**Harry Sanders, 30s, diehard Ipswich Town Fan, sweet but a bit dopey, Suffolk accent**

**Beth Sanders, 30s, heavily pregnant, married to Harry, headstrong, patient, Suffolk accent**

~~Radio: Yes, it’s a massive day today for Ipswich Town. If they beat Huddersfield Town, they will take their place in the Premier League next season. Their first time in the top flight of English football since 2002. They only need one point, but Huddersfield are desperate to avoid relegation, so they’ll have a fight on their hands.~~

~~Harry: Come on you blues!~~ *~~(or similar)~~*

~~Radio: In a minute we’ll be talking to Keiran McKenna, the Ipswich manager. He’s looking to join a very short list of managers who’ve taken their teams up two tiers in just two seasons.~~

Harry: Oh yes. Come on Kieran!

*He does a little dance around the kitchen and becomes aware of BETH, who is heavily pregnant, standing in the doorway.)*

Oh hello darling. I thought you were having a lie-in.

Beth: I just feel a bit odd. Keep getting these cramps.

Harry: Might be indigestion again.

Beth; Yes, that curry last night was probably a mistake.

Harry: Poor thing. Come and sit down and I’ll get you a cup of tea.

Beth; You don’t think it could be starting, do you?

Harry: You’re not due for another five days.

Beth; They can come early, you know.

Harry: The NCT people said that was unlikely. Not with a first.

Beth; Sophie had hers two weeks early.

Harry: Yes, but that was Sophie.

Beth; What’s that supposed to mean?

Harry: Well… I don’t know. She’s a bit anxious, isn’t she? Not like you.

Beth; Yea, cool calm and collected that’s me. *(She winces)* Ooh that wasn’t indigestion. Do you think it was a contraction? *(Sees his expression)* Don’t look so panicked, love. Remember they said it could take hours so there’s plenty of time.

Harry: *(relieved)* You think? Yea. It’s probably one of those Broadhead- Hirst contractions.

Beth; You mean Braxton -Hicks?

Harry: Oh yea. Yea. That’s it.

Beth: Named after the 19th century doctor, not two Ipswich Town players.

Harry: Yea. Got it.

Beth: *(more pain)* Though it feels like Broadhead and Whatsisname are having a bit of a kick around in here.

Harry: Try to relax love. Here’s your tea. And I’ve made you a salad for lunch. It’s in the fridge.

Beth: *(Menacing)* Harry Sanders

Harry: What?

Beth; You’re not seriously thinking of going, are you? Not now.

Harry: But I’ve got to. I can’t let the boys down. We’ve been planning this for ages.

Beth; I did warn you. I did say you’d be cutting it close.

Harry: But it’s still nearly a week to the due date.

Beth; *(Gesturing to her bump)* Tell him that.

Harry: I promised. They can’t do it without me.

Beth; *(Looks at him. The implication is clear, neither can she)*

ENDS