

DORIS. (*Slyly.*) Dear me, is Huggins...?

MRS. HUGGINS. Oh, Huggins! I made it clear to Huggins that I'd stand no nonsense!

DORIS. I see.

MRS. HUGGINS. Miss Enid will be wise to do the same. Put your foot down at the start. It's the only way. But there, Miss Enid is a gentle creature.

(She collects the tea things and exits into the kitchen. DORIS speaks softly to herself.)

DORIS. She's one in a hundred. One in a hundred.

(MRS. HUGGINS re-enters with a duster.)

MRS. HUGGINS. Ah, it's a sad time for you, Miss, as we all know.

DORIS. Yes. I shall miss Enid terribly.

MRS. HUGGINS. Four years you've shared this flat and I really and truly do believe that you've never once had, what I should call, a proper dust up.

DORIS. No, we've never quarrelled. That's pretty good, isn't it, Mrs. Huggins?

MRS. HUGGINS. It's all right for two ladies, Miss. Husband and wife is different. A good row clears the air, that's what I always say. Go for each other at the start and maybe you'll have a peaceful old age. Why, the first year me and Huggins were married he didn't rightly know whether he was on his head or his heels.

DORIS. Does he know now?

MRS. HUGGINS. He's learnt as I won't be trifled with.

DORIS. Mrs. Huggins, I believe you bully poor Huggins unmercifully.

MRS. HUGGINS. Well, it's got to be one way or the other. I've seen to it as he doesn't bully me. And he's nothing to complain of – clean as a new pin I keep things – and his meals hot and tasty. But be firm with a man you must be. And so I'd advise Miss Enid, if she wouldn't think it impertinence.