

Gilda Calling

Adjusting his hearing aid, John answers the phone.

'Ah, Jim, sorry, no golf today. That wart on my scrotum is acting up again. They're worried it might go septic. Might need cauterised. A nurse is due any minute.'

Phone rings again.

'Hello', fiddling with hearing aid.

John Listens.

'Hilda? Have a shower? A door? You'll be here in ten minutes? I'll leave the door off the latch.'

John lies back on his bed wearing only his bathrobe, discards his sodden hearing aid.

A melodious voice calls from the front door.

'Yoo-hoo, Gilda calling from Glide-Soft Doors.'

'Come on up, Hilda.'