

(The lounge is mostly empty. AUDREY is sitting nervously on a chair. WILLIAM enters the lounge casually, perhaps humming a tune, and then suddenly stops as if he realizes he is in the wrong place. He takes a look around and spots AUDREY. The song L-O-V-E by Nat King Cole is played during the change-over and fades out as the characters start speaking.)

ANNOUNCEMENT

Virgin Atlantic Flight VS004 from New York has just landed at Terminal 4. Passengers, please collect your baggage from Carousel 6A.

(AUDREY jumps up, startled.)

AUDREY

Excuse me, which flight did they just announce?

WILLIAM

The Virgin Atlantic one from New York.

AUDREY

(sitting down again, relieved)

Phew. Thank God.

WILLIAM

That's an odd response for somebody who's waiting for someone they are presumably fond of.

AUDREY

(eyeing him speculatively)

Well that's really nobody's business but my own, is it?

WILLIAM

Which is precisely what makes it so overwhelmingly attractive to everybody else.

(AUDREY turns away from him. WILLIAM looks amused.)

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, but haven't we met before?

AUDREY

Oh boy.

WILLIAM

Well, have we?

AUDREY

I'm sorry, I assumed that was a rhetorical question.

WILLIAM

I never ask rhetorical questions; verbal diarrhoea has become such a raging epidemic that they rarely go unanswered.

AUDREY

(laughing)

Seriously? Do you always talk like this?

WILLIAM

Most of the time.

AUDREY

I suppose you think it's clever.

WILLIAM

I suppose you don't.

AUDREY

I suppose...never mind.

(WILLIAM sits down next to her.)

WILLIAM

Well now that the ice has been broken...

AUDREY

It hasn't.

WILLIAM

But it's going so well!

AUDREY

You probably thought the same thing about that stripes-and-bow-tie debacle you have going there.

WILLIAM

(looking hurt)

This happens to be my Sunday best.

AUDREY

Just remember to send it back to Willy Wonka when the week begins.

WILLIAM

Are you always this unfriendly?

AUDREY

Are you always this persistent?

WILLIAM

Only when I'm wearing my lucky bow-tie.

AUDREY

Oh God. Look, I'm not interested. You're wasting your time.

WILLIAM

How can you be so sure that you're not interested? You don't even know me. Or are you one of those "jaded" women, the kind who made terrible romantic decisions and went through a "fat phase" with Ben, Jerry and *Friends* re-runs for company, wrote at least thirty-seven melodramatic versions of your story – one of which was even published in *Seventeen* magazine – and then one day decided to re-enter civilized society armed with cynicism and a size zero bottom, vowing to never trust a man again?