

David - Myra

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HAY FEVER

(After a moment's pause, DAVID and MYRA enter from the garden.)

DAVID. ...and, you see, he comes in and finds her there waiting for him.

(They come down center.)

MYRA. She hadn't been away at all!

DAVID. No; and that's psychologically right. I'm sure. No woman, under those circumstances, *would*.

MYRA. *(sitting on left end of sofa)* It's brilliant of you to see that. I do think the whole thing sounds most excellent.

DAVID. I got badly stuck in the middle of the book, when the boy comes down from Oxford – but it worked out all right eventually.

MYRA. When shall I be able to read it?

DAVID. I'll send you the proofs – you can help me correct them.

MYRA. How divine! I shall feel most important.

DAVID. Would you like a cigarette, or anything!

MYRA. No, thank you.

DAVID. I think I'll have a drink.

(He goes to table up by window, and pours out some plain soda water.)

MYRA. Very well; give me some plain soda water, then.

DAVID. There isn't any ice – d'you mind?

MYRA. Not a bit.

DAVID. *(bringing her drink)* Here you are.

(He goes back and pours himself a whisky-and-soda, and returns to sofa.)

MYRA. Thank you. *(She sips it.)* I wonder where everybody is.

DAVID. Not here, thank God.

MYRA. It must be dreadfully worrying for you, having a houseful of people.

DAVID. *(sits down by her side)* It depends on the people.

MYRA. I have a slight confession to make.

DAVID. Confession?

MYRA. Yes. Do you know why I came down here?

DAVID. Not in the least. I suppose one of us asked you, didn't they?

MYRA. Oh, yes, they asked me, but –

DAVID. Well?

MYRA. I was invited once before – last September.

DAVID. I was in America then.

MYRA. Exactly.

DAVID. How do you mean "exactly?"

MYRA. I didn't come. I'm a very determined woman, you know, and I made up my mind to meet you ages ago.

DAVID. That was charming of you. I'm not much to meet really.

MYRA. You see, I'd read "Broken Reeds."

DAVID. Did you like it?

MYRA. Like it! I think it's one of the finest novels I've ever read.

DAVID. There now!

MYRA. How do you manage to know so much about women?

DAVID. I'm afraid my knowledge of them is sadly superficial.

MYRA. Oh, no; you can't call Evelyn's character superficial – it's amazing.

DAVID. Why are you being so nice to me! Have you got a plan about something?

MYRA. (*laughing*) How suspicious you are!

DAVID. I can't help it – you're very attractive, and I'm always suspicious of attractive people, on principle.

MYRA. Not a very good principle.

DAVID. (*leaning towards her*) I'll tell you something – strictly between ourselves.

MYRA. Do!

DAVID. You're wrong about me.

MYRA. Wrong? In what way?

DAVID. I write very bad novels.

MYRA. Don't be so ridiculous!

DAVID. And you *know* I do, because you're an intelligent person.

MYRA. I don't know anything of the sort.

DAVID. Tell me why you're being nice to me.

MYRA. Because I want to be.

DAVID. Why?

MYRA. You're a very clever and amusing man.

DAVID. Splendid!

MYRA. And I think I've rather lost my heart to you.

DAVID. Shall we elope?

MYRA. David!

DAVID. There now, you've called me David!

MYRA. Do you mind?

DAVID. Not at all.

MYRA. I'm not sure that you're being very kind.

DAVID. What makes you think that?

MYRA. You being rather the cynical author laughing up his sleeve at a gushing admirer.

DAVID. I think you're a very interesting woman, and extremely nice-looking.

MYRA. Do you?

DAVID. Yes. Would you like me to make love to you?

MYRA. (*rising*) Really – I wish you wouldn't say things like that.

DAVID. I've knocked you off your plate – I'll look away for a minute while you climb on to it again. (*He does so.*)

(*Laughing affectedly, MYRA puts her glass down on table.*)

MYRA. This is wonderful! (*She sits down again.*)

DAVID. (*turning*) That's right. Now then –