



**MRS. ROGERS.** Oh, there you are, Rogers. You ought to clear these dirty glasses. You're always leaving the dirty work to me.

*(MRS. ROGERS takes glasses off the tray and ROGERS puts on the dirty ones.)*

Here I am with a four-course dinner on my hands and no one to help me. You might come and give me a hand with the dishing up. Who was it that you were talking to, by the way?

**ROGERS.** Davis. South African gentleman. No class if you ask me - and no money either.

**MRS. ROGERS.** I don't like him - Don't like any of 'em much. More like that bunch we had in the boarding house, I'd say.

**ROGERS.** Davis gives out he's a millionaire or something. You should see his underwear! Cheap as they make 'em.

**MRS. ROGERS.** Well, as I said, it's not treating us right. All these visitors arriving today and the maids not coming till tomorrow. What do they think we are?

**ROGERS.** Now, then - Anyway, the money's good.

**MRS. ROGERS.** So it ought to be! Catch me going into service again unless the money was good.

**ROGERS.** Well, it is good, so what are you going on about?

**MRS. ROGERS.** Well, I can tell you this, Rogers. I'm not staying any place where I'm put upon. Cooking's my business! I'm a good cook -

**ROGERS.** *(Soothingly.)* First rate, old girl.

**MRS. ROGERS.** But the kitchen's my place and housework's none of my business. All these guests! I've a good mind to put my hat and coat on and walk out now and go straight back to Plymouth.

**ROGERS.** *(Grinning.)* You can't do that, old girl,

**MRS. ROGERS.** *(Belligerently.)* Who says I can't? Why not, I should like to know?

**ROGERS.** Because you're on an island, old girl. Had you forgotten that?

**MRS. ROGERS.** Yes, and I don't know as I fancy being on an island.

**ROGERS.** Don't know that I do, either, come to that. No slipping down to a pub, or going to the pictures. Oh, well, it's double wages on account of the difficulties. And there's plenty of beer in the house.

**MRS. ROGERS.** That's all you ever think about - beer.

**ROGERS.** Now, now, stop your nagging. You get back to the kitchen or your dinner will be spoilt.

**MRS. ROGERS.** It'll be spoilt anyway, I expect. Everybody's going to be late. Wasted on them, anyway. Thank goodness, I didn't make a soufflé.

*(VERA enters from the hall.)*

Oh, dinner won't be a minute, Miss. Just a question of dishing up.

*(MRS. ROGERS exits to the dining room.)*

**VERA.** Is everything all right, Rogers? Can you manage between the two of you?

**ROGERS.** Yes, thank you, Miss. The Missus talks a lot, but she gets it done.

*(ROGERS exits to the dining room as EMILY enters from the hall, having changed.)*

**VERA.** What a lovely evening!

**EMILY.** Yes, indeed. The weather seems very settled.

**VERA.** How plainly one can hear the sea.

**EMILY.** A pleasant sound.

**VERA.** Hardly a breath of wind - and deliciously warm. Not like England at all.

**EMILY.** I should have thought you might feel a little uncomfortable in that dress.

*(VERA doesn't take the point.)*

**VERA.** Oh, no.

**EMILY.** *(Nastily.)* It's rather tight, isn't it?

**VERA.** *(Innocently.)* Oh, I don't think so.

*(EMILY sits and takes out her knitting.)*

**EMILY.** You'll excuse me, my dear, but you're a young girl and you've got your living to earn.

**VERA.** Yes?