

Miriam But it's so unfair, involving other people. (*She moves close to Maggie*)
You haven't seen him, all right?

Maggie Seen who?

Miriam (*pointing towards the verandah*) Bob.

Maggie But I haven't seen him, have I? Where is he, this Bob?

Miriam That's what he's like you see. It's so unfair. (*She is almost wringing her hands with concern*) You see, she and Roger have never really hit it off because *she* thinks—Ginnie—that Roger blames her for breaking up Bob's family—Bob was married before you see and it's really Bob that Rog was sort of angry with because when he was married and going off with Ginnie he said he was playing cricket which he wasn't and, oh God, I can see it happening all again, all those horrible *atmospheres*—so please, don't say anything, not to Roger, not to anyone, not until I've sorted something out, promise?

Maggie listens to all this with her mouth open

Maggie Oh I do, I do.

Miriam hurries to the door, pauses to settle herself, and goes out on to the verandah with her over-bright smile as Maggie shrugs and gets on with laying the cloths

Miriam I've just had a word with Maggie and she says the sun sinks slowly in the west which makes the east sort of vaguely over there. (*She points vaguely*)

Maggie sits on a stool and rolls a cigarette

Ginnie Who's Maggie?

Miriam Kevin's wife.

Ginnie She's awfully well-made, isn't she?

Miriam She's terribly nice, actually. Terribly helpful. And a really good brickie, I believe.

Ginnie Really.

Miriam Her father was one and she sort of picked it up—well you do, don't you? (*Suddenly*) Why are you here?

Ginnie Hopefully to lie in the sun.

Miriam But you haven't been all season, why have you come today?

Ginnie Thank you, dearie.

Miriam No, I didn't mean it like that ...

Ginnie No, you're absolutely right. And I wouldn't be here today had it not been for that nasty little man next door and his sodding great bonfire. I'm sure there's a law or something about lighting fires on a Saturday—especially a Saturday like this—(*head back to the sun*)—God, isn't it wonderful? How often do we get a day like this?

Miriam Not often, I'm glad to say.

Ginnie Of course, you're not a sun-person, are you? (*She slaps her upper arm and dips into the beachbag to pull out a huge anti-insect aerosol spray, which she wafts generously around herself*) Anyway, I thought I'd bring his silly bag and enjoy a spot of sun here—where is he, the fool?