evening.

Roma Yes, it'll be fun.

Michael Watch the shrub, will you?

Toby Sorry?

Michael (*indicating*) You're leaning on the shrub.

Toby lights his cigarette with a match

Roma "discreetly" holds out an ashtray

Toby deposits the match in the ashtray

The Smethurst doorbell rings

Mrs Hinson Door!

Roma (*gaily*) Who will this be, I wonder?

Roma makes to go inside

Michael Hat!

Roma hurries back to the table and puts on her hat

Roma hurries inside

Toby The thing is. I've got this feeling I'm really going to click tonight. I might even propose to someone. Suddenly feel the need to get married again, would you believe.

Michael Oh really? Now what was I going to ask you—ah yes—I want you to look after the stereo.

Toby Any chance of a drink first?

From inside the house comes a shriek. It is Sandy reacting to Roma's costume

Michael (*not over-generously*) Red or white?

Toby White always tastes better outdoors, don't you think? Yes, a glass of white.

Michael takes up one of his bottles

Actually, I brought a bottle of rather good Chablis.

Sandy comes through the french windows, followed by Roma