

Scene Six

Start of November 2014. Harriet is in her office, which is noticeable messier. There is lots of her stuff in boxes as she's moving house.

Adam is loitering at her door, nervous to go in. She has been crying. As soon as she sees him she's quick to get rid of him.

HARRIET: Scoot. On yer bike. Get out of it. I'm on my lunch.

ADAM: But –

HARRIET: Alice is two doors down.

ADAM: Harriet –

HARRIET: Not interested.

ADAM: Have you been crying?

HARRIET: I'm on my lunch Adam. I've got six client meeting this afternoon and you're obviously not one of them. *(He just doesn't move.)* This is my break so butt out.

ADAM: *(Trying to make a joke but failing.)* Very important business; do you think Alice has a lazy eye?

HARRIET: Vamoose.

ADAM: Are you okay?

HARRIET: I'm locking my office door.

ADAM: They don't have locks, do they?

HARRIET: No but I'm shoving these boxes in front of it, to get you to bugger off.

He's in the doorway. She piles up the boxes.

ADAM: Harriet. I've got some bad news for you.

HARRIET: I'm not listening.

ADAM: The doors open the other way.

He slides out one of the boxes, so his head and shoulders are peering to the room. There are still a pile of boxes in his way.

HARRIET: I still think I've made myself pretty clear.

She blows her nose.

ADAM: Your eyes are all red.

Harriet ignores that bait.

He roots through one of the boxes. Picks out some Winnie the pooh PJ's.

HARRIET: That's my stuff!

ADAM: Winnie the Pooh?

HARRIET: His Little Book of Calm got me through many a bad shift at Maccy D's – don't you dare laugh.

ADAM: You worked at Maccy D's?

HARRIET: Put the PJs back in the box and step away from my room. I'm not messing around.

ADAM: I need your help with something sensitive.

HARRIET: Thirty seconds, and then I'll call security.

ADAM: Can you come and talk to Alice? About something?

HARRIET: It's hard enough to manage our own individual work, never mind trying to organise for me and Alice to be in the same bloody room.

ADAM: But.

HARRIET: Alice has all your notes.

She moves to pile up the boxes in front of him.

ADAM: Harriet. I've got a job interview!

HARRIET: What?

ADAM: At Starbucks!

HARRIET: That's great!

She starts to unwrap her lunch.

ADAM: I followed up, on all the CV's, went into each shop. That's initiative right?

HARRIET: Good luck and everything. (*She gives him a quick fire question.*)
What's your favourite beverage?

ADAM: The flat white. It's a difficult son of a gun to master. But it's rewarding. Did you know that you have to get a qualification to be a barista in Australia?

HARRIET: Is that true? Good knowledge. Remember you're interviewing them just as much as they're interviewing you.

ADAM: Really?

HARRIET: No, it's just something people say.

ADAM: You don't sound pleased.

HARRIET: It's dust allergies.

ADAM: It's traumatic moving house. Was is sudden?

HARRIET: What?

ADAM: Is that what all this stuff is?

HARRIET: Yeah.

ADAM: Are you moving in with your boyfriend? Your mystery boyfriend?

HARRIET: No that's not -

ADAM: Did you – split – up?

HARRIET: Go away –

ADAM: Sorry.

HARRIET: Sod off to your interview.

ADAM: I can't.

HARRIET: Give me a break. Literally.

ADAM: Alice said I can't go.

HARRIET: What?

She puts down her lunch.

ADAM: I need you Harriet.

HARRIET: If she's not behind it, then it's not a good idea.

ADAM: I've been lactating.

HARRIET: Excuse me?

ADAM: Dribs and drabs, not huge. Not a lake,

HARRIET: If you're pissing me?

ADAM: I am not pissing you.

He reveals his shirt.

ADAM: Please don't tell anyone it's the most embarrassing thing that has ever happened to me.

There are two spherical round patches on his shirt.

ADAM: It's just a very thin shirt.