

THE PLAN

By

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ONE

TOM'S FLAT. AFTERNOON. THE SITTING-ROOM.

THE FLAT IS TIDY AND WELL-FURNISHED.

A SOFA. A DESK AND SOME SERIOUS COMPUTER GEAR. A WINDOW.

SARAH SITS ON THE SOFA, SEMI-NAKED, BRUSHING HER HAIR. CLOTHES ARE SCATTERED AROUND. TOM COMES IN WITH TWO GLASSES OF WINE. OFFERS ONE TO SARAH.

TOM MAY BE NAKED OR SEMI-NAKED BUT HE IS NEAT, CLEAN-SHAVEN. TIDY - LIKE HIS FLAT.

SARAH

Put it down there, sweetheart,
would you?

TOM PUTS THE GLASS OF WINE ON THE FLOOR BY HER FEET, SITS AT THE OTHER END OF THE SOFA. SIPS HIS WINE, WATCHES HER BRUSHING HER HAIR.

TOM

So then what did you say?

SARAH

I told her, absolutely no way.

TOM

Good.

SARAH

I mean, really! With my
experience!

TOM

That's the problem. She's
threatened by you.

SARAH

She can sack me, I really don't care. I wish she would in a way.

TOM

You'd get a lot of offers.

SARAH

I'd go freelance.

TOM

That would be great.

SARAH

What would you know about it?

TOM

Absolutely nothing.

SARAH

I love talking to you about work. You haven't the faintest idea what I'm on about. I can tell you whatever I want and you take it at face value.

TOM

Are you going to get dressed? Sitting there like that, it's incredibly sexy.

SARAH

But actually you're right. She is threatened by me.

TOM

Come here.

SARAH

No.

TOM

Come on.

SARAH IGNORES HIM, SIPS HER WINE, STARTS DRESSING.

TOM

Today was great.

TOM

It was fantastic, and now I feel ... what do I feel? I feel great but slightly sad.

SARAH

You feel like someone who's just had very good sex, that's what you feel like.

TOM

No, I feel different today.

SARAH

You never give up, do you? All this time and you still want to tell me what your feelings.

TOM

Do I?

SARAH

It's quite sweet, actually. You can't help yourself. Like men who have to make a pass at every woman they meet. Only you have to tell them what you're feeling.

TOM

I know you're not interested in what I'm feeling -

SARAH

No, I'm not.

TOM

- and it doesn't bother me in the slightest.

SARAH

Good.

TOM

Actually, it makes me feel -

SARAH

Oh stop it.

PAUSE.

SARAH

It's time you started going out with someone again. Look at you. A man your age. Really, Tom. I mean it. Find someone you can discuss your feelings with.

PAUSE.

TOM

Actually, I'm going out with someone tomorrow.

SARAH

Really? Who is she? What's she like?

TOM

Young.

SARAH

Good. Attractive?

TOM

Sort of.

SARAH

Sexy?

TOM

Sort of. On the cusp.

SARAH

Bright?

TOM

Don't think so. To tell you the truth, I'm thinking of cancelling her.

SARAH

Oh Tom, no. Please don't. Go out with her. Then you can tell me all about it.

TOM

You just want to hear about the sex.

SARAH

I like hearing about all of it. What they wear, what they eat. What they say. I want all the details.

TOM

All you're interested in is the sex.

SARAH

I love hearing about the sex. I love hearing about the bad sex. You're brilliant on bad sex, you tell it so well.

TOM

There's so much to tell.

SARAH

Remember the one who made you wear a welder's mask? I still laugh out loud when I think about that.

TOM

It was a diving mask, Sarah. Attached to an oxygen cylinder.

SARAH

Whatever, you mustn't cancel this girl.

TOM

I don't know.

SARAH

Oh Thomas.

TOM

Oh Sarah.

SARAH

I'm going now.

SARAH IS FULLY DRESSED.

TOM

What about next week? What's the plan?

SARAH

I might be able to see you the week after next.

TOM

The week after next!

SARAH

Or the week after that. Maybe. And then you can tell me about this girl. Bye sweetheart.

SARAH KISSES TOM AND EXITS.

BLACK OUT

TWO

SARAH AND CRAIG'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. A DOUBLE BED.

SARAH IS ASLEEP IN THE BED. CRAIG COMES IN, DRINK IN HAND.

CRAIG ALWAYS WEARS A SUIT AND TIE.

CRAIG PACES BACK AND FORTH, INTERMITTENTLY UNDRESSING.

CRAIG

Well, I had an absolutely bloody
marvellous day. Jesus Christ, what
a day. Sarah? I'm telling you
about my day, Sarah.

(BEAT)

Sarah?

(BEAT)

Are you awake?

SARAH

I am now.

CRAIG

I get home, I get home and there
are toys on the floor, there are
toys everywhere, in the sitting-
room, in the bedroom, in our
bedroom, I will not have the
children playing in our bedroom
Sarah, there are lights on
everywhere, there are lights on in
the bathroom, there are lights on
in the kitchen, it's broad
daylight and the house is lit up
like a fucking Christmas tree!

SARAH

Craig -

CRAIG

The kitchen table is covered in dirty plates, dirty mugs, half-eaten food. There's food on the floor, the sink is full of, of ... stuff!

SARAH

Carla didn't come in today, her mother's ill. Sophie took the children to the park.

CRAIG

Sophie went to the park. Lucky old Sophie.

SARAH

Sophie's job is to look after the children. It's not her job to do the washing-up.

CRAIG

Then it's your job.

SARAH

I've already got a job.

CRAIG

You're supposed to delegate. If you can't delegate, do it yourself.

(BEAT)

Do you see what I'm saying?

SARAH

Yes, Craig.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

The Westway was backed up for miles this morning, so I took the Paddington slip road, which if anything was worse, and this bloke came steaming past on the outside, cut in, didn't indicate, I had to brake hard, we were millimetres from a shunt, but there's no wave, no acknowledgement, so I come up alongside him at the roundabout

and I'm staring across at him, I'm
 staring across at him, I'm
 shouting at him, he knows I'm
 there but he won't look at me,
 he's staring straight ahead, this
 pudgy, this pudgy little, with
 wispy hair that, that ... he won't
 look at me, he's going pink,
 pinker and pinker, but he won't,
 he hasn't got the, the bottle... I
 want to get out of the car and ...
 the bad driving is no longer the
 point, it's the weakness, and I
 get to the office and there's a
 message saying Charles won't be
 in, he's ill, he's got something,
 I don't know, he's, he's ... which
 means I've got to go to the
 meeting on my own, and explain
 the, the whole fucking ...

CRAIG SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED.

CRAIG

Charlie does this all the time.
 There's a problem, he's ill. He
 runs away. He's weak and he's
 afraid. If I had the power, I
 would sack him. I would love to
 sack him. But I haven't got the
 power.

CRAIG STANDS, PACES.

CRAIG

I would like to go to Gus and say
 'Please sack this, this spineless
 piece of shit. Get him out out of
 my life'. But that would seem like
 weakness too, asking Gus to sack
 Charlie. Though Gus wouldn't sack
 Charlie. He likes Charlie. Because
 Gus, in his way, is weak too. Gus
 isn't afraid, but he's weak. Then
 I get home and the milk has been
 left out, the butter, the tops
 have been left off jars, it's
 chaos, I'm surrounded by chaos and
 weakness. Sarah, are you awake?

SARAH
Yes, I'm awake.

SILENCE. CRAIG STRUGGLES OUT OF HIS TROUSERS.

CRAIG
Let's do it.

SARA
Oh Craig.

CRAIG
I want to do it.

SARAH
You couldn't, you're drunk.

CRAIG
Pretend you're a hooker and give
me a blow-job.

SARAH LAUGHS.

CRAIG
I'll pay you.

SARAH
Craig, you are so funny.

CRAIG SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED. SARAH HOISTS HERSELF UP
ON AN ELBOW. STROKES CRAIG'S BACK.

SARAH
Come to bed. I'll stroke your
back.

CRAIG
Jesus.

SARAH
You'll feel better in the morning.
Come to bed. Come on, Craig. Come
to bed and I'll give you a hug.

CRAIG
A hug.

SARAH
A big hug. I'll put my arms round

you and you'll feel better. Come
on.

11.

PAUSE. THEN CRAIG SLOWLY GETS INTO BED, KEEPING HIS BACK
TO SARAH. SARAH WRAPS HER ARMS ROUND HIM, STROKES HIM.

SARAH

See? That's nice, isn't it?

(BEAT)

You'll feel better in the morning.

(BEAT)

Goodnight darling.

BLACK OUT

THREE

TOM'S FLAT. AFTERNOON. THE SITTING-ROOM.

ANNIE ENTERS, FOLLOWED BY TOM.

ANNIE

This is brilliant. Look at the view.

TOM

Yes, the winos and junkies in the park.

ANNIE

No, this is so cool. I would love a flat like this.

TOM

Would you like a drink?

ANNIE

Okay.

TOM

What would you like?

ANNIE

Oh, whatever you're having.

TOM EXITS. ANNIE CIRCLES THE ROOM. CHECKS OUT THE VIEW AGAIN.

ANNIE

The thing is, where I am at the moment, there's just no space.

(BEAT)

This is so cool.

(BEAT)

If I had more space, I could just do things. You know?

ANNIE

I'd have somewhere to put my drawing-board.

(BEAT)

This room would make a great studio.

(BEAT)

I haven't even got all my books, most of them are still at home, with my drawing-board. It's so boring.

ANNIE SITS ON THE SOFA.

ANNIE

I just haven't got enough room at Hannah's to really do anything. You know?

TOM COMES IN WITH TWO GLASSES AND A BOTTLE OF WINE. TOM HANDS HER A GLASS, FILLS IT. TOM SITS ON THE SOFA.

ANNIE

So how long have you been working at the Tapas Bar?

TOM

Oh, a year or so. It's not actually my job, Max the owner is a friend of mine, so I, I help out behind the bar a couple of days a week.

ANNIE

It's a great place. I love it. I love tapas.

TOM

And I do a bit of reviewing.

ANNIE

Cool! What about?

TOM

Oh, you know, online gaming, stuff like that.

ANNIE

Cool!

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TOM

And I do some freelance work.
Website design mostly.

ANNIE

You're lucky, you've got so many
things to do.

TOM

I don't know, it's all so, so ...
I'm a bit worried at the moment,
it's all so unfocussed. So
dilettante. I keep thinking I
should be more focussed.

ANNIE

I think it's really cool. Hannah
says, in the future, all jobs will
be part-time.

TOM

If there are any jobs at all.

ANNIE

Exactly! All my friends, they
either don't work at all, or they
just do loads of things. We're
going to be the first generation
that is totally multi-skilled.

TOM

Multi-skilled!

ANNIE

That's right! Like you!

TOM

Like me?

ANNIE

You're into technology, you design
stuff, you write, and what's
really cool is you also work in
that bar, and I think that's
really good because if you were
just into computers, you wouldn't
have a life, would you? I mean,
you'd just be here, wouldn't you?

14

You wouldn't meet anyone. You wouldn't have met me, would you?

TOM
No I wouldn't.

ANNIE
Hannah says, in the future, social skills will be more highly prized than they are now.

TOM
Who's Hannah?

ANNIE
I live in her flat. Hannah's classic, right. She does drawings for architects, that's really skilled, she's a reflexology instructor and she deals a little blow on the side.

TOM
Multi-skilled, right, I see what you mean.

ANNIE
Would you like some?

TOM
What?

ANNIE
Some blow. I haven't got much -

TOM
I don't know -

TOM STANDS.

ANNIE
I just thought it would be, you know, nice -

TOM
No, no -

ANNIE
It's no big deal, someone gave it to me ages ago -

TOM

No, it's okay, I mean yes, that
would be nice, why not.

ANNIE RUMMAGES AROUND IN HER BAG.

ANNIE

Have you got a credit card and a,
and something to, you know?

TOM

Sure.

TOM EXITS. ANNIE TAKES THE COKE WRAP OUT OF HER BAG. TOM
RETURNS WITH A CREDIT CARD AND MIRROR. HANDS THEM TO
ANNIE. SHE SETS ABOUT CHOPPING OUT SOME COKE ON THE
MIRROR. TOM EMPTIES HIS GLASS, POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER.
REMAINS ON HIS FEET. DOES A COUPLE OF CIRCUITS OF THE
ROOM, HIS EYES ON WHAT SHE'S DOING.

ANNIE

A friend gave it to me -

TOM

What a treat. It's been ages since
I -

ANNIE

Me too.

TOM TAKES OUT A BANK NOTE, STARTS ROLLING IT INTO A TUBE.

TOM

You okay there?

ANNIE

Actually, sorry, there's not as
much as I thought -

TOM

Okay, okay, no problem.

ANNIE

Shall we just do it all?

TOM

Well, I tend to think moderation is inappropriate where drugs are concerned.

ANNIE

Okay, cool.

TOM HANDS HER THE NOTE. ANNIE DOES HER LINES. THEN TOM DOES HIS.

TOM

Thanks. What a treat.

ANNIE

I don't do this much, in case you were thinking -

TOM

Me neither -

ANNIE

It's really bad for my mood swings-

TOM

Well, all stimulants, in the end, they, you know, it's one step forward, two steps back.

ANNIE

It's really sad, isn't it, the way nothing stays the same?

TOM

Yes indeed.

ANNIE

The first time I did coke, I remember, it was so, so ... nice.

TOM

Nice. Yes indeed.

ANNIE

I was driving to Cambridge with Declan, we were going to a party and it was summer, and there was this fantastic sunset -

TOM

Cambridge, right.

ANNIE

And we stopped the car and Declan said, I've got a surprise -

TOM

Aha!

ANNIE

So we did some off the little, you know, the thingy -

TOM

The door on the -

ANNIE

Right -

TOM

The glove compartment -

ANNIE

Yes, the glove thingy door -

TOM

Funny that, the glove compartment-

ANNIE

And there were these fluffy pink clouds -

TOM

Because these days, it's more likely to be -

ANNIE

It's more likely to be drugs!

TOM

Exactly!

ANNIE

Anyway -

TOM

You were driving to Cambridge.

ANNIE

Yes, and we're driving along, and I'm looking up at the sky -

TOM

Declan's driving, I hope -

ANNIE

Yes, and I'm looking up at the sky, these pink clouds -

TOM

This fantastic sunset -

ANNIE

Yes! And I thought, I'm not getting off on this, it isn't working, and I thought, should I say something to Declan, and there I am, staring up at the sky as we drive along, and suddenly -

TOM

Whoosh!

ANNIE

Whoosh! The most amazing rush!

TOM

Oh yes.

ANNIE

And I felt so, so great, so nice, looking up at this sky, this beautiful evening sky, and I just felt really, really into it -

TOM

Your first coke high.

ANNIE

Yes! And I looked down and I was wearing this little tartan mini-skirt, from the Oxfam shop? And white Reeboks? And a little ribbed

Versace t-shirt? And I thought, God, I'm wearing really nice clothes, I look really good, and I don't usually think things like that about myself, but the funny thing is, I still didn't think it was working -

TOM

The first time you don't really -

ANNIE

You don't really know -

TOM

What it's supposed to be like -

ANNIE

You have to sort of learn it -

TOM

It's a learning curve thing -

ANNIE

But the really, you know, sad thing is, it's never the same after that -

TOM

The first is best. And you never give up trying to repeat it. You think, if you just got some really good drugs, in the right place, at the right time, with the right people -

ANNIE

The right person -

TOM

The right person, right.

ANNIE

A summer evening, the sunset -

TOM

Driving somewhere with Declan -

ANNIE

No. No! Not with Declan.

PAUSE.

TOM

Maybe we'll drive somewhere.

ANNIE

Yeah, to Suffolk. Or Norfolk. Lots of sky. I love that.

TOM

Norfolk! I was born in Norfolk!

ANNIE

No, really? God, how weird is that?

TOM

You were born in Norfolk?

ANNIE

No, but I really, really like it.

TOM

North Norfolk. Holt. My mother still lives there.

ANNIE

Holt!

TOM

You've been there?

ANNIE

No, but I know the, you know, the name, and we went to thingy, Blakeney once, and Hunstanton. For our summer holiday.

TOM

Fabulous skies.

ANNIE

Fabulous skies!

TOM

And I love the North Sea. It's grey and muddy and, I don't know, understated, you know?

ANNIE

Yes, yes!

TOM

I went to Cornwell, the first time I went, it was on the Atlantic coast, and it was so, so camp, so melodramatic, all crashing waves and rocks and cliffs, you just wanted to say 'Okay, calm down, I get the point'. Give me the North Sea any day. Give me creeks and mud and marshes.

ANNIE

The North Sea is so cool.

TOM

Fucking freezing, in fact.

ANNIE

Hah!

TOM

I'm serious. I learnt to swim in the North Sea. It is freezing.

ANNIE

We could go to Blakeney. We could walk out to Blakeney Point and have a picnic.

TOM

You know what? The North Sea is very English.

ANNIE

We could go and look at the seals.

TOM

That never occurred to me before.

ANNIE

You can get a boat, it takes you out to this sandbank with all these seals. Tom?

TOM

This is seriously good coke.

ANNIE

Good. I'm glad. I was saving it for a special occasion.

TOM

We could get some more. I could make a phone call.

ANNIE

No, we're okay.

TOM

Really?

ANNIE MOVES NEARER, TOUCHES HIM FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ANNIE

We're great.

BLACK OUT

FOUR

CRAIG AND SARAH'S HOUSE. EVENING. THE DINING-ROOM. A DINING-TABLE.

THE TABLE IS LAID FOR THREE. CRAIG SITS AT THE TABLE, OPENING A BOTTLE OF WHITE WINE.

SARAH ENTERS, CARRYING TWO PLATES OF FOOD. PUTS A PLATE DOWN IN FRONT OF CRAIG, SITS OPPOSITE HIM.

CRAIG POURS A LITTLE WINE, SWIRLS IT ROUND THE GLASS, SNIFFS. POURS FOR BOTH OF THEM.

SARAH

So what happened to Tom?

CRAIG

He texted me to say he wouldn't be able to make it.

SARAH

Did he say why not?

CRAIG

He's going on a picnic.

SARAH

A picnic!

CRAIG

I think he's met someone.

SARAH

What do you mean?

CRAIG

Someone he likes. This girl he's gone on the picnic with.

SARAH

'This girl'!

CRAIG

His words, not mine. 'I'm going on a picnic with this girl'.

SARAH

So you think he's met someone.

CRAIG

Yes.

SARAH

He's always meeting someone. He gets them into bed in that depressing flat of his, he sees them a couple of times, then he's round here moaning 'She's this, she's that, it's hell, what am I going to do?'

CRAIG

Maybe he likes this one.

SARAH

He said that?

CRAIG

There was something in his tone of voice.

SARAH

'Something in his tone of voice'!
Aren't we intuitive today!

CRAIG

Tom is always meeting someone, and you are always angry when he does.

SARAH

No I'm not.

CRAIG

Why is that, I wonder?

SARAH

I'm thinking of the poor girl.

CRAIG

He's your friend. You should want him to be happy.

SARAH

He's your friend.

CRAIG
Not particularly.

SARAH
What do you mean? Tom is your
oldest friend!

CRAIG
He may well be my oldest friend,
but what does that mean? It means
that of all my friends, I've known
Tom the longest. Things have
changed. They changed when we got
married.

SARAH
And now he's our friend.

CRAIG
Now he's your friend.

SARAH
For God's sake, Craig.

CRAIG
It is not possible for a single
person to divide his or her
friendship equally between two
individuals who are a couple.
That's to say, be equally intimate
with, equally attuned to, equally
fond of, or whatever attribute, in
your view, defines friendship.

SILENCE.

CRAIG
It fluctuates, like the market. As
far as our friendship with Tom is
concerned, you are presently in
the ascendent, and have been for
some time.

SILENCE.

CRAIG
But as you know, the market can
fall as well as rise.

PAUSE.

SARAH

Let's face it, friendship with Tom is impossible. It is not possible for adults, i.e. us, to be friends, real friends, with arrested adolescents, i.e. Tom.

PAUSE.

SARAH

Why aren't you eating?

CRAIG

The salmon is raw in the middle.

SARAH

It's supposed to be.

CRAIG

You eat sushi raw. Is this sushi? I think not. Why do I think not? Because it's burnt on the outside. Burnt on the outside, raw in the middle.

SARAH

It's seared.

CRAIG

It's disgusting.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

Not impressed, Sarah.

SARAH

I'll go and put it under the grill.

CRAIG

Would you? Thankyou so much.

SARAH TAKES CRAIG'S PLATE, EXITS.

CRAIG

For fuck's sake.

BLACK OUT

FIVE

BLAKENEY POINT. DAY. THE SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING, SEAGULLS ETC.

TOM LYING ON A BLANKET, APPARENTLY ASLEEP. THE REMAINS OF A PICNIC.

ANNIE ENTERS, HOLDING HER PHONE UP, CREEPING UP ON TOM TO SNATCH A PHOTO. HE WAKES UP.

TOM
Hey, not fair.

ANNIE
(checking her phone)
You look sweet.

TOM
'Sweet'!

ANNIE SITS DOWN BESIDE HIM, TAKES A SWIG OF WINE.

ANNIE
Look at this stone.

ANNIE OPENS HER PALM, SHOWS TOM A SMALL STONE. TOM TAKES IT, EXAMINES IT.

ANNIE
Isn't it a great colour? Sort of slatey blue. And there's a mark, look.

TOM
What mark?

ANNIE TAKES THE STONE, PUTS IT IN HER MOUTH, HANDS IT BACK TO HIM.

ANNIE
It's easier to see when it's wet.

TOM

Yep, there's a mark alright.

ANNIE

What does it look like?

TOM

I don't know, it's just a splodge.

ANNIE

It's a pig! Look, there's his head, there's his ears!

TOM

Right, and that could be his tail.

ANNIE

Yes! He's got a little curly tail!

TOM

There's something slightly worrying about him.

ANNIE

I'll find somewhere to put him in your flat.

TOM

Something sinister.

ANNIE

He's a talisman. Hannah says it's very important to find the right place for a talisman.

TOM

Something malevolent.

ANNIE

Maybe on your bedside table.

TOM

I don't want a malevolent pig on my bedside table.

ANNIE

He is not thingy, malevolent!

TOM

Oh yes he is. He's an evil little pig. Look at his horrible, hunched little body. I'm going to throw him in the creek -

TOM MAKES TO THROW THE STONE AWAY. ANNIE DIVES ON HIM, GRABS HIS ARM.

ANNIE

No! No!

TOM

Jesus! Get off!

ANNIE

Give it to me!

TOM

Okay, okay.

ANNIE IS CLOSE TO TEARS.

ANNIE

You're horrible.

TOM

I wasn't really going to throw it away.

ANNIE

Yes, you were.

TOM

I was teasing, for God's sake!

ANNIE

That's horrible too.

TOM

Annie, come on, give me a break.

TOM COMFORTS HER.

TOM

Here.

TOM GIVES HER THE STONE.

TOM

Find a good place for it. By the bed would be fine. It's a great pig, really. Everytime I look at it, I'll think of you.

ANNIE

Ha ha.

TOM

Sometimes teasing can be an expression of affection, you know.

ANNIE

Yeah. Well. I'm not very good on teasing.

TOM

Being teased, you mean.

ANNIE

Yes. Being teased. I'm not great on that.

TOM

Someone used to tease you.

ANNIE

Yes.

TOM

At school.

ANNIE

No, not really.

PAUSE.

TOM

Was it Declan?

ANNIE

Yes.

TOM

What did he do?

ANNIE

Just, you know, teased me. He could be quite cruel, actually.

(BEAT)

He used to tie me up.

TOM

What?

ANNIE

He used to tie me up and fuck me. One day he tied me up and fucked me, then he went down the pub. He met a friend and they scored and he forgot about me and stayed out all night.

TOM

Oh fucking hell, Annie.

ANNIE

I pissed myself.

TOM

You call that teasing? That's not teasing, that's, that's abuse, that's assault, the arsehole should be locked up!

ANNIE

Actually, looking back on it, he was a very fucked-up guy. He drank a lot and he was smoking crack. He was a very, very unhappy person.

TOM

Good.

ANNIE

And after Declan, I went a bit, you know, I think I went a bit mad.

TOM

I'm not surprised.

ANNIE

I went to the gym a lot, and if there were any really fit guys, if I saw someone, I would just, you

know, take them home and fuck them. I never went out with them. There was this guy called Carl, he was really good-looking but he was always getting into fights, he always had all these stolen goods, and he used to come round to the flat, and I used to look quite weird then, all these Oxfam clothes, I looked like someone's horrible mum, I really wanted to look ugly after the Declan thing...

ANNIE PICKS UP A CRUMPLED PAPER BAG FROM THE PICNIC REMAINS AND STARTS SMOOTHING IT OUT VERY CAREFULLY.

ANNIE

... and I'd say to Hannah, Carl's coming round later, and she'd look at me and say 'Aren't you going to change?' and I'd say 'No' and she'd say 'God, he must really fancy you!'. And Carl would come round and I'd fuck him and he'd say 'Do you want a new microwave' and I'd say 'No' and he'd say 'Do you want to come out for a drink' and I'd say 'No, go home please'. And he said once 'You're like some bloke who's got a girlfriend who's okay for sex but not for going out' and I felt really awful, because it was true. Well, I felt a bit awful.

(BEAT)

I think I was quite a horrible person for a bit.

PAUSE.

TOM

What about me? Am I just for sex?

ANNIE

No! God, no! I really like you, Tom!

TOM

You 'like' me but the sex is crap.

ANNIE

The sex is great!

TOM

Just checking.

PAUSE. ANNIE SMOOTHS THE PAPER BAG.

TOM

What are you doing?

ANNIE

It's got the name of the bakery
where we bought the rolls. I
thought I'd put it in the book.

TOM

What book?

ANNIE

Oh, it just, it's nothing.

TOM

Come on, tell me.

ANNIE

You'll laugh at me.

TOM

I promise I won't.

ANNIE

Because actually it is quite
silly.

TOM

God, you're so hard on yourself.

ANNIE

It doesn't matter. Let's go for a
walk.

TOM

It does matter. You're bright and
funny and sexy. You're -

ANNIE

No, Tom, don't. You don't have to,
it's okay.

TOM

Okay. Whatever.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

I just thought I'd do a book about our trip. I've got a sketch book at home that's just the right size. I'd do a map of where we went for a walk, and a drawing of the seals, and, you know, the harbour, and the photographs, and this paper bag, and some cutting out -

TOM

Cutting out?

ANNIE

I could cut out some of the postcards we bought, and draw on them, or stick them on the drawings.

TOM

Great.

ANNIE

Just a book about our trip, you know?

TOM

I think it's a great idea.

ANNIE

Have you got the stone?

TOM HANDS HER THE STONE. ANNIE STANDS, THROWS IT AWAY.

TOM

What did you do that for?

ANNIE

It was wrong.

TOM

What was wrong?

ANNIE

I want to start again. We'll find another one sometime.

TOM

I spoilt it, didn't I? By teasing.

ANNIE

A bit. But I spoilt it too. I wanted to find something, so I was looking, which is wrong.

TOM

Let the talisman find you.

ANNIE

Yes!

TOM

So we start again.

ANNIE

Yes. Starting from ...

TOM

Starting from ...

TOM/ANNIE

Now!

BLACK OUT

SIX

TOM'S FLAT. AFTERNOON.

A DRAWING-BOARD AND SWIVEL CHAIR ARE SET UP IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM. THERE IS SOME WORK-IN-PROGRESS ON THE DRAWING-BOARD.

ELSEWHERE, A PIECE OF DRIFTWOOD BY THE COMPUTER. A BOOK ON THE SOFA. A REPRODUCTION OF A MATISSE PAPER CUT-OUT HANGS ON THE WALL ABOVE THE DRAWING-BOARD.

SARAH IS EXAMINING THE WORK ON THE DRAWING-BOARD. TOM COMES IN WITH TWO GLASSES OF WINE, HANDS ONE TO SARAH.

SARAH

So she's moved in.

TOM

God no.

SARAH

So the drawing-board is just, what?

TOM

There isn't room in her flat for it so she's keeping it here. Temporarily.

SARAH PICKS UP THE BOOK.

SARAH

'Meditation: A Foundation Course'?

TOM

Obviously she spends some time here.

SARAH PUTS THE BOOK DOWN, GOES TO THE MATISSE REPRODUCTION.

SARAH

Matisse? Matisse, Tom?

TOM

I gave it to her. It's a kind of private joke.

SARAH

Aaah.

TOM

To do with cut-outs.

SARAH EXAMINES THE WORK IN PROGRESS.

SARAH

Cut-outs, yes.

TOM

She's a bit creative, I'm afraid.

SARAH

So I see. What is this, exactly?

TOM

Oh God, don't ask.

SARAH

Come on, Tom.

TOM

It's a sort of visual diary of our trip to Blakeney.

SARAH

Aaah.

TOM

I know, I know.

SARAH

Oh look, here's a photo of you asleep in the sand dunes. Sweet.

TOM

Isn't it?

SARAH

And did you have sex in the sand dunes?

TOM

Well, you know. Sex out of doors has never been a particular thing of mine, and in the sand dunes you've got, well, sand, obviously, and marram grass, and stones and so on, and nature just conspires against the whole business.

SARAH

But you did have sex.

TOM

Sort of.

SARAH

And?

TOM

She's an odd mixture. Very immature in some ways, quite sophisticated in others.

SARAH

Going by her 'collage' here, which appears to be the work of a deeply disturbed eight-year-old, I assume the sophisticated bit kicks in when she's fucking.

TOM

That's not exactly what I meant.

SARAH

Describe.

TOM

Well, it was rather energetic and rather intense, and she said my name a lot.

SARAH

Oh god. Poor you.

SARAH PUTS HER ARMS ROUND TOM.

TOM

It was a bit of a nightmare, I suppose.

SARAH

It sounds it.

TOM

She's had a difficult time, I think. She's quite fucked-up. Bad chooser where men are concerned, the usual.

SARAH

Are you telling me the truth, Tom?

TOM

About what?

SARAH

About her.

TOM

Of course.

SARAH

She's immature, she's fucked up, and the sex was no good.

TOM

Look, it wasn't anything like us, if that's what you're worried about -

SARAH

Of course it wasn't! Do you think I'd worry about that for a second? I'm talking about this,

(THE DRAWING-BOARD)

and this,

(THE MATISSE)

and this!

(THE DRIFTWOOD)

TOM DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING.

SARAH

I'm talking about a fucked-up little girl you've only just met, and she's moving her stuff in and making little pictures of you and collecting souvenirs!

TOM

It doesn't mean anything, Sarah.

SARAH

Haven't you learnt anything?

TOM

You've got it all wrong.

SARAH

Have I?

TOM

Yes!

SARAH

Does she know about you?

TOM

A few things.

SARAH

You know what I'm talking about.

TOM

Not everything, obviously.

SARAH

Well, you should tell her. You said she's a bad chooser. Maybe she doesn't realise she's done it again.

TOM

Oh for fuck's sake, Sarah! What is all this?

SARAH

It's your friend trying to save you, that's what it is!

TOM

Oh god.

SARAH

And you shouldn't be drinking so much. You know what'll happen.

TOM
Sarah.

SARAH
What?

TOM
Thanks.

SARAH
For what?

TOM
Looking after me.

PAUSE.

SARAH
Get rid of her, Tom.

TOM
I know. I know.

SARAH
Do you?

TOM
Yes!

SARAH
So get rid of her!

BLACK OUT

SEVEN

TOM'S FLAT. NIGHT. THE SITTING-ROOM. A WOODEN PIG ON THE TABLE WITH THE DRIFTWOOD AND COMPUTER (SWITCHED OFF). SOME MORE POSTCARDS AND DRAWINGS STUCK UP WITH THE MATISSE CUT-OUT.

ANNIE IS SITTING AT HER DRAWING-BOARD, LOST IN HER WORK.

TOM IS LYING ON THE SOFA, GLASS OF WINE AND BOTTLE ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO HIM. HE IS DIALLING A NUMBER ON THE PHONE

.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
Skip?

ANNIE, HER BACK TO TOM, HEARS THIS. SHE DOESN'T TURN TO LOOK AT HIM, BUT STOPS WORKING, ALERT.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
Hi, how's it going?

ANNIE
Tom.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
I was wondering -

ANNIE
Tom, don't.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
Is there any chance?
(BEAT)
I only want one.
(BEAT)
Great. Where are you?
(BEAT)
Great, half an hour, excellent.
Thanks, Skip.

TOM HANGS UP.

TOM
What? What's wrong?

ANNIE
Nothing.

TOM
It's just a treat for the weekend.

ANNIE
It's Thursday.

TOM
So I'll save it for the weekend.

ANNIE
No, you won't.

TOM
I'll save some for the weekend,
Annie.

ANNIE
You won't. You'll do some as soon
as he gets here. Then you'll do
some more, then you'll finish it,
then you'll go to the Tapas bar
and score some more.

TOM
Right, and you of course will
abstain.

ANNIE
Actually yes, this time I will.
I've got work to do.

TOM
Work!

ANNIE
Yes! Hannah's paying me for this!

TOM GETS UP FROM THE SOFA, GOES TO LOOK AT WHAT ANNIE IS⁴⁶.
DOING.

TOM
What is it, anyway?

ANNIE
It's a flyer for this new shop.

TOM
What are all these fucking flowers
for?

ANNIE
It's a flower shop.

TOM
A fucking florist?

ANNIE
Hannah says 'florist' is suburban.

TOM
Hannah! Jesus.

ANNIE
It's the way you do it, Tom. It's
just, you just have to do it all,
then you get some more and do all
that, it's, it, it

TOM
What? What?

ANNIE
Nothing. It doesn't matter.

TOM
Tell me, Annie. It what?

PAUSE.

ANNIE
It reminds me of Declan.

TOM
Oh, of course it does! I'm always
off smoking crack, leaving you
chained to a radiator.

ANNIE

You think you're completely different to Declan and yes, you are, but not as much you think.

TOM

Wow. How deep is that?

ANNIE

I'm just telling you what I think.

TOM

So I'm just like Declan.

ANNIE

That's not what I said.

TOM

I'm surprised you can bear to be around me.

ANNIE

Tom, I like you so much, you know I do.

TOM

'Like'.

ANNIE

What do you want me to say?

TOM

'Like' is so, so suburban.

SILENCE.

TOM

We could go to the Tapas bar later.

ANNIE

Okay, if I finish this, that would be great.

TOM CHECKS HIS WATCH.

TOM

We could have tortilla, and some of that great ham.

ANNIE

Have you noticed how the food
there is getting more North
African? Like the aubergine thing?
And the stews? Hannah says North
Africa is really cool at the
moment.

TOM

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

ANNIE

What?

TOM

I'm not like fucking Declan!

ANNIE

I said -

TOM

Tell me I'm not like Declan!

PAUSE.

ANNIE

You're not like Declan.

TOM CHECKS HIS WATCH. POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE.

TOM

You know what? I'm beginning to
have some sympathy for Declan.

ANNIE

What do you mean?

TOM

All this stuff. Cluttering the
place up. Look at all this stuff.

ANNIE

But you said -

TOM

I said what? I said you could keep
your drawing-board here for a bit.

ANNIE

You said -

TOM

Just stop, okay? Where are we, in the playground? 'I said, you said'. It doesn't matter what I said, the fact of the matter is, here you are, here's all this stuff in my flat, paper everywhere, cut-out fucking flowers everywhere, and glue and, and, it's like some demented play group, and you're hassling me, me, about doing the occasional line! You see, Annie? I'm a grown-up, I've been living here, on my own, quite happily, holding down various jobs, demanding jobs, with some success okay, so if you think you're here to, if you think your mission here is to clean up my act, save me from myself, forget it darling, it ain't necessary, I'm already saved.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

I'm sorry, Tom.

TOM

And work, there's another thing.

ANNIE

How do you mean?

TOM

There are pressures, you know? That we never talk about. You sit there, cutting and pasting, banging on about Hannah and how cool this is and that is, and cutting out, I don't know, pigs and flowers, and there isn't a huge amount of debate, is there Annie, about my fucking work!

ANNIE

But you never want to talk about it -

TOM

I'm sorry?

ANNIE

I ask you questions, and you change the subject or you say 'Oh it's really boring, let's not talk about it'. I wanted to read one of your pieces and you wouldn't let me.

TOM

They're about advanced technology, Annie! You wouldn't understand them!

ANNIE

I could learn. You could teach me.

TOM

Okay. You want to read one of my pieces? Okay. Let's see.

TOM GOES TO HIS COMPUTER, BASHES THE KEYBOARD AGGRESSIVELY FOR A SECOND OR TWO, THEN STANDS.

TOM

Here you are. Read this. Here.

ANNIE SITS AT THE DESK.

TOM

Go on, read it. It's about Predictive Analytics. Go on, read it.

ANNIE STARES AT THE SCREEN, MOVES THE MOUSE.

ANNIE

You wrote this two years ago.

TOM

Well, I can assure you my prose style hasn't changed much since then.

ANNIE

(READING)

'Cloud security'! I love that,
that's so sweet!

TOM

Oh for God's sake!

ANNIE

What's a cloud again?

TOM

It doesn't matter.

ANNIE

I know you think I'm a child.
Well, children learn about
computers more easily than adults.

TOM

What do you mean, I think you're a
child?

ANNIE

Well, you do, don't you?

TOM

I never said that.

ANNIE

No, but.

TOM

No but what?

PAUSE.

ANNIE

My phone rang while you were in
the shower, I mean I thought it
was my phone, but actually it was
yours, I'm really, really sorry
Tom, so I answered it and this
woman said 'Hallo, it's me. Got
rid of the child yet?'.

PAUSE.

TOM

Shit.

PAUSE.

TOM
It's nothing to do with you, okay?

ANNIE
I think it is.

TOM
Not everything is about you,
Annie!

ANNIE
That was about me.

TOM
That was an old friend of mine,
it's this running gag, we just,
you know, we ... it's not you,
forget it.

ANNIE
But you do think I'm a child.

TOM
Jesus. What do you want me to say?
Yes? Yes, I think you're a fucking
child!

PAUSE.

TOM
With your driftwood and stones and
wooden fucking pigs.

PAUSE.

TOM
You've got the attention span of a
gnat. You derail the simplest
conversation within seconds.
Talking to you is like, like
groping around in the fog, we talk
and within seconds my head is
reeling!

PAUSE.

TOM

What are you doing here, Annie?

PAUSE.

TOM

You've got nowhere to put your drawing-board, you owe Hannah three months rent, you earn peanuts, peanuts. But you like me. So here you are.

ANNIE

Are you saying I'm only here because I haven't got any money?

TOM

I'm not saying anything, I'm asking.

ANNIE

Is that what you're saying, Tom?

TOM

I'm not saying anything. I'm merely putting forward a proposition for you to comment on.

ANNIE

Because if you are, that's a really, really horrible thing to say.

TOM

'Really, really horrible'.

ANNIE

That is so cruel.

TOM

Ah, the 'c' word. The ghost of Declan rears its ugly head.

ANNIE

I should never have said that, I know, and I'm really sorry.

TOM

Well, there we are.

ANNIE

I'll phone my Dad. He'll come and pick up the drawing board. Hannah will let me stay for a bit if I grovel.

TOM

No, don't do that.

ANNIE

No, no, I'd better leave. It'd be better.

ANNIE STARTS PACKING UP HER ART STUFF.

TOM

Don't do that, Annie.

ANNIE

No really, it's okay.

TOM

Seriously, Annie, please. Could you not leave yet? Not today?

ANNIE

No, I want to. You've been so great, really, but I think I should get out of your way. Don't ask me to stay just to be kind.

TOM

I'm not. It's not that. It's ...

ANNIE

What?

TOM

I don't know, it's difficult to say.

ANNIE

Try.

TOM

No, no, I - I can't.

ANNIE

Yes you can!

TOM
Well, I suppose I think -

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

TOM
It's Skip.

ANNIE
Go on. You were about to say something.

TOM MOVES TOWARDS THE DOOR.

TOM
I'd better, you know.

ANNIE
He'll wait.

TOM
No, he won't actually.

ANNIE
Just say what you were going to say.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

TOM
Stay there. Don't move. I'll be right back. Please, Annie.

TOM SAYS THIS AS HE BACKPEDALS OUT OF THE SITTING-ROOM.
ANNIE WATCHES HIM GO.

BLACKOUT

EIGHT

CRAIG AND SARAH'S HOUSE. NIGHT. THE DINING-ROOM.

TOM SITS AT THE DINING-TABLE. CRAIG OPENS WHITE WINE.

TOM HOLDS OUT HIS GLASS AND CRAIG POURS HIM A DRINK. TOM DRINKS HALF OF IT IMMEDIATELY.

CRAIG
Are you alright?

TOM
Yeah, I'm great.

CRAIG
You look tired.

TOM
Well, it's been difficult, but I'm fine.

CRAIG
Did you tell her about the money?

TOM
Of course. That's why she left.

CRAIG
No, did you tell Sarah about the money?

TOM
Did I tell Sarah? God no!

SARAH ENTERS WITH A BOWL OF SALAD. CRAIG POURS HER WINE. SARAH SERVES THEM ALL SALAD.

SARAH
(TO TOM)
Go on then.

TOM

Well, there's really not much to tell. I said to her, I said, look this, this has really got to stop.

SARAH

Pithy.

TOM

I said look, you're very sweet, I'm very fond of you, but you're here all the time, the flat is filling up with your stuff, which is fine but, but, I've really got a lot of work on suddenly, serious deadlines, and I need the place to myself.

SARAH

And she just said okay, fine, I'm off.

TOM

Well no. She was upset obviously. Very upset. The girl's got a huge crush on me, what can I say? And despite the fact that she's, she's a bit of a, a -

CRAIG

The word you're looking for is bimbo.

TOM

No Craig, that's not entirely fair.

SARAH

What's fair got to do with it?

TOM

There is undoubtedly a hint of the bimboesque streak, yes, but having said that, she's not entirely stupid -

SARAH

Hah.

TOM

- so she could see the absurdity of it. Anyway, she packed up her coloured pencils and toy pigs -

SARAH

Oh, please.

TOM

- and off she went, tearful but resigned. It's just a huge fucking relief.

TOM POURS HIMSELF MORE WINE.

CRAIG

End of story.

TOM

She's coming round on Saturday with her father to pick up her drawing-board.

SARAH

Her father. Perfect. You see? She doesn't need you, she's got a real daddy.

CRAIG

Close shave all round.

TOM

God yes. What was I thinking of? It's amazing, isn't it? The way one keeps making the same mistakes?

SARAH

Eat your salad.

TOM

I've got to pee first.

TOM GETS UP, EXITS.

CRAIG

Is that the third time he's been?

SARAH

Fourth.

CRAIG

He's too young for prostate trouble, so I assume he's taking drugs again.

SARAH

Yes.

CRAIG

Idiot. Idiot.

SARAH

She started him off again.

CRAIG

Who?

SARAH

The girl. Whatsername. Annie.

CRAIG

She started him off again?

SARAH

Yes. The first time they went out. She gave him drugs.

CRAIG

He told you that?

SARAH

Not straight away.

CRAIG

Very unimpressed.

SARAH

So she's not quite the little miss perfect she's been painted.

CRAIG

One is almost tempted to call the police.

SARAH

Oh come on, Craig.

CRAIG

(DRINKS)

Supplying Class A drugs to someone like Tom? With his track record? Lock her up, throw away the key.

SARAH

Well, he seems to have got rid of her.

CRAIG

Excellent.

SARAH

We shall see.

CRAIG

I don't see why there's any reason to doubt him.

SARAH

Oh please, Craig! This is Tom we're talking about. There's every reason to doubt him!

CRAIG

You know, you really are -

TOM ENTERS. SITS AT THE TABLE.

TOM

So what are we eating? What's the to-die-for ingredient in this part of London? Tripe? Badger?

SARAH

It's chicken salad, actually.

CRAIG

It's alright, you don't have to eat any.

SARAH

He'd bloody better!

CRAIG

You can't cook, Sarah. You're a culinary waste of space.

TOM

It's salad. You don't have to cook salad.

CRAIG

Verily, she brings her inimitable style to bear even unto salad.

SARAH

Fuck off, Craig.

TOM

What's so great about being around you two is, it reminds me how lucky I am to be single.

CRAIG

Well, I'm going to open a bottle of red. Sarah's vinaigrette requires a big, big Rioja to pacify it.

CRAIG GETS UP, EXITS.

TOM

How do you put up with it?

SARAH

Quite easily.

TOM

He's vile to you. He's gross.

SARAH

I have many coping strategies.

TOM

Oh fuck. Fuck it.

SARAH

What? Tom? What?

TOM

It should be easy, shouldn't it? You know, being with people, just going about your business, being polite and considerate and just normal. I went out today, to buy milk, and at the moment, 'out' is really not my thing, being 'out

there', you know? And there's this woman in the shop, I've always found her intimidating, I assumed she hated me, so I've never spoken to her before, but for some reason I spoke to her today, and she smiled and we talked and it was really pleasant and easy -

CRAIG RETURNS WITH A BOTTLE OF RED WINE BUT HOVERS ON THE THRESHOLD, WATCHING AND LISTENING.

TOM

(CONTINUOUS)

- it was just a moment, you know, of feeling people are actually okay, they're not all shit, they're not all liars and thieves and rapists and perverts and hard-faced ruthless money-grabbing fuck-off arseholes and you just have to be polite and considerate and, and I don't know, tolerant, and there you are, life is simple, pleasurable even, but then it gets complicated, and difficult. Why is that? Why is it so fucking easy and so fucking difficult, all at the same time?

SARAH GETS UP, GOES ROUND TO TOM, PUTS HER ARMS ROUND HIM, HOLDS HIM FOR A MOMENT OR TWO. THEN NODS TO CRAIG WHO COMES TO THE TABLE.

CRAIG

A big, big Rioja.

BLACKOUT

NINE

TOM'S FLAT. NIGHT. THE SITTING-ROOM.

ANNIE'S DRAWING-BOARD AND ALL OTHER TRACES OF HER HAVE GONE. THERE ARE HALF-EMPTY BOTTLES OF WINE AND VODKA STREWN ABOUT, PIZZA CARTONS, DIRTY PLATES, GLASSES, CUTLERY.

TOM IS ON HIS PHONE.

TOM

Skip? Skip, don't hang up. For fuck's sake, Skip, the money's no problem, it's on its way -

(BEAT)

Skip, the money will be here, I swear -

(BEAT)

What? What? That is fucking outrageous. It was me, I was the one who took you to the Tapas Bar the first time, I introduced you to, to, Jesus, everybody! Practically all your punters you got through me, and now, now I can't get a fucking taste? Skip, please, don't hang up, listen - Bastard! Fuck! Shit!

TOM THROWS HIS PHONE DOWN, PACES UP AND DOWN, AGITATED. THE DOORBELL RINGS. TOM EXITS, RE-ENTERS WITH SARAH.

TOM

What did you bring?

SARAH

Four valium.

TOM

Four? Four? What are they?

SARAH
Ten milligrams.

SARAH HANDS TOM THE PILLS.

TOM
You only brought four?

SARAH
Tom, in your current condition, it
would have been irresponsible of
me to bring more.

TOM SHOVES THE PILLS IN HIS MOUTH, WASHES THEM DOWN WITH
VODKA FROM THE BOTTLE. SITS ON THE SOFA.

SARAH
Vodka and valium. That should
round the evening off nicely.

TOM
Damn right.

SARAH
'Thankyou for coming out in the
middle of the night, Sarah'.

TOM
Whatever.

SARAH
It's a pleasure. You look like
shit, by the way.

TOM
I did a gram, that's all, but it
was cut with speed, heavily cut,
and it's just, I'm just feeling a
little hyper, that's all. Did you
bring any money?

SARAH
You did a gram.

TOM
Just a gram! Maybe two.

SARAH
Or three.

TOM

Sarah, did you bring any money?

SARAH

No.

TOM

Oh shit.

SARAH

I'm not giving you money, Tom.

TOM

Shit, shit. You are such a hard-faced bitch, Sarah. You hard-faced fucking bitch, really.

SARAH

I am not giving you money to buy heroin, Tom.

TOM

Who said anything about heroin?

SARAH

Come on, Tom. Vodka, coke, that's just the appetizer, isn't it? Next up, the main course! Smack!

TOM

Look, I took some poison coke, my bad, who gives a shit, but I've been up for three days straight and my heart is going to fucking explode, so yes, a line of smack would do very nicely thankyou, otherwise I'm going to die right here in front of you, my brains are going to shoot of my fucking ears so it's your job, you bitch, it's your duty, to get me some fucking smack!

SARAH

Tom, let me take you to the Lodge.

TOM

No!

SARAH

I talked to Craig. We'll pay for it.

TOM

You want to shut me up for weeks on end with a bunch of winos and junkies because I had an anxiety attack?

SARAH

Look at you. Look at this place. You need help.

TOM

I need some money!

SARAH

I'm not giving you any.

TOM

If you don't give me some money, I'll tell Craig about us.

PAUSE.

SARAH

No you won't.

TOM

Oh, you wait and see.

SARAH

You won't tell him because you're afraid of him.

TOM

Afraid of Craig? Oh please!

SARAH

And you know what he would do. He would tear you limb from limb.

TOM

You don't know what Craig was like when I first met him. He was something else then.

SARAH

Then I'm glad I didn't know him.

TOM

And now he's such an asshole -

SARAH

He would chew you up and spit you out. And I would be forgiven.

TOM

Oh sure.

SARAH

Yes, I would. He would be angry, yes, very, very angry, but in the end I would be forgiven. You know why?

TOM

Why?

SARAH

Because he loves me. And he loves the children. He's a bully and a control freak but he would kill with his bare hands for us. He would die for us, Tom.

TOM

And there's the money. Let's not forget the shedloads of money.

SARAH

That helps too.

TOM

I bet it does.

PAUSE.

SARAH

It's about me, isn't it?

TOM

What's about you?

SARAH

All this. It's because of me, isn't it?

TOM

Don't tell me about your feelings', that's what you always say.

SARAH

It's because you love me, isn't it? Tom? Isn't it?

TOM

Alright. Yes. You're right. It's all because of you. I love you. Now get me some fucking money!

PAUSE. THE DOORBELL RINGS. TOM EXITS QUICKLY. RE-ENTERS WITH ANNIE.

TOM

Sarah, Annie. Annie, Sarah.

ANNIE

Hallo.

SARAH

What's she doing here?

TOM DOESN'T ANSWER. HE'S HUNTING FOR HIS PHONE.

ANNIE

(TO TOM)

Are you alright?

SARAH

I think you'd better leave. You're the last person he needs at this particular moment.

TOM

(TO ANNIE)

Did you bring some money?

ANNIE

Yes.

SARAH

Oh for God's sake!

TOM

How much?

ANNIE
Five hundred and forty-three
pounds.

TOM
Brilliant, fanfuckingtastic.

ANNIE
It's Hannah's running-away money.
We'll have to pay it back.

TOM
Yeah, yeah, whatever.

ANNIE HANDS TOM THE MONEY.

SARAH
You're giving him money?

TOM FINDS HIS PHONE, RE-DIALS.

ANNIE
He phoned and said he needed money
urgently, alright?

SARAH
Do you know what he wants it for?
He owes money to his dealer. He
can't buy drugs until he's paid
him off.

ANNIE
That's his business.

TOM
Fuck.

TOM RE-DIALS.

SARAH
He wouldn't be in this state if it
wasn't for you.

ANNIE
What do you mean?

SARAH
He was doing fine until you turned up.
He had support from all his friends.
He'd been clean for two years.

ANNIE

How was I supposed to know?

TOM RE-DIALS. IMPATIENT. ANNIE STARTS CLEARING UP THE MESS.

SARAH

Selfish, destructive, thoughtless little bitch.

TOM

Jesus, Skip. Get off the phone!

ANNIE

He might have been clean, but he wasn't sober, okay?

SARAH

That from one of your self-help books, is it?

ANNIE

Hannah says there's a big difference, actually.

TOM, RE-DIALLING, LAUGHS.

SARAH

And who the fuck is Hannah?

ANNIE

My friend.

SARAH

Well, why don't you go back to your friend Hannah, you sound ideally suited.

ANNIE

Hannah's on this yoga retreat. I really wanted to go with her but then I got cystitis.

SARAH

Tom, will you tell this person to leave? Tom, put the phone down and throw this silly little bitch out of here.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
Get off the line, you bastard.
(HANGS UP, RE-DIALS)

ANNIE CARRIES ON CLEARING UP.

SARAH
(TO ANNIE)
Will you stop that?

ANNIE
I'm just tidying the place up.

SARAH
Will you kindly stop it.

ANNIE
I suppose you think it's your job,
right?

SARAH
I've known Tom for years. He's my
oldest friend. We've been through
a lot together. Haven't we, Tom?

TOM DOESN'T ANSWER. HE PACES AROUND, DIALLING AND RE-DIALLING.

SARAH
I've seen Tom through many bad
times, desperate times, I've been
through the mill and out the other
side with him, so yes, clearing up
round here is my job, I've earned
the right!

ANNIE
So why aren't you doing it then?

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
Skip? Jesus, I thought you'd
never-

SARAH
Give me the phone, Tom.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
I've got the money -

SARAH
Tom, no.

SARAH TRIES TO GRAB THE PHONE FROM TOM. ANNIE STANDS IN HER WAY, SHIELDING TOM FROM HER.

SARAH
Get out of my way, you little bitch. Don't you understand what's going on?

ANNIE
Leave him! Just leave him!

TOM
For fuck's sake! Both of you! Shut up!

SARAH
You're killing him!

SARAH MAKES ONE LAST LUNGE FOR THE PHONE. ANNIE PUSHES HER AWAY FROM TOM. SARAH HITS ANNIE IN THE FACE, REALLY HARD. ANNIE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
Yes, I've got the money.
(BEAT)
Yes, all of it. How soon can you get here?
(BEAT)
And bring me something.

PAUSE. ANNIE AND SARAH LISTEN, NOT MOVING. ANNIE ON THE FLOOR, TOM STANDING OVER HER.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
I want ...

SARAH HOLDS OUT HER HAND FOR THE PHONE.

TOM
(INTO PHONE)
I want ...

TOM LOOKING DOWN AT ANNIE. THEN AT SARAH. SARAH HOLDING
OUT HER HAND FOR THE PHONE.

TOM

I want ...

BLACKOUT

TEN

CRAIG AND SARAH'S FLAT. NIGHT. THE DINING-ROOM. THE TABLE IS LAID FOR FOUR.

CRAIG IS OPENING A BOTTLE OF WINE. SARAH USHERS TOM AND ANNIE INTO THE ROOM. ANNIE IS CARRYING AN A2 PORTFOLIO.

CRAIG

Hi gang!

TOM/ANNIE

Hallo!/ Hi!

CRAIG KISSES ANNIE, HUGS TOM. SARAH KISSES ANNIE, THEN TOM.

SARAH

(TO TOM)

You look great.

CRAIG POURS WINE AND HANDS IT OUT TO ANNIE AND SARAH. POURS A GLASS OF WATER FOR TOM, HANDS IT TO HIM.

CRAIG

Fizzy water.

TOM

Thanks.

SARAH

Doesn't Tom look good, Craig?

TOM

I've been doing some yoga.

CRAIG

Good God.

TOM

You should see my cobra.

CRAIG

No thanks.

ANNIE

He's actually really good.

SARAH

Well, something's doing the trick.

CRAIG

And Annie's looking pretty damn gorgeous too.

TOM

(TO SARAH)

Annie's finished that thing for you.

SARAH

Oh well done, Annie!

TOM

She didn't want to bring it, but I made her.

ANNIE CLUTCHES HER PORTFOLIO PROTECTIVELY.

ANNIE

I'm really embarrassed. You'll hate it!

SARAH

Of course I won't!

TOM

It's great, she'll love it. Go on, show her!

ANNIE OPENS HER PORTFOLIO, TAKES OUT A SHEET OF PAPER, PUTS IT DOWN ON THE TABLE.

SARAH

Oh, it's great!

ANNIE

Really?

SARAH

I love it!

TOM

Told you.

SARAH

I love the pigs. Craig, come and look at Annie's drawing.

CRAIG DOES SO.

CRAIG

Is it the right way up?

TOM

He's teasing.

SARAH

(TO CRAIG)

We're running this feature on children's bedrooms and I thought one of Annie's collages would be perfect.

CRAIG

Excellent. Very impressed, Annie.

TOM

Craig, the art connoisseur.

ANNIE

Do you like the sky?

SARAH

I love the sky!

ANNIE

The clouds are from a holiday brochure and the sky is actually this really amazing hand-made Japanese paper.

SARAH

So clever! We'll talk about money tomorrow.

ANNIE

You're going to pay me?

TOM

Of course she's going to pay you!

ANNIE

Brilliant!

TOM

You're a professional illustrator now.

ANNIE

That sounds so weird.

SARAH

You should get lots of work.

ANNIE

It's a bit scary.

CRAIG

Screw her for whatever you can, Annie. You know how many women buy that bloody magazine? Millions of the silly bitches.

SARAH

Thankyou, Craig.

CRAIG

Well, here's to Annie. Cheers.

TOM/SARAH

Annie!

ANNIE

My drawing's going to be in a magazine! I'll buy lots of copies. I'll send one to my mum, and one to Hannah.

TOM

You could cut it out, make a collage out of it.

ANNIE

Ha ha.

TOM

So. Made lots of money this week, Craig?

CRAIG

Shedloads.

SARAH

Tom, give me a hand, would you.
That casserole is so heavy.

TOM

Sure.

TOM AND SARAH EXIT. ANNIE AND CRAIG SIT IN SILENCE FOR A
MOMENT.

ANNIE

I haven't really worked out what
you do, Craig.

CRAIG

I work in a bank.

ANNIE

You're not one of those people who
like put a sign up - you know,
'This position is closed' - when
it comes to my turn.

CRAIG

No. Sometimes I wish I was.

ANNIE

I bet you don't.

CRAIG

Not really, no.

ANNIE

So you're actually something
really important.

CRAIG

Oh yes. I'm in this big room, with
all these other people, and we
shout into phones and twang our
braces. Really important stuff.

ANNIE

It must be.

CRAIG

Actually, I just buy and sell
things. I buy and sell money.

ANNIE

You buy money? Cool!

CRAIG

I buy it when it's cheap and sell it when it's expensive.

ANNIE

Like, like in a shop.

CRAIG

Exactly. It's simple.

ANNIE

So all the shouting into the phone is just to make it look difficult.

CRAIG

Absolutely. You've found me out, Annie.

ANNIE

Oh, I don't think so.

CRAIG

Talking of money.

ANNIE

Yes?

CRAIG

I was wondering what we should do about my £5000.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

Your what?

CRAIG

The £5000 I gave Tom to give you.

SILENCE.

CRAIG

Back in the dark distant days of six months ago, when you first moved in with Tom, Tom decided, fuckwit that he is, that he would be happier if you left. He came to

me and said you had various financial problems, and £5000 might go some way towards inducing you to move out. So I gave him £5000 and you duly vanished. But then, and I think it's bloody marvellous by the way, you duly reappeared. So you haven't really fulfilled your end of the deal, have you? So I was wondering what sort of arrangement you would like to make concerning the £5000?

PAUSE.

CRAIG

Sarah knows nothing about this, by the way, and I would prefer it to remain that way.

TOM AND SARAH ENTER, TOM CARRYING A BIG CAST-IRON CASSEROLE DISH.

SARAH

Here we are. Cassoulet.

CRAIG

Oh god, one of those frog stews.

TOM

It smells delicious.

TOM SITS DOWN, TOUCHES ANNIE AFFECTIONATELY.

TOM

Alright?

ANNIE

Great!

CRAIG

I've just been explaining the intricacies of the money market to Annie.

TOM

(TO ANNIE)

Poor you.

CRAIG

No, no, I think Annie grasped the fundamentals immediately. Didn't you, Annie?

ANNIE

Like you said, it's simple.

CRAIG

I think Annie could teach us all a thing or two about money.

TOM

She certainly sorted me out.

SARAH

God, how did she manage that?

TOM

Well, my new policy is full disclosure, so first of all I owned up about my so-called journalism -

ANNIE

Tom, you don't have to talk about this -

TOM

No, I want to. I want them to know how brilliant you've been.

ANNIE

Please, Tom -

SARAH

What do you mean, 'so-called journalism'?

TOM

Sarah, I hadn't written anything in two years.

CRAIG

How so?

TOM

I just, I just let it slide. My old editor was sacked and the new guy was just this, this little

geek, I hated his guts, and anyway I was earning money at the Tapas Bar, then Max sold it, and I had an overdraft, and I owed thousands on my cards -

ANNIE

Tom, this is really boring -

CRAIG

No, no, it's fascinating.

TOM

So Annie made me track down my old editor and he got me this gig reviewing mobile apps and she worked out a way of putting all my debts into one bank loan, Jesus the interest rate on credit cards, I never realised, and we sat down and worked out how much I could pay back a week and Annie's doing architectural drawing stuff for Hannah and working in this pub and well, you know, it's great, because now we have a plan.

SARAH

You've got a plan. That must be marvellous.

CRAIG

And what is your plan exactly?

TOM

Go on, Annie.

ANNIE

We should eat, the food's getting cold.

SARAH STARTS SERVING.

SARAH

Tell us about your plan.

TOM

It's really simple.

SARAH

Oh good.

CRAIG

The best plans always are.

SARAH

Go on, sweetheart.

ANNIE

Well. I reckon Tom could rent his flat out for £400 a week -

SARAH

God!

CRAIG

Up and coming round there.

ANNIE

- and Hannah's going to work in Milan for a year and she'll let us rent her flat for £100 a week -

SARAH

Where is Hannah's flat, exactly?

ANNIE

Acton.

CRAIG

You poor bastard.

TOM

It's actually not that bad. There are some fabulous Asian shops.

ANNIE

- and if we both work really hard, and save, we could pay off most of our debts -

SARAH

Tom's debts.

ANNIE

Our debts, by the time Hannah comes back. Then we could either keep renting the flat out -

TOM

Or sell it.

SARAH

Sell it?

ANNIE

Or sell it and maybe find a place
in, in, you know, Norfolk for a
bit.

CRAIG

Tom in Norfolk. That I would like
to see.

SARAH

Tom hates the countryside.

TOM

No, no, I think it would be great.
Okay, there was a time, true, when
the thought of leaving London was
just, was just -

SARAH

Unthinkable.

TOM

- but now, I, I really feel ready
for, for, I don't know, a change.
An adventure.

SARAH

An adventure? Tom, we're talking
Norfolk here, not the Gobi Desert.

CRAIG

Same thing if you ask me.

ANNIE

Anyway, it wouldn't be for that
long, just long enough for, for -

TOM

For me to sort myself out.

CRAIG

Well, I think it's bloody
impressive. Well done, Annie.

SARAH

Yes indeed.

TOM

She's got your number, Tom. Got you well and truly sorted.

ANNIE

No, I haven't got his number, I just -

SARAH

Sounds like you could do with her at the bank.

CRAIG

You're not wrong. She'd sort them out.

TOM

I really feel things have actually started going my way. I get these, these little rushes of optimism, it's such a buzz.

CRAIG

The man's high on life. Whatever next?

SARAH

All thanks to Annie.

ANNIE

I haven't done anything, really!

SARAH

Oh, I almost forgot, Tom. I found that jacket of yours.

TOM

What jacket?

SARAH

That jacket you left here ages ago.

TOM

I don't remember leaving a jacket here.

SARAH

I'm not surprised, you were completely out of it. Anyway, I don't want it cluttering up my wardrobe any longer.

SARAH EXITS.

CRAIG

Have you discussed the matter of interest?

TOM

What?

CRAIG

The interest.

TOM

What interest?

CRAIG

The interest on the £5000 I lent you.

PAUSE.

TOM

Craig, what are you doing?

CRAIG

I was merely wondering whether you and Annie had discussed what sort of interest you could pay on the loan. As part of your plan.

TOM

Can we talk about this another time, please Craig?

CRAIG

I thought maybe 3%, something like that. Nothing too punitive.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

Annie looks confused. Perhaps I haven't explained it very well.

ANNIE

No, you explained it very well indeed.

PAUSE.

TOM

I'm really, really sorry, Annie.

ANNIE

It's alright.

CRAIG

Oh I see! You never gave it to her! You crafty fucker.

TOM

Craig, please.

CRAIG

You old stoat!

ANNIE

He did give it to me!

TOM

Annie, don't.

ANNIE

Of course we're going to pay it back.

CRAIG

Good.

ANNIE

But I think it's really unfair of you to make us pay interest, he's your oldest friend, Craig.

CRAIG

Fair? I don't do 'fair' where money's concerned. And anyway, you say you got the money, not Tom, and you are not an old friend of mine, and I'm pretty sure you're not a new friend either, after what you did to poor Tom here.

TOM
Craig, don't. Please.

SARAH ENTERS CARRYING A JACKET.

SARAH
Here's your jacket.

TOM
Oh God, that. My yuppie phase.
Chuck it, Sarah.

SARAH
It's a wool cashmere mix!

TOM
Give it to Craig.

CRAIG
Wouldn't be seen dead, matey.

TOM
Bin it.

SARAH
It's practically brand new. It
would be a waste. Annie, tell him.

ANNIE
It's up to him.

SARAH SHOVES THE JACKET AT TOM.

SARAH
At least see if it still fits.

TOM
For God's sake.

TOM STANDS, PUTS THE JACKET ON. DOES THE BUTTONS UP. PATS
THE POCKETS. PUTS HIS HANDS INTO THE POCKETS.

TOM
Actually, it's not a bad jacket.

SARAH
It's a lovely jacket. Isn't it,
Annie?

ANNIE
I don't like it, actually.

TOM
I've lost a bit of weight, that's
all.

TOM STARTS TO EXIT.

ANNIE
Tom, where are you going?

TOM
I'm going for a pee, for fuck's
sake!

TOM EXITS.

SARAH
Why isn't anybody eating?

CRAIG
Because it's disgusting. Look at
it, squatting on the plate. Fat
and gristle.

SARAH
It is not fat and gristle.

CRAIG
Yes it is, but call it 'cassoulet'
et voila! Magnifique!

ANNIE
(TO SARAH)
What are you doing?

SARAH
What am I doing where, sweetheart?

ANNIE
With the jacket and everything.

CRAIG
I've got a bottle of Brane
Cantenac somewhere. They tell me
it drinks rather well with
gristle.

SARAH

You know that Tom and I have been having a thing for years.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

Yes.

SARAH

Oh, you knew?

ANNIE

Tom told me.

SARAH

No he didn't. He would never, ever tell anyone. Least of all you.

ANNIE

I guessed anyway.

SARAH

Oh really.

ANNIE

Yes, it's quite obvious, actually.

SARAH

How so?

ANNIE

The way you look at him sometimes. The way you look at me sometimes. Sort of, you know.

SARAH

No, I don't know actually. Sort of what?

ANNIE

Jealous.

SARAH

Oh please. Me jealous of you?

ANNIE

It's okay, I know it's over now.

SARAH

Oh is it?

ANNIE

Yes.

SARAH

You are so very wrong there,
sweetheart.

ANNIE

I know what you're trying to do,
Sarah.

SARAH

Look, Tom is my oldest friend, my
closest friend. That's what counts
these days. It's our friends who
see us through, not lovers. Not
sex. Not fucking.

ANNIE

Stop it.

SARAH

Fucking is finite. Friendship
isn't. Tom is my friend. I'm his
friend.

ANNIE

You are not his friend!

CRAIG ENTERS CARRYING A BOTTLE OF WINE. HE'S FOLLOWED BY
TOM, STILL WEARING THE JACKET.

TOM

Craig's found a bottle of Brane
Cantenac '86!

TOM STANDS BEHIND ANNIE'S CHAIR, PUTS HIS ARMS ROUND HER.

TOM

Ummm. Isn't she gorgeous? God
you're a gorgeous girl.

CRAIG

Tom can have a glass of claret,
can't he Annie?

ANNIE
It's not up to me.

CRAIG
For Christ's sake, it's Brane
Cantenac '86!

TOM
Yeah, I'll have a glass. God, I've
been good lately! Haven't I been
good, Annie?

ANNIE
Yes, you've been very good.

SARAH
You deserve a little treat.

TOM
Yes indeed. Thank you, Craig.

CRAIG HANDS TOM A GLASS OF WINE. POURS FOR ANNIE, SARAH
AND HIMSELF. EVERYONE IS SEATED EXCEPT TOM. HE SIPS HIS
WINE DELICATELY.

TOM
Ummm. Big red, Craig.

CRAIG
Big, big red, Tom.

TOM TAKES ANOTHER MODEST SIP.

TOM
Just enough tannin.

CRAIG
It's a Brane Cantenac alright.

TOM
Okay, here's to Annie who's saved
my life.

SARAH
Yes, here's to Annie. Thank God
for Annie.

CRAIG

Here's to Annie who is seriously
good news.

TOM

Annie!

THEY DRINK. TOM SINKS HIS GLASS IN ONE. GOES TO THE TABLE
AND POURS HIMSELF ANOTHER.

TOM

Here's to good old Annie and her cutting-out
and her sticking-down and her colouring-in.

ANNIE

Tom, please -

TOM

(TO CRAIG AND SARAH)
No, look, seriously, I keep
telling her, she needs a website,
she needs software, she needs a
top-of-the-range camera because -

ANNIE

We can't afford it!

TOM

(TO ANNIE)
- because that's the only way
you're going to make any money
darling, you've got to Instagram
and tweet and Facebook the shit of
everything because there ain't
time in this world for snipping
and glueing -

ANNIE

Tom, stop -

TOM

- but will she listen to me? No,
she will not.

SARAH

Well, I love the hand-made thing,
it's so charming, so retro -

TOM

Retro? Oh please, it's over, don't
you get it? Snip, snip, snip!
Glue, glue, glue! It's over!

CRAIG

It's a cry for help, that's what
it is.

TOM

Yes, a cry for help!

CRAIG

I'll tell you what's a cry for
help - the fucking World Wide
fucking Web!

TOM

Yes!
(RAISES HIS GLASS)
The internet! A cry for help!

CRAIG/SARAH

Cry for help!

THEY DRINK.

CRAIG

Socialism! A cry for help!

TOM/SARAH

Cry for help!

THEY DRINK.

SARAH

Therapy! A cry for help!

TOM/CRAIG

Cry for help!

THEY DRINK.

TOM

Human rights! A cry for help!

CRAIG AND SARAH LAUGH.

ANNIE

Stop it!

TOM
Joking, Annie -

ANNIE
It's not funny.

TOM
Well, we think it is.

TOM TRIES TO POUR HIMSELF SOME MORE WINE BUT THE BOTTLE IS
EMPTY. HE PICKS UP ANNIE'S GLASS WHICH SHE HASN'T TOUCHED.

ANNIE
That's mine.

TOM
You're not drinking it, are you?

ANNIE
Don't, Tom.

TOM
What do you care?

ANNIE
Don't.

CRAIG
Children, children! Plenty more
where that came from!

TOM
(TO ANNIE)
You see? Plenty more where this
came from.

TOM RAISES THE GLASS TO ANNIE AND DRINKS.

TOM
(TO ANNIE)
I'll get another bottle.

CRAIG
You do that, mate.

TOM
Back in a minute.

TOM EXITS. SILENCE FOR A BEAT.

ANNIE

Was that the front door?

SARAH

I didn't hear anything.

ANNIE

I think Tom has gone.

CRAIG

He's gone to get a bottle of wine,
for Christ's sake.

ANNIE

No, I think he's gone. Please
would you go and look, Craig?

CRAIG

The poor man's probably taking a
leak!

BUT CRAIG EXITS.

ANNIE

Was there money in the jacket as
well as drugs?

SARAH

What?

ANNIE

Was there?

SARAH

How should I know what's in his
jacket?

ANNIE

I just want to know what I'm in
for.

CRAIG ENTERS.

CRAIG

You were right. The bastard's done
a runner.

ANNIE STANDS. PREPARES TO LEAVE.

SARAH

Do you know where he's gone?

ANNIE

The Tapas bar, probably.

SARAH

Are you going after him?

ANNIE

No, there's no point. I'm going home.

CRAIG

Stay for God's sake. Have another drink. Never mind Tom, he always was a moody bastard.

ANNIE

I really, really want to go home.

ANNIE GOES TO THE SOFA AND PICKS UP HER PORTFOLIO.

SARAH

What are you doing with that?

ANNIE

Taking it home.

SARAH

But it's mine. I commissioned it.

ANNIE

I don't want you to have it.

SARAH

It's mine.

CRAIG

I wouldn't have thought you were in a position to turn down work.

SARAH

I'll pay you double.

ANNIE

No.

SARAH

Triple.

ANNIE

No.

CRAIG

I take back what I said about you
and money. You really are a very
stupid girl indeed.

ANNIE

That's better.

CRAIG

What's better?

ANNIE

You being horrible to me. When
you're nice to me, I feel abused.

ANNIE EXITS.

SILENCE.

THEN CRAIG STARTS EATING HUNGRILY, TALKING AS HE DOES.

CRAIG

I want to talk about the children.

SARAH

Yes?

CRAIG

I came home early last night and
they were watching television.

(BEAT)

They were watching an Australian
soap opera.

(BEAT)

You know the rules about
television, Sarah.

SARAH

The rules!

CRAIG

Yes, the rules! The rules about
television are non-negotiable!
Where were you?

SARAH

I had to work late.

CRAIG

They were sprawled all over the floor, watching the television with Sophie. The boy said 'I want to go to the toilet'.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

The toilet, Sarah.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

They get it from Sophie. I want you to sack her.

SARAH

They love Sophie.

CRAIG

I don't care. Sack her.

PAUSE. SARAH STANDS, PACES THE ROOM.

CRAIG

I come home early and find my son and my daughter slack-jawed in front of some mind-rotting filth on television, and when they open their mouths, they talk about going to the toilet. And where were you? Working on this magazine, this piece of lifestyle shit for people who can't buy curtains without referring to a magazine, this so-called work for which you get paid a pittance, which keeps you away from your children, Sarah.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

Do you remember when we first met? I opened my heart to you. That was the effect you had on me.

Remember? I told you how I wanted a family. I told you how that was the only thing that motivated me.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

I told you that having a family, bringing up children, was what I was put on this earth to do. Do you remember what you said? You said it was the most romantic thing you'd ever heard a man say.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

You said no man had ever said anything so sexy to you, ever. You said it turned you on.

PAUSE.

CRAIG

Do you remember saying that?

SARAH

Yes.

CRAIG

Ask yourself this question. Do you think you're failing me as a wife? Do you think you're failing the children as a mother? Tell me the truth. In your heart of hearts, tell me the truth. Are you failing us?

PAUSE.

CRAIG

Sack Sophie. Give up your job.

SARAH HAS BEEN PACING THE ROOM AS CRAIG SPEAKS. SHE STOPS BEHIND HIM. SHE HITS HIM ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD. THEN HITS HIM AGAIN. SHE PUMMELS HIS HEAD, HIS SHOULDERS, AND HIS BACK WITH BOTH FISTS. CRAIG CROUCHES IN HIS CHAIR, COVERS HIS HEAD WITH HIS HANDS AND ARMS, PROTECTS HIMSELF AS BEST HE CAN.

SHE STOPS WHEN SHE'S EXHAUSTED AND EXITS. CRAIG LOWERS HIS HANDS, SITS UP. PICKS UP HIS GLASS OF WINE AND DRINKS.

BLACK OUT.

ELEVEN

HANNAH'S FLAT. DAY. A TINY SPACE. A BED. ANNIE'S DRAWING-BOARD, TOM'S DESK AND COMPUTER ARE SQUEEZED IN BACK TO BACK. THERE ARE BITS OF DRIFTWOOD, STONES, TOY PIGS, DRAWINGS, PHOTOS.

ANNIE IS WORKING AT THE COMPUTER. TOM IS AT THE DRAWING-BOARD, CUTTING UP A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING, SEAGULLS.

TOM LAUGHS.

ANNIE

What?

TOM

Look.

TOM SWIVELS IN HIS CHAIR AND SHOWS ANNIE WHATEVER HE'S WORKING ON. ANNIE LAUGHS.

ANNIE

That's great.

TOM

I just stuck your face next to mine.

ANNIE

That is so funny.

TOM

With the harbour behind.

ANNIE

You should put some seals in. Looking at us.

TOM

Yeah, good idea.

ANNIE

It would make a fabulous Christmas card.

TOM

Good idea.

TOM GETS UP AND SWITCHES OFF THE CHEAP CD PLAYER WHICH IS PLAYING THE SEASIDE SOUNDS.

SILENCE.

TOM

Are you alright?

ANNIE

Yes.

TOM

No you're not.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

I'm a bit upset about last night actually.

TOM

What about last night?

ANNIE

When we were at the laundrette. You went funny.

TOM

I went funny?

ANNIE

Yes, you went into one.

TOM

Actually, I thought you went into one.

ANNIE

I hate it when you do that. There are two things you do that I hate and that's one of them.

TOM

What? What do I do?

ANNIE

Saying it was me who went funny
when it was you.

TOM

You were very weird on the way
home.

ANNIE

I know, because you went into one
in the laundrette.

SILENCE.

TOM

Look, there's only so much
pleasure to be had in a
laundrette. The fun element is
pretty much exhausted immediately.

ANNIE

That's not my fault, Tom.

TOM

All I said was, for fuck's sake,
all I said was 'I'm tired, can we
please go home?'

ANNIE

That's the other thing you do that
I hate.

TOM

What? What?

ANNIE

You say 'All I said was' as if you
said it like a normal person, but
you didn't, you said it like,
like...

TOM

Like what?

PAUSE.

TOM
Like what, Annie?

ANNIE
Like that. Like a horrible person.

SILENCE.

TOM
Shit.

PAUSE.

TOM
I'm sorry.

ANNIE
No, it's okay.

TOM
No, I'm sorry.

SILENCE.

ANNIE
What shall we have for supper?

TOM
I thought I'd make cous-cous.

ANNIE
Great. Have we got everything?

TOM
Yes, but I thought I'd go to the
Lebanese shop and get some of that
flat bread.

ANNIE
Great.

TOM
And some yoghurt.

ANNIE
How much do you need?

TOM
A fiver should do it.

ANNIE GETS UP AND PULLS OUT A CASH BOX FROM UNDER THE BED. SHE TAKES OUT A NOTE, HANDS IT TO TOM. SHE DOESN'T PUT THE CASH BOX BACK.

TOM

Thanks.

ANNIE

I found this great website?

TOM

Yes?

ANNIE

With all these cheap weekend breaks?

TOM

Yes?

ANNIE

And there's this really beautiful old farm house near Blakeney, it's £40 a head bed and breakfast but that includes a packed lunch. So I booked it for three nights in September.

TOM

That's £240, Annie. We can't afford it.

ANNIE TAKES A BIG WEDGE OF CASH OUT OF THE CASH BOX AND HOLDS IT UP.

TOM

What's that?

ANNIE

Seven hundred and fifty one squids.

TOM

Where did that come from?

ANNIE

It's my tips from the bar. And coins from the floor.

TOM

What do you mean, coins from the floor?

ANNIE

They put sawdust on the floor at weekends, right? Because people get so pissed, and spill drinks, and throw up? So when I sweep up at closing-time, I check the sawdust for coins. The others think I'm mad, but there's always something, pound coins even, sometimes I get ten pounds in a weekend.

SILENCE.

ANNIE

And we've paid off half our debts, Tom, we deserve a treat. So I'll keep £240 for the weekend in Blakeney, and you can put the rest in the bank when you go to the Lebanese shop.

ANNIE PEELS SOME NOTES OFF THE WEDGE AND HANDS THE REST TO TOM. TOM IS RELUCTANT TO TAKE IT AT FIRST. FINALLY HE DOES. HE LOOKS DOWN AT THE MONEY IN HIS HAND.

ANNIE

Okay?

TOM

Okay.

ANNIE KISSES TOM.

ANNIE

You know what I told you, ages ago, about Declan tying me up and leaving me all night.

TOM

Yes?

ANNIE

It wasn't true.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

He was cruel to me, really cruel, but I made that up about him tying me up and leaving me all night. I said it because I thought it would make you like me. I so wanted you to like me, Tom. I used to do that all the time. I used to make things up, terrible things, I'd tell people anything, anything I thought would interest them or make them like me. I'd tell people all this stuff and none of it would be true, none of it, Tom, but everything I told you was true except that one thing.

SILENCE.

TOM

The things I've told you.

ANNIE

I know.

TOM

Almost everything, in fact.

ANNIE

It doesn't matter.

TOM

Doesn't it?

ANNIE

No.

TOM

Really?

ANNIE DOESN'T ANSWER. SHE PUTS HER ARMS ROUND TOM.

ANNIE

Go to the bank, then go to the
Lebanese shop and get some of that
nice bread.

TOM IS STILL HOLDING THE MONEY. HE LOOKS AT IT.

TOM

Come with me.

ANNIE

No, you go on your own.

TOM

Feeling a bit para today, Annie.

ANNIE

You'll be alright.

TOM

Will I?

ANNIE

You'll be great.

ANNIE KISSES HIM, THEN GOES TO SIT AT THE COMPUTER, HER
BACK TO TOM. TOM LOOKS AT THE MONEY AGAIN.

ANNIE

I'll send your copy in. It's good
practise for me.

TOM

Do a wordcount first, make sure
it's not over two thousand.

ANNIE

Okay.

I'll see you later.

ANNIE

Okay.

PAUSE.

ANNIE

Turn the sea back on, would you?

TOM PUTS THE ROLL OF CASH IN HIS POCKET, GOES TO THE CD PLAYER AND PRESSES 'PLAY'. THE SOUND OF WAVES BREAKING FILLS THE ROOM.

TOM
Won't be long.

ANNIE
Don't be.

TOM GOES TO THE DOOR AND PAUSES. HE LOOKS BACK AT ANNIE, WORKING AWAY AT THE COMPUTER. HE WATCHES HER FOR A LONG TIME. THEN HE LEAVES.

ANNIE LEANS BACK IN HER CHAIR, STRETCHES, ARMS CROSSED BEHIND HER HEAD.

SLOW FADE
