

Michael (off) No it isn't jolly good—how can I commence cooking when I don't know how many I'm cooking for?

The others have heard this

Roma comes out from behind the shed and beams at everyone

Roma That's chefs the world over though, isn't it? Terribly temperamental.
Mrs Hinson (referring to David) His first wife couldn't cook for toffee. Mind you, she did his shirts beautiful.

The Smethurst doorbell rings

Door!

Roma Off again!

Toby Great!

Sandy Gareth!

Michael (off) Hat!

Roma collects her hat and hurries in through the french windows

David moves over to Jennifer at the drinks table

Toby has trouble getting the clingfilm off his fingers and, in order to remove it, drapes it over the trellis:

Mrs Hinson He sounds like an animal, your Gareth.

Sandy Darling, the stories I could tell you.

Mrs Hinson And you've got nowhere to live?

Sandy Nowhere.

Mrs Hinson (beckoning her closer) Only the thing is you see, Sandra—I shall be going to stay with my son for a few months so if you fancy you could make use of my place while you sort yourself out.

Sandy How incredibly generous.

Mrs Hinson Pop round and have a look at it. (She looks for her doorkey in her handbag)

Sandy (doubtfully) Well . . .

Mrs Hinson Actually, I shall be moving in with my son permanent sooner or later, so my place will be on the market if you're interested.

Sandy (suddenly very interested) Really?

Michael comes out from behind the shed as:

Roma hurries out into the garden

Roma I'm terribly sorry but—(she sees the clingfilm sticking to the trellis and averts her eyes) would you mind moving your car again—Mr McMonagle has come back and there's nowhere for him to unload his van.

David Which one?

Roma Ummm . . .

David goes into the house, followed by Toby as:

Michael comes out from behind the shed