



## DIALOGUE 37. The bungalow's flooded

[A] cut, come

- DUNCAN: Jump up, Cuthbert! The bungalow's flooded!
- CUTHBERT: The bungalow? Flooded?
- DUNCAN: Come on, hurry up.
- CUTHBERT: Just our luck! We're comfortably in London for a month, come down to the country on Sunday - and on Monday we're flooded! Trust us!
- DUNCAN: Shut up! Come on, double up the rugs and stuff them above the cupboard. Chuck me that shovel. There's a ton of rubble that I dug out of the rubbish dump. I'll shove it under the front door - it seems to be coming from the front.
- CUTHBERT: Duncan! I'm stuck!
- DUNCAN: Oh, brother! You're as much use as a bloody duck!
- CUTHBERT: If I'd been a duck, I could have swum! Oh crumbs! The mud's coming in under the other one! We're done for! We'll be sucked into the disgusting stuff!
- DUNCAN: Hush! How wonderful! The current's suddenly swung. It's not going to touch us . . . unless . . . I wonder . . .