

6 – We Don't Talk About It – Rebecca Cockcroft

*A pub beer garden, 4 friends sit on a bench sipping pints or bottled beer.*

Alan: So, I said to Tim, I said, mate, it's no good, you can't expect me to run the whole department on my own.

Becca: Too right.

Alan: And he had the nerve to come back to me saying that's what they were paying me for!

Chrissie: Well, don't they?

Alan: Fuck off do they. I'm on a pittance, Chris. PITTANCE.

Dave: Did you not get that pay rise last year?

Alan: It wasn't much...

Dave: And that bonus. That's why you went to the Dominican Republic, wasn't it?

Alan: Well yes...

Becca: And they gave you that new title?

Chrissie: Manager, wasn't it?

*Alan finishes his drink.*

Alan: My round then?

Chrissie: Only seems fair. Want a hand?

Alan: Yep.

*Alan and Chrissie leave to go to the bar. Throughout this conversation, both Becca and Dave look as if they have something important they want to say, but seem to chicken out and choose something mundane instead.*

Dave: So.

*A beat*

Becca: How're you?

Dave: Yeah I'm ok.

*Another beat. They both sip their drinks. It's awkward.*

Dave: You? You good?

Becca: Not bad thanks.

Dave: Good.

*A beat.*

Becca: How's work?

Dave: Ah it's work. How're things at your place?

Becca: The usual really. Overworked. Underpaid.

Dave: I'll drink to that.

*They cheers. Another beat.*

Dave: Did you see Laura's Facebook post the other day?

Becca: No... what's she done now?

Dave: Here, let me find it...

*Dave scrolls through his phone, then hands it over.*

Dave: Here you go...

*Their hands touch as he passes the phone, and Becca flinches away a little as if shocked. They both see it, but both try to appear as if they haven't.*

Becca: Oh! That'll be what, her third now?

Dave: Fourth.

Becca: She's only just popped the last one out.

Dave: I know!

Becca: I didn't let Gavin touch me for at least 6 months after, how on earth did they do it again that soon?

Dave: 6 months?

Becca: Had a rough time of it.

Dave: Oh, yes, I remember.

*A beat.*

Dave: How is Gavin? You two ok now?

Becca: As ok as we ever are, I suppose. He pisses me off, I piss him off. We yell. We make up. And the cycle continues.

Dave: I'm glad things are better.

*A long beat. They sip their drinks, something unspoken between them. Dave goes to speak – but changes his mind. Becca plays with the glass bottle, picking at the label.*

Dave: There must be a queue at the bar.

Becca: Alan will be chatting up the blonde one again.

Dave: Do you think Jo knows what he's like?

Becca: He's never going to get anywhere. I'm pretty sure she's gay.

*A beat. They don't look at each other.*

Dave: You going over to Dublin again this year?

Becca: Probably not this year. Gavin's parents will come over for a bit in the summer I think, see the kids.

Dave: That makes sense. Take it in turns?

Becca: Yup.

*A beat. Becca starts picking at the beer bottle label again, as Dave finishes his pint.*

Becca: You going away this summer?

Dave: Would be nice to.

Becca: Got anywhere in mind?

Dave: Maybe Italy? Debs wants to go to Rome.

Becca: That'd be nice.

Dave: Yeah.

*Another beat. Dave taps the table nervously.*

Dave: Becca, I want to talk to you about-

*Alan and Chrissie re-enter carrying 4 drinks and chatting animatedly.*

Chrissie: Your poor wife...

Alan: Oh she's just as bad. Why do you think we never go out together? It's just this unwritten rule we don't talk about.

*They take their seats at the table again and hand out the drinks.*

Chrissie: So you don't ask each other?

Alan: Why would I do that? A bit of flirting never hurt anyone. As long as we come home to each other then we're all good.

Chrissie: That's very mature of you, Alan.

Alan: I do have my moments.

Chrissie: You two ok? What you been talking about?

Dave/Becca: Nothing.

-Ends-