

Jasmine Right so, your family? Shut up. Never met them. Are you sorry? What you did to me?

Tom I tried three times to talk you about it instead, but you just shouted me down, get another drink, walk away. So no I'm not sorry, you didn't leave me a choice.

She pushes him away and storms off, leaving him in the street.

Mrs Andrews *is sorting through table cloths. Steve talks to her. The clock strikes four o'clock.*

Steve How much longer is he going to be?

Mrs Andrews He'll be home soon.

Steve I could help if you like? With that?

Mrs Andrews Go and stand over there.

Steve does as he's told.

Steve You were here when my wife visited.

Mrs Andrews In the day, yes.

Steve What was she like?

Mrs Andrews I don't know. She was polite, she was like a young lady. I hope you know better than me.

Beat.

Steve They talked.

Mrs Andrews All night I believe.

Steve What about?

Mrs Andrews You think I was in there listening? I stayed at my sister's.

A pause.

Steve You know he hasn't seen his children in years.

Mrs Andrews Aye.

Steve You know why?

Mrs Andrews I stay out of his business. You'd best talk to him. If you're sensible, and you might be, you might not be, I don't know, but if you are, you'll not cross him.

Steve Why not?

Mrs Andrews *takes a towel and begins unfolding it.*

Mrs Andrews Because, Mr Sullivan, while I'll admit you don't look stupid, whilst I'll concede you seem to have some kind of brain, you're no genius.

Steve And he is?

Mrs Andrews Yes.

Steve A genius?

Mrs Andrews Aye.

Steve What does that even mean?

The door bursts open and Robert Crannock enters. A seventy-year-old man, in a raincoat, and holding a small wind turbine.

Robert A person of extraordinary intellect and talent.

A person who has great influence over another. Take this.

He gives the turbine to Steve.

A wise man. A shaman. A prophet.

Mrs Andrews *shuts the door and gives him the towel on cue.*

Mrs Andrews Mr Crannock.

Steve I'm sorry to just –

Robert Shh. I've had the data, had that for a while, but now you're here in person, now I'm

looking at you . . . you don't work too hard, that's clear, a sense of humour but nothing with edge. You used to be a sportsman. Cricket?

Steve Football.

Robert Football. Ha! But that's been dropped. Your shirt's a bit tight round the side, you've put on weight recently. You like things to be simple. Fish fingers and chips. Don't like posh food. You're that sort of man. Yes? Chicken nuggets and pizza. Ketchup. Beans. Children's food. You haven't cut your fingernails properly, tells me you're self-employed. Yes? Good.

So? Me?

Come on *Steve*. Who am I? Am I what you expected?

Steve You're lonely. But I knew that already.

Robert Oooh. Killer. But no actually, not so lonely. Mrs Andrews keeps me company. She's a blessing. Problem is. She loves me.

Mrs Andrews

Robert Those *eyes*. I tell her, Mrs Andrews, it's not you, it's your *age*. It's prohibitive. I know why you're here.

Steve Good.

Robert And I'm not interested, could've told you over the phone. Now this . . .

Robert *pours himself a drink.*

Is a nice fine single malt. Should I be drinking at my age, at this time in the afternoon, you're thinking. You're not a whisky drinker are you Steve?

Steve Not really.

Robert Not really? You are or you're not. Where did you sleep?

Steve On the sofa.

Robert We don't have a spare bed do we?

Mrs Andrews No.

Robert Flirting! Look at her. There isn't a bed, there you have it, straight from the horse's mouth – no offence Mrs A – and you didn't call ahead, so it looks like you're on the sofa again tonight.

Steve If we can just talk now I can get going, I don't –

Robert I work hard, you can see this I work all day I've got things to do. I'm very busy.

Steve I've come all the way here –

Robert So make the most of it there's hotels – scenery. A loch nearby, a castle.

Steve I'm here because of Freya.

Robert I know Steve, *I know* why you're here.

Steve She said this about you.

Robert What?

Steve That you get angry quickly.

Robert She told me about you too.

Steve Did she?

Robert About the problems.

Steve What problems?

Robert Exactly.

Have you made up your mind?

Steve What about?

Robert Are you a drinker of white?

Steve Alright.

Robert You are?

Steve Yeah, I'll have one.

Robert Good.

Steve

Robert Good boy. Better.
Doing better.

He pours one. Gives it to Steve.

There.

They drink.

Steve It's good.

Robert Mine is. You've got the cheap stuff.

It is late and overcast now. Dark. Windy.

Jasmine arrives at a bar. A **Barman** comes over:

Jasmine I want the strongest drink.

Barman I'm sorry?

Jasmine The most alcoholic drink you sell.

Barman Look, it's only five.

Jasmine Are you a clock?

Barman What?

Jasmine Cos you look like a barman, you work in a bar, but you're telling me the time. It's quite simple, I want to get as drunk as I can, as quickly as possible, so –

Barman Absinthe.

Jasmine Two please.

Barman One for you and one for ...

Jasmine The sheer hell of it. Come on ...

She reads his name badge.

Paul.
Paul! This is urgent.
I need to get off my face ...

Jasmine hits the bar suddenly.

Come on!

The Barman pours Jasmine her shots. Freya follows the two mothers to a picnic, listening to 'Happiness' by Goldfrapp. The sky is clouding over, getting darker.

Meanwhile, Carter is waiting in the street. Sarah approaches him, windswept, and unhappy.

Sarah I'm late I know. Long day. Where are we going?

Carter Don't you have an umbrella?

Sarah Clearly not.

Carter This way.

They go off, under his umbrella.

The group of mothers in black with black prams and sunglasses appear again. They dance and sing, holding their wrapped up babies, showing them to each other, drinking their coffee and ignoring Freya.

They sing and dance to 'Happiness' by Goldfrapp.

Freya watches them, and tries to take part.

After a while Freya takes a headphone out and speaks to them.

Freya Excuse me?

Mothers Yes?

Freya I'm here for the picnic.