

Roger dashes inside to take up the newspaper. Dennis mimes a creaky stroke of the bat

Dennis Just one thing, Rog, I know I haven't been doing too well with the old bat just lately but I really think I'm through all that, I really think I've found the answer, you know what I mean?

Roger (*reading*) "Further outlook continuing dry". What's he talking about? Flip. Flip, flip, flip. (*He drags his list out of his pocket, stabs a finger at it*) "Off-licence, Bob". I knew it, he was supposed to collect the beer. I dunno, some of these blokes, their women go down with something and they fall to pieces. (*Decisively again*) Right! You get the beer, I'll sort this lot out, okay?

Dennis Just the beer, is it?

Roger Quick as you like, there's still that roller. (*He moves towards the steps, but stops*) Super!

Roger hurries inside and into the bar, closing the door, still studying his list

Dennis stands dejectedly for a moment, then pulls himself together and starts to move to the car-park

Kevin enters moodily, followed by Maggie. Kevin is thirty. He is short, with long hair and a drinker's stomach which is constantly forcing a rift between trousers and shirt. Dress him how you like and he would never look tidy. His mood swings between world-weary resignation and fantastic enthusiasm. He carries a scruffy cricket bag with an airways sticker on it. Maggie is twenty-eight, and half a foot taller. She wears great big glasses for her genuine short sight, a red gash of lipstick, hair piled high on her head, an elderly box-shouldered fur-coat and high wedge shoes. Most of the time her hands remain firmly thrust into the deep coat pockets. She has a flat North London accent. A big untidy woman who is somehow extremely sexy—it is the way she carelessly arranges her limbs. She has been married to Kevin for only a year and underneath all the surface banter, they adore each other

They meet up with Dennis, Maggie looking around, screwing up her nose as she focusses, clearly not having been here before

Dennis Afternoon old man. (*To Maggie, appraisingly*) Good afternoon.

Maggie Oh ... (*She focuses on him*) Hello.

Kevin Hello, Den. This is Maggie. (*He jerks a head*) Dennis.

Maggie Hello.

Dennis Well well well, pleased to meet you at last. Come to watch, have we?

Dennis is even creepier with women—always trying to impress and always failing

Kevin Silly cow, look what she gets herself up in. (*He slumps on a bench and pulls up his socks*)

Maggie (*to Dennis*) I hate draughts, don't you?

Kevin Draughts? What's she on about, draughts?

Maggie If you're sitting in a field, you're bound to get draughts.

Kevin Ask her what she's on about, will you?

Maggie He's not talking to me.