

DORA. Leave it to me, Blight. You won't get blamed. I'll hide behind this screen and you must pretend that you know nothing about me.

(DORA hides behind screen up R. Enter JACK ANNERLY L.C. He is in evening dress, overcoat and silk hat. In his hand he has a letter which he has just picked up on the mat and opened.)

ANNERLY. Blight, can you lend me £50?

BLIGHT. No, sir.

ANNERLY. If I don't find £50 by twelve o'clock my furniture will be turned into the street. And all I have at the moment is 4d.

(He counts coppers in his pocket.)

BLIGHT. Dear me, sir.

ANNERLY. Yes, Blight, 4d. I've got to raise £49 19s. 8d. in a hurry—or my furniture goes for good. My furniture. That includes your bed.

BLIGHT (helping ANNERLY off with his coat). I suppose it does, sir.

ANNERLY. Haven't you really got any money? What about your wages. I always pay them.

BLIGHT. Yes, sir. But you always borrow them back again.

ANNERLY. True. The world is black to-night, Blight. I might get Dora Dnieper to let me have her spare room, but the little cat's in the same predicament. I believe she gets thrown into the street to-morrow as well.

(There is a ring at the front door bell.)

(BLIGHT goes off L.C. ANNERLY goes to table above door R. takes cigarette and lights it. DORA comes out quietly from behind screen. BLIGHT returns.)

BLIGHT (waving DORA back). It is the gentleman from the floor below, Mr. George Gnoof, sir.

ANNERLY. That bore.