



DIALOGUE 40. Making a pass at Martha

([ɑ:] bark, barn)

CHARLIE: The dance doesn't start till half past, Martha. Let's park the car under the arch by Farmer Palmer's barn. It's not far. Ah, here we are. There's the farm cart.

MARTHA: Ooh, Charlie, it's dark!

CHARLIE: The stars are sparkling. My heart is enchanted. Martha you are – marvellous!

MARTHA: Your father's car's draughty, Charlie. Pass me my scarf.

CHARLIE: Rather let me clasp you in my arms, Martha, my darling.

MARTHA: Ah, Charlie! Your moustache is all nasty and sharp. I can't help laughing. Aren't you starved? Here, have half a Mars Bar. Ssh! There's a car passing.

CHARLIE: Keep calm, can't you? It's only Sergeant Barker. He plays darts in the bar of the Star and Garter. Martha . . . darling . . .

MARTHA: Don't be daft, Charlie! You can't start making a pass till after the dance!