**TROY**

Michael:      Early/mid 40s Sarah's partner.

Sarah:          Early 40s Michael's partner.

Wendy:       50s, recently divorced, enjoying the physical attention of robot companion

Troy:           24, A male robot.

LOCATION: Wendy's flat. Dining room.

MICHAEL and SARAH, sit at the dining room table, dinner is over. Wendy and Troy have been having sex in the kitchen. Returning to the dining room Wendy has turned Troy ‘off’.

WENDY

He's not broken but, according to the manual, he'll take time to retrain. Just a few weeks. It's the best way really, I can't afford to get him factory reset, they charge for everything you know.

SARAH

Retrain him? I don't understand.

WENDY

New owner, new habits, he just needs to adjust. The previous owner wanted "it" all the time it seems.

MICHAEL

He's second hand? Oh, that is just horrendous. What has happened to you Wendy?

*Michael shakes his head as Wendy takes a deep breath and prepares to speak.*

WENDY

You know I didn't want to get into this. I thought I could just move on. None of the usual recriminations, name calling, telling tales. I wanted to just forget about Steven and live my life. But, it appears, that's not going to be possible. So, the truth is Michael, he's not second hand.

MICHAEL

What? So he's not second hand? I don't get it.

WENDY

I didn't buy Troy.

*Michael looks confused but Sarah figures it out.*

SARAH

Oh my god... Steven did.

*Michael is shocked.*

WENDY

Yes, he was Steven's. Steven's robot. Steven's 'friend'. In fact, this is what he spent our life savings on. He's top of the range you know. Oh, and the name Troy. Steven gave him that too.

SARAH

I'm so sorry Wendy.

WENDY

Don't be. To be honest I like him. I like Troy. The attention is, you know, fun.

*Michael still looks shell shocked.*

MICHAEL

But he's a man... doll.

SARAH

Steven left you for a man?

WENDY

Man, women it doesn't matter now. Truth is it was all a lie, everything. But yes, if you want the sordid details it was a man.

*Michael lets out a strange noise.*

WENDY

Yes, it was Philip.

*Michael lets out an even stranger high-pitched yelp*.

SARAH

Michael are you...? Did you, in the tent? With Steven and fisherman Philip?

MICHAEL

No! I had no idea, honestly, I swear. I just, I, just, sleep, fish, sleep fish... sleep fish...

SARAH

...Stop now darling, you’re sounding like a robot.

*Michael has finally shut up. He sits back stunned.*

WENDY

Don't panic Sarah. Michael isn't involved. Steven fooled us all. The fishing trips were a cover, just an opportunity for them to meet. You see they weren't authentic Michael, they weren't real. In fact, he confessed he didn't even like fishing.

*Another strange noise from Michael.*

SARAH

Didn't like fishing? Did you hear that, Michael? He didn't like fishing.

*Sarah now smiles smugly at an open-mouthed Michael.*

WENDY

Left all his kit, rods, reels, tackle out there. I was going to ask you if you wanted it. No use to me.

SARAH

No jokes Michael? Nothing about him pulling an "all nighter" with his tackle out?

*Michael can't say anything.*

SARAH

No stupid jokes at all? That's not like you.

*Michael shakes his head.*

SARAH

I've just had an idea. Do you think Troy could learn to fish?

WENDY

Oh absolutely. He can do some incredible things. Fishing would be easy in comparison.

SARAH

There you go Michael. You can go fishing with Troy. You'd like that wouldn't you? Wouldn't you Michael?

*Michael, contrite, nods.*

MICHAEL

Yes, I'd like that.

*Sarah smiles and pats his leg.*

SARAH

That’s settled then. Oh, isn't this nice, you've got a new friend.

*Michael sinks into the chair.*

WENDY

Don't be too hard on yourself Michael, we've all been deceived by Steven. You see everything about him was... pretend, a delusion, not real, a complete sham you could say.

*Wendy takes a biscuit.*