

JEFF. Monday we had lasagna, Tuesday meat pies, Wednesday lasagna, and macaroni cheese last night. Nothing too fancy in that lot. Why can't we have a nice leg of lamb, we haven't had a roast for yonks.

DAD. Things aren't so wonderful when you're in the kitchen you know, sausages and chips is a special treat when you're cooking.

JEFF. I did that nice chicken curry last week.

DAD. So hot it blew the roof of my mouth off.

JEFF. I'm sorry if you can't stand a little imagination in my cooking. I'll stick to frozen lasagna from now on. How long's it going to be, anyway?

DAD. Just about ready.

JEFF. I'll grab a quick shower then. *(HE heads for the door.)*

DAD. Why do you always decide to have a shower when I'm ready to dish up? Every time, just as I'm going to put the food on the table—

JEFF. You don't expect me to sit down all sweaty and smelly like this?

DAD. Doesn't usually bother you, unless you're going out. Are you? Going out?

JEFF. As a matter of act I am. Thought I might just pop down the pub for a beer or two.

DAD. You on a promise, or something?

JEFF. Can't a bloke even go out for a drink on a Friday night without you making a life time romance out of it? You dish up, I won't be two ticks. *(HE goes to have his shower.)*

DAD. He'll be back in a minute. *(HE starts to lay the table.)* He's a good lad, he's not usually on a short wick like this, but he's on edge about something.

*(JEFF returns, wearing a towel around his nakedness, and socks.)*

JEFF. *(Casually.)* You—um—you had a shower, did you then, Dad?

DAD. Yes. Yes, I did.

JEFF. You didn't turn the taps right off again.

DAD. Didn't I?

JEFF. Every time I go for a shower, the taps are dripping. I know you don't turn 'em right off because you think you're saving the washers, but that's what they're there for, and I'm a plumber, I can change 'em, that what I do for a living, and a few flamin' washers are a damn sight cheaper than the water rates. It drives me mental, Dad, you know it does, and if I've asked you once, I've asked you a thousand times, turn the fucken taps off!

DAD. Yes. Sorry. I will try.

JEFF. Thanks very much. *(HE leaves the room.)*

DAD. *(Starts dishing up.)* He's very wrought up, he only ever mentions that when he's wrought up. He must be meeting someone special. We'll know soon enough. If it's someone he's really keen on, if it's someone really special, he won't eat his pudding. I've got a Sarah Lee Blueberry Cheese Cake in the fridge, it's his favorite, but if he thinks he's meeting Mr. Right tonight, he won't eat any, and make some crack about breaking out in spots.

He's never been bothered by acne in his life, and I don't think it's going to start now, at twenty-four. You're probably wondering about what I said just now, about him meeting Mr. Right? Well, we might as well get it out in the open, as the actress said to the bishop, you're going to

have to know sooner or later. He won't be meeting any girl tonight. He's what you might call—cheerful. I can't bear that other word. He's been like it since—well—since he was born, I s'ppose. I didn't want him to turn out that way, of course, but I think I always knew somehow. It's not as though he was ever a wimp or anything, any scrape, any adventure, even a punch-up, he was first in, last out, football was always his favorite game, and he's never liked pink as a color. So I think we both accepted the fact as a natural part of his life, and go on with living. Some of you'll be going tut-tut-tut, I suppose, but I don't really see why. He's a good, honest lad, with a heart as big as Western Australia, and he's as much a friend as a son. Mind you, he can be a nightmare to live with. Drives me screaming up the wall, sometimes.

*(JEFF comes back from this shower. He's wearing jeans, and is taking a new shirt out of it's wrapper.)*

JEFF. Didn't you take the washing in this morning? I haven't got any clean socks.

DAD. No, I forgot—I'll do it tomorrow—

JEFF. Ah, flamin' heck, Dad—

DAD. Well, you could have taken it in.

JEFF. What am I gunna do about socks? I can hardly go barefoot, not tonight.

DAD. You can borrow a pair of mine.

JEFF. I don't want to wear your rotten old socks.

DAD. Then whiz down the shop and buy yourself a pair of panty hose.

JEFF. Oh, ha ha, very funny. I s'ppose I could wash a pair of mine, and dry 'em in the oven. *(HE is putting his new shirt on.)*

DAD. The place'll reek of burnt nylon, like last time. What's that?

JEFF. What?

DAD. That shirt.

JEFF. It's a shirt.

DAD. It's pink.

JEFF. Yeh, Sort of.

DAD. You don't like pink.

JEFF. There's pink and pink. This is more like—warm white.

DAD. I never thought I'd live to see you in a pink shirt. Now come on, your dinner's ready.

JEFF. Two ticks— *(HE goes.)*

DAD. It's always the same when he's on a promise. He'll clean his teeth again, he'll change his jeans at least twice, he'll end up wearing my socks, and he'll come back reeking of Brut 33, by which time his dinner will be cold. Well, that's his problem. *(HE gets a book, sits at the table and starts to read, but then remembers:)* I wouldn't want you getting the wrong idea, though, two blokes living alone together, it's just him. I'm not that way inclined. Ladies man, that's me, always have been, always will be, I was a right little rooter when I was his age, Rabbit they called me. *(HE chortles happily at the memory, but then remembers his wife.)* Till I met his Mum, that is, no fooling around after that, I was faithful to her from the day I met her. Oh, there was the odd bit of flirting on the side, but nothing serious. It's not as though I didn't fancy other women, it's just, I knew when I met his Mum, that I was