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Lisa *lights candles and turns on lamps, to give the room a more romantic atmosphere.*

She selects some CDs and puts them into the system. The volume is gentle and not too overpowering.

She gently adjusts some of the coastal objects.

Huw *enters with four wine glasses, setting them on the table.*

Lisa There's a good boy. Wasn't so difficult was it?

Huw I guess not.

Lisa *(presenting the space)* What do you think?

Huw Uhh . . .

Lisa We've had very little time but I think, I think, there's some romance don't you?

Huw Yeah . . .

Lisa Right, now then, we better get changed.

Huw Changed?

Lisa We can't have dinner dressed like this.

Huw Why not?

Lisa Well it's . . . it's not very flattering is it?

Huw Flattering?

Lisa I mean look at your jumper /

Huw What about it?

Lisa Well it's . . . it's all baggy /

Huw Oh /

Lisa And there's holes in the sleeves. No, no, no tell you what, why don't you put on that nice blue one I bought you.

Huw But /

Lisa The tight one. The one I bought you for /

Elin and Thomas are outside, trying to open the back door.

Elin Mum. Mum! Let us in.

(To **Thomas**.) She's got this terrible habit of locking it.

(Knocking harder.) MUM!

Lisa Well go on love. Welcome him in.

Huw But /

Huw looks at **Lisa** reluctantly. She gestures for him to open the door. He does it tentatively. **Elin** rushes in pushing **Huw** aside. **Thomas** hangs by the door.

Elin Finally. It's fucking freezing out there.

Lisa Language Elin.

Elin Well it is.

Elin takes her coat off and puts down the bottles of wine before registering the room's different atmosphere.

Elin Why have you . . . ?

Lisa We thought we'd . . . create a little bit of atmosphere /

Elin But /

Lisa Didn't we love?

Huw Yeah /

Elin Why? /

Lisa Set the scene, so to speak.

Elin shrugs this off and starts to open one of the bottles.

Thomas enters.

Elin (to **Thomas**) So anyway, Bertie was spread eagled on the boss's desk, right /

Lisa Elin /

Elin And then the police turned up.

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Thomas Shit /

Lisa Elin /

Elin But by that time it was too late 'cause /

Lisa Elin!

Elin What?

Lisa Will you go and check on the food?

Elin Can't you?

Lisa No.

Elin Why?

Lisa Because . . . I need to get changed.

Elin Changed?

Lisa Put on something a little more . . . flattering.

Elin Why?

Lisa Because . . . just go and do it please.

Elin But /

Lisa Please.

Elin Fine.

Lisa Great, well, I won't be a moment.

As Lisa exits she locks the back door and pockets the key before noticing Elin hasn't moved.

Lisa Elin!

Elin Coming.

Lisa *exits.*

Elin Open a bottle and get cosy. I might be a while.

Elin *exits with the open bottle.*

Thomas and Huw *are alone.*

Thomas (*he laughs*) She's nuts.

Silence.

Feeling uncomfortable in his clothes Huw pulls at his jumper, trying to make himself more presentable. Thomas smiles at Huw. Huw looks to his laptop.

Thomas What's that?

Huw . . . A game.

Thomas Mint.

What game?

Huw . . . Minecraft.

Thomas Nice.

Huw You know it?

Thomas No.

Huw Oh.

Beat.

Thomas I've heard of it though. Lot of my students play it . . . friends.

Huw Nice /

Thomas Just I haven't /

Huw No.

Thomas Not yet anyway.

Huw Would you like to?

Thomas What?

Huw Play?

Thomas Oh.

Maybe later.