

Audition Format:

Auditions will begin promptly at 6:30 pm. Please submit your completed audition form at the beginning of auditions. Those auditioning may be asked to read for parts they are not interested in accepting in order to assist in the process. You need not attend both audition nights but may feel free to do so. All characters speak with a British accent. 2 female presenting actors, 5 male presenting actors. If you are unable to attend auditions but wish to be considered, email the director Len Hedges-Goettl at lengtree@gmail.com to determine whether some accommodation can be made.

Audition materials, including call sheet, character descriptions, sides, and the dance tutorial are available here: [Run for Your Wife materials](#)

Hard copies of these materials will also be provided at auditions.

Run for Your Wife, a comedy by Ray Cooney

It ran for over 8 years with over 3000 performances on the West End in London

Run for Your Wife: a comedy, is presented by arrangement with Concord Theatricals (www.concordtheatricals.com)

Side 1: Mary/Barbara (two pages)

MARY. (On phone.) Operator, do you think you could get me Wimbledon Police Station, please

BARBARA. (On phone.) Operator-?

MARY. (On phone.) Thank you.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Could you put me through t Streatham Police Station, please

MARY. (On phone.) Hello?

BARBARA. (On phone.) Thank you.

MARY. (On phone.) Is that Wimbledon Police Station? ... I'm sorry to trouble you, Sergeant, but I'm a bit worried about my husband.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Streatham Police? I'm rather concerned about my husband?

MARY/BARBARA. (Together, on phone.) Mr. John Smith.

MARY. (On phone.) I'm Mrs. Mary Smith.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Barbara Smith.

MARY. (On phone.) Number 25.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Number 47.

MARY. (ON phone.) Kenilworth Avenue.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Lewin Road.

MARY. (On phone.) Wimbledon.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Streatham.

MARY. (On phone.) London, S.W. 19.

BARBARA. (On phone.) London, S.W, 16.

MARY. (On phone.) John Smich, that's right. He's a taxi driver.

BARBARA. (On phone.) He's a taxi driver.

MARY. (On phone.) I woke up this morning and he hadn't come home. He was due back at 12 o'clock last night.

BARBARA. (Onphone.) He was due back this morning at 7:30.

MARY. (On phone.) From the late shift. 12

BARBARA. (On phone.) From the carly shift. It's gone 8:30 and he's always so punctual.

MARY. (OR phone.) I wouldn't worry except that he keeps to a very exact schedule.

BARBARA. He has this very precise schedule, you see. overtime. (On phone.)

MARY. But he does put in a lot of I'm worried-

BARBARA/MARY. (Together, on phone.) He might have fallen asleep at the wheel of his taxi. **BARBARA. (On phone.)** Hospitals?

MARY. (On phone.) No, I haven't.

BARBARA. (On phone.) Would you?

MARY. (On phone.) Thank you very much.

BARBARA. (On phone.) I'm very grateful. really,

MARY. (On phone.) Well, he's sort of commonplace

BARBARA. (On phone.) Average, I suppose.

MARY/BARBARA. (Together.) Medium height, brown hair, blue eyes-sort of cuddly.

MARY. (On phone.) Distinguishing marks?

BARBARA. (On phone.) Not really.

MARY. (On phone.) No.

BARBARA/MARY. (Together on phone.) He's very ordinary... Thank you.

Side 2: Troughton/John (one page)

TROUGHTON. (Takes out his notebook.) I won't stay long, sir. I'd just like to clarify a couple of points.

JOHN. Right! (During the ensuing speech JOHN looks 'round the room trying to take it all in, whilst TROUGHTON walks around the back of the settee and DRC)

TROUGHTON. Now then. (Refers to notebook.) Last night-approximately 23:00 hours-(Smiles at John.) that's 11:00 p.m.-you were driving your taxi. It is your taxi, sir. You're the proprietor as it were? The owner- driver?

JOHN. Excuse me, what time is it? (TROUGHTON stops by chair DR.)

TROUGHTON. (Surprised.) Quarter to nine, sir.

JOHN. (Trying to work it out.) Quarter to nine.

TROUGHTON. (Moves to settee and sits on R. arm.) So back to 11 p.m. last night, sir. When you got involved with this mugging incident.

JOHN, Mugging. Yes.

TROUGHTON. (Refers to notes.) You were driving home to Wimbledon with an empty cab.

JOHN, (Worried but still hazy.) Quarter to nine in the morning?

TROUGHTON. That's right. (Refers to notes.) And as you were passing Wimbledon Underground Station, you saw an old lady struggling with two youths.

JOHN, Wednesday morning?

TROUGHTON. Yes. **JOHN.** What happened to Tuesday night?

TROUGHTON. Well, half of it you spent at Wimbledon Police Station and half at Wimbledon Hospital.

JOHN. (Thinking.) Schedule.

TROUGHTON. Beg pardon?

JOHN. (Trying to pull himself together.) I think I'm out on my schedule.

TROUGHTON. I'm not surprised. **JOHN.** (Looking around.) This is Wimbledon.

TROUGHTON. (Bemused.) That's right. **JOHN.** (Looks towards kitchen.) That was Mary.

TROUGHTON. Yes, she's just making some coffee, (JOHN quickly takes his diary from inside pocket of his jacket and flicks through the pages to check on his "schedule.")

TROUGHTON. (Referring to notes.) Wimbledon Underground Station. Two youths attempting to relieve an old lady of her handbag.

JOHN. (Reads from diary.) Barbara. 7:30 a.m.

TROUGHTON. No. Doreen Spinks, 23:00 hours.

Side 3: Stanley/John (2 pages)

JOHN. (Shouts after her.) I'm still not meeting anybody! (Closes kitchen door.)

STANLEY. Take it easy, old son. (Sits John in chair DL)

JOHN. (Rising.) Stanley, you don't understand.

STANLEY. You're right there. Blimey, when you think of half the rubbish the papers print, you deserve to be on the front page.

JOHN. (Pulls Stanley away from kitchen to DC.) Stanley! Nothing must be said about me in the newspapers. You'll have to deal with the when they get here. Say it wasn't me, say it was you. Say anything.

STANLEY. What the hell are you talking about?

JOHN. It would ruin me.

STANLEY. If this story appears in the papers?

JOHN, Yes! I'll be ruined with Barbara

STANLEY. Why should you be ruined-(HE stops.) Who's Barbara?

JOHN. She's-a lady.

STANLEY. A lady? (HE suddenly realizes.) Ooo! You naughty naughty Johnny. So Barbara's a little bit on the side, is she?

JOHN. There's more to Barbara than that.

STANLEY, She's got a big bit, eh? Lovely! (STANLEY indicates a large bosom, JOHN pulls Stanley down on to the settee.)

JOHN. Stanley! All hell would be let loose if Barbara were to see anything in the newspapers about me and Mary and living in Wimbledon.

STANLEY. Why?

JOHN. Because I live with Barbara in Streatham.

STANLEY. No, old son, you live with Mary in Wimbledon.

JOHN. That, too.

STANLEY. (Blankly.) You've got two homes?

JOHN, Yes.

STANLEY. One here with Mary-?

JOHN. Yes.

STANLEY. And one with your girl friend in Streatham?

JOHN. Yes. Only Barbara's not my girlfriend.

STANLEY. What is she, a Shetland Pony?

JOHN. She's my wife.

STANLEY. I beg your pardon?

JOHN. Barbara and I are married.

STANLEY. (Nonplussed.) Mary and you are married.

JOHN. That too.

STANLEY. (Staggered.) You've got two wives?

JOHN. Yes.

STANLEY. And two homes?

JOHN. Yes.

STANLEY. God almighty, I thought you were ordinary!

JOHN. Yes.

Side 4: John/Barbara/Porterhouse (two pages)

JOHN. (Walks down with false nonchalance behind settee to DL.) Hello, darling!

BARBARA. (Amazed.) Sweetheart! (Hurries over to John and embraces him.)

JOHN. Sorry I'm a bit late.

BARBARA. How on earth did you get here so quickly?

JOHN. No traffic.

BARBARA. Darling, your head!

JOHN. (Chuckling.) It's nothing.

BARBARA. John, this gentleman's from Streatham Police.

JOHN. (Stops chuckling.) Streatham Police?

PORTERHOUSE, Detective Sergeant Porterhouse.

JOHN. (Crosses in front of settee to Porterhouse at DRC.) Jolly good. Well, I'm back now, safe and sound. Fit as a fiddle. Thanks for calling.

PORTERHOUSE, If I could just clarify a couple of points, sir.

JOHN. (Backs away and sits C of settee.) Well, I'm not feeling too good, actually. Banged the old head, you know.

PORTERHOUSE. Yes. Handbag, wasn't it?

BARBARA. Handbag.

JOHN. (Hesitates.) Handbag?

PORTERHOUSE. (Steps in to R. end of settee. Refers to notes.) John Smith, Casualty Department, Wimbledon Hospital. Concussion and bruising. Cause of damage. lady's handbag.

BARBARA. (Moves in and sits L of settee.) Johnny! (JOHN looks blankly at Barbara.)

JOHN. (Finally.) What a coincidence

PORTERHOUSE. Coincidence, sir?

JOHN. Two John Smiths. Both getting their head bashed. On the same day.

BARBARA. This one's not you, then?

JOHN. No. Mind you. "John Smith"-common name (Refers to Porterhouse's notes.) Well, you can see it's not me. This fellow got involved with an old lady, two muggers and a handbag. I banged my head on an old oak beam.

PORTERHOUSE. So you weren't in Wimbledon in the early hours of this morning

JOHN. (Broadly.) No.

PORTERHOUSE.-driving your taxi?

JOHN. (Goes to say "no" but stops.) Taxi?

PORTERHOUSE. (Refers to notes.) Says here this bloke's occupation is a taxi driver.

BARBARA. No

JOHN. (Looks blankly at Barbara, then looks at notes and once again "studies" them. With amazement:) What a coincidence! (Suddenly.) Ah!

PORTERHOUSE. What, sir?

JOHN. According to your notes, this Mr. Smith was released from Wimbledon Hospital at 8:30 a.m. this morning.

PORTERHOUSE. That's right.

JOHN. Couldn't be me then. I was in the country that time, I rang you, didn't I, darling, from the farm.

BARBARA. Yes, there's something peculiar about the farm though.

JOHN. Yes. It was a bit of a funny farm. (To Porterhouse.) Well, thanks for going to all this trouble, Sergeant.

PORTERHOUSE. There is something else, sir.

JOHN. Ye-es? (Smiles at Barbara and puts his arm around her.)

PORTERHOUSE. Our colleagues in the Wimbledon force took this other Mr. Smith home to an address in Wimbledon.

JOHN. He probably lives in Wimbledon.

PORTERHOUSE. Yes, but somehow or other, the hospital have his address in their records as 47 Lewin Road, Streatham, S.W. 16.

BARBARA. That's our address, John! (JOHN walks over to Porterhouse and "studies" Porterhouse's notes.)

JOHN. (Amazed.) Now, that is a coincidence.

PORTERHOUSE. That's what I thought.

JOHN. Of course!

PORTERHOUSE. Yes, sir? **JOHN.** (Thinking madly.) The reason Wimbledon Hospital has this other John Smith's address as mine here is because--I was in the hospital a couple of days ago and they've got their records confused.

Side 5: Barbara/John (one page)

BARBARA. (Brightly.) Darling!

JOHN. Ah! (In his fright bangs the telephone down on the table.)

BARBARA. (Surprised.) All right, Precious?

JOHN. You bet. Can't stay, though.

BARBARA. Can't stay?

JOHN. No. Got to get back on the road.

BARBARA. Don't be silly! It's. C.D.W.B.

JOHN. Oh, yes,

BARBARA. (Puts her arms 'round him and kisses his neck.) "Cuddly day with Barbara."

JOHN. No, "Can't Do What's Booked." (Barbara's phone RINGS. John lifts phone, does a few very quick "heavy breathings" into receiver and replaces receiver. BARBARA looks bewildered at JOHN who is standing. looking at the phone with a blank stare.)

BARBARA. (Finally.) Why did you do that?

JOHN. (For a moment doesn't answer. -Sexily.) I don't want us to be disturbed.

BARBARA. (Sexily.) Oh, you're in a hurry, are you?

JOHN. (Glancing at phone.) Not half! But I can't give in to it.

BARBARA. (Wrapping herself around him.) Yes, you can

JOHN. No. You see, I didn't earn a penny last night. I ought to do one quick trip.

BARBARA. Afterwards. (SHE removes his jacket and during the ensuing dialogue undoes his shirt.)

JOHN. Well, I've got a bit of a headache, actually.

BARBARA. That's all the more reason for going to bed.

JOHN. I don't think that'll be good for me, honestly. I don't.

BARBARA. You've always said it cures anything.

JOHN. Well, yes.

BARBARA. Especially headaches.

JOHN. Yes, that's your headaches, not my headaches.

BARBARA. Come on. (SHE pulls him towards the bedroom DR.) We'll soon get rid of that nasty old headache.

JOHN. Well, as long as you let me go out afterwards.

Side 6: Barbara/Bobby (two pages/two scenes)

BARBARA. You just caught me, actually.

BOBBY. I'm so sorry, lovey.

BARBARA. (Moves DL towards kitchen.) It's no trouble, honestly.

BOBBY. (Moves DR.) We're just moving in up there and we don't seem to have a thing in the flat.

BARBARA. No problem.

BOBBY. (Crosses to Barbara at DL.) Although you'd think that dizzy bitch could have remembered to get milk, wouldn't you?

BARBARA. How about sugar and tea?

BOBBY. No, he got those all right. (Surveying the flat.) Oh, this is "tres chic."

BARBARA. You short of anything else up there?

BOBBY. Only decorators, darling. We're up to our armpits in paint.

BARBARA. (Smiling.) I'm afraid that's not my line.

BOBBY. No, it's not Cyril's either. He won't lift a finger, lazy queen.

BARBARA. I'm Barbara Smith, by the way.

BOBBY. Bobby Franklyn. I'd like to say I won't be a nuisance again but, knowing me, I probably will.

BARBARA. Any time.

BOBBY. For God's sake don't encourage me. I thrive on familiarity.

BARBARA. Well, anything we can do to help. My husband can put his hand to most things. BOBBY. Can he?!

BARBARA. He's a bit of a handyman.

BOBBY. Well, if he's also young and handsome for God's sake don't let my Cyril get at him.

BARBARA. (Laughing.) O.K. Hang on a sec.

BOBBY. Thanks ever so.

BARBARA. Here we are.

BOBBY. Oo, scrummy! I answered your telephone. (Replaces receiver and takes tray.)

BARBARA. Thanks. Any message?

BOBBY. Well, King Edward came into it somewhere. And-er-Mr. Gardner.

BARBARA. Oh, him. **BOBBY.** I couldn't quite make out what he was on about. **RUN FOR YOUR WIFE BARBARA.** He's a damn pest

BOBBY. Do you get many funny phone calls then?

BARBARA. Only from this fellow. He's trying to get rid of two and a half acres of cucumbers.

BOBBY. God help us all! He said to tell Mr. Smith that things weren't too good on the farm.

BARBARA. With him running the place, I'm not surprised. (Moves up a pace towards door URC.)

BOBBY. Is Mr. Smith in that line of business then?

BARBARA. No. He drives a taxi.

BOBBY. Oh, lovely. Cyril and I are in the dressmaking caper.

BARBARA. I'll remember that.

BOBBY. Yes. We'll fix you up, love. Evening frock, little afternoon number. The trouble is with Cyril he can't bear to part with half of them! (HE laughs.)

BARBARA. (Laughs and opens door.) I'll go out with you.

BOBBY. That won't get you anywhere, dear!

Side 7: Porterhouse/Mary (one page)

PORTERHOUSE. (Trying to be jolly.) Now, Mrs. Smith, I don't think you should have sent him packing like that. (Puts newspaper in wastebin DL.)

MARY. He's a bloody nuisance!

PORTERHOUSE. (Gives Mary his handkerchief.) We all have these little rifts. Today's been a bit of a strain. You and he will be all right after a kiss and cuddle.

MARY. (Is astonished.) Kiss and cuddle?!

PORTERHOUSE. Never fails. Do what you were planning to do and spend the morning together in bed. (MARY rises, outraged and moves in front of Porterhouse to DC.)

MARY. (Outraged.) I was planning no such thing.

PORTERHOUSE. Well he was. (MARY turns, surprised.)

MARY. (Angrily.) Was he?! Well, I assure you the last thing I'd do is jump into bed with that moron.

PORTERHOUSE. I'm sorry to hear that.

MARY. (Moves back to chair DL.) I don't indulge in that sort of thing.

PORTERHOUSE. I'm sorry to hear that, too.

MARY. (Outraged.) What sort of wife do you think I am?

PORTERHOUSE. I really don't know.

MARY. Once you start that sort of thing you've got no marriage at all.

PORTERHOUSE. (Surprised.) Well, it takes all sorts, I suppose.

MARY. Yes.

PORTERHOUSE. I'm surprised that you ended up with little Stanley.

MARY. (Is now confused.) I don't intend to end up with "little Stanley."

PORTERHOUSE. (Worried.) Oh, dear. **MARY.** (Gives Porterhouse the hanky and sits.) The way he's been acting this morning, I think the sooner he's put away, the better.

PORTERHOUSE. No, no! The young fellow needs physical love and lots of it.

MARY. What?!

PORTERHOUSE. (Chuckling.) I can see my wife could teach you a thing or two.

Side 8: Porterhouse/Mary/Barbara/John/Stanley (two pages)

(There is a loud SCREAM from Mary offstage. The MEN freeze. MARY rushes in from the bedroom. She is minus her dress and wears bra and pants. SHE is still slightly "dozey" but very angry. SHE turns to the open bedroom door.)

MARY. (Calls.) Don't you try any of your fun and games with me, Lofty.

BARBARA. (Appears in the doorway. SHE looks bewildered.) What on earth did I do?

MARY. You took my dress off!

BARBARA. Only so that I could get you into bed.

MARY. (To John.) Blimey, talk about ambidextrous.

JOHN. It's all a bit of a misunderstanding.

STANLEY. Would you like to put that in writing?

PORTERHOUSE, I'll sort out her dress. (Exits into bedroom)

MARY. (Calls after him.) It won't fit you, Pussy!

JOHN. (Goes to Mary.) Just relax.

BARBARA. (To Mary.) Yes, you relax. Sister.

MARY. (To Barbara.) Don't you call me "Sister." (Pulls away to C.)

JOHN. (To Barbara.) She's probably still a novice, you see.

MARY. In this company, I bloody well am!

BARBARA. I've never heard such language.

PORTERHOUSE. (Re-enters with Mary's dress and closes bedroom door.) There we are.

MARY. (Goes DR and snatches the dress from Porterhouse.) God, if the Vice Squad knew about you lot! (Moves UR and proceeds to get into her dress.)

PORTERHOUSE. (Referring to Mary.) I'm sure her behaviour all stems from her relationship with Stanley.

BARBARA. Stanley?!

MARY. (Moves down to Stanley.) It damn well does!

BARBARA. (To Mary:) Do you know Stanley?

MARY. Yes, I do but don't worry, you can keep him.

PORTERHOUSE. No, no, no. You must think seriously before you have the little lad adopted. (THEY all look at Stanley who tries to look coy.)

JOHN. (Finally, to Mary.) I'll drive you to the convent.

MARY. What the hell do I want to go to a convent for?

STANLEY. I think it could be the solution for all of us. (HE lays on the settee and sucks his thumb like a child.)

PORTERHOUSE, I'm convinced that Stanley's at the bottom of everything.

MARY. (Moves to Porterhouse DR.) Too bloody true, Pussy!

BARBARA. (Moves in to John.) Is this all because you wouldn't give her a donation?

MARY. What he gives me is a damn sight more natural than what he gives

JOHN. (Quickly cutting in.) Sister Mary, please!

PORTERHOUSE. Sister? (To Mary, referring to John.) Is Mr. Smith your brother?!

MARY. (Hesitates, then gives a similar scream to before, and runs DL.) Ahhh!

(**JOHN, STANLEY, BARBARA** and **PORTERHOUSE** all react, **PORTERHOUSE** pulls Stanley DL, Mary' s side, and thrusts him at her.)

PORTERHOUSE. Show her some affection or something!

STANLEY. (After some hesitation. Pats her head.) Hello! (**MARY** screams and stamps her feet.)

BARBARA. (To John.) Is this how she was behaving before?

JOHN. Yes. (HE indicates that Mary is mad.)

BARBARA. (Moves to C.) It's obviously disturbing her, this unorthodox business of hers.

PORTERHOUSE. Well! I reckon that, too. (To Stanley.) It's not natural these two agreeing to have no sex.

(**MARY** screams and rushes into bedroom DR.)

Side 9: Porterhouse/Mary/Troughton/John/Stanley (Two pages)

TROUGHTON/PORTERHOUSE. Who are you?/Who are you? (There is a pause.)

TROUGHTON/PORTERHOUSE. I'm a police officer./I'm a police officer. (pause.)

TROUGHTON. Let's start again. I'm Detective Sergeant Troughton, Wimbledon C.I.D.

PORTERHOUSE, Oh. I'm Detective Sergeant Porterhouse, Streatham C.I.D.

TROUGHTON. Oh. (Doubtfully.) Are you here in an official capacity?

PORTERHOUSE. Sort of semi. You?

TROUGHTON. Sort of semi. You're from Streatham, you say?

PORTERHOUSE. That's right.

TROUGHTON. May I see your identification, please?

PORTERHOUSE. (Coolly.) Certainly. (He feels inside his jacket but realizes he isn't wearing one.) Oh, I don't seem to have it on me. Like I said, this is only semi-official.

TROUGHTON. (Dubiously.) I see.

PORTERHOUSE. May I see your identification, please?

TROUGHTON. Certainly! (Produces his Pass triumphantly and shows it to Porterhouse.)

(There is a scream from the bedroom.)

MARY. (Off.) Ahh! (THEY all stop and turn. MARY rushes in from the bedroom. She is in bra and pants once more and carrying her dress.)

TROUGHTON. (Amazed.) Mrs. Smith!

MARY. Oh, thank God you're here! (She hurries to him and during the ensuing dialogue proceeds to put her dress back on.)

TROUGHTON. Well, I only came to tell Mr. Smith we wouldn't be taking the matter any further.

MARY. Take it as far as you like. This is a right "porno" place, this is.

TROUGHTON. "Porno" place?

PORTERHOUSE. (Steps in.) I know a little about Mrs. Smith's situation, Sergeant- (TROUGHTON looks at Porterhouse.)

PORTERHOUSE. (To Troughton.) The poor girl's got this obsession with sex.

MARY. Hark who's talking!

PORTERHOUSE. She's cut herself off, you see.

MARY. Pity you haven't!

PORTERHOUSE. It's all very understandable.

TROUGHTON. (To Porterhouse.) Is it? Well, I'd like you to remain silent until I've checked you out.

(Sits Porterhouse in L corner of settee.)

PORTERHOUSE. Checked me out?!

MARY. Yes! Ask him about his dance routine with Gruesome.

JOHN. (Hurries in from bedroom in a panic.) For God's sake there's all hell-(Sees Troughion.)-hell-O Sergeant.

TROUGHTON. (Moves over to John DR. Coldly.) Good morning again, Mr. Smith.

BARBARA. (Enters from bedroom crosses John and stands by Troughton. In disbelief.) That sister hit me.

MARY. (Moves in to the other side of Troughton.) And you'll get another one if you touch me again, Lofty.

TROUGHTON. (To Mary.) Is this lady your sister?

MARY. Lady?! (To Barbara.) Come on, show us your boobs, I dare you!

TROUGHTON. Hang on, hang on!

BARBARA. Let's just ring the Mother Superior and get her out of here.

TROUGHTON. Mother who?!

MARY. (Moves up and sits on R arm of settee.) I'm staying where I am, Lofty.

PORTERHOUSE. It's little Stanley and her ex-husband that's caused all this.

TROUGHTON. (Moves UR above settee lo them DLC.) I've asked you to be quiet, sir.

BARBARA. (Moves to C below settee. To Troughton.) Are you a police officer?

TROUGHTON. Yes, I am!

STANLEY. (Rising.) May I say something?

TROUGHTON. No, you may not, Mr. Gardner.

STANLEY. (Indicating John.) Then may Mr. Smith say something?

JOHN. (Steps in a pace.) No, he may not, Mr. Gardner. (TROUGHTON glares at John and John steps back a pace.)

PORTERHOUSE. (Rising, to John, referring to Stanley.) Why are you calling Mr. Smith, Mr. Gardner?

TROUGHTON. (To Porterhouse.) Shut up!

BARBARA. (To Porterhouse.) You just called him. (SHE points to Stanley.) "Mr. Smith."

PORTERHOUSE. Yes, he's a taxi driver from Wimbledon.

TROUGHTON. Taxi driver?

BARBARA. He's a farmer from Gatwick.

TROUGHTON. Farmer?

MARY. He's a pansy from way back.

TROUGHTON. That much I know!

STANLEY. May I say something?!

TROUGHTON/JOHN. No!/No! (TROUGHTON glares at John. JOHN gives him a weak wave.)

PORTERHOUSE, Now, if Stanley's step-father is a pansy as well, that would affect the little lad. (THEY all turn slowly to look at PORTERHOUSE who sits again, L end of settee.)