

Alex and Sharon enter from the car-park. Alex is in his early twenties. Tall, rather weakly good-looking, hair prematurely receding. Too much money and not awfully aware of anything outside himself. He wears good cashmere and white shoes and carries a leather holdall. A public schoolboy who has played at Lords: just the sort of chap Dennis feels he should associate with. Sharon is the girl he met two nights ago at a disco. She is a stunning nineteen-year-old blonde, dressed in what she hopes is right for an afternoon's cricket—all white with a big white hat and hopelessly over-dressed. She is happiest at the disco where you do not have to talk much. Right now she is paralysed with nerves at having to meet Alex's smart friends because she knows she has done it all wrong. She holds before her Alex' laundered cricket whites which are under a plastic bag on a hanger

Alex (as they enter) Last time I was here I scored sixty-three ...

Dennis (moving to Alex) Alex! Nice to see you.

Dennis unnecessarily pumps Alex's hand as Sharon remains to one side, cringing, with a big fixed smile. Alex moves away to stare out at the pitch

Alex Track's looking a bit brown—whose is the BMW?

Dennis Nice?

Alex Very nice—yours?

Dennis Finally did it—(with a nudge)—if you recommend a motor, that's good enough for Uncle Dennis.

Roger moves towards the doors and Dennis turns his "charm" on Sharon

And who is this delightful little mademoiselle?

Alex This is Sharon ...

He beckons Sharon to him with crooked finger. She dutifully moves to him and he takes the hanger from her

She's come along to watch me make another fifty or so, haven't you, poppet?

Kevin Big-headed poofter.

Roger That's what I like to hear—confidence. (He sits on a bench, rubbing his hands together with pleasure at the arrival of his star player)

Alex (moving up the steps) Shocking bloody pile-up on the by-pass. Drop of sun and they all turn out like K Registration lemmings.

Ginnie (pointedly) Hello, Sharon, I'm Virginia.

Sharon sits to one side on a bench

Alex Where's that Bob? I've got a bone to pick with him—bugger damn nigh ran me out last week ... (He turns as if to look for Bob)

Miriam hurries out and into action

Miriam (quickly) Well now, Sharon—introductions. (Brightly and very quickly) This is Kevin, he's got a bad finger—

Kevin —and he's not bloody umpiring—

Miriam —his wife is called Maggie and she's terribly nice and she's inside setting out the thingies—it isn't compulsory but every little does help and