

JEFFREY Yes, and er, ho-de-ho!

PEGGY leaves by the side door, as GLADYS arrives by the back door.

PEGGY (*passing GLADYS*) Hi-de-hi!

PEGGY exits.

JEFFREY Ah, good morning, Gladys.

GLADYS closes the door behind her. JEFFREY lifts the trousers up against his body discreetly.

GLADYS You haven't forgotten the staff meeting is five minutes earlier today.

JEFFREY No, no, I haven't forgotten.

GLADYS looks down at JEFFREY's trousers.

GLADYS Did you sleep well?

JEFFREY Yes, yes, the air here is marvellous.

GLADYS (*still looking down*) From what I saw of you last night, it wasn't only the air that made you sleep.

JEFFREY looks down and rather nervously pulls up the trouser zip and holds them closer to his body.

JEFFREY Some of the campers will insist on buying me drinks. I've been trying to avoid some lads down from my old university.

GLADYS I hear Sylvia bought you one too, didn't she?

JEFFREY Yes, well, she had a win on the fruit machine.

GLADYS Fruit machine's been out of order three weeks. You want to be careful. Joe Maplin doesn't like management drinking with Yellowcoats. Especially her. (*She turns to go*) You coming then?

JEFFREY No, no, I can't, Gladys. I haven't got any trousers on.

GLADYS (*turning*) Oh, I'm sorry. I hadn't noticed.

GLADYS closes the door behind her and leaves office and staff room by the side door as FRED QUILLY enters by the back door wearing full jockey gear and carrying a shoulder bag.

JEFFREY puts on his trousers and sits at the desk looking at paperwork.

The lights go down on the office.

FRED goes over to the table upstage left where the tea and coffee cups are located. He looks about him and starts to collect sugar cubes and put them into his pockets.

PEGGY enters by the side door.

PEGGY Hello, Fred.

FRED is startled.

What are you up to?

FRED N-nothing.

PEGGY Come on, what have you been putting in your pockets?

FRED N-n-nothing.

PEGGY Come on, show me.

FRED Just a few lumps of sugar.

PEGGY (*looking in his pockets*) What are you talking about, there's nearly half a pound in there.

FRED It's for my horses, they don't get much out of life. They get up in the morning—well, they're already up. That's because they sleep standing up. Then they're out trekking everyday with them great heavy campers on their backs, and all they see is the back of the horse in front of them. How'd you like to spend your life plodding along, looking at the arse of an 'orse.