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Scene 1

Lights Up.

Shop. Morning.

CHRISTINE: *(Wanders around the shop for a while, briefly observing the framed photograph.*

She looks at her watch, sighs, shakes head, growing increasingly impatient.

Calls out.) Anybody here? Is there anyone here?

(To herself.) God. What a shop. Not a salesman in sight.

(Calls out louder.) Is there anybody home? Anybody to help?

Pause.

Apparently not.

Pause.

BERNARD: *(Suddenly appears, wearing cravat with tweed sports jacket. His general manner is a little pompous.)* Good morning.

CHRISTINE: Do you *work* here?

BERNARD: How can I help?

CHRISTINE: I was beginning to think I was here on my own.

BERNARD: I'm afraid ... the thing is ... I *am* on my own. My wife's away on business so there's just ... just me. It's a difficult shop to ... there are three floors, you see. And the phone's never stopped.

CHRISTINE: *(Brisk.)* Yes, well, you're here now.

BERNARD: I would also point out, we don't shadow people, here. We believe in allowing our customers *space*.