

GUY Right. (*He laughs*)

HANNAH Oh well, don't tell me if you don't want to...

GUY We're a multi-national company that's become extremely diversified...

DAFYDD Diversified, dearest. That means they're into all sorts of different—

HANNAH (*tetchily*) Yes, I know, I know...

DAFYDD All right...

HANNAH I know what 'diversify' means.

GUY (*a fraction embarrassed*) And so it's a bit difficult to pin down. Certainly it is from my limited viewpoint. In a rather small local branch in a rather obscure department called Alternative Forward Costing. In which I am a very small cog indeed.

HANNAH I'm impressed anyway.

DAFYDD It's interesting you should be in BLM because—

*In the hall, the phone rings.*

HANNAH Who can that be...? (*She starts to rise*)

DAFYDD (*rising*) I'll go, I'll go. It could be Ted...

HANNAH Oh, is it Linda trouble again?

DAFYDD (*as he goes*) Yes, as usual. As usual...

*DAFYDD goes out.*

HANNAH It's these friends of ours, they have this daughter that they absolutely dote over. And of course she just takes terrible advantage of them all the time...

GUY Yes, I met them.

HANNAH Did you, yes. She's a real headache for them. She set fire to all her mother's clothes, you know...

GUY Set fire to them?

HANNAH Yes. Enid wasn't in them at the time but it was everything she had in the world except what she was standing up in. They both came home from a meeting of the Civic Society and her wardrobe was ablaze.

GUY Heavens.

HANNAH Mind you, I can't help thinking, in some ways, they brought it on themselves. I hope ours will turn out all right. Do you have children, Mr—?

GUY Guy, please. No. My wife wasn't able to have any. She—wasn't very strong...

HANNAH Shame. Do you miss her a lot?

GUY (*as if considering the question for the first time*) Yes. Yes, I do. Very much.

HANNAH That's nice. For her, I mean. Of course not for you. I'd like to think I'd be missed.

GUY You?

HANNAH Yes.

GUY Why! (*An awful thought*) You're not...?

HANNAH Oh, no. No, I'm right as rain. I think. So far as I know. It's just I sometimes wonder, I suppose a lot of us do probably, whether if I—you know—died people would really... Silly really, isn't it?

GUY I'm sure you'd be missed.

HANNAH Maybe.

GUY By David—Dafydd. And your children.

HANNAH Yes, possibly the children would. For a few more years, anyway. I don't know about Dafydd. Now he is missed. You see that big doll there? Every time Dafydd's out of the house for more than twenty minutes the girls insist it's brought out. Then all their games revolve round that wretched doll. Tea

with Daddy-doll and Walks with Daddy-doll and Supper with Daddy-doll and Bed with Daddy-doll... Well, I've stopped them taking it to bed with them now. I did think that was getting too much of a good thing. Of course, Dafydd thinks it's terribly funny. I suppose it is quite flattering for him, really. The trouble is, my family are under the impression that there's a female counterpart to that thing that runs round the house after them. Only it happens to be me. Hooray for Mummy-doll. (*Slight pause*) Heavens. I haven't talked like this for years. I am sorry. It's very boring of me.

GUY (*gently*) No.

HANNAH No?

GUY No. (*He smiles at her*)

*HANNAH, uncertainly at first and then more warmly, smiles back at GUY.*

*As they gaze at each other, DAFYDD returns from the phone to break the spell.*

DAFYDD (*as he enters*) That was Enid. They got home and found Linda in bed.

*HANNAH is about to say something.*

Yes, that's what I asked. And the answer is no. Fast asleep on her own. So, false alarm. They still have a daughter and more important we still have a Lucy Lockit. What's been going on in here? Anything I should know about?

HANNAH I think it's my bedtime, if you'll excuse me...

GUY (*looking at his watch*) Oh, Lord, yes. I must be...

DAFYDD Don't go on my account. I'm a late one myself...

GUY No, it really is...

DAFYDD I'll fetch your coat, then.

*DAFYDD exits.*