

The BAILIFF reacts and leaves.

HILARY closes the door behind him.

SPIKE enters as the BAILIFF leaves and sits in the armchair.

HILARY That's a court order, Ted. You've got one week to cough up fifty quid. I'll be down next Friday to collect it. And if you don't divvy up you'll be in the nick.

TED Hilary! Jeff, can you do something?

HILARY collects her gloves and bag as she departs.

JEFFREY I'm sorry, Ted, I didn't realize. *(To HILARY)* Let me escort you to the gates, Mrs Bovis.

JEFFREY, HILARY and the BAILIFF leave by the back door.

TED looks at the paperwork, sighs and steps into the staff room where SPIKE is sitting. TED hands SPIKE the paperwork.

The lights go down on the office.

TED Would you believe it? That's all I need.

SPIKE *(reading papers)* This is serious you know, Ted. If you don't come up with that fifty pounds by Friday, you'll be inside.

TED She's always sending summonses—not always in person, mind.

SPIKE This one's different. This is the real thing!

TED That's women for you. One minute they promise to love, honour and obey, next minute they're putting you in clink.

SPIKE You must have loved her once.

TED Yes I did. Twenty-sixth of March nineteen fifty-one. *(Pause)* About three o'clock I think it was.

SPIKE What are you going to do about it?

TED What can I do about it? I haven't got fifty quid.

SPIKE Show us your wage packet. I know you've got it, I was there when you collected it.

TED reaches for his pocket and pulls out a wage envelope.

TED There's not fifty quid in there.

SPIKE takes the envelope.

'Ere, what are you doing?

SPIKE opens the envelope and sorts out notes.

SPIKE Right, now. Eleven pound ten. I'll keep eleven pounds, you take ten bob as pocket money.

TED What are you talking about?

SPIKE *(taking money from his own pocket)* And there's nine pound from me that I'm lending you—because I'm an idiot. That makes twenty quid.

TED *(pleased)* Spike, I just don't know what to say.

SPIKE Don't say anything. Just think of the way you are going to come up with the thirty pounds.

TED Well, tomorrow's Saturday, and we get a new batch of naïve campers in. I can try a few of my fiddles. The fixed raffle, the dodgy tombola, the—

SPIKE *(stopping him)* Ted, I don't want to know.

TED Well, there's just one thing that would help me.

SPIKE What's that?

TED Could you give me just another quid for beer money?

SPIKE pushes TED away. They get up and walk towards the back door.

SPIKE Go on!