

whisper of their feet across the grass.

I watched the ceremony from behind that bush. But this time they were conscious only of themselves and of their dancing. And when he went off to fight with the International Brigade, my mother grieved as any bride would grieve. But this time there was no sobbing, no lamenting, no collapse into a depression.

Kate now goes to Jack and gently takes the sticks from him. She places them on the ground.

Kate We'll leave these back where we found them, Jack. They aren't ours. They belong to the child. (*She takes his arm and leads him off.*) Now we'll go for our walk.

The others watch with expressionless faces.

Act Two

Early September; three weeks later. Ink bottle and some paper on the kitchen table. Two finished kites – their artwork still unseen – lean against the garden seat.

Michael stands downstage left, listening to Maggie as she approaches, singing. Now she enters left carrying two zinc buckets of water. She is dressed as she was in Act One. She sings in her usual parodic style:

Maggie

'Oh play to me, Gypsy;
The moon's high above,
Oh, play me your serenade,
The song I love . . .'

She goes into the kitchen and from her zinc buckets she fills the kettle and the saucepan on the range. She looks over at the writing materials.

Are you getting your books ready for school again?

Boy School doesn't start for another ten days.

Maggie God, I always hated school. (*She hums the next line of the song. Then she remembers.*) You and I have a little financial matter to discuss. (*Pause.*) D'you hear me, cub?

Boy I'm not listening.

Maggie You owe me money.

Boy I do not.

Maggie Oh, yes, you do. Three weeks ago I bet you a