

**Miriam** She says she's embarrassed and she is your—you know—your thingy  
**Alex** Just tell her to pull herself together and put my keys under the door, all right?

*Maggie returns with a damp towel and moves straight outside*

**Maggie (to Alex)** Get in there, you great slob!

**Alex** Now look here ...

*Maggie thrusts a clenched fist under his nose*

**Maggie** Piss off before I put one on you!

*Alex recoils and mumbles his way inside—"all right—all right"—and into the changing-rooms*

**Kevin** You're quite right, Mag, you'll make a lovely mother.

*Dennis moves outside as Maggie sits putting the towel round Kevin's head. Dennis kneels next to them, trying to pull the cork. Maggie snatches the bottle from him, puts it between her legs and yanks out the cork with the one hand then holds the bottle for Kevin to drink as though he were a baby. He sits in the fur coat and towel turban, swigging. Bob is in a right state with the board. The score now reads 988. He stares—takes off the 8 and tosses it over his shoulder—replaces it with a 9—repeats it, staggering, so that the score reads 999. He stares at it*

**Ginnie** He won't let go of her, you see. He won't let go of anything. D'you know, he's still got the bike his father gave him when he passed for the grammar school? Just a heap of rust at the end of the garden, but he won't get rid of it because his dear old working-class dad gave it to him. He's so bloody guilty—and what's guilt if it isn't self-indulgence, tell me that? (*She moves to sit, tearfully, on the lounge*)

**Roger (off, shouting)** Keep that bloody board moving!

**Bob (shouting back)** Stuff you! The only reason we're here is so's you can have your rotten game of cricket, you silly little twit! (*He kneels by Ginnie*) All the time I've been going over there—doing things for her—she's been going with another fella. I said to her, "Why didn't you stop me? Why couldn't he mow the lawn and mend the rotten fence?" And you know what she said? "I didn't want to disappoint you," she said.

*Roger dashes in, furious*

**Roger** Miriam!

**Miriam** Yes, darling?

**Roger** Who's on the board?

**Miriam** Err ...

**Roger (pointing)** Get on that board and keep it moving, woman!

**Miriam** Yes, darling.

*Roger stomps off*

*Miriam hurries to stare at the scorebook*