

KAI. I spoke to her for five minutes.

KERRY. I saw you talking to her at the private view. A deaf, dumb and blind person would have... smelt what was happening between you two.

KAI. I fancied her. So what?

KERRY. I've been to her flat. It was really tidy. She was never that tidy when we were growing up. I don't know when she became tidy. Do you think it's part of the training? Being tidy?

KAI. I have no idea.

KERRY. I found a little painting on the back of a postcard. It wasn't signed. But the second I saw it I knew that you'd done it.

KAI. What painting?

KERRY. You were lovers.

KAI. No.

KERRY. Did she tell you anything about the people she met, the things she was doing? I need to know... I need... they fucking killed her!

KERRY is *upset*.

KAI. She killed herself. That's what it said in the –

KERRY. No. She was murdered.

KAI. It's hard for you to accept, but –

KERRY. The police told me that someone else was in the flat with her when she took the pills. Someone watched her do it or... made her.

KAI is *shocked*.

KAI. Who?

KERRY. I don't know!

*Pause.*

KAI. I don't know anything about this. I'm sorry but I can't help you, and... you have to go now.

KERRY. Did you love her?

KAI. I didn't know her.

KERRY. That's not an answer.

KAI. If Justine was murdered... the police will find out who did it...

KERRY. Will they?

*Pause.* KAI at a loss.

Did Noush know about you and Justine?

KAI. Kerry...

KERRY. What would she do if she found out now?

KAI. There's nothing for her to find out!

KERRY. If you don't tell me what I want to know, I'll tell Noush about you and Justine.

KAI. That's it. Get out.

KERRY. Everyone knew about you. Kai with his rich wife, fucking every gallery assistant in London. Did you go for Justine because I turned you down?

KAI. Goodbye, Kerry.

KERRY. Kai, please!

*He bundles her out, violently.*

9.

KAI and ANOUSHKA are out to dinner in a restaurant.

ANOUSHKA. Darling, eat your salad.

KAI eats salad.

I wanted to tell you about my brilliant idea. I think you should have a new studio.

KAI. I have a studio.

ANOUSHKA. It's a filthy hole.

KAI. I'm filthy. It suits me.

ANOUSHKA. We can build it in the garden. I've looked into it. Garden rooms, they're called. You'll love it!

KAI. I need a space of my own.

ANOUSHKA. That's why this is perfect! You have your own, purpose-built space, and I can pop over with a glass of wine in the evening and see what you're getting up to.

KAI. I'm happy where I am, thanks.

ANOUSHKA. The architect is coming on Friday morning.

KAI. You're not listening.

KAI's phone rings. It's JUSTINE. JUSTINE *can be seen to one side of the restaurant, talking on her phone.*

Got to get this. It's Kerry.

ANOUSHKA. We're eating.

KAI *gets up and moves away from ANOUSHKA.*

ANOUSHKA *watches him.*

KAI. Hi, Kerry.

JUSTINE. Kerry?

ANOUSHKA. What does she want?

KAI. Oh, yeah?

JUSTINE. You're not alone?

KAI. That's right.

JUSTINE. Can you meet?

KAI. Uh-huh.

JUSTINE. When?

KAI. Uh...

JUSTINE. Tonight?

KAI. No.

JUSTINE. Tomorrow?

KAI. Yeah, fine.

JUSTINE. Nine thirty?

KAI. Just give him my number if he's interested.

JUSTINE. I'll see you.

*They end the call. KAI goes back to his table.*

ANOUSHKA. What was that about?

KAI. Someone got in touch with her asking about me. She was just passing on the interest.

ANOUSHKA. Someone, who?

KAI. I don't know.

ANOUSHKA. A collector?

KAI. Yeah.

ANOUSHKA *is frowning, suspicious.*

ANOUSHKA. I was never sure why you decided to have your show at that gallery in particular.

KAI. Because it's small and it's cool and –

ANOUSHKA. It was. I heard the place is going under.

KAI *shrugs and eats some more salad.*

It didn't exactly deliver what was promised in terms of sales.

KAI. That's not –

ANOUSHKA. And it didn't raise your profile in the way we'd hoped.

KAI. Is it really *my* profile you're worried about?

ANOUSHKA. Excuse me?

KAI. Nothing. Here, have some more wine.

*He pours wine. She looks at him.*

ANOUSHKA. I've only ever been supportive.

KAI. I know, I'm sorry.

ANOUSHKA. No one gave a shit about you or your work before you met me.

KAI. Noush, I'm sorry, all right?

*Pause.*

ANOUSHKA. You'll meet the architect with me on Friday.

KAI. I said thanks but no thanks.

ANOUSHKA. But it would be so much more convenient!

KAI. I want my work and home spaces separate.

ANOUSHKA. They would be!

KAI. Christ, Noush! What's next? An electronic tag?

ANOUSHKA. Tell me you've never taken a girl to that studio.

KAI. I've never taken a girl to the studio!

*She looks at him. He's lying. She gets up.*

Noush, where are you –

ANOUSHKA. You can pay for this.

KAI. Noush!

*She's gone.*

10.

*A busy street. KAREEM and JUSTINE approach one another from opposite ends of the road. They are both carrying identical shopping bags. As they pass each other, they swap bags. It's very fast and slick. Then they walk off.*

*A park bench. KAREEM appears, carrying a Coke can and a newspaper. He sits on the bench and pretends to read. He puts the Coke can down on the floor and by crossing his legs pushes it underneath the bench. Then he gets up and leaves. After a moment, JUSTINE arrives. She sits on the bench. After a moment, she quickly reaches down and picks up the Coke can. Then she leaves.*

11.

*A bar. JUSTINE is waiting for KAI at a dark corner table. She has a drink in front of her. KAI enters, sees her and goes over.*

KAI. Hello, hello.

*He sits down. He gives her a kiss but she looks uncomfortable and breaks it.*

JUSTINE. Uh...

KAI. She doesn't know this bar. Anyway, she flew off on some sudden business thing this morning to... somewhere, fuck knows. I don't have to go home tonight.

*He leans forward for a kiss but she leaves him hanging.*

JUSTINE. A friend of hers could see us.

KAI. None of her friends would ever come here, believe me.

JUSTINE. Are you sure?

KAI. Yes, relax. How are you, how was your day?

JUSTINE. Good.

KAI. Good? Good how?

JUSTINE. Something that I helped set up, is... it's happening.

KAI. What thing?

JUSTINE. It's really boring. What did you do today?

KAI. Oh. Stared into the black pit of existential angst. Usual sort of thing.

JUSTINE. Artist stuff, hm?

KAI. You always do that.

JUSTINE. Do what?

KAI. Say that what you do is boring. And turn the conversation back to me.

JUSTINE. I thought artists were self-obsessed and loved talking about themselves.

KAI. We do, but –

JUSTINE. Do you want a drink?