

simply blown about in the wind like a little woollen ball. More than once she was blown right over – right on to the rocks. But she got up again each time and came on until she reached a kind of platform or something.

*Pip*: Yes, where the people fish from.

*Duncan*: And there she stood, waving at the ship. Just not being blown into the sea!

*Toots*: (who hasn't heard a word but has been warming Pip's hands in hers – holding one hand against her breast and rubbing it and then holding the other, says in her absent voice) Fan-cy! (Waking up.) Tell me, how did you leave Margot!

*Duncan*: Splendid – simply splendid! Of course she sent all kinds of loving messages to you all – I wish, for many reasons that she could have come with me – but it wasn't possible. For one thing she had so much that she wanted to settle and for another I had a very special piece of writing on hand and I felt a quiet voyage would be just the place to do it in.

*Toots*: (dryly) Oh I am sure it was *much* the wisest plan. I thought it most sensible and *modern* of you both. Personally I think it's a great mistake at the best of times to travel with one's husband – or any man for the matter of that.

*Pip*: Pooh! I like that – what about me! You'd give your eyes if I'd fly off with you.

*Toots*: Even if I would – that's got nothing to do with it. You're not a man; you're nothing but a child.

*Pip*: (warmly) And what are you I should like to know. You're nothing but an infant in arms. I could put you in a basket and tuck you under my arm and only lift the lid and let you sit on my knee when it came out sunny. (Puts his arm round Toots' shoulder and chuckles) We know what Bee is thinking, don't we Toots. (mimics) I may be old fashioned and behind the times but it does seem to me odd that a child should speak so to its parent. (He shades his eyes with his hand and pretends to stagger back a step.) Good Heavens! Do I see aright? A *new black velvet blouse* trimmed with a neat red and white glacé check?? I'm surprised at you Bee! I wouldn't have believed it! Or (goes over to Miss Bee, takes her hand and kissing it says to her ardently and warmly) was it for me? Am I the happy man?

*Bee*: Let me go this instant, Philip! (Pip tries to put his arm round her waist.)

*Toots*: Philip, behave yourself this instant, sir! I don't know what you will be thinking of us Duncan.

*Duncan*: (cordial to a fault) Ah, Mater, don't apologise. I like it, it makes me feel like one of the family.

*Toots*: (strangely) That's splendid! (Quickly) Wouldn't you boys like