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Here's your coffee, hot and milky, just as you like it. I wish you'd sit down and eat a proper breakfast. Sit down for a moment.

LIZ: (*Chair is pulled out for her.*) No chance. I always seem to be running late even though I get things out overnight. Damn! I meant to drop Ruth a line last night. Remind me tonight will you?

FRANK: O.K. (*Pause.*) As I was saying, I know it's hard on you, but when we found this lovely Victorian house, we knew it wasn't going to be easy. (*Anxiously.*) You do want to stay don't you? Net curtains, flower tubs, chimney pots and all? Me, I wouldn't want to be anywhere else now.

Chair being scraped back as Liz prepares to leave.

I'll get your coat.

(*FRANK moves away and continues talking.*) Until I get something else, you'll have to plod on. Anyway, you've got the gift. Handle the little beggars better than me any day. Couldn't take another day in the classroom or those endless staff meetings. (*He returns.*)

LIZ: I love it here too. Des. Res. I like the old name on the deeds better. Workingmen's Dwellings. Devonshire Row, Royal Borough of Windsor, has a certain grandiose ring about it hasn't it? I'd love to know about the people who lived here first. (*Pause as LIZ bites into toast and with full mouth goes on.*) You're a pretty good teacher yourself. All those after school clubs. What were they? Cricket, chess, footy? Something everyday. The best part of the day for them. You're going to be missed that's for sure, and I don't just mean the kids.