

ALEX. Of course you have a Thermos.

RUPERT. She drank my coffee, took a big gulp, said it was

ALEX. Too weak

RUPERT. Then got off.

## Scene Two

RUPERT. A Tube strike.

On a Monday.

A two-day hangover.

Drizzle.

A forgotten Thermos.

No umbrella.

Calls for one thing.

Americano and that almond croissant please.

*RUPERT turns and runs into ALEX, the coffee goes all over her, her own coffee drops to the floor, she is soaked, she is furious.*

ALEX. Fuck

RUPERT. Oops, / so sorry

ALEX. Fuck it, no, leave it.

RUPERT. It's okay, here let me

ALEX. No, just leave it.

RUPERT. Let me, no, let me buy you a fresh one

ALEX. No, no I don't want one.

RUPERT. Is okay, wait a sec. I'll just nip up / to the...

ALEX. It's you

RUPERT. Oh hello

ALEX. Umbrella man

RUPERT. It's me.

ALEX. Nip up.

RUPERT. Excuse me?

ALEX. You said you'd 'nip up' to the...

RUPERT. Counter

ALEX. I know. 'Nip up.'

RUPERT. It's just another way of saying / go up

ALEX. I know what it means.

RUPERT. Oh

My mum says it.

ALEX. Your mum? Sweet.

*Beat.*

I didn't take you as an almond-croissant kind of man

RUPERT. Oh you know Monday blues

ALEX. And where is your Thermos?

RUPERT. I forgot it

ALEX. Oh dear

RUPERT. What did you take me for?

ALEX. What?

RUPERT. If not an almond croissant then what?

ALEX. An egg-white-omelette kind of man.

RUPERT. Oh

ALEX. Am I right?

RUPERT. I guess

ALEX. You guess?

RUPERT. I am

ALEX. Thought so.

RUPERT. What do you have for breakfast?

ALEX. Guess

RUPERT. I'm awful at guessing

ALEX. Just guess

RUPERT. No I can't

ALEX. Try

RUPERT. Ummm... Coffee...

ALEX. Nope.

RUPERT. What then?

ALEX. Jam.

RUPERT. Just jam?

ALEX. Yup.

RUPERT. Out of a jar?

ALEX. Exactly

RUPERT. Like a yogurt?

ALEX. Perfect

RUPERT. Do you eat the whole jar?

ALEX. No, I eat just the right amount.

RUPERT. What's the right amount?

ALEX. It depends how I'm feeling

RUPERT. How much did you eat today?

ALEX. A huge amount of raspberry jam.

RUPERT. What's your name?

ALEX. Alex

RUPERT. Jammy Alex.

ALEX. What's yours?

RUPERT. Rupert

ALEX. Like the bear.

\*

RUPERT. I began to imagine, began to create pictures. A man, a crisp white shirt, sleeves folded, breakfast, a place mat, a napkin, a cafetière, a paper waiting.

A woman, standing in a kitchen, fully dressed but hair in a towel, odd socks, running late for something but in no rush and just scrolling through her phone absentmindedly eating a pot of raspberry Tiptree.

*He stops. He smiles. He is remembering.*

I can see it.

Shirt, coffee, paper, her. Her towel, her phone, her jam. Her. She steals my breakfast, I tap her on her nose. She finishes my coffee, I pull her towel off. This scene, this scene of... Playing over and over and over, reforming my brain, reshaping my thoughts changing me in that hour, that minute, that second. No numbers, timings, schedules just me and her.

I stood and stared at Alex, at Jammy Alex covered in coffee.

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RUPERT. Wine?

ALEX. Now?

RUPERT. Thursday?

ALEX. A date?

RUPERT. I'd like that.

ALEX. Okay.

RUPERT. Okay, yes?

ALEX. Okay yes, Rupert the Bear.

### Scene Three

RUPERT. She was late, forty-five minutes late, blamed it on a delayed train and rush hour, which was odd as we worked in the same area. So I spent some time looking at the wine menu, I love a wine menu. There is something about the pop of the