

## NOAH

No! But you'll be wanting one before very long if you start cheeking your superiors.

*(He enters majestically)*

Yer don't know who I am, I suppose, work'us?

## OLIVER

No sir, I can't say as I do.

## NOAH

*(punctuating)*

I'm Mis-ter—No-ah—Clay-pole—and—you're—under—me! So open up the blind, you idle young scallywag.

*NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER taking down the shutter, and CHARLOTTE enters with a tray of food. All the time she is ogling NOAH lasciviously.*

## CHARLOTTE

Noah, I saved a nice little bit of bacon for you from master's breakfast. Oliver, pull up a chair for Mr Noah and then take them bits and go over in the corner and eat 'em. And make haste, 'cos they'll want you to mind the shop. D'you hear?

*NOAH and CHARLOTTE are groping each other surreptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. THEY all begin eating.*

## NOAH

D'you hear? Work'us?

## CHARLOTTE

Here's your bacon Noah.

## NOAH

Nice and greasy, just how I like it.

*CHARLOTTE feeds him.*

What are you staring at work'us?

## CHARLOTTE

Lor Noah let the boy alone.

## NOAH

Let him alone? I'm giving the boy a change, you silly thing!! Ev'ryone's left him alone. His father left him alone—his mother left him alone—they all left him alone—except dear old, kind old Noah.

*NOAH gropes CHARLOTTE.*