

SHEILA Well he doesn't. *(She hesitates as she is about to depart)*  
I might go down to Kent for a weekend, before long.

PHILIP Sorry?

SHEILA I might go down to Kent for the weekend, soon.

PHILIP Why?

SHEILA I'd like the change. Natalie's written and asked me.

PHILIP Natalie?

SHEILA She's my cousin.

PHILIP Your cousin?

SHEILA That's right. She's got a cottage there and she's invited me for a long weekend.

PHILIP I didn't know you had a cousin called Natalie.

SHEILA No, I don't mention her much. She's getting on.

PHILIP Oh well. Go ahead.

SHEILA You don't mind?

PHILIP Not in the least.

SHEILA *(flatly)* Good. That's settled then. *(She turns to go)*

PHILIP Sheila...

SHEILA Yes?

PHILIP *(coaxing)* Come on...

SHEILA What?

PHILIP Oh let's stop all this, shall we? You know, I know, we both know. What's the point?

SHEILA Point?

PHILIP Why keep on with it? What are you trying to prove?

SHEILA I'm afraid I don't quite follow you.

PHILIP *(getting angry)* Oh, for the love of Mike, woman, what do you think you're achieving by all this nonsense? Eh? You're not fooling anyone by it, you know. You're certainly not fooling me and what's more you know you're not. So why bother to keep on with it?

SHEILA What?

PHILIP You know what, well enough. This fatuous rigmarole. Every damn weekend. I feel I'm humouring a lunatic half the time. Is he coming today? Has he written? Has he phoned? Well, I've played along long enough. I'm sick and tired of it, do you hear? That's it. I seriously think you ought to go and see a doctor. You're... *(A gesture of insanity)*

SHEILA *(after a pause)* Have you quite finished?

PHILIP Yes.

SHEILA I've never seen or heard such extraordinary behaviour in my life. Really. Whatever's come over you? I really think

you ought to go and do some digging. And work a little of it off. Whatever it is.

PHILIP No. I'll do some hoeing. I don't feel in the least like digging this morning.

SHEILA From the way you do it, I can't see there's much difference—I'll go and get dressed.

PHILIP *goes off up the garden.*

GREG *enters the garden cautiously from the direction of the house. He hesitates when he sees SHEILA. He carries his bag and has a raincoat over his arm.*

GREG *(after a tentative pause)* Hallo.

SHEILA *(startled)* Oh. Oh—hallo there.

GREG Hallo.

SHEILA Are you—er...?

GREG I beg your pardon?

SHEILA Were you wanting to see someone?

GREG Yes.

SHEILA My husband?

GREG Not... altogether...

SHEILA Me?

GREG Partly.

SHEILA Oh, well then.

GREG I did ring.

SHEILA It doesn't work. *(She smiles)* Won't you come in.

GREG Thanks. *(He comes downstage)*

SHEILA *remains standing.*

SHEILA Do sit down.

GREG Thanks. What a beautiful garden. *(He sits in an armchair)*

SHEILA Yes, we're...fond of it...

GREG I had no idea it was going to be so nice. Beautiful.

SHEILA Yes, it is nice, isn't it?

GREG Look at those dirty great delphiniums. They're huge. How do you get your delphiniums that size?

SHEILA Oh, well... constant practice really. My husband's green fingers.

GREG They're like hollyhocks. *(He looks over the audience)*

SHEILA Are you sure you mean delphiniums?

GREG Well, those things. Whatever they are.

SHEILA Oh, they're lupins.

GREG Pretty good going, all the same.

SHEILA Thank you. *(Pause. She smiles uncertainly)*

GREG This is The Willows, isn't it?

SHEILA Yes.

GREG Lower Pendon?

SHEILA Oh, yes.

GREG Bucks?

SHEILA Yes, this is The Willows.

GREG Oh, good. I suddenly had the sneaking feeling I'd got the wrong house.

SHEILA The Willows.

GREG That's the one.

*Pause.*

SHEILA You like our trees then?

GREG Yes, I've just been admiring them.