



MORRIS. Garry! Where are you going?

GARRY. (*A little flustered.*) Out.

MORRIS. Out where? (MORRIS *crosses down right center.*)

GARRY. I suppose I can go out if I want to, can't I?

FRED. I never even knew you was up! You are a dark 'orse and no mistake.

GARRY. Don't be impertinent, Fred, and go away.

FRED. (*Crossing to right of GARRY.*) All right – all right. The gentleman's in the office and the lady's in the spare room if you 'appen to want either of 'em. (FRED *goes off cheerfully to kitchen.*)

MORRIS. Lady! What lady?

GARRY. What's he talking about! The boy's off his rocker.

MORRIS. Really, Garry, you're impossible. Who's in there?

GARRY. I would be very much obliged if everybody would mind their own God-damned business.

MORRIS. For heaven's sake get rid of her – I've got to talk to you – I'm in a bad way –

GARRY. What's the matter?

MORRIS. Get rid of *her* first, whoever she is.

GARRY. How can I get rid of her, she may be in the bath.

MORRIS. Tell her to hurry then.

GARRY. Now look here, Morris –

MORRIS. (*Crossing to right.*) If you won't – I will (*He strides over right to the bedroom door.*)

GARRY. (*Crossing down center.*) Morris – I forbid you to go near that room.

MORRIS. (*Loudly knocking on the door.*) Will you please come out – as soon as you can. (*Crosses back right center.*)

(*LIZ enters right, closing the door behind her.*)

Liz! It's you!

GARRY. It's you!

LIZ. Of course. Who did you think it was?

GARRY. Yes. Who'd you think it was?

MORRIS. What on earth were you making such a fuss about Garry?

GARRY. I make a fuss? I don't know what you mean!

LIZ. (*Crossing to GARRY.*) Why are you so completely dressed so very suddenly? You were asleep a few minutes ago!

(*MORRIS moves down right.*)

GARRY. Oh no I wasn't. I most gravely doubt whether I shall ever be able to sleep again.

LIZ. Perhaps your conscience was troubling you.

GARRY. (*Crossing front of sofa.*) I cannot for the life of me imagine why everybody is so absolutely beastly to me! (*Sits on sofa, left.*) To be away from the lot of you.

LIZ. It won't be exactly unrelieved sadness for us.

GARRY. No sarcasm, please.

MORRIS. (*Crossing to center.*) For God's sake stop bickering, both of you. I'm in the most awful state.

GARRY. What about?

MORRIS. Liz knows – I told her last night.

GARRY. What does Liz know? What did you tell her last night?

LIZ. (*Whispers.*) Pull yourself together, Morris. Have a drink or something. Try not to be silly.

MORRIS. (*Whispers.*) I don't want a drink. If I have a drink it will make it much worse. It always does.

GARRY. This is a most fascinating little conversation, but I must say I should appreciate the full flavor of it more if I had just an inkling as to what it was all about.

MORRIS. (*Crossing to center.*) I haven't slept for three nights, Garry – ever since you talked to me the other morning.

GARRY. Why not?

(LIZ backs a step left.)

MORRIS. It's bad enough getting one of my awful obsessions. You know what I'm like when I get an obsession. God knows you've helped me through enough of them, but this time I've made an utter fool of myself and (*Sits in chair center.*) lied to you into the bargain.

GARRY. (*Sharply.*) Lied to me? What do you mean?

MORRIS. (*Drops his head.*) Joanna and I love each other.

GARRY. (*After a slight pause – looking at LIZ.*) Oh!

LIZ. Oh, dear.

