

PEGGY Oh, poor things. Oh, take the rest, I can get some more.

*Smiling, FRED scoops up all the remaining lumps and puts them in his bag.*

PEGGY arranges cups and departs by the side door as YVONNE and BARRY waft in by the back door wearing their dancing gear. They head towards the tea and coffee table.

FRED moves back slightly.

YVONNE No, Barry, I just couldn't face eating that ghastly bacon, it was swimming in fat. If I ate it I would have one of my stomachs again.

BARRY I do hope you're going to be fit tonight. Last night you were as stiff as a board.

YVONNE Well, as you know I have a very delicate back...

BARRY ...It was like dancing with a docker.

YVONNE You would have more experience of that than I.

*They approach the coffee table. YVONNE picks up a cup.*

Just look at these cups, they're filthy.

BARRY Well, as my mother always said, we all eat a peck of dirt before we die, dear.

YVONNE The way she ran the house, you must have fulfilled your quota years ago.

*They turn away from each other at the coffee table.*

TED enters by the back door.

TED *(calling off)* Spike! Spike! I told you that costume was a bad idea. What did I tell you? First rule of comedy, realism.

SPIKE enters by the back door wearing a dustbin costume, complete with lid hat. The bin has porridge drips down the side of it.

*(Examining the costume)* This costume...it's rubbish!

SPIKE What are you talking about? I was doing all right over breakfast, I had them all singing *My Old Man's A Dustman* until one kid started emptying his breakfast into me—then they all joined in the fun. I had to crouch down and put me lid on.

TED approaches BARRY and YVONNE.

TED How's Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers this morning?

*Yellowcoats SYLVIA, DAWN, TRACY and GARY enter and wait at the rear of the staff room. Each take a cup and talk amongst themselves.*

YVONNE Ignore him, Barry. *(She hands BARRY a cup)*

TED What are you doing ponced up at this time of day for?

YVONNE We happen to be doing some private tuition this morning.

*TED takes the cup out of BARRY's hand and goes to sit in the armchair.*

MR PARTRIDGE enters by the back door, obviously in a bad mood, muttering. He approaches TED sitting in the armchair.

MR PARTRIDGE *(to TED)* Oi! Do you mind! I always sit here!

*TED gets up out of armchair to allow MR PARTRIDGE to sit.*

TED You're in a crabby mood this morning.

MR PARTRIDGE Yeah, and so would you be if you had to share a chalet with him. *(Pointing to FRED)* It's like living in a blasted stable.

FRED *(collecting two cups)* There's nothing the matter with the smell of horses, mate. I have to put up with your nightmares. *(He hands MR PARTRIDGE a cup)*