BEN (*anger creeping in*). You should have seen him. Showing off. In a corner shop!

[redacted]

BEN (*mimicking* SAM). ‘Oh no, Ben, I think we’ll go for something a little more “robust”. Maybe a cheeky little South African number, mate.’

[redacted]

BEN. Something about the way people like him say ‘mate’ – like they’re on a fucking safari, trying to fit in with the natives.

[redacted]

LAUREN (*a warning*). Sam is one of my oldest friends.

She holds out her wine glass.

[redacted]

BEN. Right.

He pours wine into her glass.

[redacted]

BEN. And maybe a bit more than that? Back in the day?

[redacted]

The monitor cuts out.

LAUREN. No.

BEN. Much to your disappointment.

LAUREN. Fuck you.

She takes a swig. BEN *smiles – he puts his arms around her lustfully.*

BEN. Sorry, I forgot – getting into people’s heads – that’s your job. I’m just good with my hands.

He runs his hands down her body, as the monitor comes back on.

[redacted]

(*Quietly.*) How was it?

BEN. Fine. Till we had to pay. I look round and he’s standing outside, waiting.

Through the monitor, we hear SAM *enter the bedroom.*

[redacted]

LAUREN. I’ll give you money.

BEN. Wouldn’t have minded except he chose / it all.

[redacted]