

FLOSS + CLIVE

FLOSS (to CLIVE). So, here we are.

CLIVE. Yes. Was it here?

FLOSS. More, kind of, here.

CLIVE. Oh.

FLOSS. Although there was some there too.

(*Apologetically.*) Shit, sorry.

CLIVE. No worries.

FLOSS. You could kind of see more where it was before, but my father had the wall repainted and a chiminea put over the hole left by the seat.

CLIVE. Yeah. You'd kind of have to do that, wouldn't you – tidy everything up. Get things back to normal –

FLOSS. It wasn't like that – Dad, he just –

CLIVE (*with difficulty*). Look. I just wanted to say sorry on behalf of the whole family for all the trouble it caused you.

FLOSS (to us). And the guy's dad was dead, and all he wanted to do was apologise for the mess. The sweet, sweet little fucker. And I was all like –

(To CLIVE.) Don't be ridiculous. Honestly, it was no trouble at all –

(To us.) And then I wanted to just *die* – 'it was no trouble' – what a massive *tool* – like it was his dog that shat in the garden rather than –

FLOSS + CLIVE CONT'D

(To CLIVE.) Let's move the chimenia so you can see properly – if you want?

CLIVE. I'd like that.

FLOSS. Look, here, let me –

She offers to move it, bending down in the process.

CLIVE. No, seriously, let me. It looks heavy.

FLOSS. We can do it together?

CLIVE. No, seriously, I can manage if – I don't want you to fuck your back –

FLOSS. Quite.

(To CLIVE.) I'll go and make some coffee, yeah?

CLIVE. Thanks.

She leaves.