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- FLO: That's what we thought, until we found out his name was Brian and he drove a forklift! That's when I told her to jib him off and come down here with me. I love the seaside, dipping me toes in. Patricia won't in case she gets her hair wet. There's that much lacquer in it, she'd probably come out looking like pebble dashing. Can't dip your toes in the Mersey, that's for sure!
- VICTOR: Most likely have to have shots!
- FLO: Oh, we always go to the pub after, yes!
- VICTOR: No, I meant ... Oh never mind. I went to Liverpool Tech, culinary skills!
- FLO: 'll see you later, turrah! *[she leaves, the bell on the door sounds and the door shuts]*
- VICTOR: My goodness! She can talk! Check my list *[removes a pad and pencil from his pocket]* Glasses, check, tablecloths check, menus, check, spoons ... a few. *The doorbell is sounded, and LEIGH ABBEY enters. The sound of texting is heard.*
- VICTOR: Oh, Leigh about time, did you? ...
- LEIGH: Just a second dad. *[text sound stops, a bleep is heard. LEIGH laughs]* Oh, how funny!! *[text sound is heard, stops, a bleep is heard. LEIGH laughs]*
- VICTOR: Leigh?
- LEIGH: Dad? *[pause]* Sorry, I just met Byron. He's the new owner of the "Surfs away" shop, at the harbour, we got talking.
- VICTOR: And you gave him your number?
- LEIGH: Yes, well he just wanted to check I got home safely!
- VICTOR: From the harbour? If I look out the window, I can see the harbour. What did he think, you were going to fall into the sea?
- LEIGH: Oh, Dad! *[pause]* Guess what? He must have seen me around; he knew I worked here. He'd even found out my name.