

old.

WOMAN Alone on the sofa.

MAN Dropping the kids off at school.

WOMAN Watching another rom-com on Netflix.

MAN Remembering to feed the cat.

WOMAN Maybe I should get a cat.

*THEY BOTH LOOK UP AT THE SKY*



WOMAN God it's hot.

MAN God it's hot.



WOMAN Better top up the sun cream.

*WOMAN GOES INTO HER BAG AND BRINGS OUT A TUBE OF SUN CREAM  
WHICH SHE APPLIES TO HER FACE AND ARMS*

MAN Wish I'd brought some sun  
cream.

WOMAN Look at the state of him.

MAN Two hours out the house and starting to feel it.

WOMAN Ten **minutes** on the beach and already like a **lobster**.

MAN Do you think she'll do her back?

WOMAN I **should** do my back.

MAN Give us the big reveal.

WOMAN But **there's** no **way** I'm removing my **top**.

MAN Was that a little bit pervy?

WOMAN With **him** here gaping.

MAN Is that what you're turning into?

WOMAN If I **end up** with skin cancer.

MAN A frustrated old leech?

WOMAN It'll **be all** his fault.

WOMAN **Maybe** I should just go home.

MAN **Maybe** I should just go home.

WOMAN This **was** too soon for me.

MAN It's already too late for me.

*THEY BOTH START TO GATHER UP THEIR THINGS*

WOMAN Is **this** really all there is?

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WOMAN I **know** I've got so **much** to give.

MAN Would it actually be so awful?

WOMAN If I **found** the right person.

MAN If Karen and I cut our losses.

WOMAN And I'd make such a good mum.

MAN And we both started afresh.

WOMAN But **the** thought of **going** through it all again.

*THEIR EYES MEET*

WOMAN Scary.

MAN Scary.

WOMAN Are **there** any decent blokes left out there?

MAN Is there anyone out there who'd have me?

WOMAN They **can't** all be knobs.

MAN They can't all be ball-crushers.

WOMAN Then, name me one who didn't turn out to be a posing, insensitive, emotionally deficient, macho prick.

*SUDDENLY, MAN JUMPS TO HIS FEET, ARMS FLAILING*

MAN *(OUT LOUD)* Arrgh. Arrgh.

WOMAN *(TO MAN)* You okay?

MAN Quick. Quick. Get it off me.

WOMAN What?

MAN It's in my hair.

*WOMAN GOES TOWARDS HIM*

MAN There. Arrgh!

*SHE TAKES A BUNCH OF HIS HAIR IN HER HANDS*

MAN Don't let it get me.

WOMAN Hold still.

*WOMAN TAKES SOMETHING OUT OF MAN'S HAIR AND HOLDS IT IN THE PALM OF HER HAND*

WOMAN See!

MAN Kill it! Kill it!

WOMAN It's fine. It's only a little jumping spider. They're harmless. I expect it came from that sea poppy over there. I'll put it back.

*WOMAN TAKES A FEW STEPS, CROUCHES DOWN AND RELEASES THE SPIDER*

MAN Sorry. It's a phobia I have.

WOMAN It's gone now.

MAN Yeah.

WOMAN You're shaking. (LOOKING AT THE CAN MAN WAS DRINKING OUT OF) Why don't you take another drink of that? Steady the nerves.

MAN I should, shouldn't I.

*MAN PICKS UP THE COCKTAIL CAN AND TAKES A SWIG. WOMAN WATCHES HIM.*

MAN Would you like some?

WOMAN No. Honestly, I'm good.

MAN I have more.

WOMAN Oh I...Well, okay then.

*MAN GOES INTO HIS CARRIER BAG, PULLS OUT ANOTHER COCKTAIL CAN  
AND HANDS IT TO WOMAN*

WOMAN Thanks.

MAN No worries.