

he stung the life out of one eye. Didn't you, darling? But Mummy forgave, didn't she?

KAREN You've never forgiven.

MUM (crossing to TERRY) He's never forgiven himself. There's a difference.

(TERRY turns, smiles sheepishly and crosses to the sofa where he sits and nurses his stomach.)

KAREN But you won't let him forget, will you?

MUM I can't very well stop looking at him, Karen. It's him, the way he's made. Now, if Tommy had been the one who'd done it, he'd have looked up at me and said, 'What you want to get in the way for?' It wouldn't have been Tommy's fault.

KAREN (sitting on arm of sofa and putting an arm round TERRY) It was no one's fault. It was an accident.

MUM But Terry don't think so. And he never will. He deliberately blinded his mother in one eye. That's all he knows. (Sitting D.R.) And how's he going to repay her? By going to Canada and shooting out the other eye.

KAREN Why didn't you warn the little git about it, Tom?

SHIRLEY (bridling) I've done nothing I'm ashamed of. I'm not having her dictating to me.

KAREN Why, what's so special about you?

SHIRLEY (heatedly) I just wanted to ram it home to her that I'm no clay pigeon for her to shoot at whenever she gets the mood. (She crosses to TOM and marches him downstage.) And while we're about it, we might as well get some more details sorted out. (To MUM.) From now on I come first where Tom's concerned. He answers to me. I've already made up my mind where we're going to live, and it's not near here. And I know the kind of job Tom will soon be doing, and it won't be working for you. And I know just how many kids I'm going to have, and I tell you they won't be seeing nothing of Grannie One-Eye. Tom's mine, and I'm not having him cut in two. And I'm staying the weekend, 'cos I'm not going to be got rid of. So what do you say to that?

(TOM simply gapes at her.)

MUM (smiling sweetly) Nothing, love. Nothing.

SHIRLEY I've ripped out your tongue, have I?

MUM Beautifully.

SHIRLEY You've found somebody who can stand up to you, and you don't like it, do you?

MUM (surveying SHIRLEY with the spyglass) No, I love it. Do continue.

(SHIRLEY finds MUM's manner disconcerting, but puts a brave face on it.)

SHIRLEY Yes, well, we're going for a nice walk now (She crosses below the sofa to the french windows where she attempts to open the curtains. She then remembers the switch and presses it.) and when I come back, I don't want to hear any more talk about the wedding, 'cos it's been settled. I've settled it. Me and Tom are getting married; and if you start up again, I'll break that monocle over your head. Come on, Tom.

MUM Go on, Tom.

(There is a short silence while MUM grins at TOM.)

TOM (frowning) Yer, well—

(MUM continues to grin at TOM.)

SHIRLEY Tom!

(TOM shuffles awkwardly.)

Tom!

TOM (lameily) Just you remember what she said, then.

(After a moment's indecision, TOM starts to go out and MUM whistles as if calling a dog. TOM momentarily hesitates and then goes out. There is a short silence.)

MUM Strange it should have had such an effect on her.

KAREN What?

MUM Mentioning her ears. They was quite nice ears really. A bit lumpy, but nothing to go berserk about.

KAREN You've lost him this time.

MUM Have I? (She rises and crosses to R. of sofa where she looks down on TERRY.) You can't get away from it, no matter how hard you try. Can you, Terry? That hot day in August.

KAREN (shaking her head) It's not on, Mum. It's not on. Is it, Terry? Tell her it's not on.

(Silence. MUM gives a little chuckle as she crosses to the