

Acting Edition

KILL THY NEIGHBOUR

by Lucie Lovatt

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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KILL THY NEIGHBOUR was first produced by Theatr Clwyd and the Torch Theatre, and premiered at Theatr Clwyd on 2nd April 2024. The cast (in order of appearance) and company were as follows:

GARETH Jamie Redford
CARYL Victoria John
MAX Gus Gordon
MEIRION Dafydd Emyr
SEREN Catrin Stewart

Writer Lucie Lovatt
Director Chelsey Gillard
Set & Costume Designer Elin Steele
Lighting Designer Lucía Sánchez Roldán
Composer & Sound Designer Tic Ashfield
Intimacy Director Bethan Eleri
Assistant Director Ellie Rose
Casting Director Polly Jerrold
Production Manager Jim Davis
Wellbeing Facilitator Hester Evans
Company Stage Manager Alec Reece
Deputy Stage Manager Tyla Thomas
Assistant Stage Manager Emma Hardwick
Producer Jenny Pearce

CHARACTERS

In order of appearance

GARETH – late-twenties, estate agent from Pontypridd now based in west Wales.

CARYL – fifties, from west Wales. She, and her husband Meirion, are the only permanent residents of their village.

MAX – mid-thirties, from Bristol, mixed-heritage British/Zambian. He, and his wife Jenny, have just bought the house next door to Caryl and Meirion.

MEIRION – fifties, from west Wales. Caryl's husband.

SEREN – early-thirties, from west Wales now living in Cardiff. Caryl and Meirion's only child.

SETTING

The near future in a house in Porth Y Graith,
a fictional Pembrokeshire coastal village.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

A forward slash (/) marks the point of interruption in overlapping dialogue.

The radio, when on, should only be the weather forecast, white noise, or a mix of the two.

The play follows a traditional three act structure. Each act is defined by its own mood. I have suggested the interval fall within the middle of Act Two, which, whilst not conventional, feels fitting to this play.

PROLOGUE

(Late February. Early morning, still dark.)

(GARETH, dressed smartly and for the cold, carries a branded portfolio folder emblazoned with YOUR WERTH PROPERTIES and a laser distance measurer. He keeps himself busy making various notes until, upon noticing the audience, he gives a warm business-like welcome. With a glint in his eye, he rifles through his folder and then pulls out a prospectus to read from, giving it the big sell.)

GARETH. To begin at the beginning:*

It is spring, moonless night in this much sought-after coastal village, starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched, courtiers'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeback, slow, black, crowblack, farrow-and-ball black, fishingboat-bobbing sea.

And all the people of this lulled prime seaside village, with spectacular panoramic views, are sleeping now.

(CARYL enters wearing wellies, layers of clothing and a bobble hat. She carries a bucket of water in one hand and a cloth in the other. She stops to listen for a moment, growing obviously irritated by what she hears. GARETH side-eyes her but, now mid-stream, does not fully acknowledge her.)

*The prologue is adapted from Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood* (1954), which is in the public domain in the United Kingdom.

GARETH. Hush, the babies are sleeping, the farmers, the fishers, the tradesmen and pensioners, cobbler, school-teacher, postman and publican, the undertaker and the fancy woman, drunkard, dressmaker, preacher, policeman, the webfoot cocklewomen and the tidy / wives.

CARYL. No, they're not love. They all bugged off long ago.

(Blackout.)

ACT ONE

Scene One

(Early morning.)

(Lights up on a kitchen-cum-living area in a Pembrokeshire house.)

(The original house dates to the mid-1800s. The living area at the front of the stage feels traditional, whilst the more modern kitchen area, an extension, probably from the 1980s, is slightly raised at the back of the stage. There is an awkward step in-between the two areas.)

(Upstage, there is a door to the back garden and another to a toilet. Downstage, stairs to upstairs are visible and there is an offstage front door exit. A stone inglenook fireplace dominates one side of the room. There is an old sofa, shelves full of books, photos and an old music system. Fishing and crabbing equipment is spread around the room, with lobster pots piled high upon each other and rods propped up against each other in corners.)

(At the heart of the room is a large dining table. Once this would have been used for family meals and entertaining but now piles

of laundry, paperwork and other household items litter the table, leaving just one corner clear enough for two people to eat at. A wall calendar reads February but with very little on it.)

(The room is in the middle of a somewhat disorganised but extreme clean and so we find chairs on top of each other, and the furniture pushed at awkward angles, whilst a Hoover sits in the middle of the stage.)

(CARYL is either on her hands and knees, with a dustpan, or up on top of a chair or table dusting the ceiling. MAX, who has just entered via the back door [which remains open], is fresh from the sea wearing a changing robe, a pair of plastic clog shoes and a brightly coloured bobble hat which almost matches CARYL's. He carries a Waitrose tote bag over his shoulder.)

CARYL. Sut dych chi? *(Slower now.)* Sut dych chi? How / are

MAX. *(He gets it.)* Da iawn, diolch! Da iawn. Sorry, that just sounded a bit erm, a bit *different*. I couldn't quite, on the app, you know, on the app it sounds different.

CARYL. Well, I'm not an app, am I. No, you've caught yourself a live one here Max!

MAX. No, no, it's great. To be able to. IRL. Mae hi'n braf today, *heddiw*, Caryl. Spring has finally sprung in Porth Y Graith. Greeth?

CARYL. Graith. Is February spring? Not in my book. And surely, it's dangerous to be swimming out there this time of year?

(MAX closes the back door.)

MAX. God no. It was *sublime*. (*Pointing at her head.*) Hey, look, we've got matching hats! You're a Pembrokeshire style icon, Caryl.

(**CARYL** takes her hat off.)

Is Marion here?

CARYL. Marion?

MAX. Meon?

CARYL. Not quite.

MAX. Sorry.

CARYL. Go on. Have another go.

MAX. Merryman?

CARYL. Mey-ree-on. Meirion.

MAX. Mayran.

CARYL. Oh, I don't know why I'm bothering. He won't care. Nothing ever really upsets Meirion, aside from me that is, *breathing*.

MAX. Right. It's just, well, I'm having to get off shortly.

CARYL. Back *home* is it?

MAX. Well, back to Bristol, yes. The internet connection down here, it's still a bit, you know (*Beat.*) *patchy*. Hopefully they'll get it sorted soon but I've got to go granular in this meeting with my team end of play.

CARYL. *Granular*? Right. Well, hold on.

(**CARYL** goes to the bottom of the stairs and shouts up.)

Meirion! Max, the new one from next door, is here to see you.

MAX. I think I'm in your way. I should wait outside, or I could just pop / back

CARYL. Don't be daft, I'm only having a quick tidy.

(CARYL lays an old towel on top of a lobster pot.)

Sit down there whilst you wait. He'll be down in a minute.

(MAX perches whilst CARYL tidies around him with exaggerated effort.)

CARYL. Remind me, what is it you do again Max?

MAX. I'm a consultant. Marketing. Digital mainly.

CARYL. Oh, there we are then, I thought for a minute then that you meant a *proper* consultant. We could do with one of them round here.

MAX. No. Jenny is the one with the proper job.

CARYL. We've not met her yet, have we? Jenny.

MAX. Not yet. *(Beat.)* No, hold on. You did meet her when we first came to view the place?

(CARYL stares at the ceiling.)

CARYL. No, I would have remembered. Been a few months since you got the keys to Glyn's place.

MAX. *Our* place. And she's not, *not* coming.

CARYL. Max, be a love and give me a hand will you. See that spider's web up there, I don't think I'll be able to reach it.

(MAX reaches up or climbs up on a chair to do so.)

Could you just. No, hold on. Don't hurt him! He has as much right to live here as we do.

MAX. What do you want / me

CARYL. Pass him here. He won't bite.

(MAX scoops up the spider and gives it to CARYL.)

Right then, corryn bach, how about you build a brand-new life for yourself in our shed.

(CARYL goes out. MAX realises how wet he is getting the floor and attempts and fails to clean it up. CARYL re-enters.)

I hope it's not our wildlife that's keeping Jenny away, is it?

MAX. No, no! She was all set to come down to Graith this time, but something came up.

CARYL. Craith.

MAX. Sorry?

CARYL. Or Y Graith but not Graith. It's incorrect.

MAX. Right.

CARYL. Oh, don't worry, it's those hellish mutations. Enough to make you want to *mutate* yourself, aren't they? Not that, that would be such an awful thing, mind. What would you mutate into? If you could?

MAX. I don't. I've never really thought about / it.

CARYL. I'd be a cont y môr, I would.

MAX. *(Apprehensively.)* Sorry, Caryl, a cont?

CARYL. Y môr. A jellyfish, Max. And then I could just swim away. *Propel* myself away. *(Beat.)* But I'd probably just end up being washed up back on the shore here. Back where I started. Like you on your way now, heading back to England.

(MAX laughs.)

MAX. Yeah right. I'm gutted actually. But on the upside, I've just scored myself a cheeky hair appointment back in Bristol, squeezing it in just before this big team call today, so that's a bonus. Don't want them all thinking I've let myself go now I'm WFW.

CARYL. WFW?

MAX. Working From Wales. I have this one particular barber I like, you know, and he's kind of in demand so I / have to.

CARYL. You don't have to explain yourself to me now love. I'd love a new do I would. Just look at the state of my mop, will / you?

MAX. Oh no Caryl, you look great. *(In a Welsh accent.)* Stunning!

CARYL. You need an optician's appointment love not a haircut. *(Beat.)* I used to have a fabulous hairdresser. A Peripatetic she was.

MAX. Oh God! How did that happen? Was it an accident?

CARYL. Came round here every two months or so to tidy me up she did, and I don't drive see, but she packed it in.

MAX. Did she get a new job?

CARYL. New job? No love. She was living in a place she'd rented for years, and I mean *years*, by the big Tesco in Hav'ford. Anyway, last year, out of the blue, her landlord decides he can make more money letting it out to tourists. And she couldn't find anywhere else so ended up moving in with her sister in Llanelli. Poor bugger. And now I'm left looking like Noddy Holder most of the time. *(Beat.)* So, you're off soon, are you?

MAX. Had my final dose of vitamin sea. And now I just need to check the house is all clear before the builders start in a couple of weeks.

CARYL. Builders?

MAX. I had a word with Marion.

CARYL. Meirion.

MAX. Sorry. He's going to keep an eye on them for us.

CARYL. He didn't mention it.

MAX. And so, unless there's some almighty disaster you won't see me, us, until probably May now.

(MAX walks down to the front of the stage and stares out to sea.)

Oh God, I'm going to miss that view!

CARYL. You should get a painting done, take it back to Bristol with you.

MAX. That's a great idea. Jenny would love that.

CARYL. You could commission someone local.

MAX. Absolutely. Do you know any local artists?

CARYL. *(Nods.)* Some great ones.

MAX. Really?

CARYL. All gone now.

MAX. Right, yes. *(Beat.)* You mean *Glen* don't you?

CARYL. Glyn! You're living in the house of one of Pembrokeshire's most revered artists! I'm sure they told you he was awarded an MBE for his services to the arts a few years back? Maybe you could pop a blue plaque up, add some value.

(The radio turns on by itself. Talk of a storm coming.)

Not again! This bloody thing.

(CARYL turns it off before attempting to clean some greasy fingerprints off the back window.)

MAX. It has to be twenty years since they died.

CARYL. Sorry?

MAX. For a plaque. And with it only being two since he,
you / know

CARYL. I wasn't even being serious.

MAX. You know, we actually have a couple of Glen's
paintings, that Jenny asked to keep.

CARYL. Oh, right?

MAX. We paid for them. Jenny was keen. I don't really go
in / for

CARYL. Which ones?

MAX. There's a one of Ramsey Island and then the other is
of some children on top of the erm...

CARYL. Lime Kilns.

MAX. Bingo! Shame he didn't paint one of *this* view.

CARYL. You don't need a painting when you can just open
your curtains.

MAX. No, of course. Lucky us.

CARYL. What are you having done?

MAX. Oh, just a trim. Gets out of control surprisingly quickly.

CARYL. I meant to the house.

MAX. Oh, right, LOL! We're just getting new windows
put in really, bigger windows to let in some more light
and then we're going to extend out a bit at the back.
Then a new kitchen, with an island and heated floor,
all sustainable, side utility, and then bifolds out into the
garden.

CARYL. Bifolds?

MAX. Doors. Like the ones in the pink house at the end.

CARYL. Oh, you mean the Thomas's old house? Made a right bugger of that, if you ask me, which of course, no one ever has. Are you keeping Glyn's studio?

MAX. I'm hoping Jenny might fancy it as her office, but it's just got my paddle board in it for now.

CARYL. Well, there we are then.

(**CARYL** moves away but quickly returns.)

You know, it used to drive his wife wild, *both* of his wives in fact, just how much time he spent in that studio, but after *she*, the second one, died, well there was no stopping him.

MAX. Was he heartbroken?

CARYL. Sorry?

MAX. I mean do they think that's why, he, you know?

CARYL. No.

MAX. Just strange. Jenny thought.

CARYL. What is?

MAX. Him, just *disappearing* like that.

CARYL. Oh, spooked her has it, love? That's why we've not had the honour of meeting her yet?

MAX. Oh no. No. Jenny's not / really

CARYL. No, no, no, not at all. I can imagine it is a bit *spooky* with you finally being in there now. Old place like that. Full of some *other* person's memories. Someone who just *vanished* one day. Would give me the creeps that. A lot of his stuff still there, is it?

MAX. No not much. A few bits of furniture we bought from his sons.

CARYL. Any more paintings?

MAX. There's some bits and bobs left in the loft, but just old canvases. Mostly blank, I think. I didn't want to rifle through them too much. Seems a bit weird.

CARYL. You'll just have to take a photo. Show it to Jenny, see if she fancies a visit.

(MAX's phone rings.)

MAX. Speak of the devil! Sorry to be rude, but would it be okay if I take this for a minute?

CARYL. Oh no, don't mind me love. You make yourself at home.

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* Jenny, hi!

CARYL. Right. Where the hell is my husband?

MAX. *(To CARYL.)* There's no rush, honestly.

CARYL. Not for you, maybe.

(CARYL heads upstairs, carrying a basket of laundry with her, calling as she goes.)

Meirion! / Meirion!

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* I'm just round next door. Dropping off the keys.

(MAX takes the opportunity to have a look around, perhaps getting his hand stuck in a lobster pot.)

CARYL. *(From upstairs.)* Meirion! Max is here. Hurry up will you. He needs to speak to / you.

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* Yes that's her now.

CARYL. *(From upstairs.)* Meirion! You're not still asleep, are you?

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* She's eccentric, that's all.

CARYL. *(From upstairs.)* He's not here!

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* You just need to play her at her own game. It's kind of fun.

(CARYL storms downstairs and glares at MAX.)

CARYL. Stay there!

(CARYL leaves through the front door. MAX stares out to sea.)

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* You just need to get down here again Jen. I've never known such peace and quiet.

CARYL. *(Offstage, shouting.)* Meirion!

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* I promise you. We made the right decision. This is for you Jen. For us. A place we can get away from it all and just *relax*.

CARYL. *(Offstage, screaming.)* Meirion!

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* Just what the therapist ordered! Our own little *paradise*.

CARYL. *(Offstage, screaming louder.)* Meirion! Meirion! Oh, for God's sake! Meirion! Max is here for you. Come up here / now.

(CARYL enters.)

MAX. *(To Jenny.)* Look, I better go. We'll talk about it later, okay? *(Jenny has already finished the call - he looks at his phone.)* Love you.

CARYL. He was down on the slip fiddling around with his boat. At this time in the morning!

MAX. Amazing that he could hear you from up here. So *peaceful*.

CARYL. Just us again after today.

MAX. Except for our builders.

(**CARYL** *doesn't respond.*)

Sorry Caryl. That was me trying to be funny.

CARYL. Oh right. I didn't get that. Bristol humour, maybe?

MAX. But please do let me know if the builders become a nuisance.

CARYL. Oh, I will. You're not the first to do it mind. But you might just be the last, now that we're the only ones left, well until we finally *depart* anyway.

MAX. (*Shocked.*) No, Caryl!

CARYL. I didn't mean *dead* Max. I just mean if we ever decide to sell up and go.

MAX. You wouldn't, would you?

(**CARYL** *stares at MAX for a moment, considering her reply.*)

CARYL. This place is all we really have to retire on and it's thanks to your lot that its worth a few bob now.

MAX. Oh / right well.

CARYL. I wasn't actually thanking you! You've got eyes, you can see what's happened to this place. Not really somewhere you'd want to live, *permanently*.

MAX. I don't know. If I *could*, I'd love / to.

CARYL. If you could, you would, but you can't. So, you'll just come down when you can. What a luxury. Things a bit different for us mind. Probably is time for us to go. If I *could* convince Meirion, which seems highly unlikely, but I think maybe, that we could just go somewhere. Not too far. Just somewhere with a bit more life and a few less memories. And a bus service, a doctor and a shop. Not too much to ask for. But, Meirion keeps on saying it wouldn't make sense whilst we're still running the caravan park.

MAX. How long have you had it?

CARYL. The park? We don't own it. We just run it. The current owners are in Dubai. We're the Welsh front see. Actually, they'll probably just stick us in St Fagans when we retire.

(CARYL laughs. MAX doesn't.)

MAX. St Fagans? Is that a nursing home?

CARYL. It's a museum. Heritage stuff. It's just outside Cardiff. You could pop in on your way home if you have time.

MAX. Next time, maybe. I wouldn't want Jen to miss out.

(MEIRION enters, wearing working clothes. He is strong but with some stiffness. He carries a toolbox, which he puts down on the floor.)

CARYL. Finally!

MEIRION. So sorry Max.

(CARYL picks up the toolbox.)

(Narked.) Caryl, don't put those in the shed, I'll need them again in a minute now.

(CARYL drops it. MEIRION smiles at MAX attempting to ignore CARYL's hostility.)

You didn't say *when* you were coming, and as Caryl had a sudden urge to do an early-morning early-spring clean, I thought I'd better make myself scarce.

MAX. No, no *(Slowly.)* Mae, Mae'n drwg / ddrwg.

CARYL. He's come about his house.

MEIRION. Everything okay at Glan Y Môr, is it?

MAX. I just wanted to drop the keys off, like we / said

CARYL. I meant to ask, Max. Will you be changing that?

MAX. Sorry?

CARYL. The name of Glyn's, sorry, the name of *your* house?

MEIRION. And why would they want to do that then?

CARYL. One of the girls who owns *Swn Y Môr* with her sisters told me they were thinking about turning their place into *The Nightjar's Rest* (*Snorts with laughter.*) when did you ever see a nightjar round here then?

MAX. Well, we won't be changing *Glan Y Môr*. That's why we're here after all, to be beside the sea.

CARYL. Not Jenny though. She's in Bristol.

MEIRION. Well, it's lovely to have you here, isn't it Caryl? And we'll have to grab a pint together when they open The Ship again.

MAX. Is it really closed *all* winter now?

MEIRION. Bastards at the Brewery decided that was a smart idea a few years back.

MAX. You know, I hadn't really clocked that when we bought the place! Proper schoolboy error.

CARYL. Lucky they can't take that view away then, isn't it Max. Only thing stopping us from blowing our brains out this time of year.

MEIRION. She's joking.

(**CARYL** gives a false smile.)

CARYL. Meirion, is it you that has been putting mucky fingers all over these windows? It's been a right bugger to get off.

MEIRION. Why would I have done that?

CARYL. As soon as I clean them off, they're back again. Someone is playing funny buggers with me. And look

all this dirt by the back door? Where the hell has that all come from?

MEIRION. Can I ask, what is this sudden clean in honour of? We don't have people coming over do we?

CARYL. Have we heck! Just thought I'd cheer myself up.

MAX. Oh, I love a good clean.

CARYL. I don't. I hate it.

MEIRION. (*It clicks.*) You haven't have you?

CARYL. Well, it's no skin off your nose is it. Not really.

MEIRION. What have you done that for? I *specifically* asked you not do that. Are you trying to drive me (*Stops, remembering MAX is there.*) So sorry Max. You wanted to leave your keys with me.

MAX. Yes, if you don't mind keeping an eye on the old place and I got you this. For both of you. (*He pulls out a bottle of whiskey and some keys from his bag.*) To say thank you. I really do appreciate it. And here's the keys.

MEIRION. Well, that's very kind of you Max. Looks like a very nice drop. Did, er, did Glyn's sons pick up those bits left in the loft, that you were worried about?

MAX. No. I texted his son, *Owen*, is it? But I never heard back. I think I'll tell the builders just to dump it all once they start. Anyway, any issues, just text or call. Whatever.

(**CARYL** opens the back door for **MAX**.)

MEIRION. We will.

MAX. Right, the M4 awaits! I can't wait to get back up here in the summer. A drink at The Ship and I was wondering, maybe you could take me out on the boat? I'd love to get some fishing tips from an old pro like you.

(CARYL grows tired of waiting for MAX to leave and she turns the hoover on and starts to clean, so that MAX and MEIRION must raise their voices to be heard.)

MEIRION. Happy to. Before life at the site gets too busy, mind. Get you some fresh crabs rather than those you had out of our freezer last week.

MAX. Ace. Diolch! Well, I better skedaddle, you two take good care of yourselves. Hwyl fawr.

MEIRION. Hwyl Fawr. Mind how you go.

CARYL. Hwyl. Love to Jenny!

(MAX leaves. CARYL turns the hoover off. MEIRION stares at her.)

MEIRION. So, what time are they coming?

CARYL. Two p.m. So, you can piss off out if you're not interested.

(Blackout.)

Scene Two

(Later that day.)

(The room is slightly more presentable, mostly due to CARYL's efforts in the first scene.)

(GARETH stands centre stage, with CARYL looking on. MEIRION sits at his laptop, pretending to ignore them both.)

GARETH. *(With real enthusiasm.)* I love this! Deceptively spacious. *(Looking out through the back window.)* And there's room to extend if a buyer wanted to?

CARYL. Absolutely. Plenty of garden out the back. *(Side-eyes MEIRION.)* Real sun trap in the morning just by here, well it was until my husband built that ridiculous shed.

GARETH. Storage is always a bonus!

CARYL. Of course. You're absolutely right. But not to me, as he never actually uses the bugger. Have you seen our view?

(They both stare out towards the audience.)

GARETH. Yes, it's very nice Mrs Hughes

CARYL. Very nice? It's *spectacular*.

GARETH. I can see why you've stayed here so long.

CARYL. Well at least the view doesn't get old, whereas I'm afraid the house is far from *postcard perfection*.

GARETH. Oh, don't worry about that, many buyers like a blank canvas.

CARYL. Right. Keen to put their own mark on the place?

GARETH. Just like you did.

CARYL. I suppose we tried. My husband built this extension himself, but this house has always been in his family, and whilst it is not without its issues, we've never had the urge to completely wipe away someone else's existence. Oh, watch yourself.

(Too late, he trips on the step, but manages to stable himself.)

I am so sorry. Are you okay love? As I say not without its issues.

GARETH. No harm done. These old properties are full of such character.

CARYL. But that's the new bit that he built. This door here, bugged too. Doesn't close properly anymore. See, I don't think it really works, this extension. This *kitchen*. Do you?

GARETH. I think this house embodies the essence of Porth Y Graith. You could absolutely find the right buyer for it.

CARYL. You would say that.

GARETH. I'm certain of it.

CARYL. No. That's your job to say that. What I need is an *honest* opinion please.

(Pause.)

GARETH. Well, I think this kitchen probably could, perhaps, have been built in a more sympathetic style to the rest of the property but that's not / to say

CARYL. Exactly! I've tried to make it blend in more with the rest of the house, but you know "you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear".

GARETH. Sorry?

CARYL. It means you can't improve the unimprovable: "put lipstick on a pig and it's still a pig".

GARETH. Oh, so like, “you can’t polish a turd”?

(**CARYL** *absorbs this.*)

CARYL. Exactly like that, yes.

GARETH. Can I make an observation?

CARYL. Go on.

GARETH. Well, it’s strange.

CARYL. What is?

GARETH. Well, most people who invite me to value their property wouldn’t necessarily talk about their homes, in the way you do.

CARYL. And?

GARETH. Well, with you, well it’s almost like. Well, it’s almost like you don’t actually want to sell it.

MEIRION. No *almost* about it.

CARYL. Ignore him please.

MEIRION. I think this is her idea of fun. A little game of make-believe.

CARYL. Don’t be so ridiculous.

MEIRION. To cheer herself up. She’s a fantasist. Or maybe she just fancied the company. We’re not going anywhere. Ever. I didn’t even know you were coming round today.

CARYL. Rubbish. I told you I’d called them up.

MEIRION. And I told you to bugger off. I’m sorry but she’s giving you the run-around.

GARETH. It’s fine. Honestly. People are often uneasy about this process. But I am more than happy to take things at a speed you *both* feel comfortable with.

CARYL. Can we at least let Mr Phillips.

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