

Pause. ADDISON takes a deep breath.

ADDISON: *(sharply)* Yes, I'm sure.

ADDISON: *(getting frustrated)* Yes, I'm quite sure I'm not a lesbian.

ADDISON responding to her mother's sudden, loud outburst immediately pulls the phone away from her ear.

ADDISON: *(loudly)* I said, "not a lesbian". I'm trying to get ready for a party, is there something you wanted?

Pause.

ADDISON: You're still worried about this? Can't you just call him and explain?

Pause.

ADDISON: Well he might not come back after the last time.

Pause.

ADDISON: I still don't think he said that. Doesn't he have a wife?

Pause. GEOFFREY enters from the kitchen. He has removed his gardening apron.

ADDISON: Oh, this is a new Vicar. Right. *(checking her watch)* Mum, I really have to go... Yes... Bye.

ADDISON hangs up the phone.

ADDISON: When are you going to get ready?

GEOFFREY: I am ready.

ADDISON: Oh, you're not wearing that, are you?

GEOFFREY: These are my comfortable clothes.

ADDISON: Why must you insist on being comfortable all the time?

GEOFFREY: You wouldn't understand, you don't have comfortable clothes.

ADDISON: Now you don't like my clothes?

GEOFFREY: Not what I said. I think you always look wonderful. Magnificent even. Radiant, like a-

ADDISON: Too much, Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY: Of course.

ADDISON: Will you at least change your shoes?

GEOFFREY: I've just changed them. What is it you have against my shoes all of a sudden?

ADDISON: Don't be ridiculous. I've had something against your shoes for years.

ADDISON notices something out the window and goes to take a closer look.

ADDISON: *(annoyed)* Typical!

GEOFFREY: What?

ADDISON: Kim's here.

GEOFFREY: You did invite her, didn't you?

ADDISON: Not to turn up half-an-hour before everyone else. *(looking out the window)* So inconsiderate!

GEOFFREY: Were you really expecting everyone to turn up at five on the dot?

ADDISON: Well not Amanda and Robert. They're always late. Thanks to that army of children.

GEOFFREY: Three.

ADDISON: What?

GEOFFREY: They have three children.

ADDISON: It feels like an army when they're invading your living room.

GEOFFREY: You invited the kids?

ADDISON: Of course not. Good lord! Once was enough. *(looking out the window)* What is she wearing?

GEOFFREY: Comfortable clothes.

ADDISON: Don't you start that again. One of her home-made outfits, no doubt.

GEOFFREY: It's resourceful.

ADDISON: It's psychotic.

ADDISON heads for the UC exit.

GEOFFREY: Where are you going?

ADDISON: I need to finish my makeup.

GEOFFREY: I thought it was a casual event.

ADDISON: That doesn't mean we can't make an effort.

GEOFFREY: You just don't want to talk to Kim.

ADDISON: That is a convenient side-effect of getting ready, yes.

GEOFFREY folds his arms and looks over his glasses at ADDISON.

ADDISON: Are you sure you don't want a tie?

GEOFFREY: Very sure.

KIM knocks on the door. ADDISON immediately exits UC.

GEOFFREY: *(calling in a sing-song way to ADDISON)* If the two of you don't talk to each other, you're never going to resolve your problems.

ADDISON: *(off, calling back, mocking his sing-song tone)* If we don't talk to each other, we won't have any problems to resolve!

GEOFFREY opens the door. KIM is standing outside holding a large wooden salad bowl with a cotton cover tied up with string.

GEOFFREY: Kim!

KIM: *(entering with SINCLAIR and giving GEOFFREY a big hug)* Hello, Geoffrey.
(under her breath, looking around) Is she here?

GEOFFREY: Who?

KIM: *(as though this was a silly question)* Addison.

GEOFFREY: *(humouring her)* She's getting ready. She'll be out soon.

KIM: *(very sarcastic)* Oh, great. I've been so looking forward to seeing her.

GEOFFREY: Really?

KIM: *(walking into the room ahead of Geoffrey)* No! *(with some sarcasm)* Oh, Geoffrey.
Look at this room!

GEOFFREY: We've been doing some redecorating.

KIM: Let me guess... Addison chose the colours?

GEOFFREY: You think I would be allowed such responsibility?

KIM: Ha! There's that sense of humour that I love! *(holding out the salad bowl)* Where should I put this?

GEOFFREY: I can take that for you.

KIM: It is a tofu salad.

GEOFFREY: Of course!

ADDISON enters UC, wearing even more makeup than before.

GEOFFREY: *(with caution)* Addison, dear... Here's Kim.

ADDISON: *(dryly)* Excellent.

KIM: I was just admiring what you've done with this room.

ADDISON: *(a little surprised)* Thank you.

KIM: Who knew there were so many shades of beige?

ADDISON looks unimpressed again. KIM gives her a beaming grin.

GEOFFREY: Kim's brought one of her... *(he hesitates, just for a second)* famous vegan salads.

There is a pause while ADDISON looks down her nose at the salad.

GEOFFREY: Isn't that nice?

ADDISON takes an exaggeratedly slow breath. Kim watches, one eyebrow raised.

ADDISON: *(pained)* Wonderful.

KIM: Well, I didn't expect anyone else to make something I could eat, and everyone can eat Tofu.

ADDISON: You *can* eat meat though, can't you?

GEOFFREY: Addison...

ADDISON: What? I'm just saying it *is* possible for her to eat meat. (*looking suspiciously at the salad*) Whether *we* can eat tofu on the other hand...

KIM: (*snatching the salad and putting it on the dining table*) Why must you always be like that?

ADDISON: (*sharply*) You're *quite* early.

KIM: Your instructions were *quite* unclear.

ADDISON: I said, come after work.

KIM: And what time is that, exactly? Eleanor's a writer, Victor is basically retired, Geoffrey works from home, you don't work...

ADDISON: I'm a publicist!

KIM: Whatever that means.

ADDISON: After work means after five. Everyone knows that.

KIM: I must have missed the memo... As I have told you, very few teachers finish at 5pm. In fact-

ADDISON: Surely you're aware the rest of us don't finish at 3pm.

GEOFFREY: It is probably unfair to assume-

ADDISON: Your opinion is not required.

KIM: Actually, as I believe you are aware, we frequently work much later than five. You would know this if you came to any of our school productions.

ADDISON: (*appalled*) Why *on earth* would I come to one of those?

KIM: Because, if I'm honest, they're totally fabulous.

GEOFFREY: Addison is not a fan of the theatre.

KIM: How can anyone not be a fan of the theatre? Have you never been?

ADDISON: Of course I've been.

GEOFFREY: There was an embarrassing moment involving audience participation and a horse.

KIM: Intriguing. Tell me more...

ADDISON: He'll do no such thing.

GEOFFREY: Maybe we should give the theatre a go again, dear.

KIM: It's your chance to contribute to the circular economy.

GEOFFREY: I'm not totally sure you understand what that means...

KIM: Absolutely. She puts so much drama out into the world... She owes it to the planet to take some of it back in.

ADDISON: What *are* you talking about?

KIM: (*waving her hands at ADDISON*) Well, you do have an awful lot going on...

GEOFFREY: (*quickly trying to defuse a potential argument*) As much as I think it's always a good idea to start a dialogue-

ADDISON: We are *not* your clients.

GEOFFREY: I'm just saying, an honest conversation is good, but maybe tonight isn't the time to do that.

KIM: I'm sorry, Geoffrey. You're right. This evening isn't about us.

GEOFFREY: That's right.

KIM: It's about our friend.

GEOFFREY: Indeed.

KIM: Eleanor.

GEOFFREY: That's right.

KIM: *(to ADDISON)* And Addison does have a tendency to make things about her.

GEOFFREY: Yes. *(immediately realising his mistake)* No!

ADDISON: *(glaring at GEOFFREY)* I do not make things about me! I am appalled that you would claim such a thing. I'm the one who organised this party, for goodness sake! To celebrate *my* friend.

KIM: You've illustrated my point exactly.

GEOFFREY: What I'm trying to say is...

ADDISON continues glaring at GEOFFREY.

KIM: Careful soldier.

GEOFFREY: *(to KIM)* What *am* I trying to say?

KIM: Maybe it's best to say nothing.

GEOFFREY: Shall we have some tea?

ADDISON: *(snapping at him)* Nobody wants tea, Geoffrey.

GEOFFREY: I wouldn't mind-

ADDISON: *(storming into the dining room)* We'll be needing something much stronger than tea.

GEOFFREY: Wine?

KIM: Do you have white?

ADDISON: Of course we do.

KIM: Is it vegan?

ADDISON: It's made from grapes! What's wrong with you?

KIM: I've told you this before... Not all wine is vegan.

ADDISON gets a bottle of wine from the kitchen and GEOFFREY gets glasses out of the dining room cabinet.

ADDISON: There's just no pleasing you, is there?

GEOFFREY: She's right, dear. They use animal products to filter out the imperfections in the wine.

KIM: *(smugly)* Not so appealing when you know there's bits of fish bladder in your drink, is it?

ADDISON: Do you find it tiring being so difficult?

ADDISON and KIM glare at each other for a moment.

KIM: You know what? No problem! *(searching in her numerous and enormous pockets)* I'll just text Eleanor and ask her to pick up some wine on the way here... *(still searching)* Where's my phone?

ADDISON: Wonderful. That's totally worth bothering her.

KIM: I just remembered, I left my phone in the car. (*heading for the front door*) I'll be back.

ADDISON: (*pouring herself a glass of wine*) If there are other things you need to do, it's no problem if you want to leave and come back after five, once the others are here.

KIM: Are you trying to get rid of me?

GEOFFREY: Of course she's not trying to get rid of you. Right, dear?

ADDISON: It was just a thought.

GEOFFREY: You're welcome anytime.

ADDISON: (*under her breath*) Don't push it.

KIM: I did see a lovely park on the way here that would be just perfect for a bit of interpretive dance.

ADDISON: You should definitely do that.

KIM: I think I will. (*patting down her pockets*) But just to be clear, I'm leaving because dance is very important to me, not because you want me to.

ADDISON: Obviously.

KIM: (*searching in her pockets*) And I *do* know you're trying to get rid of me. Where are my keys? (*remembering*) In my hand bag.

KIM, ADDISON and GEOFFREY look around the room.

KIM: Where's my hand bag?

ADDISON groans.

KIM: Of course, (*heading for the front door*) it's in the car. (*suddenly realising*) Oh.

ADDISON: (*dryly*) You've locked your keys in your car, haven't you?

KIM: Looks like you're stuck with me.

ADDISON: You know, if anyone makes things all about themselves, it's you.

KIM: Cool it, cookie. I'll just ring the AA. [*edit as appropriate for your location*]

Kim pulls her phone out of one of her pockets and makes a call.

ADDISON: I'm in hell.

KIM: (*with her phone to her ear*) Don't be so hard on yourself... (*indicating the room*) You can change the colours. (*to the phone, very familiar*) Hello, David... It's Kimberly Gellar speaking. I appear to have locked my keys in my car.

Pause.

KIM: (*nodding*) Again. Now, how is that baby girl of yours?

ADDISON groans, finishes her glass of wine and joins GEOFFREY in the dining room.

KIM carries on her phone conversation in the living room, unheard by the audience.