

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.