**TROY**

Michael:      Early/mid 40s Sarah's partner. Rather self-satisfied, bit pompous, smug.

Sarah:          Early 40s Michael's partner.

Wendy:       50s, recently divorced.

Troy:           24, A male robot.

LOCATION: Wendy's flat. Dining room.

MICHAEL and SARAH, sit at the dining room table, dinner is over, and they patiently wait for coffee from their host WENDY.

MICHAEL

(sighs)

So, I'm just going to say this yeah. What's happening here, tonight, is not normal. It's beyond weird.

SARAH

Michael please. Just give her space. Things are bound to be tough at the beginning.

MICHAEL

Tough? This isn't tough it's pretend. No wonder Steven left her, she's delusional. It's all pretend. Not real. It's a complete sham.

*Sarah takes a deep breath but doesn't answer him. She just waits nervously, looking at the door to the hall.*

MICHAEL

He looks about twenty...

SARAH

...Twenty-four, apparently.

MICHAEL

(sarcastically)

Oh, twenty-four, that's okay then. A twenty-four-year-old android, robot or whatever you call him.

SARAH

Call him by his name, Troy, that's easy enough.

MICHAEL

If I call him Troy, I'm just going along with her fantasy.

SARAH

I have a feeling this is just a faze.

MICHAEL

Faze? She's in her fifties. Teenagers have fazes not menopausal women.

SARAH

Age has nothing to do with it.

MICHAEL

Here's a question then. Why did we side with Wendy? I mean why didn't we go with Steven instead. We know Steven equally well.

SARAH

This is a conversation for another time...

MICHAEL

...Just a simple question. Why, when couples break up do we always...

SARAH

We?

MICHAEL

You know what I mean, why do, why did, we decide that it would be better to stay friends with Wendy as opposed to Steven? Eh, answer that.

SARAH

I'm not getting into this. Troy and Wendy are in the other room.

MICHAEL

And they've been there for the last half hour so just answer the question. I mean seriously how long does making coffee take! Are they getting the bloody coffee beans from Sumatra...

SARAH

...Okay then, let's do this. So, your question was, why did we "side" with Wendy over Steven? Well maybe it was because Steven left Wendy yeah. Or maybe, maybe it's because Steven emptied their bank account of their life savings. Or, and I think this is a really, really good reason, maybe because he's a pompous, sexist twat that treated Wendy like absolute shit.

MICHAEL

(lost the argument)

Yeah, okay, I accept most of that.

SARAH

All?

MICHAEL

Okay all of that but...

SARAH

But? ...Oh, I get it, it’s just dawned on me. You won't be able to do the rugby weekends will you? That's it isn't it?

MICHAEL

No, no it's not just that.

SARAH

Oh no of course, it's not the rugby... It's the fishing weekends, isn't it? That's it.

He looks very sheepish on this.

MICHAEL

I liked them okay. It's the truth isn't it. I'm being honest. We could all do with a bit of honesty here, couldn't we?

SARAH

No, you're being selfish. You couldn't give a toss how he treats Wendy as long as you get to snuggle up in a tent with him whilst talking about how big your fish is.

MICHAEL

That's not exactly what we do in the tent.

SARAH

Okay so tell me what you do get up to in the tent?

MICHAEL

Well, we sleep in the tent and that's it. Sleep then fish. Sleep, fish. Sleep, fish. In fact, Steven is real hard core he'll be out there all night with Philip sometimes. Pulling an all nighter!

SARAH

Philip? Who's Philip?

MICHAEL

Just a fellow fisherman. I have told you about him, but you probably weren't listening.

SARAH

I probably stopped listening after you said the word fishing.

MICHAEL

That's ignorance. If I'm selfish then you're ignorant. You've never fished so how can you possibly know the sheer pleasure of sitting motionless for hours waiting for the ripple of the water, the quiver of the float, the tension as the line goes taught.

*He stands during his speech and mimics casting out, then the gentle tug of a fish, building to a full-on stretch as he lands the catch. He’s totally aminated in the moment, now, smugly holding his imaginary fish he’s caught. Sarah looks on incredulously.*

SARAH

Oh, I’m so sorry, I just didn’t realise it’s so, so… I mean you had me at sleep, fish, sleep fish but now you've explained it, really explained it, I can honestly see why you don't want to lose Steven. Seriously, what on earth have I been doing with my life!

Michael sinks in his chair, sulking.

MICHAEL

So, this is better, is it? Sitting here exchanging pleasantries with a woman making a fool of herself with her real-life toy boy! You couldn't make this shit up.

*Sarah looks to the door. To her watch.*

SARAH

I wonder if she needs any help.

A beat then...

MICHAEL

I bet they're shagging.

SARAH

Why do you have to be so crude.

MICHAEL

I'm just saying. I bet he's… giving her one.