

YVONNE sits and **BARRY** pulls a spare chair to the table.
JEFFREY sits.

JEFFREY Now, what is it? Do you have an idea for the pool wheeze?

BARRY No. We received this "note" from chalet maintenance.
(He holds out a note)

YVONNE Most awful grammar.

BARRY It says that we are to stop putting up wallpaper in our chalet.

JEFFREY Well, yes, I believe it causes damage to the walls.

YVONNE We don't paste it up, Mr Fairbrother, how could it possibly cause damage to the walls?

JEFFREY Well, I asked the very same question. Apparently you stick it up with sellotape, and when this is removed at the end of the season it leaves little squares of paint. *(He uses his hands to illustrate the square)*

BARRY We have to do something, the chalets are so depressing. It's like living in Parkhurst.

YVONNE And it's very good quality wallpaper, it's cabbage roses. Pink on a beige background. Your predecessor, Mr Babberstock, never minded, he just used to turn a blind eye to it.

BARRY Mind you with those roses we all had to turn a blind eye.

YVONNE You're only saying that because you wanted gold regency stripes. So common and *nouveau riche*.

BARRY All I was saying—

JEFFREY Yes yes yes, all right. I don't think we should get involved at this stage with what sort of paper it is. What concerns us is the damage.

BARRY How would it be if we put the paper up with drawing pins?

JEFFREY Well surely that would still cause damage?

YVONNE Yes, but only tiny holes.

BARRY We could fill them in afterwards.

JEFFREY Yes, well, I mean that seems a fair enough compromise. I'll get on to maintenance about it.

They all rise.

YVONNE Thank you, Mr Fairbrother, our chalet is so important to us. It's our refuge. Our oasis in the desert of vulgarity.

BARRY replaces the chair. **YVONNE** and **BARRY** leave.

The telephone rings. JEFFREY picks up the receiver.

JEFFREY *(on the telephone)* Hello, Jeff—

The phone continues to ring—it is the other phone.

JEFFREY replaces the receiver and picks up the other one.

(on the telephone) Hello, Jeffrey Fairbrother speaking. *(Pause)* Yes, yes, I see, well... *(Pause)* You had better put her through. Ah, hello, Mrs West. *(Pause)* Yes. *(Pause)* Yes, but wh—what precisely is the problem you want the camp hypnotist to help you with, Mrs West? *(He rubs his hand over his head with embarrassment)* Well, in, in, in that case, wouldn't it be better if your husband saw him? Yes. Yes, I think so. I'll have a word with him. No. Not with your husband—the camp hypnotist. Yes, thank you. Good—goodbye. *(He replaces the receiver)*

The lights come up on the staff room.

HILARY BOVIS, a smartly dressed middle-aged woman with a handbag, enters the staff room by the back door with the **BAILIFF** who carries a briefcase. She sees **JEFFREY**'s door, indicates to the **BAILIFF** to remain in the staff room, then knocks at the door.

BAILIFF reads notices etc. while **HILARY** is in the office.