

Dennis Oh I see—bit of a tiff.

Kevin Bit of a tiff? I'll bloody brain her. You know what she said? Go on—tell him what you said, I dare you.

Maggie I said—I thought it would go further.

Kevin She thought it would go further. (*He shakes his head and mumbles his way inside*) I even had to carry me own bag. What sort of woman is that, I ask you? I give up, I do, I give up.

Kevin exits into the changing-rooms

Maggie shrugs her great square shoulders at Dennis, who cannot quite make her out—like a lot of people who make the mistake of thinking that her slow rather emotionless voice and myopic gaze means that she is a bit dumb

Dennis Look—if there's anything I can do.

He takes her hand paternally. She looks down to the hand then back up at him

Maggie How d'you mean?

Dennis Well—you know—I hate to see a young couple . . .

Maggie Oh no, he'll be all right. He's just irritable 'cos he's missing his beer, that's all.

Dennis Well there we are then you see . . . (*He pats her hand*) I'm just going to pick it up.

Maggie What?

Dennis The beer.

Maggie No, he's off it: that's why he's missing it. Tell you what though, you can bring us back a bottle of wine.

Dennis *Mais certainement: le vin rouge?*

Maggie Yeah, white wine, German if you can. Here, I'll give you some money.

Dennis (*holding her hand and patting it again*) Give it to me later.

Maggie All right then, thankseversomuch.

Dennis moves away towards the car-park, digging out his new car keys, and whistling "I'm in the mood for love", suddenly inspired by this statuesque young woman who has husband trouble. He exits

Maggie watches, nose wrinkled, as Dennis moves away. She moves slowly into the pavilion, looking around, pushing her glasses up her nose, dabbing her nose with a tissue and pulling the coat even tighter around herself. She sees the piano, moves to it, raises the lid, bends down low over it and thumps out a tune, one finger at a time

Kevin comes out of the changing rooms minus his bag and, pointedly ignoring her, moves to examine the team list

Maggie stops playing

I think it's colder in here.

Kevin Don't—waste—your—breath.

Maggie I'm not wasting it, I'm watching it turn into steam—look . . . (*She puffs out air through great rounded red lips*)

Kevin (*keeping his back to her*) I'm not talking to you.