

**TABS**  
**by Ellie Kendrick**

**25<sup>th</sup> July 2016**

Representation: Ikenna Obiekwe  
Independent Talent Group Limited  
40 Whitfield Street  
London W1T 2RH

[ikenna@independenttalent.com](mailto:ikenna@independenttalent.com)  
+44 20 7 636 6565

**Characters:**

Her  
Granny  
Rupert  
A  
B  
C  
1  
2  
3  
+ 'tabs'

*All characters except Her, Granny and Rupert are non-gender specific.*

**Two ideas for the set:**

1) A front-on grid of boxes with the living room set in the middle. Internet voices appear as flashes of communication in the surrounding boxes, where Her would have her dates.

2) In the round. Naturalistic living room set in the centre, with a chalked grid on the stage floor indicating separate internet browser windows and the spaces of Her's dates.

Areas outside the living room should only be suggested. Chairs and a surface are enough for the dates.

## Notes on the format of the script

*Italics* signalled with a backward slash (\) are voices from the internet. These appear in the browser tabs open on the characters' computing devices. They should be presented as brief flashes of instant communication.

For clarity, a page indentation signals a new internet speaker. Each further indentation signals a new character. A return to previous indentation means the previous character is speaking again. Eg:

*\Character x*

*\Character y*

*\Character z*

*\Character z again*

*\Character x again*

Her: [Her speaking to Character x]

*\Character z*

*\Character y again*

Her: [Her speaking to Character z]

In a few instances, the lines are presented in tables. Each column within these tables represents a new tab opened on an internet browser. Lines are delivered according to their vertical position within the table. Lines of equivalent verticality should be delivered at the same time.

\* \* \* = a change of tab / new section.

/ = an overlap in real-world speech.

? before a line = a character is using a search engine rather than speaking to others on the internet  
EG: ' ?Her: Where am I?'

'Vibration' = an invitation to recreate the effect of a vibrating phone.

***Prologue.***

Her: Me.

Twenty four.

Available.

Looking for -

- Friendship.

- Companionship.

- A relationship.

Looking for -

*A face appears, speaking from the fixed pose of a photograph.*

<p><i>\1: Me.</i> <i>Age: Thirty five.</i> <i>Relationship status: single.</i> <i>Compatibility with you: Eighty-six percent.</i> <i>Occupation: Zoologist</i></p> <p><i>Do you want to go for a drink tonight?</i></p>	<p><i>(another face appears)</i> <i>\2: Me.</i> <i>Age: Twenty three.</i> <i>Compatibility with you: Eighty-one per cent.</i> <i>Occupation: Restaurateur.</i></p> <p><i>Do you want to go for a drink tonight?</i></p>	<p><i>(And another)</i> <i>\3: Me.</i> <i>Twenty.</i> <i>Ninety-one per cent.</i></p> <p><i>In a relationship.</i> <i>Temping.</i> <i>Do you want to go for a drink tonight?</i></p>
---	---	--

\* \* \*

*1 appears at the table next to Her, now speaking with a stammer.*

1: Ha. Ha-hello. (*Holds out hand for handshake – has a hand tremor*)

\* \* \*

*1 is replaced by 2*

2: Hello.

\* \* \*

*2 is replaced by 3*

3: Heyyyyy!

\* \* \*

*etc.*

1: Sorry, my h-h- my hand -

Her: What? Oh don't worry that's fine!

1: Oh. It's a n-n-n-noodle bar.

Her: Yeah are you going to be okay?

1: L-lovely. Don't worry. I'll manage.

\* \* \*

2: Take a seat.

Her: Thanks. Sorry I'm a bit late.

2: Well. Can't be helped.

Her: Tricky place to find.

2: Is it?

Her: A bit, yeah.

2: I've actually got another one to go to after this. Only half an hour left now. Just enough time for a drink.

\* \* \*

3: Howzy-doozies?

Her: Excuse me?

3: How ya doin'?

Her: Good. How are y-

3: Do you like my new dress?

Her: It's incredible.

3: Want to touch?

Her: Wow.

3: Thanksies. So I just made it myself. Today. Whacked it on and came out here.

\* \* \*

1: Yes, South Africa was w-w-w-wonderful. Really wonderful. Sorry, I'm clueless with J-J-J-Japanese. Do you want to choose or -

Her: Sure. Let's have some prawn temaki to start? That's good? Then some ramen?

1: No idea what that is but it sounds very g-g-g-good.

Her: Great. Yeah it is. You'll be "Ramen" it down!

1: Sorry?

Her: You'll be -. Doesn't matter.

\* \* \*

2: When you're paying for subscription it feels like you've got to cram them in, you know.

Her: Make the most of it.

2: Get your money's worth.

Her: So, you run a restaurant, right?

2: Well, not *ipso facto* – my job's actually quite niche so that was the closest thing on the form. I test cat-food. Sheba.

Her: Oh. Well if I had to be testing cat food all day, I suppose Sheba is the one I'd -

2: People are prejudiced about it but it's actually a great occupation. And Sheba is pretty luxury so it's quite tasty really.

Her: Do you have cats, or -?

2: Hate em. Can't stand my mother's.

Her: I quite like them actually.

\* \* \*

3: I guess I'm just kinda crazy like that! LOL! It's the first one I've made and not to be arrogant or anything but I think it's a pretty good job.

Her: No it's – a feat. I don't really wear dresses.

3: Flame doesn't wear dresses either. I think that's hot in women.

Her: It's more just a comfort thing, you know, I want to be able to open my legs without -

3: Oh I can open my legs alright. Shall we get our roller skates on?

Her: Yeah let's go in.

3: No we have to put them on in the lobby area.

Her: *(laughs/confused)*

3: For the bar.

Her: What?

3: It's a roller bar. Didn't I tell you? Oopsies!

\* \* \*

1: R-r-really quite extraordinary. I mean for f-f-f-fauna you don't get much better. Packed with wonderful creatures. When it comes to tourist attractions there's nothing quite like a m-m-m-mating h-h-h-hippopotamus!

\* \* \*

2: Chicken and rice. Yeah. Definitely my favourite. The cats' favourite too. I've learned not to try and second guess them. You'd never have thought a cat would enjoy rice. But they just love it. In moderation of course.

Her: Amazing. I wonder who first made that discovery?

2: I couldn't tell you.

Her: Top secret, is it?

2: I just don't know.

\* \* \*

3: What's the matter?

Her: Do you mind if we go somewhere else?

3: Don't be a party pooper.

Her: I'd fall over.

3: Oh, everyone falls over a bit.

Her: No but I can't.

3: Stop being a suit.

Her: I'm not a suit. I don't wear suits.

3: No but it's in you. The suit.

Her: What does that mean? You've only just met me.

\* \* \*

1: The hippopotamus is a-actually related to the d-d-d-dolphin, of course. Extraordinary di-di-divergence from the cetacean family tree. And were you aware – w-w-onderful fact for you – that last year the D-D-Declaration of D-D-D-Dolphin Rights classed those creatures as *n-n-n-non-human persons*?

\* \* \*

2: Well. Look at the time! Fancy that. I-

\* \*

3: I make my dress and I put in the effort and I come here and I tell Flame and Ned that

I'm not seeing either of them tonight and that makes them upset but they're okay about it because they're loving and understanding polyamorous partners, and I walk four kilometers in this outfit because I don't have the money for the transport because the fucking temp agency still hasn't paid me, and when I finally get here I see a suit in front of me telling me she doesn't want to go rollerskating.

Her: Did you know the dolphin was recently made a non-human person?

3: Why don't you want to rollerskate with me?

Her: I can't rollerskate.

3: Anyone can rollerskate. Stop being a vibe-killer!

Her: Look. I can't. I might fall over. Okay?

3: Yeah, you said – why do I give a shit?

Her: Sorry. I just

\* \* \*

1: *Non human persons!*

\* \* \*

2: Running out of time

\* \* \*

3: WHAT?

\* \* \*

1: *Non human persons!*

\* \* \*

2: Have to go now

\* \*

3: Spit it out!

Her: I think I might be pregnant.

\* \* \*

### ***Day 1.***

*Sofa, TV, kitchenette. Granny (79) and Her, sitting together in the living room, under the sheets of Granny's fold-out sofa bed. Small chest of drawers next to the sofa bed. Her is dressed for work and eating a slice of toast. Granny is in night clothes and a dressing gown. They are looking at Her's phone, on a dating app.*

Granny: Next. Next. Next.

Her: Next.



Granny: Next. Too fat. Next.

*They both pause in shock, then burst out laughing*

Her: Next

Granny: Toothy.

Her: Maybe.

Granny: Oh come on. Next.

Her: Next.

Granny: Definite Next.

Her: Next

Granny: How do these people think that they'll ever find someone to procreate with?

Her: Coffee?

Granny: Please.

*Her goes to put the kettle on*

Granny: Next.

*Her leaves the device. Granny peruses.*

Do you find that kind of facial hair attractive?

Her: I dunno.

Granny: Never trust a man with a full beard. He's got something to hide. I find it a depressing indictment of our times that one can no longer simply meet someone at the post office or on a park bench or in a jazz club and arrange to have a drink. Now it's buffoons with faces masked in a public haze asking for your "ALS"

Her: It's ASL. And no one one says that anymore anyway.

Granny: Perhaps if you were getting paid you'd have a few more real-life suitors. Or suitresses.

Her: When they give me the job I'll be earning loads.

Granny: How much?

Her: More than you could imagine.

Granny: I'm imagining fifty trillion pounds. Is it more than that?

Her: Granny...

Granny: Make it happen. You've been giving them free labour for six months. Step into her office / and demand -

Her: She doesn't have an office, it's open plan

Granny: Well she doesn't seem to have much of a plan at all. You are encouraging the perversion of the labour system. If you -

*Vibration*

Her: Okay. Fine. I'll talk to her.

Granny: Wonderful. I am sure you'll be satisfied with the result. You simply need a little motivation. I started out like you are now. Except I was getting paid and I was taking photographs and I was living with my husband in the house we'd bought not in my grandmother's spare room

*Vibration*

Her: Coffee.

Granny: And of course I'd invented my folding army fork.

*She hands over the cup*

Granny: And I was losing weight, not gaining it.

Her: I'm late. Are you up to dressing yourself this morning?

*Granny proffers the cup.*

Granny: I'll need something to loosen up my joints.

*Her pours a shot of whisky into it.*

Her: Oh my god I'm so late.

*Her kisses Granny on the cheek as Granny raises the cup to her lips, pauses and sniffs.*

Granny: What is this?

*Vibration*

Her: Hm? your coffee and scotch. I have to go.

Granny: Stop right there. What did you just put in this cup?

Her: Your whisky. Johnnie Walker.

Granny: And yet this is not Johnnie Walker.

Her: Look. It's right here on the bottle. Johnnie Walker.

Granny: Don't play games with me. I have the best whisky nose this side of the Scottish border.

Her: Fine. It's Jack Daniels. I decanted it.

Granny: *You bought an American whiskey?*

Her: Sorry. There wasn't any left at the supermarket.

Granny: Did you stop at the wine merchant's on the corner? Exactly. No initiative. What did you do with the rest of the money?

Her: I didn't have any money for lunch yesterday. /The change was in my pocket. I'm sorry -

*Vibration*

Granny: Live within your means. Pack a sandwich.

Her: I'm sorry. I'll get it back – I have to go Granny -

Granny: How exactly will you do that? Because for all your “liasing” with the “creatives”, you have no financial independence whatsoever. And so you resort to stealing from your own grandmother -

*Vibration.*

Her: It was only about five pounds difference.

Granny: -who puts a roof over your head.

*Granny slightly breathless*

Be gone.

Her: No I'll help you.

Granny: You needn't.

Her: I can stay.

Granny: You mustn't. You're late.

Her: Well everyone else is always late. And they're not paying me, are they?

Granny: Whereas I, in a manner of speaking, Am.

*Her gets Granny's clothes from the chest of drawers and starts to dress her throughout.*

Her: Arms.

*Granny puts her arms up. Her pulls a top down.*

Granny: I did not raise you to steal from me.

Her: Arms.

*Granny puts her arms out. Her puts on another layer.*

Granny: You simply need to learn to stand on your own two feet.

*Vibration.*

*Her continues to dress Granny with one hand. Her attention is online.*

Aim higher. You have so much potential if only you choose a target and focus.

\you online?

\Hey. I like your pics

Granny: -which is why the only thing you have to do is -

\Its rare to see an interesting person on here.

Granny: - so it's simply a matter of -

\Can you tell me more about your interests, pets etc? Would like to get to know you.

-... and that's all you need to know in order to live a happy and successful life. Are you dating with the internet while I'm talking to you?

*\PS am naked and have rock hard 8 inch*

Her: No.

Granny: Then what are you doing?

Her: Reading the news.

Granny: Why don't you just buy a newspaper?

Her: It's right here and it's free.

*\Let me buy u dinner*

Granny: Nothing in this world is free.

Her: It's not like the internet's a satanic creation.

Granny: I don't think it's satanic. I simply consider it a harbinger of general doom.

*Vibration.*

Her: It's actually a very useful resource.

Granny: I've survived without it thus far.

*\hey you look familiar. Do I know you?*

Her: It can search for anything you can think of. Anything. Like, even your school friends.

Granny: I know where they are. In the ground.

Her: What about your husband? He's got a Wikipedia page. Look. There's a whole bit about his prize.

Granny: Who wrote this?

Her: It's anonymous. Could be anyone anywhere in the world.

Granny: Knows about my husband? Who can see this?

Her: Everyone.

Granny: That's not what he looked like. He didn't like that one. Take it out.

Her: I can't.

Granny: But it's mine.

Her: It's on Google now.

Granny: I took that picture in Cambodia. After the attempted Laos coup of 1965. I have the negatives to prove it. That's copyright theft.

Her: There's nothing I can do.

Granny: They're in the attic. Get them down.

Her: I'm late already.

*Granny heaves herself up and starts to move towards the door.*

Her: You won't manage the stairs.

Granny: I have been in warzones. I have scrambled over barbed wire across enemy lines with

a ten kilogram satchel full of zoom lenses. So if you think a flight of stairs is enough to defeat me you've got another thing coming.

*Granny exits. -Vibration. Her on phone*

Her: Hi! Hi thirty seconds away. My train got delayed. No no sorry I'm on my way. I'm so sorry. I'll be there in a minute -

*Granny has gone*

- just getting off the train now. No! . No - please give me a chance – another chance.

Hello?

*She bolts out of the door and slams it.*

\* \* \*

*Sound slams us into: Her in a toilet cubicle, sitting in a pool of light, surrounded by darkness.*

*Visible from the waist up. She is holding two pregnancy tests.*

? Her: Why am I single?

What is my dream job?

How do I find motivation?

Her: I'll be out in two minutes

*She speaks both columns below. She is drafting and redrafting an email and her dating profile. The lines should be delivered according to the sequence of the line breaks.*

*\Her: - Hello. Just checking in re our discussion this morning. I said some - rash things...*

*(redrafting) Hi. Just touching base vis-a-vis your decision to fire me today.*

*- I am sorry I was late. It was not my fault. I didn't mean to call you a slave-driver.*

*As I said, my Granny fell over. I had to help her.*

*\Her: Me. Twenty-four. Available. Newly unemployed.*

*- in between jobs.*

<p>- I believe I make an invaluable contribution to the company. David himself said he couldn't get through the day without my coffee.</p> <p>- Please. This job really matters to me.</p> <p>- Give me another chance.</p>	<p>-I'm a charity worker.</p> <p>-I actually work in a think tank.</p> <p>I am a dancer.</p> <p>I am an artist.</p> <p>My work is really important to me. I like to make a difference.</p> <p>-Stop me if I'm getting boring.</p> <p>- So, anyone out there?</p>
---	--

*The tests are ready. She stares at one, then the other.*

Her: Shit.

? Her: How accurate are pregnancy tests from Poundland?

? Her: What am I going to do?

*Beat. Then A appears from the darkness, speaking from the fixed pose of a photograph.*

*A (online): me. Age: 29. Compatibility: 92%. Occupation: Lecturer.  
hello.*

Her: Just a minute!

*Her (online): Hello stranger. I mean you really are a stranger. But hello.*

*A: I like your pictures.*

*Her: I like yours too.*

*A: How was your day?*

*Her: Busy. Just in a meeting. I shouldn't be talking!*

*A: Mischievous.*

*Her: But you're too good looking to ignore.*

*A: Advertising meeting? Where do you work?*

*Her: What do you lecture in?*

*A: Cognitive psychology. And no – that doesn't mean I can read your mind.*

*Her: I'm afraid I only date mind-readers.*

*A: Well let me guess your answer to something.*

*Her: Try me.*

*A: Do you want to meet for a drink tonight?*

*\* \* \**

*'A', real person, has just put a drink into Her's hand. They talk across a table.*

*Her: You're actually real.*

*A: It depends what you define as real.*

*Her: You know what I mean. Sorry. That was such a stupid thing to say.*

*A: Not at all. To be frank I was worried you might be –*

*Her: Crazy rapist?*

*A: I'm sorry?*

*Her: You were worried I might be a crazy rapist? How do you know that I'm not?*

*A: Not what?*

*Her: Not a rapist.*

*A: Um...*

*Her: Sorry. I didn't mean -*

*A: No - I suppose it's funny. Actually no it's never funny is it. Rape.*

*Her: Sorry. It's okay, I'm. Legit.*

*A: I can tell.*

*Her: How?*

*A: I am extremely perceptive.*

*Her: You sort of don't look anything like I expected you to look.*

*A: Really?*

*Her: You look a lot younger than your picture. Normally it works the other way round.*

*A: I hope that's a good thing.*

*Her: How could it not be?*

*A: Stop it!*

Her: What? It's true.

A: Well. You're alright. Much older and uglier than I was hoping for.

Her: Ha.

A: So.

Her: So. *(beat)* Are you doing psychology on me now?

A: What? No. Why do you ask that?

Her: That's what you do, isn't it?

A: Yes. But not on dates.

Her: What is it that you talk about in your lectures?

A: I oversee a module on the brain's reactions to technology. Computers, phones, that sort of thing.

Her: That's so cool.

A: You're in advertising, aren't you?

Her: Tell me about your work.

*Vibration.*

A: Oh, it's not very -

Her: I'm interested. What are your lectures about?

A: Well what I'm interested in is - ... - Do you ever feel like you're struggling to stay afloat? Like you can't compute everything that's going on at once?

Her: That's what your module is about?

A: The changes our brains undergo when we use the internet or – But, listen, I want to know about you. I -

Her: Wait – the internet is changing our brains? What do you mean?

A: Well, our brains are plastic –

Her: What?

A: not *made* of plastic, but able to adapt and change – physically – according to our experiences. But computer and internet use is especially interesting because it turbo charges that change more powerfully than anyone could have predicted. We're being rewired. Biologically.

Her: You're telling me Internet Explorer is changing the shape of my brain?

A: In a way, yes. Like, if you're a regular internet user, your white matter will show up differently on a brain scan.

*Vibration*

Her: Only if you use it loads though?

A: Everyone who uses it is affected. Think of all those demands for your attention: your



phone, emails popping up, multiple tabs on our browsers, all of it happening so quickly - Your brain gets accustomed to processing several threads and distractions running at once. That changes the way your synapses function.

*Vibration Vibration*

Her: So it's a good change. Like multitasking?

A: In a way. But the human brain is a limited space; it can only hold and process so much. And as technology advances, and the virtual world expands, faster and faster, so does the pressure upon the brain to operate in split focus, which can create a sensory overload. The more we use these devices, the less we are able to focus, to retain memory, to read, to access deep thought and emotional responsiveness -

Her: Right! Right!

*Vibration*

A: it's changing social interaction, and even -

*VibrationVibrationVibration*

A: conversational patterns. You can just answer those messages if you want.

Her: Case in point. Sorry. I'm going to put that away now. There. Turning it off. Putting it. In my bag.

A: Sorry. Got a bit carried away then. I just find it all so interesting.

Her: No. It's fascinating!

A: I'm going to have to come clean. This is my first ever one of these. How do we do it?

Her: Oh wow! No way! You're doing really well. Sorry. That sounded patronising. I haven't been online long either. I had my first date a few months ago. I mean not first date I've been on millions of those. Not millions I mean I'm not a slag or anything. Online dates. Internet dates.

A: Oh I thought it was your first as well. You seem a bit nervous.

Her: Well. Yeah. I guess you're the first person I've met for a while who seems cool, so -

A: Really?

Her: Sorry that was probably a bit intense wasn't it?

A: No, no not at all. You seem cool too.

Her: Cool. *(beat)* I've just realised we don't know each other's names.

\* \* \*

*Granny appears separately in a pool of light.*

?Granny: Hello?

Am I on the line?

Is this Google?

I would like my photograph back.  
Please show me my husband.  
Please return this photograph.  
Is anyone there?

\* \* \*

*Across the table. Later.*

A: Are any of them – still around? The other dates.

Her: Maybe.

A: Are you polyamorous?

Her: Are you?

A: Maybe.

Her: Why not? Who needs commitment, right?

*Vibration.*

A: Do you?

Her: I don't really have time. My work is so busy.

A: Polyamory still requires commitment. Just to several people at once.

Her: Are you seeing anyone?

A: Not yet.

Her: Are you looking for someone?

\* \* \*

?Granny: Who can return my photograph?

\* \* \*

Her: Sorry. I really should not have been drinking. Oh shit.

\* \* \*

?Granny: Show me - Vietnam.

\* \* \*

A: Where's your spirit of adventure?

\* \* \*

?Granny: Show me Laos.

\* \* \*

Her: Right here, actually.

\* \* \*

?Granny: Show me ...

\* \* \*

Her: Where's your place?

\* \* \*

?Granny: The Cambodian rainforest.

\* \* \*

A: It's a school night!

\* \*

?Granny: The Amazon Basin.

\* \* \*

Her: Come here.

\* \* \*

?Granny: The Venezuelan Glass Frog.

\* \* \*

*Her & A kiss*

A: Wow.

\* \* \*

Granny: Spectacular.

\* \* \*

A: That was unexpected.

\* \* \*

?Granny: Tropical diseases.

\* \* \*

Her: Can I have your number?

\* \* \*

Granny: Is that a face or a pair of buttocks?

\* \* \*

*door slams us into living room. Her has just arrived home.*

*Granny is sitting in the armchair. Only Her is aware of the internet voices directed at her in this section. Each indentation signals a new speaker.*

Granny: Are you inebriated?

*\what's your dirtiest secret?*

Her: Hm?

*\you are lush.*

Her: No I'm not.

*\I'm not wearing any underwear*

I'm just tired.

Granny: When did you get out of work?

*\ignoring me?*

Her: Normal time. Just met up with someone who -

*\What you been up to this evening?*

Granny: A-ha! So you were drinking.

Her: No.

*Vibration*

Well I had one.

Granny: Who were you meeting?

*\hiii*

Her: Someone from online

*\why you blanking me?*

Granny: Beard?

Her: No.

Granny: Promising candidate?

Her: Maybe.

Granny: Male or female?

Her: Granny. Sorry I missed dinner.

Granny: Your attendance is hardly something I hold my breath for these days. So how was the conversation at work? Did they mind you getting in late?

*Vibration*

*\like my picture?*

Her: Oh. No they didn't notice.

*\hello*

*\ what music are you into*

Granny: So, what did they say?

*\that's how it is, huh?*

Her: It's not that simple -

Granny: I knew it. You promised me you would talk to them.

Her: Can you get off my back for a /second Granny?

Granny: I worked myself up from nothing but the blouse on my back for the money you spend. You forget that I subsidize everything -

Her: How /could I forget?

Granny: Including the alcoholic lubrication of these doomed romantic encounters. You're single, you're working for free, and you're fattening up. Pave the path to your own future .Who do you want to be in your life?

*\oi*

Granny: It would make me so happy if only you'd -

*\talk to me?*

Her: I did.

Granny: Oh?

Her: Yes.

Granny: And what did they say?

Her: They're - not right now, but –

*\hey.*

Granny: What? They're giving you the promotion?

*Beat*

Her: Yes.

Granny: Didn't I tell you it'd work! What wonderful news. Wonderful. Why didn't you tell me? Congratulations. When do you start?

Her: Soon I guess.

Granny: And the salary?

Her: They're ... ironing it out.

Granny: This is excellent news. Let's celebrate. Johnnie W!

Her: There's only the Jack Daniels.

Granny: For the first time in my life I will make an exception. Foul though the substance may be.

*Her pours out one drink.*

Granny: What about yourself?

Her: I shouldn't.

Granny: Go on.

Her: I'm fine.

Granny: Suit yourself. *Santé!*

*Granny drinks*

Granny: Horrific.

Her: Granny, -

Granny So...This mystery “date” of yours?

Her: It was nice. But -  
Granny: I've been sitting in this chair all day and all you can give me is "nice"? Juice.  
Her: I had a good time. We might meet up again.  
Granny: Remember your worth. You're a working woman now. Top me up, would you? (*Her does*) Why are you so quiet, child? Are you alright?  
Her: Yeah, just tired.  
Granny: I'm proud of you for today.  
Her: m-hm.  
Granny: No wallowing now. Let's celebrate. Pour yourself a god-awful whisky.  
Her: Think I might head up.  
Granny: Absolutely not. Stay up with me!  
Her: I'm really tired, Granny. I've got to be fresh for work tomorrow. Make a good impression.  
Granny: But it's my birthday in an hour.  
Her: We're celebrating tomorrow aren't we?  
Granny: You've only just got back.  
Her: Shall I help you get ready for bed?

\* \* \*

*Her, same spotlight setup as previous, with four pregnancy tests this time.*

?Her: How many lies does the average person tell every day?

*Looks at a test. Chucks it away.*

What is my white matter?

Where should I get a new job?

*Looks at a test. Chucks it away.*

What should I be doing with my life?

*Looks at a test. Chucks it away.*

What does the foetus look like?

\* \* \*

*Granny appears in a pool of light next to Her from the darkness. They speak outward, not to each other.*

?Granny: Find the seven wonders of the world.

\* \* \*

?Her: What is the foetus made of?

\* \* \*



<p>Granny: Darling?</p> <p>Granny: Would you like to join me for a celebratory dinner tomorrow?</p> <p>Granny: I'll book for eight.</p>	<p>Her: Thanks.</p> <p>Her: Yep?</p> <p>Her: Sure.</p>	<p>? Her: What should I do?</p>	<p><i>B:Compatibility:</i>  <i>96%</i>  <i>Relationship</i>  <i>Status: Available</i>  <i>Occupation:</i>  <i>Groundskeeper</i></p>
---	--	---------------------------------	---

*Granny's face disappears. Her is alone in the darkness again, until:*

*A (online): Get home okay?*

*Her: Safe and sound.*

*A: It was really good to meet you.*

*Her: It'd be cool to see you again. If you want to. Are you free later this week?*

*A: I've got a couple of dates.*

*Her: Oh. That's cool.*

*A: I expect you've got a few too.*

*Her: Yeah, course.*

*A: I'm sure I can fit you in. I'll be in touch.*



Her: Okay. Great.

A: *Sweet dreams.*

*A disappears. Her alone again.*

Her: I am polyamorous.

I am b-...

I am ... looking to explore.

\* \* \*

## **Day 2.**

Granny: Hello? Is this – hello! I'm on the line! Your eighty-year old grandmother has learned how to use the Skype. I keep trying you but you seem to be absent. I am leaving you a video message. Anyway I'm just wondering where you are as we're due for dinner. Make me a video call when you have a moment. Love from your technologically adventurous Granny.

Awful.

*She tries again.*

Hello – it's your Grandmother. Oh, obviously it's -

*Again.*

Look who's on the Skype. I couldn't get through to you. Make me a video call back.

I'm looking forward to our dinner tonight. Perhaps you would like to –

*Again.*

*A silence. She picks up the phone*

Granny: Hello? Yes, I have a reservation for two at 8.30 – yes. Could you please move it to 9pm? Many thanks. Goodbye.

? Granny: Find rheumatoid arthritis pictures.

*She gets up slowly, gets herself a whisky. She sits back down, sips. She's forgotten it's JD.*

*Grimaces.*

Find -

*Pauses and sips again.*

Find internet dating sites.

*She has another sip of whisky. She has a gulp.*

(online) Hello. I am eighty years old. I am widowed. I am usually spending my time

Ah - ah - Usually spending my time... I am usually spending my time learning how to use the internet. -taking photographs. I don't do digital! About me. ...About me. My husband was a journalist. He died in Vietnam in 1967. - I have many friends - I have one granddaughter, with whom I am very close. - I have one granddaughter of whom I'm very proud. For three years I was

married to a wonderful man who I lost in a mine explosion. I am a photographer and adventurer. I enjoy travelling. I have worked in fifteen different countries, many of them war zones. I have recently learned how to use the Skype. Perhaps there is someone who would like to have an internet chat with me. I am not interested in perverts or timewasters.

My ideal man. Since I've already- My ideal man would be -

*\me/90/87%/Single*

Granny: No chance, Granddad.

*\me/83/98%/Divorced*

*\me/51/91%/Widowed*

*\me/69/76%/Divorced*

*\Hello there. You sound lovely.*

Granny: Hello.

*\How do you do? I'm a traveller too!*

*\Hello gorgeous.*

*\Hi there*

Granny: Hello.

Granny: Hello.

*\So you're quite an adventurer.*

*\What format do you shoot in?*

*\hi*

*\Allo darlin.*

Granny: I'm sorry but you're going to have to stop talking all at once.

*\Pardon?*

Granny: Everyone is talk

*\hello*

Granny: Everyone is talking

*\Want to look at my profile?*

Granny: Everyone is talking at once!

*A voice (British), speaking online.*

*\Rupert: Hello there. I'm Rupert. Looks like you're new here. I just thought I'd say hello. You know, welcome and all that.*

Granny: Well that's very kind of you, Rupert. Thank you. Hello. I'm Anne.

*Rupert: That's a nice name.*

Granny: There's no need for false flattery. "Anne" is to nomenclature what European sparrows

are to ornithology.

*Rupert: Better than being named after a blonde bear with bad taste in trousers.*

*She chuckles.*

Granny: I rather loved those little chequered things.

*Rupert: I'm sure I could get hold of some if it'd convince you.*

Granny: Of what?

*Rupert: To make a video call.*

Granny: That's a little sudden.

*Rupert: I have to get in there before the others do.*

Granny: They already did, I'm afraid. Hard to keep up if I'm perfectly honest.

*Rupert: Ah.*

Granny: But - I like you best.

*Rupert: I'm delighted.*

Granny: For now.

*Rupert: What do you say?*

Granny: Perhaps another time. I'm rather busy at the moment. Expecting my granddaughter.

We're going out for dinner. But why don't you tell me a little about yourself?

*Rupert: Well, I was born in London. I've lived in (accent changes to West Coast) San Francisco all my life, -*

Granny: Oh. That's a surprise.

*Rupert: A bad one? My mom was British if that helps?*

Granny: No, simply – you're so far away. I'd imagined you were nearer.

*A Skype call.*

Granny: Rupert, will you stay there a moment?

\* \* \*

*Her, separately. A table.*

Her: Happy birthday! Since when were you on Skype?

\* \* \*

Granny: It's my granddaughter. She's calling for a chat.

\* \* \*

Her: I got loads of missed calls – what's wrong?

\* \* \*

Granny: I've signed up to internet dating. I'm talking to Rupert.

\* \* \*

Her: What are you doing? You can't even use the internet.

\* \* \*

Granny: He's rather nice.

*Rupert: Hello?*

Granny: *(to R)* She's just secured a promotion at her work. I'm very proud of her.

\* \* \*

Her: You're talking to someone online? Who? How do you know this guy's not -

\* \* \*

Granny: What?

*Rupert: Hello?*

\* \* \*

Her: Some criminal?

\* \* \*

*Rupert: Perhaps I should leave you to it?*

Granny: And why would he be a criminal?

\* \* \*

Her: Well, you're eighty years old.

\* \* \*

Granny: Excuse me, but my age does not bar all but criminals from approaching me. Does it, Rupert? Rupert? Oh. He's gone.

\* \* \*

Her: You can't even leave the house.

\* \* \*

Granny: Have you never heard of a Skype date? Could you help me take a photograph for my profile? I've been "favourited" twelve times and I don't even have a picture yet. Thirteen!

\* \* \*

Her: I have to go. Happy birthday.

\* \* \*

Granny: Are you nearly back?

\* \* \*

Her: They've got me staying late again.

\* \* \*

Granny: I thought you were going to be joining me for dinner.

\* \* \*

Her: There's an urgent deadline. I've got to go. Granny -  
*B appears behind Her with flowers. Taps her on the shoulder. As she turns -*

Her: I love you  
*Her ends the Skype call*

B: I love you too.

Her: Sorry. Not you.

Her: You're here. Thanks. They're lovely.

B: I grew them myself.

Her: Wow. I feel really bad now. I don't have anything.

B: Don't. I just wanted to make a good impression.

Her: I wouldn't know where to start with growing something.

B: Well. It's my job. Flowers, for work. Vegetables, for myself. Yes I should let you know now that those are technically the property of the Rye Estate and Gardens so perhaps you'd better hide them somewhere.

Her: Ha.

B: No, really. I could lose my job.

Her: Seriously?

B: No. They're from my garden. Please. I would not attempt to romance you with contraband goods.

Her: So what's your favourite thing to grow?

B: Beetroot.

Her: Love beetroot.

B: Me too. Makes your shit kind of red though.

Her: Oh wow. Yeah. I've never -

B: Don't pretend you don't shit.

Her: I wasn't.

B: Because I know you shit (*beat*) I use mine as compost. Those flowers.

Her: Who'd've thought something so beautiful could've grown out of a red human shit?

B: Pretty poetic.

Her: So you're quite upfront.

B: Gets it out of the way. Damage limitation. So six months down the line when I'm madly in love with you and we're in a hotel bathroom in Paris and suddenly we get the runs from some dodgy escargots, you don't feel like the magic has been murdered. We start this thing knowing that we both shit.

Her: Start what “thing”?  
B: Well I presume you're here because you want to start something.  
Her: I'm not going to Paris with you.  
B: Brazil?  
Her: And how exactly are we going to end up in Brazil?  
B: It starts with me buying you a drink.

*B leaves.*

\* \* \*

*Granny has slowly risen from her chair and now pours herself a whisky. She hums a little tune to herself. A bit out of breath. She takes a biscuit. Sits back down again, heavily.*

\* \* \*

*Her Skypes Granny.*

Her: Hi Granny I'm still caught up here but I'll be back soon.

\* \* \*

Granny: When?

*The call ends. She picks up the phone, dials. She puts down the phone again.*

\* \* \*

*B returns with drinks. Her doesn't drink.*

B: I just had a short think at the bar and I realised I was being a bit obnoxious just then.  
You can choose whatever holiday destination you like.

*Vibration*

Her: Thanks.

*\me/28/81%/Journalist*

B: I mean that. Choice and consent are very important to me. Just one of the many attractive traits I can offer to potential mates.

*\fancy a pint?*

*Pause*

*\A (online): Are you free tomorrow?*

Her: Okay, you know what, I have to go.

B: Don't.

*\me/19/96%/Student*

Her: Why not?

*\me/23/82%*

B: Because you've only just met me and we could change each others' lives.

*\Hi. People say I'm better looking in real life. Do you want to-*

Her: Sorry it's just you're being quite intense -

*Vibration*

B: Okay. Let's start again. Come on. *(Silence)* You have to say something now.

Her: What?

B: Fine. I'll start. I liked your profile picture.

Her: You're alright. Much older and uglier than I was hoping for.

B: Oh. Anything else?

Her: Your shirt's quite nice.

B: Thank you. I made it myself.

Her: No offence or anything. But I'm not a hundred per cent sure I buy you.

B: I'm not for sale.

Her: You know what I mean.

B: Then try me. Before you buy me.

Her: No one is a groundskeeper any more.

*B pulls out a bunch of beets from a pocket and puts them down in front of Her.*

B: Look at my hands. See the dirt? You can have one of those if you like.

\* \* \*

*Granny dials again*

Granny: That reservation for 9. Could you cancel it please.

\* \* \*

B: Believe me now?

Her: Sorry.

B: It's absolutely fine. I'm not offended in the slightest. I am extremely difficult to enrage or offend. Yet another one of the many attractive traits I -

Her: Okay, you're really going to have to stop doing that.

B: Does it bother you?

Her: It kind of does, yeah.

B: I'm sorry. *(Pause.)* Your skin is absolutely beautiful.

Her: Really?

B: On your hands.

Her: Oh. Thank you.

B: Actually now I'm looking at them I think they might be the most beautiful hands of anyone I've ever met. Your skin has a kind of. Glow.

*Beat*

Her: I don't actually have a job. I got fired yesterday. I've been sitting in the cafe across the road all day. My granny doesn't know. It's her eightieth birthday. I have to go.

B: That's a shame. I was enjoying myself.

Her: Shit. Trains are down. I'm going to have to walk – like an hour -

B: I can cycle you. An hour's walk – that would take around eighteen and a half minutes on a bicycle. I am a very safe cyclist. You could perch on the back rails if you can hold on. And you could borrow my helmet.

*Vibration*

Her: It's fine -

B: I understand you're concerned about your personal safety. I tell you what. Why don't you take my full name and date of birth and this photograph of me and a copy of my passport, which I carry on my person at all times in case of emergency or national evacuation, and send it to someone with your exact location and ETA? That way if I were going to do anything untoward, which by the way I sincerely promise you I never would, I wouldn't.

Her: I'm not sure I feel that comfortable -

B: Of course. You're right. I would still know where your grandmother lived. How foolish of me. Yes it makes sense that you might be concerned about a stranger knowing that. I tell you what, why don't I drop you somewhere five minutes' walk away?

*Vibration*

And I will close my eyes for thirty seconds to give you time to disappear so I don't know which direction you're walking in?

*VibrationVibration*

Her: Sorry. I'm vibrating.

\* \* \*

Granny: Hello?

\* \* \*

Her: *(Skype)* Granny - sorry, I -

*B jingles bike keys.*

I'll be there in eighteen and a half minutes.

\* \* \*

Her: Happy birthday!

*She snaps an elasticated party hat onto Granny. She presents a squashed shop-bought cake with a house candle pushed into the middle, lights it with a lighter, starts to sing*



Ha-ppy birthday to you, Ha-ppy birthday to -

Granny: That's quite enough.

*Her blows out the candle*

Her: Would you like some? (*louder*) Slice of cake, Granny? Do you want to cut it, / or?

Granny: My hands are not good this evening.

Her: There you go

Granny: Would you cut off the icing please.

Her: Okay, I'll have yours.

Granny: I bet you will.

Her: What?

Granny: Nothing. (*taking a bite*) Foul. You may finish my piece. (*under her breath*) Not that you need any more. Alright. Present time.

Her: It's coming in the post. The website said it would be here, but. Sorry.

Granny: Not to worry. That dessicated morsel of maize starch and Glucono-Delta-Lactone will do for me.

Her: But I do have... (*producing B's crumpled flowers*) these. We going out to dinner then?

Granny: I had booked us somewhere. But I cancelled the reservation. We don't have anything in since you didn't do the shop yesterday. If you're hungry you'll have to see to that yourself. Well, that concludes this year's celebrations. Can't say it's one I'll treasure for the brief remainder of my tenure on earth.

Her: I'm really sorry.

*\B:I told you I was fast.*

Granny: What's that on your leg?

*B: Tell her happy birthday from me.*

Her: Hm?

*B: I thought perhaps*

Granny: Black stuff. On your leg.

*B: You might like to*

Her: Oh, that must be from the bike.

*B: meet again.*

There was one next to me on the train. Back from work. It was packed.

Granny: It's well after rush hour.

*B: I could show you my garden!*

Her: Must have been this morning.

Granny: You've had that on your leg for the whole of today and you didn't notice it?

*B: Or maybe you'd prefer*

Her: Guess not.

*B: A picnic?*

Granny: There's one thing I cannot abide, child, and that is a liar. Plastic shoes, and liars.

*B: So long as it's vegan.*

Her: Okay. I'll bear that in mind.

*Granny examines Her.*

*B: Well. Let me know. Toodles.*

Granny: Have they told you your salary yet?

Her: Uh – no – it's still being decided -

Granny: Do you plan to move out of here when your position is finally financed by the company instead of me?

Her: What? No.

Granny: I'm quite capable of managing on my own, you know.

Her: I know I've let you down, but -

Granny: Quite the contrary, child. You have satisfied my expectations entirely. You were late, as you always are now, you missed dinner, as you always do now, and you refuse even at this moment to look me in the face, which you haven't done in several weeks. I should like to go to bed now. Would you prepare it before you go to your room.

*Her begins to sort the bed out.*

Granny: These flowers have bugs all over them. Something brownish-red on the leaves. Where did you get them from?

*\A: Hello*

Her: They're home grown. From a friend's garden.

*A: What are you up to?*

Granny: You don't have any friends.

***Her: \Hi! Just catching up with some friends now.***

Her: Just someone I know.

*A: So would you like to have dinner tomorrow night? Around eight.*

***Her: I'd love to.***

*A: By the way. I've been thinking about you. A lot.*

***Her: What have you been thinking?***

Granny: Are you telling me the truth?

*A: It's a secret.*

***Her: Will I find out tomorrow?***

Granny: I'm going to give you one more chance to be honest with me.

*A: If I'm lucky.*

Her: I am.

Granny: Perhaps if I call your work now, they'll all be there, working on the urgent deadline?

*Granny reaches for the phone*

Her: No -

Granny: Why not?

*(beat)*

Her: I was meeting someone.

Granny: I'll dress myself in the morning. Dispose of the flowers on your way to bed or the bugs will breed.

\* \* \*

*darkness, and separately:*

? Her: Why am I always disappointing people?

\* \* \*

? Granny: Find my photographs.

\* \* \*

? Her: Why do I lie all the time?

\* \* \*

? Granny: Find my photographs of Cambodia.

\* \* \*

? Her: Why do I feel so lonely?

\* \* \*

? Granny: Find my husband.

\* \* \*

? Her: Will I ever find someone?

\* \* \*

? Granny: Find my daughter.

\* \* \*

? Her: Do I want to have a baby?

\* \* \*

? Granny: Find me.



Her: No you weren't.  
A: Honestly.  
Her: I don't believe you.  
A: I was.  
Her: Shut up.  
A: Fine. *(whispers)* I was.

\* \* \*

*Throughout below, Granny's surroundings darken and Rupert begins to appear in the space with her, shadowy. His presence has a hologram-like quality*

Granny: So. This is me.  
Rupert: I can't see you yet. Wait a moment. Are you there?  
Granny: Hello?

*Light flickers on and off Rupert*

Rupert: --s quite p----y.  
Granny: I can't hear you  
Rupert: I c--- ---- you.  
Granny: What?  
Rupert: I --n't quite  
Granny: Hello?  
Rupert: Y----- --ozen.  
Granny: Are you there?  
Rupert: ----o?  
Granny: Hello?

*Light on Rupert is back into clarity*

Rupert: There you are!  
Granny: Rupert.  
Rupert: Yes?  
Granny: You're rather nice looking.

\* \* \*

Her: Shall we look at her?  
A: Who?  
Her: The one you were seeing yesterday.  
A: I'm shy.  
Her: I can show you who I was with.

\* \* \*

Rupert: You look fantastic. That's a lovely shirt.

Granny: Thank you. I like yours, too.

Rupert: Want me to undo another button?

Granny: You flirt! Let's keep this above board, please. What time is it where you are?

Rupert: Round noon.

Granny: Is it warm?

Rupert: By British standards. It's clear, kind of sharp. I can see the mountains way off past my vineyard.

Granny: Show me.

Rupert: (*pointing*) They're pruning the vines down there.

Granny: I can't see. (*Beat*) It's dark here.

Rupert: I don't envy that British winter.

Granny: Oh dear. We're already talking about the weather.

Rupert: You started it! I thought that's all Brits wanted to talk about?

Granny: Perhaps we should change the subject.

\* \* \*

Her: Here.

*Her shows.*

A: Well I'm obviously far more attractive. Aren't I? What did you do together?

Her: We went for a cycle ride. It was really romantic.

\* \* \*

Rupert: What have you been doing today?

Granny: I spent most of the afternoon in Timbuktu. I've been travelling the world. Google Earth. (*beat*) I wonder, would you like to swap addresses? I'd rather like to get an aerial view of your vines.

\* \* \*

Her: I've showed you mine. Show me yours. (*A shows*) She's really hot. You must have fancied her.

A: Well, she's visually pleasing.

Her: Nailed that bikini shot... Wait! She's here.

A: What?

Her: She's within eight hundred feet of us.

A: Really?

\* \* \*

Rupert: This isn't some kind of hustle, is it?

Granny: Of course not. Only I'd rather like to picture you, wherever you are. This set-up, it's a little – sterile, don't you think?

\* \* \*

Her: Let's ask her to come and see you now.

A: No.

Her: For fun.

A: Why would that be fun?

Her: Come on.

*Laughing, Her tries to grab the device. A grabs it back.*

A: NO.

*A beat.*

Her: Sorry.

A: I'm sorry. I don't want to talk about her. It's you I'm interested in.

\* \* \*

Granny: I should like to be able to smell the leaves when I talk with you. Feel the sun on my skin.

\* \* \*

A: Let's turn these off. See if we can be here.

\* \* \*

Granny: What does your wine taste like?

Rupert: Deep. Smooth. Smoke.

\* \* \*

A: Smoke?

\* \* \*

Rupert: Rich red berries. Oak.

\* \* \*

Her: Okay.

\* \* \*

Granny: Go on.

\* \* \*

*standing now*

A: Come closer. It's cold.

\* \* \*

Rupert: It's warm. It tingles on your tongue.

\* \* \*

A: You're shivering.

\* \* \*

Granny: Heavenly.

\* \* \*

A: We could warm up back at mine.

\* \* \*

Rupert: You bet.

\* \* \*

A: Just to talk. Not to -

\* \* \*

Granny: I can taste it.

\* \* \*

Her: Yes.

\* \* \*

Granny: It's delicious.

\* \* \*

*Melting down into Her alone, searching -*

?Her: How do I know if I'm falling in love?

*(A photo-face appears from the darkness:)*

*\I'm a chilled out person, likes going out, likes staying in, laid back, city worker*

*(it disappears)*

? Her : How do I know if someone likes me?

*(Another photo-face appears from the darkness:)*

*\seeking a partner in crime for adventures and mischief. I am a very spontaneous person so don't get in touch if that's not for you. I work in data entry and*

*(it disappears. Then another:)*

*\me/20/76%*

*(disappears)*

*Vibration.*

? Her : Am I spontaneous?

*(A torso appears-)*



*\me/29/89%/Fitness Instructor*

*\you are totally fuckable*

? Her: Am I fuckable if I'm pregnant?

*Vibration.*

*\send pic?*

? Her : Should I tell the person I'm having sex with that I'm pregnant?

*Vibration.*

*\why don't you cancel your plans and we fuck*

*Vibration. Vibration.*

*\Hey. Sorry I haven't replied I actually have a girlfriend  
now. Good luck.*

*Vibration.*

*\are you ghosting on me?*

*Vibration.*

*A (online): You didn't wake me up to say goodbye!*

*\me/26/96%/DJ*

*A (online): When can I see you again?*

? Her : Should I tell her?

*\* \* \**

#### **Day 4.**

*Front door snaps us into harsh daylight of morning (9am). Granny dishevelled in nightclothes, bed  
in disarray*

Granny: Where on earth have you been?

Her: I'm sorry, I was-

Granny: I have not slept.

Her: I didn't mean to worry you.

Granny: You didn't come home last night. You didn't answer your phone. Twenty eight calls.

Of course I was worried.

Her: I had to do an all nighter at work. With the promotion, they're working me harder,  
and -

*Granny stares at Her. Beat.*

Granny: I called them.

Her: I -

Granny: Why didn't you tell me you'd been dismissed? What did you think would happen last

night? Can you imagine how I felt? When no one knew where you were - knowing your predilection for meeting strangers from the internet? I am not an imbecile. And this is not a guest house for you to enter and leave as you choose. You're twenty-four.

Her: Okay there's something I have to -

Granny: It is against my principles to house a liar. I'm sure you'll find somewhere to stay with one of these many friends of yours – perhaps they'll prove quite how reliable they are at this time of need.

Her: Granny, I'm sorry – I need to talk with you -

Granny: Of course you do. But not on my birthday or at three in the morning or any time I call you - only now you're realising your cosy financial arrangement has come to an end. You can find somewhere else to stay and someone else to pay your bills.

Her: I need to look after you.

Granny: I will be quite able to manage on my own.

Her: Granny, please -

Granny: My decision is final. Pack your things. I shall sleep now – do not disturb me when you leave.

\* \* \*

#### *Her searches*

?Her: Why is this happening to me?

*\me/27*

*\me/32*

*\Tall, single, work in Royal Navy. House, fast car, no kids, all I need now is gorgeous lady to spoil.*

?Her: Who should I tell?

*\me/43*

?Her: What should I do?

*\me/21/86%/HR*

?Her: How much longer do I have to decide?

*\Outgoing, great listener, easy going, hard worker, gentle, caring, love my dog Cerberus*

?Her: When does the foetus start growing a heart?

*\Hey. Me and my girlfriend are looking for fun. Are you into threesomes?*

?Her: Where am I going to sleep tonight?

\* \* \*

*Standing at a bar*

?: What do you want to drink?

Her: Surprise me.

*(Presenting a can of Stella)*

?: £4 please.

Her: I've only got card is that OK?

?: Card minimum's £8.

Her: Can I get something more expensive?

?: Opened that for you now. Get docked if you don't pay.

Her: Do you want one?

?: Can't drink yet. Got another three hours of this shift.

\* \* \*

*A replaces ? at the bar*

A: Hi.

Her: Hi! How are you doing?

A: / I -

Her: Is this okay? It's kind of a bar, kind of a restaurant, kind of a - Do you like Japanese? You're not a vegetarian are you? It's fine if you are, because -

A: No, /I -

Her: They do all kinds of good sushi here. If you don't like sushi the ramen is great. If you don't like ramen, uh, the prawn temaki are delicious. Maybe we could share something, like -

A: *(cries)*

Her: Oh my god -

A: I'm sorry -

Her: what's wrong?

A: My mother passed away this afternoon.

\* \* \*

B: Surprise!

Her: What's that?

B: A shirt for you. You said you liked my shirt. So I made one for you. It's got sunflowers on it because they remind me of you.

Her: Oh...

B: *(proffering)* Would you like a piece of dried mango?

Her: No thanks.

B: Suit yourself. Mm. Delicious.

\* \*

?: I'm sorry. Are you meeting someone here?

Her: No. Just felt like a drink. You were working here last night, / weren't you?

?: It's just you're taking up the bar space. People are trying to order?

Her: How's your evening?

?: Busy.

Her: Mine's been packed. I'm a music producer, you know, and talent scout, so it's always very -

?: Customer. Be right back.

\* \* \*

A: Brain tumour.

Her: Oh my god.

A: So my mind's all over the place. I knew it was going to happen for a while, but.

Her: I'm so sorry.

A: It's okay. It's all a bit – sudden. I've just come straight from the hospital. I can't quite believe it's - Oh, hello, yes, I'll have the prawn temaki – and - sorry – what was I saying?

\* \* \*

B: You said in your message you wanted to tell me something?

Her: Just - thanks again for cycling me. I just wanted to to say that, it doesn't mean-

B: Oh I know. I can take a hint. Even though I find you very attractive. I actually met someone yesterday. I think she might be the person I've waited my whole life for.

Her: Oh. That's great.

B: Yes. It's wonderful. Mind-blowing sex.

\* \* \*

*? has disappeared. C is there.*

C: Cheer up love. You look miserable.

Her: I'm fine.

C: I'd give up if I were you. You and that bar person. Ain't gonna work.

Her: Didn't ask your opinion. But thanks.

C: That's okay. Idiot, though, because you're hot. I've seen you here before, haven't I? Weren't you here last week?

Her: No.

C: Yes you were. With / another -

Her: No. I wasn't.

*(C holds up two drinks)*

C: Snap, by the way. Got stood up.

Her: I haven't been stood up.

C: Then why are you talking to me?

\* \* \*

A: Got there in time to talk to her a bit. Say goodbye. Bought some flowers. Didn't know what to do with them afterwards. I'm sorry if this is -.

Her: Don't apologise.

A: I just – wanted to see you.

Her: Really?

A: Yeah. *(beat)* I guess I just feel like I can talk with you.

Her: Well - I'm happy about that. I mean, not “happy”. Sorry, I -

*(beat)* You know - my mum. Too.

A: I didn't know.

Her: Yeah. When I was five. *(beat)* I'm not saying I know how you feel, just – I'm here. Any time you want to talk about it. But we can be quiet, too, if – you want.

A: Thank you.

*Total silence for a brief moment.*

A: We have a connection, don't we?

Her: I feel it too.

A: Something about you. You're different.

\* \* \*

B: We shop in the same gardening centre. Our eyes locked in the packaged seeds aisle and that was it. So don't worry, I'm not trying to woo you or copulate with you. But you seem like a person who I would like to befriend, if you would be willing.

Her: I'm really happy for you.

B: Thank you.

Her: Lucky lady.

B: I don't believe in luck. Just timing.

\* \* \*

C: Mine's just round the corner. If you're up for it.

Her: OK. Let's take our drinks back there.

C: Wow. That worked better than I expected.

\* \* \*

A: I expect you've had that with loads of people.

Her: No.

A: Well I bet people tell you stuff like that all the time. How interested they are in you.

Her: Not really.

A: Well I'm interested in you..

\* \* \*

B: She's interested in poo too.

Her: What?

B: On her flower beds. We're going to do a swap.

Her: Right.

B: Of our shit. Compare the fertility.

Her: That's nice.

\* \* \*

C: If you're pulling my leg, can you tell me now.

Her: Am I fuckable?

C: You what?

\* \* \*

A: I'm sorry. (*crying*) I -

Her: Hey. Come here. I'm here.

A: I must look a complete state.

Her: You look completely beautiful.

A: No one looks beautiful when they're crying.

Her: I think you do.

*They kiss*

\* \* \*

B: YOU!

Her: Me?

B: Let's dance.

\* \* \*

C: Fuckable. Definitely.

\* \* \*

A: Thank you.

\* \* \*

B: Let's do the twist.

\* \* \*

C: Let's go.

\* \* \*

A: Let's take it slow.

\* \* \*

B: FASTER!

\* \* \*

C: Drink up.

\* \* \*

A: feels like it could be

\* \* \*

B: CAN CAN!

\* \* \*

C: Chop, chop.

\* \* \*

A: the start of something.

\* \* \*

*Granny on her own at 6am. Face illuminated in the darkness. Recording a Skype message*

Granny: Will you come home?

*(she deletes)*

It's your grandmother here. At 6am. I don't know what the point in leaving you a message is since it's been some time now since -

Just letting you know there's no need for you to come home. Or to worry about me.

*(She deletes. An exhalation. A silence.)*

? Granny: What time is it in California?

Find Rupert.

*Pictures and text of Granny's search results of Rupert start to appear across the space.*

Find my granddaughter.

*Rupert's voice from the darkness:*

\Rupert: Are you awake yet? I can't get to sleep.

Granny: Ahh - hello Rupert.

Rupert: *Hi! I've been thinking of you.*

Granny: Have you.

Rupert: *Been thinking of me?*

Granny: Not as such.

Rupert: *Oh.*

Granny: Well. Perhaps you've crossed my mind once or twice.

Rupert: *You've been doing the hop scotch over mine.*

Granny: One might say I'm more scotch than hop these days. What is it like over there?

Rupert: *Quiet.*

Granny: Would you like to do – video cam?

Rupert: *Sure!*

*The call's going through then – PING – light up out of the dark: Rupert in a chair opposite Granny. He's still in the shadows – feels blurry still. He acquires more clarity throughout the following*

Granny: Good morning Rupert.

Rupert: Good evening, Anne. Where have you been today?

Granny: Yesterday.

Rupert: Yes. Today.

Granny: I took a little trip down the Great Wall of China. Some wonderful views.

Rupert: Where to next?

Granny: I haven't decided yet. The choice is rather dizzying when the world is one's oyster.

Rupert: You know I've always wanted to go to Paris.

Granny: You've never been?

Rupert: Nope.

Granny: Oh, Rupert! You must.

Rupert: What's it like?

Granny: I couldn't begin to describe it. Oh, I long to go back. To see the Seine.

Rupert: Shall we go there together?

Granny: What do you mean?

Rupert: Take me.

Granny: Ha!

Rupert: What's funny?

Granny: You're not -

Rupert: Deadly.

Granny: Ah...



Rupert: Why not?

Granny: how shall I put this? - I hardly know you.

Rupert: And?

Granny: it's a little sudden –

Rupert: Suddenly is the only way to get anything done.

Granny: And - a rather stressful time for me – and - we're on opposite sides of the globe.

Rupert: So? We're here.

Granny: I'm here. You're there.

Rupert: So tell me. Show me. What did you do there?

Granny: Well...I used to drink Pernod on the Left Bank at sunset.

Rupert: And then?

*He puts a glass of Pernod into her hand. He has one in his. He clinks her glass.*

Rupert: A votre santé.

*Granny takes a sip.*

Granny: A light dinner on the *terrasse*... a little band would play...  
*'La Mer' by Charles Trenet starts to play, tinnily at first, through speakers.*

Granny: Oh, stop it.

Rupert: Come with me.

Granny: This is silly.

*Rupert, for the first time, appears in crystal clarity. He is wearing a dinner jacket. He extends his hand to Granny.*

Rupert: *Bonjour madame.*

Granny: Rupert!

Rupert: Care to dance?

Granny: It's six in the morning!

Rupert: I won't take no for an answer.

Granny: And why not, exactly?

Rupert: Because this is such a wonderful song. And you are such a wonderful woman in front of me on this starry Parisian night on the Left Bank.

Granny: You're being ridiculous now.

Rupert: Your hand. Please. Trust me.

Granny: I've never met you.

Rupert: Let's start here then. *Enchanté, madame.*

*Hesitantly, Granny takes Rupert's hand.*

*Then she takes him into her arms, close. She begins to sway to the music. She starts to dance tentatively. Gradually, she acquires astonishing grace and youthfulness. The room slides away. The lights dim. A chandelier is lowered. A choir appear. They drape Granny in pearls.*

Rupert: You are so beautiful.

Granny: Oh to be young and in Paris again.

Rupert: Why would anyone want to be young when they are as graceful as you?

Granny: You are an awful flirt.

Rupert: And I think you like it.

\* \* \*

*Her is leaving a Skype message:*

Her: Granny?

\* \* \*

Granny: It's been such a long time. Such a long, long time.

Rupert: Do you like it here in Paris?

\* \* \*

Her: It's the middle of the night.

\* \* \*

Granny: Very much. Do you?

Rupert: Awfully.

\* \* \*

Her: Or the morning. I don't know. I can't get through to you.

\* \* \*

Granny: We'll have a picnic on the riverbank in the sunshine.

Rupert: On a Sunday afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte.

\* \* \*

Her: I can't sleep. I don't know where I am

\* \* \*

Granny: With all the people around us

\* \* \*

Her: I – miss you

\* \* \*

Rupert: Jealous of how beautiful you look

\* \* \*

Her: I hope you're okay.

\* \* \*

Granny: And how handsome you are

\* \* \*

Her: I want to say I'm sorry for ...

\* \* \*

Rupert: We'll go to Rome next week

\* \* \*

Her: The thing is I've actually – well I found out a while ago that apparently I'm -

\* \* \*

Granny: Sail to Byzantium

\* \* \*

Her: Granny. I hope you're – I think I've met someone.

\* \* \*

Rupert: The young in one another's arms

\* \* \*

Her: I've made a mess of everything

\* \* \*

Granny: caught in that sensual music...

\* \* \*

Her: and I think I need your help

\* \* \*

Rupert: Do you like having me close to you?

*The track starts to skip.*

Granny: I don't want to be anywhere else...

*The sound cuts out*

Granny: Hello?

*The Skype call ends. Chandelier, pearls, choir gone.*

Granny: Rupert?

*Granny is left alone in the living room. beat of silence*

Granny: Hello?

\* \* \*

*simultaneously:*

Her: I need your advice –

\* \* \*

Granny: Rupert?

\* \* \*

Her: I need to

\* \* \*

Granny: Come back

\* \* \*

Her: talk to you

\* \* \*

Granny: Where have you gone?

\* \* \*

Her: I can't sleep, I wanted to – I don't know where I – I have to tell you something...  
important and I wanted to leave you a – but you probably won't want to talk to me anyway so I'll  
just ...

*(she deletes the message)*

?Her: Why can't I sleep?

*\hi how's it going*

What day is it?

*\you look*

Why does no one want to call me?

*\me/21*

*\friendly*

What am I good at?

*\what you up to*

Am I in love?

*\30/89*

*\hey ur hot*

*\Asked u a question*

*/19/62*

Does anyone love me?

*\omg*

*\me*

*\Here for two nights*

Does it love me?

*\I wanna*

*\not looking for relationship*

*\me*

*\show me around?*

*\hey*

*\just for friends*

*\spank that*

Would I be a good mother?

*\Feeling lonely?*

Why am I always so tired?

\* \* \*

Rupert: Wakey, wakey.

Granny: Hmm?

Rupert: You've been sleeping.

Granny: How do you know that? Why are you – wha-?

Rupert: Our call disconnected. You were asleep by the time we reconnected.

Granny: What time is it?

Rupert: 2am my time. 10am yours.

Granny: You've been watching me sleeping?

Rupert: No. Well only for a little. I dozed off too. I woke up half an hour ago. Just went out to the convenience store. And guess what. Croissants.

Granny: Rupert..

Rupert: And... coffee!

Granny: this is a bit

*Rupert puts on a beret and a string of onions round his neck.*

Rupert: And... *(He holds up an envelope.)* Surprise.

Granny: What?

Rupert: Two tickets. The day after tomorrow.

Granny: I don't understand.

Rupert: We're going to Paris! For real!

Granny: Ah...

Rupert: *Madame* is on the Eurostar. First Class, *naturellement*. *Monsieur* will join her at the station, fresh off his plane over from *les Etats Unis* ... Well? Aren't you excited?

Granny: Rupert  
Rupert: We can find the place you used to go – track down somewhere with an old style band  
Granny: Stop.  
Rupert: What's wrong?  
Granny: This is very generous, but – I'm afraid I'll have to decline your offer.  
Rupert: What?  
Granny: I'm not doing that.  
Rupert: Why not?  
Granny: I'm not saying we can't talk – that we can't... But this. So sudden. Making plans. Buying me things. That is not how this is going to work.  
Rupert: I need someone. And you need someone -  
Granny: I don't 'need' anyone.  
Rupert: Right.  
Granny: So let's try and take this a little more slowly, shall we? I would like this to be... calm.  
Rupert: Okay.  
Granny: We can still talk. Don't sulk. Ask me a question.  
Rupert: How's, er – how's your grand daughter? Her promotion?

\* \* \*

*“I'm Coming Out” by Diana Ross is on. Really, really loud.*

*A bed. Her looks slightly more pregnant.*

Her: AaaaAAAH!  
B: Good morning.  
Her: Oh my god turn it off  
B: But it's such a beautiful song. It's so empowering! Doesn't it make you feel alive?  
Her: TURN IT OFF

*B does*

B: Sorry.  
I thought it'd be a nice way for you to wake up. I wake up to it every day.

\* \* \*

*A replaces B in the bed.*

A: Wake up, sleepy.  
Her: Hmm?  
A: You've been sleeping for ages. I was just about to head out.  
Her: Where? Haven't you had breakfast? Sorry. I sound like your mum.

*Beat*

Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I forgot.

\* \* \*

*C replaces A. C snorts awake*

C: Hello.

Her: Hi.

C: Who are you? (*beat*) How did this happen?

Her: Um – you asked me to come home with you

C: And it worked?

Her: Apparently so.

C: Get in! Did we...?

Her: You fell asleep.

C: Right.

\* \* \*

B: Your hair looks good today. Most people's hair looks bad in the morning. My mother says mine looks like a goat. She likes hardy animals. (*inhales deeply*) You smell good too. Like decomposing leaves. Autumnal. It's delicious. What do I smell like?

Her: You've got body odour.

B: It is impossible for a body not to have an odour. I don't use deodorant. Makes you stink.

Her: Well. I do.

B: (*sniffs Her's underarm*) Yes. It stinks. I like your belly too. I find its distended quality quite attractive.

*Vibration*

Her: Can I use your bathroom?

B: If you are going to defecate could you save it in one of the biodegradable bags please?

\* \* \*

A: I'd better head off.

Her: Shall we have some breakfast?

A: I can't really stay – got to get into work.

Her: Are you sure it's a good idea to go to work?

A: It's probably better for me to keep busy.

Her: But surely a day off – people would understand.

A: Don't you have to go to work, too?

\* \* \*

C: Did you want to, as well?

*Vibration*

Her: What do you mean?

C: Did you, you know. Were you up for it? If I hadn't fallen asleep like a knob.

\* \* \*

B: I'm having difficulty interpreting your facial expression. What does it mean?

Her: Do you think this was a bad idea?

B: Our sexual intercourse? I found the whole thing quite pleasantly surprising.

Her: What about the woman from the seed-aisle?

B: Oh she's very relaxed. She encourages me to pursue whatever sexual inclinations I desire.

*Vibration*

Her: Great. Because I wouldn't want to be a dick and give you the wrong signals.

*Vibration*

Like I have a lot of sex. Like loads. With different people.

\* \* \*

A: What time do you have to be in?

Her: Oh – they're really flexible with -

A: I'll look it up your route for you - what's the address?

Her: No it's fine.

A: No, come on, it's no bother. *(pause)* What's wrong?

Her: Uh, this is really embarrassing, but. I actually lied. I don't have a job.

A: Oh?

Her: I had one. Sort of. But I got fired. And I also now don't have a home. I was living with my Granny. She kicked me out. Right after our second date. Bet you've gone off me now, haven't you.

\* \* \*

C: I have to ask because I can't really remember. I'd had quite a bit to drink I think.

Her: Yes. I did want to.

C: Brilliant.

*Vibration*

How are you fixed this morning?



Her: Are you asking if I want to fuck you now instead?  
C: Well, I wasn't specifically - I've got to visit my mum in a bit so I wouldn't -  
Her: Do you want to fuck me?  
C: Well, I suppose that would be, yes, great, if you.

*Vibration*

Her: I'm not taking my t-shirt off .  
C: I'm not picky. It's okay if you don't have a twatwax.  
Her: Stop talking.  
C: Did you want a cuppa first?  
Her: No.  
C: Just need to nip to the bathroom. Brush my teeth. Back in a sec.

\* \* \*

B: Breakfast!  
*B appears with a tray of fruit. Chucks Her an apple. She takes a bite. Makes a sound of approval.*

B: The secret's in the fertilizer.  
Her: What did you – oh right. Your own shit.  
B: Correct.

\* \* \*

A: When was this?  
Her: I – I can't remember when...  
A: Where have you been staying?  
Her:: Just – with friends.  
A: For how long?  
Her: Uh – Two weeks? Three? I don't -  
A: You poor thing.

\* \* \*

*“Let's Get It On” by Marvin Gaye starts playing*

C: I've been really trying, baby, I've been trying to hold back this feeling for so long  
And if you feel, like I feel baby, then come on, oh, come on  
Her: What are you doing?  
C: Sorry. *(music stops)* Was that not what you  
Her: For fuck's sake.  
C: Sorry. This is all just a bit unexpected to be honest. I don't really know how to do it.  
Her: You don't have to do anything. I am giving you exactly what you want, no effort, no

strings, just – go.

C: Right you are.

\* \* \*

B: Are you alright? Is something wrong, did I upset you?

Her: Yeah. No.

B: I've been told that sometimes after I say things and people go quiet I have to ask them “are you alright, is something wrong, did I upset you?”.

Her: Why did you choose me?

B: What do you mean?

Her: Why did you choose to talk to me?

B: I was in search of a sexual encounter with a stranger.

Her: But why me?

B: Yours was the first picture that appeared on my screen.

\* \* \*

A: Why on earth didn't you tell me?

Her: Cos I knew you'd go off me. It's okay if you have.

A: Of course not. It only makes me more interested in you (*Her laughs*) What's funny?

Her: I don't believe you.

A: Why not?

Her: Well. I'm not really. Am I.

A: Yes.

\* \* \*

C: Does that feel good? If I -

Her: Why are you licking my hand?

C: I just thought, maybe that was quite – no?

Her: No.

C: Oh. I'm not quite sure what

Her: What I am asking you to do is very simple.

C: Shall I take these socks off first?

\* \* \*

B: I was uncertain about your ironic 90s RnB act, which I find depressingly inauthentic, but I found your picture attractive enough to overlook that.

Her: Your profile is way lamer.

B: My profile works.

Her: "Works?"

B: People are intrigued by my product. I have goods to offer. I make them appear as appealing as possible. How many messages do you receive a day?

Her: I don't count.

B: I expect it is under five. Including the perverts. Oh. Was that offensive? I have trouble with understanding politeness. Just one of the unattractive traits I can offer to potential mates. Ha. Was that funny?

\* \* \*

A: Stay here for a bit

Her: You don't mean that.

A: Wouldn't you like to?

Her: You don't want me here, getting in your way.

A: I think we both need someone to talk to and – I feel like I can talk with you. I want you to be able to tell me anything.

Her: You make me feel like I can.

A: D'you want to? Stay?

Her: Maybe. I don't know. *(beat)* thank you.

A: Is there anything else you want to tell me, then?

Her: .... no. Don't think so.

A: Thank you for being honest with me. It means a lot to me.

\* \* \*

C: Do you play any musical instruments, or...?

Her: Am I not fuckable?

C: I mean you're lovely, it's just I'm finding this a bit difficult. I'd like it if we could maybe talk a bit first. I don't even know who you are.

Her: That's the point. I don't want to talk.

C: Sorry. This is quite an intimidating situation for me to be honest with you. I feel a bit sad.

Her: Are you a virgin?

C: No. Well. I nearly wasn't, I was doing the online dating for a bit, just for fun really, met someone who I thought was quite interested in me, and managed to get myself royally scammed. Not even for money. For this bastard's blog. For kicks. Total muppet. So intimacy is a bit hard for me now.

Her: What the fuck am I doing here?

C: I thought you wanted to -

\* \* \*

B: Are you alright? Is something wrong? Did I upset you?

Her: Look. Last night was a mistake. I've met someone. We're going to be exclusive. And I need to be there for them right now. Their mum – just died. Brain tumour.

\* \* \*

A I have a work thing tonight – so if you don't mind staying with your friend for this evening, you could bring your stuff over tomorrow.

Her: I don't have any stuff. Just this bag.

A: Well - that's great. Are you sure you'll be alright for tonight?

Her: Yes I'm – I'll find a – I'm sure I've got somewhere

A: I'm so pleased I met you. I've been looking for someone like you for so long. I just want to know everything about you.

Her: Um. Okay. Stop.

A: What? Too much?

Her: No... I want you to say those things – so much - it's just –

\* \* \*

C: Please will you stay

Her: I have to go

C: I'm sorry I'm not crying I'm not crying

\* \* \*

B: Brain tumour?

Her: And I – I have to make a decision – about -

B: (*pointing to her stomach*) Your baby?

\* \* \*

*Vibration*

A: What's wrong?

\* \* \*

*Vibration*

C: I can't. I can't. I'm sorry. It's too hard

\* \* \*

*Vibration*

B: What? It's obvious.

*Throughout below, scene boundaries start to dissolve as pictures taken of Her from different angles*

*start to appear. Images of her fractured body begin to cover the space. As she does this, isolated faces, legs, torsos, tits of other people appear-)*

*Skype*

Granny: Hello?

*\hello*

*Vibration*

Her: I feel sick

*VibrationVibration*

*\hi*

C: Will you just hold me

*\me/34/68%*

Granny: Where are you?

*\me/29/87%*

*Vibration*

B: Hang on. Did you say brain tumour?

*\me*

A: What's wrong?

*\hey*

C: Please

Granny: Are you there?

B: Are you going to keep it?

*\HI*

A: Come back!

Granny: Come back.

C: What's the point what's the point what's the point

B: Because it really looks like you should decide soon.

A: Where are you going?

*\hey think I*

*Vibration*

*\are you looking for a*

*\recognise*

*\do you wanna*

*\relationship or*

*Vibration*

*\you*

*\just hookups?*

*\Are you*

*\do you like*

*\check me out?*

*Vibration*

*\the girl from*

*\leather?*

*\that*

*\OMG it's*

*\blog?*

*\you!*

*\so*

*VibrationVibrationVibration*

*\how's being*

Granny: Can you hear me?

*\you're*

*\TELL ME ABOUT YOUR*

*\famous?*

*VibrationVibration*

*\the one from*

*\MOTHER*

*\hello?*

*VibrationVibrationVibration*

*\Overnode!*

*\you got*

*\burn.*

*Vibration*

*\owned*

*Vibration*

*\U BORING*

*Vibration*

*\hiii*

Vibration

\SLUT

Vibration. Vibration

|you're

\dumb

Vibration

\sexy

\what's your

Vibration

\bitch

Vibration

\fantasy?

Vibration

?Her: Who am I?

A: HEY. Hey. Hello. Come in. Calm down. It's okay. *(A checks their phone. Quickly turns it off. Reaches for Her's)* Give me that.

*Her stuffs her phone under a cushion, it keeps vibrating. She is breathing fast*

Her: I'm sorry – I needed to – Hi - I didn't know where else to - okay - I like you. I like you a *(vibration)* a lot. Kind of – scary actually – you're so – but I - *(Vibration)* – I can't do this because you're so – and I've just completely – okay need to tell you – I *(Vibration)* - I'm pregnant. I'm actually – I actually have a foetus inside my body and it's growing right now *(vibration)* and I don't know if I want it or if *(vibration)* I don't want it and I can't can't get down to the bottom of it or any of this *(vibration)(vibration)* I'm feeling like I'm scrolling down and down and I can't ever reach the bottom *(vibration)* but I think you're at the bottom I think I'm with you at the bottom I just need to get there because you're this incredible person I've met and I've fucked it up now like I always do *(vibration)* – I feel sick - and everything with your mum and I don't know where I'm going what I'm doing it's it's it's everything's so huge and I can't get a handle on it I haven't been home in days I've been sleeping with strangers I don't have a home any more I'm pregnant- oh my god - I'm pregnant – I think I - I'll just – love you - go now.

*(Vibration)*

A: Hey. Breathe. Just give me your *(phone)*

Her: Sorry. I'm going.

*(vibration)*

A: Why?

Her: I know you want me to –I shouldn't have come -

A: I don't want you to go. I want you here.

Her: What?

*(vibration)*

A: I said I want you here.

Her: I know you don't. Why would you want me here?

A: Come here. Listen to me. I want to spend time with you. I could tell you were showing – I was waiting for you to tell me. It's okay. We can talk through your options together. If you even knew how much I – If you want to be – exclusive – we can talk about -*(vibration)*  
*(vibration)(vibration)* Look. Why don't you turn that off?

*(silence)*

Her: I love you.

*She looks at her phone. It's vibrating continually now. She frowns.*

A: Let me turn that off for you.

\* \* \*

B: Hello. Was it your birthday on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of October?

Granny: Are you a salesperson? I'm afraid I'm not interested.

B: Do you have a granddaughter who uses online dating? I am very worried about her.

Granny: Excuse me?

B: She's pregnant.

\* \* \*

Her: What -

A: Here, give it to me.

Her: I've got 2,076 new messages -

A: Oh you must have been - spammed or -

\* \* \*

B: And I think she's just become a viral – ah – there's a blog – anonymous – but it has to be her. Brain tumour – suspected pregnancy – times - dates – physical description - you get a mention too - people online were being – well – horrible things, untrue - assumptions – I wanted to make it clear she is a decent human being. But I hadn't quite considered the repercussions of revealing the presumed identity -

Granny: What have you done with her?

B: Where is she?



Granny: You mean you don't know? Who are you?

B: We have to find her.

Granny: There is no 'we' here. Stay away from my granddaughter or I will report you to the police. Get out of my house.

\* \* \*

*A tries to grab the phone. Her snatches it back. Her stares at the screen, scrolling down and down.*

*A silence as she reads.*

Her: What is this?

A: Hm?

Her: Is this real?

A: What are you talking about? Sit down. Let me get you a cup of tea.

Her: Is this – what is “Overnode...”

A: What're you -

Her: “Dot. Blogspot. Dot. Com.”?

A: Err, I don't

Her: I don't understand.

A: Now – ah -

Her: Why are all these people messaging me -

A: Must be a virus or something. Sit down.

*A silence while she reads*

Her: There's a blog about me on the internet?

A: Is there?

Her: What – what is this? How does this person know about us?

*Silence*

Oh my god.

A: OK OK it's not *about* you, it's it's it's *loosely based* on my /experiences-

Her: a – blog?

A: No no no don't be silly -

Her: *Silly?* Did you just – what? - have you just made me into some sort of - viral - joke?

A: No you're not a joke -

Her: I don't understand. Is this an experiment?

A: Not as such -

Her: “Number 1. The first date” “Number 2. The first night.” “Number 3. The Emotional Recall test” oh my god

A: Right right well what's happened is – I'm actually a writer as well. And I just started a little blog about my – *experiences* with people – sort of conversational,

Her: About me?

A: you know, but informative, accessible psychology -

Her: accessible?

A: And - anyway it's done a lot better than I was expecting – well, really quite astoundingly successful actually -

Her: No one reads blogs.

A: Ah, several hundred thousand have read this one. And as of my post this morning – Penguin have offered me a book deal. So. Thank you, I suppose. I'm sorry if this is – difficult for you. I had no idea you were quite so – attached. We've only been on a few dates and I suppose I thought-

Her: So none of this is real?

A: I tried to be as honest and as open as I -

Her: Your mum?

A: Well. My mother – no. For the thesis to work I had to -

Her: A brain tumour? you lied to me about that?

A: You lied too. For a start, you're pregnant. You told me you had a job and you didn't. Apparently you've been seeing other people and you said you weren't. Say I had been telling the truth. Would that have been very fair on me? You had an agenda of your own. You paid your subscription fee. You wanted to get something. Everyone's out for themselves online. Everyone lies. You, in particular, are a fascinating case -

Her: I'm going to report you.

A: For what? It's not against the law.

Her: We slept together.

A: It was consensual, wasn't it?

Her: No. I didn't know who you were.

*Her's phone still vibrating. Skype ringtone*

Granny: Please call me.

A: Let's just talk rationally about this.

Her: I trusted you.

A: That was your choice. I never asked you to.

Her: I don't believe this. I don't believe this is happening.

Granny: I'm coming to get you.

A: Don't leave. Let's talk. I'll call you and we can talk.

*Skype ringtone continuous. Vibrations pulse.*

Granny: It's me. I'm calling you again. I can't get through.

*Her starts hitting A. Over and over again.*

Her: Stay away from me

*The phone ring gets louder. Vibrations pulse harder.*

Her: Stay the fuck away from me.

Granny: Just hold on.

Her: I'm going to throw up

Granny: I'm coming to you now.

Her: I want to go home. I want to go home. I want to go home.

*Vibrations. The following layered in with audio of news reports. Audio of adverts. Layers of audio that become undecipherable due to the amount of other noises. Each new paragraph in each column is a different voice.*

A: Try to control yourself	\I've read all about you	\hows it feel to be a celebrity	\How did you not know?!
	\hey just wanna say I feel really sorry for you	\no one is gonna want you for real with a face like that	\me
Granny: Please just call me back	\pleeeeeease carry on it's too funny	\I'm extremely curious about everything and whatever it is you're into.	\ur a dumb bitch
A: You're not well.	\I am very busy at the moment! So many messages! running away again. I'm sorry! I will respond soon!	\me/29	\I'm just a big old nerd
Granny: I don't know where you are	\I was a squatting	\talkative, eccentric, bookworm, inquisitive,	\I like cats and I try not to take life too seriously.
			\ Hello. This is me. I suck at summarising. I

A: Let's talk about this.	student and now I'm just an unemployed graduate blob of ennui.	empathetic, romantic, absurdist, lively.	normally ramble on for way too long, repeating myself with various metaphors and similes
Granny: We need to talk		\me	until everyone in the room tells me to shut the hell up.
A: Don't we.	\26 year old recent graduate, polyamorous, politically all over the place, interested in everything	\I really can't write self-summaries. I'm forever unable to articulate myself, and I end up coming across as a bundle of contradictions	\me
Granny: Hello?			
A: You're not helping yourself.	\me \I'm in a long term relationship with myself.		\Circus freak. Stage manager. Fire starter.
Granny: Are you there?		\me \Somewhat	I believe in truth, pleasure, and, above all, that no words can substitute for an experience.
A: Breathe.	\Difficult to say really. Is selfhood really unitary or a bundle of fragmentary sensations and perceptions?	cisgendered, straight-leaning polysexual, sex positive, enormously extroverted, vegan, science-loving class	\me
Granny tell me where you are.		war casualty.	\me
Granny: Hello?	\me \me \me \me \me	\me \me \me \me \me	\me \me \me \me \me

*Her chucks her phone at the wall and smashes it. The lights go out.*

\* \* \*

*The lights slowly fade up to morning, a week or so later.*

*Granny and Her are snuggled up in bed together, boxes all around them, leafing through a pile of photographs.*

Her: That one's nice.

Granny: Awful.

Her: That one?

Granny: Let's put it on the maybe.

Her: No. No. That one

Granny: Do you think?

Her: Definitely.

Granny: How many on the definite pile?

Her: Twenty six.

Granny: Maybe?

Her: *(showing the 'Maybe' pile)* That many.

Granny: How many have we got left?

Her: About four thousand. That's just the war photography. I'm going to be uploading these for days.

Granny: Wikimedia had better be grateful for this.

Her: Wikimedia is a website. I don't think it has emotions.

Granny: Goodness. I used to take so many.

*Granny picks up another photograph*

Look. It's you. How did this get in here? You're four there, I think. I bought you those dungarees for your birthday. You loved them.

Her: I didn't know you took photographs of me.

Granny: Oh, yes, there's a bundle of them in one of these boxes somewhere.

Her: You never showed me.

Granny: Look at you. Little scrapper. That's what I called you when I first met you. All new. I took one look at you, and you looked back at me so crossly for such a little thing, and I said, "Hello, scrapper!" And I thought, she's one of us.

*(beat)*

I missed you, scrapper.

*(Long beat.)*

Are you sure?

Her: I think so.

Granny: You're sure it's what you want to do?

Her: Yes.

*Granny looks at the photograph.*

Granny: You still have time. Festina lente.

Her: What?

Granny: It's what your grandfather always used to say. More haste less speed. That's what I'd say when the bullets came flying. Festina Lente. Wind on. Check the aperture. Focus. Calm.

Compose the shot.

Click!

Fancy a trip to Paris?