MARGARET/WILLIAM #1

The swing of the door, WILLIAM gone. MAGGIE looking on watching WILLIAM heading down to the end of the garden –

BILLY: Guess what else was lurking up there?

BILLY enters holding up an anatomical skull, with a smile.

The other woman in my life.

MAGGIE looks up.

MAGGIE: You're right. You're right. It's madness doing this today.

MAGGIE heads upstairs. She sits on the bed in the bedroom. BILLY looks back at the skull confused.

START

MARGARET: No... NO... NO... NO…

BILLY turns, MARGARET smiling at him.

You weren't meant to see it yet.

WILLIAM enters through the back door.

Do you like her?

WILLIAM smiles, peering closer at the skull.

WILLIAM: I love her. What's not to love?

MARGARET: Really?

BILLY looks on, MARGARET and WILLIAM oblivious.

Happy Birthday.

They kiss.

I thought you could put her in the reception.

WILLIAM: You don't think it will put patients off?

MARGARET: Really? No… She's got such a great smile.

BILLY smiles –

WILLIAM: Where did you find her?

MARGARET: I bribed someone who knew someone who met someone… Yard sale. *(Beat.)* I bumped into Josie.

WILLIAM: Josie. Just –

MARGARET: Moved in across the road.

WILLIAM: Married to that gas guy –

MARGARET: Oil broker.

WILLIAM grimaces.

We met them at that party across the street.

WILLIAM: Christ I remember him.

MARGARET: I think she's going to be my new friend.

WILLIAM: You've got friends.

MARGARET: Neighbour friends.

WILLIAM: What about Annie?

MARGARET: Married friends.

WILLIAM: Ah, married friends.

MARGARET: What does that mean?

WILLIAM: So many of your friends marry men I can't stand.

MARGARET: You like Don.

WILLIAM: Only because he's improved Kate.

WILLIAM hesitates, MARGARET smiles –

MARGARET: We went for coffee.

WILLIAM: Huh?

MARGARET: With Josie.

WILLIAM nods.

MARGARET: She's due a baby August.

WILLIAM hesitates, the silence hanging in the room.

Her second.

WILLIAM: That's nice.

MARGARET: That's what I thought.

WILLIAM nods. MARGARET smiles, looks away, spying the boxes.

Can you take these up to the loft?

WILLIAM: I'll do it later.

WILLIAM puts a hand on her shoulder. She stiffens then relaxes, leaning into him a little.

WILLIAM: It's only been eight months. It might just take us –

MARGARET nods –

MARGARET: Forever.

MARGARET laughs, smiles wiping away tears.

She looked exhausted.

WILLIAM: Exactly.

Silence –

They'll come. Children will come.

MARGARET: Names?

WILLIAM: Mustard and Teacup. Mustard older. Teacup younger, gap between her teeth.

MARGARET smiles. WILLIAM scoops up a picnic blanket from a nearby chair, ushering MARGARET holding the skull towards the garden.

Let's eat outside. *(Eyeing skull.)* Will your friend be joining us?