

Miriam (*somewhat disappointed*) Well—you've chosen a super day. We thought he was hiding you away or something.

Maggie Now why would he want to do that?

Miriam Just a—figure of speech actually, I didn't . . .

Maggie replaces the bar stool Kevin was fending her off with

Maggie Saturdays I usually get on with the house.

Miriam Yes, Kevin said. You haven't been there long, have you?

Maggie Not long, no. That's why I don't mind him playing his silly cricket. Gives me a chance to get on.

Miriam They are inclined to get under your feet, aren't they?

Maggie Specially when they're as little as he is. Little but perfect. Oooo, I love him.

Miriam smiles weakly: embarrassed as she always is when dealing with anything that might spank of the physical

Miriam (*moving behind the counter*) Would you mind if I got on?

Maggie I'll give you a hand if you like.

Miriam Would you mind? I mean, it's not compulsory.

Maggie Whatever you fancy, keep me out of mischief, won't it?

Miriam Super. (*She starts to guide Maggie behind the counter*)

Maggie Oh yeah, some woman phoned. She thought I was you—Jilly is it?

Miriam Jilly? Ginnie would it be—Bob's wife?

Maggie That's it, Bob's wife. She said to tell him he's left his bag behind.

Miriam Isn't he here?

Maggie Dunno—is he?

Miriam He was—I expect Roger's organized him into doing something energetic. Would you like to take your coat off first?

Maggie No not really. I suffer terrible from the draught.

Miriam Oh. That's nasty for you.

Maggie Once it goes to me chest I've had it. I'd wear a vest, but he'd only tear it.

Miriam smiles weakly

Maggie and Miriam exit to the kitchen. Dennis staggers round the corner under the weight of two crates of beer. He moves into the pavilion, looking out towards the pitch with a brave smile indicating "look, I've got the beer" and staggers inside, as Miriam comes out of the kitchen, moving to take up the box of salad from the counter

Miriam Well now, Maggie, if you'd like to be doing this salad . . . (*She sees Dennis and moves to helpfully open the bar door for him*)

Dennis (*breathlessly*) Hello Mim, old love.

Miriam Let me give you a hand

She holds the door open and stands to one side as he staggers behind the bar, puts down the crates and comes out again, mopping palms with his handkerchief and smiling bravely