

JUDY: More tea?

MARCUS: Yes please.

Tea strainer.

JUDY: Yes, proper tea.

FRAN: 1953, tea bags came in.

JOHNNY: Just a preference, I think.

MARCUS: No, absolutely. Fran makes it in the mug at home
and I can almost hear my mother turning in her grave.

FRAN: She can't, you cremated her.

JOHNNY: Really good cake.

FRAN: Thank you. I have been trying to be a bit more
domestic, haven't I?

MARCUS: I haven't had to get into an unmade bed all week.

FRAN: I always make the bed, don't listen.

MARCUS: She keeps opening windows.

FRAN: It's in the book: give the rooms an airing. And I've
been cooking. Picking things up off the stairs.

MARCUS: Yes, the house is transformed.

FRAN: Fuck off.

Sorry, Judy.

JUDY: What?

FRAN: You don't like swearing.

JUDY: I don't mind swearing.

FRAN: I wouldn't normally, but Marcus is being a knob this
afternoon.

MARCUS: Fran thinks that having a cleaner means you don't
have to clean your house the rest of the week.

FRAN: That's exactly what having a cleaner means.

MARCUS: In any case as I keep trying to explain, there's no way, doing a job, that you could ever give the house the amount of love and attention Judy does.

FRAN: I love my job. Judy hated her job.

MARCUS: I mean look at this room. What is it that makes it so warm, so welcoming? We all know, don't we? I know you do, Johnny.

JOHNNY: The rug?

MARCUS: It's Judy. The Angel in the House.

JUDY: Stop it, I'm blushing.

MARCUS: The open fire we all want to sit round.

FRAN: Yes stop it Marcus.

MARCUS: Don't be cross – you could be just as good as her if you practised. Almost as good, anyway.

FRAN: Stop it.

MARCUS: Oh my love. Am I being a bit rough?

FRAN: Yes.

MARCUS: I'm sorry, I'll play nicely. My beautiful wife.