

GINNY (*getting a little fed up now*) Am I supposed to have done something?

GREG *shrugs*.

Greg?

GREG I don't know. Have you?

GINNY I don't know. You're the one that's carrying on.

GREG Me? I'm just quietly sitting here, that's all.

GINNY Doing your best to annoy me.

GREG Nonsense.

GINNY Oh yes, you are.

GREG (*taunting*) Now why should I want to annoy you? Tell me, why should I want to do that?

GINNY Oh go to hell. (*She rises and crosses to the recess downstage right to fetch her dress; then turns*) I think your bedroom slippers are simply bloody marvellous.

GREG Thanks.

*GINNY returns with her dress. GREG rises and marches towards the bathroom. He has abandoned his slippers by the bed. GINNY looks at him and laughs.*

(*turning*) Mmmm?

GINNY What do you look like?

GREG What's wrong?

GINNY Talk about me having birthmarks. You've got one.

GREG Where?

GINNY (*pointing to his bottom*) There.

GREG That's not a birthmark. That's a scar. This bottom has seen active service, I'll have you know.

GREG *goes into the bathroom.*

GINNY *smiles and starts dressing.*

(*offstage*) Oh for crying out loud! What is going on?

GINNY What?

GREG (*offstage*) This bath is full of flowers.

GINNY (*pausing in her dressing*) Yes, I put them there. I said I was going to.

GREG (*offstage*) You put one bunch in the bath. That makes five altogether.

GINNY (*innocently*) Does it really?

*GREG appears in the doorway festooned with dripping flowers.*

GREG Five. (*He counts the other three bunches already displayed there*) Five—six—seven—eight—Where do they come from?

GINNY Those are the ones you brought me.

GREG Mine are the two shilling bunch, I know. Whose are these? Mmmm?

GINNY Well, you know that little man who sells flowers on the corner of the road—the one who has the stall?

GREG No.

GINNY Well, there's a little man at the corner of this road that sells flowers on a flower stall and he was selling them off cheaply—yesterday evening—Saturday—end of the week. I thought I'd buy a bunch for the weekend and he said I could have five bunches for the price of two. I couldn't refuse, could I?

GREG No.

GINNY They were probably stolen.

GREG From the Queen Mother's garden.

GINNY (*lamely*) Yes.

GREG As long as I know. *(He turns as if to go back in, then to her again)* Oh, by the way. Where did the other two come from?

GINNY Oh, he gave me those as a present.

GREG I see.

*GREG returns to the bathroom.*

*During the next section GINNY finishes dressing and starts to make-up in the mirror.*

*GREG wanders in and out of the bathroom, dressing as he does so.*

GINNY *(calling)* Want some more tea?

GREG *(offstage)* Please. Tell me. What makes your parents so frightened of meeting strangers?

GINNY They're not. It's just that they're old-fashioned, I suppose. They like to do things properly.

GREG *(emerging)* Don't you think they'll approve of me?

*GINNY pours two cups of tea and milk and sugars them.*

GINNY Of course they will. My father's, well—he's a bit difficult, I suppose. You know, he wants the best for me, at least what he thinks is the best for me.

GREG I am the best.

GINNY I know that. But I've got to convince them, haven't I? And anyway, my mother gets into an awful panic if people arrive when she's unprepared. *(She moves up to mirror below the bed and starts to make-up. She takes her tea with her)*

*GREG comes out of the bathroom. He now has on his trousers and carries his socks and shirt and tie.*

There's your tea.

GREG Thanks. *(He moves to the table, sits and puts on his socks)*

GINNY What's the time?

GREG Twenty to.

GINNY *(screaming)* I'm going to miss it.

GREG Take a taxi.

GINNY *(making up frenziedly)* I knew it.

GREG I'll phone for one.

GINNY Damn—damn—damn.

GREG I said I'll phone for a taxi.

GINNY You'll have to.

*GREG continues to put on his socks.*

Well go on!

GREG When I've got my socks on.

GINNY Oh. You're no use at all.

GREG *(casually)* Who lives at the Willows, Lower Pendon, Bucks?

GINNY *(scattering her make-up then recovering)* How did you know that?

GREG Who lives there?

GINNY *(moving down beside him)* Where did you find that address?

GREG Sounds very grand. The Willows, Lower Pendon—

GINNY Have you been going through my things?

GREG No.

GINNY Then tell me where you got that address from. I want to know.

GREG It's written on here. *(He holds up the cigarette packet)* Look. The Willows, Lower Pendon, Bucks. Anyone we know?

GINNY *(moving away to the mirror again)* No.

GREG (*rising*) Who?

GINNY (*turning*) My parents.

GREG (*moving upstage left*) Ah. Well, you may have a lousy memory for all I know. I mean I could never be called a devoted son, my parents will back me up on that, but at least I can remember where they live.

GINNY (*flaring up defensively*) I wrote it down for someone at the office—a girl, but she forgot to take it. She knows them because we went to school together. She wanted to write to them. All right?

GREG I believe you.

GINNY Quite sure?

GREG Yes.

GINNY Quite?

GREG Yes. Shut up.

GINNY *takes a swig of tea.*

GINNY You make tea like liquorice as well. I don't know why I put up with you. (*She moves past him towards the kitchen area*)

GREG (*penitently*) Tell me something.

GINNY What?

GREG Why *do* you put up with me?

GINNY Well.

GREG Well?

GINNY Maybe for the same reason you put up with me. (*Smiling, gently*) You're a fantastic lover, if that's any consolation to you. (*She goes into the kitchen area*)

GREG (*to himself*) That's nice. (*He picks up the slippers, regards them. Sits right of the table*)

GINNY *returns, having diluted her tea. She moves below him to sit left of the table. Just as she is about to sit GREG drops the slippers on to her chair.*

GINNY Now, if we order a taxi in about five minutes, that should get me to the station with about ten minutes to spare. Don't forget I've got to buy my—aaaah. (*She sits on the slippers. Reacts by jumping straight up again, spilling her tea in the saucer and slopping some on to the table*) Oh, God! (*She sees the slippers*) Oh, big joke. (*She throws the slippers on the floor*) Hell, what a damn stupid thing to do. What's got into you?

GREG (*penitent again*) Sorry. (*He has risen too*)

GINNY I should think so. Look at this. I'll have to get a cloth. (*She moves to the kitchen, then turns back*) Listen, if you're sick of me say so.

GREG *sits unhappily right of the table, his back to her.*

Well, we can't go on like this. It's daft. Isn't it?

GREG (*muttering*) If that's how you feel—

GINNY How *I* feel! That's marvellous. Look, I don't know what it is, but I hope you'll have got over it by tonight, that's all. I've got quite enough to worry about without being messed around by you.

GREG (*wheeling sharply*) And what the hell do you think you're doing to me?

GINNY (*taken aback*) What?

*The phone rings. GINNY continues to look at GREG for a moment. Then she answers the phone, crossing above him.*

Hello...yes...no, no... I'm afraid you have the wrong number... yes...goodbye. (*She rings off*)

GREG *rises and moves to the alcove.*