

GUY Are you a rugger player?

DAFYDD God, no. Can't stand the game. Had to play it for seven years. Total misery. But my Dad was a fanatic. One of those. All his language was in terms of rugby, you know. That man's up and under imagery constituted my entire verbal childhood upbringing. Making sure life fed you plenty of good clean ball. Getting women in loose mauls and all that bollocks. God, I was glad to leave home...

GUY Your poor mother...

DAFYDD No, she was all right, she left with me...

TED and ENID pass them.

Goodnight, Ted. Enid...

ENID We're going off in search of Linda, Dafydd...

TED She's only a child you see, Dafydd...

ENID *(almost overlapping him)* She's always been mature, you know...

TED *(almost overlapping her, in turn)* ...physically, you know...

ENID ...physically...but emotionally...

TED ...her emotions are still very far from...

ENID ...for her age...

TED ...mature, you see.

ENID ...immature, yes.

TED And we're not happy with this lad at all, Dafydd. I mean we're not...

ENID ...snobbish at all...

TED ...class conscious. But he's not right...

ENID ...he's very wrong...

TED ...he's a very wild lad...

ENID ...oh, very wild...

TED ...and we've got a feeling we know where he'll finish up, don't we, Enid?

ENID Yes, I'm afraid we do. Only too...

TED ...too well...

ENID ...too well...

They both mercifully run out of steam. Slight pause.

DAFYDD Well. If you find you do have a problem, give me a ring at home.

TED Thank you, Dafydd...

ENID Thank you very much, Dafydd...

DAFYDD I'll be back there in ten minutes. So. 'Night.

TED Goodnight.

ENID Goodnight. I hope you sleep well. *(To GUY)* All through the night. *(She laughs)*

GUY Thank you. Goodnight. *(He laughs)*

TED and ENID go out.

DAFYDD An effortlessly witty woman is Enid, you'll discover. Listen, we haven't settled this business of casting, have we? Think we ought to settle that now, don't you?

GUY Yes. That would be nice. Give me something to be getting on with. If I know what I'm playing...

BRIDGET *(making a threatening move to come round the bar)*
Are you two leaving or do I have to throw you out?

DAFYDD *(retreating in haste)* No, no, Bridget. We're going. We're going. Have you got your car, by any chance...?

GUY Yes. Just round the corner...