

Sam Oh, no you won't. We're going to have tea now, so you'd better be on your way.

Mabel You try and shift me.

Joe Stop acting like a fool, woman, and sling your hook.

Mabel Not till I get an apology.

Reuben You've got one. He's waiting for you at home.

Mabel (*incensed*) That's the *second* time I've been insulted here today.

Sam Aye, and you'll be insulted a third time, if you don't hurry up and shift yourself.

Mabel You wouldn't talk to me like that if your Alice were still alive. She'd have something to say about this lot, I can tell you. She'd have *plenty* to say.

Sam When didn't she have?

Lucy Now then, Samuel. You mustn't speak ill of the dead.

Mabel And you needn't come over all pious, Lucy Clayton. If it hadn't been for you fluttering your false eyelashes and waving your foam rubber at him there—(*indicating Reuben*)—she wouldn't have let herself be tricked into marriage with this thick-headed clod. (*She indicates Sam*)

Lucy I beg your pardon? (*She stands up grimly*)

Mabel (*sneering*) Don't come the innocent wi' *me*. You knew what you were doing all right. Stealing another woman's fiancé.

Reuben Nobody stole me. I went.

Mabel I never *did* reckon on anybody what married for money.

Lucy (*her eyes smouldering*) Would you mind repeating that last statement, Mrs Sutton?

Mabel Why? You've not gone deaf, have you? I said—some folks manage to find themselves an husband without the chink of money having to guide 'em.

Lucy Yes—well we all know how you managed to catch *your* husband, don't we, Mrs Sutton?

Mabel Do we? And how *did* I manage to catch my husband, Mrs Rickworth?

Lucy Simple. He couldn't *run* fast enough.

Mabel (*astounded*) How dare you . . . ?

Lucy (*with cold venom*) Quite easily—and I'll dare a lot more if you speak to me like that again, Mabel Sutton—or should I say—Holdsworth?

Mabel (*her jaw dropping*) Eh? (*She looks round in panic*) I don't know what you're talking about.

Lucy Don't you? Well *I* think you *do*. And if you open your foul mouth about us or our Susan again, there'll be a few more folks round here who'll be pricking their ears up—and that includes your precious little darlings the "Gruesome Twosome". Understand, Mrs—*Sutton*?

Mabel (*shaken*) No—I don't. You don't know *nothing* about me, Lucy Rickworth.

Lucy (*with a cruel smile*) Don't I? I bet I know more than Somerset House does.

Mabel (*trying to bluff*) Huh . . . (*She looks around at everyone's faces*)

What are you lot gawping at? Have I got two heads, or something? (*She bridles*) Anyway—I can't stop here all day wasting time. Some folks have work to do. (*She moves to the door R*) I—er—I'll p'raps see you later on, Sam—Joe . . .