

Haley: A creature of habit, aren't you? Oven-cooked chicken, white sliced bread, yeah?...Creamy milk, two packets of pink wafers, six cans of Harp and one cheesy spread. The other girls think you're an idiot but I was saying that there's a lot of sense to it. All the options that people have these days...it's all very confusing. If you're happy with your lifestyle and what you eat, why change?

Hayley suddenly notices the money on the kitchen floor.

Is that Monopoly money?

Sean: Yeah.

Hayley: Lively game was it? A bit messy in here. Is it just the three of you? Your brother and dad and you. No mother?

Sean: She lives in Ireland.

Hayley: Divorced are they?

Sean: No.

Hayley: Won't she come over? Doesn't she like London?

Sean: I don't know.

Hayley: When you last see her?

Sean: When I was five.

Hayley: Shut up! That's terrible. Five, really? Christ. Gotta get back and see her, Sean. Do you miss her?

Sean: Yeah.

Hayley: Is she nice?

Sean: She's a good cook.

Hayley: Aw you miss her cooking. How sweet. Why's your brother dressed like that?

Sean: Like what?

Hayley: Like a woman. He's a transvestite, right?

Sean: Ah what?

Hayley: He likes women's clothes.

Sean: No it's a joke. He's just joking, that's all

Hayley: I wouldn't mind if he was a transvestite.

Sean: He's not.

Hayley: Well, I wouldn't mind if he was. It's a free world.

Sean: He's a joker.

Hayley: He's a builder as well is he?

Sean: Yeah a builder.

Hayley: So no building work today? Just chilling out? Playing Monopoly. Taking it easy. Fooling around.

Sean: Yeah.

Hayley: And dressing up in women's clothes?!

Sean: Just Blake.

Hayley: The joker.

Sean looks back to the sitting room.

Hayley: Didn't know you were bald by the way. You always wear that cute hat all the time. Looks like you shave it too. Is it a fashion statement or something 'cause I quite like bald men. Trying to impress me?

She laughs a little. She's flirting with him.

Sorry I'm talking so much. My mum reckons it's from working at Tesco. You take all day to the customers, get home and I can't stop talking. It's not intentional! You get stuck in a pattern. Christ, you've no idea what I mean, do you?