

Frank and Bob

ACT II THIS HAPPY BREED SCENE I

FRANK: Poor old Nora.

BOB: Well, this is a nice conversation for us to be having on the festive day, I will say. How's the happy bridegroom?

FRANK: The happy bridegroom locked himself in the bathroom for nearly an hour this morning; you'd think he hadn't washed for a month.

BOB: Natural anxiety, old man—can't blame 'im!

FRANK: Funny to think of starting off on an 'oney-moon, isn't it? Seems a hell of a long time ago since we did.

BOB: Where did you go for yours?

FRANK: Ramsgate, and it pissed with rain without stopping all the time.

BOB: We went to Swanage, Nora had relatives near there; it was awful.

FRANK: Well, Reg and Phyl ought to enjoy themselves all right. It'll be a change anyway going abroad for the first time. I got them special rates all along the line. Even old Baxter himself took a hand.

BOB: Where are they stopping to-night?

FRANK: Dover. Then they get the morning boat and they're in Nice first thing the next day.

BOB: Pretty posh going to the South of France for your honeymoon nest par?

FRANK: Well, we're only young once.

BOB: You've held that job at Tickler's steady ever since the war, haven't you?

FRANK: Yes, but I nearly lost it once.

BOB: How was that?

FRANK: Well, I'm all right on the business side, you know, travellers' cheques and letters of credit and what not, but once one of our young gentlemen downstairs

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smashed himself up in a car and I had to go behind the counter for a month—oh dear!—Mr. Baxter sent for me to his office. "Listen, Frank," he says, "there have been complaints. You've issued no less than four sets of tickets to the wrong places inside of the last week through not being able to pronounce the foreign names properly! And as we can't afford to have our customers losing themselves all over the Continent you'd better go back to your figures!" After that he engaged a couple of Ladida young chaps with Oxford accents. You should hear them! I thought one of 'em had swallowed a fishbone the other day, but he was only saying Marseilles!

SYLVIA comes hurriedly into the room. She is dressed in a very old wrapper and her head is swathed in a towel. She sees BOB, gives a scream of horror and runs out again. She speaks the ensuing dialogue through the half open door.

SYLVIA: Fancy me coming in looking like this in front of Mr. Mitchell! What will he think?

FRANK: Don't worry. He's broadminded.

SYLVIA: I had my hair set yesterday and I didn't dare let the damp get to it while I was having my bath.

FRANK: What d'you want, anyway?

SYLVIA: Mrs. Flint's feather-boa—she says it's in a box on the table by the window—one of its tassels is loose.

FRANK: Hold on a minute. *(He takes a box off the table by the window, brings it to her and hands it round the door.)* Is this it?

SYLVIA: Yes, that's it—thanks.

She goes.