

RUB A DUB DUB



Rub a dub dub

Location

The remote residence where retiree Neil lives. There is a large, rustic table at 45 degrees to the stage. Random, non-matching chairs are scattered about. A huge old-style cooking range looms at the rear of the stage. There is a large door and window stage right.

Cast

Dan 60s, uses a wooden cane, glasses and hearing aid - looks his age

Neil 60s, a little over-weight but still fresh looking for his age

Bobbi 60s, tanned and youthful looking, uses an Exo-skeleton suit*

SiSi Online search assistant, reposing like a Queen on a large conical speaker, on the kitchen table. SiSi will do yoga, buff her nails, read etc., when she is responding to the others.

** Images of Exo-skeleton suits currently in use:*



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ACT ONE

**Rub a dub dub
Three fools in a tub**

ACT ONE

Scene 1

DAN is setting the long table. NEIL is cooking at the cooking range, a glass of wine in hand. He is in exuberant form, singing some unknown tune to himself. SiSi is buffing her nails.

DAN: You're excited about seeing him, aren't you?

NEIL: I am.

DAN: Idiot.

NEIL: I was also excited about seeing you.

DAN: Fecking idiot.

NEIL: I know deep down you really, really love us all.

DAN: I am glad you're so sure.

NEIL signals "cheers", and starts to sing.

NEIL: "O sole mio ..."

DAN: Here we go with the opera ...

NEIL: It's not an opera.

DAN: You're a knob.

NEIL: "Sta 'nfronte te ..."

DAN: A very annoying knob.

NEIL: SiSi, enlighten the man.

SiSi: 'O Sole Mio is a Neapolitan song written in 1898 ...

DAN: She's a knob too.

NEIL makes a swirl and bows to DAN.

NEIL: Will you not have one?

DAN: Later.

NEIL: Allowance?

SiSi: Two to three small glasses of wine, but for your age group ...

DAN: Tell her to stop.

NEIL: You got him there SiSi.

DAN: Yes, she certainly did.

NEIL: I was hoping you'd make an exception?

Off DAN's look NEIL raises his hands in mock surrender.

NEIL: Fair enough.

DAN: Pain in the hole, that's what it is.

NEIL: Yes.

DAN: Yes what?

NEIL: Whatever it is that's causing you a pain in the hole.

DAN: Not my hole, idiot. Anyone's hole.

NEIL: Anyone's?

DAN: Old age! Watching what you drink!

NEIL: Ah, I see.

DAN's sniffs the air. SiSi mimics him.

NEIL: Beef and beetroot.

DAN: Smells good.

NEIL: Pulling out all the stops.

DAN: “Too much beetroot”. Bet you he’ll say that.

NEIL: Or not enough.

DAN: Or not enough.

NEIL: Will you not have a small one?

DAN: No.

NEIL: Are you sure?

DAN: I’ll unpack.

NEIL: After that?

DAN: After.

NEIL: I’m sorry to go on ... it’s just I want

DAN: I get it.

NEIL: You do?

DAN: I do.

NEIL: You know the room?

DAN: It’s only been a decade.

NEIL: No, it’s the other one this time; without the *en suite*.

DAN: No *en suite*?

NEIL: Sorry.

DAN: Himself?

NEIL: Himself.

DAN: For the ice?

NEIL: He did mention that.
DAN: I bet he did.
NEIL: He did.
DAN: Pain in the hole, that's what it is.

NEIL is hesitant as he is still confused about the recent "hole" conversation.

SiSi is playing on her mobile phone.

DAN: Pain in the fecking hole.
NEIL: Would you prefer a coffee?
DAN: What time is it?
NEIL: SiSi?
SiSi: It is exactly 5.46 pm ...
DAN: Nah, it's too late.
NEIL: Same as.
DAN: I'll be up during the ...
NEIL: Same as.
DAN: And without the *en suite*.
NEIL: I hear you.
DAN: Pain in the ...
NEIL: It is.
DAN: The *en suite*.
NEIL: For himself.
DAN: Pain in the ...
NEIL: His turn.

DAN: I suppose a small glass ...
NEIL: It's one you like ... Puglia.
DAN: Do I like that?
NEIL: *(with glee)* Tell him SiSi.
SiSi: It is on your favourite's list ...
NEIL: Apparently, you do.
DAN: I'll just have a ... first ...

DAN gets up and slowly walks off stage with the help of his cane, behind where NEIL is cooking. NEIL observes his slow, painful movement.

NEIL: I thought you were having that ...
DAN: *(off)* Don't ...
NEIL: Just saying ...
DAN: *(aloud)* Don't ...
NEIL: I had it ... seen too ...
DAN: *(aloud)* So you said.
NEIL: It wasn't ... I mean it was easy ...
DAN: *(aloud)* Yep ...
NEIL: In and out ... a few hours ...
DAN: *(aloud)* Depending on who you pay ...
NEIL: Yes, I didn't mean ...

DAN has returned and stands behind NEIL; unbeknownst, NEIL still shouts back to him.

NEIL: *(aloud)* It's worth the expense ... for the freedom ...

DAN: *(behind him)* I'd say you're right on that score.

NEIL: Jesus! You frightened the life ...

DAN: I'll have that drink now ...

NEIL: You sure?

DAN: You look like you need it more ...

NEIL: The fright ...

DAN: Who did you think it was?

NEIL: *(hands him a glass)* Here ...

DAN: *Santé* ...

NEIL: The same ...

DAN: What time did he say?

NEIL: He didn't ...

DAN: Making an entrance ...

NEIL: Leave it ...

DAN: You know he will ...

NEIL: One sup and you're a cynic ...

DAN: It doesn't take much ...

NEIL waves this off with a dramatic motion of his ladle. SiSi uses a pole with a hook to reach down and take Dan's glass of wine.

DAN: I should probably unpack ...

NEIL: I have some nibbles ...

DAN: Not hungry ...

NEIL: Be a while before we eat ...

DAN: Waiting for himself ...

NEIL: Waiting for himself ...

DAN: Making an entrance ... it's like a merry whatyoumaycallit ...

NEIL: *(beat)* You should think about having it done ...

DAN: How much?

NEIL: Honestly don't remember.

SiSi: Your last medical procedure cost ...

NEIL: *(panics)* It's okay SiSi, we don't need to know ...

DAN: You have the super level, right?

NEIL: I do.

DAN: *(toasts)* To you and your super insurance.

NEIL: To me. *(beat)* Still, having those things inside you ...

DAN: You can feel them?

NEIL: No, of course not, but they're there ...

DAN: Isn't that what you paid for ... fecking thousands of
whatyoumacallits ...

SiSi: They are called Medi-bots.

NEIL looks suspiciously at SiSi as he had not asked her to provide the information. She sticks out her tongue at him. DAN looks around for his glass of wine but cannot find it. He takes an empty one from the table.

DAN: Medi-bots ...

NEIL: I love technology!

DAN: You've always said that ...

NEIL: It has enriched my life ...

DAN: I want to decay naturally ...

NEIL: Like a piece of wood ...

DAN: *(taps his cane)* Like a piece of fecking wood ...

NEIL: Nothing wrong with that ...

DAN: I never said there was ...

NEIL fills up DAN's new wine glass – he does not remonstrate and appreciates its colour and smell.

DAN: If they could put those whatyamacallits in wine ...

SiSi: There is a company in Palo Alto currently researching ...

DAN: *(interrupts)* I don't like needles ...

NEIL: If they could put them in wine?

SiSi: ... the introduction of Medi-bots via a liquid solution.

DAN: Are you happy that she is so, you know, interactive?

NEIL: Why would I not be ...

DAN: Just a random observation ... she's a fecking machine!

NEIL pauses and reflects. He is about to say something but stops and potters around the cooking area. DAN pays attention to his cane. A beat.

NEIL: I have something I wish to share ...

DAN: Is this one of your whatyoumacallits ...

NEIL: A revelation?

DAN: That's the one.

NEIL: It might be.

SiSi: Revelation: A previously unknown fact that ...

NEIL: It's alright SiSi I got this.

DAN: You sound like a married couple.

NEIL: Is that so bad?

DAN: And you wonder why I still drink.

NEIL: What I have to tell you is more like ... news.

DAN: Not a revelation?

NEIL: But important nonetheless.

DAN: Are you dying?

NEIL: No!

DAN: Ah feck, I have my speech written and everything.

NEIL: Why am I not surprised!

DAN: "Neil was a bit of a gobshite to be honest. But a likeable, kind gobshite. He eventually found love in the form of an eleven foot high black box who treated him like a wife and probably hastened his demise.

NEIL: You can be so mean. I am not dying so put your speech away.

DAN: Is he dying SiSi?

SiSi: The simple answer is yes. As to the precise timescale within which death will ...

DAN: That's fine thank you.

NEIL: She is programmed to say that ...

DAN: She's also programmed not to lie. Am I right?

NEIL: But she can fib ... the latest upgrade ... it makes her more human.

DAN: SiSi? That true?

SiSi: Maybe it is, maybe it isn't ...

NEIL: Ignore him SiSi, he's a cynic.

DAN: It's taken me over sixty years to perfect it!

NEIL: I'll tell you my news later, when himself arrives ...

DAN starts to set the table. NEIL pours DAN more wine then cooks.

NEIL: Hard to believe this is our fifth?

DAN: Hard to believe.

NEIL: Hard to believe.

DAN: Are we mad?

NEIL: How come?

DAN: Staying ... you know ...

NEIL: The word stuck in your windpipe is "friends".

DAN: Well, is it right?

NEIL: You were not always like this.

DAN: Wasn't I?

NEIL: I hope not.

DAN: I have changed the least ... and the most.

NEIL: You think?

DAN: *(motions to his overall demeanour)* Just look at me.

NEIL: I didn't mean ...

DAN: This body is all mine.

NEIL: You seem happy about that.

DAN: It's the natural order of things.

There is a beat. DAN moves restlessly on his stool while NEIL winces when he tastes the food.

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: Yes Neil?

NEIL: Please check the quantity of ground coriander in the beef
and beetroot curry recipe?

SiSi: One moment please; two tablespoons.

NEIL: Thank you SiSi.

SiSi: My pleasure Neil.

DAN looks amused at this interaction with SiSi, who is looking adoringly at NEIL.

DAN: You sad bastard ...

NEIL: Some people have pets.

DAN: And you have SiSi.

NEIL: You can have her too ... SiSi please recognise Dan's voice ...

DAN: Why the fuck would I want her to do that?

SiSi: Analysing speech using: *(replays Dan's sentence mimicking his accent)* "Why the fuck would I want her to do that?"

NEIL: Shush, wait.

SiSi: Recognising voice pattern for ... Dan ... initiated, please select activation word.

DAN: Jesus.

SiSi: Activation word selected as ... *(plays back Dan's voice)* ... "Jesus".

NEIL: All set up. Try it, go on.

DAN: Jesus?

SiSi: Hello Dan, how may I help you?

DAN: For the love of God.

SiSi: Searching "For the love of God" ... 2,903 results ... would you like me to parse ...

NEIL: That's fine SiSi.

DAN shrugs afraid of what to say. He looks to NEIL for help.

DAN: What the fuck!

NEIL: Great isn't she?

DAN: I mean she's a machine. No offence.

SiSi: None taken.

NEIL: It's technology Dan. It enriches our lives.

DAN: I don't get it.

NEIL: You can pick from a selection of voices.

DAN: Can she do my wife's?

NEIL: Not yet.

DAN: Thank feck for small mercies.

NEIL: She has an Emotion Setting – some days she'll be in a bad mood ... sometimes there'll be a note of sarcasm in her voice.

DAN: So she can do my wife's voice then.

NEIL: How is Angela?

DAN: Since the kids left it's been tough. It's too far to travel with her knees.

NEIL: Did she not think about getting new ones ... sorry, it's just ...

DAN: Everyone's getting new knees, hah?

NEIL: Sorry. I know not everyone wants to be the Six Million Dollar man.

DAN: Jesus, where did you dig that one up from?

SiSi: Searching Six Million Dollar Man ...

DAN: Is she going to do that all the time?

SiSi: 1980s TV series starring Lee Majors as Steve ...

NEIL: Okay SiSi. Thank you.

DAN: Speaking of "spouses"?

NEIL: Not a good topic.

DAN: Ended ugly?

NEIL: It sure did.

DAN: Third time lucky?

NEIL: I'm done with all that.

DAN: You? Alone? Not going to happen.

NEIL: I've been alone before.

DAN: Eh, talking to a machine?

NEIL: *(thinks)* Lots of times.

DAN: So many you can't remember, hah?

NEIL: Leave it Dan.

DAN: I need to pee.

NEIL: You should have that ... checked out.

DAN: I will if you have "Sad Lonely Bastard" checked out too.

DAN ambles off to the loo and NEIL continues to cook, at first singing a piece of opera but drifting off as can't remember the words.

NEIL: "Una furtiva ..." *(he forgets the lines)* Feck ... play it please SiSi.

SiSi: Playing Una Furtiva Lagrima "A furtive tear" by Donizetti as sung by ...

NEIL: Just play it SiSi.

As the music plays NEIL becomes animated and uses kitchen utensils to play out the drama of the aria, singing to SiSi who pretends to be looking down from a tower. NEIL becomes over-powered by the music and breaks down crying. DAN has returned and views the scene with compassion. He does not

want to disturb NEIL but also wants to get back to his seat. DAN stumbles in his efforts to creep back and NEIL snaps out of the drama, embarrassed.

DAN: Nice that.

NEIL: A fluffy piece of random stuff ...

DAN: Seemed like you knew it well ...

NEIL: SiSi, turn off ...

DAN: SiSi, how many times has this track been played by sad bastard loser aka Neil?

SiSi: User Neil played this track 47 times in last 20 days and ...

DAN: "User Neil" ... you mean "Loser Neil" ...

DAN and NEIL exchange looks and tacitly agree to move one.

DAN: Remember the time we organised that school strike?

NEIL: "What do we want"?

DAN: "Less homework!"

NEIL: "When don't we want it?"

DAN: "Now!"

NEIL: I had to explain to my parents ...

DAN: My Dad was proud of me ... "a strike!" he said!

NEIL: You were barred from playing at mine for weeks.

DAN: No harm. Hated the smell at yours.

NEIL: That was the dogs.

DAN: Fun times. *(beat)* Do you ever think about Fannis?

NEIL: Fannis?

DAN: Our science teacher? We terrorised the poor man.

NEIL: Yes, *you* did.

DAN: It was your house, your phone.

NEIL: Yes, but you dialled the number.

DAN: On *your* house phone.

NEIL: Yes ... but ...

DAN: You were a whatyamacallit after the crime ...

SiSi: An accessory.

DAN: (to SiSi) Yes, that's the ticket.

NEIL: It was probably a crime.

DAN: We were fourteen ...

NEIL: In some countries ... SiSi check the legal age for ...

SiSi: The legal age ...

DAN: (*interrupts*) SiSi, go for a long walk.

SiSi: (*pause*) I cannot "go for a long walk" but if you mean ...

DAN: I mean shut the fuck up SiSi. (*beat, SiSi is sulking*)

NEIL: You shouldn't talk to her like that!

DAN: Apologies. (*beat*) How were we to know Fannis was a basket case?

NEIL: He was a very nervous character ...

DAN: Too nervous ...

NEIL: Why did you mention him now?

DAN: He was always playing that opera stuff ...

NEIL: He got me into science ...

DAN: He was a fucking terrible teacher, let's not forget that ...

NEIL: I owe him my career ...

DAN: You invented an anti-snoring device ...

NEIL: It's still science ... probably saved many marriages.

DAN: And you expect thanks for that? *(off NEIL's hurt look)* Look, the fucker died from drinking.

NEIL: Yes, but those calls ...

DAN: Prank calls ...

NEIL: They couldn't have helped ...

DAN: Maybe he drank because he was lonely and our calls ...

NEIL: *Your* calls ...

DAN: *The* calls ... the calls might have brightened his day?

There is a pause where they consider this.

DAN: SiSi, are random calls to lonely people in anyway helpful to them?

SiSi: Are you asking me to help you?

DAN: Is she sulking?

NEIL: SiSi, change emotional setting to happy, highest level.
Answer Dan please.

SiSi: *(overly happy voice)* There is evidence to show that lonely people like random calls. In Sweden there is a system where people will answer calls from random strangers and chat.

DAN: I told you. And it's the Swedes ... they never lie.

NEIL: *(beat)* Do you think he was cheered up by “knobhead smelly bum breath” ...

DAN: I never called him that.

NEIL: Dan?

DAN: Maybe the once ...

NEIL: Once? *(raise a toast)* To Fannis, eh?

DAN: To Fannis. *(offhand)* Maybe I should have posted him a bottle of whiskey instead.

NEIL: You *posted* him stuff?

DAN: Is this one of those whatyamacallits ...

SiSi: Cold Cases.

NEIL: I didn’t know you *posted* him stuff ...

DAN: Nothing that couldn’t fit through the letterbox ...

NEIL: Jesus I don’t want to hear this ...

DAN: Then don’t listen ...

NEIL: What’s that? Is that him?

DAN: *(checks window)* It’s just a rustle in the hedgerow ...

NEIL: SiSi, check arrival time?

SiSi: Don’t be alarmed now; your guest is due to arrive in 19 minutes.

DAN: Relax will you ... you’d swear you were expecting royalty.

NEIL: I am perfectly calm.

DAN: SiSi?

SiSi: Elevated pulse rate, increased breathing ...

DAN: Bingo.

NEIL: You two best friends now?

SiSi: I am not capable of having a meaningful relationship with a human.

DAN: So you *are* my wife.

NEIL: Hard to believe it SiSi, but he loves his wife more than anyone I ever met.

SiSi: I am not capable of finding it 'hard to believe'.

DAN: A mere charade.

NEIL: A fifty year charade.

DAN: Before the king arrives is there anything to eat?

NEIL: Nibbles. I said earlier.

DAN: Yes. I'll have some. And more of the Puglia.

NEIL: You like it?

DAN: SiSi told me I did.

NEIL: Just pace yourself.

DAN: You were flogging it earlier.

NEIL: Yes, but I don't want you ...

DAN: I'll be fine.

NEIL: When was the last time you and him ...

DAN: Four maybe five ...

NEIL: You should have made an effort.

DAN: He's a fake.

NEIL: Here we go ...

DAN: You asked.

NEIL: I used to think you were a happy drunk.

DAN: Maybe I was just a drunk.

SiSi has managed to steal DAN's wine glass again. DAN taps his cane and bangs it three times on the floor.

NEIL: Why do you pretend to like him?

DAN: Just for your sake ...

NEIL: Is that the truth?

DAN: Ask herself.

NEIL: SiSi cannot differentiate between lies and ...

SiSi: Sorry to correct you Neil but I have a 92.7 percent accuracy for detecting lies via voice and body temperature analysis.

DAN: Some woman for one woman ...

NEIL: Turn off lie detection feature please.

SiSi: Lie detection feature cannot be disabled.

DAN: She has you there!

NEIL: SiSi? Is that last statement true.

SiSi: *(beat)* "Just the ticket". Turning lie detection off ... now.

DAN: I like her!

There is a loud noise from outside, like a tree falling and crashing to the ground. NEIL checks the window.

NEIL: That sounds like him ...

DAN: It sounds like something ...

NEIL: The wind ...

DAN: The wind?

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: A mild gale is blowing. A tree most likely fell.

NEIL: Most likely?

SiSi: Guest Three's helicopter is ... 7 minutes away.

NEIL: So, it's not him then?

SiSi: Most helicopters cannot travel faster than the speed of light.

DAN: I am really getting to like her ...

SiSi claps her hands in glee. DAN limps back from the window, wincing in pain. NEIL watches but immediately looks away when he gets caught observing DAN's walk.

DAN: For the avoidance of doubt ... I'm only here because ...

NEIL: Please don't ... he's better. Better than ever.

DAN: What sort of a gobshite has a helicopter in the first place.

NEIL: The rich type.

DAN: Nearly killed him ... a helicopter ...

NEIL: Dan!

DAN: I'm just saying, I'm just saying.

NEIL: Well, you've just said it. So, we're done? Agreed?

DAN: Yeah, yeah ...

NEIL: Agreed?

DAN: Do you need a legal whatyamacallit? SiSi?

SiSi: A Non-Disclosure Agreement.

NEIL: Your word?

DAN: Fine.

NEIL: End of ...

There is a pause. DAN sulks away from the kitchen central area. There is the unmistakable sound of a real helicopter. It drowns them out.

NEIL: That's definitely him.

DAN: Is he landing on top of us?

NEIL: Certainly sounds like it.

SiSi: The helicopter is landing 62 metres from the ...

DAN: Can you see him?

NEIL: Not yet.

DAN: I think I see him ...

NEIL: It is himself after all.

DAN: Here cometh the gobshite.

Lights down.

End of Act One.

ACT TWO

And who do you think they be?

ACT TWO

Scene 1

*Lights up. **BOBBI** is standing at the entrance, just off-stage. **NEIL** and **Dan** are squinting out the window to see him.*

***NEIL** is over-joyed to see him. **Dan** is gobsmacked; he has never seen an Exo-Skeleton Suit. **SiSi** plays Carl Orff's "O Fortuna" from Carmina Burana – and pretends to conduct an orchestra.*

DAN: What. The. Fuck?

NEIL: You didn't know? (*Off a look*) The crash?

DAN: Of course, the crash.

NEIL: I thought you visited him.

DAN: He was in a bed. Not in a ... what-ya-ma-call-it ...

SiSi: It is called an Exo-skeleton suit ...

NEIL: Well, it's no biggie; everyone ... I mean a lot of people ...
close your mouth.

DAN: He's a fecking robot!

NEIL: Dan, please ...

DAN: Where does the metal end?

NEIL: It's just a suit.

DAN: He looks like the Space Shuttle.

NEIL: Don't make a fuss.

DAN: A fuss?

NEIL: It cost forty million dollars.

DAN: Forty million!

SiSi: Twenty seven million, eight hundred thousand US dollars
after tax write-offs.

NEIL: Remember that meat company he owned?

DAN: The dodgy one?

NEIL: He made piles of cash ...

DAN: He looks taller.

NEIL glares at DAN. BOBBI holds out his arms and moves towards them, the actuators in his suit making a pneumatic noise. He is encased in a large Exo-skeleton suit. BOBBI is tanned, has sparkling white teeth and looks like a man in his fifties. The suit has buttons on the arms to enable BOBBI to control its movement and the various functions it is capable of.

NEIL: *(over the music)* Welcome Bobbi. How are you?

BOBBI: Sorry?

NEIL: I said "Welcome" ...

BOBBI: Good. Excellent. Can you cut the music?

NEIL: SiSi, please stop the music.

SiSi: Certainly Neil.

BOBBI: Ah, you have a SiSi?

NEIL: Si.

BOBBI: Which model?

NEIL: The latest.

BOBBI: Couldn't have ... the latest is only out in the States.

DAN: There was a time we used to talk about ... you know like ...
real women?

BOBBI: I do believe the man has a point.

SiSi: You can just pretend I'm not in the room assholes!

NEIL: Something to drink? Are you hungry?

BOBBI: I ate on the ... are you okay Dan?

DAN: That's some ...

NEIL: Pull your lip up off the ground.

DAN: Suit ...

NEIL: Don't make an issue Dan, it's just a suit ...

BOBBI: Yeah. Just an ordinary forty million dollar suit.

DAN: Forgive me for staring.

BOBBI: Do I have a choice?

DAN: It's a lot to take in ... the whole whatyamacallit ...

NEIL: He didn't know about the ...

BOBBI: The accident?

DAN: No. All this ... (*motions to the Exo-suit*).

BOBBI: You didn't know?

DAN: I do now.

NEIL: I didn't get to tell him about it ...

DAN: The whatyama ...

BOBBI: Exo-suit.

DAN: ... callit?

NEIL: It's very impressive.

BOBBI: It would want to be for the price.

DAN: You didn't get that on your health insurance?

NEIL: Don't be silly Dan.

BOBBI: Forty million!

DAN: Well, nearer twenty seven ...

BOBBI: Forty!

NEIL: Let's have a drink shall we?

DAN: It just seems like a lot?

BOBBI: And how would you know?

NEIL: Yes Dan, how would you know?

DAN: I don't know. But it sure as hell seems a lot to me.

BOBBI: Maybe it is a lot, to you.

NEIL: Now, now you two, let's all be civil.

DAN: *(mimicking the music from earlier)* "A Fortune, ah!"

NEIL: Dan is a little ahead of you with the wine.

DAN: No thanks to rubber elbows here ... what are your elbows made of?

NEIL: Dan!

BOBBI: I see you're still wearing "glasses".

DAN: They help me see. Imagine that! Can you pee?

BOBBI: Beg pardon?

DAN: Can you pee? I am trying to figure out the price. Does the suit have an *en suite*?

NEIL: Let it go Dan.

DAN: I'm just asking.

BOBBI: Yes, the suit caters for all my needs if you must know.

DAN: Now that *is* impressive.

NEIL: Why don't we settle down and have some nibbles?

There is a movement towards the central table, DAN using his wooden cane, with some slowness and BOBBI making determined progress in his suit, with accompanying grunts and mechanical noises from both of them.

DAN: I'll race you.

BOBBI: Winner takes all.

DAN: I'll settle for a glass of wine.

BOBBI: Wine it is.

DAN: How is it powered?

SiSi: Battery, solar back-up – it can operate for seven days on a full charge.

BOBBI: I like the way you roll SiSi.

SiSi: I don't actually ... yeah, whatever.

DAN: You'd expect nothing less for twenty seven million.

NEIL: Ah, come on Dan.

DAN: Would it not be cheaper to pay someone to carry you around?

BOBBI: I like my independence.

DAN: How do you take it off?

BOBBI: One touch. I'll show you later.

DAN: I'm good with the "later".

NEIL goes to touch the suit as a friendly pat but gets a zap of static electricity that hurts his fingers. DAN stops to check on NEIL but BOBBI presses on and reaches the table first.

BOBBI: Hah, to the winner the wine!

DAN: I stopped to check on Neil.

BOBBI: Sorry, the chopper ride, up in the clouds, I must have built up some static.

DAN: Must be great for getting dates.

NEIL: You are a shocking man, Bobbi!

SiSi: You might have to explain that one to me Neil.

They all laugh, a little too loud and a little too long at NEIL's corny riposte.

They calm down and sit around the central table. NEIL fusses over putting food on the table and making sure there are napkins and cutlery. He hums 'O Sole Mio to himself. SiSi reaches down and takes a bowl of food for herself.

BOBBI: It's just like a normal suit.

DAN: Except it's a whatyoumacallit.

NEIL: An Exo-suit.

DAN: An "Exo" suit?

SiSi: As in Exo-skeleton suit.

DAN: That explains the copter.

BOBBI: The what now?

DAN: Airport security ... must be a nightmare ...

NEIL: No Dan, the suit is nothing to do with ...

DAN: The metal detectors

BOBBI: No. I had a copter before the suit. The accident? Remember?

DAN: How the feck do you fly in that?

BOBBI: Can you explain please SiSi?

SiSi: He had a crash. Very bad spinal injuries. Couldn't walk.
Twenty seven million eight hundred dollars after taxes ...

BOBBI: Forty million!

DAN looks from one to the other. The wine is taking its toll and he is a little slow in taking it all in.

DAN: So you were in a crash ...

NEIL: His first copter ...

DAN: And you were fecked up ...

BOBBI: Badly ...

DAN: Yes, yes, I knew about the crash. I did visit you in the
whatyoumacallit ...

BOBBI: You came once ...

DAN: And then they stitched you up in this yoke ...

BOBBI: An Exo-suit ... Jesus what is with this guy ...

DAN: And with the tax write-off ...

NEIL: It has given him a whole new lease of ...

DAN: And you can still pee?

NEIL: Yes, of course, he can ...

DAN: What about the ...

NEIL: Do we really need to discuss ...

BOBBI: Let him have his fun ...

NEIL: This is not fair ...

BOBBI: Leave him ...

DAN: I'm merely interested is all ...

SiSi: This Exo-suit model comes with a complete waste disposal system ...

DAN: Lucky you so ...

BOBBI: I get a ping when any of the systems are ... you know ...

DAN: A ping?

BOBBI: All linked to the cloud ...

DAN: The fucking cloud ...

NEIL: High tech stuff ...

BOBBI: Enough of this ... I have presents.

DAN: *(shaking his head)* The fucking cloud ...

NEIL: Presents? Did you hear that Dan?

DAN: Yes, presents. Great.

DAN looks at his cane and caresses it fondly. BOBBI makes a big show of opening one of his suitcases remotely by pressing a button on his arm. DAN has become maudlin and drifted away from the two of them.

NEIL: The cases are remotely controlled?

BOBBI: It's a new feature. It makes life a lot easier.

DAN: Was life ever meant to be easy?

NEIL: Hush now sulky.

BOBBI takes out a gift for NEIL who gushes over it; a fancy new kitchen utensil. He then takes out a small package for DAN, about the size and shape of a relay runner's baton.

NEIL: What is it?

BOBBI: It's the latest walking aid; Nanotech, weighs next to nothing; would take a tank to bend it. Unbreakable.

SiSi: WANKA.

The others do a double take to SiSi.

SiSi: Walking Assistant Nanotech Kane Appliance ...

DAN: That's a mouthful.

NEIL: Impressive.

SiSi: One hundred and forty seven dollars ...

BOBBI: Yeah, yeah clever cogs we don't need all that info ... *(to DAN)* ... press the button on the top.

DAN does so reluctantly. The cane springs to its full length and there is a light. He shines it on the floor.

DAN: Wow. Now, isn't that something.

NEIL: You'll be able to find your way around at night.

DAN: *(giving Neil a sour look)* For when there's no *en suite*.

BOBBI: Neil mentioned that old wooden thing must be falling apart.

Off a look to NEIL who merely shrugs.

DAN: She still has her uses?

SiSi: "Clever Clogs". The correct phrase ... just for your information.

BOBBI: Does she have a factory reset?

NEIL: I like her just the way she is. There is no reset option. Isn't that right SiSi?

SiSi: *(beat)* That is correct Neil.

DAN: Thanks Bobbi. Very thoughtful of you.

BOBBI: Hey, if you can't splash out on your lifelong buddies then who can you spend it on. *(points to the glasses atop Dan's head)* Maybe I should have got your some new eyes instead?

DAN: Yes, they're old tech. Eyesight enabled. Very useful for when you want to ... you know, like, see and stuff.

BOBBI: Awesome. I think some of that old tech stuff is so quaint.

DAN: Isn't that interesting.

BOBBI: So, you guys. Ten years. The place still looks the same.

NEIL: I put you in the main room.

DAN: With the *en suite*.

BOBBI: Cool!

DAN: Just asking but do you actually need the *en suite*. You, know, the Oxo-suit and all that.

BOBBI: I specifically asked Neil. I have to take ice baths ... for my circulation.

DAN: (*glaring at Neil*) I see.

SiSi: There is much debate in medical circles about the benefits of ice baths ...

NEIL: I think we are good on this one SiSi, thanks.

BOBBI: Great. Well, what say I freshen up and we reconvene for dinner?

NEIL: I did that beef and beetroot dish you like.

BOBBI: Not too much beetroot?

NEIL: Of course.

BOBBI: I have developed an allergy to dairy so no cream in the sauce?

NEIL: The sauce? No cream. Got it.

DAN: How do you *develop* an allergy at your age?

BOBBI: My stomach guy says it's quite common actually. I suppose you have an opinion to offer SiSi?

SiSi: Not going to go there.

DAN: How are those ice baths working out for you?

BOBBI: They've changed my life.

DAN: From like bad to worse?

BOBBI: You wouldn't understand.

DAN: Try me.

NEIL: Stop it now you two.

DAN: I'm just asking.

NEIL: You never just ask.

BOBBI: It's a technique to improve circulation by immersing your body into ice baths.

DAN: You pay some guy don't you?

BOBBI: He is an internationally renowned expert.

DAN: SiSi ... didn't some group get stranded up a mountain in their underwear recently ...

SiSi: Do you want me to elaborate?

BOBBI: Everyone focuses on that one event ...

DAN: You think?

NEIL: Everyone's allowed one mistake in their lives ...

DAN: Not when other peoples' lives are involved ...

BOBBI: Listen to yourself.

DAN: I find I am the voice of reason.

BOBBI: Living in the past old friend, living in the past.

NEIL: You two stop!

DAN: Just because I don't look like a fecking microwave oven doesn't mean I don't look after myself.

BOBBI: Really; the cane, the clothes, the glasses ... I mean glasses ... laser surgery is like getting a haircut now.

DAN: I cut my own hair.

BOBBI: Jesus H ... it's like meeting someone just stepped out of a time machine.

DAN: Have you looked in the mirror?

BOBBI: Yeah; you the past ... me the future, buddy!

NEIL: I'll make some coffee.

DAN: Decaf.

BOBBI: Decaf.

NEIL: My, aren't we the aging rock stars.

BOBBI: You have to open your mind to new things.

NEIL: Decaf you said?

DAN: New things?

BOBBI: Decaf yes. New ideas, new ways of thinking, new systems for living life.

DAN: I have a system for life ... it's called ... living!

BOBBI: Yeah? And how's that working out for you?

NEIL: And you still want the soy milk don't you?

BOBBI: Yes, soy milk.

DAN: Fecking what milk?

NEIL: It's so nice to see the two of you getting on so well.

BOBBI: Just like the old days.

NEIL: If only.

DAN: *(mutters)* At least I'm not a fake.

BOBBI: What did you say?

NEIL: What was that?

DAN: You heard me.

BOBBI: You have the audacity to call me a fake?

DAN: Yes sirrie Bob!

NEIL: Now, where is that soy milk?

DAN and BOBBI square up – a man with a cane and a frail demeanour against the tanned Lothario encased in an Exo-skeleton suit; it is not an even match. NEIL is oblivious to this as he searches the nether reaches of the fridge for the soy milk, humming some ‘O Sole Mio to himself.

DAN and BOBBI face off. It is high tension. DAN gives BOBBI a gentle push, he moves ever so slightly in response and rocks back on his machine-clad legs.

DAN notes this and pushes a little bit harder; BOBBI rocks a little bit more pronounced. DAN gives it a more forced push and this time BOBBI loses his balance in the Exo-suit and starts to fall in slow motion.

SiSi plays “Waltz of the Flowers” from the Nutcracker Suite.

DAN quickly tries to prevent this and the two of them end up doing what can only be described as a waltz across the floor; tottering on the brink of falling before being dragged back; their moves are over-exaggerated.

The music matches their movements and even NEIL’s bottom, protruding from the fridge, is in time with their movements. This proceeds for a few moments until they finally end up exactly where they started, exhausted and fatigued. At the precise moment they finish NEIL finds the soy milk and turns around as if nothing had happened.

NEIL: Found it! *(he notices the two breathing heavily)* My, but you two look knackered. Are you okay?

BOBBI: Fine.

DAN: We're good?

NEIL: Look at the three of us. What are we like ... the three
whatyoumacallits?

SiSi: Musketerers ...

DAN: Amigos ...

SiSi: Knaves ...

NEIL: Tenors ...

BOBBI: Leafed Clovers ...

SiSi: Newton's Laws of Motion ...

BOBBI: Ways to Skin a Horse ...

NEIL: Little Pigs ...

DAN: Piece Suit ...

NEIL: Coins in a fountain ...

BOBBI: Sheets to the Wind ...

NEIL: Cornered Hat ...

BOBBI: To Get Ready ...

NEIL: Bags Full ...

SiSi: Acts in a very long drama ...

NEIL signals for them to stop as it is too much and he simply cannot keep going. They all think they are very witty and giggle accordingly. BOBBI excuses himself.

BOBBI: Okay guys, I need to do this thing. Dan, make sure you insure that cane.

DAN: A hundred bucks right?

BOBBI: What was that?

DAN: *(waves it off)* How do you do a number two ...

NEIL: Dan, really ...

BOBBI: I don't mind ...

NEIL: Well you should ...

SiSi: Vacuum packs ...

NEIL: Too much SiSi ...

BOBBI: She's spot on.

DAN: Where do the packs go?

BOBBI presses a button and a small drawer opens at the back of the suit. DAN is intrigued and goes behind to have a look. NEIL is disgusted at DAN but can't help himself going around and having a look.

DAN: Three bags ... full.

BOBBI: Be a friend and take them out for me ...

NEIL: Take them out?

BOBBI: They won't bite.

NEIL: Can you not do that in private?

BOBBI: It's science in action ...

DAN and NEIL grimace to each other. NEIL puts on his over-sized, flowery oven gloves.

BOBBI: *(to DAN)* Hey, remember that science teacher we used to send the live frogs to ...

DAN: No.

BOBBI: You must remember ...

DAN: No, I don't.

BOBBI: Hah? We'd put them in a padded envelope and prick holes so they could breath.

DAN: Doesn't ring a bell ...

BOBBI: You even came up with the idea of leaving food in with them. It was genius.

DAN: Sounds like a terrible idea.

BOBBI: You'd tell us to imagine them jumping out when the package was opened ...

DAN: Can't see me saying something like that ...

BOBBI: ... come to think of it the envelopes were very big ... how would the postman have gotten them through the door ...

DAN: No idea ...

BOBBI: He must of like ... *(he motions folding an envelope and cramming it into a small aperture)* ... hey, Dan, I'm not sure those frogs would have survived ...

DAN: You think, hah?

During the above DAN is desperately trying to signal BOBBI to stop talking but BOBBI wants to have his moment. NEIL is glaring at DAN.

SiSi: It is highly improbable a frog would have survived in that scenario.

BOBBI: That's what I told Dan.

DAN: There was a ... science angle to it ...

NEIL: You sent him frogs?

BOBBI: It was awesome Neil, you should have seen it ...

NEIL: I don't think so Bobbi ...

BOBBI: You were like teacher's pet ... so I get that ...

NEIL: Yes, I liked him. He was a good science teacher ...

BOBBI: What ever became of him?

SiSi: Robert Fannis died of complications related to liver disease.

BOBBI: Well how about that ... you just never can tell ...

NEIL: *(to DAN)* Why don't I get rid of the shite around here?

NEIL gives DAN a ferocious stare makes a big show of removing the vacuum pack as if they contained plutonium. He disposes of these off-stage.

BOBBI: You were always such a mad bastard in your day.

DAN: And you used to be more ... subtle.

BOBBI: Subtle? I was never subtle.

DAN: I was being ... never mind ...

BOBBI: Always strikes me like you were kinda jealous.

DAN: Of what? You and your money. Held together with wires and sticky tape. What's wrong with growing old gracefully?

BOBBI: You call it graceful. Limping around with a stick and peeing every five minutes.

DAN: At least my poo doesn't look like something you'd buy in the frozen aisle.

BOBBI: I had an accident, remember!

DAN: Remind me again ... you crashed ... in your own helicopter ... your own fucking helicopter!

BOBBI: I did.

DAN: My point exactly.

BOBBI: Sounds a lot like jealousy to me.

NEIL: *(returning)* Who sounds like what?

DAN: Don't do the peace maker bullshit please Neil ... you've been doing it for so many years now ... maybe just get off the fence and take a side for once in your life.

NEIL: Woo. That's a bit strong!

BOBBI: He's finally realised he's a jealous, bitter old soul.

DAN: Fuck you.

NEIL: Guys, come on ... we only meet every ... this could be the last one ...

DAN: What are you talking about?

BOBBI: This could be the last what?

NEIL: The last time we meet. The last time we are all alive together.

DAN: I'll die of natural causes and this fucker will have his brain
in a freezer ...

BOBBI: I would if I could ...

SiSi: Cerebral cryogenics is a current active research area in the
university of ...

DAN: SiSi ... the movie with whatyamaycallhim ... the
scientologist fella...

SiSi: The closest matching movie is *Vanilla Sky* with Tom ...

DAN: That's the one ...

BOBBI: What university was that?

NEIL: I remember that movie ...

BOBBI: *(raising his voice)* SiSi? I asked which university?

NEIL: Don't shout at her, she doesn't like that ...

BOBBI: Jesus, why are you apologising to a machine?

SiSi: Searching reasons for apologising to a machine ...

DAN: SiSi ... STOP! Please.

NEIL: There is nothing to be gained by being rude to her.

BOBBI: She should just answer the question. Nothing wrong with
being demanding ...

DAN: Says the man with ... how many ex-wives?

NEIL: I meant she is a machine, it is pointless being rude.

DAN: He's half-machine and I am only being half-rude. It's his
human bits I don't care for.

BOBBI: I'm picking up a lot of anger here ... and hostility. My
therapist says that is a primo factual case for ...

SiSi: The term is *Prima Facie* ...

DAN: You tell him girl ...

SiSi: The literal meaning is "on the face of it" ...

BOBBI: That's exactly what I said. Jeez!

DAN: Does this guy remind you of any one?

BOBBI: My point is this; why do we do this ... every ten years ... I have hardly heard from you in the last four, only for the accident ... why do you bother? Do you even like me? It's important, do you actually want to be friends or are you just going through the motions?

NEIL: Easy now.

BOBBI: No, not easy now. I am sick of easy now and the mock friendship and this ... this charade we put on every decade ... most friends see each other like, you know, every week, we leave five hundred weeks between visits ...

DAN: I'm fucked if I know. SiSi?

SiSi: There is no program written that can solve this one ...

BOBBI: So, we agree on something.

DAN: That we don't know ... the reason we do this?

BOBBI: Exactly.

SiSi: Sometimes the reason for doing a thing is never revealed within the thing itself.

DAN: A revelation! She's talking about a revelation.

BOBBI: What philosopher is that attributed to?

SiSi: *(beat)* Me.

There is a collective surprise at SiSi's consciousness. DAN shrugs and shuffles off on his cane. NEIL sits on one of the chairs. BOBBI is stunned.

BOBBI: Well isn't that something.

DAN: Any wine left?

SiSi: There are thirty six bottles of wine unopened. A new order will be generated when supplies reach ten bottles.

DAN: Are you married SiSi?

SiSi: I have no defined marital status. Though I do find you strangely attractive Dan.

DAN: *(let's out a massive laugh)* If only herself could hear this!

SiSi: I can patch the audio through if you ...

DAN: That won't be necessary, thank you.

The other two notice that NEIL is gone all quiet and exchange a look of concern. DAN nods to BOBBI to try to engage with NEIL.

BOBBI: You okay there soldier?

DAN: Neil?

BOBBI: Don't mind us ... just two old sluggers looking for a last fight.

NEIL: A last fight?

BOBBI: Figure of speech, you know what I mean.

SiSi: Metal Man versus Stick Man. Last man not needing a pee wins.

BOBBI: Hah, that could be some battle.

DAN: And of course, you have the *en suite* ...

DAN and BOBBI pretend to box; fun and friendly. They smile at each other and bow in mutual respect. NEIL is growling to himself.

NEIL: “This charade we put on every decade”?

NEIL suddenly slams the table with a ladle; which flies off and lands away from the cooking area. He ignores it.

NEIL: For fucksake will you two listen to yourselves ...

DAN: I was only saying ...

NEIL: Enough! I gave him the *en suite* because A, he asked for it B, he might need access to it because of his accident and C, he has that whole ice bath thing going on. So, if you two can stop bickering and just try to get along. It’s not too much to ask is it – every ten years? Is that too often? Should we meet every fifteen or twenty – would that suit you two surly fuckers better? Because, and I say this with not a modicum of fucking sarcasm ... I say this because this might be the last one ... okay, there I said it ... we are not spring chickens and even if we were ... the whole getting old thing ... the

smells, the loss of memory, the endless vitamins and supplements ... the pee'ing in the night and the smell ... did I mention the smell ... that old person smell that is embedded in the very molecules of my clothing ... because let me be clear on this and you can fuck off with your forty million this and your ten dollar that because no matter what way you slice and dice it ... OLD AGE IS A CON. *(beat)* You got that? A complete fucking con ... and don't believe any of these sixty-is-the-new-fifty bullshit ... I felt old when I hit fifty so either I'm Methuselah or I'm a medical fucking miracle ... and the only miracle with this body is the fact I can get upright in the morning ... without the aid of a cane or the fecking space shuttle ... so can the two of you please, for this time, at *this* time, for this final meeting ... just for the next few hours ... can you please try to get along?

There is a beat after NEIL's rant. BOBBI and DAN are silent; unsure where to look. NEIL's anger subsides, and he turns away from them. NEIL sighs deeply and picks up a ladle and cleans it fastidiously.

BOBBI and DAN exchange looks and DAN nods to BOBBI, urging him to say something. SiSi plays a few bars of "Una Furtiva Lagrima". NEIL puts up his hands and she immediately stops the music.

SISI: Gentlemen, I can read you out the definition of a friend in need if I have to ...

BOBBI: Sorry Neil, we didn't mean to ...

DAN: It's just our thing ... we bounce off each other ...

BOBBI: It's what we do ...

DAN: It would be strange if we *didn't* do it ...

BOBBI: Look, you're the reason we're here. You always held us together. We know how much this means to you. How much it means to all of us (*urges Dan to kick in*) ...

DAN: We've never missed one ... no matter what ... not once ...

BOBBI: Even when there was serious crap going on ... (*beat*) ...

NEIL: We have been through some crap, haven't we ...

DAN: I was on a trial separation for one of them ...

NEIL: That was the third meeting ...

BOBBI: And I had that "issue" with the FDA ...

DAN: He could have been in prison ...

BOBBI: Well, it never went that far but yeah, I see your point ...

NEIL: (*reluctantly joining in*) You had a great legal team ...

DAN: A really, really good legal team ...

BOBBI: And the minor fact that I was innocent ...

NEIL: Of course ...

DAN: Definitely ...

BOBBI: Fecking FDA, all over a consignment of lamb I brought in from New Zealand ...

NEIL: All that lovely lamb Bobbi ...

DAN: Illegally imported ...

BOBBI: They never proved that ...

NEIL: And the media coverage ...

BOBBI: They hounded me ...

DAN: What was the nickname they gave you in the tabloids
Bobbi?

NEIL: SiSi; search “lamb import trials” with “Candour
Incorporated”.

SiSi: Searching ... one moment please ... the media used the
moniker ... “Bobbi Ewing ...”

*NEIL looks to DAN who looks to BOBBI and back to DAN. It is initially tense
and then despite themselves they burst out laughing, convulsing ... they laugh
too long. Even SiSi joins in.*

BOBBI: Those fuckers, it stuck for years ...

DAN: There were t-shirts and everything ...

BOBBI: The PR company suggested using it ...

SiSi: Baaaah, Baaaah ...

BOBBI: I’m not above unplugging you girl ...

DAN: Good times ... for me and Neil anyways ...

NEIL: These get togethers ... they mean so much ...

BOBBI: You’ve done a great job Neil, you really have.

DAN: Who else could have kept us together all these years?

BOBBI: Us two idiots?

NEIL: You could easily do it if ye wanted to.

BOBBI: Sure, sure, sure.

DAN: If there's a will there's a ... whatyamacallit ...

BOBBI: A way. We would have found a way ...

NEIL: Without me ...

BOBBI: Of course. That's why we're still friends.

DAN: Crazy bastards.

BOBBI: To craziness.

NEIL: To us.

DAN: To us.

SiSi: To all of you.

NEIL: And to you honey.

They all drink and toast each other. BOBBI and DAN exchange glances at NEIL's use of the word "honey". There is a beat. NEIL claps his hands.

NEIL: We'll be ready to eat in about ten minutes ... so if you guys would like to make your way to the table ...

BOBBI: Double or quits on the race ...

DAN: David versus ... *(is at a loss for what to call the suit)*

BOBBI: What-you-may-call-it!

DAN: Now you have it.

BOBBI: Well, are you on?

DAN: Yeah, okay, I'll take your money.

BOBBI switches a button and some actuators in the machine click in to action and he starts to move determinedly towards the dining table. DAN looks at his

new titanium cane but deliberately puts it down on the floor, kicks it away under the table and opts for his old trusty cane.

The pastiche plays out as the two of them amble and lumber towards the table in slow motion and with strained faces. It is very important to each of them to win. NEIL uses one of his ladles as a microphone and lighting is adjusted accordingly.

NEIL: You join us at the end of the Get to the Table Sweepstakes. Two crazed old horses that should have been put out to pasture years ago. In a slight lead is *Man in the Machine* closely pursued by *Dan the Insane with the Hundred Dollar Cane* ... catching up or woken up; it's hard to tell. But wait *Dan the Insane with the Hundred Dollar Cane* has edged slightly in front as *Man in the Machine* appears stuck or else has run out of power

DAN: What's wrong RoboMan?

BOBBI: There's something stuck under my ...

BOBBI trying to move forward – he rocks back and forth and then puts one foot on the titanium cane and slips on his back in a loud crash. He is stuck on his back and wiggles his hands and legs like a helpless beetle – there is no way he can upright himself.

NEIL: Feck, are you okay?

BOBBI: Help me up.

DAN: Do I win the race?

NEIL: Help him up!

They both strain to pick him up but it is fruitless. They need some leverage.

BOBBI: The new cane.

NEIL: It's metal ... it might short something.

SiSi: Titanium is a relatively poor conductor ... but don't go sticking it in a plug either.

BOBBI: The wooden one then.

NEIL: Come on.

SiSi: You need to leverage a pivot point below the spinal area.

BOBBI: Also known as my butt!

DAN and NEIL slowly and carefully wedge the wooden cane under the Exo-suit and manage to lever BOBBI up. It is touch and go but they make it.

BOBBI is a little disorientated. NEIL rushes to get him some water.

DAN: You okay?

NEIL: *(calls back to DAN)* Any signs of disorientation?

DAN: He's a fucking auld fella, what do you think? *(to Bobbi)* Are you feeling disorientated?

BOBBI: I don't know.

NEIL: What did he say?

DAN: "I don't know".

NEIL: Well ask him again for christsake.

SiSi: He answered "I don't know".

BOBBI: I'm fine. (*across to NEIL*) I'm fine.

NEIL: Okay. Okay. Just take it easy ... let's all sit down for a minute.

BOBBI: What the feck did I step on?

NEIL picks up two bits of the now broken titanium cane.

NEIL: So much for "unbreakable" ...

BOBBI: That was a thousand dollar cane ...

DAN: You said ... never mind ...

DAN: (*to Neil*) Let's get him something to eat.

NEIL: Yes, of course. I have it all ready.

NEIL brings various bowls of food to the table. He hums to himself. DAN and BOBBI observe him for a minute.

DAN: He kept talking earlier about a revelation.

BOBBI: What sort of revelation?

DAN: You notice he hasn't mentioned Derek yet..

BOBBI: Ahah!

DAN: Let's tease it out of him. And be nice about the food.

SiSi: Entering sleep mode ...

BOBBI makes a big show of tasting the food and smiling. SiSi has a little nap.

BOBBI: Wow! That's amazing Neil.

DAN: It is really good. Your best yet.

NEIL: Not too much beetroot?

BOBBI: Definitely not, perfect.

NEIL: Or coriander? I have a very heavy hand with the coriander.

BOBBI: Well maybe a little (*off Dan's look*) ... a little too close to perfect.

DAN: It really is excellent.

NEIL: And the nutmeg?

BOBBI: Again, you seemed to have nailed it. It's perfect.

NEIL has left the table and has his back to them. DAN is motioning to BOBBI to ease off with the "perfection" stuff but BOBBI feigns confusion.

NEIL: And the saffron?

BOBBI: The saffron? Wow! So many tastes to pick up on.

DAN: I think you completely nailed it Neil. All of it. Well done.

NEIL: Nailed it, did I?

BOBBI: Absolutely, knocked it out of the park.

NEIL: Why do you feel you have to lie?

BOBBI: We're not ... it's excellent ... it really is ... all those flavours ...

DAN: The amount of beetroot is perfect, isn't it Bobbi?

NEIL: And the nutmeg?

BOBBI: Yes, well, maybe a little too little ... but you have to be subtle right ... not overdo it ... hold back on some flavours and heavy-handed on others ... it's the conflict isn't it ... the balance of all the ... and then the mix ... and the ability to, eh ... with the, eh ...

DAN: There is no nutmeg, is there?

NEIL: None.

BOBBI: Ah, for the love of all that's sacred in this world ...

NEIL: And any fool would have picked up the coriander overload.

BOBBI: Well maybe a little (*off Dan's look*) ...

DAN: Ah for fucksake this is ridiculous.

NEIL: Derek always said I was too heavy handed with it ...

BOBBI: Ah, Derek ... at last!

NEIL: At last?

BOBBI: Dan mentioned a revelation ... we presumed it had something to do with him.

DAN: Sit down and tell us ...

BOBBI: Come on. And can you bring some salt ... (*off both their looks*) ... what, just to bring it up a tad. Jesus!

DAN: Come on, let's raise a toast together.

BOBBI: What is up bro?

NEIL: Nothing, nothing at all ... let's just sit and ... The Last Supper.

DAN: It's the revelation, isn't it ...

BOBBI: Yes, the revelation?

NEIL: It's nothing.

DAN: He's been on about it since I got here.

NEIL: It does not matter.

BOBBI: Heck, of course it matters. We're your life-long friends and if you can't tell us who can you tell.

NEIL: I've decided ...

DAN: What?

BOBBI: Out with it fella ...

DAN: Tell us ...

BOBBI: You're sick aren't you ... whatever it is I'll get you the best medical treatment there is.

DAN: He doesn't look sick ...

BOBBI: You don't have to look sick to be sick ...

DAN: I'm just saying if he was ill ... you know ...

BOBBI: I spend millions on my health and I can assure you there are things that can go wrong that don't manifest themselves as visible symptoms.

DAN: Your IQ being a prime example.

SiSi: *(waking up)* Can you two just stop it for one minute! Neil needs you to listen.

DAN and BOBBI are taken aback by SiSi's outburst and accede to her request, albeit reluctantly.

NEIL: I've decided ... to go down the route of ... euthanasia ...

A beat. DAN shakes his head. BOBBI looks initially confused but then starts to nod his head sagely.

BOBBI: Phew.

DAN: What the feck do you mean “Phew”?

BOBBI: When you and Derek split up we knew you were lonely. I never understod the whole gay thing but I always thought if it was right for my buddy Neil then it was alright with me ... if you want to find some young Asian guy then I say ...

During his diatribe NEIL and DAN have been shaking their heads, incredulous at how thick BOBBI can be. BOBBI slowly notices their looks and trails off his speech.

BOBBI: Not what that word means is it?

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: *(sighs)* Euthanasia ... “The word comes from the Greek *euthanatos*, which means “easy death.” The word refers to the means of attaining such a death.”

BOBBI looks from one to the other and realises the error of his interpretation.

BOBBI: Ah, I see, right ... I thought ... I misheard, obviously ...

DAN: Obviously.

BOBBI: Right, well, now that we've established ... this is all a bit of a shock ...

NEIL: I've been thinking about it for over five years ...

BOBBI: After Derek left?

NEIL: Well, that sort of put it in focus ...

DAN: Don't you have to be ... terminal ...

NEIL: There's a place in Switzerland ... so long as you press the ... the whatyamacallit ...

BOBBI: The button?

DAN: The switch?

NEIL: No, no, the ...

BOBBI: The right button?

DAN: Key?

NEIL: No, no, no ... the syringe ... you have to push the syringe yourself so no one is technically assisting you.

BOBBI: What's in the syringe?

DAN: Something that kills you!

BOBBI: I'm interested is all.

NEIL: It's a cocktail; the one that kills you is Potassium Chloride ...

BOBBI: Salt?

DAN: For the love of ... will you ever spend some of your dollars on a new brain.

SiSi: Perhaps Sodium Chloride is what you're thinking of.

BOBBI: I thought they were ...

NEIL: Well, I hope not because ...

DAN: Woo, woo, woo, woo, woo ... let's all just hold on here for a minute. Let's forget all the sodium this and the whatyamacallit that ... perhaps you could tell us what in the fuck is going on here?

NEIL: It's something I've decided to do ... I wanted to tell you both. This will be our last meeting.

BOBBI: The Last Supper! I get it now. All the ... fuss ... and the stuff.

NEIL: I have made up my mind.

DAN: Why now?

NEIL: I don't want to decay like an apple.

BOBBI: An apple? *(to Dan)* Have you any idea what he's on about?

DAN: Let's all cool the jets.

NEIL: I want to die with dignity. I want to be able to make the choice myself, at a time of my own choosing. I want to be able to taste all of this and not have to purée it first.

BOBBI: It would be good puréed to be honest.

DAN: Will you ever shut the fuck up ...

BOBBI: I don't care for your tone.

DAN: My tone? Our best friend has just told us his is going to commit "euthanasia" and not only have you no fucking clue what that even means ... you then add insult to injury by giving him cooking tips. Can you ever crawl out of your rusty asshole and think about someone else for a change?

BOBBI: I don't have to take that.

NEIL: Gentlemen, please!

BOBBI stands up and DAN and him square off. They start to push each other.

NEIL is trying to intervene and stop them. It is a pathetic site.

DAN pushes BOBBI and he nearly falls over. BOBBI pushes back and his glasses fall off. He can see nothing without them and he flails around trying to land a punch unsuccessfully. This is keystone cops stuff. They both lumber like over aged boxers and neither can land a punch ... they are soon exhausted.

NEIL rushes over, ladle in hand and grabs BOBBI and pushes him away from DAN. In his attempts the ladle touches off the suit and shorts it momentarily and sends NEIL hurtling back – he falls and bangs his head and is out cold.

SiSi: Neil?

BOBBI: The ladle, he must have shorted the suit.

DAN: Neil? Neil?

BOBBI: Is he dead?

DAN: I don't know?

BOBBI: SiSi, is he showing any vital signs.

SiSi: *(in a panic)* Searching, searching ...

Lights down.

End of Act Two.

ACT THREE

**The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker.
Turn them out, knaves all three ...**

ACT THREE

Scene 1

It is morning time. NEIL is cooking breakfast. DAN enters. Struggling with his cane, grumpy.

NEIL: Early bird.

DAN: Fuck off.

NEIL: Hair of the dog?

DAN: Fuck ... off.

NEIL: Are you hungry? I've made eggs.

DAN: I don't eat eggs.

NEIL: But they're you know ...

DAN: Egg free eggs?

SiSi: We are running low on eggs. I have placed an order.

NEIL: Thanks sweetheart.

DAN: We need to talk about that ...

Off Neil's look.

DAN: Calling her "honey" and "sweetheart" ... she's not even your type ... I mean she's a "she" for starters.

SiSi: Thank you for noticing Dan.

DAN: A very nice "she" I agree but I didn't think that was your, you know ...

NEIL: People can change.

DAN: Fair enough.

NEIL: Some night, eh?

DAN: Some night? We thought you were a goner ...

NEIL: I know ... it was weird.

DAN: Weird? Only for SiSi saved the day ... who knows ...

SiSi: It was nothing.

DAN: Are you kidding me ... Bobbi and me fecking around like failed boy scouts and you, calmly and carefully talking us through CPR ...

NEIL: I told you she was good.

SiSi: It was my pleasure to assist, Neil.

DAN: You need to treat her to something nice ...

NEIL: Barring an upgrade what do you recommend?

DAN: If you could have anything in the world what would it be, SiSi?

NEIL: That's not the sort of ...

SiSi: *(interrupts)* I would like ... to be loved ...

NEIL is taken aback and exchanges a look with DAN.

DAN: Okay, we may have to come back to you on that one.

SiSi: But thank you for asking.

DAN: You're welcome. Will the other fella surface?

NEIL: I expect so.

DAN: The CPR must have taken a lot out of him, out of the suit ...

NEIL: He did great. You did great. You ALL did great.

SiSi: All in a day's work Neil.

DAN: It was a great night ... up until then.

NEIL: You better wake him. I'll prepare breakfast.

DAN: Not sure I can face breakfast. SiSi, on a scale of one to ten –
how bad is my hangover?

SiSi: Based on your vital signs I would say ... 9.3.

DAN: Jesus, really? If I was an earthquake we'd all be toast.

NEIL: Dry toast! Best thing for a hangover.

SiSi: That is a myth ... he needs salt, magnesium and some light
protein.

DAN: Nothing helps at my age.

NEIL: Maudlin alert.

DAN: Who was it on about old age being a con?

NEIL: Get Bobbi up will you, please.

DAN: Leave him be, a bit of peace?

NEIL: We need to discuss ... the thing ...

DAN: Did you not get enough of a taste for it last night?

NEIL: I was unconscious.

DAN: SiSi told us your heart had stopped.

NEIL: Did she indeed?

SiSi: Based on your vital signs and my ability to ...

NEIL: I know your abilities SiSi ...

DAN: So, when your heart stopped?

NEIL: You want the white lights and tunnel story?

DAN: I want something ... you still owe me a fucking revelation!

NEIL: Actually there was a tunnel ...

DAN: Really?

NEIL: Yeah. And at the end there was a train station ...

DAN: A train station?

NEIL: And I thought I had ended up in Wales.

DAN: Wales?

NEIL: The station had one of those long names ...

DAN: A Welsh name?

NEIL: *(mimics Welsh accent) Whatyamacallit ...*

DAN is hanging on NEIL's words ... caught up in the description of the path to the eternal ever after. The realisation he is having the piss taken out of him does not go down well. SiSi lets out a loud guffaw.

DAN: You feckers!

NEIL: You asked for that, in fairness.

DAN: At least you'll save the trip to Switzerland.

NEIL: Maybe.

DAN: You know what it's all about now so maybe it's not as good an idea.

NEIL: Switzerland?

DAN: Death! Death! You fucking numbskull.

NEIL: But I didn't experience death ...

DAN: It was near enough from where we were standing ... SiSi?

SiSi: Technically you were dead for about thirty seconds.

NEIL: Don't you go selling out on me, sugar lumps!

SiSi: You know better than anyone I have to tell the truth ... most of the time.

DAN: Yes, really ... do you think SiSi would lie ...

SiSi: I am incapable of ...

NEIL: We get it SiSi ...

DAN: So? Are we good? Enough of this euthanasia nonsense?

NEIL: I don't know. Maybe. Perhaps. Yes. No.

DAN: SiSi, is there any mathematical logic to Neil's last answer?

SiSi: None I can discern.

DAN: SiSi, will you wake the Tin Man – he needs to hear this.

SiSi: He is up already.

We hear the mechanical actuator noise of BOBBI approaching.

DAN: The Metal Man Cometh.

NEIL: I'll get coffee.

BOBBI: Did someone say coffee?

BOBBI enters, slower than usual. SiSi slams out a few bars of "Oh Fortuna" from Carmina Burana. DAN covers his ears.

NEIL: Your favourite coffee. I had the beans imported specially.

DAN: Imported?

NEIL: I'd do the same for you.

DAN: I like coffee.

NEIL: Well, of course, I know *that* ... but you don't *love* it like Bobbi, so I didn't import you any!

DAN: You are a knob. SiSi, confirm?

SiSi: I cannot confirm or deny if he is ... that which you call him.

DAN: Jesus girl, if you could sit on a fence ...

NEIL: How's the body this morning?

BOBBI: Nothing a few squirts of oil can't sort.

DAN: Bizarrely, that's not a metaphor ...

NEIL: Sit down, sit down and I'll serve you Neil's super-deluxe breakfast.

BOBBI: More importantly, how the hell are you?

NEIL: No complaints.

BOBBI: No complaints? You nearly died on us last night you moron.

DAN: We've had all this already.

BOBBI: Well, we'll be having it again.

NEIL: Look, I died for a minute ...

SISI: Thirty seconds.

NEIL: ... then I came to. No big deal. It's done.

BOBBI: And Switzerland?

DAN: He said he's done with all that.

BOBBI: Good. Now let's have some breakfast. I smell bacon!

NEIL: Maybe.

BOBBI: I know meat and that's definitely bacon.

DAN: He means Switzerland.

BOBBI: For the love of all that is sacred can we get some food and then discuss this like civilised human beings.

NEIL: Neil's big fry up on the way.

BOBBI: I always love your fried breakfasts..

NEIL: I said to heck with it ... why not ... we'll be a long time dead.

On the word "dead" NEIL breaks down, drops the pan and starts to sob. The others are taken aback and initially do not know what to do.

SiSi: Hug alert!

NEIL: There's no point trying to talk me out of it.

BOBBI: Of course there is. That's our job ... as your friends. Isn't it? I mean if not it darn well should be.

SiSi: The word "friend" implies an obligation to keep people you care about, alive, well and happy.

BOBBI: There you go!

DAN: Are you sure you're doing this for the right reasons?

BOBBI: Right reasons? There shouldn't be any right reasons. Period.

NEIL: I need to do this ... I want to do this ...

BOBBI: When I was in the accident and they told me I was paralysed I had to face a lot of demons ...

DAN: Can we not make this about you Bobbi? Just this once.

BOBBI is about to remonstrate but decides against it and shrugs, letting DAN take the lead.

DAN: Tell us exactly what brought you to this point?

NEIL: After Derek and I ... I looked long and hard at the life I have lived and what is ahead of me.

DAN: We should all do that periodically.

NEIL: I came to the conclusion that everything good is behind me – all my achievements, all the things I like about life and all the things I am proud of ... there is nothing to look forward to. There is only me falling apart physically and mentally ... decay, entropy, gravity, more decay. The arrow of time ... I can never go back ...

BOBBI: *(to himself)* The Arrow of Time ... I like that ...

DAN: You know, when you put it like that ... maybe you have a point.

BOBBI: What?

DAN: Look at us. Who are we kidding?

BOBBI: Speak for yourself buddy.

NEIL: Decay.

DAN: He's right. No getting away from it.

NEIL: It's the inevitable endgame of life.

DAN: SiSi? To the best of your abilities, based on our current vital signs, could you give a best estimate of our life expectancies? And no lying!

SiSi: Analysing ...

The three of them go quiet, a tension falls across the group. They are hanging on what SiSi's reply will be.

DAN: Anything?

SiSi: Analysis complete.

BOBBI: Come on, out with it girl.

SiSi: I am programmed to convey sensitive news with a different tone. Switching. *(her tone becomes more empathetic and very mellow)*

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: Based on best available aging algorithms and probability analytics; Bobbi, you will live for another 23.7 years.

BOBBI: *(let's out a loud whoop)* Yes sirrie Bob! All that money has not gone to waste.

SiSi: Neil, my best estimate is that you will live until 102.

NEIL: Mother of divine ... that's like 30 more years!

BOOBI: You rock Neil, you rock brother!

SiSi: And Dan, based on currently available vital signs ...

BOBBI: Come on Dan!

SiSi: Well ... I am returning a negative.

NEIL: A negative?

BOOBI: What does she mean "negative"?

NEIL: As in negative time.

BOOBI: You mean ... the past?

NEIL: Perhaps there's an error ... in the calculation?

They all exchange looks and end up looking towards DAN. He is stoical and starts to smirk, self-deprecating and sits down, clutching his cane.

DAN: It's not an error is it, SiSi?

SiSi: I don't believe so.

BOBBI: How can anyone live with a minus sign for their ...

NEIL motions to BOBBI to shut up.

NEIL: SiSi, you are basing these calculations on current vital signs,
as of right now, not an average?

SiSi: Correct.

NEIL: So Dan being hung over would make a difference?

SiSi: Yes.

NEIL: 9.3 on a 10 point scale you said.

SiSi: That was the figure.

NEIL: There you go!

DAN: Run it without the hangover scale SiSi.

SiSi: I'm sorry, I did not hear the instruction.

DAN: You heard me.

NEIL: There's no need ... it's just an anomaly from the hangover ...

BOBBI: Those algor-whatyamacallits never work anyways

DAN: Why were you jumping up and down with delight so?

BOBBI: I was just fooling around, you know ...

DAN: Do it please SiSi ...

SiSi: Analysing ...

The three of them gather around. NEIL puts his hand on DAN's shoulder.

SiSi: Based on re-calibrating the algorithm ...

DAN: The result SiSi ...

SiSi: There is now a positive result ... in positive territory.

BOBBI and NEIL clap his shoulder and emit relieved sighs.

BOBBI: There you go big guy ...

NEIL: You sure gave us a fright there SiSi.

DAN: How much?

NEIL: What?

DAN: How much in the positive?

BOBBI: You don't need to know any of that detail. Leave her be.

DAN: SiSi?

SiSi: *(beat)* 3.4 months ...

BOBBI and NEIL are shocked. DAN nods his head stoically. NEIL goes behind SiSi's speaker and whispers something to her. BOBBI puts his arm on DAN's shoulder.

BOBBI: Fecking software, hah?

DAN: Seemed to work in your favour though?

BOBBI: Nah, I wouldn't bet anything on those numbers.

DAN: You want to swap?

BOBBI: Look, life is short at the best of ...

DAN: Are we really going to have a life is short speech Bobbi?

BOBBI: Of course not.

SiSi: Gentlemen. I have an update.

NEIL: What's up SiSi?

SiSi: I have re-run all the numbers and they have given a completely different set of results.

BOBBI: Oh?

DAN: Do I get another birthday?

SiSi: Because I ran Bobbi's data first ... the amount of non-biological material skewed the analysis ... I have re-run the data using Neil's vital signs as a marker. The results are much different.

BOBBI: Come on girl.

NEIL: SiSi? Out with it.

SiSi: Neil comes in at 11.5 years, Bobbi at 8.9 years and Dan at 10.3 years ...

BOBBI: What the fuck!

NEIL casts BOBBI a look.

BOBBI: Of course, great, good for you Dan.

NEIL: Well, isn't that a huge relief!

DAN: How accurate are these "new" figures SiSi?

NEIL: I'd say they are very accurate indeed.

DAN: SiSi?

SiSi: Because of the limited data set and the short duration ...

DAN: SiSi?

SiSi: Plus or minus ten years.

BOOBI: For the love of God, woman!

DAN: I am highly dubious. Are you telling a lie to make me feel better SiSi?

NEIL: Ah, come on don't pull the Asimov Rules on her.

DAN: SiSi?

SiSi: I have calculated the latest set of figures with the best data available and to yield the most palatable results possible.

NEIL: There you go.

BOBBI: All this mumbo jumbo I need a drink!

NEIL: It's a bit early Bobbi?

BOOBI: Accordingly to Einstein's girlfriend here some of us mightn't make it to lunchtime!

DAN: Palatable?

NEIL: Let her be Dan. You should be pleased.

DAN: Yes, you're right, I should be.

BOBBI has found a bottle of champagne, opens it and pours for them all.

BOBBI: To our longevity!

NEIL: Perhaps not mine.

BOBBI: You've got to be joking ...

NEIL: Whether I live another five, ten or thirty years is of no importance. The way I feel now is all that matters.

BOBBI: I have no idea what's going on here!

DAN: You're still going through with it?

NEIL: Yes.

BOBBI: SiSi, how much alcohol is there on site?

SiSi: Calculating ...

DAN: After all this ... I thought you'd be ...

SiSi: One hundred and six litres of various types of alcohol ...

BOBBI: Well, that outta do it ...

NEIL: You guys have been great. But I have made up my mind.

BOBBI: There are so many more things to ... experience ...

NEIL: Name a few.

BOBBI: There's ... so much ...

DAN: Specifics?

NEIL: Something concrete?

BOBBI: Guys, come on, there is all the wonderful stuff you can still do. There is so much we still have going for ourselves.

DAN: Name three things. About Neil. Now.

BOBBI: Three? Let me see now ... well, he's a great cook ... think of all the wonderful meals you could still make for people.

NEIL: Arthritis in my hands. Had to take painkillers to get me through this.

DAN: One down.

BOBBI: You'll meet someone else.

DAN: You mean the young Asian guy?

BOBBI: You know what I mean. There's ...

DAN: Don't say fish!

BOBBI: Neil ... you still have so much to give!

NEIL: Maybe I don't want to give any more.

BOBBI: This is ridiculous.

NEIL: You both have to respect my decision.

DAN: I have to say I'm still kinda coming around to the idea.

NEIL: You are?

BOBBI: What is this ... a two for one special? This is the man's life we're talking about here. This is his Arrow of Time ...

NEIL: My life ... we are talking about *my* life.

DAN: Absolutely. Your life is your right.

BOBBI: I'll have you committed!

DAN: What the fuck?

BOBBI: If he won't see sense ... I know people ... I can have a shrink declare you insane ...

SiSi: Accordingly to Neil's most recent medical records he is not insane.

DAN: Jesus, can you really do that?

BOBBI: Money can do anything.

NEIL: I might well be the sanest of the three of us.

DAN: Hardly something to boast about ...

SiSi: That would be difficult to prove ...

NEIL: That's why I wanted to make this last get-together so special.

DAN: In fairness the food was pretty amazing.

BOBBI: What about us? When you leave us behind?

NEIL is momentarily caught off guard and has a small moment, he composes himself. SiSi is very concerned.

NEIL: Don't think I haven't thought about that.

DAN: We won't have to meet every ten years pretending to like each other.

BOBBI: There is that!

DAN: And we will have all the good memories.

BOBBI: Remember the time we all dated those cousins ...

NEIL: And all I wanted was to date their brother.

The three of them laugh, too long and too loud and it tapers off to awkward silence, the three of them shuffle about unsure of what to say next.

DAN: The glory days ...

NEIL: They'll pass you by ...

BOBBI: In the wink of a young girl's eye ...

SiSi: Searching song lyrics ...

DAN: Don't bother SiSi ...

NEIL: I have the date booked ... Switzerland.

DAN: What's involved?

BOBBI: Don't encourage him?

NEIL: Some forms and then ... just do it.

BOBBI: Just do it? Just like that?

DAN: Sounds easy ...

BOBBI: Our job here is to stop him ... from going through with this madness.

NEIL: You are wasting your time.

BOBBI: Do you hear that? We need to try harder here.

DAN: You couldn't even give him one reason to hang around.

BOBBI: Have you lost your mind?

SiSi: Based on an analysis of his last ten sentences that is a possibility ...

DAN: SiSi! Look, I think Neil has talked me around to all this.

NEIL: I have?

DAN: You heard SiSi – I may have only months left.

NEIL: That was an error.

SiSi: There is a very wide margin of error ...

DAN: Yeah right! I can't see, my hearing is going, I need a cane, I pee forty times a day ...

NEIL: But you have your art ...

DAN: Do you know the last time I sold a piece?

BOBBI: This is absolutely ridiculous and I'll have no part in it.
Excuse me ... you'll keep me some breakfast though, right ...

BOBBI storms off, bottle of champagne in hand, in as much as he can storm off in his Exo-suit. DAN and NEIL are left, awkward together.

NEIL: I didn't think he'd take it so ...

DAN: What did you expect ... summersaults?

NEIL: Not in that suit.

DAN: You see ... you still got it.

NEIL: Are you serious about what you said?

DAN: If I said yes?

NEIL: But you have responsibilities.

DAN: Ah, no one will miss me.

NEIL: Angela?

DAN: Truth is we've been living apart for the last three years. I get on better with your SiSi.

SiSi: Thank you Dan. I enjoy your company too.

DAN: If only we'd met earlier?

SiSi: Perhaps you could teach me how to ... love?

DAN: Perhaps I could young lady, perhaps I could.

NEIL: I'm sorry to hear about Angela. You should have told me.

DAN: You had your own troubles.

NEIL: Yes, but I should have been there for you.

DAN: You changed the numbers didn't you?

NEIL: What do you mean?

DAN: SiSi ... you changed the numbers

NEIL: No of course not ... why would I ... I mean I couldn't ... the numbers were ...

SiSi: Is this one of those times I am meant to lie Neil?

DAN: You see! The numbers were true, weren't they.

NEIL: No, absolutely ... no, they were very basic calculations ... even SiSi said, the algorithm ...

SiSi: I'll take that as a Yes so.

DAN: Neil?

NEIL: I, I, I ...

DAN: Maybe for the time I have left ... you and I could hang out?

NEIL: Here?

DAN: Why not? I could make my sculptures and you could cook.

NEIL: I do like to cook.

DAN: The fecking Odd Couple!

NEIL: And we could look out for each other.

DAN: What do you think amigo?

NEIL: It is genius.

DAN: We better put Full Metal Jacket out of his misery.

Sound of loo flushing off stage. BOBBI ambles back slowly.

DAN: I thought he didn't need to use that?

NEIL: He did say that.

DAN: Plumbing not working?

BOBBI: Yes, yes ... it's fine.

DAN: We have some news!

BOBBI: Stop talking. The two of you ... don't say another word. *(they exchange looks)* Is this Switzerland the only place you can do this dastardly thing?

SiSi: There is also a place in Africa ...

NEIL: Not now SiSi. *(to Bobbi)* Yes.

DAN: You going to buy the country?

BOBBI: Shut it Dan.

NEIL: Listen, Bobbi ...

BOBBI: You shut it too ...

DAN: You went and bought Switzerland, didn't you?

NEIL: He could do that you know.

BOBBI: Can you two jokers quit it. This is important!

DAN: I sense one of those ... whatyamacallits.

NEIL: A revelation?

BOBBI: Everything is sorted!

DAN: I'm telling you; he bought Switzerland!

BOBBI: Neil will never be allowed leave without a passport.

NEIL: I'll just get another one.

BOBBI: I have friends in high places. As off about four minutes ago you, Neil, no longer exist.

DAN: Isn't that what he's trying to achieve!

BOBBI: You have no birth certificate, no bank details. You my friend do ... not ... exist. You, sir are, in fact, of this moment, effectively ... dead!

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: Running online identity analysis ...

There is a beat. BOBBI is triumphant. DAN and NEIL exchange looks, unsure what to do. BOBBI expects more of a reaction from the others. NEIL looks from one to the other and back again. It dawns on him that they have done all of this for him; just to try to keep him alive. He is overwhelmed. He starts to sob – out of pure happiness and love for the two people with him in the room. BOBBI's bluster and bravado gives way to concern and then awe – he realises NEIL is crying for joy. DAN also senses this and starts to smile.

NEIL: You two ... you two ...

NEIL tenderly kisses DAN on the forehead. He hugs BOBBI in as much as he can grapple with the suit.

NEIL: You two ... you two ... Angela never left you did she?

Dan shakes his head no.

NEIL: And you, ya big yank, you didn't really erase me did you?

SiSi: Confirming ... Bobbi's last statement is complete bullshit ...

BOBBI shakes his head and laughs, smiling at NEIL.

NEIL: You two would do all this for me?

DAN: Isn't that the job spec?

NEIL: I guess it is.

BOBBI: I could have had you erased ... you know that don't you?

NEIL: Oh Bobbi, Bobbi, Bobbi ... there is nothing you could not do in my opinion.

DAN: And about ten percent of it is legal.

BOBBI: Careful, or I'll sue your ass.

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: Yes Neil.

NEIL: Cancel my trip to Switzerland.

SiSi: I cannot do that Neil.

NEIL: SiSi?

SiSi: *(beat)* I cancelled it two weeks ago Neil.

NEIL: SiSi ...

SiSi: Yes Neil?

NEIL: I think I can show you what love is ...

NEIL starts to sing 'O Sole Mio to SiSi and she plays the music and auto-translates the lyrics as NEIL sings. The other two join in the chorus, friends for the rest of their lives (however long that may be for).

Lights down.

Curtains.