

**Miriam** Oh ... (*She makes a vague gesture in the general direction of everywhere*)

**Ginnie** I assume he's popped off somewhere.

**Miriam** Bob? (*She smiles gaily at the thought*)

**Ginnie** Oh come off it, darling, he's always popping off somewhere, you know he is. It's all that nervous energy that's so attractive until you have to live with it.

**Miriam** Actually, he's—umm ... (*Again she makes the vague gesture*)

**Ginnie** Well, his car isn't here.

**Miriam** No, it wouldn't be, because he's taken it with him. I remember now, he's getting something for Roger. Some grease for the roller actually. After what happened to Kevin's finger.

*Ginnie flits a hand over the lounge and sits, making herself comfortable, head back*

**Ginnie** I suppose now I'm here I should give you a hand.

**Miriam** (*gaily*) It's not compulsory, you know.

**Ginnie** Right then. I'll keep out of your way. (*She delves into the bag and pulls out a massive paperback, well-thumbed—opens it about halfway through—but smiles up at Miriam*) Don't hesitate to give me a shout if you want me to butter a piece of bread or anything.

*Miriam hovers a moment, then goes inside*

**Maggie** Anything else?

**Miriam** Sorry?

**Maggie** (*referring to the table*) I've finished.

*Miriam is about to reply*

*Roger and Kevin come out of the changing-rooms. Both looking depressed, Kevin holding a cricket ball.*

**Miriam** (*anxious to avoid Roger*) Oh—yes—super—if you'd like to ...

*Miriam moves quickly into the kitchen. Maggie shrugs and slopes after her, dabbing her nose with a tissue*

**Roger** (*after Miriam and Maggie have gone*) You really think that's it, then, Kev?

**Kevin** It's an artificial aid, isn't it? They'll take one look at this plaster and scream blue murder about it being an artificial aid to increase my spinning potential. (*Sighing*) You could say Rog—that this plaster on my finger has become the metabolic steroid on my Achilles heel. Couldn't you?

**Roger** (*sighing*) Yes I suppose you could really. Got a fag have you Kev, I've given up.

*Kevin pulls out a packet of cigarettes and gives one to Roger*

**Kevin** How long?

**Roger** Nearly three weeks. Mim gave up at the same time. I decided we'd give it up together.

**Kevin** They'll scream blue murder, they will, I know they will.