

*Edna, 78 and sprightly with it, is in her kitchen – an actual kitchen would be perfect. She is preparing sandwiches and singing to herself, probably something gentle by Michael Buble, or even Robbie Williams's Angels 'cos she likes to think she's with it, does Edna.*

*Jim, 81, slightly more showing his age - and definitely not 'with it' - watches her for a short time before breaking the moment.*

Jim. What are you doing?

Edna. Good grief. What are YOU doing? Creeping up on me like that...

Jim. Creeping up on you? This is my house too.

Edna. You're supposed to be in the living room. Out of the way.

Jim. I was lonely.

Edna. Stick telly on.

Jim. I'm not a fan of daytime telly. All those people doing up other people's houses.

Edna. That's cos you never got round to doing up your own.

Jim. Life's too short. You feeding the 5000?

Edna. I just thought I'd make a few.

Jim. Aren't the caterers sorting that?

Edna. Thought I'd help out.

Jim. How many you expecting?

Edna. Could be 20. Could be 200.

Jim. 200, really?

Edna. You never know with these things.

Jim. Blimey! I hate funerals.

Edna. They're a fact of life. Pass the butter.

Jim. Where is it?

Edna. What do you mean, where is it? Where do you think it is?

Jim. In the fridge?

Edna. I took it out of the fridge half an hour ago. Have another guess.

Jim. The bread bin?

Edna. Why would I put it in the bread bin?

Jim. To introduce it sooner to the bread? I don't know...

Edna. It's on the side there. Never mind, I'll get it myself.

Jim. That's best butter that is.

Edna. Well spotted, Kojak.

Jim. I thought it was all margarine these days. Or that stuff that looks like butter and tastes like butter but isn't butter but has butter in its name.

Edna. Best butter for today. For the best sandwiches.

Jim. And what are they?

Edna. I got some decent ham from Wilson's for a change, none of that pre-wrapped chewy stuff, there's free range eggs - top quality, some nice fresh cucumber...

Jim. So you're making your 'world famous' cucumber sandwiches?

Edna. Of course. I've won awards for them.

Jim. Yes, I know.

Edna. I'll have to dig out my old school certificates. People will like that.

Jim. Pity I've never liked cucumber sandwiches.

Edna. I don't know why. Peeled cucumber, thinly sliced bread with no crusts, best butter, pepper, and my secret ingredient.

Jim. What's that then?

Edna. It's still a secret.

Jim. Bit posh, cucumber sandwiches. You'll be getting the best china out next.

*Edna raises a china cup to show him*

Bloody hell. It's Downton Abbey.

Edna. Now, look Jim, I've got a lot to do. Either make yourself useful or get back to the living room.

Jim. I fancied some company.

Edna. They'll be other people here soon.

Jim. Your company.

Edna. Good grief. What's brought this on?

Jim. I don't know. 'Cause of today. Is that so strange?

Edna. No, I suppose not.

Jim. Well then... So what can I do to help? Something that doesn't involve cooking or preparing or dealing with food in any way.

Edna. You do know this is a kitchen, right?

Jim. I could stick the kettle on.

Edna. That's your answer to everything. I tell you what. See that box of photos? Start sorting through them.

Jim. Sorting through them?

Edna. Find some good 'uns. I'm going to make a display.

Jim. A display where?

Edna. In the bread bin. Where do you think? The front room, the hall, the landing. Anywhere people will look and see and remember.

Jim. It's a bit morbid.

Edna. It's a funeral. It's OK to be a bit morbid. More than a bit probably.

Jim. At the church maybe. At the crem. Don't you want to lighten the mood after?

Edna. Jim, just do as you're bloody told for once in your life.

Jim. OK, OK. And watch what you're doing what that knife.

And what do you mean for once in my life? I ALWAYS do what I'm told. Wash the pots for you, hang the washing out for you, clean the car for you...

Edna. For me?? You do all those things for me?

Jim. Well, yes.

Edna. So you never do them for yourself?

Jim. You know what I mean. You always get like this when you're interrupted. Moody, critical...

Edna. Are you surprised? Living with you all these years.

Jim. We have been together a long time, haven't we? Had our ups and downs, like most people. Like most couples. Like all couples, I expect.

'Cept for Sheila and Colin of course – they had everything. The perfect life, perfect kids, jobs they loved, not a care in the world. Then Colin goes and drops down dead and that's it. Perfect life over. Sheila all on her own. Can't take anything for granted.

Edna. Now who's getting morbid?

Jim. I'm just saying... What you doing?

Edna. Running a bath. What does it look like?

Jim. What's that stuff?

Edna. Piccalilli.

Jim. In god's name, why?

Edna. It goes with the ham.

Jim. I don't like it.

Edna. Since when?

Jim. I've never liked it.

Edna. News to me. You've always eaten it.

Jim. I haven't.

Edna. Yes, you have. I put it on your ham sandwiches all the time.

Jim. You may put it on them, doesn't mean I eat it.

Edna. So what do you do?

Jim. Scrape it off usually. Or if there's too much to scrape, throw 'em away.

Edna. You never do.

Jim. Yep. Don't know whether it's the taste, the texture, the colour... Just never taken to it.

Edna. Well, it's going on these. Extra thick.