

ALEX

ALEX bounds on, sits on the corner of the stage

ALEX. So hey, I'm Alex, great to see you and all that.

Thanks for coming.

Before we start, I just want to make sure that we're totally clear about the parameters here – to set and manage your expectations, make sure we all know roles and responsibilities. All that standard corporate project-management shit.

So you've paid your thirty-five quid, fifteen if you're some kind of a massive screaming pikey – and for that you kind of expect – what's the best way to put this?

As far as I can tell this is essentially a financial exchange where you've paid money to be entertained by a bunch of horrific human suffering – which – if you think about it, is kind of weird.

Kind of dark.

But I suppose entertainment's a business like any other.

So, if that's what floats your boat – yeah – I can totally give you your dirty little pervo fix, yeah?

Right, try this fucker on – it's a fucking doozy, right.

If you like that sort of thing.

So my girlfriend and my best friend were killed. She was at his flat on the Harwood Road. And they were fucking. And I didn't know.

ALEX CONT'D

They found them a week later. Like those bodies, you know, in Pompeii, or whatever. *Fused*, they said in the inquest. Fused together.

My best mate and my girlfriend.

‘Surprise!’

Retrospectively, of course, there were these clues. There were spunk marks in the bed where we didn’t habitually leave spunk marks – there was his casual touching of her arm and stuff in the pub –there was the fact that she was the happiest I’d seen her for years, and I was barely putting any fucking effort into the relationship at all –

But you see what you want to see, believe what you want to believe. You’re like – ‘Will and Tilly? No fucking way.’

And you’re at work like ninety hours a week so you can’t like *police* it – and envy is such a pointless emotion, you know?

And it actually made it easier to *mourn* them – the consolation that they were a pair of cheating cunts.

For that I’m profoundly grateful, actually.