

Sarah Get here, to the department, for one o'clock. We'll have twenty minutes. Well, ten. Come to the desk and tell them who you are.

Freya Thanks.

Sarah Right.

Sarah *hangs up. The mother accidentally drops a leaflet from the pram. Freya picks it up and reads it.*

Freya A picnic, on Parliament Hill.

Perfect.

Excuse me.

Freya *follows the woman, off through the Heath*

Mr Crannock's House.

Steve *is asleep on the sofa. Mrs Andrews clatters in, open the curtains.*

Mrs Andrews Are you not awake yet?

Steve *wakes up.*

How did you sleep?

Steve How do you think?

Steve *stands up in just his boxer shorts, woozy.*

The sofa's too short, so I tried the floor, but there was a draught.

Mrs Andrews Mr Sullivan . . .

Steve What?

Mrs Andrews You're not at your best.

Steve Oh.

Steve *He puts his jeans on. Then a t-shirt.*

Isn't there a spare room?

Mrs Andrews There's my room.

Steve I'm sorry?

Mrs Andrews If you'd called ahead, we could've made arrangements.

Steve What do you mean?

Mrs Andrews When your wife visited, I stayed at my sister's.

Steve Oh – you . . . Freya called ahead?

Mrs Andrews Do you two not talk about these things? Now, Mr Crannock has got up and gone out. He starts very early, and won't be disturbed. You've never met I understand?

Steve No.

Mrs Andrews No, well if he trusts you you'll get a drink, if he likes you, he'll talk all night. He'll be back to the house later this afternoon, as will I.

Steve What am I supposed to do until then? You've got no television, I didn't bring my computer, there's no reception on my phone.

Mrs Andrews You'll have to occupy yourself I suppose.

Steve With what?

Mrs Andrews *looks at him.*

Mrs Andrews There's a radio.

Mrs Andrews *goes.*

Freya *sees an Old Woman laying flowers at a war memorial. The Old Woman wears a coat and headscarf.*

Freya Excuse me.

Old Woman Alright dear?

Freya I like your flowers.