

CHRIS. Now just imagine how THAT's going to raise the profile! Honest to God, we'll have to reprint!

(There is much joy in the room!)

CORA.	} <i>(Together.)</i>	{	That is just –
CELIA.			Wow!
RUTH.			Oh Chris that is just –
JESSIE.			I don't BELIEVE this –

CHRIS. They're sending a *beautician* out – look – from the Craven Health Spa...

(CHRIS gives a pink business card to CELIA, who hands it to RUTH. RUTH looks at it intently.)

And this is the best bit – how about THIS? I suddenly think “there's a move to be made here.” Straight on the phone to Dickens and Bent in Skipton. “Hello, Miss October here.” *(Pointing.)* Knew *exactly* who I was! “Going to be appearing on television, how's about you making a little donation to the cause...?” *(She unzips one of the suiters.)* Ta-daa! *(She unleashes a chic black dress.)*

JESSIE. Oh now *hell-o*.

CELIA. They're not Pellegrini...? *(She checks the label.)* Oh my God! They're Gina Pellegrini!

CHRIS. What did I tell you? Coordinated image! Picked up like THAT! Go on. Try them on. We've got to phone back any changes.

(CELIA, CORA and JESSIE exit into the kitchen with some excitement and cross-chat.)

(RUTH is still looking at the card intently, so CHRIS puts a triumphant arm round her.)

(To ANNIE, indicating RUTH.) Look at this! Stunned to silence! Top drawer, that, isn't it Ruth, hey? The Craven Health Spa? Isn't that where Eddie goes?

(Beat.)

RUTH. *(Finding a smile.)* Yeah. Yeah, it's er –

CHRIS. *(Herding RUTH off.)* Go on, go on, get those measurements! Annie!

(RUTH exits.)

(Honing in on ANNIE.) Annie-e! What d'you think?

ANNIE. *(Quietly.)* It's happened to them.

CHRIS. What?

(ANNIE shows her a letter.)

ANNIE. Just like it happened to me.

(CHRIS takes a letter and looks at it.)

What do I say? I mean, I can't not... *(“Respond”. Beat.)*
It's like they've written to me for help.

CHRIS. You *are* helping them. You did a calendar, remember?

ROD. *(Offstage.)* LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ...

(ROD enters with a bunch of sunflowers.)

It's Mister October!

CHRIS. Rod –

(ROD grabs CHRIS and hugs her.)

ROD. Has anyone ever told you, you're the most b-yyyooootiful wife a man could/ ever – ?

CHRIS. *(Being hugged.)* Rod what are you playing at?

ROD. So what, a husband's not allowed to buy his wife a bouquet now, for a celebration? Where d'you want them? *(He heads towards the kitchen.)*

CHRIS. Rod, you can't – *(She pulls him back.)* There's naked women out there.

ROD. Love, it's Knapeley. There's naked women everywhere. *(He winks.)* Hey, Annie.

ANNIE. *(Slightly embarrassed.)* Hi, Rod.

CHRIS. We had these in the shop?

ROD. *(Dropping his head in mock shame.)* I had to go to Tesco. *(To ANNIE.)* John wouldn't bloody approve of THAT, would he, eh? David has bought these from the hand of Goliath.

ANNIE. They're beautiful.

CHRIS. How did you know?

ROD. What?

CHRIS. *(Confused.)* You said you bought these to celebrate

ROD. I did! To celebrate the fact that somewhere out there across the dales of Yorkshire, a manufacturer of personalized wedding cakes has come down with a summer cold!

CHRIS. *(Slightly irritated.)* What?

ROD. *(Holding up a necktag.)* ...and has consequently pulled out of the Northern Bridal Fair in Leeds! We're in! *(Putting it on himself.)* Tomorrow my darling we are stand number two-one-nine!

CHRIS. No, "we" can't be. "We're" going on television!

ROD. What?

CHRIS. Isn't it great?

(Beat.)

ROD. Right. But at these fairs you're better at all the actual selling, "meeting people" stuff. You're just... *(Feeling awkward in front of ANNIE. He smiles at her.)* She's fantastic at that.

CHRIS. Rod! *(As if this explains everything.)* It's TELEVISION!

ROD. *(Suddenly hard as nails.)* Chris, we're going to the bridal fair. We don't have the luxury not to.

(CHRIS knows they don't. But she wants that TV so badly.)

(CHRIS looks at ROD and his flowers but has no words. So she just leaves. And leaves behind a rather messy silence.)

(ANNIE looks at ROD, who is clearly slightly wounded by this.)

ANNIE. We'll be fine, Rod. She doesn't have to be here.

ROD. But I want her to be here, Annie. That's the thing. I want her to have all this. *(He just about finds a smile for ANNIE.)* Never make a business out of something you love. I go for a walk now up Grizedale, see all the flowers and I think, "It's you little bastards who are screwing us over." *(He looks to the sunflowers.)* Then again, John managed it, didn't he? *(Beat.)* Worked that park for thirty years, never stopped banging on about how beautiful it was. Couldn't bloody shut him up.

(ANNIE lets this settle. It's true.)

ANNIE. Rod, how bad ARE things with the shop?

(Pause.)

ROD. Try and keep 'em cool.