**ACT 2. SCENE 1.**

***A COSY LIVING ROOM. TWO ELDERLY TYPES ARE POTTERING ABOUT, RELAXING ON CHRISTMAS EVE MORNING. ONE, EMILY, IS DUSTING AND HOOVERING, LIFTING KNICK-KNACKS UP OFF THE SIDEBOARD. THE OTHER, DEREK, IS IN HIS ARMCHAIR, TRYING TO DO THE CROSSWORD.***

**DEREK** Four down. Fake noise not quite gateau.

**EMILY** Eh? (***Stops Hoovering – End Noises***) What did you say, dear?

**DEREK** Four down. Fake noise not quite gateau. Nine letters.

**EMILY** Has the post been? On Christmas Eve?

**DEREK** What?

**EMILY** The nine letters. Bit late to be getting new cards. Was it Cousin Shirley? She’s never been good with the calendar. I blame that new perm she had done.

**DEREK** What are you talking about? It’s the crossword.

**EMILY** Oh no, not Cousin Shirley, she’s lovely. Not a cross word between us. Cousin Gertie, mind you…

**DEREK** The crossword! In the ‘paper! Fake noise not quite a gateau. Starts with a ‘c’.

**EMILY** Ocean.

**DEREK** Eh?

**EMILY** Ocean. That starts with a sea. Well, really, it’s a river, but that starts with an ‘r’.

**DEREK** Starts with an ‘r’?

**EMILY** What about ‘dentist’?

**DEREK** Dentist?

**EMILY** Yeah, you know. Starts with an ‘ahh’, open wide, when you’re at the dentist…

**DEREK** I’m not sure this works…

**EMILY** I can’t stand the dentist, all that horrible drilling. It’s the noise that gets me first. Turns my stomach. All that cacophony

**DEREK** And there we have it! Thank you: Four down, cacophony. Right, I’m stopping whilst I behind. Let’s put the radio on. The special of Morningstar in the 27th Century will be on in a second. Gawd help us, it can’t be any more alien than how your mind works…