

Freya I pay my taxes, the whole point is you treat me so treat me I don't want to talk to you, where's the doctor?

Receptionist You will see a doctor, I'm just trying to get some details. How / long have you been –

Freya I'm not telling you anything, I don't like you, I'm in pain. It's kicking so hard. Ow!

Receptionist How many weeks?

Freya

Receptionist How many weeks?

Freya Let me in!

Dr Tim *comes in.*

Dr Tim Is there a problem?

Maryna I think you should let her in.

Jasmine *is knocking on Colin's front door.*

Colin Alright!

As the receptionist takes Freya into the hospital, Maryna watches, then walks away.

A baby is crying somewhere. The rhythmic sound of a heart beat.

Colin *answers the door.*

Jasmine I'm wet as fuck.

Colin It's not a good time.

Jasmine Can I come in or what?

Colin What?

Jasmine Funny.

She walks past him into the house.

Colin She's not back till late.

Jasmine Never is these days. She's got a reception till nine, then a late meeting, checked with her secretary, went over, had an argument today, so I know.

Colin You went to her work?

Jasmine I'm not interested in her anyway that's not why I'm here.

She looks at the house.

I hated it when you moved. That was my house. I loved that place. But this is so ... House and Garden. Yeah ... none of my mates are around got exams or whatever so I thought you'll be on your own and you could probably do with a laugh so I brought a bottle of tequila. And a spliff or two, or three.

Colin I don't really smoke illegal drugs, it's sort of frowned on for –

Jasmine You should.

Colin For husbands of government ministers.

Jasmine You should, given everything that's happened to you.

Colin A drug habit? Right.

Jasmine You lost your job.

Colin I'll find something else.

Jasmine To take?

Colin A job.

Jasmine You probably wanted kids but she's past it now.

Colin Not really.

Jasmine No she is, well past it, trust me.

Colin I mean we don't want kids.

Jasmine The house must feel empty, with you here, on your own all day.

She lights a cigarette.

Colin You can't smoke inside, you know that.

Jasmine She isn't here.

So. Why can't you get a job? Too old is it?

Colin In their terms, and I've never been one of the city boys really. Never done that stuff.

Jasmine What stuff?

Colin Cars, booze, coke.

Jasmine Strippers.

Colin Exactly. Strippers. God.

A moment.

And you're right, it's not been the easiest of months for her either, so she tends to take it out on ... well ...

Jasmine You.

Colin People.

Jasmine You. It's all got a bit bleak recently, hasn't it?

Colin Why are you here?

Jasmine I'm your fairy godmother.

She offers him a cigarette.

Colin I don't smoke.

Jasmine If you're gonna have a mid life crisis, better have a fucking good one. It won't kill you.

He takes one. She lights it.

She pours two shots of tequila.

Bad things are happening. Let's stick our heads in the sand.

They drink.

Sarah *is in a restaurant with Carter.*

Carter For me, a restaurant is never about who will be here, but who certainly won't. And there are a lot of people who certainly won't be here. The wine's excellent, the meat isn't local which in London is a good thing, the service is eight out of ten. The cheese. Well, the cheese is something to write home about. Dear mother I have just tasted the most delightful cambozolla –

She gives him the sheets of paper.

Oh.

Straight to business. Thank you.

Sarah Why don't you tell me what they are?

Carter Well. They are ... results. Of some tests. Photocopies of the originals I think. It's a preliminary report by Robert Crannock ... your father yes?

Sarah Why did you send them?

Carter Me?

No I didn't send them. I don't know anything about them.

The waiter comes over and pours some wine. Sarah drinks straight away.

Sarah Alright well, why *might* someone ...

Carter Why *might* someone have sent them?