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Scene III (Lucy ~~and~~ walks in late)

Lucy: ~~Hi~~ Hello Alf?

Alf: Yes Dear.

Lucy: Is Ma home?

Alf: Ye she's in the bloody kitchen

Lucy: Hello Ma.

Ma: Hello Lucy ~~isn't~~ you

Lucy: What cooking?

Ma: Food. I made Alf some Turkey.

Lucy: But Ma I brought home some dropped liver.

Alf: Bloody Hee.

Lucy: Ma I told you I was cooking the meal.

Ma: ~~Ma~~ ^{Lucy!} but I have already cooked the turkey ^{near Backstep} listen. (Bec Bec)

Alf: What ya do cook in the bloody oven alive.

Ma: I hope not.

Alf: Bloody hell go on and have a look. (Exit Ma)

Lucy: Alf this is the second time in three days.

Alf: She's only trying her best.

Lucy: Like a lot of crap she is (Storms into room Alf follows)

Alf: Now Lucy what she is only meaning good.

Lucy: (crying) Listen Alf if she doesn't go I go.

Alf: Bloody hell!! Alright I'll tell her nicely. Ma come here.

Ma: (Enters) What's wrong.

Alf: You got ten minutes to pack your bag and leave.

Ma: I didn't think you'd ask. My girdle is killing me.

Lucy: Oh Alf?

Alf: Oh Lucy?

Ma: Alf!!

Alf: Ma you got nine minutes 25.3 seconds.

End Scene IV