

Bob Monologue

ACT I

BOB *enters and addresses the audience. He is in his forties. He wears a grey suit.*

BOB I was out in the garden when I heard the doorbell. It was a Saturday afternoon. I was just pottering about, sweeping up leaves and so on. Barbara and Julie had gone shopping. When I opened the front door I found a man and a woman smiling at me. They were holding a Bible and some religious pamphlets. "We've come to bring you the key to great happiness," the man said. "Thanks very much," I said, "but I'm happy enough as it is" – and shut the door quickly before they had a chance to say another word. They walked away slowly, still smiling – I could see them through the window. I suppose they were used to having doors slammed in their faces. Later, when I was back in the garden, I thought to myself, "Well, it's true – I am happy – it's true." And for a moment I stood there, grinning from ear to ear, just because I felt happy for no particular reason. *(He grins.)* It was marvellous.

BARBARA *enters the kitchen.*

The lights come up. Day.

A small semi-detached house near London, typical of the thousands of suburban homes that were built between the wars. Right is the sitting room: tiled fireplace, net curtains at the bay window, chintz-covered chairs and sofa, small tables, a sideboard, a radiogram, framed paintings of flowers on the walls. Left is the kitchen, with a back door leading to the garden. Upstage is the entrance hall and front door, which has a stained-glass