

Hotel room.

Dom is alone. Natalie arrives, dressed in a bikini, hat and sunglasses and carrying shopping bags.

Natalie           It is... so... hot... out there.

Dom                We had a visitor.

Natalie           Went a bit overboard with the shopping, though.  
Don't know what I was thinking, really...

Dom (Just registering)   Nat...

Natalie           Been for a swim yet?

Dom                Why are you wearing your bikini?

Natalie           Been in the pool? Hmm?

Dom                Why are you wearing... your bikini.

Natalie           So I wouldn't ruin my dress.

Beat.

Dom                I mean...

Natalie           Well obviously I've been swimming. But before that?

Dom                So you went shopping like—

Natalie           I had the most glorious massage.

Dom                So how was the pool.

Natalie           With those hot stones. And they really are hot. You think they're going to burn you, but of course...

She starts unpacking/sorting her shopping.

Natalie           ... they don't. (Who was the visitor?)

Dom                Was it refreshing? The pool?

Natalie           Mm. You should definitely try it, though, the massage. The stones, they're... volcanic? But super smooth.  
They're like silk, only... hot and hard.

Dom stares at her for a moment.

Dom                You are definitely one in a million.

Natalie           They place them all the way down on your back...

Well, not all the way down obviously, that would be something, but... they just sit there and... the tension just melts away... It's hard to describe, you absolutely have to try it... I know you won't believe me, but it really is... quite... amazing.

Pause.

Dom (Looking out) It's a wonderful life, here. Don't you think? (No response.) Nat?

Natalie Hmm?

Dom It's a wonderful life, here.

Natalie (Half-listening) Here?

Pause.

Dom Did you see any carpets?

Natalie (Half-listening) Did I see... any...

Pause. Dom turns and watches Natalie, silently admiring her.

Dom You look good, you know. (Pause.) Really... (Pause.) Your figure, you... (Pause.) Nice arse.

Natalie throws him a look that says "Clearly I'm married to an idiot".

Dom I mean it. I frequently have this urge to just... bury myself in it. Like now. Just... go there... live there... become a citizen of it...

Natalie (Still busying herself with her unpacking) So you're saying it's big.

Dom No, I'm saying it's beautiful. I'm saying your body... is still...

Natalie Thanks.

Dom Horny as hell. No I mean it. I see you in a bikini... Sometimes... I just want to... eat you. You know, like those nakes with the flexible jaws.

Natalie So have you had fun? It is so hot out there.

Dom Alan was here. (Silence.) Nat?

Natalie (Stopping what she's doing) (Alan.)

Dom Alan. The guy I told you about, remember? From home. Who lives here. (Must be nearly ten years since I last saw him.)

Natalie (He was here.)

Dom Seems pretty tapped-in to the local scene, all right. And good news, get this. It looks like he's got something lined up already. Can you believe that? Day we land. Virtually shown me the money. He actually wrote the figure down. On a piece of paper, still got it somewhere. (Searching but can't find it.) You should have seen the zeros. There were a fuckload of zeros, let me tell you. Wanna drink?

Dom heads for the minibar.

Natalie What does... Alan do?

Dom He's... I'm not sure exactly. Works for one of the regulatory authorities. Financial, whatever. He's a... He calls himself a "facilitator". (Finds the half-full bottle of champagne.)

Natalie A facilitator.

Dom And that's fine by me. "Contacts" are what it's all about in this game. (Pours out two glasses.) And it is a game, believe me.

Natalie So he's got you a job?

Dom I told you. Not yet. Drink?

Natalie (Shaking her head) I'm gonna have a shower.

Dom Want company?

She stops for a moment.

Natalie In the pool before... All those kids...

Dom What.

Natalie Playing. It was... (Looks at Dom) The children.

Down by the pool. You know what I'm talking about, don't you? Dominic?

Dom Not really, Nat. Tell me.

Beat.

Natalie How many years have we been married. How many times have I told you. Don't... Call... Me... Nat.

Dom Sorry. Natalie. What's wrong with Nat anyway?

Natalie It's a boy's name for a start.

Dom And a girl's. A bit like—

Natalie Is it so hard to add a few extra letters? Are we that time-poor? And anyway... Nat. What's a Nat? A small biting insect. Is that what you think of me? Dominic? (Beat.) You do.

Dom Now you come to mention it... Natalie... can you not call me Dominic? Just by the way.

Natalie I've always called you Dominic!

Dom I know.

Beat.

Natalie Why for goodness sake?

Dom It's pretentious.

Natalie Well it's your name.

Dom (Through clenched teeth) My name... is Dom.

Blackout.