

What else could I say?

Peter

BARBARA What time is he coming?

BOB Eight o'clock.

BARBARA I'd better get on with the supper, then.

BOB Right.

*The lights fade.*

PETER *enters and addresses the audience.*

PETER I remember how shy they were when we first met. Helen and I went across and introduced ourselves: "Hi," we said, "we're your new neighbours." Well, Bob and Barbara stared at us as if we'd just stepped out of a flying saucer. They seemed a little reassured when we told them we were Canadians not Americans, but even so it took quite a time before they could accept us as regular human beings. A month or so later, they asked us to tea, and that's when we first met Julie. "Julie's short for Juliet," said Barbara, "Juliet as in *Romeo and Juliet*." Then Bob said, "We saw the old film with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard just after we got engaged, and we made up our minds there and then: if we ever had a girl she was going to be called Juliet." "And so she was," said Barbara. "And so she was," said Bob. I was touched by the way they would finish each other's stories. It wasn't interrupting, it was more of a mutual orchestration of shared memories; a shared enjoyment of their life together. A kind of celebration. I said this to Helen when we got back home. She pooh-poohed it and said I was being sentimental; but pretty soon after she admitted that she too was beginning to feel a certain affection for them - Julie especially.

PETER *exits.*

*The lights come up. Evening.*