

Start

MARIANNE. Well —

ROLAND. What's the point in me even —

MARIANNE. Well —

ROLAND. D'you see what I'm saying?

MARIANNE. No, totally, but — Let's say that ours really is the only universe that exists. There's only one unique me and one unique you. If that were true, then there could only ever really be one choice. But if every possible future exists, then the decisions we do and don't make will determine which of these futures we actually end up experiencing. Imagine rolling a dice six thousand times.

(Still drunk:)

ROLAND. Everything?

MARIANNE. Everything.

ROLAND. Everything I've ever done?

MARIANNE. Everything you've ever and never done.

ROLAND. But if everything I'm ever gonna do already exists, then what's the point in me —

MARIANNE. There isn't.

ROLAND. What?

MARIANNE. In none of our equations do we see any sign whatsoever of any evidence of free will.

ROLAND. In your e —

MARIANNE. We're just particles.

ROLAND. Speak for y'self.

MARIANNE. We're just particles governed by a series of very particular laws being knocked the fuck around all over the place.

ROLAND. You make it sound so glamorous.

(Marianne and Roland are sober:)

MARIANNE. Most of my time is spent sitting in front of a computer typing in numbers. It's not really very interesting.

ROLAND. Okay.

MARIANNE. Look, I, I've had a really enjoyable evening.

ROLAND. No, yeah, me —

MARIANNE. I haven't really made up my mind, though, whether or not I'd like you to stay. I just — I've got quite a bit on at the moment and we were having a really lovely time and I thought it would be really nice to invite you back. But I just want to be clear that I'm not massively interested in sleeping with you.

ROLAND. It's all right, you don't have to —

MARIANNE. I'd just sort of rather get into bed and go to sleep. But I'm completely happy to go and get you a sleeping bag and a couple of towels.

ROLAND. Okay.

MARIANNE. But — I mean, just to be clear, I'm not being coy. I'm not sort of saying no to sex but yes to all the other stuff. We're going to go to sleep, separately, and then we're going to wake up and then we're going to have some toast. Or, I mean, whatever. You don't have to have toast.

ROLAND. Floor's fine. Honestly.

MARIANNE. *I'm so tired. I'm so tired, Roland. Before people had face*

Face before they

FUCK.

ROLAND. Okay.

MARIANNE. God.

ROLAND. God?

MARIANNE. *People's lives were their own. Before it became skin*
Skin

ROLAND. *Skin?*

MARIANNE. *Mum wasn't scared of dying, she was scared of being kept alive. You know?*

ROLAND. Yes.

MARIANNE. *That wasn't what scared her.*

ROLAND. *I understand.*

MARIANNE. *It's not just the speaking.*

ROLAND. *Okay now I don't understand?*

MARIANNE. *Reading. I'm having trouble — Numbers, words, on the page. I don't know how to explain it. Typing. Typing, as well.*

ROLAND. *In what way?*

MARIANNE. *I know the word. I know the word I'm trying to type. But I don't know the letters. None of the letters seem right. Rea*

Rea

ROLAND. *You don't need to finish.*

MARIANNE. *I want to.*

ROLAND. *I think I know what you're trying to say.*

MARIANNE. *How How can you know what I'm trying to say? Mmm Most of the time I don't even know what I'm trying to say.*

ROLAND. *You're right I was being polite because I don't want you to wear yourself out.*

MARIANNE. *Maybe we should get me a notepad to hang around my neck?*

ROLAND. *What?*

MARIANNE. *Kidding.*

ROLAND. *Mary fucking hell.*

MARIANNE. *Roland I don't think that I can go back to work.*

ROLAND. All right?

MARIANNE. Where have you been?

ROLAND. Pub.

MARIANNE. I sent you a text.

ROLAND. I know.

MARIANNE. Why didn't you text me back?

ROLAND. Dunno.

MARIANNE. What does that mean?

ROLAND. It means I dunno. Means I didn't think it was urgent.

MARIANNE. I didn't know where you were.

ROLAND. I just told you.

MARIANNE. Now, you just told me now, but I wanted to know —

ROLAND. I was playing tennis. I was playing tennis with Tony and then we went to the pub. What's wrong? I'm sorry. What is it, what's wrong?

MARIANNE. Roland I'm really sorry.

ROLAND. What, what is it?

MARIANNE. James and I had sex.

ROLAND. James.

MARIANNE. From work.

ROLAND. The bowl cut? You mean the bloke with the bowl cut?

MARIANNE. Yes.

ROLAND. When?

MARIANNE. We've — There's been a few. A few times.

ROLAND. How many's a few?

MARIANNE. I'd rather we didn't get into who did what to whom.

ROLAND. How many's a few, Mary?

MARIANNE. Six. Maybe seven.

ROLAND. Spread out? Were the six or seven times you had sex spread out over a particular period of time?

MARIANNE. Yes.

ROLAND. Are you together, then, d'you wanna be together?

MARIANNE. I don't know.

ROLAND. Is he moving in?

MARIANNE. Of course not. Roland, of course he's not.

ROLAND. Do you want me to move out?

(Beat.)

When do you want me to move out?

MARIANNE. There's no rush.

ROLAND. That's it then is it?

MARIANNE. Where have you been?

ROLAND. Pub.

MARIANNE. I sent you a text.

ROLAND. I know.

MARIANNE. Why didn't you text me back?

ROLAND. Dunno.

MARIANNE. What does that mean?

ROLAND. It means I dunno. Means I didn't think it was urgent.

MARIANNE. I didn't know where you were.

ROLAND. I just told you.

MARIANNE. Now, you just told me now, but I wanted to know —

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MARIANNE. Roland I'm really sorry.

ROLAND. What, what is it?

MARIANNE. James and I had sex.

ROLAND. James.

MARIANNE. From work.

ROLAND. Dandruff? You mean the bloke with the dandruff?

MARIANNE. He doesn't — Yes.

ROLAND. When?

MARIANNE. We've — There's been a few. A few times.

ROLAND. How many's a few?

MARIANNE. I'd rather we didn't get into who did what to whom.

ROLAND. How many's a few, Mary?

MARIANNE. Six. Maybe seven.

ROLAND. Spread out?

MARIANNE. What?

ROLAND. Were the six or seven times you had sex spread out over a particular period of time?

MARIANNE. Yes.

Stop

ROLAND. What's that?

MARIANNE. He was a, he was a PE teacher, wasn't he?

ROLAND. Right, no, I see. They called it a day. New bloke's a something or other for the DVLA.

MARIANNE. Wow.

ROLAND. I've been ordered to sort out my two left feet or else. How about you?

MARIANNE. Similar, really. Wedding.

ROLAND. Your own or —

MARIANNE. No, God, can you imagine. I'm being a very diligent bridesmaid. We're having some kind of mass Viennese Waltz. I'm not sure I fully understand it as yet.

ROLAND. So is this your first? Lesson.

MARIANNE. No, second. You?

ROLAND. First, yeah.

MARIANNE. Well done on the comfortable trouser front. I came straight from work. Last week. Crotch was like a fucking furnace by the time I got home.

(Beat.)

ROLAND. Mary, I'm sorry.

MARIANNE. Well done on the comfortable trouser front. I came straight from work. Last week. Crotch was like a fucking inferno by the time I got home.

(Beat.)

Roland, I'm sorry.

ROLAND. What for?

MARIANNE. Well done on the comfortable trouser front. I came straight from work. Last week. Crotch was like a fucking sauna by the time I got home.

(Beat.)

I have to say it because if I don't I'll feel like a fraud.

ROLAND. Mary —

MARIANNE. Let's go for a drink. I don't know what I'm doing here anyway. One drink. And if you never want to see me again you never have to see me again.

ROLAND. Mary —

MARIANNE. Why don't we go for a drink? I don't know what I'm doing here anyway. One drink. And if you never want to see me again you never have to see me again.

ROLAND. Mary —

MARIANNE. One drink. And if you never want to see me again you never have to see me again.

ROLAND. Mary —

MARIANNE. And if you never want to see me again you never have to see me again.

ROLAND. *I don't really know what to say.*

MARIANNE. *You don't have to say anything.*

ROLAND. *No I know but I want to; I want to know what to say to you.*

MARIANNE. *A lot of people apparently never go through with it.*

ROLAND. *How do you mean?*

MARIANNE. *A lot of people, once they've been given the green night Night*

Once they've A lot of

ROLAND. *It's okay.*

MARIANNE. *They're, they're happy enough knowing it's there.*

ROLAND. *How do you know that?*

MARIANNE. *It's on the website.*

ROLAND. *When you say a lot how many are we talking?*

MARIANNE. *I think it was something like two-thirds. Safety net. For a lot of people.*

ROLAND. *And is that how you're feeling about it?*

MARIANNE. *I don't know.*

ROLAND. *Would I be able to come with you?*

MARIANNE. *Would you want to? Come with me.*

ROLAND. *Would you want me to come with you?*

(Marianne nods. Beat.)

MARIANNE. *I keep thinking of Mum.*

(Roland takes a piece of A4 paper from a pocket and reads.)

ROLAND. There are three different kinds of bees. The drones, the workers, and a single, solitary queen. The workers are all women. Their job is to forage for honey, pollen, et cetera. Their lifespan is potentially anywhere between five weeks and six months. And then they die. Drones exist solely to have sex with the queen. Each hive tends to have around a hundred

Start

drones. Once they've deposited their sperm, their penis gets ripped off and they die. Honeybees have an unfailing clarity of purpose. Their lives are often intensely short. But in a strange sort of way, I'm jealous of the humble honey bee and their quiet elegance. If only our existence were that simple. If only we could understand why it is that we're here and what it is that we're meant to spend our lives doing. I am uncertain when it comes to a great many things. But there is now one thing I am defiantly certain of.

(Roland folds up the piece of paper, puts it back in his pocket and — from another pocket — takes out a small black box. Roland kneels and opens the small black box.)

Marianne Aubele, will you marry me?

MARIANNE. Roland, I've got a tutorial. You can't just turn up like this. I mean. It's the middle of the day, there's a lot going on. I need to think about it. I'm sorry. I just. I just really need some space.

(Roland stands and returns the small black box to his pocket.)

MARIANNE. This is a surprise.

ROLAND. Is it.

MARIANNE. It's the middle of the afternoon.

ROLAND. Are you busy?

MARIANNE. Are you — Is everything —

ROLAND. There's something I'd like to say. To you.

(Roland takes a piece of A4 paper from a pocket and reads.)

There are three different kinds of bees. The drones, the workers, and a single, solitary queen. The workers are all women. Their job is to forage for honey, pollen, et cetera. Their lifespan is potentially anywhere between five weeks and six months. And then they die. Drones exist solely to have sex with the queen. Each hive tends to have around a hundred drones. Once they've deposited their sperm, their penis gets ripped off and they die. Honeybees have an unfailing clarity of purpose. Their lives are often intensely short. But in a strange sort of way, I'm jealous of the humble honeybee and their quiet elegance. If only our existence were that simple. If

MARIANNE. Roland —

Roland any moment a —

Any moment a —

only we could understand why it is that we're here and what it is that we're meant to spend our lives doing. I am uncertain when it comes to a great many things. But there is now one thing I am defiantly certain of.

(Roland folds up the piece of paper, puts it back in his pocket and — from another pocket — takes out a small black box.)

MARIANNE. Roland, please.

(Roland kneels and opens the small black box.)

Roland, get up, come on.

ROLAND. Marianne Aubele, will you marry me?

(Beat.)

MARIANNE. Roland, we talked about this. Come on.

(Roland stands and returns the small black box to his pocket.)

MARIANNE. This is a surprise.

ROLAND. Is it.

MARIANNE. It's the middle of the afternoon.

ROLAND. There's something I'd like to say to you.

(Roland reaches into a pocket, but there is nothing there.)

Shit.

MARIANNE. What is it?

(Roland checks his other pockets.)

ROLAND. I've left it at home.

MARIANNE. Left what at home? Roland.

(Beat.)

Roland, is everything all right?

ROLAND. Okay I'm gonna just — I'm gonna just own up: I came down here because I wanted to — I had this whole *thing* written out. Took me a fucking age. And it's — It's just thrown me a bit.

MARIANNE. Roland you're sweating.

ROLAND. There's something I'd like to say. To you.

(Roland readies himself to speak.)

Um, so, as you know, well, maybe, *maybe* you know, there are, there are three different kinds of bees. There's the drones, there's the workers, and there's the queen. And the, the drones are all women. Sorry, the, the workers, the *workers* are all women. The drones have sex with the queen. But then once they've, once they've ejaculated, they, er, they die. Shoulda written this down.

MARIANNE. Roland —

ROLAND. What I'm tryina say is that bees have a really short life. They have an incredibly short life and then that's it. Possibly the bit about the lifespan shoulda come at the start and then I coulda moved on to the —

MARIANNE. Is there something —

ROLAND. Do you remember when we first met?

MARIANNE. Yes.

ROLAND. You do?

MARIANNE. Yes.

ROLAND. At that wedding.

MARIANNE. What?

ROLAND. John and Ruth's wedding.

MARIANNE. We met at a barbeque.

(Roland takes a piece of A4 paper from a pocket and reads.)

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(Roland folds up the piece of paper, puts it back in his pocket and — from another pocket — takes out a small black box. Roland kneels and opens the small black box.)

Marianne Aubele, will you marry me?

MARIANNE. Okay.

ROLAND. Really?

MARIANNE. Yeah, really.

(Marianne kisses Roland. Roland slides the engagement ring onto the appropriate finger. Marianne kisses Roland.)

Where was that speech from? Was it from a book? It was, wasn't it?

Was it the Ted Hooper? It was, wasn't it?

ROLAND. Bits.

(Marianne laughs and then kisses Roland.)

MARIANNE. I've got to do a fucking tutorial.

ROLAND. I'll see you at home.

MARIANNE. Is that okay?

ROLAND. Of course.

MARIANNE. Thank you.

Stop *(Marianne kisses Roland.)*

MARIANNE. *If you're serious you write to them.*

ROLAND. *Meaning what?*

MARIANNE. *Outline why they ought to be taking you seriously.*

ROLAND. *And if they do?*

MARIANNE. *You meet someone.*

ROLAND. *Out there or here?*

MARIANNE. *Out there. You*

You

You have to meet them a couple of times.

ROLAND. *Always out there?*

MARIANNE. *I think so.*

ROLAND. *Then what?*

MARIANNE. *Then it's up to you.*

ROLAND. *How do they do it?*

MARIANNE. *They use something called a Bar*

Abar

A

A

ROLAND. *It's okay.*

MARIANNE. *They mix it with water.*

ROLAND. *I don't really know what to say.*

MARIANNE. *You don't have to say anything.*

ROLAND. *No I know but I want to; I want to know what to say to you.*

MARIANNE. *A lot of people apparently never go through with it.*

ROLAND. *How do you mean?*

MARIANNE. *A lot of people, once they've been given the green night*

Night

Once they've A lot of

ROLAND. *It's okay.*

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