

THE ACHE OF IT - SELF TAPE SCRIPT

Context: Fiona and Simon are in a B&B together. Simon is having an affair with Fiona, Fiona's wife has passed away.

FIONA So...where DID you meet her-

A pause.

SIMON Well...It was at church actually-

FIONA Ha! I bloody knew it-

SIMON It was at a wedding, before you get on your high horse.

FIONA ...Oh aye?

SIMON Aye. Hers, actually.... *(grins)* Groom wasn't best pleased.

Fiona snorts and rolls her eyes, shaking her head and taking a sip.

FIONA You're a dick.

SIMON Aye, but it got a laugh out of ye, didn't it?

FIONA Go on, then. Tell me properly.

SIMON My cousin Evan. Grade A knobhead to this day. The only reason I went was 'cause

there was a free bar. But I heard her before I saw her. Her laugh. It was a big, wild thing. Proper belly laugh. None of yer polite, dainty shite-this was a real laugh. Whole room turned to look at her. And when they did they were shocked, cause she's a tiny wee thing, with this bombastic laugh. And that was it for me. I was done.

FIONA So then what happened?

SIMON I told her I was gonna marry her someday. And she laughed. Said I was full of shite.

But she let me get her a drink. And then another. And then I was done for.

A beat. Simon exhales, running a hand over his face.

FIONA And now?

SIMON I don't see her laugh much anymore...

Fiona watches him. He exhales, rubbing his hands over his face, suddenly looking older.

SIMON Hardly see her smile.

He puts his head into his hands and exhales.

SIMON ...I know it might not seem like it, but I hate lying to her. But I would hate hurting her even more.

A silence stretches between them. Fiona shifts slightly, crossing her arms.

When she speaks, her voice is quieter.

FIONA I think about her sometimes.

Simon glances at her, surprised.

Fiona doesn't look at him, just keeps talking, picking at a loose thread on the bed sheet.

FIONA Not in a weird way. Just wonderin' if she has any idea. If she ever suspects. If she

gets wee moments of doubt-y'know, that gut feeling. Like when the house goes too

quiet, or when you wake up and just know somethin's off. I used to get that. When

Shannen had that fling. She'd get cagey with her phone, or come home... different.

Lighter, somehow. And I'd tell myself I was bein' paranoid, projecting. That it was

grief, or stress, or fuck knows what. But there were nights I'd lie there, listening to her

breathe, and I just knew. And yet here I am-knowin' what it's like to be in her shoes-and doin' it anyway. What kinda person does that make me?

SIMON It makes you fucking human Fi. I feel guilty. Of course I do.

FIONA Do ye love her?

SIMON Course I do.

FIONA But you're here.

SIMON

Aye. I am.