

**Chris** I mean I haven't baked THIS one, like. I got it from Marks and Spencers, but in PRINCIPLE —

**Annie** *(trying to get it off her)* WHAT?

**Ruth** MARKS AND SPENCERS?

**Chris** We have to enter something for the points.

*There is a tussle over the illegitimate sponge*

**Annie** You can't enter a bought cake!

*Celia pushes in John in a wheelchair. They both have bottles of beer*

**Chris** Why not?

**Celia** BEEP BEEEP.

**Annie** I am not entering a BOUGHT CAKE.

**Chris** Right. Then I will. Make way for my glorious cake.

*Chris exits*

**Celia** I think he's putting on a bit of weight, your fella.

**Annie** Absolutely he is. He's not allowed beer though, Celia.

**Celia** Oops. *(She takes it off John)* Marie's fault. She should never have put me in charge of a putting competition. My mind turns to alcohol as soon as I get near a golf bag.

**Ruth** Why d'you play it, then?

**Celia** Because otherwise I'd never get to see my husband, Ruth. And I quite enjoy the "golf". It's just the bags I have to play it with. *(As she swigs beer)* Come on.

**Ruth** Oh I can't, Ceel. I can't play golf.

**Celia** I don't want you to play. I want the kids to think you're one of the prizes. *(Ushering her out)* "Get a hole in one, win a gerbil."

**Ruth** For the last time, I'M A RABBIT!

*Celia and Ruth exit*

*Suddenly it's just Annie and John. Her heart could break seeing him in that wheelchair*

**Annie** *(taking a carton of fruit juice from her basket and wielding it at John)* Vit-a-mins. *(She sits by him and gives him a drink)* And you mustn't get cold. *(She takes a rug from her basket and puts it on his knee)* How's it going out there?

*John's breath is shorter than before. Every sentence requires recuperation*

**John** In an extraordinary upturn of events ... *(Pause)* ... I won the Fell Race. *(A beat)* Wasn't so good going UP hill. *(Pause)* But I came down in eight seconds.

*John has always made Annie laugh*

**Annie** D'you think you could manage a scone? I hear High Ghyll's are hotly tipped.

**John** *(winking)* Pocket.

**Annie** What about it?

**John** Present.

**Annie** For me?

**John** *(his breath is short)* I'd get it meself — suddenly feels such a bloody distance.

*Annie pulls out a white paper bag from John's pocket*

**Annie** So it's not a diamond necklace then.

**John** Better. Much better. *(He smiles)* Sunflower seeds. Plant out round May. *(Beat)* Up on the hill. *(Beat)* Then call Lawrence. I've promised he could photograph 'em.

**Annie** *(rallying a little)* You are talking, John Clarke, like YOU won't be doing any of this. And I can tell you, mate, you're down to do a talk at the WI. And there's certain promises on this mortal coil that cannot be broken.

**John** On the bag. *(He nods)* Started writing it.

*Annie looks. The packet has writing on*

As I think I said in the Odeon Cinema in Buttermarket Street when all this began — *(pause)* — if you want a snog you'll have to come to my seat.

*Only when Annie tries NOT to, do we realize she's crying*

**Annie** I think you'll find it was me who said that, John Clarke. And it was you who very much came scuttling over to MY seat. *(She goes to hug him)*

*Ruth enters, followed by Celia, to move the piano*