

TIM. This is getting farcical.

BELINDA. Money.

TIM. Money?

BELINDA. You're waving money around.

TIM. Oh, that's for... Oh...!

*(TIM hurriedly grabs his raincoat from a peg and exits into the dressing rooms.)*

FREDERICK. She's a funny woman, you know — Dotty. So up and down. She was perfectly all right last night.

BELINDA. Last night?

FREDERICK. Yes, she took me for a drink after the show in some club she knows about.

BELINDA. She was with *you*? You were with *her*?

FREDERICK. She was being very sympathetic about all my troubles.

BELINDA. She's not going to sink her teeth into you! I won't let her!

FREDERICK. No, no, she couldn't have been nicer. In fact she came back to my digs afterwards for a cup of tea, and she told me all *her* troubles. Sat there until three o'clock this morning. I don't know *what* the landlady thought!

*(Enter POPPY.)*

POPPY. And another thing.

BELINDA. Nothing else, my sweet!

POPPY. Where's Selsdon?

BELINDA. It turns out that it's Freddie here who's the cause of all the... Selsdon?

POPPY. He's not in his dressing room.

BELINDA. Oh — I might have guessed!

POPPY. Oh — the front-of-house calls!

BELINDA. You do the calls. I'll look for Selsdon.

FREDERICK. What shall I do?

BELINDA. *(Firmly.)* Absolutely nothing at all.

Start

FREDERICK. Right.

BELINDA. You've done quite enough already, my pet.

*(Exit BELINDA to the dressing rooms.)*

POPPY. *(Into the microphone.)* Ladies and gentlemen, will you please take your seats. The curtain will rise in three minutes.

*(Enter TIM from the dressing rooms in his raincoat, carrying a large bunch of flowers.)*

TIM. He wants to kill someone. *(He takes off his raincoat.)*

POPPY. *Selsdon* wants to kill someone?

TIM. Garry, Garry... *Selsdon*?

POPPY. We've lost him.

TIM. Oh, not again!

POPPY. Flowers!

TIM. *(Embarrassed.)* Oh... Well... They're just... You know...

POPPY. *(Taking them.)* Oh, Tim that's really sweet of you!

TIM. Oh... Well...

POPPY. *(To FREDERICK.)* Isn't that sweet of him?

FREDERICK. Very charming.

*(She kisses TIM.)*

POPPY. I'll just look in the pub. *(She gives the flowers to FREDERICK.)* Hold these.

*(Exit POPPY to the dressing rooms.)*

TIM. I'll take those. *(He takes the flowers.)* Oh, the front of house calls! Hold these. *(He gives the flowers back to FREDERICK.)*

FREDERICK. Oh, I think Poppy's done them.

TIM. She gave them two minutes, did she? I'll give them one minute. *(Into the microphone.)* Ladies and gentlemen, will you please take your seats. The curtain will rise in one minute.

end