

Freya Boyfriend right, I b t you wouldn't leave him by himself if he was having a baby.

Tim Hard to say.

Freya I'm not very happy at the moment. Brave face, but I'm struggling. You should let me stay.

Tim Freya I can't unless you're in for a . . . Do you want to see her?

Freya Who?

Tim Your daughter.

Freya No.

Tim If you see her, you can stay the night. That's the deal.

Tim *smiles.*

Freya You're just like my husband.

Tim In what way?

Freya He's always smiling too, like nothing's wrong.

She winces with pain.

Steve *looks, very seriously, at Robert.*

Steve It's a nice house.

Robert Jealous.

Steve Not really.

Robert Small flat you've got. She finds it claustrophobic.

Steve Is that what she said?

Robert What do you think? Is she happy? With the house? Is she happy? With you?

These are the questions.
Point is, you don't know.
What do you do Steve?

Steve I'm sure she mentioned it.

Robert Of course, but – I want you to be proud of it, Steve. I want you to declare it.

Steve I'm a writer.

Robert You're a writer. Good. Of?

Steve Books. Sort of trivia books.

Robert Sort of trivia books. That's right. What sort of trivia books?

Steve For the Christmas market mainly, they're like stocking fillers.

Robert And what do they like, fill the stocking with. What are they called?

Steve The latest one was 'Fifty Shit Things About Britain'.

Robert Fifty Shit Things About Britain. Wow. Steve. Wow. That's what you think? That Britain's shit.

Steve Yeah, nothing to be proud of really.

Robert Well I don't know, there's always your book.

Steve We're working on a sequel actually, for this year.

Robert Another Fifty Shit Things About Britain?

Steve Fifty Shitter Things About Britain.

They sell very well.

The first bought the flat.

This one's for Emily.

Robert Emily?

Steve

Robert Tell me some of your shit things.

Steve Look, this isn't the point, I'm not here to chat –

Robert Why not? Are you staying? Tonight?

Steve You said a hotel.

Robert There isn't one, and it's terrible anyway. Stay here.

Steve No.

Robert Why not? Scared?

Steve It doesn't feel right.

Robert What does that mean, 'doesn't feel right'?

Steve To stay under your roof.

Robert You don't know me.

Steve I know what you did to them.

Robert What I *did* to them. I didn't *do* anything. I said things. I told them the truth. *Did something*, sounds like you're implying I hit them.

Steve No.

Robert Or fucked them something like that. You're not implying something like that are you?

Steve Of course not.

Robert Then watch your fucking language.
Choose better words.
Stay. And we'll talk. We'll find the time. Later on. Yes?

Steve Okay.

Robert Good. Now, tell me why Britain's so shit.

Jasmine and Colin *have wine and are quite stoned.*

Jasmine I feel so fucking aimless Colin, I want to go where I want, do what I like, spend money, I want to shout all the time. Cos it's bullshit, just everyone, isn't it? Pushing emails around, shall we meet? Shall we have a pre meet? How about Thursday? I'm busy Thursday, well how about we meet to work out when's good, let's pencil that in, fucking about on facebook, events, messages, profiles, pretending to have friends, and I don't mind but none of it's *achieving* anything, it's one big 'general meeting', just chatter, and when it all fucks up, which it will, just statistically, historically, when it all goes pear shaped, they'll be full of regrets. 'I should've slept with him, I should've gone there, done that while I had the chance'. And I never want regrets Colin so while I still can I'm gonna fuck some shit up.

Colin I've never done that.

Jasmine What?

Colin Fucking ... shit ... or ...

Jasmine Oh Colin.

Colin I've found for the sake of dignity it's better to stay away from the ... shit.

Jasmine We have to sort you out.

Colin *lets out a long strange depressing sigh.*

Sarah and Carter *in a bar – more relaxed now.*
Cocktails and a night time view over London.