

Bob She's getting married. Thass what she wanted to tell me—she's getting married—so she won't be needing me any more—not for money, not for anything.

Ginnie She's getting married?

Bob We're gonna be all right—she won't be needing me any more—and I love you. (*He kisses her gently*)

Miriam Hundred up!

Alex returns from the changing-rooms and comes outside

Alex She's locked herself in the bog.

Kevin We know that.

Alex She says she won't come out until you've all gone, so d'you mind? (*He indicates "clear off"*)

Maggie Well, talk her out.

Alex Talk her out?

Kevin Talk her out—like they do in films, only with aeroplanes. (*He puts the bottle to his mouth, his box to his ear*) Control tower to bog, control tower to bog, are you reading me?

Maggie Go on—go and pretend you're Charlton Heston.

Alex If you think I'm standing there, having a conversation through a lavatory door—what am I supposed to talk about? I only met her yesterday ...

Bob rises and moves menacingly towards Alex

Bob Lissen you! Not only did you run me out but you deliberately turned your back on that catch when I was bowling, you coward—and not only that, I lost my family because of the likes of you—bloody solicitors—making money out of other peoples' personal misery. Well I'll tell you this—I may be a lousy husband and a lousy father but I'm a damn good cricketer and no-one—no-one—can say otherwise—all right, mister smart-arse rotten lawyer?

All the time Bob speaks he prods Alex backwards and Alex offers bored "yeah, yeah's." As Bob finishes his speech he clicks fingers in Alex' face and Alex falls backwards into the canvas chair, which tips up throwing his legs in the air and he lies sprawled

Miriam Oh Alex—pull yourself together, there are standards, you know.

Maggie (*pointing towards changing-rooms*) What about her?

Alex (*legs flailing*) What about me?

Miriam The window ...

Alex What?

Miriam Talk to her through the window.

Alex I can't talk to her through *anything*.

Maggie It's too high.

Miriam Fetch the ladder.

Roger (*off*) Miriam!

Maggie Go on you—fetch the ladder.

Alex I have broken my neck!