

GERRY. Cross the old ticker.
CHRIS. Real lessons?
GERRY. All last winter.
CHRIS. What sort of dancing?
GERRY. Strictly ballroom. You're the one should have been giving them — you were always far better than me. Don't you remember? (*He does a quick step and a pirouette.*) Oh, that was fun while it lasted. I enjoyed that.
CHRIS. And people came to you to be taught?
GERRY. Don't look so surprised! Everybody wants to dance. I had thousands of pupils — millions!
CHRIS. Gerry —
GERRY. Fifty-three. I'm a liar. Fifty-one. And when the good weather came, they all drifted away. Shame, really. Yes, I enjoyed that. But I've just started a completely new career, as a matter of interest. Never been busier. Gramophone salesman. Agent for the whole country, if you don't mind. 'Minerva Gramophones — The Wise Buy.'
CHRIS. Sounds good, Gerry.
GERRY. Fabulous. All I have to do is get the orders and pass them on to Dublin. A big enterprise, Chrissie; oh, one very big enterprise.
CHRIS. And it's going all right for you?
GERRY. Unbelievable. The wholesaler can't keep up with me. Do you see this country? This country is gramophone crazy. Give you an example. Day before yesterday; just west of Oughterard; spots this small house up on the side of a hill. Something seemed just right about it — you know? Off the bike; up the lane; knocks. Out comes this enormous chappie with red hair — what are you laughing at?
CHRIS. Gerry —
GERRY. I promise you. I show him the brochures; we talk about them for ten minutes; and just like that he takes four — one for himself and three for the married daughters.
CHRIS. He took four gramophones?
GERRY. Four brochures!
(*They both laugh.*)
But he'll buy. I promise you he'll buy. Tell you this, Chrissie:

people thought gramophones would be a thing of the past when radios came in. But they were wrong. In my experience.... Don't turn round; but he's watching us from behind that bush.

CHRIS. Michael?

GERRY. Pretend you don't notice. Just carry on. This all his stuff?

CHRIS. He's making kites if you don't mind.

GERRY. Unbelievable. Got a glimpse of him down at the foot of the lane. He is just enormous.

CHRIS. He's at school, you know.

GERRY. Never! Wow-wow-wow-wow. Since when?

CHRIS. Since Christmas. Kate got him in early.

GERRY. Fabulous. And he likes it?

CHRIS. He doesn't say much.

GERRY. He loves it. He adores it. They all love school nowadays. And he'll be brilliant at school. Actually I intended bringing him something small —

CHRIS. No, no; his aunts have him —

GERRY. Just a token, really. As a matter of interest I was looking at a bicycle in Kilkenny last Monday. But they only had it in blue and I thought black might be more — you know — manly. They took my name and all. Call next time I'm down there. Are you busy yourself?

CHRIS. Oh, the usual — housework — looking after his lordship.

GERRY. Wonderful.

CHRIS. Give Agnes and Rose a hand at their knitting. The odd bit of sewing. Pity you don't sell sewing-machines.

GERRY. That's an idea! Do the two jobs together! Make an absolute fortune. You have the most unbelievable business head, Chrissie. Never met anything like it.

(*She laughs.*)

What are you laughing at?

MAGGIE. You should see the way she's looking at him — you'd think he was the biggest toff in the world.

KATE. Tinker, more likely! Loafer! Wastrel!

MAGGIE. She knows all that, too.