

Pause. Grace takes a sip of her tea.

Frank: Grace.

Grace: *(Looking over)* Mmm?

Frank: Do you mind if I, um. If I tell you something. In confidence.

Grace: Ummm... yeah? Like, something... work-related?

Frank: No. I'm afraid it's not work-related.

Grace: Um... well... OK, yeah. What's... what is it?

Frank: It's just... you asked me a moment ago how things are and I think, I told you that things were fine in fact I said they were OK and in fact they're not OK. Not really. Not in the slightest.

Beat.

Grace: Oh, no... Frank... that's really... I'm really sorry. *(Beat)* When you say... not 'OK'... it's just that's quite a vague, I mean what are we

Frank: Well, I can tell you if you'd like to know but I don't want you to feel obliged to listen to me. Just to sit here and listen to me. I don't think that's very fair at all.

Grace: No, Frank, no, I don't feel obliged, I just, you know, if there's something you need to share with someone then, and you haven't got anyone else you could – have you tried speaking to HR about it? Because they might be -

Frank: Grace I'm dying.

Pause.

Grace: What?

Frank: I've been diagnosed with a terminal illness.

Grace: Oh my God. *(Beat)* Are you... *(Beat)* I mean that's just... *(Beat)* Fuck. *(Beat)* I'm so sorry...

Frank: Thank you.

Grace: What... I mean... when... did you, like... find out?

Frank: Just now.

Grace: Just... like right now?

Frank: Moments ago.

Grace: Oh my God. How?

Frank: I had a call with my doctor.

Grace: Just now? When?

Frank: A few minutes ago.

Grace: What when I was... in the kitchen?

Frank: No, before that.

Grace: Oh right. So, you mean you were waiting to get some... what, like, results and then he called you up and told you?

Frank: She.

Grace: Sorry, she, she called you and told you... the results?

Frank: Exactly.

Grace: Jesus Christ. *(Beat)* You must be... in shock.

Frank: I'm completely in shock.

Grace: I think *I'm* in shock.

Frank: I'm sorry for shocking you.

Grace: No, don't apologise, don't... fuck. *(Beat)* When you say... terminal...

Frank: Well, to be honest... it's the worst-case scenario.

Grace: Oh my God. *(Beat)* So what does that mean in terms of like... no, I shouldn't be

Frank: No, go on.

Grace: Timings. What did she say about timings?

Frank: Months.

Grace: Months?

Frank: Maybe weeks.

Grace: Oh my fucking Christ. I am so sorry. *(Pause)* I can't believe you were just. *(Pause)* I'm so sorry.

Frank: I just wanted to tell someone. You know?

Grace: Absolutely. Of course you fucking did, that's just. Fuck. Frank. I. *(Beat)* I'm speechless.