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ACT I Scene 2

Lights up on

DONALD *and* ANDREA's flat. Evening.

DONALD *stands, upfront, with glass of white wine.*
He looks worried, staring out.

ANDREA: *Sits on sofa, sipping white wine.*
She looks anxiously at DONALD.
Pause.

Quiet day again?

DONALD: *(Staring out.)* Deadly.

ANDREA: Is it worth opening Sundays?

DONALD: I'm wondering if it's worth opening at all.

ANDREA: Is it so bad?

DONALD: Terrible.

ANDREA: How much have we done on the week?

DONALD: Nothing.

ANDREA: *(Shocked.)* Nothing at all?

DONALD: *(Shrugs, turns to her.)* A few enquiries. But, no ...
haven't taken any cash.

ANDREA: What about the pine wardrobe?

DONALD: The guy didn't come back.

ANDREA: And the suite? Three-piece suite? You said that was
a cert.

DONALD: *(Glum.)* They didn't come back either. Bastards.

ANDREA *groans.*