

*(CHRIS spots JENNY – we've hardly noticed her either – casually take the slice of CHRIS's cake.)*

This isn't the catering tent!

*(Retrieves it.)*

This is the WI! These are in competition.

*(JENNY, deadly, puts it back as CELIA enters with meringues to see the wheel.)*

**CELIA**

Beautiful meringues arriving, watch out. Where does Marie want the – what the hell is that?

**CHRIS**

You may recall at Marie's previous WI she learned 'cake competitions are all about presentation'.

**CORA**

Why are you wearing a sweater? It's 28 degrees!

**CELIA**

Indeed it is. And there are also ladies milling round from my husband's golf club, one of whom last night put up a sign in the ladies' locker room requesting members 'monitor their cleavage'.

**CORA**

No! God's sake, Ceel, do they not realise how much you spent on yours?

**CELIA**

Pardon?

**JESSIE**

Just to fill you in, Eddie walked out again last night.

**CELIA**

What?

**JESSIE**

We may be down an entry in the scones.

**CELIA**

God give me two minutes with that man and some sheep shearing tools.

**RUTH**

Hi everyone!

*(RUTH enters, full of the joys and with a huge see-through storage tub overflowing with scones.)*  
Bit of help here please, ladies! I need to know which of these is me best scone to enter.

**CHRIS**

Bloody hell Ruth, how many 've you done?