

*They exit. LINDA re-enters carrying GERALD's shoes. He changes.*

LINDA: Have they gone? Your work colleagues? The Conservative Party may be a broad church, but really ...

GERALD: Don't think they'll be troubling us further.

LINDA: Gerald, I did a bit of a naughty today. Stopped in at the travel agents.

*LINDA pulls a ski brochure out of her bag.*

GERALD: Oh, Linda, love ...

LINDA: Oh, come on, you'll love skiing -

GERALD: - skiing?

LINDA: - and you need a holiday. You've been looking strung out these past few weeks. They're working you too hard at that place. They had an early booking offer, so –

GERALD: - tell me you didn't.

LINDA: Twenty percent off! A more thoughtful husband might say 'well done, Lindy'.

GERALD: Well done, Lindy.

LINDA: Thank you, Gerald.

GERALD: Yes, but

LINDA: - I made us a reservation at Fellicini's to celebrate.

GERALD: Fellicini's?

LINDA: Well, we haven't been out in ages. Come on, the taxi won't wait forever.

GERALD: Taxi ...?

*LINDA switches off the lights and exits followed by GERALD.*