‘Have you got the key?’

‘The key?’

‘Yes, the key. Have you got the key?’

‘What key?’

‘What do you mean *what key*? We’ve just driven three and a half hours through weekend traffic – it’s pissing down rain and we’re stood in front of the door of Felicity and George’s seaside holiday cottage waiting to start seven days of doing nothing – the door is locked and requires a key and you’re asking *what key*?’

‘Well, there’s lots of keys aren’t there. It could be the key to the meaning of life, the key to fabulous wealth and fortune, the key to a longstanding loving relationship…’

‘Look, if you want any sort of loving relationship, long or short term, we need a key to get in through this door. Now, do you have the key to this door cos I’m getting soaked?’

‘No’

‘No? What do you mean no?’

‘Simple answer – I don’t have the key to this door’

‘For heaven’s sake, why not?’

‘This isn’t Felicity and George’s cottage. This is number 25 and theirs is number 27’

‘Why the hell didn’t you say so in the first place instead of faffing about out here in the rain?’

‘I was stalling for time’

‘Stalling for time? What the hell for?’

‘I’m trying to think of a plausible way to get us out of this mess, that’s why’

‘What mess? All we have to do is walk next door, put the key in the lock and then we can start our holiday’

‘Afraid it’s not that simple’

‘Not that simple?’

‘Do you *have* to repeat everything I say. No, it’s not that simple because I don’t have the key’

‘I know you don’t have the key to *this* place but do you have the key to Felicity and George’s cottage?’

‘Nope’

‘I can understand why you don’t have the key to this place but why the bloody hell don’t you have the key to number 27?’

‘Well, I left it on the kitchen table back at home’

*Thump*

‘What was that for? I was only joking. APRIL FOOL!’

**THUMP**