

The sound of a doorbell. Off stage we hear...

Blake: Johnno!

John: Hey Blake. Good to see you. And this is Emily.

Emily: Hi. I've heard so much about you. Good to meet you at last.

Blake: *(with a laugh)* All good, I hope. Well, come in, come in and I'll set the record straight.

John: Nice pad. I like what you've done with it.

Blake: That's right. I forgot you haven't been here. I'd like to take credit for it but it's really all Alison

John: Since when do you not take credit for something? Don't tell me you actually like this one?

John: But I saw the photos of the listing when you bought it. And posted it online. A lot. I think it was like a daily reveal room by room.

Blake: Hey, we all love a tease, don't we? And speaking of teasing us, Alison should be gracing us with her presence any moment, and I believe a new dress, which I lovingly paid for, although how much, I've no idea. But my theory on women's clothes is that either the scissors are very expensive or the cutters are paid well above award wages, because it seems the less the material the higher the price tag.

John: I'm not sure it's as simple as that... but I know you've always got a theory.

Blake: it's all about being aware. Now Emily, what can you tell me about yourself?

Emily: I'm not sure what there is to say, I'm...

Blake: Has Johnno shown you his double jointed elbow? Man, that's freaky. I don't want to scare you off, but just jumping in with the hard facts.

Blake: That's mate, we're good with the facts.

Emily: And I'm intimately acquainted with his elbows. And his physical dexterity. But thanks for the heads up.

Blake: Hmm, do tell your new best pal Blake all about this "physical dexterity" of his.

Alison arrives.

Alison: So sorry everyone. Had mum on the phone.

Blake: The old "mum on the phone" excuse. Is "mum" codeword for "shoe selection"?

Alison: Thank you honey for your support. No I wasn't talking into or conversing with a shoe, my Mum rang coz Dad had a bad night.

Blake: I think he's had 5,000 bad nights sleeping next to her...

Alison: Blake!

Alison: Sure thing. I'm still hanging onto Emily's phone. I'll try give you a light to aim for.

A faint phone light illuminates the exit area. Blake gets up, walks into the table, then rebounds to walk off to the kitchen. After a moment, the phone light enters, this time carried by Emily but John thinks it's Alison.

John: Oh hey. I though Blake was coming to see you. Geez, I'm sorry honey. I kinda slipped up about sharing some stuff, but don't worry he doesn't know... like.. you know.

Emily: He doesn't know, like, what should I know?

John: Emily!

Emily: *(sarcastic)* John. Nice to meet you.

John: You've got your phone back.

Emily: Very observant. Wait. Not so observant. Obviously! Are you and Alison...?

Suddenly Blake stumbles into the room, followed by Alison. Blake has his phone with him, we can see the screen but no torch.

Blake: ...what the fuck, Johnno!

John: Wait... what?

Blake: You and Alison!

John: Me and Alison...?!

Emily: You and Alison...?

Blake waving his phone around to find John as he tries to get his slippery fingers to make the screen respond, but it wont work.

Blake: ...bloody hell, this pasta sauce ...

Blake see a figure and thinks it's John but he grabs Emily by the shirt. Emily lets out a shriek.

Emily: Ah!

Blake: Sorry, I thought you were Johnno...

John: Leave her alone...

Alison: Blake, calm down!

Blake: *(following the sound of John's voice)* Ah, there you are...

Blake grabs John

Alison: Blake, that's enough!

Emily: Sweetheart, please ...

John/Blake: What?

They all stop.

Emily: This is ridiculous. The night's already a disaster. Maybe we should tell him.

John/Blake: Tell him what?

Emily: About us.

John/Blake: Us?

John: Will you stop saying the same thing as me!

Blake: You're the one saying the same thing as me!

John: Em, sweetie, what are you saying?

Emily: What am I saying?! What are you saying?!

Blake: She's not saying anything. Are you, Em..ily?

John: Wait, how... are you both?

Alison: Wait.. so you two...?

Emily: And you two...?

Suddenly the lights come on. The blackout is over. They all look at each other. There is silence. Blake has blood on his head and is covered in food. John has food on him too, but not as much. No one knows what to say.

Alison: So...um, is anyone hungry?

They all look at the table. It's a mess. But in turn they pull up the chairs and start to straighten out the table as they sit down, attempting to be civil but no one knows what to say.

John: Blake... um...

Alison: Who'd like some wine...?

John/Blake/Emily: Yes please / thanks / is that a Shiraz.... Etc

Attempted small talk over the wine as lights fade over wary looks at each other.