

wanders above the sofa towards TOM, who is playfully wagging a finger at her.)

Really, I don't honestly know what you're complaining about, Karen. After all, you get a nice lot of pin money every month out of child allowance.

KAREN (pleasantly) I didn't know I was complaining, Mum.

MUM You can't understand why I just don't give you the money to put into the post-office, so called.

KAREN Can't I, Mum?

MUM I'm just looking after their interest, Karen, that's all. Is that so very wrong?

KAREN It's very laudable, Mum.

MUM So what are you so raving jealous about?

KAREN Your complexion, Mum. I always wanted a complexion like you've got.

(MUM gazes at KAREN and then gives a little laugh.)

MUM Soap and water, dear. Soap and water. (Patting her face.) And lots of patting all over. (Rising and going upstage.) Are the children staying?

(SHIRLEY and TERRY rise while KAREN eases R.)

TERRY No, Mum.

MUM (surprised) Why ever not?

KAREN Would you like them to stay, Mum?

MUM (crestfallen) But who's going to look after them?

KAREN My mother.

MUM (pursing her lips) Oh, I see. You've already arranged it between yourselves, have you? Five minutes with me, five hours with her. If you can pinch back your trousers, Terry, I'd like to see my grandchildren occasionally.

TERRY They're upstairs waiting for you.

MUM (grinning) Waiting to see what I've brought them, you mean. (Opening the door.) Don't forget, I've had three chicks of my own. (Turning.) Only three, I grant you, Karen. But then natural good manners told me when to put the plug in.

(MUM closes the door as she goes out. KAREN and TERRY sit on the sofa and relax while SHIRLEY sits D.R. KAREN takes a cigarette, which TERRY lights for her.)

TOM Well, do you think she's realised?