

GREG You know. The man you've forgotten all about. Remember.

GINNY Oh, that was years ago. No. *(She turns to the mirror to finish her hair)*

GREG I see. *(Continuing to tidy up)* You never say much about him, do you?

GINNY I told you.

GREG Not much.

GINNY It's all forgotten. I've—forgotten what he looks like even.

GREG Where's he gone then?

GINNY Back to his wife, I expect. I don't know.

GREG The older man. Must be nice to be with someone your own age, isn't it? You two couldn't have had much in common. Did he give you lectures on the Boer War? *(He refits the drawer and closes it)*

GINNY Don't get bitchy.

GREG Well—

GINNY *(turning to him)* Greg—what would you have done, if you'd ever met him?

GREG *(meaning it)* I'd have hit him. Hard.

GINNY I believe you would.

GREG Well, I'm damned glad for your sake he walked out on you, that's all.

GINNY He didn't walk out on me. I walked out on him.

GREG *(over-sympathetically)* Of course.

GINNY *(slightly riled)* I did. *(She moves to the alcove for her coat)*

GREG *(soothingly)* Yes, I'm sure you did. I was just thinking though, how often have you met someone who's been walked out on? I mean, I must know dozens of people all of whom have at one time or another walked out on someone. But I've very rarely met any of the people that they've walked

out on. *(He sits on the bed)* Don't you think that's very odd? Where do all these poor jilted people go to, that's what I want to know? They can't all be floating in the rivers, they'd be clogged up by now. Bit like elephants when they die or flies in winter time, don't you think?

GINNY *reappears carrying her coat, which she places on chair right.*

GINNY I really wouldn't know.

GREG Why did you walk out on him?

GINNY *(sitting on chair right)* I had my reasons.

GREG Oh?

GINNY Look, I'm not going to tell you so you may as well shut up.

GREG All right. *(He shrugs)* All right.

GINNY I don't see why you should be so interested, anyway. I don't give a damn about your past life.

GREG *(smiling angelically)* Ah—but my life didn't begin until I met you.

GINNY *(sarcastically)* Oh, yes. *(Springing up and moving to window)* Where the hell is that taxi?

GREG He'll ring the bell when he gets here.

GINNY Not if he's looking for a man in a blue dress and a white coat he won't. *(Going to him and ruffling his hair, then moving as if to cross to him)* Lunatic man.

GREG *(grasping both her hands)* Mmm. You know? *(He rises)* I've been thinking—it might be a good idea if we got married—pretty soon.

GINNY When—now?

GREG No.

GINNY Oh, good. Going to say, I'd have to go and change my dress again.

GREG No. Seriously.

GINNY When did you suddenly get this idea?

GREG I thought it might be a good thing.

GINNY (*releasing his hands and stepping back, looking at him*)
I take it you're proposing to me?

GREG (*going to the window, uncertainly*) Yes, I suppose I am
really. If you look at it that way.

GINNY Either you are or you aren't.

GREG (*turning*) Yes, I am.

GINNY I see. I'm just going out—actually.

GREG The taxi won't be here for a second. It doesn't take you
that long to make your mind up, does it?

GINNY I'm afraid it does. (*Pause. She sits on the bed*) If you're
serious, I don't know what to say. I love you very much,
more than I've ever loved anybody, I think. And I think I'll
probably say yes, one day. But not at the moment.

GREG I see.

GINNY Greg, have you really thought about this? I'm sorry to
ask you—but you're not asking me away for a dirty weekend
or something. Or even a dirty month.

GREG A dirty great life time. I know.

GINNY Who have you known apart from me? How many other
girls?

GREG Well—

GINNY I mean really known—you know what I mean.

GREG Well—I—well—

GINNY I'm the first, aren't I?

GREG (*injured*) If it's that obvious—

GINNY It doesn't make any difference to me. But what about
you? For all you know, compared with someone else I might
be the biggest bitch on earth.

GREG You're not. (*Slightly anxious*) Are you?

GINNY Be bad luck if we married and then you found out,
wouldn't it?

GREG What do you want me to do? Chase round? Knock on
doors? Take a census?

GINNY I just want you to be sure, that's all.

GREG I'm sure.

GINNY All right.

GREG I know what I'm doing, don't worry.

GINNY Fine. Good. (*She rises and picks up her handbag from
the table*)

Slight pause.

GREG (*going to chair right*) There's no chance that you'll have
made up your mind in a couple of minutes, is there?

GINNY Why?

GREG Well, I thought if I could come down with you now and
see your parents, I could ask—

GINNY No Greg!

GREG It's only that—

GINNY No.

GREG But—

GINNY No, no, no.

GREG *looks downcast.* GINNY *moves to him.*

(*soothingly, kissing him lightly*) Darling—darling—I can't—

The doorbell rings.