

I wonder what he's doing tonight? (*pause; she raises her head and looks at BOB*) Perhaps he's married. Do you think he is?

BOB Stop worrying.

BARBARA I'm not worrying.

BOB (*lightly*) You could've fooled me.

Pause.

BARBARA We don't know anything about him. Nothing. We don't even know what he's done.

BOB We don't need to.

BARBARA Because of us he might be arrested. Just think of that. We ought to know something.

BOB *lowers his newspaper.*

BOB Because of *us*...?

BARBARA Because we let them watch.

BOB *grins.*

BOB Trust you to say a thing like that.

BARBARA Like what?

BOB Trust you to find a way of blaming yourself. Doesn't matter what it is, does it? If there's a hole in my sock, if the car breaks down – it's always your fault. Well, this isn't.

BARBARA *looks at him, but says nothing.*

So stop worrying.

BARBARA *nods her head, but her expression remains troubled and anxious.*

Do you fancy a cup of tea?

BARBARA Do you?

BOB I don't mind.

BARBARA A bit later, then.

BOB Right. (*He stands up, stretches, strolls to the window, and draws the curtains. He glances across the road.*) It looks as if Helen and Peter are having an early night. Off for a bit of – what does she call it? – off for a bit of nooky.

BARBARA *smiles, but remains silent.* BOB *goes back to his chair.*

I just can't imagine it, can you?

BARBARA What?

BOB All these wild nights we hear so much about. I can't imagine them actually performing.

BARBARA Oh, I don't know. Peter's quite attractive.

BOB *glances at BARBARA, mildly surprised.*

BOB Is he?

BARBARA Well, not unattractive.

BOB *grins.*

BOB God, the idea of waking up alongside Dizzy Lizzie – the mind boggles!

BARBARA *smiles.* BOB *resumes reading his newspaper;*
BARBARA *sews; a clock strikes the half-hour; BOB turns*
a page of his newspaper.

BARBARA Do you remember that time we saw a man being arrested outside the bus station?

BOB What man?

BARBARA Don't you remember?

BOB Who...?

BARBARA We were going somewhere, the three of us – Julie was quite small – and we saw these policemen running into the bus station. Then they grabbed a man and took him

away. Don't you remember? His clothes were all stained and dirty. I thought he was old at first, an old tramp or something, but then he walked past I could see he was young – younger than me. And he was crying. Don't you remember? I thought it was so sad. He wasn't just crying, he was sobbing. It was awful.

BOB *stares at BARBARA; there is a moment of silence before he speaks.*

BOB What am I supposed to say to that?

BARBARA I don't know.

BOB What?

BARBARA *(shrugging)* Nothing.

BOB He might have bashed some old lady over the head and pinched her handbag. Supposing he had. How would you feel about him then?

BARBARA People don't stop being people just because they've done something wrong. They still have feelings.

BOB *(firmly)* Look – it's nothing to do with us, none of it. Mr Stewart says this man's mixed up with something criminal, something illegal – well, that's all we need to know. Who he is and what he's done just doesn't matter. It's none of our business.

No response.

Well, is it?

BARBARA I don't know.

BOB Well, it isn't. Take it from me. *(Again he opens his newspaper.)*

BARBARA *sews; pause.*

Is it the same girl coming back tomorrow?

BARBARA Yes.