

**Sheena & Matthew (pg 43-45)**

*The following rules are disclosed to the audience for the duration of the scene:*

**Rule 1. Matthew must sit and eat to tell a lie**

**Rule 2. Sheena must drink to contradict**

*When it is stated that MATTHEW eats, a small mouthful will suffice.*

**MATTHEW.** Really? Cos just now I got the impression that there was still something the matter.

**SHEENA.** Did you...? (Drinking.) No, nothing's the matter. (Referring to the wine.) This really is delicious

**MATTHEW.** I could sense a bit of tension.

**SHEENA.** – I've always like a good claret... (Drinking.) Uh-uh, nope, no tension at all, it was a bump in the road that's all. I'm sorry to worry you, were you really worried?

**MATTHEW.** Did you...? (Sitting, eating.) Yes... Yes I was. You had me really worried.

**SHEENA.** Well we're fine, so you don't need to worry any more, do you?

**MATTHEW** (continuing to sit and eat). No... No, that's great, that's... great news. I'm delighted for you. You guys are the best. I've always been rooting for you. I'd have been devastated if anything happened to you guys... (Standing.) I mean I was running all these... simulations and, and... (Sitting, eating.) None of them were good. Nope. No. So this is... excellent and, and... (Standing.) As it should be. This is exactly as it should be.

**SHEENA.** How's the mince pie? Any good?

**MATTHEW** (sitting, eating). It's delicious.

**SHEENA.** Really? Not too dry?

**MATTHEW** (continuing to sit and eat). No, no, not dry at all.

**SHEENA.** Oh good, good. You know, Matt, it really is great news about your promotion

**MATTHEW** (standing). Shay, I don't mean to pry, but how exactly did you guys sort it out?

**SHEENA.** Look, I really shouldn't. I got in enough trouble for telling you in the first place.

**MATTHEW.** Adam told you off for telling me? What is this, Nazi Germany?

**SHEENA.** Shh – seventy decibels.

**MATTHEW** (lowering his voice). What's his problem? We didn't do anything wrong.

**SHEENA.** Of course we didn't, but he's your brother and it's not fair to either of you.

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**MATTHEW.** Hey, come on, I've known you as long as he has. Who gave me my first cigarette? Who made me smoke menthol cigarettes in the back garden when I was eleven?

**SHEENA.** Right.

**MATTHEW.** Right, it was you, it's always been you... I mean, I know you, so stop being so distant, it's weird not talking. Tell me.

**SHEENA.** Okay, fine, but you have to pretend you don't know.

**MATTHEW** (remaining standing). I can do that. That won't be a problem for me.