

**WINIFRED**

Mrs. Brill, don't make the sandwiches too early. They'll get stale before the guests arrive.

**MRS. BRILL**

Everything's under control, ma'am.

**WINIFRED**

What about the cake?

**MRS. BRILL**

Cooling on the tray, waiting to be iced.

**WINIFRED**

And you're quite sure you know how to ice it?

**MRS. BRILL**

Quite sure. And in case you're worried, I have not been exchanged by the fairies for a total nincompoop!

**WINIFRED**

No!

**ROBERTSON AY**

No...

**WINIFRED**

Well. I'll just go up and check the drawing room.

*(WINIFRED leaves MRS. BRILL fuming. ROBERTSON AY pipes up.)*

**ROBERTSON AY**

I'd like to be helpful.

**MRS. BRILL**

I'd like to be rich. But the Good Lord thought otherwise.

*(JANE and MICHAEL come through the door.)*

**JANE**

Mother wants you in the drawing room.

**MRS. BRILL**

Well she can't have me. I've got enough on my plate as it is.

**JANE**

She says you can tell Robertson Ay what to do.

**MRS. BRILL**

Does she indeed? Well, why don't I go and have a smoke near the gasworks for good measure?

**ROBERTSON AY**

Please, Mrs. Brill. I don't mind, honest.

**MRS. BRILL**

All right. I will give you one task and one task only. And, so help me, if you get this wrong I'll swing for you and sing as they pull the lever!

**ROBERTSON AY**

*(filled with a sense of the task's importance)*

What is it, Mrs. Brill?

**MRS. BRILL**

Put the icing tools next to the cake, and I'll need a bowl of hot water to warm them. I will make the icing as soon as I'm back.

**ROBERTSON AY**

*(simultaneously committing the tasks to memory)*

Icing tools... cake... hot water... I will make the icing as soon as I'm back...

**MRS. BRILL**

Now, do you think you can manage that?

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**ROBERTSON AY**

Is that all?

**MRS. BRILL**

For you, yes. For me, no. Once the cake's done, I've the sandwiches next because Madam wants them fresh. So I can't start them until there's no time to finish them. I swear, a traitor in the Tower was on a pleasure cruise compared to my life in this house!

*(MRS. BRILL storms out and slams the door behind her.)*

**JANE**

Well, don't just stand there, Robertson Ay.

**ROBERTSON AY**

Right... no...

*(ROBERTSON AY looks around.)*

**JANE**

What are you looking for?

**ROBERTSON AY**

A bowl. For the water.

*(ROBERTSON AY goes to the kitchen dresser. JANE has an idea.)*

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