**TROY**

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

Sarah:          Early 40s Michael's partner.

Wendy:       50s, recently divorced.

Troy:           24, handsome, classic good looks, 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

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

*At this, robot TROY, 24, enters. He's a good looking, fit guy although mechanically awkward. He carries a packet of biscuits.*

SARAH

Hi Troy, is there a problem?

He sits opposite them with a big smile on his face.

TROY

No, everything's fine Sarah.

*Michael gives Sarah a look. Troy stresses their names.*

MICHAEL

Did you forget something? You know... the coffee?

TROY

Oh yes. Sorry Michael. I have these.

*He gestures towards the biscuits.*

MICHAEL

Just a little question... Troy. Did you, by any chance...

SARAH

...Michael!  *Sarah glares at Michael.*

MICHAEL

No, no let me ask darling. Did you by any chance have...

TROY

...Sex?

MICHAEL

Yes. Did you have sex? You know when you were supposed to be making the coffee?

TROY

Yes Michael, you are very perceptive. We had full sexual intercourse. In the kitchen.

*Michael leans back, smiles smugly and nudges Sarah.*

SARAH

Troy, do you think that was appropriate, you know, having sex, when we were in the next room?

MICHAEL

Waiting for coffee? That never arrived.

TROY

Wendy is a beautiful woman, Sarah.

MICHAEL

Well, there you go! Troy had a very good reason for doing it. Wendy is beautiful.

*Michael smiles smugly at Sarah*.

TROY

Would you like a biscuit?

MICHAEL

Did you wash your hands?

TROY

Yes Michael. I washed my hands.

MICHAEL

Then yes Troy I'll have a biscuit.

*Michael takes the packet. Sarah looks at Michael a little disgusted he's having a biscuit. Michael shrugs.*

SARAH

Troy, you can see how having sexual relations, whilst entertaining friends... at a dinner party was not... probably not the correct behaviour?

MICHAEL

*(mouthful of biscuit)*

Why are you blaming Troy. Can't be his fault.

TROY

But it was my fault, Michael. We were loading the dishwasher, together. Wendy bent over and I just could not control myself.

MICHAEL

You've been in there a long time for a quickie, especially since you forgot the coffee.

TROY

No Michael I completed the correct code I conducted foreplay...

*Michael interrupts.*

MICHAEL

...Foreplay! Seriously? Not sure dishwasher sex needs to include foreplay.

SARAH

I'd like to point out Troy that we have never had dishwasher sex, whatever that is. So please wipe that from your memory bank.

TROY

Always foreplay Michael. Fifteen minutes.

MICHAEL

*(chokes on biscuit)*

Fifteen minutes! Seems a bit much.

TROY

No, standard. In fact, Wendy calls it foreplay lite.

SARAH

Lite?

TROY

Usually, three times that long.

SARAH

Really?

MICHAEL

Look, can we just stop this, it is all totally ridiculous.

SARAH

Michael...

MICHAEL

No. Don't Michael me. This whole thing, evening, is just crazy.