

# TIMESHARE

by

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Characters:

Cast of min 5 (2M/3F) or max 8 (3M/5F)

EDDIE HOBSON – fifty-three

PAULA HOBSON – fifty-three

EDDIE HOBSON – twenty-three/eighty-three

PAULA PARKS/HOBSON – twenty-three/eighty-three

MARINA GOMEZ – twenty/twenty-one/fifty/eighty (*Spanish accent. Can be played by a younger Marina aging up for the older roles or by separate actors.*)

The brief appearance of MIGUEL GOMEZ – seventy (*Spanish accent. Can be played by actor who plays young Eddie or by separate actor or a hologram.*)

Synopsis of scenes:

Act 1

Scene 1 – Last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 2 – The present. Saturday 3.00 p.m.

Scene 3 – Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 4 – Thirty years ago. Saturday 3.00 p.m.

Scene 5 – Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 6 – The present. Saturday 8.00 p.m.

Scene 7 – Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 8 – Thirty years ago. Saturday 8.00 p.m.

Scene 9 – Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 10 – The present. Saturday 8.10 p.m.

Scene 11 – Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 12 – Thirty years ago. Saturday 11.00 p.m.

Scene 13 – Thirty years ago. Saturday 11.15 p.m./The present. Saturday 11.15 p.m.

Act 2

Scene 1 – The present. Sunday 10.00 a.m./Thirty years ago. Sunday 10.00 a.m.

Scene 2 – Thirty years ago. Sunday midday./The present. Sunday midday.

Scene 3 – Thirty years ago. Sunday 2.00 p.m./The present. Sunday 2.00 p.m.

Scene 4 – Thirty years ago. Sunday 11.00 p.m./ The present. Sunday 11.00 p.m.

Scene 5 – The present. Sunday 11.30 p.m./Thirty years in the future. Sunday 11.30 p.m.

Place – A villa on a Spanish island.

Time – Past, present and future time in thirty year intervals and sometimes occurring simultaneously.

*Author's note: for the brief 'reminiscent of last December' scenes recalling MIGUEL's electrocution in ACT 1, the duration of the sounds should be considerably shorter than in Scene 1 and perhaps shorter again for each repetition. The idea is to give the sense of two timelines converging and eventually overlapping at the point when the same song on the on stage music system blares out in Scene 13.*

Act 1

Scene 1

*Last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m.*

*The villa is tastefully decorated, but being a timeshare property the ornaments and pictures are kept to a minimum. Notable items are a wall mirror, a smallish ornamental urn, a thirty year old music system and a landline telephone. A sofa and possibly an armchair dominate the room with coffee tables etc. One exit is the front door, another leads to the kitchen. There is a shuttered two pane window on the back wall. (Shutters open outward, frames open inward.) Stairs lead to the upstairs bedrooms. All doors, windows and shutters are closed. Internal lights are on.*

*A Spanish song blares out from a radio upstairs. (The chorus from Con El Viento A Tu Favor sung by Camilo Sesto.) An elderly Spanish man's voice sings along. After a few moments there is the sound of loud buzzing and a cry from the man as the radio cuts out and any lights on flicker. This is followed by an electrical bang. Blackout.*

Scene 2

*The present. Saturday 3.00 p.m.*

*Sound of taxi arriving outside. Sound of car doors opening and closing.*

PAULA 53: (Off.) Gracias.

*Sound of taxi departing. Key opens the front door. PAULA (fifty-three years old) and EDDIE (fifty-three years old) enter. PAULA carries her bag and wheels in her suitcase and EDDIE his. PAULA replaces the key in her bag.*

*(To herself.) Ugh! Smells like a rat's died in here.*

EDDIE 53: Not just the one.

*PAULA starts to open the windows and shutters.*

I can do that.

*PAULA exits into the kitchen. Sound of cupboards and*

*draws being opened and closed accompanied by groans of disgust. PAULA enters from the kitchen speaking on her mobile.*

PAULA 53: (To mobile.) Yes, we are... No, it was bearable... It's filthy... Someone's even left the remains of their dinner in the oven. Who's supposed to be cleaning?... Well, there's no sign of her... No, there's no sign of him either... I will... Yes... Yes... Well, that's what we're here for... I will, don't worry... No. Look, Mum, better clean up this cess pit... Yes... Bye, Mum... Bye.

*PAULA hangs up.*

EDDIE 53: Cess pit's a little harsh perhaps – mind you I haven't seen in there. Who's supposed to be cleaning?

PAULA 53: (To herself.) See what God-awful state the bedrooms are in.

*PAULA takes her case.*

EDDIE 53: I can do that.

PAULA 53: (To herself.) Prepare for the worst.

EDDIE 53: I said I can...

*PAULA exits upstairs.*

...do that.

PAULA 53: (Off.) Oh for the love of St Peter!

*EDDIE notices something poking out from down the side of a sofa cushion. He pulls out a pair of women's knickers. He examines them, then secretes them again. He exits into the kitchen. Sound of car arriving outside. Sound of car doors opening and closing. MARINA (fifty years old) appears at the front door.*

MARINA 50: Knock, knock!

*EDDIE enters from the kitchen.*

Hello, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: Marina?

MARINA 50: Long time no see.

EDDIE 53: I thought you were in... Chile, wasn't it?

MARINA 50: Bolivia.

EDDIE 53: How was Bolivia?

MARINA 50: Five years of my life I'll never get back.

EDDIE 53: Not so good then.

MARINA 50: Is Paula here?

EDDIE 53: Yes, she's...

MARINA 50: Here to escape, Eddie?

EDDIE 53: Oh, you...?

MARINA 50: We get English papers here too.

EDDIE 53: Yes. The whole thing would've hardly got a paragraph – if *that* – if Rick wasn't in the running... you know, to be an MP. The gutter press pounced on it, of course.

MARINA 50: Sure. The scum of the earth.

EDDIE 53: Yes.

*MARINA produces a British tabloid paper from her bag.*

MARINA 50: It was quite a headline though, Eddie. Don't worry, this is going into the bin soon – where it belongs. (*Reading.*) 'Russian escort loses leg in hit and run, collecting pizza for rising star's father.' She's pretty. Not such a good one of you, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: No. And it wasn't what you think – what Paula thinks... what anybody thinks. I never touched her... apart from a kiss on the cheek – hello, goodbye. It's *true*. I just wanted someone to... to talk to about... things.

MARINA 50: Things?

EDDIE 53: Yes, you know... things one can only talk to a complete stranger about. Someone who won't judge you. Someone to offload on – emotionally, without... repercussions.

MARINA 50: A prostitute?

EDDIE 53: Escort. A *woman* – principally. And someone I could walk

away from and never see again... after a few sessions.

MARINA 50: Cheaper than a psychiatrist, eh Eddie?

EDDIE 53: She was an excellent listener – Yelena – and she asked good questions too, penetrating ones. Really got me to open up about stuff – some of it stemming from childhood... quite a lot of it in fact. She was quite happy to do it – she said. Probably made a pleasant change from... what she was usually asked to do. And that would've been the last time I needed to see her. But then *that* happened. The police came knocking on her door. No escape. I thought she was taking a long time just to pick up a takeaway pizza. Little did I know that she was... there on the road. It was all like a bad dream. It still is.

MARINA 50: She's forgiven you – Paula?

EDDIE 53: Oh no, not yet. We're here to talk... when she's ready to. I just need to convince her that things weren't... quite as bad as what she imagines... what everyone does.

MARINA 50: Good luck with that one, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: Anyway, enough about me – my problems – how have you been, Marina – since Bolivia?

MARINA 50: Me, I wake up in the middle of the night – practically every night – screaming, literally screaming. I get up, have a drink, smoke a cigarette... drink some more, smoke some more... scream some more.

EDDIE 53: About anything in particular?

MARINA 50: Yes, life. Don't you wish you could turn the clock backwards, Eddie, do things differently? Follow the dream – dreams – you once had... Not marry the person – the arsehole – you married... I married. Maybe meet the one we really, truly love... the one who really, truly loves us... me. Maybe marry, maybe not. Maybe kids, maybe – no, definitely no kids. No kids.

EDDIE 53: Not possible, I'm afraid. We make our own beds and we have to... strangle ourselves in our own sheets in them.

MARINA 50: Ah, I shouldn't be here! Little Miss Unreliable let me down... *again*.

EDDIE 53: Who?

MARINA 50: Andrea, daughter. Boyfriend trouble... *again*. I'm sure I was

never like her. Tell me I was never like her, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: You weren't like her, Marina.

MARINA 50: (*Nails.*) I've just done these and now I'm supposed to be scrubbing and cleaning!

EDDIE 53: No sign of Miguel around, is he...?

MARINA 50: Dead.

EDDIE 53: Dead!

MARINA 50: Electrocuted.

EDDIE 53: Goodness! I mean good God! How?

MARINA 50: Installing a shower.

EDDIE 53: At home?

MARINA 50: No, upstairs here. You have a new shower.

EDDIE 53: Ah.

MARINA 50: Don't worry it's been checked out now by someone who *knows* about electricity. He could barely see. I was always saying to him: 'Papa, no electricity. Leave electricity to the people who *know* about electricity.' Would he listen? (*Speaking to the air above.*) Escucharías? (*Translation: Would you listen?*)

EDDIE 53: I'm sorry. Nobody said.

MARINA 50: No more Papa.

*MARINA's mobile rings.*

(*Checking display.*) Okay, let's see what Little Miss Boyfriend Trouble has to say for herself. (*To mobile.*) Bien, entonces dónde estás?... No me importa... No, que no me importa!

*MARINA exits into the kitchen. Sound of noisy clearing up in the kitchen.*

(*Off.*) Tendrías que estar aquí. Es por lo que te estoy pagando... Sí, por supuesto que te estoy pagando...Lo sé... No, ahora es demasiado tarde, ya estoy aquí... Sabes, tú no eres la única con problemas... Andrea!... Andrea! (*Hangs up.*) Vaya desperdicio! Vaya desperdicio! (*Translation: Okay, so where are you? ... I don't care... No, I don't care! You should be here.*)

*That's what I'm paying you for... Yes, of course I'm paying you... I know... No, it's too late now, I'm here... You're not the only one with problems you know... Andrea!... Andrea! Waste of space! Waste of space!*)

*EDDIE notices MARINA's forgotten paper. He has a quick peek. He hides it down the back of a sofa cushion as he hears PAULA entering from upstairs. PAULA enters carrying her bag and holding a bra.*

EDDIE 53: *(Indicating kitchen.)* Marina.

*EDDIE retrieves the knickers.*

That looks like the counterpart to these.

*MARINA enters from the kitchen carrying a full bin bag.*

MARINA 50: *(Coldly polite.)* Hello, Paula.

PAULA 53: *(Coldly polite.)* Hello, Marina. I thought you were in Bolivia?

MARINA 50: No, here I am emptying bloody bins.

PAULA 53: Where's your daughter?

MARINA 50: Good question.

PAULA 53: *(Bra.)* You might want to put this in there while you're at it. It was on the floor in the bathroom.

MARINA 50: *(Taking bra. Recognising it.)* The little...!

PAULA 53: *(Knickers.)* And those please.

MARINA 50: *(Taking knickers.)* Oh!

*MARINA crosses to the front door.*

PAULA 53: It's quite depressing to come here and have to clean the place oneself, you know.

MARINA 50: Tell me about it.

*MARINA exits through the front door with the bin bag.*

*(Off.)* Hostia puta! Inútil! Desgraciada! *(Translation: Bloody hell! Useless! Hopeless!)*

PAULA 53: You're in the spare room.

EDDIE 53: Are you going somewhere?

PAULA 53: Yes.

EDDIE 53: Where?

PAULA 53: Out.

*MARINA passes by the window outside struggling with the bin bag.*

MARINA 50: *(Off.)* Ah! Joder! *(Translation: Fuck!)*

EDDIE 53: Listen, Paula, can we not talk now?

PAULA 53: No, I'm going out.

EDDIE 53: But the sooner we sit down together and –

PAULA 53: I said I'm going out.

*PAULA exits through the front door. EDDIE picks up his case. He casts his eyes to the ceiling.*

EDDIE 53: Electrocutation. A quick way to go, I suppose... a quick way to go.

*He exits upstairs with his case.*

### Scene 3

*Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m. (See author's note.)*

### Scene 4

*Thirty years ago. Saturday 3.00 p.m.*

*Sound of taxi arriving outside. Sound of car doors opening and closing.*

EDDIE 23: *(Off.)* Gracias.

*Sound of taxi departing. EDDIE (twenty-three years old) enters through the front door with his suitcase and a bag containing a couple of bottles of alcohol etc. He is followed by PAULA (twenty-three years old) with her suitcase.*

*(Calling.)* Hola? Hola? He must be around somewhere, it's all been opened up.

*EDDIE enthusiastically surveys the room.*

Look at this! Look at this!

*EDDIE looks out the window.*

*(Seeing MIGUEL.)* That must be him there, over by the pool.

*EDDIE waves.*

*(Calling.)* Hola?

*PAULA exits into the kitchen. EDDIE examines things. Sound of cupboards and draws being opened and closed in the kitchen.*

*(Calling into kitchen.)* All in order in there?

*EDDIE picks up the urn on the shelf and looks at it. He replaces it. PAULA enters from the kitchen. EDDIE leaps onto the sofa.*

Hey, hey!

PAULA 23: Feet off, they're brand new.

EDDIE 23: My feet? No, I think you'll find I've had these for twenty-three years.

PAULA 23: We've promised nothing would get scuffed or broken.

EDDIE 23: And nothing will be. *(Raising feet.)* See they're not even touching. We can relax a bit can't we, Paulie? Your parents aren't here watching our every move.

PAULA 23: Yes, they are.

EDDIE 23: Are they? Where?

PAULA 23: *(Eyes.)* In here, making sure nothing gets scuffed or broken. Feet off.

EDDIE 23: They're not going to be in there the whole time, are they? Things could get a little awkward, especially when we're... you know. I don't want to shock them with my gargantuan trouser snake.

*PAULA crosses to the front door.*

Are you going somewhere?

PAULA 23: There's a trail of ants coming under the kitchen door.

EDDIE 23: Killer ants!

PAULA 23: I'm going to ask Miguel to get rid of them.

*PAULA exits through the front door. She passes by the window outside. EDDIE crosses to the window and glances outside. He then takes out his wallet and from it a small pouch. He opens the pouch and takes out a ring. He polishes the ring and returns it to the pouch. He goes to the urn and drops the pouch inside it.*

EDDIE 23: *(To himself.)* ¿Quieres casarte conmigo? ¿Quieres casarte conmigo? *(Translation: Will you marry me?)*

*EDDIE picks up the bag with bottles in and exits into the kitchen. He practices his Spanish proposal as he goes. Sound of scooter arriving outside and pulling to a stop.*

*(Off.)* Run ants! Run for your lives! The British are here and we're taking no prisoners.

*EDDIE enters backwards from the kitchen pretending to machine gun the ants.*

¿Quieres casarte conmigo?

*He goes down on one knee. MARINA (twenty years old) appears at the front door, unseen to EDDIE.*

¿Quieres casarte conmigo?

*MARINA holds out her hand.*

MARINA 20: Sure, why not?

EDDIE 23: Oh!

MARINA 20: Sorry, rude. I should've knocked. Knock, knock! He's my papa. I'm here to help. I'm late. But what can he do, he can't spank my bum no more now, can he?

EDDIE 23: No.

MARINA 20: Nice place. You here for long?

EDDIE 23: Ten days.

MARINA 20: Marina. It means from the sea. I love the sea, if I could I would be in it all day long.

EDDIE 23: Me too. Although in England you wouldn't want to be in it all day... if at all.

MARINA 20: You're funny.

EDDIE 23: Thanks.

MARINA 20: What's your name?

EDDIE 23: Oh – Eddie.

MARINA 20: O Eddie?

EDDIE 23: No, just Eddie.

MARINA 20: Nice name.

EDDIE 23: So is Marina.

MARINA 20: Thanks. Who's the lucky girl?

EDDIE 23: Paula. She's out there – with your Papa.

MARINA 20: ¿Quieres casarte conmigo?

EDDIE 23: ¿Quieres casarte conmigo?

MARINA 20: Perfect. Say it like that and she's yours. Better get to work.

EDDIE 23: Or smacked bum, eh?

MARINA 20: No. Nobody smacks my bum, O Eddie... unless I want them to.

EDDIE 23: Sure.

MARINA 21: O Eddie, tomorrow it's my birthday – twenty one. I'm having a big party on the beach. I'm having music, drinking, barbeque... fun! You're invited – and Paula.

EDDIE 23: Thanks.

MARINA 20: All afternoon, all night – come whenever. Maybe you too will

have something to celebrate, O Eddie.

EDDIE 23: What's that?

MARINA 20: ¿Quieres casarte...?

EDDIE 23: Oh, yes.

*PAULA appears at the window outside.*

PAULA 23: *(Suspiciously.)* Hello?

MARINA 20: Hi.

EDDIE 23: Marina. Miguel's her papa.

*PAULA exits from the window.*

*(Pointing to the urn.)* Don't say anything about the...

MARINA 20: The pot?

EDDIE 23: The ring's in there.

MARINA 20: Why?

EDDIE 23: It's a surprise.

MARINA 20: Surprise.

*PAULA enters through the front door.*

EDDIE 23: It means from the sea.

PAULA 23: What does?

EDDIE 23: Marina.

PAULA 23: Ah.

MARINA 20: Hi.

PAULA 23: Hi.

MARINA 20: Okay, better go help him. Tell Paula about tomorrow, Eddie.

EDDIE 23: I will.

MARINA 20: Chao, chao.

EDDIE 23: Chao.

*MARINA exits through the front door.*

PAULA 23: Tomorrow?

EDDIE 23: She's having a birthday party – on the beach. She's invited us along.

*MARINA passes by the window outside.*

PAULA 23: Us?

EDDIE 23: Yes, me and you, you and me.

*PAULA closes the front door.*

Is the ant slayer on his way? Hey what do you say, we dump our stuff upstairs – in a neat and orderly way – get changed into our swimming stuff, I'll mix us up a couple of Famous Eddie's Martinis and we go for a nice, cool, refreshing swim?

PAULA 23: No, not with them around.

EDDIE 23: Shy?

PAULA 23: No, I just don't want to with them around, that's all.

EDDIE 23: All right, plan B: I'll mix us up a couple of Famous Eddie's Martinis and once they've gone *then* we'll go for a swim... a nudie swim.

PAULA 23: No.

EDDIE 23: No?

PAULA 23: People will see us.

EDDIE 23: What people?

PAULA 23: People in the other villas.

EDDIE 23: What other villas?

PAULA 23: The other villas nearby.

EDDIE 23: As they turn their telescopes towards our pool.

PAULA 23: Yes, probably.

*PAULA picks up her case and crosses to the stairs.*

EDDIE 23: You are, aren't you?

PAULA 23: What?

EDDIE 23: Still angry about last night.

PAULA 23: No.

EDDIE 23: You sure?

PAULA 23: Yes.

EDDIE 23: You don't sound too sure. (*PAULA's case.*) I can do that.

PAULA 23: So can I, thanks.

*PAULA starts to ascend the stairs.*

EDDIE 23: Love you, Paulie. You know that, don't you?

PAULA 23: Yes... yes I do.

*PAULA exits upstairs. EDDIE crosses to the urn and glances inside.*

*(To himself.) ¿Quieres casarte conmigo?*

*EDDIE picks up his case and exits upstairs.*

## Scene 5

*Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m. (See author's note.)*

## Scene 6

*The present. Saturday 8.00 p.m. (Five hours later from start of Scene 2.)*

*EDDIE passes by the window outside. He looks in. He exits from the window and enters through the front door, closing it behind him.*

EDDIE 53: *(Calling.)* Hello? Paula? Paula?

*He checks his mobile and dials. He gets through to PAULA's voicemail.*

*(To mobile.)* Hi, it's me... *again*. I'm just wondering where you are... *again*. You can just text me if you don't want to... Just to let me know you haven't been kidnapped by bandits, or... something.

*He hangs up. He notices the urn. He picks it up and remembers. He replaces it and crosses to the windows and closes them, but not the shutters. He exits into the kitchen.*

### Scene 7

*Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m. (See author's note.)*

### Scene 8

*Thirty years ago. Saturday 8.00 p.m. (Five hours later from start of Scene 4.)*

*EDDIE enters from upstairs. He has changed his shirt. He goes to the urn and checks it. He crosses to the mirror and admires himself in it. PAULA enters from upstairs. She too has changed.*

EDDIE 23: Looking good.

PAULA 23: Thanks.

EDDIE 23: No, I mean me. And you look amazing too.

PAULA 23: Thanks.

EDDIE 23: Are you wearing them?

*PAULA shows her earrings.*

Whoever bought you those had incredible taste.

*EDDIE takes out a bracelet from his pocket and holds it up.*

PAULA 23: What's that?

EDDIE 23: A bracelet. A piggy bracelet. To go with your eyes.

PAULA 23: My piggy eyes?

EDDIE 23: No, the stones in between – not the red ones, the blue ones. Happy anniversary... *again*.

PAULA 23: I thought we'd agreed not to give –  
EDDIE 23: It's just a little extra. Because you like piggies.  
PAULA 23: Thanks. I haven't got you anything else.  
EDDIE 23: This shirt is all I could ever have asked for.  
PAULA 23: Come on.  
EDDIE 23: What, no kiss?

*PAULA kisses EDDIE briefly.*

Is that is? That piggy bracelet's got to be worth more than that, doesn't it?

*PAULA gives EDDIE a longer kiss.*

Better. It is forgotten, isn't it?

PAULA 23: What?  
EDDIE 23: Last night.  
PAULA 23: Well it would be if you didn't keep bringing it up.  
EDDIE 23: Last night? What last night?  
PAULA 23: Shall we go before the restaurant closes?  
EDDIE 23: Don't worry they stay open till midnight around here.  
PAULA 23: Perhaps, but my stomach doesn't.  
EDDIE 23: After you.

*PAULA exits through the front door. EDDIE glances at the urn and exits after PAULA, closing the door behind him.*

## Scene 9

*Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m. (See author's note.)*

Scene 10

*The present. Saturday 8.10 p.m. (Ten minutes later from start of Scene 6.)*

*EDDIE enters from the kitchen. He checks his mobile. He dials. He gets through to voicemail.*

EDDIE 53: *(To mobile.)* Hi, Rick, it's me – Dad. You don't have to pick up – not unless you want to. It's just to say we've... we've arrived. Place is still the same here... more or less. Well... that's all I... Look, Rick, I'm here... ready to talk. We need to talk, Rick. Your mum and I do of course – and that's why we're here – but you and I need to talk too. All of us need to talk at some point, sit down together – you, me, Paula, Trish – and... talk. I know I've caused everyone a lot of embarrassment... shame... anger... And I'm very, very, very sorry, Rick... Trish, if you're listening. I would very much appreciate it though if you could spare a moment or two just to hear my side of... of it. Yes, well, I won't... Reception's in and out here, but mobile's on. Voicemail's on. Okay well that's... that's... Bye then, Rick... Trish, if you're... Bye.

*EDDIE hangs up. PAULA enters through the front door.*

Hi. I called – a few times – just to check you hadn't been kidnapped by bandits. Been anywhere nice? I haven't eaten, have you?

PAULA 53: Yes.

EDDIE 53: Drink of something? There's a bottle of red left from the last time we were... Paula, can we talk now?

PAULA 53: No.

EDDIE 53: But I really –

PAULA 53: I'm tired. I can't think straight now.

EDDIE 53: Let *me* do the talking then, you can respond to it in the morning.

PAULA 53: Not now, I'm going to bed.

EDDIE 53: I just feel the sooner we get this out and into –

PAULA 53: I said I'm tired, I can't think straight and I'm going to bed.

*PAULA exits upstairs. EDDIE checks his mobile. He exits through the front door, closing it behind him. After a couple of moments PAULA appears at the top of the stairs.*

Hello? Are you there?

*She descends the stairs and briefly looks into the kitchen. She crosses to the front door and looks out. She closes the door and checks her mobile. She considers for a moment and then dials. She gets through to voicemail and is about to hang up, but decides to speak instead.*

*(To mobile.)* Hello, Rick, it's Mum. I just wanted to say I'm here at the villa. Just been out for dinner – by myself. Place at the sea-front called Freddie's. Wasn't the most pleasant of experiences. People started doing karaoke halfway through the meal. All very tacky. Villa's just the same. The Hendersons were here last, so it was in a bit of a state. Didn't help with there being no cleaner. Marina's daughter, Andrea. No sign of her, just her underwear all over the place. So, anyway... I'm here, Rick, if you want to... There's the landline here too. Think that still works. Might be cheaper. Perhaps I'll call again tomorrow just to let you know – *(Interrupted by Trish.)* Oh, hello, Trish, you are there... No, I just wanted to... Look is Rick there?... Trish I would like to... I don't think that's very... Could you pass me on to Rick please, Trish... Hello?... Hello? The bitch!

*PAULA hangs up and angrily thumps the sofa cushion, the one with the paper behind it. She hears the rustle. She removes the paper and recognises it.*

Oh God, no escape!

*She shoves the paper behind the cushion again and exits upstairs.*

## Scene 11

*Reminiscent of last December. Saturday 10.00 a.m. (See author's note.)*

## Scene 12

*Thirty years ago. Saturday 11.00 p.m. (Three hours later from start of Scene 8.)*

*EDDIE and PAULA enter through the front door.*

*PAULA switches on the lights. EDDIE closes the door.*

PAULA 23: No, he was saying some pretty leery things to me and you we're just sitting there grinning like an ape.

EDDIE 23: It did *look* like you were laughing.

PAULA 23: (*Pained grimace.*) This is not the face of someone laughing. This is the face of someone laughing. (*Laughing face.*) Ha, ha, ha!

EDDIE 23: I couldn't take him seriously – not with that haircut.

PAULA 23: It's a pity you couldn't take your girlfriend's distress seriously either.

*PAULA sits on the sofa.*

EDDIE 23: I'm sorry... Very sorry... Very incredibly sorry.

PAULA 23: Okay.

EDDIE 23: Let me give you a nice relaxing back rub.

PAULA 23: No.

EDDIE 23: A nice relaxing foot rub then.

PAULA 23: No, thanks.

EDDIE 23: A nice relaxing *something*. A digestive.

PAULA 23: No, we've had enough – *you* have.

EDDIE 23: I've only had a couple of glasses of odd tasting red wine, that's all.

PAULA 23: Three – large ones.

EDDIE 23: They weren't that large. Okay. No problemo.

*EDDIE joins PAULA on the sofa.*

How's the piggy bracelet? Piggy, piggy, piggy.

*EDDIE glances over to the urn.*

What shall we do tomorrow? Catch a boat somewhere?... Horse riding?... Go for a hike?... Bike ride?... Hire a couple of mopeds?... Or just lounge around the pool? Paulie?

- PAULA 23: *(Distractedly.)* Yes.
- EDDIE 23: What, all the above? It's a lot to pack in to one day. There is her party too of course – Marina's... as an option... if we want.
- EDDIE glances over to the urn again.*
- Two years, eh? Two whole years. Big changes taking place.
- PAULA 23: Really? Like what?
- EDDIE 23: Like you going to work at the agency.
- PAULA 23: It's just a temp job.
- EDDIE 23: For now.
- PAULA 23: Yes, that's what a temp job is.
- EDDIE 23: I mean it's a stepping stone to something more permanent... with *them* perhaps. For me it's a big change.
- PAULA 23: *(Unenthusiastic.)* Yes.
- EDDIE 23: Look, I know you're not happy about it, Paulie, but I think it's a good move. Your dad obviously thinks so too, otherwise he wouldn't have asked me.
- PAULA 23: It would just be nice to think you could make it on your own without my dad's help.
- EDDIE 23: It's just a little leg up.
- PAULA 23: It's more than a leg up, he's carrying you on his shoulders.
- EDDIE 23: No he isn't. He's told me there'll be no favouritism. I'll be treated the same as everyone else... worse maybe. I thought you might be happy that I'll be helping to grow the family business.
- PAULA 23: The family business doesn't need growing.
- EDDIE 23: All family businesses need growing... unless it's the Mafia. It's just for a few years until I branch out on my own.
- PAULA 23: I don't see why you can't branch out on your own *now*.
- EDDIE 23: It's not because you don't want me to be part of you family is it?

PAULA 23: No. I'd just like to see you using your initiative, making your own bold decisions.

EDDIE 23: I can do that.

PAULA 23: I'd like to see it.

EDDIE 23: You will. You will.

*EDDIE glances over to the urn again.*

PAULA 23: What?

EDDIE 23: Sorry?

PAULA 23: Why do you keep looking over there like you're seeing something?

EDDIE 23: Do I?

PAULA 23: Yes.

EDDIE 23: What... like a spookie-wookie you mean?

PAULA 23: Stop it! You know I don't like things like that.

EDDIE 23: Wooooo!

PAULA 23: Eddie, stop that!

EDDIE 23: I shouldn't think they'd be any spookies in this place, it's only just been built. Unless, of course, one of the builders fell off the roof or electrocuted himself wiring up the shower. *(Getting up.)* You can see him wafting around in his white overalls, hair standing on end, electrical screwdriver in hand.

PAULA 23: Eddie, stop it! I don't find it funny.

EDDIE 23: Let's just have a wee one... to help us steady our nerves.

PAULA 23: No, you don't need any more – not even a wee one.

EDDIE 23: *(More to himself.)* No, I don't need any more. It's now or never.

*EDDIE crosses to the urn and picks it up.*

PAULA 23: You might start forgetting who you're in bed with again.

EDDIE 23: Oh! I knew you were still angry about that.

PAULA 23: I'm just saying if you drink too much you're in danger of saying things you'd wish you hadn't, that's all.

EDDIE 23: Once again, I am very, very, very, very sorry. And I swear to you it will never happen again. Promise. Like I say, I've absolutely no idea where her name came from.

PAULA 23: Well, you were obviously thinking about her at the time.

EDDIE 23: I was not!

PAULA 23: You must have been. It didn't just come out of nowhere.

EDDIE 23: It did. It did. It did.

PAULA 23: Well... I suppose I shouldn't be too harsh. After all, I suppose we're all somewhat a little guilty of it.

EDDIE 23: What?

PAULA 23: Of... *that*.

EDDIE 23: What... thinking about... while we're...?

PAULA 23: Not often. Well we know you do.

EDDIE 23: I don't.

PAULA 23: I think Gemma Hardwicke's evidence enough. Just some of us are better at keeping it to ourselves.

EDDIE 23: How often's not often?

PAULA 23: Not often.

EDDIE 23: Who?

PAULA 23: Nobody.

EDDIE 23: Well it must be somebody.

PAULA 23: Nobody you know.

EDDIE 23: Him?

PAULA 23: Who?

EDDIE 23: David Potts?

PAULA 23: I said it's no-one you know.

EDDIE 23: I don't know *him* – not personally.

PAULA 23: It's not him. Anyway David Potts is in the Far East.

EDDIE 23: It doesn't stop you *thinking* about him.

PAULA 23: It's not him.

EDDIE 23: Then who?

PAULA 23: It's no-one you know – it's no-one *I* know – just made up fantasies – sometimes.

EDDIE 23: People though?

PAULA 23: What?

EDDIE 23: Boys... men?

PAULA 23: Not unicorns. (*Urn.*) What are you doing with that?

EDDIE 23: Nothing.

*The landline phone rings.*

PAULA 23: Do you want to get that?

EDDIE 23: It's not going to be for me.

*PAULA answers the phone. EDDIE replaces the urn.*

PAULA 23: (*To phone.*) Hello?... Hi Dad... Yes, everything's fine... We are... Yes, yes it is... Yes, he's fine... We've just been out... A restaurant by the beach... Yes, it was okay...

*EDDIE exits through the front door.*

We haven't decided yet... No... Yes, we are... Don't worry, we will... I will... Okay, Dad, I better... Say hi to Mum... Love you too. Bye, Dad, bye.

*PAULA hangs up. She crosses to the front door.*

(*Calling.*) Eddie? Eddie?

*She turns back into the room. She surveys the room nervously as she thinks about the ghost. She looks*

*across to the urn and moves towards it. The music system radio suddenly buzzes with a brief electrical static before blaring out a Spanish song. (The same song that was playing during MIGUEL's electrocution.) PAULA, terrified, hurries out the front door.*

*(Off. Calling.) Eddie! Eddie!*

### Scene 13

*Thirty years ago. Saturday 11.15 p.m. (Three hours and five minutes later from start of Scene 10.)/The present. Saturday 11.15 p.m. (Continuation from Scene 12.)*

*PAULA 53 enters from upstairs. She is wearing a dressing gown with pyjamas underneath.*

PAULA 53: *(Calling down.) Eddie! Will you turn that... Eddie!*

*PAULA 53 descends the stairs and turns off the radio.*

*(Calling into the kitchen.) Are you there?*

*PAULA 53 looks into the kitchen.*

*(Calling.) Eddie?*

*She crosses to the open front door and looks outside. She closes it. She exits into the kitchen. After a couple of moments EDDIE 53 appears outside the windows. He looks in. He exits from the windows. PAULA 53 enters from the kitchen. She holds a glass of wine. She sits. EDDIE 53 enters through the front door.*

EDDIE 53: Still up?

PAULA 53: No thanks to you.

EDDIE 53: I was coming in quietly so as not to wake you.

PAULA 53: But you decided to come in noisily instead.

EDDIE 53: Sorry?

PAULA 53: The radio.

EDDIE 53: Radio?

PAULA 53: That thing over there that plays music... *loudly.*

- EDDIE 53: What about it?
- PAULA 53: You're obviously too drunk to remember.
- EDDIE 53: I haven't touched a drop, promise.
- PAULA 53: Well it didn't go on by itself.
- EDDIE 53: I've only just come back in. Must be a loose connection somewhere.
- PAULA 53: And you left the door wide open.
- EDDIE 53: Did I? Well sorry if I did. Enjoying a glass of... I've been very good, mineral water only. Just been to a new place called Freddie's. Did you see it when you were...? Not a bad place. Turned out to be a bit of a karaoke joint. I did consider having a crack at my 'Lonesome Tonight', but thought better of it. Spare the locals the ordeal.
- PAULA 53 retrieves the paper from beneath the cushion.*
- PAULA 53: Did you put this here?
- EDDIE 53: Yes. It was Marina's. I didn't want you to... Paula, I need to say it and I need to say it again, absolutely nothing happened between us –
- PAULA 53: Look...
- EDDIE 53: Apart from talking, eating pizza and the occasional beer – that's it! Despite what everyone thinks I wasn't looking for *that*, I didn't need *that*. I just wanted to speak about some of my deep down feelings – *failings* – to someone who wouldn't have any preconceptions about –
- PAULA 53: Please! I don't know what's worse: the complete shame of it being all over the tabloids or you expecting me to believe you and that whore were just talking, eating pizza and drinking the occasional beer.
- EDDIE 53: It's true! Just because the gutter press are quite eager to put two and two together to make five – to sell their story – it doesn't mean it's true.
- PAULA 53: You're the only one around here who's wanting everyone to believe two and two make five, when me, Rick, the gutter press – the world – can quite clearly see it as four.

- EDDIE 53: Then go and talk to her – Yelena. She’s still in the hospital. She’ll tell you. She’ll –
- PAULA 53: I am not going to the hospital bed of a one legged Russian whore to listen to her lie to me about her not having sexual relations with my husband – ex husband.
- EDDIE 53: Paula...
- PAULA 53: I was mad to think we could possible claw our way back from this.
- EDDIE 53: We can.
- PAULA 53: No we can’t! *I* can’t!
- EDDIE 53: Paula...
- PAULA 53: You’ve shamed our family with this. You’ve shamed me, Rick, Trish, the Liberal Democrats.
- EDDIE 53: We just need to all get together and talk.
- PAULA 53: They don’t want to talk! Nobody wants to talk to us! Me!
- EDDIE 53: I do. I really want to talk to you, Paula.
- PAULA 53: You’ve made everything worthless between us, everything we ever had – worthless! I want you to get a flight back tomorrow.
- EDDIE 53: Look, please –
- PAULA 53: First thing!
- EDDIE 53: Paula?
- PAULA 53 starts to exit upstairs.*
- Paula?
- PAULA 53 exits upstairs. EDDIE 53 picks up PAULA’s un-drunk glass. He takes a sip. He starts to quietly sing ‘Lonesome Tonight’ as he exits with the glass through the front door, closing it behind him. He passes by the window outside. EDDIE 23 and PAULA 23 enter through the front door.*
- PAULA 23: Yes, I promise.
- EDDIE 23: And I promise to notice more when leery waiters are upsetting

you. It's not on now.

PAULA 23: I know.

EDDIE 23: Are you sure you didn't brush up against it?

PAULA 23: I was nowhere near it.

EDDIE 23: This isn't your way of getting back at me for scaring you with the spookie-wookie is it?

PAULA 23: No. I'm serious, it just went on by itself.

*EDDIE 23 switches on the radio. There is just static noise. He turns it off again.*

*(Paper.)* Is that yours?

EDDIE 23: No.

PAULA 23: It's not mine.

*EDDIE 23 picks up the paper.*

EDDIE 23: It must be Miguel's... or Marina's. They must be here somewhere.

PAULA 23: At this time?

EDDIE 23: Checking to see we've settled in okay. *(Calling.)* Hello? *(Calling into kitchen.)* Hola? Perhaps it belongs to our Senor Spookie-wookie.

PAULA 23: Eddie!

*EDDIE 23 looks at the paper.*

EDDIE 23: Although he must be a spookie from the future, the date here says it's –

*PAULA 53 enters from upstairs. PAULA 23 sees her and screams.*

*(Seeing PAULA 53.)* Oh!

PAULA 53: Who...? Who are you?

EDDIE 23: Who are you?

PAULA 53: What are you doing – here in our... Well?

EDDIE 23: What are you doing here in our... in her parents'...?

PAULA 23: Are you... are you one of the others?

PAULA 53: Others?

PAULA 23: A Hartley... a Penhaligon... or a Henderson perhaps?

EDDIE 23: Are you?

PAULA 53: Dear God!

EDDIE 23: What?

PAULA 53: You can't be!

EDDIE 23: Can't be what?

PAULA 53: No... no... it's not possible.

EDDIE 23: What isn't?

PAULA 53: Paula?

PAULA 23: Yes?

PAULA 53: Eddie?

EDDIE 23: Yes?

PAULA 53: Oh! (*Calling towards the window.*) Eddie?

EDDIE 23: Yes?

PAULA 53: (*Calling again.*) Eddie, are you out there?

EDDIE 23: I'm here.

PAULA 53: Paula?

PAULA 23: Yes?

PAULA 53: Do I... look at all familiar to you? Look at me, Paula.

PAULA 23: Are you a friend of my parents?

PAULA 53: (*Calling again.*) Eddie? (*To EDDIE 23.*) What about you, Eddie? Does anything look familiar to *you* – about me?

EDDIE 23: Are you a friend of *mine* – my parents, I mean?

*EDDIE 53 appears outside the window. He looks in and then hurriedly exits.*

Who's that?

PAULA 53: Eddie.

EDDIE 23: Yes?

PAULA 53: That's Eddie too.

*EDDIE 53 enters through the front door.*

EDDIE 53: Hello, what's going on in here?

EDDIE 23: There... there seems to have been a mistake.

EDDIE 53: A mistake?

EDDIE 23: With the booking.

PAULA 23: We're booked in here.

EDDIE 23: For ten days.

EDDIE 53: Are you?

EDDIE 23: Yes.

PAULA 53: Look at them, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: What?

PAULA 53: Look at them.

EDDIE 53: Yes. Who are you?

EDDIE 23: Eddie, Eddie Hobson.

EDDIE 53: Yes?

EDDIE 23: And that's Paula Parks.

PAULA 53: Yes... before I was married.

EDDIE 53: What's that?

PAULA 53: It's Eddie Hobson, Eddie, and Paula Parks. It's us – you and

me – younger us... younger you and me.

- EDDIE 53: It certainly looks like us.
- PAULA 53: It is us. I remember that outfit too.
- EDDIE 53: Yes, me too. You're right, it is. What's going on?
- PAULA 53: I don't know.
- PAULA 23: Eddie, I don't like this.
- EDDIE 23: Neither do I.
- EDDIE 53: I can't say I like it too much either.
- EDDIE 23: Who are you?
- EDDIE 53: Eddie?
- EDDIE 23: Yes?
- EDDIE 53: Don't you recognise me?
- EDDIE 23: No.
- EDDIE 53: Look at me, Eddie. It's you, Eddie Hobson.
- EDDIE 23: What are you talking about?
- EDDIE 53: I'm you, you're me.
- PAULA 23: *(Nervously.)* Eddie...
- EDDIE 53: Look at me, Eddie – *you*.
- PAULA 53: We obviously don't recognise us.
- EDDIE 23: Look, please... please just... just –
- PAULA 53: Paula, you chipped a tooth back here from falling out of a peddle boat in Tenerife when you were thirteen.
- PAULA 23: Yes, how did you know?
- PAULA 53: Threw up in Billy Chandler's tent on a school camping trip. Remember that? Mortifying.
- PAULA 23: Yes.

- PAULA 53: What else? Set fire to your hair on your fifteenth birthday, blowing out the candles on your cake.
- EDDIE 53: That watch, Eddie, it was a gift to you from Uncle Trevor. He lost his eye in a fishing accident. You had a pet rabbit called Benny, when he died you buried him in an ASDA bag at the bottom of the garden. Am I right?
- EDDIE 23: Yes. How did you...?
- PAULA 53: Fell off a horse in Cornwall and broke your collar bone.
- EDDIE 53: You got stung on the bum by a bee, Eddie, when you were in Corfu, kissing that girl from Stroud behind the sand dunes. Imogen. Remember that?
- EDDIE 23: Yes.
- PAULA 53: What about this one, Paula? Douglas Smeaton.
- PAULA 23: *(Horriified.)* Oh!
- PAULA 53: Need I say more?
- PAULA 23 hurries out the front door.*
- Paula?
- EDDIE 23: Paulie?
- EDDIE 53: Eddie –
- EDDIE 23: Paulie?
- EDDIE 23 hurries out the front door.*
- (Off. Calling.)* Paulie? Paulie?
- EDDIE 53: Perhaps we've both died and don't know it and we're having some kind of life review. I don't feel very dead, do you?
- PAULA 53: We're not dead.
- EDDIE 53: You say that. *(Stomach.)* Well, if I am it seems a little unfair to still be carrying this around with me.
- PAULA 53: We're obviously not dead.
- EDDIE 53: Then it must be some glitch in the... Some anomaly in the time-space whatsit – continuum – or –

- PAULA 53: Yes.
- EDDIE 53: Did we just appear out of the blue?
- PAULA 53: I don't know. I was upstairs and heard them.
- EDDIE 53: *Us.* I knew it wasn't me who turned the radio on. I remember reading an article once about a man in Colchester who witnessed a battle in fields at the back of his property between a Roman battalion and some of the native English at the time. Five minutes later, just fields again – not a Roman in sight.
- PAULA 53 looks out the front door.*
- Any sign of us? No?
- PAULA 53: I remember this.
- EDDIE 53: What?
- PAULA 53: This. I remember this happening – meeting us here.
- EDDIE 53: Well so do I, it's only just happened.
- PAULA 53: No, I mean I remember meeting us now – back then, when we were younger – here in the villa. I remember us, being younger, meeting us – you and me – here now.
- EDDIE 53: Do you?
- PAULA 53: Well don't you?
- EDDIE 53: *(Considers.)* Yes I do, now you come to mention it. We met us here, our older... you and me. You ran off and I went looking for you, just like they...
- PAULA 53: Yes.
- EDDIE 53: I found you sitting in the bushes and persuaded you to come back to confront us.
- PAULA 53: Yes.
- EDDIE 53: We did. But we didn't meet us again, did we – older us? At least I don't remember it. Do you?
- PAULA 53: No, not if you don't.
- EDDIE 53: They or we must've disappeared shortly afterwards. The

anomaly must've righted itself again. Did we go back or did they come forward? Or is it the other way round? Mind you it would be hard to tell in this place, nothing's particularly changed here in thirty years.

PAULA 53: Yet... I'm sure I didn't remember meeting us here before we met.

EDDIE 53: What's that?

PAULA 53: Before this happened, I didn't remember us – younger us – meeting older us when we were younger.

EDDIE 53: Once more.

PAULA 53: Fifteen minutes ago – before you and I met us – do you remember meeting us?

EDDIE 53: No. That's because we hadn't met us fifteen minutes ago.

PAULA 53: Yes, we had.

EDDIE 53: Had we?

PAULA 53: Younger you and me had obviously met older you and me here thirty years ago – or however long it's been.

EDDIE 53: So why don't I remember it?

PAULA 53: Don't you? *I* do. At least I do *now*.

EDDIE 53: Yes... so do I – *now*. How does that work?

PAULA 53: It seems we've altered our memory of what happened to us through us meeting us.

EDDIE 53: I think I need another drink – I mean *a* drink. Well one thing's for sure we obviously don't meet us again.

PAULA 53: How do you know?

EDDIE 53: Well if we did I'd remember it and I don't.

PAULA 53: Well not yet you don't.

EDDIE 53: What?

PAULA 53: That's what I'm saying: if we do meet us again we'll remember it.

- EDDIE 53: I think being dead might be simpler than this.
- PAULA 53: Well it's quite clear to me.
- EDDIE 53: (*Looking off.*) Still no sign of us. Who was Douglas Smeaton?
- PAULA 53: You don't want to know.
- EDDIE 53: Judging by your reaction it didn't look too good. I don't think that man in Colchester had any tangible interaction with them – the Romans I mean. They were probably too busy hacking each other to pieces to take any notice of him. What will you say to us – if we do meet us again?
- PAULA 53: *If we meet us again, that will be between me and me.*
- EDDIE 53: I don't mind telling you what I'll say to me. Something along the lines of: there'll be ups and downs, Eddie, but more ups than downs. Some good friends you'll make... some not so good. Memorable holidays together – for the right reasons... a couple for the wrong, but you'll laugh about those later... mostly. Some great dinners in some top notch restaurants. Some first class hotels you'll stay in. There'll be things I'll be keen to warn me against too, like don't park the car on a seemingly safe river bank in Tuscany, or make certain investments we wish we hadn't. And of course I'll tell me not to... I'll certainly tell me not to do... do *that*. Who knows, perhaps this is why this is happening. It's the universe – or whatever – whoever – giving us a second chance... *me* a second chance. An opportunity to repair the damage done, before the damage is... done. What do you think? Paula?

*EDDIE 23 appears at the window outside. He looks in.*

Ah, looks like we're back. I am anyway.

*EDDIE 23 exits from the window and then appears at the front door.*

Eddie –

- EDDIE 23: Whoever you are, we want you to leave. We were here first. Our things are in the room.
- PAULA 53: I'd like to talk to Paula, Eddie?
- EDDIE 23: She doesn't want to.
- PAULA 53: Just for five minutes. Then we'll go – won't we, Eddie?

EDDIE 53: Yes. Go where?

PAULA 53: Go away.

EDDIE 53: Yes, go away. Just for five minutes, Eddie. There's things I need to tell you.

*PAULA 23 appears at the front door.*

PAULA 53: Paula –

PAULA 23: How... how did you know about...?

PAULA 53: Douglas Smeaton? Don't worry I haven't told a soul.

PAULA 23: What's going on?

EDDIE 53: We think there's been some kind of anomaly in the workings of things, some kind of glitch in the time space –

PAULA 53: We don't know.

EDDIE 53: No, we don't know for sure, but we think we're meeting each other like this for a reason – don't we, Paula? There's things we need to tell you about – inform you about – like don't park your car on a seemingly safe river bank in Tuscany, for instance, or be taken in by an investment company called RJR Trading. As well as... other things, Eddie, important things we need to discuss together.

PAULA 53: Paula, can we go upstairs?

PAULA 23: What for?

PAULA 53: To talk together – privately.

PAULA 23: No.

PAULA 53: Just for five minutes or so, Paula. There's things you need to hear.

PAULA 23: You can say them down here.

EDDIE 53: Then *we'll* go upstairs, Eddie – you and me.

EDDIE 23: No.

EDDIE 53: They're sensitive issues, Eddie. You'll thank me for it later.

EDDIE 23: No, we're staying here – both of us. Please, just say... what

you need to say and then leave us alone.

- PAULA 53: Okay, you might as well hear it too, Eddie, since it pertains to you just as much as it does to me. Paula, Eddie, you have ahead of you both a wonderful life, full of magnificent things.
- EDDIE 53: You do.
- PAULA 53: Travel, adventure, romance. You'll meet fascinating people, do exciting things, see unique places, taste exotic cuisine.
- EDDIE 53: You will.
- PAULA 53: Enjoy a rich and varied life, fulfilling ambitions, dreams and passions. A host of beautiful memories to savour in your later years.
- EDDIE 53: A host.
- PAULA 53: And precious little of that, Paula, Eddie, you're going to experience if you wind up getting married to each other.
- EDDIE 53: That's not true!
- PAULA 53: It is, Paula, Eddie.
- EDDIE 53: We've had plenty of wonderful times together.
- PAULA 53: One or two.
- EDDIE 53: More than one or two. Don't listen to her. We've had hundreds, literally hundreds.
- PAULA 53: And a life working for my Dad, Eddie, in his stifling company is really quite mind numbing. He won't deny that. See.
- EDDIE 53: What she's omitting to tell you, Eddie, Paula, is that you have – or *will* have – a highly intelligent, highly articulate son called Rick, whose got a highly promising career in politics.
- PAULA 53: Which his father is doing his utmost to highly destroy.
- EDDIE 53: I am not!
- PAULA 53: He is.
- EDDIE 53: Not intentionally. It won't make the slightest bit of difference to his career.
- PAULA 53: It will, it *has* done.

EDDIE 53: It hasn't, it won't. *(To EDDIE 23 and PAULA 23.)* It won't.

EDDIE 23: What won't?

EDDIE 53: This is one of the things I need to talk to you about, Eddie, privately alone.

EDDIE 23: What did you do?

EDDIE 53: Can we please go upstairs?

EDDIE 23: What did he do?

EDDIE 53: Eddie –

PAULA 53: Do you know what escorts are, Eddie?

EDDIE 53: Paula –

EDDIE 23: Cars.

PAULA 53: Not cars, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: Paula –

*PAULA 53 passes the paper to PAULA 23.*

PAULA 53: It's all in there, page four.

EDDIE 53: Paula, don't –

EDDIE 23: *(Guessing.)* What, you mean women who...?

PAULA 53: Yes, Eddie, women who... for money.

EDDIE 23: Prostitutes.

EDDIE 53: Escorts – just the one. And nothing happened between us – there was no sex involved – not once. We just talked, ate pizza and drank beer, that's all.

PAULA 53: So he says.

EDDIE 53: It's true.

EDDIE 23: Look, are you finished?

EDDIE 53: Eddie, we need to talk. I want to help you not to make the same stupid mistakes you did.

EDDIE 23: I'm not going to.

EDDIE 53: You will, Eddie, if you don't listen to me.

EDDIE 23: Look, please, just –

PAULA 53: Paula, we really need to speak together.

PAULA 23: No.

PAULA 53: It'll only be for a few –

PAULA 23: No, I don't want to.

PAULA 53: Please, Paula –

PAULA 23: Leave me alone!

PAULA 53: Paula?

PAULA 23: Leave me alone!

*PAULA 23 starts to hurry upstairs.*

EDDIE 23: Paulie?

*PAULA 23 exits upstairs.*

EDDIE 53: Listen, Eddie –

EDDIE 23: Please, just... go!

PAULA 53: Eddie –

EDDIE 23: Both of you! Just... go! Please.

*EDDIE 23 hurries upstairs and exits.*

EDDIE 53: Well that went well. Yes, I certainly remember now – our reaction to... *us* – telling us... all that we've just told us. You meant all that then – what you said – about how disappointing your life had been... with me? Obviously, or you wouldn't have said it. At least we know we didn't listen to you, otherwise you and I wouldn't be here – together now. Which also means I didn't listen to me either because I wouldn't have... done what I did. So... what now?

*EDDIE 23 appears at the top of the stairs with PAULA 53 and EDDIE 53's cases.*

Eddie?

EDDIE 23: These are yours.

*EDDIE 23 slides the cases down the stairs.*

EDDIE 53: Eddie?

EDDIE 23: Goodbye.

*EDDIE 23 exits upstairs.*

EDDIE 53: Bit like being back at the airport, isn't it. Good job I didn't unpack. Find a hotel somewhere, I suppose. Don't worry, separate rooms. Separate hotels if you want. Leave us to it. Hopefully whatever's happening here might sort itself out soon and we can get repossession of our villa... *you* can.

PAULA 53: Gemma Hardwicke.

EDDIE 53: What?

PAULA 53: That was her name, wasn't it?

EDDIE 53: Whose name?

PAULA 53: Gemma Hardwicke's.

EDDIE 53: Yes. What about her?

PAULA 53: She regretted breaking up with you. She sent you that letter, pouring out her heart, didn't she? She did, you showed it to me. She would've readily taken you back – if you'd just said the word. I know you were still in love with her. You used to call out her name when we were... on more than one occasion.

EDDIE 53: Nonsense.

PAULA 53: You did, I was there.

EDDIE 53: I mean – *nonsense* I was in love with you. Anyway, why are you talking about her?

PAULA 53: For me there was David Potts.

EDDIE 53: David Potts.

PAULA 53: He wanted me to join him in the Far East.

- EDDIE 53: When?
- PAULA 53: Just before... *us*.
- EDDIE 53: You didn't tell me that.
- PAULA 53: No. I desperately wanted to join him there.
- EDDIE 53: So... why didn't you?
- PAULA 53: My heart said 'yes', but Dad said 'no'. There was no way he was going to lose me to David in the Far East – despite my vehement protestations. It was true love what we had – me and David. I know that now... I knew it then.
- EDDIE 53: So you settled for 'Mr Second Best' instead.
- PAULA 53: We both came to each other on the rebound.
- EDDIE 53: I was in love with you – there was no rebound about it.
- PAULA 53: You *thought* you were.
- EDDIE 53: I *was*. Don't try to make me question it now. Well, thanks for letting me know that *you* weren't... with me, that you were always secretly carrying a torch for David Potts.
- PAULA 53: I know you carried a torch for Gemma.
- EDDIE 53: I did, but when I met you I blew that one out. I've still no idea why we're talking about them – unless you're planning to jet off to visit him on his yacht in the Caribbean – if that's where it's currently moored?
- PAULA 53: It is – and I'm not.
- EDDIE 53: If you are, I'd probably wait for an invitation.
- PAULA 53: I'm not.
- EDDIE 53: He might not take too kindly to an old flame from thirty years ago trotting down his gangplank.
- PAULA 53: I said I'm not.
- PAULA 53 has opened her case and taken out an article of clothing. She puts it over her pyjamas.*
- EDDIE 53: What are you doing?

PAULA 53: Like you say, we need to find a hotel.

EDDIE 53: Together or separately?

PAULA 53: Together. We need to talk.

EDDIE 53: Talk about what?

PAULA 53: About what we're going to do.

EDDIE 53: About what?

PAULA 53: About us.

EDDIE 53: But I thought you'd made up your mind.

PAULA 53: I had, but meeting us now changes everything.

EDDIE 53: It does?

PAULA 53: Yes – *potentially*. Come on.

*PAULA 53 exits through the front door with her suitcase. EDDIE 53 fetches his case and starts to follow after. He notices the paper. He retrieves it and stuffs it in a pocket in his case. He exits through the front door, closing the door behind him. EDDIE 23 and PAULA 23 appear at the top of the stairs.*

EDDIE 23: *(Calling down.)* Hello?

*EDDIE 23 descends the stairs and briefly glances into the kitchen. He crosses to the front door and looks out.*

*(Calling.)* Hello?

*He turns back into the room.*

They're gone.

*Blackout.*

Act 2

Scene 1

*The present. Sunday 10.00 a.m./Thirty years ago.  
Sunday 10.00 a.m.*

*EDDIE 53 appears at the window outside. He furtively looks in then exits from the window. PAULA 53 and EDDIE 53 enter through the front door. They survey the room.*

EDDIE 53: We're still in bed most likely... if we're still here.

*PAULA 53 crosses to the stairs. She ascends them a little and listens.*

PAULA 53: We are.

EDDIE 53: How do you know?

PAULA 53: I can hear you snoring.

EDDIE 53: How do you know it's me? It could be you.

PAULA 53: Let's not start that now. Suffice it to say we're still here.

EDDIE 53: They won't too be pleased to see us again. I'm pretty sure of that. Who knows, I might even get violent with me – certainly verbally – perhaps even physically as well.

PAULA 53: I'd like to see that.

EDDIE 53: It has been known... mainly with inanimate objects, but even so. So what do we do?

PAULA 53: We wait.

EDDIE 53: We should have brought our swimming things. We could've gone for a morning dip.

PAULA 53: We need to stay focussed... both of us.

EDDIE 53: I'm focussed.

PAULA 53: I mean it, if I get the slightest inkling you're not applying yourself to this one hundred percent I'll nullify our agreement.

EDDIE 53: I'm applying myself – one hundred percent.

- PAULA 53: Remember, it's in your interest too. If you truly want to know how much you want to stay with me – and me with you – we need to provide ourselves with the most convincing arguments why we should go our separate ways. You need to be fully mentally engaged.
- EDDIE 53: Here I am, fully mentally engaged.
- PAULA 53: Good.
- EDDIE 53: Then we won't be able to deny it – *you* won't – that what we had was love. And then we'll talk?
- PAULA 53: As agreed, but first things first. So you know what you're going to say to you?
- EDDIE 53: Yes. But whether I want to listen to it or not is another matter.
- PAULA 53: That's why you have to be subtle.
- EDDIE 53: I can do subtle.
- PAULA 53: They have to believe the only reason we're back is to say sorry for the negative things we said last night.
- EDDIE 53: The negative things *you* said. I was quite positive about us, I seem to remember?
- PAULA 53: We're here to give us our blessing and to wish us the very best for our future together... as well as to get the rest of my things back you forgot to pack.
- EDDIE 53: You should thank me, it gave us another reason to come back.
- PAULA 53: Hopefully that will lower our guard a little. It's necessary then to get us alone – one to one. If we can start to gain our trust we can be far more effective in getting us to listen to what we have to say to us.
- EDDIE 53: I can see now who Rick inherits his political brain from.
- PAULA 53: Don't forget to push the tedium of working for my dad. And remember Gemma Hardwicke's key at this point – for *you*. You haven't got her letter yet, she's just about to end her relationship with – what's his name from Manchester?
- EDDIE 53: Danny Proctor... Mr Ponytail.
- PAULA 53: Yes. And she'll be writing to you in the next few weeks.

EDDIE 53: About ten – if my memory serves me correctly. We'd be well engaged by then.

PAULA 53: That's still an *if* at this juncture.

EDDIE 53: Yes... it must be still in there.

*EDDIE 53 crosses to the urn and takes out the ring.*

Want to see what you lost in Margate?

PAULA 53: No, put it back.

EDDIE 53: I sold a lot of office furniture to buy this.

PAULA 53: Put it back.

*EDDIE 53 does so.*

EDDIE 53: Now that was a terrible job – working for that awful Mr Perkins. Did I tell you what happened to him?

PAULA 53: Yes, you did.

EDDIE 53: I suppose you'll be letting you know how successful Mr Potts is now, with his houses about the globe and a luxury yacht in the Caribbean.

PAULA 53: No.

EDDIE 53: No?

PAULA 53: I don't want me to be after him for the wrong reasons. I'll just let me know how much he's missing me in the Far East.

EDDIE 53: Right.

PAULA 53: I did think you might be more excited about it.

EDDIE 53: What, about you and David Potts?

PAULA 53: No, I mean about the prospect of there being a whole new world of experiences ahead of you. An opportunity to enjoy the things you never enjoyed before, meet people you never met before, see the places you never went to. Wonderful new memories to savour in your dotage.

EDDIE 53: I'm just thinking about all the wonderful memories I'll be giving up.

PAULA 53: Once you get the new ones you won't miss the old ones, you'll see.

EDDIE 53: I won't be able to because I wouldn't have had them.

PAULA 53: Trust me, the new ones will be so much *more*... if you *want* them to be.

EDDIE 53: And you're quite convinced Rick will somehow 'find you' – so to speak – whoever you're with?

PAULA 53: I am.

EDDIE 53: He's half mine too you know? He might 'find me' through... whoever *I'm* with.

PAULA 53: We'll see.

EDDIE 53: Not sure how much he'll enjoy being half David Potts instead of half Eddie Hobson.

PAULA 53: I'm sure he'll be absolutely fine about it.

EDDIE 53: I suppose he wouldn't have known anything different.

PAULA 53: If it *is* David Potts.

EDDIE 53: Why, is there someone else?

PAULA 53: I don't know yet, do I.

EDDIE 53: You haven't even got together with him yet and you're already thinking about ditching him.

PAULA 53: I am not. I'm just keeping an open mind, that's all. Who knows where I'll be, who I'll meet. Anyway, you just concentrate on you and Miss Hardwicke.

EDDIE 53: It might not be *her*. (*Checking watch.*) Ten fifteen. We're sleeping late. Then again, ten fifteen was probably quite early for us back then.

*Sound of scooter arriving outside.*

Postman?

PAULA 53: On a moped?

EDDIE 53: A visitor?

PAULA 53: I don't know.

*MARINA (twenty-one years old) appears at the window outside. She looks in.*

EDDIE 53: Marina! Young Marina! She can see us!

PAULA 53: Obviously, she's waving. Wave.

*EDDIE 53 and PAULA 53 wave back.*

EDDIE 53: She must be wondering who we are.

PAULA 53: Yes.

*MARINA 21 exits from the window.*

EDDIE 53: Can we tell her that we're – ?

PAULA 53: No, of course we can't.

EDDIE 53: What then?

*The front door opens. MARINA 21 looks in.*

MARINA 21: Knock, knock! Hello?

PAULA 53: Hello.

EDDIE 53: Hi.

PAULA 53: Marina, isn't it?

MARINA 21: Yes.

EDDIE 53: We thought so.

PAULA 53: Paula and Eddie were talking about you – on the phone.

MARINA 21: Oh?

EDDIE 53: You have met them – by now, haven't you?

MARINA 21: Yesterday, yes.

PAULA 53: Yes, that's what they told me.

MARINA 21: Who are you?

PAULA 53: Us?

EDDIE 53: Me and her you mean?

MARINA 21: Yes.

EDDIE 53: Well... I'm –

PAULA 53: He's George.

EDDIE 53: Yes... I'm George. How do you do?

MARINA 21: Hi, George.

EDDIE 53: Hi.

PAULA 53: I'm Patricia.

EDDIE 53: My parents, yes.

MARINA 21: Sorry?

EDDIE 53: I mean Eddie's parents.

MARINA 21: You're Eddie's parents?

PAULA 53: Yes, yes we are... Eddie's parents.

EDDIE 53: George and Patricia – Eddie's parents.

MARINA 21: Pleased to meet you, Eddie's parents. They didn't say you were coming.

EDDIE 53: Didn't they?

PAULA 53: No, they wouldn't have, George, we're a surprise.

EDDIE 53: Yes, we're a surprise.

PAULA 53: A surprise visit.

EDDIE 53: We wanted to surprise them... with a visit.

MARINA 21: You surprised me.

EDDIE 53: We like to surprise, don't we, Paula?

PAULA 53: Patricia – dear.

EDDIE 53: Patricia.

PAULA 53: Yes we do, George.

MARINA 21: It's good to get surprises on one's birthday.

EDDIE 53: It's your birthday? Happy birthday, Marina.

PAULA 53: Happy birthday.

MARINA 21: Thanks.

EDDIE 53: Yes, twenty one, it's all coming back now.

PAULA 53: George.

EDDIE 53: I mean it's all coming back to me now when *I* was twenty one. Good age to be.

MARINA 21: How did you know?

EDDIE 53: Know what?

MARINA 21: I'm twenty one?

EDDIE 53: Are you? Absolute guess.

PAULA 53: Eddie and Paula must've told you, George – on the phone.

EDDIE 53: Yes, that's it, they told me on the phone. Doing anything nice?

MARINA 21: I'm having a big party on the beach. I'll have music, dancing, barbeque, fun!

EDDIE 53: Fun! Fun!

MARINA 21: Fun! Fun! Fun!

PAULA 53: So, Marina, what are you doing here? Why aren't you off having fun?

MARINA 21: I have to clean the pool.

PAULA 53: On your birthday, that's not fair?

MARINA 21: Papa's not well today.

EDDIE 53: Oh, what's the matter with him?

MARINA 21: He rode his bicycle into a ditch.

EDDIE 53: Oh dear.

MARINA 21: I keep telling him: 'Papa, wear your glasses. One day you'll kill yourself.'

EDDIE 53: Yes. Tell him to keep wearing them.

PAULA 53: Anyway, Marina, we can clean the pool, can't we, Eddie?

EDDIE 53: George – dear.

PAULA 53: George.

EDDIE 53: It sometimes happens, we get confused – with our names.

PAULA 53: Not often.

EDDIE 53: Just sometimes – not often.

MARINA 21: You do look a little like Eddie, George.

EDDIE 53: Yes, people do say that.

MARINA 21: And you, Patricia, look more like –

PAULA 53: Paula, yes, people have said that two. But we're absolutely no relation.

EDDIE 53: Absolutely none... to Paula that is.

MARINA 21: I like your son.

EDDIE 53: Rick?

PAULA 53: Eddie.

EDDIE 53: George – dear.

PAULA 53: No our son's called Eddie, George.

EDDIE 53: Yes, so he is. We were going to call him Rick, but we called him Eddie instead.

MARINA 21: He's funny... and cute.

EDDIE 53: Hear that, Pat, funny and cute.

MARINA 21: I'm sorry, but I don't like *her*.

PAULA 53: No?

MARINA 21: She's cold, no fun.

PAULA 53: Well that's because you don't know her, Marina.

MARINA 21: I'm a good judge of people.

PAULA 53: Yes, so am I.

MARINA 21: Eddie's too good for her – in my opinion – too nice.

PAULA 53: In *your* opinion. In my opinion he's certainly not good enough for her.

MARINA 21: But he's your son.

PAULA 53: Yes... I know. I'm just looking at things objectively that's all. Just because he's my son doesn't mean I should be irrationally biased towards him. Anyway, don't worry about the pool, George and I will clean it. You run along and have fun, enjoy your birthday.

MARINA 21: Papa will be angry if I don't do it.

PAULA 53: We won't tell him, will we, George?

EDDIE 53: Not a word.

MARINA 21: I'm here now, what the hell!

*Sound of door upstairs.*

That's them! Let's surprise them!

PAULA 53: Marina –

MARINA 21: Hide!

*MARINA 21 hides. EDDIE 23 enters from upstairs. He wears a dressing gown.*

EDDIE 23: (*Seeing EDDIE 53 and PAULA 53.*) Oh no!

PAULA 53: Hello, Eddie.

EDDIE 53: Hello, Eddie.

*MARINA 21 appears from her hiding place.*

MARINA 21: Surprise!

EDDIE 23: Oh, Jesus!

PAULA 53: Surprise!

EDDIE 53: Surprise!

MARINA 21: It's your Mama and Papa, Eddie, here to surprise you.

EDDIE 53: Hello, Eddie, it's me – George – your dad.

PAULA 53: Marina wanted to know what we were doing here, we told her we were here to surprise you.

MARINA 21: Surprise! Look at his face! He doesn't know what to say.

*PAULA 23 enters from upstairs. She also wears a dressing gown.*

PAULA 23: Eddie...? (*Seeing EDDIE 53 and PAULA 53.*) Oh! They're still...

EDDIE 23: Yes.

PAULA 53: Hello, Paula.

EDDIE 53: Paula.

MARINA 21: Surprise!

*PAULA 23 hurriedly exits upstairs.*

PAULA 53: Paula?

EDDIE 23: Paulie? Paulie?

PAULA 53: We thought this might happen.

EDDIE 53: She's never been good with surprises.

EDDIE 23: We thought you'd gone.

EDDIE 53: Gone? We've only just arrived, Eddie.

MARINA 21: Aren't you going to wish me happy birthday, Eddie?

EDDIE 53: Wish her happy birthday, son. He's shy. I'll do it. Happy birthday, Marina – from him.

MARINA 21: Thanks.

*PAULA 53 crosses to the bottom of the stairs.*

EDDIE 23: Where are you going?

PAULA 53: I want to pick up some things that were left here from my last visit. And I'd like to say hello to Paula.

EDDIE 23: She... she doesn't...

PAULA 53: It's all right, Eddie, I'll turn a blind eye to any mess up there.

EDDIE 53: Let your mother by, son. You and I need to have a little chat about things too together.

EDDIE 23: *(Head in hands.)* Oh!

PAULA 53: *(Passing EDDIE 23.)* Thank you.

*PAULA 53 exits upstairs.*

MARINA 21: You're still coming, Eddie?

EDDIE 23: What?

MARINA 21: To my party – on the beach.

EDDIE 53: He's still coming.

MARINA 21: You can come too, George – and Patricia.

EDDIE 53: Thanks. Might take you up on that.

MARINA 21: Okay, better get cleaning. Chao, Eddie. Nice to meet you, George.

EDDIE 53: You too, Marina. See you later, alligator. To which you reply, in a while, crocodile.

MARINA 21: In a while crocodile.

EDDIE 53: That's it.

MARINA 21: You're fun too, George.

EDDIE 53: Now you see where he gets it from.

MARINA 21: See you later, alligator.

EDDIE 53: In a while, crocodile.

*MARINA 21 exits through the front door.*

I forgot how easy and carefree she was.

*MARINA 21 passes by the window outside. EDDIE 53 and MARINA 21 exchange a wave. MARINA 21 exits from the window.*

She's changed a bit since. I suppose we all have.

EDDIE 23: I thought you'd gone.

EDDIE 53: No, still here, it appears.

EDDIE 23: You promised to leave.

EDDIE 53: We did leave – as promised – but now we're back.

EDDIE 23: What do you want?

EDDIE 53: The same thing you want, Eddie, essentially: the glitch to mend itself, or the tear in the fabric of time-space to knit itself up again. Although I was hypothesising last night that we could've stepped into some kind of a time portal.

EDDIE 23: I'm in a nightmare.

EDDIE 53: Except we're awake, Eddie. I'm sure it will all get sorted out soon by whoever up there sorts out these things: 'Chief Glitch Repairer to the Universe'. Good one for the business card that. But while we're waiting for that to happen, Eddie, it's necessary for us to talk. There's things I need to tell you – *me*.

EDDIE 23: You are not *me*.

EDDIE 53: I am, Eddie, whether you like it or not.

EDDIE 23: You're not!

EDDIE 53: Ask me anything about you, Eddie, and I'll tell you – every personal, private and embarrassing detail. I've been compiling a whole list just to convince you if we got a moment alone. Amazing the things one remembers. Like getting your old chap caught in your zip peeing behind a tree at Amy Williams' birthday picnic. Ouch! Smarted for a couple of weeks afterwards, didn't it? Having your clothes stolen on the beach in Malta and trying to make your way back to the hotel wrapped in a beach mat. That was funny. Your very first time, Eddie, with –

- EDDIE 23: Okay.
- EDDIE 53: Don't want me to go on? (*Hair and stomach.*) You've lost a bit up here and gained a bit down here, Eddie, but on the whole I don't think you've done too badly. Bit of a dodgy knee from falling down the stone steps in a public library in Arundel. Look out for that one.
- EDDIE 23: If you are me... you're just a... a...
- EDDIE 53: What, Eddie?
- EDDIE 23: Just a horrible version of me that I'm never going to become.
- EDDIE 53: I'm sorry to disappoint you, Eddie, but there is only one version of you and that's me. Look, in spite of what Paula said last night, Eddie, it's hasn't been quite so terrible – your life together. You both have some very wonderful, memorable times together over the years. Really quite magical some of them. She is right about one thing though, Eddie: going to work for her dad. Oh, it started out exciting enough – new people, new environment, your own desk... despite where they put you. But after a while – and sooner than I imagined – it started to lose its shine. I'd always planned to get out at some point – branch out on my own. Paula was always urging me to do it – especially in the early days. I almost did on a couple of occasions, almost did... but... I didn't. And as the years passed, the thought it became more of a daunting prospect. Better the devil you know and all that. If you do go to work for him, Eddie, don't commence without some kind of an escape plan in place. (*Urn.*) The ring's still in there, I see. Oh, you'll never guess what Mr Perkins got caught doing a few years later?
- EDDIE 23: What?
- EDDIE 53: No, won't spoil the surprise for you.
- EDDIE 23: Has it got anything to do with prostitutes?
- EDDIE 53: Not as such, but you're along the right lines. Oh... I see. Escort.
- EDDIE 23: Is there a difference?
- EDDIE 53: Yes. I doubt a prostitute would want to listen to me rattle on about my problems for hours on end. Yelena was happy to perform the service – being an escort. But that doesn't mean you should go to either, Eddie, to work through your...

- EDDIE 23: I won't. Why did you?
- EDDIE 53: I just wanted to find someone – a sympathetic ear. It was only meant to be a one off visit.
- EDDIE 23: It wasn't?
- EDDIE 53: No... there was a few, but that would've been the last one. If it wasn't for her accident I could've happily walked away.
- EDDIE 23: What accident?
- EDDIE 53: She was hit by a car fetching pizza for us both. That's how it all... came out.
- EDDIE 23: Died?
- EDDIE 53: No lost a leg, but... it's amazing what they can do with prosthetics nowadays.
- EDDIE 23: I'm sorry, I can't deal with this. Look, will you please just... Please go.

*EDDIE 23 starts to exit upstairs.*

- EDDIE 53: Gemma Hardwicke.

*EDDIE 23 stops.*

Thought she would get your attention. It didn't last between her and Danny Proctor – Mr Ponytail. I got a letter from her shortly after they broke up. Apparently going off with him was a bit of a test for me – she said. A test to see how much I'd fight for her. A test I failed – we did. We were too busy nursing our wounded pride, weren't we? Hiding away in our room, drowning our sorrows in sad songs, beer and late night TV. You should be getting her letter in the not too distant – full of remorse and declarations of love. Of course you'll be engaged to Paula by then... if all goes to plan. I looked her up a couple of years ago. Lives not too far away – as it happens. Was married – not anymore. Wasn't then anyway. Who knows, perhaps I'll bump into her one day – in Waitrose or something.

*EDDIE 23 makes to exit upstairs again.*

Tell you who else had a thing for me – you.

- EDDIE 23: Who?

*EDDIE 53 points in MARINA 21's direction.*

Marina?

EDDIE 53: Ma-ri-na.

EDDIE 23: When?

EDDIE 53: Now. *Your* now that is.

EDDIE 23: We've only just met.

EDDIE 53: That's not altogether a bad thing, Eddie – *sometimes* – where these things are concerned. She felt something for you straight away. A spark. It was your quintessential Englishness – coupled with a playful sense of humour. A winning combination to her Latin blood.

EDDIE 23: How do you know?

EDDIE 53: She told me.

EDDIE 23: In another letter?

EDDIE 53: No, in a beach hut one slightly drunken night twenty odd years ago. It's still there – the hut. I pass it sometimes and the memories flood back.

EDDIE 23: You were alone with her in a beach hut?

EDDIE 53: I was.

EDDIE 23: Where was...?

EDDIE 53: Paula? Out swimming – with a few others.

EDDIE 23: And...?

EDDIE 53: And I was alone with the beautiful Marina.

EDDIE 23: What happened?

EDDIE 53: What would you have liked to have happened, Eddie?

EDDIE 23: Nothing. Not if I was with someone else – married to someone else. I presume you were by then?

EDDIE 53: Oh yes, well married by then. No, I was faithful, Eddie.

EDDIE 23: Back then you were.

- EDDIE 53: I am now. We did share a little passionate kiss though.
- EDDIE 23: Not even back then you weren't.
- EDDIE 53: It was just a kiss, Eddie, that's all. A wonderful, mouth-watering, incredible kiss... that's all. She wanted more... a lot more. I know you've been thinking about her, Eddie, since you met yesterday.
- EDDIE 23: No.
- EDDIE 53: You have.
- EDDIE 23: The version of me that's *you* perhaps has.
- EDDIE 53: You're telling me that you haven't had at least one naughty fantasy, Eddie, of her naked and oiled body stretched out on a sun lounger.
- EDDIE 23: I can see now why you got yourself into so much trouble.
- EDDIE 53: *You* did, Eddie, *you* did.
- EDDIE 23: No, *you* did.

*PAULA 53 enters from upstairs.*

*(Seeing PAULA 53.)* Please... both of you, go now. Leave us alone.

- PAULA 53: I still need my things, Eddie.

*EDDIE 23 exits upstairs.*

- EDDIE 23: *(Off. Calling.)* Paulie, it's me. Let me in.
- EDDIE 53: Success?
- PAULA 53: No. It's no use trying to speak to me through a keyhole.
- EDDIE 53: That as far as you got? I thought I was doing quite well with me. Not sure if I've done quite enough to talk me out of me getting together with you. Well I obviously haven't yet, have I, because here we are – still together. So what now?
- PAULA 53: I'm not going anywhere until I get to speak to me properly – not through a keyhole.
- EDDIE 53: Okay. Well, I might go for a little wander outside. Shame to be stuck indoors on a beautiful day like this.

- PAULA 53: Stay away from *her*.
- EDDIE 53: Marina? I thought I might give her a little hint of how I'm feeling about her.
- PAULA 53: What?
- EDDIE 53: Younger me, I mean. You didn't know she had a bit of thing for me, did you – when we first met.
- PAULA 53: I did suspect it.
- EDDIE 53: Perhaps now if I let her know that younger me is feeling a bit of a *thing* for her too, it might help to turn the heat up a bit – for the purposes of what we're trying to achieve – since Gemma Hardwicke isn't available yet. Anyway, like I say, it might *not* be Gemma I end up with. Like you, I'm keeping an open mind. But if it is, there's no harm providing young Miss Hardwicke with a little bit of stiff competition along the way. See how much she's prepared to fight for me. See, I can do subtle.

*EDDIE 53 exits through the front door. He passes by the window outside. The landline phone rings.*

- PAULA 53: *(To herself.)* Rick?

*PAULA 53 answers.*

*(To phone.)* Hello?... Dad!... Yes, yes it is... I am surprised, I didn't think you were... going to call this early... Yes I know, I forgot. *(Emotionally.)* How are you, Dad?... No I... I'm fine, it's just good to hear your voice after... after I spoke to you... recently... Yes, I'm fine... No everything's... fine.

*PAULA 53 listens for some moments, remembering his voice.*

Yes, I'm still here. It's good to hear... your voice... No, really I'm... Do I? I've got a little bit of a throat this morning... No, I *wasn't*... Is she?... Well tell her not to buy those... No, nothing, I won't interfere. Dad, I wish you'd... I wish you could have... It doesn't matter... No, it doesn't matter now.

- EDDIE 23: *(Off.)* Don't worry, I will, just stay there.

- PAULA 53: *(To phone.)* Listen, Dad, need to go, someone's at the door... I will... Yes... Bye, Dad... Bye... *(Afterthought.)* I love you. Dad?

*PAULA 53 hangs up. EDDIE 23 enters from upstairs.  
He holds a bag with PAULA 53's things in.*

Just speaking to Dad. Eddie, I'm sorry for what I said last night. Just because *we've* had a life of un-fulfilment – Eddie and me – doesn't mean you're going to have one too. I'm sure the both of you will have a wonderful future together, full of... everything you want it to be.

EDDIE 23: These are yours.

*EDDIE 23 gives the bag to PAULA 53.*

PAULA 53: Thanks.

EDDIE 23: You can go now.

PAULA 53: We will.

*EDDIE 23 goes to check the ring is still in the urn.*

Just a couple of things, Eddie.

EDDIE 23: Oh! What?

PAULA 53: I beg you not to go and work for my dad.

EDDIE 23: I know, he's already told me that, thanks.

PAULA 53: It will grind you down. All your fire and ambition – which I know is in you – will just fizzle out like a lacklustre firework. Carve your own way, be your own man, Eddie, you have so much to give – *potentially*. Take a leaf out of... No, I won't go there.

EDDIE 23: What?

PAULA 23: You don't want to hear it and it's not fair for me to bring him up.

EDDIE 23: Who?

PAULA 23: His circumstances are quite different from your own – although no one imagined he'd do *this* well in life.

EDDIE 23: David Potts... by any chance? You're still in contact with him?

PAULA 53: Recently he got in touch with me, yes. Just on Facebook (*or current social media platform.*) We haven't met up in person – although we've spoken on the phone a couple of times.

EDDIE 23: Facebook?

PAULA 53: Never mind. He asked me to join him for a spell on his yacht.

EDDIE 23: He's got a yacht?

PAULA 53: Moored in the Caribbean, yes. He's got a residence there too. Looks lovely – close to the beach.

EDDIE 23: Lucky him.

PAULA 23: But let's not talk about David. I can see it's making you jealous. What I'm really wanting to tell you, Eddie, is –

*PAULA 23 enters from upstairs.*

*(Seeing PAULA 23.)* Paula.

EDDIE 23: They're going now – both of them – aren't you?

PAULA 23: I'd like a word alone, please Eddie.

EDDIE 23: With me?

PAULA 23: No, with...

EDDIE 23: I don't think that's a good idea.

PAULA 53: It's all right, Eddie, just for five minutes or so and then we'll go. Won't bother you again – we promise. Go and join Eddie outside, Eddie. He's by the pool I think.

EDDIE 23: No, I'm staying here.

PAULA 23: It's okay, Eddie, I'm all right. There's a couple of things I'd like to get some clarity on... personal things.

EDDIE 23: I'll be... out there... somewhere. Shout if you need me.

PAULA 53: We will.

*EDDIE 23 exits through the front door.*

PAULA 23: So you're still in touch with him – David?

PAULA 53: Ah, you were earwiggling.

PAULA 23: How is he?

PAULA 53: Extremely well.

PAULA 23: Is he married?

PAULA 53: No, he never really settled for anyone. He said he was always holding out for that special someone... who hasn't shown up yet.

*PAULA 53 chuckles wistfully to herself.*

PAULA 23: What?

PAULA 53: He actually told me – during our last conversation together – that if he had the chance to do things all over again, he wouldn't have accepted my decision to stay in the UK – Dad's decision. He would have come back, had it out with Dad and taken me with him. If only I'd known. I naturally assumed David was busily forgetting about me out there in the Far East, having the time of his life – and the pick of the girls that moved in his circle. Nothing though could've been further from the truth. He was lonely... and thinking about me. He also said – although he'd probably already had a couple of drinks by then, so I'm not sure whether I quite believe it.

PAULA 23: What? What did he say?

PAULA 53: He told me that whoever he happened to find himself with over the years – romantically – that no matter who it was, he'd always seen something of *me* in them... however faint. It was what attracted him to them in the first place... he said. Like I say, it was probably the wine speaking, or the champagne, or whatever he was drinking. The memory of me never really left him. And mine of him neither. We had unfinished business of the heart – he called it.

PAULA 23: So why don't you?

PAULA 53: What?

PAULA 23: Go and visit him out in the Caribbean? He invited you, didn't he?

PAULA 53: Yes. I don't know what I'd find if I went there, Paula.

PAULA 23: Well... David... on his yacht presumably.

PAULA 53: No, I mean will the reality live up to the memory – for us both. It's one thing to reminisce old times with a glass of wine or two on the telephone together – engage in a little erotic flirting even – but we both might be terribly disappointed by what we find in

the cold light of day – or even under the warm glare of a Caribbean sun. No, I should've done it back then when I had my future before me, not halfway behind me.

PAULA 23: I'd take the chance if I were you – especially after what's happened with...

PAULA 53: Better sometimes just to dream of the things we *could* have than by having them risk being forever disappointed.

PAULA 23: That's a stupid way to think.

PAULA 53: Perhaps.

PAULA 23: It is.

*EDDIE 53 appears at the window outside and looks in.  
PAULA 53 sees him.*

PAULA 53: *(Tearfully.)* Excuse me.

*PAULA 53 hurries upstairs.*

PAULA 23: Where are you...?

PAULA 53: I just need to... Won't be...

*PAULA 53 exits upstairs. EDDIE 53 exits from the window and appears at the front door.*

EDDIE 53: She okay? Lovely day out there. What's the weather like with you thirty years ago? Same as this I'm presuming.

PAULA 23: Why did you?

EDDIE 53: Sorry?

PAULA 23: With those women.

EDDIE 53: Just the one. Nothing happened – talking only, only that. But I don't expect you to believe me. Nobody does.

PAULA 23: Why didn't you talk to *her*. She's your wife. Why go to a prostitute?

EDDIE 53: Escort. They were things, Paula, I couldn't talk about – I *thought*... or things – I thought – she wouldn't be able hear.

PAULA 23: How sad. And because of it you've destroyed your marriage... and your family.

EDDIE 53: Not destroyed. We all just need to sit down together and... talk.

PAULA 23: You know it was never you she really loved. It was always someone else.

*PAULA 23 exits through the front door.*

EDDIE 53: Good old David Potts?

*EDDIE 53 crosses to the urn. He takes out the pouch and from it the ring. He looks at it, remembering. MARINA 21 passes by the window outside. She appears at the front door.*

MARINA 21: Knock, knock!

EDDIE 53: Who's there?

MARINA 21: It's me, Marina.

EDDIE 53: I know, it's a type of joke. It doesn't matter. All done?

MARINA 21: Is that his ring?

EDDIE 53: What, he told you?

MARINA 21: Yes.

EDDIE 53: Yes, that's right, I remember.

MARINA 21: What?

EDDIE 53: Let's see if I can remember. ¿Quieres casarte conmigo?

MARINA 21: ¿Hablás español, George? (*Translation: Do you speak Spanish, George?*)

EDDIE 53: Un poco, un poco. (*Translation: A little, a little.*) Better put it back. Last thing he wants is his dear old dad cramping his style.

*EDDIE 53 replaces the ring in the pouch and puts the pouch back in the urn.*

MARINA 21: It's too bad he's marrying her.

EDDIE 53: Like I say, Marina, he's not married yet.

MARINA 21: And like I say, George, you're a very bad man. Okay, party, party!

EDDIE 53: Party, party!

MARINA 21: See you later, alligator.

EDDIE 53: In a while, crocodile.

*MARINA 21 exits through the front door. Sound of scooter starting up and driving away. PAULA 53 enters from upstairs.*

PAULA 53: What are you looking so pleased about?

EDDIE 53: I'm pleased about how masterful I'm being orchestrating our plan. You okay, you seemed a bit...?

PAULA 53: I'm okay.

EDDIE 53: All part of the act?

PAULA 53: Has she gone?

EDDIE 53: Paula?

PAULA 53: Marina.

EDDIE 53: Yes, just left.

PAULA 53: Good. One less complication to deal with. Where am I?

EDDIE 53: You're out there, somewhere – with me... somewhere. Fancy a drink of something while we wait for... whatever we're waiting for to happen now?

PAULA 53: No, it's important to remain focussed. Come on.

EDDIE 53: Where are we going?

PAULA 53: To leave us in peace.

EDDIE 53: Back to the hotel?

PAULA 53: No, to hide... in the utility shed.

*PAULA 53 and EDDIE 53 exit through the front door, closing it behind them.*

## Scene 2

*Thirty years ago. Sunday midday./The present.*

*Sunday midday. (Two hours later from start of Scene 1.)*

*EDDIE 23 and PAULA 23 pass by the window outside.*

EDDIE 23: *(Off.)* That's not true!

PAULA 23: *(Off.)* Yes, it is!

EDDIE 23: *(Off.)* No, it isn't!

PAULA 23: *(Off.)* It is! Otherwise you wouldn't be going to work for him.

*PAULA 23 and EDDIE 23 enter through the front door.*

EDDIE 23: I've got plenty of –

PAULA 23: Shhh! *(Calling.)* Hello?

EDDIE 23: I've –

PAULA 23: Shhh!

*PAULA 23 quickly glances into the kitchen.*

EDDIE 23: I've got plenty of am –

PAULA 23: Shhh!

*PAULA 23 ascends the stairs.*

*(Calling.)* Hello? Anyone here? Hello?

EDDIE 23: I've got plenty of ambition, thanks very much. I'm just doing it because I wanted to keep it in the family, that's all.

PAULA 23: No, you're doing it because it's a free handout you don't need to lift a finger for.

EDDIE 23: You think I'm just going to be lying on a mattress in the middle of his office doing nothing all day. He's told me it's going to be non-stop from the moment I come in to the moment I leave – with barely time for a sandwich and a cup of tea. I don't call that easy.

PAULA 23: But you're not forging your own path!

EDDIE 23: Not everyone can be like him, you know.

PAULA 23: Who?

EDDIE 23: You know who – Mr Corporate Whore.

PAULA 23: If you're talking about David Potts –

EDDIE 23: Who else would I be talking about? The man who's sacrificed his principles and ethics – if he had any to begin with – to be clawing his way up the grubby ladder of capitalism and exploitation. A power-hungry, money-lusting, greed-driven, unconscientious... rat!

PAULA 23: Listen to yourself. You're just spouting out your own jealousy and disappointment that you haven't achieved anything half as much as he has – and you never will!

EDDIE 23: He's the embodiment of Satan!

PAULA 23: You know nothing about David Potts. You never even met him.

EDDIE 23: I've met plenty *like* him. I know what they're like.

PAULA 23: Really.

EDDIE 23: Anyway your dad did. He knew. He told me he had shifty eyes and a handshake like a wet fish.

PAULA 23: Rubbish!

EDDIE 23: It's true.

PAULA 23: Dad admired David a lot.

EDDIE 23: Then why did he tell me the Far East was the best place for him.

PAULA 23: Perhaps he was just feeling sorry for you.

EDDIE 23: Perhaps he was glad to see the back of him – Mr Shifty-eyes and wet-fish handshake.

PAULA 23: Well at least he doesn't happen to *be* a wet fish.

EDDIE 23: If you're so in love with him why don't you go and join him out there?

PAULA 23: Because my dad won't let me!

EDDIE 23: Well... I'm letting you. You have my full blessing.

PAULA 23: Perhaps I will then.

EDDIE 23: Off you go then.

PAULA 23: I'm going.

*PAULA 23 ascends the stairs.*

I certainly don't want to end up like *her*.

EDDIE 23: Me him neither. We both see what you've done to me – to *him*.

PAULA 23: What you did to me – to *her* – I think you mean.

EDDIE 23: She's worn him down to nothing – poor man.

PAULA 23: No, she's had to endure a life of living with his total lack of drive and ambition – which has obviously got them nowhere.

EDDIE 23: You know I didn't think I'd say it, but I'm actually beginning to see why he went with that... *woman*.

PAULA 23: He went with that *woman* because he's a no-good, cheating, scurrilous... toad!

*PAULA 23 exits upstairs. Sound of a door slamming upstairs. EDDIE 23 exits through the front door. EDDIE 53 and PAULA 53's heads pop up at the window outside. They exit from the window and enter through the front door.*

EDDIE 53: Definitely one of our humdingers, that one.

*PAULA 53 crosses to the bottom of the stairs.*

PAULA 53: I'm upstairs packing my bag.

EDDIE 53: How do you know?

PAULA 53: Because I remember. You've stormed off somewhere.

EDDIE 53: (*Remembering.*) Looking for a bar.

PAULA 53: Sounds about right.

EDDIE 53: This could be it... *possibly*. Nothing definite yet because *we're* still here – together. What do you think will happen if we do...? Will one of us just disappear, do you think?

PAULA 53: Disappear?

EDDIE 53: Well, we won't be together anymore. Perhaps I'm going to

morph into David Potts before our very eyes, or you into Gemma Hardwicke – or whoever we happen to get together with in the future.

PAULA 53: Don't be ridiculous.

EDDIE 53: Well, considering what's happened to us in the last twenty-four hours I'm not ruling anything out. Perhaps we may not be even... *here* at all – either of us.

PAULA 53: What?

EDDIE 53: Once one starts messing with one's past, the future can become dangerously uncertain. We haven't really gone down that path, have we – in our eagerness to give ourselves a better future.

PAULA 53: Well I'm choosing *not* to go down that path still.

EDDIE 53: Just saying it's not too late to help us patch things up again.

PAULA 53: If they want to patch things up they don't need any help from us. We must leave it to them now what they want to do.

*Sound of door upstairs. PAULA 53 shoos EDDIE 53 into the kitchen. PAULA 23 enters from upstairs with her suitcase. She has changed.*

You're going? Where?

PAULA 23: Away from here.

PAULA 53: With Eddie?

PAULA 23: No.

PAULA 53: You've had a falling out? But you shouldn't be leaving, it should be him – it's your parents' place.

PAULA 23: I'm finding it a little crowded here.

PAULA 53: Well, we're just off – if you're meaning us.

*PAULA 23 crosses to the front door.*

PAULA 23: You can have it now. It is a timeshare property after all.

PAULA 53: There'll be no more flights home tonight, Paula.

PAULA 23: I know. I hope never to have to see you again.

*PAULA 23 turns to leave.*

PAULA 53: Paula? Well done. You're doing something I never had the courage to do. Not just this, but going against Dad's wishes. Remember he'll do everything he can to prevent you from going. So will Mum – in her own way. Neither of them want to lose you, but you must dig your heels in, Paula, and follow your heart. Just remember –

PAULA 23: Thanks, but I don't need your advice.

PAULA 53: No, of course you don't. Have a great life, Paula. No, have a wonderful, amazing life.

*PAULA 23 exits through the front door. PAULA 53 watches her go. EDDIE 53 enters from the kitchen.*

EDDIE 53: Off to a hotel somewhere?

PAULA 53: It should be you going, not me.

EDDIE 53: Do you want me to have a word with me?

PAULA 53: It doesn't matter, I suppose *who* goes. We'll give me a moment before we leave.

EDDIE 53: How long do we give it... until we... talk? It'll be clear to us at some point – we've decided to stay together – despite this humdinger?

PAULA 53: Not until we've gone... and then we'll know. Are you coming?

EDDIE 53: I think I might go for a little a stroll along the beach.

PAULA 53: No getting drunk. We may not be finished yet.

EDDIE 53: I'll stay sober as a judge, don't worry.

*PAULA 53 picks up the bag with her things in and exits through the front door. EDDIE 53 checks himself in the mirror. He exits through the front door, closing the door behind him.*

### Scene 3

*Thirty years ago. Sunday 2.00 p.m./The present. Sunday 2.00 p.m. (Two hours later from start of Scene 2.)*

*A song that was popular thirty years ago blares out from upstairs. EDDIE 53 appears at the window*

*outside. He exits from the window and enters through the front door. He remembers the song. He perhaps dances and sings along to it. Music stops. EDDIE 23 enters from upstairs. He is changed.*

EDDIE 23: Oh!

EDDIE 53: I remember that song, it was a classic. It still is.

EDDIE 23: Why are you still here?

EDDIE 53: Don't worry, I'm just off. You're off somewhere too by the look of it... and I think I know where.

*EDDIE 23 exits into the kitchen.*

I've just been down there. Things are well underway. I didn't join in – kept my distance. She'll be happy to see you... *alone*. I've done my bit setting things up for you. You're more than half way there – more than half way.

*EDDIE 23 enters from the kitchen with an opened bottle of beer. He crosses to the full length mirror and checks his appearance as he tries to ignore EDDIE 53.*

Just carry on being quintessentially English – and fun – and you're home and dry. I'm looking forward to the memories. Sorry, I forgot, I'm just the sad and horrible version of you you're never going to become, so I probably won't have them. (*Booze.*) Remember, go easy on the... It may provoke the desire, but will take away from the performance. And make sure – if all goes well – you use protection. Don't want any mishaps to spoil your evening. I'm envious of you, Eddie. She's got an incredible body, Marina. A peach perfect bum.

EDDIE 23: Just go! For God's sake just... go!

EDDIE 53: I'm gone.

*EDDIE 23 hurries up the stairs and exits. Another song blares out from upstairs. EDDIE 53 enjoys it for a moment before exiting through the front door, closing the door behind him.*

#### Scene 4

*Thirty years ago. Sunday 11.00 p.m./The present.  
Sunday 11.00 p.m. (Nine hours later from start of  
Scene 3.)*

*Sound of voices laughing and singing approaching off – perhaps the popular song that was playing last. EDDIE 23 and MARINA 21 enter through the front door.*

MARINA 21: Shhh! Maybe she's back.

EDDIE 23: She's not.

MARINA 21: How do you know?

EDDIE 23: We're finished, it's over... totalmente terminada. (*Translation: Totally over.*)

MARINA 21: Check.

EDDIE 23: I don't have to, she's gone.

MARINA 21: Check.

EDDIE 23: (*Calling.*) Hello?... Anyone here?... Hola?... Buenas noches... ¿Dónde están los servicios, favour?... (*Translation: Hello? Good evening. Where are the toilets, please?*) See, we're totally alone: totalmente solo. (*Translation: Totally alone.*)

*They kiss. EDDIE 23 wants more, but MARINA 21 pushes him away.*

MARINA 21: Easy, Mister Hot Pants.

EDDIE 23: Mr Hot Pants is excited.

MARINA 21: Mr Hot Pants needs to go slowly.

EDDIE 23: Not so easy for Mr Hot Pants when Senorita Hot Pants is in the room.

MARINA 21: Where's my Famous Eddie's Martini you've been promising me all evening?

EDDIE 23: Coming right up. Don't go away, Senorita Hot Pants.

*EDDIE 23 exits into the kitchen. MARINA 21 crosses to the radio and turns it on. Sound of static. She gives the radio a couple of knocks and a station plays. She tunes it to something suitable. She enjoys being lost in the music a for a few moments. EDDIE 53's face appears at the window outside, unseen to MARINA 21. He looks in. MARINA 21 crosses to the urn. She takes out the pouch*

*and removes the ring. She slips the ring on her finger and admires it. She hides her hand as EDDIE 23 enters from the kitchen with two cocktails. EDDIE 53 ducks down out of sight.*

*(Radio.)* You got it to work. You've obviously got a magic touch.

MARINA 21: I have.

EDDIE 23: One Famous Eddie's Martini for you and one for me. I warn you it does contain traces of alcohol. Salud! *(Translation: Cheers!)*

MARINA 21: Salud! *(Drinks.)* Ouch!

EDDIE 23: Warned you.

*The radio loses its station and buzzes with static again. MARINA 21 goes to it. She knocks it a couple of times but the static remains. She turns radio off.*

Don't worry, we'll make our own music. Let's see if I can remember it. *(Singing 'Happy Birthday' in Spanish.)*  
Cumpleaños feliz, cumpleaños feliz, te de...

MARINA 21: Te deseamos...

EDDIE 23: Te deseamos, Marina, cumpleaños...

*MARINA 21 flashes the ring on her finger.*

Hey!

MARINA 21: What do you think? It sparkles like my eyes, yes? You don't like me wearing it, Eddie? Of course, you're saving it for her.

*MARINA 21 is about to remove it.*

EDDIE 23: It's okay. Wear it. Like I say, it's over between us. Totalmente terminada.

*EDDIE 23 and MARINA 21 kiss once more.*

MARINA 21: Let's go for a swim now, Mr Hot Pants.

EDDIE 23: Good idea, Senorita Hot Pants. *(Drinks.)* You take these and I'll grab us a couple of towels.

*EDDIE 23 exits upstairs. MARINA 21 puts the drinks*

*down and tries to remove the ring. EDDIE 53 looks through the window again.*

MARINA 21: *(Struggling to remove ring.) Joder! (Translation: Fuck!)*

*MARINA 21 gives up. She takes the drinks and exits through the front door. EDDIE 53 hurriedly escapes from outside the window. MARINA 21 passes by the window outside. She screams.*

*Madre de dios! (Translation: Mother of God!)*

*There is the sound of cocktail glasses smashing and a metal dustbin being knocked over. MARINA 21 hurries back through the front door. EDDIE 23 enters from upstairs with a couple of towels.*

EDDIE 23: What? What is it?

MARINA 21: Your papa, he's out there!

EDDIE 23: What!

MARINA 21: I saw him, outside!

*EDDIE 23 opens the windows and looks out.*

EDDIE 23: *(Calling.)* Dad? Are you out there? If you are, piss off! I mean it. *(To MARINA 21.)* Are you sure it was him?

MARINA 21: Yes, it was him.

*There is the sound of a ceramic pot breaking off outside.*

EDDIE 53: *(Off.)* Balls!

EDDIE 23: *(To MARINA 21.)* Wait here.

*EDDIE 23 exits through the front door. He hurries past the window outside.*

*(Off. Calling.)* Dad? Are you there? Where are you?

*MARINA 21 glances out the window. She then once more attempts to remove the ring, but can't.*

MARINA 21: Ah! Joder!

*PAULA 23 enters through the front door, slightly out of*

*breath.*

PAULA 23: Hello, Marina.

MARINA 21: Paula! What are you doing here?

PAULA 23: Perhaps I should be asking you the same question. Although it's pretty obvious. Where's Eddie?

MARINA 21: He's chasing George.

PAULA 23: You can get the hell out of my villa now!

MARINA 21: You don't speak to me like that, you English bitch!

PAULA 23: You Spanish slut!

*Squaring up to each other.*

MARINA 21: You don't scare me.

PAULA 23: And you don't scare me.

MARINA 21: You *definitely* don't scare me.

EDDIE 23: *(Off.)* Come here!

EDDIE 53: *(Off.)* No, Eddie, no!

*EDDIE 53 hurries past the window outside, shielding himself with a dustbin lid.*

If you hurt me you'll just be hurting yourself, remember?

*EDDIE 23 hurries past the window after him.*

EDDIE 23: It'll be worth it!

*PAULA 23 and MARINA 21 move apart. EDDIE 53 enters through the front door.*

EDDIE 53: Paula?

*EDDIE 23 enters through the front door.*

EDDIE 23: You're determined to ruin my – *(Seeing PAULA 23.)* Ah!

MARINA 21: It looks like your English bitch has come running back to you, Eddie.

PAULA 23: You cheap Spanish trollop!

MARINA 21: Lagarta! (*Translation: You bitch!*)

PAULA 23: Tart!

MARINA 21: Perra! (*Translation: Slut!*)

PAULA 23: Whore!

MARINA 21: Inmundicia! (*Translation: Filth!*)

EDDIE 53: Now come on, ladies.

*PAULA 53 enters through the front door, a little more out of breath.*

Paula? I mean Patricia?

PAULA 53: It's Paula – what the hell! Paula let's go, we're better than this.

PAULA 23: (*To MARINA 21.*) Get out, now! Or these English bitch nails will tear out your Spanish slutty eyes.

MARINA 21: Oh yeah?

PAULA 23: Yes.

MARINA 21: Oh yeah?

EDDIE 53: Now, Paula?

PAULA 23: (*Menacingly.*) Yes.

PAULA 53: Paula?

MARINA 21: (*Backing down.*) Okay. First let me get rid of your worthless ring.

PAULA 23: My ring?

*MARINA 21 tries again to remove it.*

MARINA 21: Joder! Asquerosa de mierda! (*Translation: Shit!*)

*She manages and throws it down.*

There! I hope you both marry and kill each other!

*MARINA 21 exits through the front door.*

*(Off.) Malparida! (Translation: Bitch!) Cretina! (Translation: Cretin!) Gilipueñas! (Translation: Stupid idiot!)*

*EDDIE 53 picks up the ring.*

EDDIE 23: *(Propose.)* I was going to...

EDDIE 53: He was going to...

PAULA 53: But he didn't. See what's he's like, Paula, no sooner out of sight and this happens.

EDDIE 53: She means nothing to him, Paula. He bought the ring for you not for her. Tell her, Eddie.

PAULA 53: Paula, let's go.

EDDIE 53: Eddie, take it.

PAULA 53: Paula, come on.

EDDIE 53: Eddie?

EDDIE 23: Look, just –

PAULA 53: Paula –

EDDIE 53: Paula –

EDDIE 23: Paulie –

PAULA 23: Shut up! All of you just... just...

*PAULA 23 lets out a pent up yell and then hurries up the stairs and exits. Sound of door slamming. EDDIE 23 hurries upstairs and exits.*

EDDIE 23: *(Off.)* Paulie? Paulie? Paulie?

PAULA 23: *(Off.)* Go away!

*The radio suddenly buzzes with a brief electrical static before blaring out the Spanish song. EDDIE 53 turns the radio off. Silence from upstairs. EDDIE 53 opens his hand.*

EDDIE 53: The ring... it's gone.

*EDDIE 53 ascends the stairs.*

*(Calling upstairs.)* Hello? Eddie?

*He exits upstairs.*

*(Off, Calling.)* Hello? Anyone here?

*He enters from upstairs.*

No sign of us. The... glitch must have... un-glitched itself. And we're still... here. Together. We took separate flights home, didn't we? It was quite a few weeks before you agreed to meet up with me again. I didn't think you would... after tonight. I persevered though – kept calling you. Eventually you did. We met up in that Italian bistro – the one that burned down – remember? Suspected arson. And that's when you told me... Rick was on the way. And the rest is history... as they say. You saw us coming back here then? – Younger you, I mean.

PAULA 53: Yes.

EDDIE 53: You were spying on me?

PAULA 53: No, I was out walking, that's all. I saw the party going on. I saw you... kissing her and then heading back this way. I was overcome with jealousy.

EDDIE 53: So you came back to scupper our evening.

PAULA 53: And scupper my life.

EDDIE 53: Well, I beg to differ. And who knows what might have happened to you if you'd got together with David Potts.

PAULA 53: That I shall never know.

EDDIE 53: There's only so many wild and hedonistic parties one can have aboard a luxury yacht before it starts to take its toll. There's something to be said for a life of moderation and restraint.

PAULA 53: Not that you'd know anything about that.

EDDIE 53: You saw you coming back here, did you?

PAULA 53: Yes.

EDDIE 53: So you were spying on *you*.

PAULA 53: Not spying... observing.

EDDIE 53: So... we've gone. Perhaps now, Paula, we can... We can –

*The radio suddenly buzzes with a brief electrical static before blaring out the Spanish song once more.*

Scene 5

*The present. Sunday 11.30 p.m./Thirty years in the future. Sunday 11.30 p.m. (Continuation from Scene 4.)*

EDDIE 53: What's going on with this thing?

*EDDIE 53 turns the radio off. PAULA 83 enters from upstairs. Her appearance and vitality is that of someone in her twenties. She wears a futuristic outfit with a towel slung across her shoulder.*

PAULA 83: Oh, hello again.

PAULA 53: Paula?

PAULA 83: Yes.

PAULA 53: You're still here.

EDDIE 53: You haven't gone.

PAULA 83: No, we've just arrived.

EDDIE 53: What?

*EDDIE 83 enters from the kitchen. He too has the appearance and vitality of someone in their twenties and also wears a similar futuristic outfit with a towel slung over his shoulder. He carries a tray with four cocktails on it.*

EDDIE 83: Oh! We meet again.

EDDIE 53: Eddie?

EDDIE 83: Hello, Eddie. Paula. Or perhaps this is the first time. Do you think this could be the first time, Paula?

PAULA 83: Well if they haven't met us before it is.

PAULA 53: First time?

EDDIE 83: First time you meet us – *you* – older you.

PAULA 83: Future you.

EDDIE 53: Future us?

PAULA 53: But...

PAULA 83: I know, we don't look a day over twenty-five, do we?

EDDIE 83: You'd die if we told you our real age.

PAULA 83: Eighty-three.

EDDIE 83: Eighty-three. Wonders of modern science. And we feel great. That's not to say either of us couldn't drop dead at any moment. Haven't found a remedy for that yet.

PAULA 83: But we don't like to dwell on that so much.

EDDIE 83: No, we don't.

PAULA 83: David treated us all – to the procedure.

EDDIE 83: Wasn't cheap. We've all had it done.

PAULA 53: David? David...?

PAULA 83: David Potts, yes, Paula.

EDDIE 83: You don't know?

PAULA 83: Of course they don't know, Eddie, this is the first time they've met us – future us, remember?

EDDIE 83: Of course. It's difficult to keep track. We've met us before – on a few occasions – but at a later date. So you don't know what's causing it either yet – us meeting us like this.

EDDIE 53: No. Do you?

EDDIE 83: You're along the right lines, Eddie, but you missed out the unfortunate electrocution of Miguel, which somehow caused a localised breach in the temporal –

PAULA 83: It's complex, Eddie, Paula, so we won't bore you with it now.

EDDIE 83: I'll explain it at a later date. He sometimes appears – Miguel, on the top of the stairs there. He doesn't hang about too long before he disappears again. We think he may be oscillating within some kind of a parallel –

PAULA 83: Okay, Eddie.

EDDIE 83: Another day.

PAULA 83: Suffice it to say, we meet here from time to time – *us*. Like now.

PAULA 53: Are you... *we*... still together?

*There is a burst of laughter from the pool area. A man and a woman's voice.*

Who's that?

PAULA 83: David and Gemma.

PAULA 53: David Potts?

EDDIE 53: Gemma Hardwicke?

PAULA 53: They're here?

EDDIE 53: Together?

EDDIE 83: We've double booked I'm afraid. My fault, screwed up with the diary.

PAULA 83: Not the first time.

EDDIE 83: Sorry... *again*.

PAULA 53: You mean they're both...?

PAULA 83: You'll find out.

EDDIE 83: Don't want to spoil the surprise for you.

PAULA 83: Good to see you again.

EDDIE 83: For the first time.

PAULA 83: Chao, chao.

*PAULA 83 exits through the front door. She passes by the window outside.*

EDDIE 83: Oh if Rick and Trish come begging for money from either of you in the not too distant, don't give them a penny. There's more of this in the jug if you want to help yourself. See you later, alligators.

*EDDIE 83 exits through the front door. He passes by the window outside.*

*(Off. As he passes.)* Four Famous Eddie's Martinis coming right up.

*Laughter and jollity from the pool area.*

EDDIE 53: Not bad for eighty-three, are we? At least we know we're still... here.

PAULA 53: But who are we here with?

EDDIE 53: David Potts and Gemma Hardwicke it would seem.

PAULA 53: Yes, but are they together or are we with *them*?

EDDIE 53: No idea.

PAULA 53: Well... there's only one way to find out.

EDDIE 53: I'll pour us a couple of Famous Eddie's.

*PAULA 53 exits through the front door. She furtively passes by the window outside. EDDIE 53 crosses to the window and briefly glances out. He crosses to exit into the kitchen.*

Two Famous Eddie's Martinis coming right up.

*MARINA (eighty years old) enters through the front door. She has not gone through the rejuvenation process. She holds a pair of binoculars and cackles to herself as she shuffles to the window to observe the bathers. She does not see EDDIE 53. She quickly opens the windows and looks out.*

Marina?

MARINA 80: Hello, Eddie. Shhh, surprise.

*MARINA 80 hurriedly shuffles past EDDIE 53 and exits into the kitchen. The radio suddenly buzzes with a brief electrical static before blaring out the Spanish song once more.*

EDDIE 53: Not again!

*EDDIE 53 turns off the radio. PAULA 53 appears*

*outside the window.*

PAULA 53: We're gone!

*Blackout and loud static from the radio as actors clear the stage. The static changes to the Spanish song blaring out from the radio upstairs and MIGUEL singing along. A shortened version to what was heard at the start of the play. A loud buzzing from upstairs, followed by an electrical bang and a bright flash. An intense spotlight illuminates the area at the top of the stairs. MIGUEL enters at the top of the stairs in white overalls, screwdriver in hand and hair standing on end. He looks about him in a state of startled wonder. (Could be a hologram that just appears.) MARINA 80 enters from the kitchen. She sees MIGUEL.*

MARINA 80: Santa Maria!

*MARINA 80 falls to her knees.*

Papa! Escucharías! (*Translation: Would you listen!*)

*Blackout.*

*Curtain.*