

INT. WILLIAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

William downstairs -- on a sofa -- under a duvet. Eyes open. Thinking. Pause and pause.

He waits and waits -- the ultimate 'yearn.' But nothing happens. William gets off the sofa decisively. Sits on the side of it. Then gets back in again.

Pause, pause, then... in the darkness, a stair creaks. There's someone there.

WILLIAM

(to himself)

Oh my God...

(then...)

Hello.

SPIKE

Hello. I wonder if I could have a little word.

He drifts round the corner, half-naked.

WILLIAM

Spike.

SPIKE

I don't want to interfere, or anything ... but she's split up from her boyfriend, that's right isn't it?

WILLIAM

Maybe.

SPIKE

And she's in your house.

WILLIAM

Yes.

SPIKE

And you get on very well.

WILLIAM

Yes.

SPIKE

Well, isn't this perhaps a good opportunity to... slip her one?

WILLIAM

Spike. For God's sake -- she's in trouble -- get a grip.

SPIKE

Right. Right. You think it's the

wrong moment. Fair enough.
(pause)
Do you mind if I have a go?

WILLIAM

Spike!

SPIKE

No -- you're right.

WILLIAM

I'll talk to you in the morning.

SPIKE

Okay -- okay. Might be too late, but
okay.

Back to William thinking again. Dreamy atmosphere. And then...
more footsteps on the stairs.

WILLIAM

Oh please sod off.

ANNA

Okay.

WILLIAM

No! No. Wait. I... thought you were
someone else. I thought you were Spike.
I'm delighted you're not.

The darkness of the living room. We see Anna in the shadow.