

ALAN: [*recoiling*] No!

JILL: Where else? They're perfect!

ALAN: No!

He turns his head from her.

JILL: Or do you want to go home now and face your dad?

ALAN: No!

JILL: Then come on!

He edges nervously past the horse standing at the left, which turns its neck and even moves a challenging step after him.

ALAN: Why not your place?

JILL: I can't. Mother doesn't like me bringing back boys.
I told you. . . . Anyway, the Barn's better.

ALAN: No!

JILL: All that straw. It's cosy.

ALAN: No.

JILL: *Why not?*

ALAN: Them!

JILL: Dalton will be in bed . . . What's the matter? . . .
Don't you want to?

ALAN: [*aching to*] Yes!

JILL: So?

ALAN: [*desperate*] *Them! . . . Them! . . .*

JILL: *Who?*

ALAN: [*low*] Horses.

JILL: *Horses?* . . . You're really dotty, aren't you? . . .

everywhere. Some tools . . . [as if picking it up off the rail where he left it in Act One] A hoof pick! . . .

He 'drops' it hastily, and dashes away from the spot.

DYSART: *Go on.*

ALAN: [to Dysart] At the end this big door. Behind it—

DYSART: Horses.

ALAN: [to Dysart] Yes.

DYSART: How many?

ALAN: [to Dysart] Six.

DYSART: Jill closes the door so you can't see them?

ALAN: [to Dysart] Yes.

DYSART: And then? . . . What happens now? . . . Come on, Alan. Show me.

JILL: See, it's all shut. There's just us . . . Let's sit down. Come on.

They sit together on the same bench, left.

Hallo.

ALAN: [quickly] Hallo.

She kisses him lightly. He responds. Suddenly a faint trampling of hooves, off-stage, makes him jump up.

JILL: What is it?

He turns his head upstage, listening.

Relax. There's no one there. Come here.

JILL: What is it?

ALAN: [*dodging her hand*] No!

He scrambles up and crouches in the corner against the rails, like a little beast in a cage.

JILL: Alan!

ALAN: Stop it!

Jill gets up.

JILL: It's all right . . . It's all right . . . Don't worry about it. It often happens—honest. . . There's nothing wrong. I don't mind, you know . . . I don't at all.

He dashes past her downstage.

Alan, look at me . . . Alan? . . . Alan!

He collapses again by the rail.

ALAN: Get out! . . .

JILL: What?

ALAN: [*soft*] Out!

JILL: There's nothing wrong: believe me! It's very common.

ALAN: *Get out!*

He snatches up the invisible pick.

GET OUT!

JILL: Put that down!

ALAN: Leave me alone!

JILL: Put that down, Alan. It's very dangerous. Go on, please—drop it.

He 'drops' it, and turns from her.

ALAN: You ever tell anyone. Just you tell . . .

JILL: Who do you think I am? . . . I'm your friend—Alan . . .

She goes towards him.

Listen: you don't have to do anything. Try to realize that. Nothing at all. Why don't we just lie here together in the straw. And talk.

ALAN: [*low*] Please . . .

JILL: Just talk.

ALAN: *Please!*

JILL: All right, I'm going . . . Let me put my clothes on first.

She dresses, hastily.

ALAN: You tell anyone! . . . Just tell and see. . . .

JILL: *Oh, stop it!* . . . I wish you could believe me. It's not in the least important.

Pause.

Anyway, I won't say anything. You know that. You know I won't. . . .

Pause. He stands with his back to her.

Goodnight, then, Alan. . . . ~~I wish I really wish~~

End