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*Anthony and Penelope are approaching Bertie's house.*

ANTHONY: Now, darling, there's one thing you should know about my brother before I introduce you to him. He has a phobia of almost anything that moves.

PENELOPE: But he sees *you* regularly. And you've moved loads of times in the last few years.

ANTHONY: No, no, not humans, I don't mean ... but anything *else*. Animals, birds, fish, amphibians, reptiles, insects, the lot. It's an extremely *rare* condition but *he* has it. All goes back to a bad experience in his childhood, unfortunately. Can't stand even hearing their *names* mentioned because of the reaction it produces in him.

PENELOPE: That's terrible – the poor chap. How does he manage?

ANTHONY: He skilfully skirts round them in his *own* conversation. But *you're* not trained in that art so you'll just need to watch what you say.

PENELOPE: I shall. I trust you'll do the same.

ANTHONY: Oh, I tend to *tease* him a little, you know – see how far I can *push* him. [*He rings the front doorbell*] I can get away with it, as he's my brother. Great fun, it is.

PENELOPE: Sounds a bit risky to me.

ANTHONY: Don't worry – after all this time I know perfectly well when enough's enough.

[*Bertie opens the front door*]

Bertie!

BERTIE: Anthony, good to see you. [*He shakes hands with Anthony*] And I take it this is Penelope. How lovely to meet you. [*He shakes hands with Penelope*]

PENELOPE: Likewise, Bertie. And before we go any further, I must just say that Anthony has warned me about your ...