

Scene One

Llangain. March. Early evening.

The living area of the Williams' family home.

It has seen better days.

Dining table, sofa, family photos, DVDs, coffee table, stereo.

*On some shelves is a collection of things that **Huw** and his father have gathered from the coast – an hourglass, a bunch of keys, a raven's feather, a small toy London bus and at least two shells.*

One exit leads to the kitchen and the rest of the house. The other exit, the 'back door', is visible to the audience.

Dusk sunlight streams through a window; the other lights in the room are switched off.

We can hear some light evening bird song.

Huw is cleaning the coastal objects, finishing with the hourglass.

Tranquillity . . .

*Then a noise from outside. **Huw** looks out of the window, runs his hands through his hair, places the hourglass back onto the shelf and darts upstairs, leaving his laptop.*

Elin opens the door, turns on the lights, takes off her coat and scans the room.

Thomas, outside, looks up at the sky.

Thomas Looks like we just missed rain.

Elin That'll be a first.

Thomas enters, shutting the door behind him.

They look at each other.

Beat.

Elin So . . . this is it.

Thomas . . . Nice.

4 BLUE

Elin (*unsure*) Yeah . . .

Thomas It is /

Elin I'll get us some drink. Continue this . . . this 'booze cruise'.

Elin *pushes past Thomas locking the door.*

Elin Make yourself at home.

Elin *exits.*

Thomas, *alone, takes in the space; inspecting the DVDs etc.*

Elin *enters with a bottle and two glasses.*

Elin So this is all we got.

Thomas What is it?

Elin . . . Eggnog.

Thomas (*laughs*) Great . . .

Elin I know right?

Thomas Christmas in March now is it?

Elin You gunna take your coat off or . . . ?

Elin *opens the eggnog and pours two glasses. Thomas takes his coat off revealing an adventurous choice of shirt in either colour or pattern.*

Elin (*referencing his shirt*) There it is!

Thomas Noticed did ya?

Elin Hard to miss it. Caused quite a few looks.

Thomas Did it?

Elin / A few raised eyebrows. Those poor old buggers didn't know what hit them. They went for a quiet drink and /

Elin *sophisticatedly hands Thomas a glass.*

Elin Merry Christmas Mr Stevenson.

Thomas (*laughs*) Merry Christmas Miss Williams.

Elin Call me Elin, please.

Thomas Cheers.

They drink. Elin tries to play it cool then –

Elin Fuck /

Thomas Yeah /

Elin / that's rank.

Thomas Wouldn't have been my first choice.

Elin No?

Thomas . . . More of a mulled wine man.

Elin Mulled cider is where it's at mate.

Thomas *hears something coming from upstairs.*

Thomas You hear that?

Elin What?

Thomas That noise.

Elin Pipes, I expect.

Thomas Right. . . /

Elin Old house. You know what it's like, creaks a bit.

Thomas Just /

Elin Don't worry /

Thomas I wasn't /

Elin It's just the two of us.

Thomas I /

Elin They're always at work till late.

Thomas Right.

What does your dad / do?

6 BLUE

Elin *pulls out a packet of cigarettes and sits down on the sofa.*
Thomas *follows.*

Elin Smoke?

Thomas . . . No.

Elin Sure?

Thomas Yeah . . .

Elin Just, 'cause, you used to.

Thomas What? /

Elin I remember seeing you, crossing the road hiding behind those cul-de-sacs puffing away /

Thomas Shit /

Elin / You weren't that discreet.

Thomas Busted!

Elin So go on then.

Thomas No thanks.

Elin No?

Thomas No.

Elin Why?

Thomas Well I . . . I quit.

Elin Quit?

Thomas Yeah /

Elin You know, the number of people that actually die from smoking, is a lot less than you'd think.

Thomas Is it?

Elin Yep.

Thomas Where'd you read that /

Elin *lights up*.

Elin Go on have one.

Thomas No /

Elin Treat yourself.

Thomas No /

Elin I won't tell if you won't /

Thomas I made myself a promise.

Elin Promise?

Thomas That I'd . . . start looking after myself /

Elin Looking after yourself?

Thomas Yeah.

Elin But . . . you've just downed three pints.

Thomas Well /

Elin On a school night.

Thomas I /

Elin Doesn't seem like you're doing a very good job.

Thomas Actually I've, I've shifted two stone.

Elin Have you?

Thomas Started hitting the gym.

Elin Oh yeah?

Thomas You should feel my tum.

Elin You offering or? /

Thomas It's firm.

Elin (*sarcastic*) Nice . . .

Thomas Now there's no need for that.

8 BLUE

Elin What?

Thomas You know.

Elin No . . . /

Thomas Being all sarcy.

Elin I wasn't being sarcy.

Thomas Weren't ya?

Elin No!

Thomas Well there we are then.

Beat.

As they drink Thomas looks Elin in the eye. Having remembered something Elin starts to laugh.

Thomas What?

What? What's funny?

Elin Nothing . . .

Thomas No go on.

Elin Just . . . No.

Thomas Go on.

Elin No.

Thomas Don't be a killjoy.

Elin I'm not being a /

Thomas You are!

Elin Just . . . when we were at school me and a couple of the girls we, we played this game right, where we'd . . . we'd take whatever it was we were eating and, and challenge each other to eat it seductively . . .

Thomas Right . . .

Elin / like we were having dinner with you.

Thomas With me?

Elin It wasn't my idea.

Thomas Sure . . .

Elin I just . . . just played along.

Thomas Yeah right /

Elin Patrice Davies was the brains.

Thomas Who? /

Elin You know, glasses, curly hair, face like she sucked lemons /

Thomas Ostrich?

Elin What?

Thomas That's what we used to call her.

Elin Who did?

Thomas Everyone.

Elin You telling me the staff gave us nicknames?

Thomas What'd you think we'd do at lunch, sit there and play Candy Crush?

Elin I dunno talk about /

What was my nickname?

Thomas Can't remember.

Elin Yeah you can.

Thomas Can't. Promise. And even if I did I wouldn't tell ya. 'What's said in the staff room, stays in the staff room.'

Elin Now who's being a killjoy?

Beat.

Elin (*edging closer to Thomas*) So . . . /