

NOAH ~~Oliver~~ CHARLOTTE

OLIVER:  
Did you knock sir?

NOAH: *(between mouthfulls)*  
I kicked.

OLIVER:  
Did you want a coffin, sir?

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

*(he enters majestically)*

You 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 <sup>174k</sup>your scallywag.

*NOAH kicks OLIVER's backside. OLIVER begins tkaing down the shutters, 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 surrptitiously whilst OLIVER is turned away. They all begin eating.*

NOAH:  
D'you hear? Work'us?

CHARLOTTE:  
Here's ya bacon, Noah.

NOAH:  
Nice and greasy just how I like it.

*She feeds him.*