

FUTILE FANTASY CREATIONS PRESENT...

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED!

Elderwood Hills Golf Course, Republic of Cararia.

Standing at the teeing ground of the par-five third hole, Kevin ruffled his neck to psych himself up then stepped forwards to where he'd placed his ball a few moments earlier. Determined not to lose yet another round to his nemesis and arch-rival, he had a fiery determination about him. Before he could unleash that fiery determination on the ball, however, his wife and caddy, Amy sucked her teeth anxiously, setting him on edge. Somewhat miffed by her intervention, he growled then threw his club onto the grass.

KEVIN: Do you fucking mind, woman? I'm trying to concentrate.

AMY: What? What did I do?

KEVIN: Sucked your teeth. Really loudly!

AMY: Oh. Right...

(She blushed.)

AMY: Sorry. I didn't realise.

KEVIN: Well, now you do.

(He glanced to where his opponent, Barry, was standing some fifty feet away, next to his golf cart then shook his head.)

KEVIN: Just be quiet. I'm gonna need my wits about me if I want to beat that wanker.

AMY: I know.

KEVIN: Then, please... some peace and quiet.

AMY: Fair enough.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(With that, he scooped up his club then closed his eyes to refocus himself. Finding a modicum of inner calm, he then stepped up to the tee again. Ruffling his neck, he then sank into his stance, ready to take his shot. No sooner had he done so, however, Amy sucked her teeth again. Enraged, he cast the club to the ground then glowered at her furiously.)

KEVIN: Why? Why, Amy? Are you *trying* to piss me off?

AMY: What do you mean?

(She grimaced.)

AMY: Did I do it again?

KEVIN: Yes!

AMY: Oh. Sorry.

KEVIN: Don't be sorry. Just be quiet.

AMY: Right. My bad.

(She glanced away nervously.)

AMY: It's just... nothing.

(Kevin looked to her suspiciously then raised a distrusting eyebrow.)

KEVIN: It's just what?

AMY: Nothing. You carry on.

KEVIN: No, no. If you've got something to say, just say it.

AMY: Well...

KEVIN: Well what?

AMY: It's just that...

KEVIN: It's just what?

AMY: You're really bad with a one wood.

KEVIN: Excuse me?

AMY: You are! You've produced more slices than our toaster!

KEVIN: You cheeky...

AMY: And besides, this hole is a dog leg. You'd be better off using the five wood. That'll get you down the centre of the fairway with a clear shoot to the green with a three iron, if you play it right.

(Kevin looked to her coldly; his nostrils twitching angrily.)

KEVIN: More slices than our toaster?

AMY: What? Am I wrong? This is only the third hole, and you're already three shots down. You hit both tee-shots straight into the rough. With your one wood!

KEVIN: That was just unfortunate.

AMY: No, that was what you do. You do fine with the other clubs, but you drive a golf ball about as well as I drive a car.

KEVIN: You don't have a licence.

AMY: Exactly. I'm a danger on the roads, just like you're a danger on the golf course. The safest place to stand when you tee off with a one wood is the middle of the fairway. Just do us both a favour and use the five wood.

(Kevin clenched his fist.)

KEVIN: Amy, you're starting to really piss me off now.

AMY: Why? You really hate losing to Barry, so I'm *trying* to help.

(She swung her shoulders nervously.)

AMY: Help us both, actually. Every time you lose to him, you sulk like a little girl for days and I have to live with you. It's not fair on me.

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: Please, just humour me and use the five wood.

KEVIN: No. No chance. I can't believe you'd mock my skills with a driver. That's just hurtful.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: And incorrect.

(He then scooped up the club again.)

KEVIN: Now watch and learn.

AMY: Right back at you.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: Nothing. You carry on.

(She rolled her eyes.)

KEVIN: Fine. Now, be quiet. No tooth sucking. If you can handle that simple little task, I'll be fine.

AMY: Whatever.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(With that, he stepped up to the ball once again and flexed his shoulders. Satisfied he was ready to take his shot, he then sunk into his stance and took a deep breath. Amy just looked on, quietly shaking her head. Caring very little for her opinion on the matter, Kevin remained focussed steadfastly on his golf ball. Psyching himself up mentally, he sneered then began his swing. A matter of seconds later, he then brought the club down with all his might and launched his ball from the tee. He then stood there with an uncomfortable grimace on his face as he watched it veer off sideways, into the trees at the side of the fairway.)

AMY: I'm saying nothing.

KEVIN: Are you? Are you though?

AMY: Yup. Your shot said it for me.

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: Yes?

KEVIN: It's a fucking good thing you're pretty.

AMY: I was just thinking the same thing about you.

(She then snatched his one wood from him and stuffed it back into the golf bag.)

AMY: If you ask for this back on the next hole, I'll going to throw it in the river.

KEVIN: Fine!

(They then headed off down the fairway, towards where Kevin's opponent, Barry was chuckling most heartily.)

KEVIN: He's gonna be fucking unbearable now.

AMY: And whose fault is that? I tried to help and you bit my head off.

(Kevin glowered at her.)

KEVIN: Okay. Fine. I get it. You gave me good advice and I didn't take it. I apologise. Stop being a dick about it. Please.

AMY: Whatever.

(Kevin sighed.)

KEVIN: Sorry. I don't mean to be such a bolshie twat, Amy. It's just that playing Barry makes me tense.

AMY: And yet you keep insisting on doing it.

KEVIN: I have to. If I don't, he calls me a chicken.

AMY: So?

KEVIN: So? So??? According to the man code, Amy; when someone calls you a chicken you show them who's boss. You take their challenge and show them who's the better man. I have to take him on and beat him. It's the only way.

AMY: And is there a timeframe on that? Only, in the three years we've been together, he's proven time and time again that *he's* the better man. Most people would have wised up by now.

KEVIN: Yeah, well; I'm not most men.

AMY: Right...

KEVIN: I mean, I'm no quitter. I will beat the cunt one day, I swear, babe. And when I do, you and I are gonna celebrate by going somewhere nice for a week.

AMY: And I'm looking forward to it.

(She sighed.)

AMY: I've been looking forward to it for three long years.

KEVIN: Well, you won't be waiting four.

AMY: I'm starting to realise that. It'll be much longer than four.

KEVIN: Amy...

(Amy chuckled.)

AMY: I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

KEVIN: Right...

AMY: Kinda.

(Just then, Barry stepped up beside them with an arrogant smirk on his face.)

BARRY: Nice shot, Kev. The groundsman must love you. He works damned hard to keep these fairways in tip-top condition, and you're refusal to damage one with a golf ball must bring joy to his heart.

KEVIN: Don't be a twat, Barry.

BARRY: I'm joking. Lighten up, mate.

(He grimaced.)

BARRY: I'm actually surprised you used the driver, mate. I'd have thought a five wood would have made more sense. Then you'd have had a straight shot to the green with a three iron.

(Amy had to look away and hide her amusement at this point.)

KEVIN: Barry...

BARRY: Yeah?

KEVIN: How I choose to hit the ball is up to me. Stop sniggering, Amy.

AMY: I wasn't.

KEVIN: You bloody liar.

AMY: Okay, so maybe a little bit.

KEVIN: Thank you.

BARRY: Fair comment, Kev. You're right. How you hit the ball is entirely up to you.

KEVIN: Thank you.

BARRY: Why you'd chose to hit it into the woods, however, is anybody's guess.

(Deeply annoyed by his mocking tone, Kevin stopped and shook his head. Amy and Barry just carried on walking. Left behind, all Kevin could do was grouch.)

KEVIN: Wankers!

(He then trudged after them, grumbling bitterly to himself.)

Within the hour, Kevin found himself sitting in the clubhouse bar with a sour look on his face. Sitting at his side, Amy looked most unimpressed. Slouching arrogantly on the other side of the table, Barry was recapping the events of the day with a gleeful expression on his face. Gracious in victory, he was not.

BARRY: How many times is that now, Kev? How many times have I made you look silly on the golf course?

(He bit his lip.)

BARRY: Let me see. We've played each other at least thirty times, and I've won...

(He then pretended to recount in his head.)

BARRY: Let me see now. Oh, yeah. I've won them all.

(He chuckled to himself.)

BARRY: Maybe golf aint your thing, mate.

(Taking the bait, Kevin glowered at him.)

KEVIN: Damn right. Golf is a cunt's game.

(He was then snarled at by everyone in the clubhouse and proceeded to sink in his seat.)

BARRY: Nice.

KEVIN: I didn't mean that, everybody.

(He pointed to Barry.)

KEVIN: That was just my way of calling *him* a cunt.

(He was then glared at by one of the members.)

MEMBER: Well don't. There's a time and a place for such appalling language and this is neither!

KEVIN: Right. Yeah. Sorry.

(Slowly sinking in her seat, Amy furrowed her brow.)

AMY: I can't take you anywhere, can I?

KEVIN: That's right. You can't. *You* can't drive. *I* brought *you* here!

AMY: And am I meant to be grateful for that?

BARRY: Don't be angry with him, Amy. He's had a bad day; that's all.

(He nodded to Kevin.)

BARRY: I tell you what, seeing as you're so embarrassingly bad at golf, why don't we play something else next time?

AMY: Even better, how about *not* doing that? Barry, you could stop offering him challenges you know he can't live up to; and Kevin, maybe you could try being man enough to refuse him.

BARRY: Amy, please. We're men. Men love a contest.

AMY: I'm sure you do, but it's *not* a contest, is it?

KEVIN: What's that supposed to mean?

AMY: He wipes the floor with you every time.

BARRY: At golf I do, yes, that's why I suggested we play something else.

(He nodded.)

BARRY: How about darts? No, wait. We did that three times already.

KEVIN: Darts isn't my thing!

BARRY: Evidently. You didn't win a game all night.

KEVIN: You...

BARRY: How about tennis then? Nope, sorry. Tried that, didn't we? Six love, six love to me, if I recall.

KEVIN: Barry...

BARRY: Squash! No, no, I already walloped you at that as well.

KEVIN: You know...

BARRY: How about doing a 10k run?

(Kevin could only shake his head, well aware of what Barry was about to say.)

BARRY: Oh, yeah. We already did that. You didn't finish.

KEVIN: I...

BARRY: Amy found you coughing and wheezing at the side of the road.

KEVIN: She...

BARRY: Three kilometres back from where *I* was at the time.

KEVIN: Mate...

BARRY: And I was only at the half way point.

KEVIN: Dude...

BARRY: Two kilometres you completed.

KEVIN: *Running* isn't my thing either.

BARRY: Obviously.

(Kevin ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: And you know what? I don't care. You only won because you wanted it more. It was just a bit of laugh, as far as I was concerned. I don't share your obsessive desire to win all the time.

AMY: It's a good thing too, really.

KEVIN: Put in a sock in it, Amy.

AMY: Charming.

(Kevin sneered at Barry.)

KEVIN: I'm just saying, I bet you trained for that 10k for weeks in advance, didn't you?

BARRY: Of course I did. It's a 10k run; what sort of idiot wouldn't train for it?

(Kevin ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: I didn't feel like it.

(Barry chuckled to himself.)

BARRY: Look, Kevin, let me give you a sporting chance, mate. *You* pick the next challenge. Anything you like. Just name it.

AMY: Better still, say nothing.
BARRY: Amy, please, let the man speak.
AMY: No. If I do that, he'll say something stupid.
KEVIN: Hey. Less of that, you.
AMY: What? Am I wrong?
KEVIN: Yes!
BARRY: So what's it gonna be, Kev? Let's hear it.
KEVIN: I dunno.
BARRY: Then think, mate. What are you good at?
AMY: Losing.
KEVIN: Amy!
AMY: What? You are!
BARRY: Kevin!
KEVIN: What?
BARRY: What are your interests? What are you good at?
(Kevin shrugged.)
KEVIN: I dunno. I kinda like driving, I suppose.
BARRY: Driving?
(Amy mused to herself.)
AMY: I stand corrected. A race day would be fun. And you are a good driver.
KEVIN: Thank you.
(He nodded then looked to Barry.)
KEVIN: A race day?
BARRY: Hmm...
(He nodded knowingly.)
BARRY: Better still, how about a rally?
AMY: We haven't got a rally car.
BARRY: You haven't got a racing car either.
AMY: Good point.
BARRY: Look; how's this? Five days from now my wife and I are doing the annual Cararia to Alumbrian couple's rally. You should join us. And by join us, I mean race us.
(He exhaled.)
BARRY: You'd love it. We race from Haps Vale to Point de L'Orange on the Alumbrian coast. A one thousand mile rally across several types of terrain. Through the local grasslands then over the mountains before finally crossing a small stretch of desert.
KEVIN: Sounds miserable.
AMY: Truly.
BARRY: It's not. It's actually really good fun. And a hell of a challenge. The grasslands can get a bit bumpy and if it's soggy there's a real danger of getting bogged down. And the mountains... well, as you can imagine, rocky terrain is a bugger to cross. Then you come down the other side and cross the desert.
KEVIN: You're really not selling this to me, mate.
AMY: Right?
BARRY: Well, I can assure you it's anything but. Once the race is over, we stay in Point de L'Orange for a week, enjoying the sunshine and the crystal clear ocean. It's paradise down there.
(Amy exhaled.)
AMY: Now that part I could really enjoy.

KEVIN: Who couldn't? It's the rest of it, I couldn't hack.

BARRY: Oh, but you could. It's just driving with the odd bit of survivalism thrown in for good measure. Lighting fires and so forth. Nothing dangerous.

(He shrugged.)

BARRY: Nothing a blow torch and a rifle can't handle, anyway.

AMY: A rifle??? Why would need a rifle?

KEVIN: And why the hell would we need to light a fire during a rally???

BARRY: Because it's a two day event.

(He shrugged.)

BARRY: By the time night falls you'll be in the mountains and it's dangerous up there at night. You'll have to stop. The rules are very clear on that. So you'll need to camp out and light a fire.

AMY: With a rifle???

BARRY: No! You'll need to take a rifle in case of bears.

KEVIN: And the misery keeps on coming.

BARRY: It's not a misery, mate. It's brilliant fun.

KEVIN: Well, you say that...

BARRY: I do! I really do. In fact, how about it? I'll sign you both up. Hell, I'll even lend you a car.

AMY: Both of us? Why do *I* have to go?

BARRY: It's a couples race.

AMY: Oh, yeah.

BARRY: So, what do you reckon? Shall I get your names down?

KEVIN: There's no point, mate. Amy can't even drive.

BARRY: Nor can my wife. It doesn't matter, mate. There can only be *one* driver; the other one has to navigate.

KEVIN: Well, that wouldn't work either. Amy can't read a map for love nor money.

AMY: Yes, I fucking can.

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: How can you even say that?

KEVIN: Simple. Three times I've let you navigate and three times we've ended up getting horribly lost.

AMY: Because on all three occasions, you overruled me when I told you where the turn off was!

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: You did! The hotel is just to the right here, I said; remember? What did you say? Nah, that can't be right. And you went straight on. Onto a bloody motorway with no turn off for twenty miles!

(Kevin ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: Yeah, alright. I made a mistake, okay? There's no need to rub it in.

AMY: Then don't tell people I can't navigate; I can!

BARRY: Excellent! Then navigate you shall. I'll sign you up this afternoon.

KEVIN: Steady on. We didn't agree to go.

AMY: In fact, we pretty much stated the opposite.

BARRY: Really?

(He then looked to Kevin and shook his head.)

BARRY: Is there anything you're not too chicken to do?

KEVIN: I'm not a chicken.

AMY: Don't fall for it, Kevin. He's only saying that to get you to back down.

KEVIN: Well, I'm not going to.

BARRY: Because you're a chicken?
KEVIN: No, because it's sounds fucking miserable.
BARRY: I'm sure it does... if you're a chicken.
KEVIN: I'm not a chicken!
(He ruffled his neck.)
KEVIN: Besides, I *can't* go anyway. I'd never get the time off work.
BARRY: Yes, you would. I'm your boss, and I'm *giving* you the time off.
KEVIN: Shit.
(He then looked enlightened.)
KEVIN: Amy can't get the time off work though.
BARRY: Yes, she can. I'm *her* boss too, remember?
KEVIN: Fuck.
BARRY: Now stop making excuses. Are you going to take me up on the challenge or are you chicken? It's either one or the other.
AMY: Don't fall for that, Kevin.
BARRY: Chicken!
(He then looked to Amy.)
BARRY: I didn't realise you were a lesbian.
AMY: Excuse me?
(Barry gestured to Kevin.)
BARRY: Well you must be if you're in love with *this* pussy.
AMY: Hey! Nobody calls *my* man a pussy!
BARRY: And they won't if he stops *being* a pussy.
KEVIN: Ignore him, babe. *I* am!
AMY: Well don't! Stand up for yourself for once!
KEVIN: Amy...
AMY: I mean it. Stop being a pussy.
KEVIN: Hey! I thought you said nobody calls me a pussy!
AMY: I'm allowed!
(She glowered at Barry.)
AMY: The answer is no. Now apologise to my man.
BARRY: For speaking the truth?
AMY: The truth?
BARRY: Yes. That he's a chicken and a pussy.
AMY: No, he isn't!
BARRY: And come to think of it, so are you!
(He then started to flex his arms like wings and make chicken noises.)
AMY: He's really starting to annoy me.
BARRY: Pair of chickens. Afraid of a little challenge.
AMY: No we're not.
KEVIN: Yeah, we just don't want to go!
BARRY: Because you're chicken.
KEVIN: You're really starting to piss me off now, Barry!
BARRY: Chicken boy says what now?
KEVIN: Stop it!
BARRY: So, do you two plan to have chicks?
AMY: Barry!
BARRY: But then that's not likely, is it? You can't make offspring with two pussies.
KEVIN: We're not pussies!
AMY: Yeah!

BARRY: Prove it. Agree to take part!
AMY: No!
BARRY: Pussy!
KEVIN: Dude!
BARRY: Chicken!
AMY: You...
(Barry then started to make chicken noises again, only twice as loud. Infuriated by it, Amy and Kevin both clenched their fists and snarled.)
AMY: Shut up!
KEVIN: Enough!
(Much to their annoyance, he ignored them and kept on going.)
AMY: Barry!
KEVIN: Mate!
AMY: I'm gonna lose it in a minute!
(And still Barry continued to taunt them.)
KEVIN: For fuck sake, Barry!
(Finally reaching the end of her tether, Amy growled then jumped to her feet.)
AMY: Fine! We'll go, okay? Just stop it!
BARRY: Excellent!
KEVIN: Babe...
AMY: Sorry, Kevin, but he's pissed me off for long enough.
BARRY: I pissed you off? How? I merely pointed out the fact you're both spineless.
(Kevin snarled.)
KEVIN: Spineless. Fucking spineless? No. I'm not having that. Barry, you're on, mate. We're gonna take you on and together we're gonna kick your arse, pal.
AMY: Yeah!
KEVIN: Fucking right.
AMY: That told him!
(Kevin nodded.)
KEVIN: Come on, babe. Let's go home. I'm done with this cunt.
AMY: Agreed!
(They then proceeded to storm off. As they did so, Barry sat back and beamed.)
BARRY: I'll register you this afternoon then.
AMY: Do what you like!
KEVIN: Fine.
BARRY: Jolly good.
(He then exhaled with satisfaction and placed his hands behind his head.)
BARRY: Priceless. That was even easier than I *thought* it'd be.

Upon arriving home, some thirty minutes later, Amy hung up her coat then slipped her feet from her shoes and dunked them into her slippers. Delighted to finally have something comfortable on her feet, she exhaled then looked to where Kevin was heading towards the kitchen.

AMY: Where are you going, babe?

KEVIN: Kitchen. I'm gonna start making dinner.

AMY: Oh, god. Please don't.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: It's been a long and stressful afternoon and the last thing I want to do is shovel your cooking down my throat, pretending it's edible.

(Kevin gave her a most exasperated glance.)

KEVIN: You said you loved my cooking.

AMY: And sometimes I do.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: There are times, however...

KEVIN: When what?

AMY: When it's really bad.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Just let me do it, eh? You know it makes sense.

KEVIN: Fine.

(He then started to chuckle.)

KEVIN: As much as I'd like to take offence at that, I can't even pretend you were lying. What the hell was with that lasagne I made last week?

AMY: Is that what it was?

KEVIN: Well... almost.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: Even the birds wouldn't eat it.

AMY: Good thing too. If they had, we'd have had the animal protection people around here, asking uncomfortable questions about an Avian genocide.

(Kevin smirked.)

KEVIN: That wouldn't have been too bad though, love. If they suspected anything, I could have made them a snack and wipe *them* out too.

(Amy chuckled then headed into the kitchen. Left behind, Kevin smiled then stepped up to the window. As he glanced into the garden, however, an extremely uncomfortable expression crossed his brow. Sweat then proceeded to pour down his forehead and he couldn't help but gulp.)

KEVIN: Babe...

(Amy then rushed from the kitchen looking more than a little distressed.)

AMY: Kevin!!! Did we just agree to take part in a thousand mile long rally, across dangerous terrain???

(Having been thinking exactly the same thing, Kevin turned to look at her wearing a horrified expression.)

KEVIN: That's exactly what we did!!!

AMY: Why? Why the fuck would we agree to do that???

KEVIN: I don't know!

AMY: Were we drunk?

KEVIN: No!

AMY: Are we stupid then?

KEVIN: We're weak, babe. Weak. And that cunt Barry knows exactly how to exploit weak people like us!

AMY: Apparently so.

(She whimpered.)

AMY: All this time I've been berating you for letting that horrible git bully you into accepting his challenges, and now *I*'ve done it.

KEVIN: See? Like I kept telling you, he can be very persuasive.

AMY: So, I see.

(She nodded.)

AMY: He's a cunt. A first class cunt. Why do we even have him in our lives?

KEVIN: He's our boss and he pays really well.

AMY: Right, yeah. Good point.

(She sighed.)

AMY: Oh, Kevin.

(She then stepped up to him and hugged him tight.)

AMY: What are we gonna do?

KEVIN: Well, I would suggest looking on the bright side, only I can't see one.

AMY: No?

(She bit her lip as she tried to think of something.)

AMY: How about... having been manipulated by Barry in the same way *you've* always been manipulated by him, at least I understand you better now.

KEVIN: Right...

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: It's reaching, but it's better than anything I can come up with.

(He then flinched.)

KEVIN: On second thoughts, no it's not. There's an even better bright side than that.

AMY: Oh?

KEVIN: Nothing's been confirmed yet, so we've still got time to ring him up and tell him we aint fucking going.

(Amy beamed.)

AMY: I love it! Do that! Definitely do that!

KEVIN: I will! Now where's my phone?

(He then delved in his pocket and pulled out his smart phone. Just as he held the screen towards his face, however, it started to bleep.)

KEVIN: Text message from fuck face Barry.

(He then proceeded to read it. As he did so, his shoulders seemed to sink and he turned paler and paler.)

AMY: Well that can't be good. What does it say?

(Kevin handed her the phone then whimpered and sat down on the arm of the sofa while she read it out loud.)

AMY: Done. Your place at the rally's all booked and paid for. A five grand non-refundable deposit up front. No backing out now, Kev, me old mate. Pop back to my house after work tomorrow, and I'll give the car you're gonna need. Get some practice in if you can, we set off in five days.

(Amy whimpered then lowered the phone, before letting it slide from her fingers and drop onto the carpet.)

AMY: Five days?

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

AMY: Non-refundable deposit...

KEVIN: Non-refundable.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: He knew we'd change our minds so he arranged everything as soon as we left.

AMY: Yeah. So...

(She bit her lip.)

AMY: What'll happen if we don't go?

KEVIN: I'll owe him five grand.

AMY: And what if we don't pay it?

KEVIN: I'll get fired obviously.

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: No more nice house, no more company car, no more...

AMY: Never mind that. Do we *have* five grand?

KEVIN: Not that we can access immediately, no. You decided we should put our savings into one of them accounts that you can't touch for twelve months.

AMY: Shit. And how long's left?

KEVIN: Eleven months.

AMY: Fuck!

(Kevin nodded ruefully.)

KEVIN: Babe?

AMY: Yeah?

KEVIN: We're going rallying, aren't we?

(Amy sighed.)

AMY: Looks that way.

KEVIN: And there *is* no bright side, is there?

AMY: Nope. Well...

(She shrugged.)

AMY: A week relaxing in Point de L'Orange afterwards, I guess.

KEVIN: Yeah... if we survive the trip.

AMY: Right. If.

KEVIN: Amy?

AMY: Yes?

KEVIN: Barry's a cunt.

AMY: Yup.

(She then forced a smile.)

AMY: Kev?

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: Let's go and have crazy, naked sex in the kitchen. Right now.

(Kevin's face lit up.)

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Why not? Seeing as we're going to die soon, we might as well live every moment to the fullest.

KEVIN: That's true.

(He beamed with joy then proceeded to exude an evil laugh.)

KEVIN: Come on, you. Let's make the microwave blush!

AMY: Woohoo!!!

(They then charged off into the kitchen, stripping naked as they went.)

The following evening, at 7pm, Kevin drove his car down the lengthy driveway of Barry's country residence then pulled up outside the house. Having slipped the handbrake on, he then sat there sighing to himself. Not looking forward to getting out, he paused for a good thirty seconds then slowly cranked open the door. He'd barely made it half way out, however, when Barry strutted from his front door with a smug look on his face.

BARRY: Ah, you found the place then.

KEVIN: Of course I did. I've been here before.

BARRY: You have?

(He then looked enlightened.)

BARRY: Ah, that's right. You and Amy served drinks at one of my parties.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He furrowed his brow then mumbled to himself.)

KEVIN: After you led us to think we were invited guests.

(He then slammed his car door and held out his palms.)

KEVIN: Let's get this over with, shall we?

BARRY: Blimey, you're keen. Are you sure you wouldn't like a quick drink first?

KEVIN: No, thanks. I'll start pouring it then twenty of your friends will turn up expecting me to pour theirs. I'm not falling for that again.

BARRY: Falling for... I don't follow.

KEVIN: Yeah, right.

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: Come on, let's get this done. I want to get home.

BARRY: Fair enough.

(With that, Barry strutted to his garage doors then proceeded to yank them open.

Having done so, he looked to Kevin and beamed.)

BARRY: Ta-da! Impressive, isn't she?

KEVIN: It's under a tarpaulin, mate; how would I know?

BARRY: What?

(Having glanced over his shoulder, he grimaced with annoyance before stepping into the garage and yanking a tarpaulin off of a large 4x4, all-terrain vehicle.)

BARRY: There. What do you think?

(Kevin's jaw dropped.)

KEVIN: Is that...

BARRY: A Zeantomin Aria AT4? Yes, yes it is.

KEVIN: Blimey.

(He nodded knowingly.)

KEVIN: It's a thing of beauty, mate.

BARRY: Isn't it just? And it doesn't lack for substance either. There's a 6 litre, v12 engine under the bonnet.

KEVIN: Holy crap.

BARRY: Super-lift suspension, air-assisted brakes, carbon shafts throughout and a whole host of other goodies. It also features a world class climate control system, you'll need that where you're going.

KEVIN: Right...

BARRY: As for fuel; thanks to the hybrid engine, you *should* be able to make it on a single tank. *Should*.

KEVIN: Really? A thousand miles on one tank?

BARRY: Yeah. It was *designed* for endurance rallies, mate.

(He exhaled.)

BARRY: It's an incredible feat of engineering this thing. It's nine feet long and it weighs three tons, but because of the ground-breaking hybrid energy-system, it burns a hell of a lot less fuel than you'd expect. And the massive tank holds *a lot* of fuel!

KEVIN: Gotcha. Makes sense.

BARRY: Correct.

(He nodded.)

BARRY: But still, don't take it for granted. It's still wise to keep an eye on the fuel gauge, just in case.

KEVIN: I'm not an idiot, mate. Watching the fuel gauge is like second nature to me.

(He winced.)

KEVIN: I ran out of fuel at Amy's mother's house once. We had to stay the night. Never again.

BARRY: Right. Well... anyway...

(He clapped his hands together excitedly.)

BARRY: Follow me.

(With that, he headed into the garage, paced alongside the car then opened the rear hatch. Somewhat ill at ease, Kevin followed.)

BARRY: There you go.

(Kevin glanced inside then shrugged.)

KEVIN: What am I looking at?

BARRY: It's long enough for you to sleep in the back.

KEVIN: Right. That's cool, I guess.

BARRY: Cool? Cool? It's not about being cool. This is about practicality, Kevin. This thing is going to be your home for two days.

KEVIN: Well, yeah; fair enough.

BARRY: And speaking of being at home...

(He then leant forwards and flipped up an interior storage hatch on the right.)

BARRY: Gas stove, bog rolls, cooking utensils and everything else you might need when you set up camp for the night.

KEVIN: Bloody hell! There's more stuff in there than in my entire kitchen.

BARRY: Then you might want to buy more stuff for your kitchen, mate.

KEVIN: Amy takes care of the shopping, mate. Apparently, if she left it to me I'd only buy stupid things.

BARRY: And would you?

KEVIN: More than likely. I like gadgets, you see.

BARRY: Well, who doesn't?

KEVIN: Thank you. That's what I keep telling her.

BARRY: Any time, Kev.

(With that, he lowered the hatch then raised another one on the left.)

BARRY: Blow torch and shotgun.

KEVIN: Crikey.

BARRY: What?

KEVIN: You were serious about that?

BARRY: Absolutely.

(He shrugged.)

BARRY: I mean, bear attacks are rare, but only a fool would head into the wilderness without any kind of protection.

KEVIN: I suppose.

(Barry then gestured to the rest of the sizeable interior.)

BARRY: You can shove the rest of what you need in there. Food and such, you know? Oh, and firewood. Kindling as well. In fact, make sure you've got a fuck load of dry pine cones. They're great for starting a fire. Every time you get the chance, stock up on those little fuckers. I tell you, they're a godsend.

KEVIN: Okay.

BARRY: Good man.

(He then lowered the rear hatch and nodded.)

BARRY: Just do me a favour and don't write it off. This car cost more than you earn in a year.

KEVIN: And yet my boss has two of the buggers, apparently.

BARRY: That's right. The other one's in my other garage.

KEVIN: Wow. It costs more than my annual salary, but my boss has two of the fuckers. Just goes to show what a tight-fisted cunt he is.

BARRY: Steady on.

(Kevin gave a stifled laugh then nodded.)

KEVIN: I'll take care of it. I think. I don't know. I've never done a rally before. Anything could happen.

BARRY: Nah, mate; you'll be fine. Just remember, it's about finishing more than anything else. Passing the endurance test, not winning the race.

KEVIN: Oh, fuck off. If *you* win, you'll gloat like a cunt for the rest of time. I aim to win this thing. It's the only way I'll be able to shut you up.

BARRY: Wow. Is that how you see me?

KEVIN: Yes!

BARRY: Then you know me well.

KEVIN: Thank you.

BARRY: You're *not* gonna win though. You're shit at everything we've competed in; why should this be any different?

KEVIN: Because driving is what I'm good at. And Amy's good with a map, despite what I said the other day. As a team, we've got everything covered.

BARRY: Right...

(He smirked.)

BARRY: Ever made a campfire before?

KEVIN: We'll figure it out!

BARRY: If you say so.

(He nodded.)

BARRY: Right then. You drive home and I'll follow in this little beauty. Then you can drop me back here afterwards.

KEVIN: And finally be shot of you for the day. Bonus.

BARRY: Your words cut me deep, Kev.

KEVIN: What can I tell you? I'm a poet.

(He then strutted out of the garage.)

KEVIN: And I'll show *you* who's shit at everything!

BARRY: You've already shown me. Several times.

KEVIN: Bollocks. That was the past.

(He then headed for his car with a snarl on his face.)

KEVIN: This time, I'm taking you down.

(Remembering how he'd said the same thing to himself before all their other contests, he then sighed in defeat.)

KEVIN: Oh, who am I kidding?

Two days later, as the sun set on yet another working day, Kevin and Amy found themselves parked in a lay-by in their rally car. Staring up at a hilltop through the windscreen, they were deathly silent. Finding it quite the intimidating sight, neither of them looked even remotely confident. Not about to air his discomfort to his wife in case he lost her respect, however, Kevin kept his concerns to himself. Amy, on the other hand, could not. Never one to suffer in foolish silence, she very soon let her husband know exactly what she was thinking.

AMY: That's a really high hill, Kevin. There are sheer drops up there. Are you sure this is wise?

(Kevin slowly turned to look at her, removing his eyeballs from the hilltop at the very last moment.)

KEVIN: How sheer?

AMY: Put it this way, airbags won't save us; we'd need a bloody parachute.

KEVIN: A parachute?

AMY: Okay, that's an outrageous exaggeration, but at the very minimum, we're talking hospital time.

(Kevin gulped.)

KEVIN: Maybe we should wait here for a bit and think this through a bit more.

AMY: Can we afford to?

KEVIN: What?

AMY: The longer we wait, the darker it's gonna get.

KEVIN: Yeah... that's not gonna help.

AMY: No, it's not. If we're gonna do this we need to go now.

KEVIN: Right...

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: *If* we're gonna do this. If. I'm starting to think...

AMY: Just drive.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: We have to do the rally for real two days from now. And we've had no practice whatsoever.

KEVIN: Well, yeah, but...

AMY: But nothing. Just go.

KEVIN: Sheer drops, Amy! Hospital time!

AMY: Then don't drive like a dick. Go easy on blind corners and slow down if your field of vision is impaired.

KEVIN: Meaning?

AMY: Slow down once it gets dark.

KEVIN: Right...

AMY: It's not that complicated, Kev. Go as fast as you feel confident going, okay? Don't speed just to impress me, because it won't. Call me old-fashioned but I find men who put me in mortal danger quite the turn off.

KEVIN: You're so old-fashioned.

AMY: Shut up. What I'm saying is, just give it a go. See what you can do. Don't worry about being perfect, just relax and do your best. Nobody's gonna judge you; certainly not me. I don't even have a driving licence.

KEVIN: Right. Yeah. Absolutely. Just give it a go. I like that. This is just a test run, after all. We don't have to be brilliant. It's not an exam. We're just seeing where we're at, skills wise.

AMY: Exactly. No pressure. Just drive up the hill like you would any other day.

KEVIN: Gotcha.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: But quickly, right?

AMY: As long as it's safe.

KEVIN: Okay.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Go now?

AMY: Well, you know what they say. There's no time like the present.

KEVIN: Right.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Let's do this thing.

AMY: Agreed.

(She then unfurled the map on her lap and nodded.)

AMY: Whenever you're ready.

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

(He then took a deep breath and started the engine.)

KEVIN: Ready?

AMY: I waiting for you, dear.

KEVIN: Right. Let's do this then.

(With that, he set the car in motion then started to pull into the road. Two seconds, later, however, he had to slam the brakes on to avoid crashing into a passing car.)

AMY: Nice. Lovely. What an encouraging start.

KEVIN: Yeah, I won't lie to you, girl; that was embarrassing.

AMY: Yes, yes it was.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Look, just put it down to a nervous error and try again.

KEVIN: Yeah. You're right.

AMY: I'm always right.

KEVIN: Said nobody ever.

AMY: Excuse me?

KEVIN: Nothing.

(He puffed out.)

KEVIN: Like you said, babe; that was a nervous error. A needless one. What's to be nervous about? I'm just gonna drive normally.

AMY: Okay.

KEVIN: Only faster.

AMY: Right.

KEVIN: Faster but safely.

AMY: Perfect.

KEVIN: Not to mention...

AMY: Just go, will you?

KEVIN: Right. Yeah. Let's do that.

(With that, he checked his mirror, put the car back in gear then eased out onto the road.)

KEVIN: Okay, darling. Strap yourself in, because...

AMY: I'm already strapped in, Kevin. It's the law.

KEVIN: I know that! I was being dramatic. You know, to make things more exciting.

AMY: What for?

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: Oh, fine. Go on then.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: I'll play along.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(He cleared his throat.)

KEVIN: Here goes.

(He then beamed with fiendish glee.)

KEVIN: Hold onto your knickers, babe; we're about to hit hyper speed.

(He then slammed his foot down on the accelerator and the car zoomed off up the hill.)

KEVIN: Fuck me this thing's quick!!!

(Despite the car's impressive speed, Amy could only give him a despairing glance.)

AMY: Hold onto my knickers?

KEVIN: Yeah. Pretty cool, huh? I came up with that on the spot, an' all.

AMY: Yes...

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: I'm so aroused.

KEVIN: I knew you would be.

(With another roll of her eyes, Amy then glanced out of the windscreen before looking down at the map.

AMY: There's a sharp right coming up.

KEVIN: Okay. Good to know.

AMY: Well? Aren't you going to slow down?

KEVIN: Not yet, no. This part is dead straight and I can quite clearly see there's no right turn just yet.

AMY: Yes, but even so. If you're not gonna listen to your co-driver...

KEVIN: I am listening to her. And right now, she's nagging. Babe, I'll slow down when the road ahead isn't so obvious, okay?

AMY: Fine. Just don't come crawling to me if we crash and die.

KEVIN: Crash and die?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: Just gonna keep going, are you?

KEVIN: Why wouldn't I?

AMY: Because there's a right turn coming up.

KEVIN: And I'll slow when we get to it!

AMY: Fine.

(She ruffled her neck indignantly.)

AMY: Ignore me then.

KEVIN: Babe...

(His brow then furrowed over.)

KEVIN: Nope. No way. I'm nipping this in the bud.

(With that, he slowed and pulled to the side of the road.)

AMY: What are you doing?

KEVIN: Stopping.

AMY: Why?

(Having brought the car to a standstill, Kevin threw on the handbrake then turned to face her.)

KEVIN: I'm the driver, babe. Me. I'll brake when I *need* to brake. I'll accelerate when I need to accelerate and I'll indicate when I need to indicate. That's *my* department; not yours. If we're gonna do this, the last thing I need is a backseat driver.

AMY: I'm not *in* the backseat.

KEVIN: You're not in the driver's seat either.

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: Look, what I'm saying is, leave the driving to me. Just trust me with it, okay?

AMY: But there's a right turn...

KEVIN: I know. And because you've told me that, I'm aware that I need to look out for it. And you know what? I'm expecting to *see* a right turn, not a left turn or an unexpected hump back bridge, because you've told me it's a right turn. I trust you as a navigator.

AMY: Well... good.

KEVIN: Now, if you can trust me as a driver, we might just get through this. Okay?

(Amy ruffled her neck indignantly.)

AMY: Fine.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: I've watched a few rallies, you know? The driver and the co-driver are a team. They work well together because they trust each other to do their job. Can you trust *me*?

(Amy pouted.)

AMY: I suppose.

KEVIN: That's my girl.

(He then smirked.)

KEVIN: It has to be said though, out of all those professional rally drivers, none had a co-driver as sexy as mine.

(Amy blushed.)

AMY: Shut up.

KEVIN: Just stating a fact, darling.

AMY: And it's appreciated.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Okay, here's the deal. I'll try not to nag, okay? But if I do, just try to tolerate me a little. I've never done this before, remember? It might take a while before I get used to just sitting here, checking a map while my safety is entirely in your hands.

KEVIN: Your safety is entirely in my hands *every* time I drive, love.

AMY: Yeah, but this is different. This is... more dangerous.

KEVIN: Yeah. You're right.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Okay. You have a deal.

(He then set the car in motion again.)

KEVIN: Right then...

(Amy groaned.)

AMY: Aw, crap; here we go again.

KEVIN: Keep hold of your tits, sugar butt, I'm giving it some zoom.

(The car then rocketed forth with Kevin swearing like a trooper.)

KEVIN: Fuck. Shit. Bollocks. That was my worst one yet.

AMY: No, that was about average.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: Nothing.

KEVIN: Right. Well... don't worry. I'll do a better one later.

AMY: I can't wait. Truly.

(She then rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Right turn, coming up.

KEVIN: I know!

AMY: Then I'll say no more about it.

(She then sat on her hands and grimaced. Within seconds, she was turning bright red as she battled the urge not to tell him to slow down. Mercifully, a few moments later, he slowed the car then gently swung it around the bend, remaining perfectly within the lines of the road. Amy could only draw a sigh of relief.)

AMY: Thank fuck.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: I said well done.

KEVIN: Thanks.

(Amy smiled.)

AMY: Actually, that was *really* well done. You know what? I think we're gonna be okay.

As their ascent up the hill continued, both Kevin and Amy wore expressions of extreme concentration. Amy was determined to make her deliberations as precise as possible while also giving Kevin plenty of time to react to them. For his part, Kevin was steadfastly focussed on the road ahead, while also keeping her instructions at the forefront of his mind. It required a great deal of focus on both their parts, but so far they hadn't put a single foot wrong.

AMY: Medium sharp right bend approaching, followed by an *extremely sharp* right.

KEVIN: Medium right, *sharp* right... okay.

(With a furrowed brow he then eased off slightly as they negotiated the first right, before breaking hard and easing the car around the sharp bend. He then accelerated away, nodding with satisfaction.)

KEVIN: Nice call, Amy.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I wouldn't have seen the sharp bend if I hadn't slowed. And I only slowed because I knew it was coming. Nice work.

AMY: Oh. Thank you.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Nicely driven.

KEVIN: Okay. What's ahead?

AMY: Nothing. This is the peak. There's a car park to the right, take us in there.

KEVIN: Affirmative.

(Moments later, the car slowly cruised into a pothole laden car park then edged to the small wooden fence at the perimeter, overlooking the edge of the hill. With a sigh of relief, Kevin then slipped the handbrake on and looked to Amy.)

KEVIN: We made it.

AMY: Alive and in one peace.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Focussing like that takes a lot out of you though.

AMY: It does.

KEVIN: It's worrying. If we have to focus like that, non-stop for two days, we're bound to make a tired mistake at some point.

AMY: Yes, but thankfully we haven't got to focus like that non-stop.

KEVIN: No?

AMY: It's a thousand miles, babes. A thousand miles with *a lot* of sections of straight, open road.

KEVIN: Well, I hope so, yeah.

AMY: No, there is. I've checked the route several times.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Well, yeah, of course I have. I don't intend to leave anything to chance.

KEVIN: Right. Cool. Well done, babe.

AMY: Thank you.

(She nodded.)

AMY: There will be mentally draining sections like that what we just did, obviously, but it's not going to be two days of unrelenting focus. That'd be torture.

KEVIN: It would. I mean... fuck that.

(He then sat back and nestled into the headrest.)

KEVIN: Let's just take a few minutes then we can head back.

AMY: No, we can't.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Tonight isn't just about practicing our driving skills. We need to practice starting fires.

KEVIN: Oh. Really?

AMY: If you want warm water and cooked food, yes.

KEVIN: Right...

AMY: Seriously, Kevin? I mentioned it three times before we set out!

KEVIN: I know, but...

(He blushed.)

KEVIN: You had that tight leather skirt on. How am I meant to concentrate on anything else when you're wearing that?

(Amy looked to him coldly and blankly.)

AMY: Kevin...

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: You're so lucky I'm the kind of weird woman that finds your lusty eyeballing endearing.

KEVIN: I know that. Why do you think I was so quick to ask you to marry me?

AMY: I did wonder.

(They shared an amused chuckle then Amy reached for the door handle.)

AMY: Okay, lets...

(She then saw a face at the window and screamed.)

AMY: Freak!!!

KEVIN: What?

(He performed a double take at the eyeballing stranger then furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: What do *you* want?

(The stranger replied with a beam of delight on his face.)

STRANGER: Never mind me. You just go about your business.

AMY: Business?

STRANGER: Yes. You know. Woof-woof. Phwoar. Naughty, naughty, naughty.

(Kevin and Amy shared a baffled glance.)

KEVIN: What's the fuck's he on about?

AMY: I have no idea. Ask *him*.

KEVIN: Right.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: What are you on about?

STRANGER: You know. Hubba-hubba.

KEVIN: Right. Okay. So... maybe *this time* you could use actual *words* to describe what you want.

STRANGER: Isn't it obvious? I want you to get busy so I can enjoy the show!

(Kevin grimaced at Amy.)

KEVIN: What show? What's he on about?

AMY: I have no fucking idea. Still!

(Kevin looked to the man and grimaced.)

KEVIN: Look, mate; tell us specifically what you want in simple everyday words, or fuck off.

STRANGER: Well, I want to watch obviously. Now, ignore me and get on with it. That's how spontaneous voyeurism works.

KEVIN: Spontaneous voyeurism?
STRANGER: Yes. You know. Dogging!
AMY: Dogging???
KEVIN: Are you taking the piss???
STRANGER: No. Like I said, I'm just here to watch you two get busy with the naughty stuff.
KEVIN: Dude! We're not here for that shit!!!
STRANGER: Are you not?
AMY: No! We came here to practice our survival skills!
STRANGER: Are you serious? You came to this country's most notorious dogging spot for that???
KEVIN: Yes!!!
(He grimaced.)
KEVIN: Not that we *knew* it was a dogging spot.
STRANGER: Right...
(He gulped.)
STRANGER: There seems to have been a terrible mistake.
AMY: I'll say there has. Bugger off!
STRANGER: Right. I'll... um... come back later.
KEVIN: Yeah, you do that! After we've gone!
AMY: And when you do, bring a dog!
STRANGER: I don't own a dog.
(He sighed.)
STRANGER: Which makes my presence here all that more difficult to explain to the police when they catch me, but still...
AMY: We're not going to *discuss* it with you!
STRANGER: Right. I see.
KEVIN: In fact, we'd like you to leave.
STRANGER: Right. Yes. Now *that* I can do.
(He then stood up straight and hurried away uncomfortably.)
AMY: What a pillock.
KEVIN: And then some. Fucking dogging, for pity's sake.
(They shook their heads disdainfully for a moment, but upon making eye contact, they both burst out laughing.)
AMY: Knob end!
KEVIN: Absolute plank.
AMY: Right? I mean, did he really say woof-woof, phwoar, naughty, naughty, naughty?
KEVIN: He did. He really did!
(They chuckled some more then Amy sat back.)
AMY: Ridiculous man.
(She nodded.)
AMY: Now where were we?
(Kevin looked to her blankly for a moment then raised a finger knowingly.)
KEVIN: We were going to test out the camping equipment.
AMY: No, we're gonna do that tomorrow.
KEVIN: Oh. Right.
AMY: Fire!
KEVIN: Where?
(Amy looked to him coldly.)

AMY: We're were going to *make* a fire.

KEVIN: Oh, yeah.

AMY: Come on.

(Just as she turned to open the door, however, another face appeared at the window, staring harshly into her eyes. Scared half to death, Amy jumped back and screeched.)

AMY: Twat!!!

(Kevin looked most incensed.)

KEVIN: Oi! Fuck off, you! Stay away from my missus!

(It was at this point he noticed the man's attire and gulped.)

KEVIN: Officer...

AMY: Officer?

KEVIN: Yeah, it's a copper.

(He then lowered the passenger's side window and grimaced uneasily at the policeman.)

KEVIN: Sorry about that. My wife and I both have Tourette's.

OFFICER: Do you now?

KEVIN: Um...

OFFICER: Actually, don't answer that. It doesn't even matter. You can *have* Tourette's syndrome; that's fine. You can have a lot of things. Have a cup of tea, if you like. You can even have an in-depth discussion about the merits of international fishing quotas if you so desire. Be my guest. One thing you're *not* going to be having up here on this hillside, however, is a bit of hanky-panky.

AMY: Hanky-panky? Who *says* that?

OFFICER: *I* do.

KEVIN: *He* does.

AMY: I see. I did wonder.

OFFICER: Now clear off. Dogging is a serious offence! Well... it's an offence, anyway.

KEVIN: Officer, we're not even here for that!

OFFICER: Is that so?

AMY: Yes!

OFFICER: With all due respect, everyone says that!

KEVIN: And a lot of them are probably telling the truth.

OFFICER: But a lot more are not.

AMY: Right, well, that's fine, but *we're* not lying to you.

OFFICER: No? Then answer me this. Why *are* you here?

KEVIN: Well, we drove up here to get a feel of this rally car, and now we're going to make a campfire.

OFFICER: A campfire???

AMY: That's right.

OFFICER: A bloody campfire???

AMY: No, just a normal one.

OFFICER: Don't get funny with me, young lady.

(He furrowed his brow.)

OFFICER: Arson is a serious offence.

KEVIN: Yes, it is.

AMY: We know.

OFFICER: Then...

AMY: But we're not going to commit arson, we're going to make a campfire.

OFFICER: That's arson!

AMY: No, it isn't.

OFFICER: I think you'll find it is.

KEVIN: No, arson is the wilful act of starting a fire with the intention of destroying land or property. We have no intention of doing any such thing.

OFFICER: So *you* claim.

AMY: So we *both* claim. For one, there's no property up here to destroy.

OFFICER: I...

(He stumbled for words for a moment then gave them a suspicious glance.)

OFFICER: Okay, supposing that's true, what difference does it make? Starting a fire his highly illegal under any circumstances.

KEVIN: No, it isn't!

OFFICER: Don't argue with me, chummy. Starting fires is a crime.

AMY: Not always!

OFFICER: Yes, always!

(He ruffled his neck.)

OFFICER: Well, maybe not in a fireplace, but otherwise...

KEVIN: Mate, campfires are not illegal. They never have been.

OFFICER: Says who?

AMY: The law!

OFFICER: I think you'll find you're very much mistaken! Both of you. In fact, I can prove it.

(He then tipped his head and spoke into his radio.)

OFFICER: Five-one to control; can you please clarify for the young couple in my company, the law regarding starting fires in public.

(The radio then responded.)

RADIO: Where in public *exactly*, officer?

OFFICER: Not that it matters, but I'm at the top of Clarence Peak.

RADIO: Okay...

(The officer then looked to Kevin and Amy and grinned smugly.)

OFFICER: Prepare to feel foolish.

(The radio then issued a reply.)

RADIO: Campfires should only be started in one of the designated fire pits and must be extinguished entirely before the party leave. Over.

(The officer let go of his radio and allowed his shoulders to slump.)

OFFICER: Right... apparently *I'm* the one who should feel foolish.

AMY: We know.

KEVIN: Yup.

OFFICER: I see.

(He grimaced.)

OFFICER: Sorry about that. It appears you were right all along.

(He sighed.)

OFFICER: In my defence though, the law never was my strongpoint.

KEVIN: Evidently.

AMY: Yeah, I won't lie; it did stand out somewhat.

OFFICER: I feared it might. Stupid law. Why does it have to be so bloody complicated? I never could quite grasp it.

(Amy glanced at Kevin briefly then looked back at the policeman.)

AMY: Well, with that being the case, if you don't mind me saying, maybe taking a job where you're expected to *uphold* the law really wasn't a good idea.

(The officer nodded.)

OFFICER: I know. You don't have to tell *me*. I actually wanted to be a plumber. Unfortunately, I'm absolutely terrified of, you know, what are they called?

KEVIN: Rats?

OFFICER: No?

AMY: Spiders?

OFFICER: No!

(He looked enlightened.)

OFFICER: Ceramic tiles.

AMY: Eh?

KEVIN: You're afraid of...

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: Never mind. Officer, if you wouldn't mind...

OFFICER: Right. I should be on my way, shouldn't I?

AMY: Probably.

OFFICER: Yeah...

(He sighed.)

OFFICER: Bye.

(He then wandered away dejected. Left behind Amy and Kevin shared another empty glance.)

AMY: Babe?

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: This hill attracts the weirdest people. After tonight, let's never come here ever again.

KEVIN: Deal.

AMY: Right. Now let's make that fire.

(With that, she opened the door then alighted the vehicle.)

Some twenty minutes later, Amy found herself sitting on a fallen log with her legs crossed, checking her fingernails and periodically smiling up at Kevin as he paced back and forth from the pile of wood he'd collected to where he was building a pyre with it. Letting him get on with it, her smile looked very much like one of contentment. As Kevin was about to find out, however, her contentment was merely there to mask her amusement.

KEVIN: Okay, babe; just one more armful and we're pretty much done.

AMY: Okay.

(Bending to pick up the last pieces of wood, Kevin winked at her then returned to where he'd built his pyre.)

KEVIN: This won't take long.

AMY: Okay.

(Upon arriving, Kevin dropped the sticks then set about placing them on top of the logs he'd already set in place.)

KEVIN: Just a few more seconds.

(Down on his knees, concentrating hard on the task in hand, he swapped a few of the wooden pieces around then leant back.)

KEVIN: There you go. One campfire, ready for inspection.

AMY: It's lovely, dear.

(Kevin nodded for a moment then shot her a distrusting glance.)

KEVIN: Dear?

AMY: Uh-huh.

KEVIN: You only call me that when you're patronising me.
AMY: Do I?
KEVIN: Yes!
(He eyed her suspiciously then furrowed his brow.)
KEVIN: Right. Come on. Out with it. What's wrong with it?
AMY: Who said there was anything wrong with it?
KEVIN: Nobody *said* it, Amy. But your patronising tone suggests you *think* there's something wrong with it.
AMY: Really? It does? Interesting.
(Kevin looked to her blankly for a moment then raised a suspicious eyebrow.)
KEVIN: Really? Nothing else to add?
AMY: Nope!
KEVIN: Good.
AMY: You'll only sulk if I do.
KEVIN: Right...
(He stood up.)
KEVIN: I knew it. You *do* think there's something wrong with it!
AMY: Maybe. But what difference does it make what *I* think? Like you said, making a fire is a man's job. It's a matter of pride. You'd be failing as a man if I didn't leave you to it. So I did.
(She smiled.)
AMY: Because I'm nice.
(Kevin grumbled under his breath.)
KEVIN: Yeah... you're being nice. That's how I *know* you think something's amiss.
AMY: What?
KEVIN: Nothing.
(He ruffled his neck.)
KEVIN: Bloody criticising everything I do...
AMY: I never said a word.
KEVIN: No... you didn't have to.
(He nodded sternly.)
KEVIN: Well prepare to be dazzled.
AMY: Okay.
KEVIN: You'll see. I did a bang-up job.
AMY: Okay.
KEVIN: Stop coldly saying "okay" like that.
AMY: Okay.
KEVIN: Amy!
(Amy chuckled.)
AMY: Fine. Fine. You carry on.
KEVIN: Thank you. I will.
(He then pulled a lighter from his pocket.)
KEVIN: Right, let's get this baby lit.
(He then leant forwards, clicking on the lighter. As he did so, however, he heard an all too familiar sucking of the teeth from his wife.)
KEVIN: Stop that!
AMY: Stop what?
KEVIN: Sucking your teeth!
AMY: Oh. Sorry. I didn't even realise I was doing it.
KEVIN: Well you were. Now stop it.

(He then leant further forwards, clicking the lighter again, only to hear her make the same sound again.)

KEVIN: Amy!

AMY: What now?

KEVIN: Fucking stop it!

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: Or not. I don't care. I'm lighting this thing now. Then, when the flames are roaring several feet high, you can explain why you have to be such a dick all the time.

AMY: Charming.

KEVIN: I'm a charmer.

(He then reached inside his pyre and continued to click on his lighter like a mad thing. Alas, the fire refused to light. Undeterred, however, he kept on trying. For several minutes, all he could hear was the click of his lighter and the sound of Amy sucking her teeth. Unsurprisingly, he got extremely annoyed, extremely quickly. As such, he jumped to his feet then kicked out at the fire bitterly. As pieces of wood shot across the grass before them, he then turned and glowered at Amy.)

KEVIN: You know what, woman? You can be really annoying when you want to be!

AMY: Aw, you're too kind.

KEVIN: I am. And as such, I deserve better.

(He then turned to face the broken pyre.)

KEVIN: Now put a sock in it while I rebuild the fire.

AMY: Okay.

KEVIN: Thank you.

AMY: Remember to put the kindling in this time, or you'll never get the bugger lit.

(She then pointed to the collection of pine cones and bracken that Kevin had collected earlier. Upon seeing it, Kevin could only wince.)

KEVIN: So that's why...

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: And why didn't you tell...

AMY: Because making a fire is a man's job. It's a matter of pride. You'd be failing as a man if I didn't leave it to you. So I did. Like the dutiful wife I am, I allowed you to learn from your own tomfoolery.

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: See? Told you I'm nice.

(Kevin's nostril's flared.)

KEVIN: You know something, Amy...

AMY: Yes. I know how to make a campfire. You?

KEVIN: Amy! For fuck sake...

(His shoulders slumped then he started to laugh.)

KEVIN: You know something else, babe? You can be a total cunt sometimes.

AMY: Ouch!

KEVIN: It's true though. You can be a complete cunt, but for some reason, I can't help finding it endearing.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: Never change.

AMY: I won't. It's not a woman's job to change herself.

(She winked at him.)

AMY: It's her man she has to change.

KEVIN: Well, you're doing a great job, babe. I used to carefree and loving life; you've certainly changed *that*.

AMY: Embrace it, Kev. I'm only just getting started.
KEVIN: Yeah, I'll bet you are.
(They then started to chuckle.)
KEVIN: I'll just put the pyre back to together.
AMY: Kindling first!
KEVIN: I know!
(He rolled his eyes.)
KEVIN: Fucking nag.
(He then set about rebuilding the pyre, chuckling to himself as he did so.)
KEVIN: So...
AMY: Huh?
KEVIN: Not telling me I'd forgotten to put the kindling in...
AMY: You inferred that making a fire was a man's job, almost as if I'd be incapable of doing it. So I decided to let you suffer.
KEVIN: I thought as much. I did word it kind of badly, didn't I?
AMY: You think?
KEVIN: I do, yeah.
(He smiled at her as he set some logs back in place.)
KEVIN: I didn't mean it like that though. I know you too well to even assume for a minute that you're incapable of doing *anything*. Making a fire is well within your means, super woman.
(He nodded.)
KEVIN: It was *me* I wasn't sure about. I've never done it before, you see? And what with making fire being one of man's primal skills, I just felt... I dunno... I'd be letting you down if I didn't do it.
AMY: Right... well... that's fair. Neurotic, but I understand. Though, for future reference, if you'd just *told* me that, I wouldn't have let you try to light the logs with no kindling in there.
KEVIN: Noted.
AMY: Also, for future reference. A woman's primal skills as a homemaker *included* making fires.
KEVIN: What?
AMY: You didn't think women sat in the cave and shivered like idiots until the men came home and lit a fire for them, did you?
KEVIN: Well...
(He grimaced.)
KEVIN: To be honest, I hadn't given it that much thought.
AMY: Evidently.
(She chuckled.)
AMY: Just remember, when they say making fire is one of man's primal skills, they mean *mankind*. Not just men. The human race would have died out if women didn't know how to heat the caves.
KEVIN: Yeah...
(He nodded.)
KEVIN: Noted. Now stop patronising me and prepare to be dazzled.
AMY: I wasn't patronising you, I was educating you!
(She then grimaced.)
AMY: Wow, that really *was* patronising. My bad.
KEVIN: I'm over it. Now, like I said, prepare to be dazzled. The great fire of Kev is ready!

AMY: Then let's see the bugger burn.

KEVIN: Let's!

(He then reached inside the rebuilt pyre and set alight to the kindling with his lighter. Within moments, an orange glow started to emit from the pyre. Satisfied he'd done his job well, Kevin then headed for the log and sat down next to Amy.)

KEVIN: Mission accomplished.

AMY: Yup.

(She smiled.)

AMY: You did an awesome job in the end.

KEVIN: Thank you.

AMY: You're welcome.

(She then leant into him and rested her head on his shoulder.)

AMY: It's been a while since we sat around a campfire.

KEVIN: Yeah. Our honeymoon was the last time.

AMY: That's right. Down on the beach.

KEVIN: Yeah!

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: This one's better.

AMY: Is it?

KEVIN: Yeah, we made this one ourselves.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: And unlike back then, we're the only ones here to enjoy it. I like that.

AMY: Yeah. Me too.

(They then stared hypnotically into the flames for several minutes. In that time, not a word passed between them. In this moment, they were both very much at peace with the world.)

KEVIN: Babe?

AMY: Yeah?

KEVIN: In case I ever forget to tell you this, marrying you was the best mistake I ever made.

AMY: No regrets?

KEVIN: Nope. Not one.

AMY: Aw...

(They shared a brief kiss then Amy glanced over the fire, at the lights from the town below.)

AMY: We should do this kind of thing more often.

KEVIN: Sitting quietly? Yeah, *you* should definitely do more of that.

AMY: Not that, you cheeky shit.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Chilling out and relaxing in front of an open fire. Enjoying the view. It's nice.

KEVIN: Yeah, it is.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: It'll probably be the high point of the rally.

AMY: It could well be. If my calculations are correct, by the time we have to stop we should be on the edge of Mount Sabre. The say the views are incredible from up there.

KEVIN: Yeah?

(Kevin gave her a sideways glance.)

KEVIN: Wait. Your calculations?

AMY: That's right.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: Over the last two days I've spent a fair bit of time planning our route, looking for the safest roads and the best place to stop for the night.

KEVIN: When did you have time to do that?

AMY: Yesterday and today, I just told you that.

KEVIN: But you were at work.

AMY: Yes, but being *at* work doesn't mean I was necessarily *doing* work. And besides, what's Barry gonna do? Sack me? Yes, I was slacking off, but whose fault was that? He's the one who dragged us into this thing.

KEVIN: Well... yeah. I can't argue with that.

AMY: No. Nor could he. So I spent my last two mornings researching what we need to do, then I took two hours for lunch and went home early.

(Kevin started to chuckle.)

KEVIN: That's my girl.

AMY: I was just doing what any sensible person would do.

(She looked to him and nodded.)

AMY: According to the rally organiser's website, there's no set route for this rally, you see? You just have to get to the finishing line as quickly as possible. So planning the route in advance didn't just make sense, it was pretty much imperative.

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: See, I didn't know there was no set route.

AMY: Well you do now.

KEVIN: Right.

(He puffed out.)

KEVIN: It's a good thing you're on the ball, babe. I'd have been looking for direction posts.

AMY: Well there are none.

KEVIN: Good to know.

(He gave her an uneasy glance.)

KEVIN: So what else did your research turn up?

AMY: Not much. All I've done is plan the route. Oh, and I've booked a campsite.

KEVIN: Cool.

(He gave her an impressed glance.)

KEVIN: Seems like you've got it all figured out.

AMY: As best I can, yes. I mean, there's bound to be a few surprises along the way, but the fewer the better.

KEVIN: Definitely. Nice work, babe. I'm lucky to have you.

AMY: I know, right?

(She smirked.)

AMY: I'm way out of your league.

KEVIN: You're...

AMY: Yeah, you definitely punched above your weight when you landed me.

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: Luckily for you, I ignored all the warnings from my friends and family, or we'd never have got together.

KEVIN: Will you...

(He then started to laugh.)

KEVIN: See? See? What did I tell you? You really are a cunt.

AMY: A loveable one though.

KEVIN: Yeah...
(He glanced away.)
KEVIN: But only your mother would ever say that.
AMY: Wrong. *Your* mother said it to.
(She giggled to herself.)
AMY: In fact, she even asked me what I see in you.
KEVIN: Yeah...
(He furrowed his brow.)
KEVIN: My mum's hilarious.
AMY: She is. She really is.
(She smiled.)
AMY: So, yeah, getting back to the rally, I think we're about as ready as we're gonna get.
KEVIN: Yeah?
AMY: Pretty much. I mean, a little more practice before we go isn't going to hurt, but for the main, I think we're pretty much there.
KEVIN: Cool.
(He nodded firmly.)
KEVIN: I'm feeling confident now, Amy.
AMY: What?
KEVIN: About the rally.
AMY: Good.
KEVIN: The fact you've done all that research and thought things through for both of us is a weight off my mind.
(He nodded.)
KEVIN: I don't have to worry now. It seems to me that, but for a few minor details...
(He smirked knowingly.)
KEVIN: We're good to go.

The night before the rally was due to start, Amy and Kevin bundled through the front door of their house, weighed down with shopping. It was their second trip to and from the car. Having visited several warehouse stores and three supermarkets, they were confident they'd have all the supplies they needed for the trip. Placing all their bags down in the kitchen, Amy was very much content with their haul. Kevin, however, he had questions.

KEVIN: Babe?
AMY: Yes?
KEVIN: The heated cushions you bought were inspired. They'll go a long way to stopping us cramping up on the long drive. Good thinking.
AMY: Thank you.
KEVIN: Buying a flare gun in case we get lost was also an excellent idea.
AMY: Well, I thought so.
KEVIN: The deep fat fryer on the other hand... I don't see how that's going to be of any use in a rally.
AMY: It won't be, silly. We're not taking it with us.
(She shrugged.)
AMY: I just wanted one. And it was twenty percent off.
KEVIN: Right... so not even remotely rally related whatsoever then.
AMY: Correct.

(Kevin grimaced.)

KEVIN: So, the bedside cabinets we just bought...

AMY: Our old ones are looking tatty now.

KEVIN: I see. And the clothes horse...

AMY: Might come in handy one day.

KEVIN: Gotcha. So *none* of that stuff's rally related.

AMY: That's right.

KEVIN: Okay...

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Have we got *any* money left this month?

AMY: Of course we have.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Don't be such a grouch.

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: We had a lot of shopping to do for the trip, so I figured we might as well get a few other household items that we need while we're there.

KEVIN: And we *need* a clothes horse, do we?

AMY: We might. If they dryer breaks down.

KEVIN: And will it?

AMY: Probably not.

KEVIN: Then...

AMY: But it might!

KEVIN: Right...

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: You spend it faster than we can earn it.

AMY: Oh, quit whining you.

KEVIN: I wasn't whining, I was remarking.

AMY: In a whiny voice.

KEVIN: Whiny?

AMY: Yes. Now help me sort this shopping out.

KEVIN: Fine.

AMY: Sort out which foods we're taking then we can put the chilled things in the portable mini-fridge we bought.

KEVIN: Righto.

AMY: Then I'll sort out our bedding.

KEVIN: Roger.

AMY: Oh, and make sure to pack all the snacks.

KEVIN: All the snacks?

AMY: Every snack we own.

KEVIN: Best wife ever.

AMY: I know.

(Just then, the doorbell rang. Not expecting anybody, Kevin raised a quizzical eyebrow.)

KEVIN: Who's that?

AMY: I don't know, love. If only there was a way to find out.

(Kevin glowered at her then headed for the front door.)

KEVIN: There's no need for that, woman. Sarcastic harpy. Out of order.

AMY: Nobody forced you to marry me.

KEVIN: That's not what *I* tell people.

(He then stepped up to the front door and yanked it open. Much to his horror, Barry was standing on the other side.)

BARRY: Kevin!!!

KEVIN: What do you...

(Barry then barged his way inside and headed up the hallway.)

KEVIN: Want?

(He then pushed the door shut and hurried after him. Moments later, they both entered the kitchen, where Barry helped himself to a stool.)

BARRY: How do, ladies.

KEVIN: Very funny.

BARRY: Thanks.

(He nodded towards their plethora of shopping bags.)

BARRY: So, been shopping have you?

AMY: No. We don't believe in cupboards, so we just dump everything on the countertop and leave it there forever.

(Barry grimaced at Kevin.)

BARRY: She's a bit sarcastic, your missus.

KEVIN: Really? I hadn't noticed.

BARRY: Right...

(He clapped his hands together excitedly.)

BARRY: So, you all set for tomorrow?

AMY: Does it look like it?

BARRY: Nope.

KEVIN: We're not far off. We just need to load the car, that's all.

BARRY: Gotcha. Good stuff. And how are you finding the car?

AMY: We just go outside and it's there on the driveway, waiting for us.

BARRY: And the sass just keeps on coming.

KEVIN: That's my Amy.

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: As for the car, it's fine. Quick, easy to manoeuvre. Very easy, actually. I love the handling.

BARRY: So you're happy with it then?

KEVIN: Yeah. Why?

BARRY: Just asking.

(He beamed.)

BARRY: Not that it'll make any difference. Even if you and the car were as one, man and machine in perfect harmony, you'd still find a way to lose.

KEVIN: Is that so?

BARRY: It is, yes.

(He shrugged.)

BARRY: Let's face it, mate; you're a born loser. You haven't met a single challenge I've given you, and you probably never will.

KEVIN: Seriously, Barry? You came all the way here just to call me a loser?

BARRY: Pretty much, yeah. It's the night before the big race. Of course, I'm going to taunt you.

KEVIN: You've had all day to do that.

BARRY: We were at work, Kevin. I never mix business with the pleasure of taunting losers.

KEVIN: You taunt me at work all the fucking time.

BARRY: Well, yeah, but I was busy with meetings all day, so I didn't get the chance.

AMY: So you came over here in the evening, in your spare time...

BARRY: What can I tell you, Amy? It's called dedication to the cause.
(He nodded then slid off the stool.)

BARRY: And now my work here is done.
(He then started to head down the hallway.)

BARRY: I'll see you at the starting line tomorrow.
(He smirked.)

BARRY: And the day after that, I'll be waiting at the finishing line for you. For several hours, probably.
(Kevin shook his head then followed him down the hallway.)

KEVIN: One day that cockiness is gonna come back and haunt you, mate.

BARRY: As long as you're my rival, Kevin, I severely doubt that.
(He then ripped open the front door, paced through it then closed it behind him. Halfway down the hallway, Kevin shook his head then paced back into the kitchen.)

KEVIN: He's such a cunt.

AMY: I know. I fucking know.
(She sneered.)

AMY: I'd love it if we beat him, Kev. I'd fucking love it. I tell you, he wouldn't hear the end of it.

KEVIN: Yeah.
(He nodded sternly, a ferocious snarl starting to develop.)

KEVIN: Then let's make sure we do.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I'll get this shopping sorted out. You sort out the bedding. Let's get the car packed and ready, then bag ourselves a good night's sleep. I want to be wide awake tomorrow morning, babe. I want us to be psyched and ready to go. That fucker needs taking down a peg or two.
(Matching his intensity, Amy clenched her fist.)

AMY: He does. He really fucking does.
(She growled.)

AMY: I'll get that fucking bedding sorted. Right now.

KEVIN: That's the spirit.
(He then stepped up to the shopping bags and proceeded to sift through them.)

KEVIN: The sooner we're ready, the happier I'll be.
(He sneered.)

KEVIN: That cunt, Barry, is going down!!!

At ten o'clock on the morning of the race, Kevin and Amy's car headed slowly into the disused car park where the rally was due to commence. As they advanced forth, up ahead of them they could see a banner belonging to the event organisers and four similar cars, parked in various spots about the area. Watching on with wide-eyes, Amy could only grimace.

AMY: Suddenly it all seems very real, Kev.

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He gulped.)

KEVIN: I've been psyched all morning; aching to get going. Now I'm starting to feel a bit nervous.

AMY: I can relate to that, believe me.

(A short while later, the car emerged into the wide parking area where everyone involved with the rally had gathered. Feeling quite unsure of himself, Kevin grimaced.)

KEVIN: What now?

AMY: I dunno. Park, I suppose. An organiser can fill us in.

KEVIN: Yeah, that'll work.

(With that, he led the car to an empty space, put on the handbrake then sat back.)

KEVIN: Okay then... let's go and see...

(He then glanced in his rear view mirror and flinched.)

KEVIN: Hang on! Barry's storming over here and he does *not* look happy.

AMY: With any luck his cock fell off in the night.

KEVIN: Babe!

AMY: What?

(Kevin started to laugh.)

KEVIN: We should be so lucky.

(With that, he wound down the window then glanced out of it, just as Barry arrived at the side of the vehicle.)

KEVIN: What's wrong with y...

BARRY: What's wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong. My fucking car, that's what's wrong.

KEVIN: What are you on about?

BARRY: Engine issues.

(He shook his head.)

BARRY: A team of engineers are working on it now.

KEVIN: And if they can't fix it?

BARRY: Oh, they'll fix it. Even if they have to replace the entire fucking engine.

KEVIN: They can do that, can they?

BARRY: Of course.

(He furrowed his brow.)

BARRY: That's not even the issue. The issue is I've got to wait around like a cunt. Doing nothing. I'm anxious to get going.

(He then stormed away with a look of fury on his face. Watching him go in the car's mirrors, neither Amy nor Kevin could contain their smirks.)

AMY: He's such a knob.

KEVIN: Brilliant, isn't it?

AMY: He's having a strop. Like a pathetic child.

KEVIN: Right?

(He beamed.)

KEVIN: A head-start, babe.

AMY: Yeah. Not that it'll make any difference. It's not the first to finish, after all. It's your overall time that matters.

KEVIN: Fuck. Good point.

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: But still, the fact he's flustered means he's gonna drive like a twat and make mistakes.

AMY: Yeah? Good, good.

(She bit her lip.)

AMY: We kind of *need* him to make mistakes if we want to beat him. Having done it before, he probably knows a few back-road shortcuts.

KEVIN: True. Let's hope his mistakes are really serious ones then.

AMY: I already am.

(Just then, an event organiser appeared at Kevin's window, scaring the living daylights out of them both.)

ORGANISER: Hello there!

KEVIN: Argh!!!

AMY: Fuck off!!!

ORGANISER: Excuse me?

(Catching their breath, Amy and Kevin looked to him and grimaced.)

KEVIN: Sorry.

AMY: Yeah. You scared the crap out of us and we... well...

KEVIN: Reacted.

ORGANISER: I see.

(He winced.)

ORGANISER: I do apologise.

KEVIN: It's fine. Sorry for screaming at you.

AMY: And I'm sorry I called you a cunt.

ORGANISER: You didn't.

AMY: No, but I thought it.

ORGANISER: What?

AMY: Sorry. I was startled.

ORGANISER: Right... well... no harm done.

(He smiled.)

ORGANISER: You must be Kevin and Amy.

KEVIN: Correct.

AMY: Not necessarily in that order, but those are our names, yes.

ORGANISER: It's in order of driver then co-driver.

AMY: Right. Then that's correct.

(She chuckled.)

AMY: I thought it was in order of importance.

(Kevin gave a stifled laugh.)

KEVIN: Babe, if this car had an ejector seat...

ORGANISER: Um...

KEVIN: Right, yeah. Sorry, mate. What were you gonna say?

ORGANISER: I just wanted to go over the rules of the rally with you one last time before we set out.

AMY: No need; we've memorised them.

ORGANISER: Actually, it's mandatory.

AMY: In that case, we're all ears.

ORGANISER: Right.

(He glanced at his clipboard then proceeded to read.)

ORGANISER: Okay, your rally begins when your car is given the green flag.

AMY: And who do we get that from?

KEVIN: He means we start when the race officials wave the green flag for us to go.

AMY: Oh. Right. I actually knew that.

ORGANISER: Your race ends when you pass the chequered flag.

KEVIN: Okay.

ORGANISER: If a race official messages you to say red flag it means the race is suspended. He'll inform you as to why. Okay?

KEVIN: Gotcha.

ORGANISER: And if he says black flag, you're disqualified. Again, he'll inform you as to why?

AMY: Okay.

ORGANISER: Also, outside help is not permitted. Once the race begins, the two of you must finish it alone.

AMY: Uh-huh.

ORGANISER: If your car breaks down and you *can't* finish, then you can alert officials on the race's chat group. But only if you're stuck and need help! That's literally *all* you're allowed to contact them about.

AMY: We know. We're on our own. That's why we bought a flare gun; just in case.

ORGANISER: Good thinking.

(He nodded.)

ORGANISER: Now, most importantly, there's a limit to how many hours you can drive. The car can be in motion for no longer than twelve hours per day. And you must stop for at least eight hours overnight!

KEVIN: What? This is new.

AMY: No, it isn't. It was in the handbook.

KEVIN: Right...

ORGANISER: The cars feature satellite technology, so we know exactly how long you were on the road for. And how long you stopped for.

(He grinned.)

ORGANISER: They also feature tachometers. Just so we know how many tacos you ate.

KEVIN: Huh?

AMY: He was joking, babe.

KEVIN: Right. He doesn't seem like the jokey type.

AMY: Maybe you read him wrong.

KEVIN: Yeah, maybe.

ORGANISER: Hello?

KEVIN: Oh, yeah. Sorry, you were saying?

ORGANISER: I was just going to give you some advice now you know the rules.

AMY: We already knew the rules.

ORGANISER: And yet I'm going to advise you anyway.

AMY: How kind.

ORGANISER: Thank you.

(He nodded.)

ORGANISER: Time your drive well. Get to a campsite as close to twelve hours into your trip as you can. And if you drive for twelve hours and two minutes, you'll get a time penalty upon arrival. Try to avoid that at all costs.

KEVIN: Good thinking.

AMY: It was, yes, but *I'd* already thought of it.

KEVIN: Then well done to both of you.

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: For pity's sake.

AMY: What? It just makes sense. If you can only legally be on the move for twelve hours, timing it so you get as *far* as you can, as *close* to the time limit as possible, just makes sense.

ORGANISER: I does, yes.

AMY: See?

KEVIN: I wasn't even disputing it!

AMY: Then why roll your eyes at me?
KEVIN: Because you're like a child.
(He mocked her voice.)
KEVIN: I already thought of that.
(He furrowed his brow.)
KEVIN: There was no need to make the poor man feel silly.
ORGANISER: She didn't.
KEVIN: Shut up, this isn't about you.
ORGANISER: Yes it is.
KEVIN: Mate!
AMY: Kevin!
KEVIN: What?
AMY: Behave.
KEVIN: You're not the boss of me.
AMY: Kevin!!!
(Kevin seemed to shrink at this point. He then glowered at the steering wheel.)
KEVIN: Whatever.
ORGANISER: Right then. If you're ready to go, give me a shout then head for the starting line. We'll start your race whenever you're ready.
AMY: We'll go now!
ORGANISER: Really?
KEVIN: Really?
AMY: Why the hell not? Beats sitting her getting nervous.
(Kevin mused to himself.)
KEVIN: She's right, you know? We'll go now.
ORGANISER: Very well.
(He pointed to an exit to the car park.)
ORGANISER: Head for the exit there and stop at the red line. Once you see the green flag...
AMY: We know.
ORGANISER: Right.
(He smiled.)
ORGANISER: Good luck.
(He then strutted away, grumbling under his breath.)
ORGANISER: Fucking know it all's. They think they know... it all.
(With that, he rolled his eyes then waved to the officials at the starting line, before pointing them at Kevin and Amy's car. Receiving a thumbs up in return, he then headed for the side of the car park where Barry was watching on with an empty expression on his face.)
BARRY: Car eight is leaving, is it?
ORGANISER: Sorry, what?
BARRY: Car eight. Kevin and Amy's motor. Is it leaving?
ORGANISER: Ah. Yes. Yes, it is.
(He raised a curious eyebrow.)
ORGANISER: They're the friends *you* invited, are they not?
BARRY: That's right.
ORGANISER: They seem... nice.
BARRY: They are. They're also extremely highly-strung and ridiculously easy to wind-up. Which means they're great fun to play with.
ORGANISER: Right...

BARRY: What? Do you think that makes me a bad friend?

ORGANISER: It's not my place to comment.

BARRY: I agree.

(He then watched as Kevin and Amy's car passed him. Amy was giving him a cocky wave from the window.)

BARRY: There they go.

(He grinned.)

BARRY: Look at that smarmy expression on her face.

(He then proceeded to laugh out loud.)

BARRY: She's so going to rue doing that.

(He then continued to chuckle as car eight pulled up to the starting line. Oblivious to Barry's mirth, Kevin and Amy sat there with the engine running, staring out of the front window in bewilderment.)

AMY: So what's gonna happen?

KEVIN: Dunno. Which one's gonna wave the flag?

AMY: I have no idea. Maybe we have to signal them and tell them we're ready first.

KEVIN: I think the fact we're sitting here at the starting line is pretty much all the evidence they need of that, babe.

AMY: Yes, but maybe...

(Just then, one of the officials raised a green flag and waved it at them frantically. At the same time, all the other officials bellowed at them to "go, go, go".)

KEVIN: I'm gonna take that as a sign!

AMY: I think that's a fair assumption to make, babes.

KEVIN: Right?

(He then slung the car in gear and they whizzed off down the car park exit road towards the main road. Their race had begun!)

Upon reaching the main road, Kevin manoeuvred the vehicle as quickly as he could into the far lane then put his foot to the floor. The road was extremely quiet and he was eager to make the most of it. Amy approved. As far as she was concerned, failing to make the most of *any* opportunity to maximise their speed would be foolhardy. Beating Barry would be difficult enough as first timers *without* letting such opportunities slip through their fingers. Every chance had to be taken. Well aware of this, Kevin stared hard at the road. Driving at high speed without endangering life would take the utmost concentration and he very much knew it. Equally focussed, Amy stared down the road ahead, periodically glancing at her map. She was utterly determined not to make any mistakes. One missed turn after all, could kill their chances stone dead.

Maintaining her steely focus as the first few miles passed, Amy held a fierce sneer on her face. As soon as she spotted a deviation in the route, she wanted to be on it in a flash. As the next couple of miles passed, however, her sneer turned into a grimace. Swiftly glancing down at the map, she flicked over the page then pouted bitterly.

AMY: Kevin!

KEVIN: Not now. Driving.

AMY: I know that. It's just...

KEVIN: Focus on the map, babe. Unless it's something urgent, I don't need to know.

AMY: But it *is* urgent!

KEVIN: Oh?

AMY: We haven't got to turn off for seventy miles.

KEVIN: And?

AMY: And...

(She ruffled her neck indignantly.)

AMY: I've got nothing to do until then.

(Kevin furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: And that's your life and death emergency, is it?

AMY: No.

(She pouted.)

AMY: I never said it was a life and death emergency. I said it was urgent.

KEVIN: How? How the hell is *that* urgent? You even *said* there'd be periods when we'd be driving in a straight line for a long time, leaving you nothing to do. So how is it urgent? It's not even unforeseen!

AMY: Right. I see.

(She glanced out of the window and furrowed her brow.)

AMY: What you're saying is, you don't care about me.

KEVIN: How the hell did you reach *that* conclusion???

AMY: Logically.

KEVIN: Right...

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Care to share this logic with a grown up?

AMY: Don't mock me, fart face.

KEVIN: Fart face?

AMY: What I said was perfectly logical!

KEVIN: In what universe?

AMY: This one!

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: To *me*, it was urgent. Being bored is very unsettling and I *urgently* wanted to share my discomfort with the man who periodically claims to love me.

KEVIN: Periodically?

AMY: You heard!

(She pouted.)

AMY: Unfortunately for me, the man who laughingly claims to love me doesn't *care* about my pain. My feelings are meaningless to him.

(She sneered.)

AMY: I *am* my feelings, Kevin! So if you don't care about *them*, then logically, you don't care about *me* either!

(Kevin gave her a condescending glance.)

AMY: Look at the road!

KEVIN: Fine!

(He faced the road then ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: I'd *rather* concentrate on the road than listen to your nonsense anyway.

AMY: Excuse me?

KEVIN: I said I don't want to listen to your nonsense! And before you say it, it *is* nonsense. Adding the word *logically* to the sentence doesn't alter that fact! You can't just say *logically* and expect your words to magically become legitimate. If it was that easy, I'd tell Barry that *logically*, he should give me a hundred percent pay rise and he'd have to give it to me.

(Amy glowered at him.)

AMY: You're mean!

KEVIN: Am I now?

AMY: Yes! All I did was tell you I'm bored.

KEVIN: You also told me it was urgent!

AMY: And I already explained that! It was perfectly...

KEVIN: Logical?

AMY: Yes.

(Kevin took a deep breath then sighed.)

KEVIN: Fine... look... I'm very sorry to hear that you're bored.

AMY: Don't patronise me!

KEVIN: I was sympathising!

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: What else can I do? Other than sympathising what is there? We're in a race, Amy! I'm not gonna pull over and entertain you with some juggling and a tap dancing routine now, am I?

AMY: Of course not.

(She glanced away coldly.)

AMY: You can't *do* either of those things anyway.

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: Not that an inability to do something *normally* stops you. Golf, Tennis, Darts...

KEVIN: Low blow!

AMY: That's what you get for being mean to your loving wife in her time of need.

KEVIN: Time of need?

(He released an exasperated sigh.)

KEVIN: Look, if you're bored take some photos or something.

AMY: Why? So we can remember this glorious argument forever?

KEVIN: No...

(He then started to chuckle.)

KEVIN: You're a pain in the arse, you are.

AMY: How sweet.

(Kevin smiled.)

KEVIN: Look, I know it's not much fun right now, just sitting there with no way of contributing, but your time will come. You're gonna be busy once we get to the countryside. And it'll be stressful. So why not just relax for a bit, yeah?

(Amy smiled.)

AMY: There he is.

KEVIN: Who?

AMY: The *nice* man I married. He'd have said that straight away when I told him I was bored. He wouldn't have ranted at me about how unimportant my feelings are first.

KEVIN: That's not what I did.

AMY: Well, you *kinda* did. But it's okay. I'll let you off.

KEVIN: How very generous.

AMY: What can I tell you? I'm a philatelist.

KEVIN: A philanthropist.

AMY: Why? What did *I* say?

KEVIN: Philatelist.

AMY: Right...

(She chuckled.)

AMY: I always get those two mixed up.

KEVIN: I know. That's how I knew what you meant.
(Amy smiled.)
AMY: Okay, fine. I'll take your advice and relax for a bit.
KEVIN: That's my girl.
AMY: Then I'll be ready for the tricky bit.
KEVIN: That's the plan.
AMY: Yup.
(She then nodded and reclined her chair slightly.)
AMY: That's better.
KEVIN: Good, good. Just chill out for a while then let me know when the turn off is later on.
AMY: Now that I can do.
(She then nestled back into her seat. Delighted to have finally pacified her, Kevin nodded then focussed hard on the road.)
KEVIN: Babe?
AMY: Hmm?
KEVIN: Now we've passed the traffic there isn't another car in sight.
AMY: Okay.
KEVIN: So, I'm going to floor it for a bit.
(Amy glanced at him nervously.)
AMY: Fine. Just... be careful.
KEVIN: I always am.
AMY: Good. Keep it up.
KEVIN: I will.
(He then licked his lips with fiendish delight.)
KEVIN: I hope your bra's fastened tightly, babe, we're about to add some G-force to your double D force.
(He then slammed his foot down on the accelerator.)
KEVIN: Yes! Flawless gear change! And how cool was that line?
(Amy gave him a condescending glance.)
AMY: I'm on my third orgasm as we speak.
KEVIN: Right? That was my best one yet.
AMY: Right...
(She then rolled her eyes and slouched in her seat a bit.)
AMY: Just focus on not crashing. And don't worry about anything else. I'll let you know when the turn off it, so just... drive. Nothing else.
KEVIN: Now that I can do.
(He then exhaled with delight.)
KEVIN: Love it.

Very much his element, Kevin did his utmost to keep his car on the limit as often as possible. He'd always slow down when other cars were around him, but every time the road was clear, he made sure to floor the accelerator. As a result of his focus and determination, the first fifty miles passed in no time whatsoever. In all that time, Amy never said a word. Delighted that she trusted him to such an extent he allowed himself a smile.

KEVIN: You're doing great, babe.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: The turn off can't be far away now. Or can it?

(He then glanced in the passengers seat. At once, his brow furrowed over. Amy was sitting there with her head tilted back, her mouth wide-open and her eyes closed. She was quite clearly fast asleep.)

KEVIN: You've got to be kidding me!

(He shook his head with annoyance then flicked the indicator. A few moments later, he pulled into a layby then put the handbrake on. Sneering bitterly, he then slammed his palm into the horn. At once, a deafening honking noise rose into the air. Scared witless by it, Amy leapt from her seat. If it hadn't been for the seatbelt, she'd have head-butted the roof.)

AMY: Help!!!

(Flustered and bewildered, she glanced about herself in a panic.)

AMY: What going on? Why did... noise?

KEVIN: Morning.

(Amy looked at him through her bleary eyes.)

AMY: Huh?

KEVIN: In answer to your question, I did noise because you did sleep.

AMY: Why are you talking like an idiot?

KEVIN: You said *why did noise*?

AMY: No, I didn't!

KEVIN: Yes, you did.

AMY: When?

KEVIN: When I woke you up!

(Amy looked to him uneasily for a moment then glanced away.)

AMY: Woke me up? How's that even possible? I wasn't asleep.

KEVIN: You lying little..

AMY: I was resting my eyes!

KEVIN: Wow.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: You were asleep, Amy. I know *exactly* what you look like when you're asleep, remember? I used to like *watching* you sleep when we first met.

AMY: A bit creepy, but okay.

KEVIN: Yeah, well, it *used* to be cute. And it still is *sometimes*. But not when we're in the middle of a fucking rally and you're *supposed* to be navigating!

AMY: Kevin...

KEVIN: Let me say my piece!

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: There's a time and a place for nodding off. Like when you're on a long flight or at the theatre and the play's really boring. Two excellent times to take forty winks. Dozing off whilst taking part in a sporting event, on the other hand, is *not* a good idea. Take the current heavyweight boxing champion, for example. If he'd decided to count sheep in the middle of the sixth round rather than ducking and weaving, there's a fair chance he'd have found himself flat on the canvas, seeing stars. And what about last year's cup final?

(Amy furrowed her brow at him coldly.)

AMY: What about it?

KEVIN: Do you think the winning team's goalkeeper managed to save all those penalties because he was awake and paying attention or because he was nestled in the back of the net with a pillow, snoring while he dreamt of cup glory?

(He gave her a sarcastic glance.)

KEVIN: Take your time, love. It's a tough one.

(Amy sneered back at him.)

AMY: You're sleeping in the spare room tonight!

KEVIN: We're gonna be sleeping in *this car* tonight.

AMY: That's what *you* think!

KEVIN: Babe, I'm just saying, we're in a rally right now and *you're* the navigator!

This is *not* the time to be taking a nap!

(Amy gave him a conceding smile.)

AMY: Fine. Yes. You're right. I can't argue with that.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(He flinched.)

KEVIN: Wait. What? No stroppy comeback?

AMY: Why would I make one of those? I agree wholeheartedly. Falling asleep during a rally is ridiculous.

(She smiled.)

AMY: But *I* was merely resting my eyes.

KEVIN: No, you...

(He gave a sigh of frustration.)

KEVIN: Why are you denying...

AMY: Because I wasn't asleep!

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: So all that sarcasm you just threw at me was entirely needless. It was also extremely mean and you know how much I hate it when you're mean.

(She smiled.)

AMY: But seeing as this is a high pressure situation, I'm happy to let you off for now.

KEVIN: Let me off???

AMY: Yup.

(She nodded towards the road ahead.)

AMY: Anyway, that's enough of this idle chatter. Let's focus on the task in hand, shall we? Racing.

(Kevin stared at her in silent exasperation for a moment then furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Fine. Starting with *you* telling me where the turn off is.

AMY: Now that I can do.

(She then glanced down at her lap.)

AMY: Where's the map?

KEVIN: It slid onto the floor while you were allegedly resting your eyes.

AMY: Right. Of course it did. I remember.

(She then stooped to retrieve the map from the footwell while Kevin shook his head at her.)

KEVIN: Unbelievable.

AMY: Got it!

(She sat up then straightened out the map before her.)

AMY: Right, so... the turn off is there and we're where?

KEVIN: I don't know, love. I tell you what, why don't we ask the navigator?

(He then leaned in closer and looked into her unimpressed eyes.)

KEVIN: Where are we, navigator?

AMY: You're so not funny.

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: And look at the road, will you? How many times?

KEVIN: I don't need to look at the road, love; we've stopped!

(Amy flinched then glanced out of the window.)

AMY: Oh, my god. When did that happen?

KEVIN: While you were asleep! I had to pull over to wake you up!

AMY: I wasn't asleep!

(She ruffled her neck then continued in a small voice.)

AMY: I was just concentrating on the map so hard, I didn't *notice* you pull over.

KEVIN: Oh. Right. Concentrating on the map, were you?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: I thought you were resting your eyes.

AMY: Um...

KEVIN: Which one was it?

(Amy gaped for a moment as she tried to think of something to say. Defeated she blushed then offered Kevin an apologetic grin.)

AMY: I'm not gonna win this one, am I?

KEVIN: So you admit you dozed off?

AMY: I may have done, yes. Just a little bit.

KEVIN: Thank you.

AMY: You're welcome.

(She nodded.)

AMY: There. You win. Happy?

(Kevin smiled.)

KEVIN: Nope. Because I *didn't* win, did I? I never do. I know for a fact there'll be reprisals for this. There always is.

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: I even lose when I win.

AMY: Yeah... you married a wrong'un.

KEVIN: Tell me about it.

AMY: No, thanks. I'm already telling a therapist.

(Kevin looked to her emptily for a moment then started to laugh.)

KEVIN: Babe, just tell me where the fucking turning is.

AMY: I'd love to, but... you know... I have no idea where we are.

KEVIN: We've just passed a turn off for the village of Cowbridge.

(Amy nodded then stared hard at the map.)

AMY: Wait. I'll just... Cowbridge... Cowbridge... a-ha!

(She nodded.)

AMY: It's ten miles further down this road. Easy right turn at the Peppershead roundabout.

KEVIN: I see. Thank you.

AMY: You're welcome.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Can I go back to sleep now?

KEVIN: Amy!

(The two of them started to giggle.)

KEVIN: Let's go, shall we? We've lost enough time as it is.

AMY: Right? What *were* you thinking?

KEVIN: I was thinking I needed to wake up my bloody navigator!

AMY: And you had to pull over to do that?

KEVIN: Well...

AMY: Only it seems to me, you could have just nudged me or raised your voice.

KEVIN: I...

AMY: But no, you'd rather pull over and be mean to me.

KEVIN: I just wanted to be clear that you can't sleep during this race.
AMY: Which you *could* have done on the move.
(She nodded.)
AMY: So I don't want to hear *a word* about this little break being *my* fault.
KEVIN: It was...
AMY: Entirely your choice, I know.
(She smiled.)
AMY: Now stop wasting valuable time and get moving, will you?
KEVIN: Fine.
(He ruffled his neck.)
KEVIN: Just don't doze off again.
AMY: Or what? You'll needlessly cost us racing time again?
KEVIN: No. I...
(He shook his head.)
KEVIN: I give up.
AMY: I'm glad.
KEVIN: Let's just...
(He sighed.)
KEVIN: Go.
(He then set the car in motion again and pulled into the outer lane.)
KEVIN: Right...
AMY: Aw, crap.
KEVIN: I hope your underwear's insured, babe, because I'm about to increase your premiums!
(He then put his foot flat to the floor, while simultaneously head-butting the steering wheel.)
KEVIN: What the fuck was that? It didn't even make sense!!!
AMY: And the others did?
KEVIN: That was rubbish!
AMY: It was, yes.
KEVIN: Let me try again.
AMY: No! God, no!
(She forced a fake smile.)
AMY: There's no need. If they're not spontaneous they're not romantic.
KEVIN: Well... yeah.
(Amy glanced away and mumbled under her breath.)
AMY: Not that they're romantic anyway, but...
KEVIN: What?
AMY: Nothing.
KEVIN: Right.
(He smiled.)
KEVIN: I'll just make up for it by doing a better one later.
AMY: Great. I can't even *begin* to tell you how excited I'm pretending to be.
KEVIN: Good, good.
(He then nodded down the road ahead.)
KEVIN: Right then, let's make this a long session, babe. We're younger and fitter than that cunt Barry, so we should use it to our advantage. He'll be stopping every fifty miles because he's got backache.
AMY: I doubt it. He's in really good shape.
KEVIN: Is he though?

AMY: Whooped you at squash, didn't he?
(Kevin ruffled his neck indignantly.)
KEVIN: That just means he's better at squash.
AMY: Right...
KEVIN: Well he's not better at me than driving. We're gonna whoop him, babe.
You mark my words.
AMY: Here's hoping, Kevin.
KEVIN: Nope. No hoping, Amy. Let's *make* it happen.
AMY: That's the spirit.
(She smiled.)
AMY: You show him, Kev.
KEVIN: Babe... I don't mind if I do.

Having continued on down the long, straight road for a good few minutes longer, Kevin spotted a sign up ahead that brought him much joy. They were approaching the Peppershead roundabout. Before he could comment on how glad he was to be saying farewell to such a boring, linear road, however, Amy spoke up with urgency in her voice.

AMY: Easy right up ahead. Third turning at the roundabout.

KEVIN: Okay.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: Now you sound like a navigator.

(Amy furrowed her brow.)

AMY: And *you* sound like you're patronising me.

KEVIN: Right.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Well, I can assure you I wasn't.

AMY: Good.

KEVIN: I was just saying you did a good job.

AMY: Aw.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Now pat me on the head and give me a biscuit.

KEVIN: Amy...

(Amy chuckled playfully.)

AMY: I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

KEVIN: I see.

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: Very witty.

(He then glanced at the road sign again.)

KEVIN: Wait. Third turnoff?

AMY: That's right.

KEVIN: That'll bring us back onto *this* road again!

AMY: What?

KEVIN: There are only two other roads on that roundabout. If I take the third, therefore, I'll be back on *this* road, heading back the way we came.

AMY: No, you won't!

KEVIN: Yes, I will.

AMY: Kevin, it's the third turnoff. The little road.

(Kevin gave her a condescending glance.)

KEVIN: Amy, the road sign doesn't lie. The third turnoff is a fucking U-turn!

AMY: No, there's a tiny country lane. It says so on my map.

KEVIN: Are you sure?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: Hmm...

(He bit his lip.)

KEVIN: Maybe *I* should have a look at that map of yours.

(Amy leant away from him, scowling as she shielded the map like a prisoner protecting his dinner.)

AMY: No!

KEVIN: Amy...

(Amy growled at him.)

AMY: Kevin, so help me, if you doubt me again, I'm going home. I'll get out of the car and get a taxi home on *your* credit card!

KEVIN: Don't be like that, babe.

AMY: I *will* be like that! I'm the navigator and I'm telling you there's a turnoff that's not *on* your silly road sign. A country road that eventually leads to the mountains.

KEVIN: And you're a hundred percent certain, are you?

AMY: Yes!!!

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: Clearly they're the grasslands we were told about.

(She then snarled.)

AMY: But more to the point, if we drive past it because you're doing your doubting dimwit routine again, I'm done.

KEVIN: Doubting dimwit???

AMY: You heard me! Twice in the past we've arrived at our hotel *after* they've stopped serving dinner, because *you* ignored my directions! Twice!!! It's bloody insulting! Just trust me for once!

KEVIN: Right...

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Okay... but if we end up in someone's private driveway...

AMY: Then it'll be *my* mistake! An *innocent* mistake, but *you'll* be in the clear! If we miss the turn because you trust your navigator about as much as you'd trust a cannibal to give you a blowjob, on the other hand, then that's on you. And I *will* go home!

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: There's no point in me being here if you're just gonna ignore me.

(Kevin sighed.)

KEVIN: Fine.

(He then shook his head.)

KEVIN: I apologise.

AMY: Apology acceptance pending.

KEVIN: Okay...

(He gave her a nervous smile.)

KEVIN: I just wasn't sure, that's all. I'm going by the road sign and there *is* no tiny country road on it.

AMY: Then it's a good thing I'm here, isn't it?

KEVIN: Conformation pending.

AMY: Kevin...

KEVIN: Babe... look... it's this simple. If you're right, I'm a twat and I'll never doubt you again. I'll even offer up a grovelling apology. But if you're wrong, I expect the same level of contrition from you.

AMY: Fine. I'm happy to accept that, because I'm *not* wrong. I never am.

KEVIN: What? Never ever?

AMY: That's right?

KEVIN: So when we played trivial pursuit and you said the elementary canal was in the midlands...

AMY: Don't be a prick!

KEVIN: Right...

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: But just in case we play it again in the future, be advised. A bridge that carries water is an aqueduct. Not a mallard.

AMY: I thought you said duck!

(Kevin chuckled.)

KEVIN: Apparently so.

AMY: Anyway, that's enough about my trivial pursuit mistakes; just focus on the road, will you?

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: And start working on that grovelling apology. I expect at least a paragraph. And make it flattering. I expect to hear words like worship and revere. And something about you not being worthy.

KEVIN: Babe, if you're right, I'll suck up to you like a vacuum cleaner with no off switch.

AMY: Perfect.

KEVIN: Just as you'll have to do if you're wrong.

AMY: Agreed.

KEVIN: Good.

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: Let's see, shall we?

AMY: You will, yes.

KEVIN: I hope so for *your* sake.

AMY: Don't worry about me, I have being correct on my side.

KEVIN: Do you though? Only time will tell.

AMY: Yes, it will. Any moment now, in fact.

(Sure enough, they were just approaching the Peppershead roundabout. Having slowed down to approach it, Kevin smiled then reapplied the accelerator.)

KEVIN: No traffic. Good, good.

AMY: Then here we are. The moment of truth.

(They both then wriggled with discomfort as the car headed around the roundabout. Following Amy's directions, Kevin drove past the first turning then advanced past the second. He then turned bright red and sheepishly steered the car down a dirt track. Amy had been spot on. A tiny sign warning that the road led to the grasslands had confirmed her every word. All he could do was drive down it, squirming with discomfort. Any moment now, Amy was going to start rubbing his nose in it and he wasn't looking forward to it one bit.)

KEVIN: Aw...

(Much to his disbelief, however, a full minute passed and Amy still hadn't said a word. Starting to think he might have got away with it, he sat back and drew a sigh of

relief. A few seconds later, however, as the car raced forth beside an empty field, Amy muttered two simple words. It was enough to crush his soul.)

AMY: I'm waiting.

(Kevin's shoulders slumped.)

KEVIN: Fine. Look... you were right. And... I'll never doubt you again.

AMY: Nope. I said I wanted at least a paragraph.

KEVIN: Babe...

(He then allowed himself a resigned sigh.)

KEVIN: Fuck it. You deserve it. If you *hadn't* pointed that turning out, I'd have fucked off in the wrong direction. So here goes...

AMY: Make it good.

KEVIN: I'll do the best I can.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: The best *I* can! So no, it won't be good, but please know, it could be worse.

AMY: Uh-huh.

KEVIN: Babe, you're the best and I was fool for doubting you. Your navigation skills are first class and by failing to listen to you, I've disgraced myself. Brought shame on the family. I should be flogged. I'm humbled! Well and truly humbled.

AMY: I see...

(She smiled.)

AMY: You know, that was actually pretty good.

KEVIN: It was, wasn't it? I'm quite proud of that.

(He then gave a stifled laugh.)

KEVIN: But my strongest emotion right now isn't shame. It's relief.

AMY: Because we're going in the right direction.

KEVIN: No.

(He blushed.)

KEVIN: Because you threatened to get out and take a taxi home. It'd suck if you did that. The only good thing about this race is that I get to do it with you.

AMY: Yeah?

KEVIN: Yeah. I love spending time with you. You must *know* that, surely.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: Even if we do spend most of our time bickering, it never ends with us falling out. We have a good laugh about it, in fact. So, yeah, even though we'll probably bicker all the way there, the thought of you not being here is miserable.

AMY: Aw...

(She blushed.)

AMY: That's so sweet. Beautiful, actually. You deserve a reward.

(She then slid her backside towards the door before dropping down and laying her head in his lap. Kevin shrieked then instantly righted her again.)

KEVIN: Babe!!!

AMY: What? What's wrong?

KEVIN: We're going at sixty miles per hour on bouncy terrain!

(He winced.)

KEVIN: One jolt from a dangerous pothole and... chomp! Our love life would be well and truly over.

AMY: Eh?

KEVIN: This is not the time to be giving me a blow job!

(Amy started to giggle childishly.)

AMY: I know that, silly. For one, I've got navigating to do. But that's not what I leant over for.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: I dropped my pen!

(She held up the biro she'd retrieve from the floor.)

KEVIN: Oh. When you said I deserve a reward, I thought...

AMY: That can wait until tonight.

KEVIN: Cool.

(He beamed.)

KEVIN: I'll look forward to it.

AMY: And you won't be disappointed.

KEVIN: I never am.

(Amy then started to giggle.)

AMY: I cant believe you thought I was offering you in-car oral. And I can't believe you said no. I never thought I'd see the day when *you* say no to a blowjob.

(Kevin giggled with her.)

KEVIN: I'll say no every time when your teeth are in danger of becoming a bloody guillotine and any given moment.

AMY: Wise.

(She chuckled.)

AMY: Not that you *usually* complain when I swallow it.

KEVIN: That's because it's not normally permanent.

AMY: Fair enough.

(They giggled some more then Amy exhaled.)

AMY: We really do have fun together, don't we?

KEVIN: Yup. Even our worst times are packed with fun moments.

AMY: They are.

KEVIN: And you know the best part?

AMY: Ninety degree left turn into a small woodland, possible ford through the middle of it.

KEVIN: Eh?

AMY: Directions!

KEVIN: Oh, right, yeah.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: I thought it was a weird answer.

AMY: It wasn't.

KEVIN: Well I know that now, don't I?

AMY: But in answer to your question, the best part is, we've got several more years of fun to come.

KEVIN: Exactly.

(They then shared a long, loving smile.)

AMY: Look at the road!

KEVIN: Right...

Just as Amy had quietly rightly predicted, a minute or so later, the car headed into a small, thin woodland. Much to Kevin's annoyance, however, the dirt track became very narrow on the account of the trees. As a result, he had to slow down to about twenty miles per hour. Suffice to say, he wasn't happy about it.

KEVIN: Fuck sake. This is meant to be a rally. I cycle faster than this!

AMY: You do? When?

KEVIN: When I cycle, obviously!

AMY: You don't cycle. You don't even own a bike!

KEVIN: Yes, I do. It's in the shed!

AMY: Oh.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: *I've* never seen it.

KEVIN: Well, of course not.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: I haven't ridden it for years. Last time I rode it was before we got married.

(He then steered around a tree and furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: But when I did, I went a lot faster than this.

AMY: I'm so glad I never saw that. Men on bicycles are a massive turnoff for me.

(Kevin glanced at her briefly then smirked.)

KEVIN: You *say* that, but in reality, if you'd seen me in my tight Lycra shorts, you'd have thrown your knickers away and begged me to take you, there and then.

AMY: I can assure you I wouldn't.

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: Bloody right you wouldn't. I looked like a right tit. I only wore them once.

Tried them on, decided I looked like a bell end then threw them in the bin.

AMY: An excellent life decision.

(She chuckled.)

AMY: You'd still be single if you'd decided to keep them.

(Kevin sighed with frustration.)

KEVIN: Yup. Who'd have thought it, eh? Happiness was only a pair of cycling shorts away.

(He thumped the steering wheel.)

KEVIN: And I had them, right there, in the palm of my hand.

(He then grinned at Amy. Briefly. Her scowl very quickly wiped his grin right off the other side of his face.)

KEVIN: Right... yeah... well... I'm joking, obviously.

AMY: And it was hilarious.

KEVIN: For some reason, I'm doubting the sincerity of that statement.

AMY: I wonder why.

(She then glanced at her map again.)

AMY: There's what looks like a ford up ahead.

KEVIN: Yup, I see it.

(He exhaled.)

KEVIN: Once we're past these last few trees, I can speed up and hit it full on.

AMY: Is that wise?

KEVIN: Um... I don't know. Is it *unwise* then?

AMY: I don't know. Are you meant to cross them quickly or slowly?

KEVIN: I have no idea.

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: But I'm guessing you should go quickly. You know, so the momentum can carry us through.

AMY: Isn't that what tyres are for?

KEVIN: Well, yeah, but only when assisted by forward thrust.

AMY: I see.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: I genuinely have no idea, so I'll take your word for that.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Okay... one more pair of trees to squeeze past and we're good to go. Amy, hold onto your...

AMY: Not again...

KEVIN: Don't interrupt, babe, this is important.

AMY: To whom?

KEVIN: Let me finish.

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: What I was trying to say is, hold on to something and brace yourself, it'll be a bit bouncy. Oh, and wind your window up.

AMY: Right. Yes. Good call.

(She then pressed the button to close her window.)

AMY: I thought you were doing another one of your silly dramatic statements for a minute.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: I said...

KEVIN: Tell me in a minute, babe; we're clear of the trees now, so I'm going for it.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: I hope you shaved your biff this morning, babe, because I'm about to mow this fucker down.

(He then put his foot to the floor and sped towards a shallow ford, roughly twenty metres across.)

KEVIN: Yes! That was awesome! Double awesome, in fact! It *more* than made up for the last debacle!

AMY: In what way? It wasn't even relevant!

KEVIN: Yes, it was!!!

AMY: How? Who are you mowing down???

KEVIN: The ford!

AMY: You're not mowing it down, you're...

(She flinched.)

AMY: But what's that got to do with my personal grooming?

KEVIN: Shaving! Mowing! They're virtually the same thing!

AMY: Right...

KEVIN: Hmm... maybe it was too subtle for you.

(Amy gave him her most unimpressed glance.)

AMY: Yes... that was the problem.

KEVIN: Well it must have been, because that was pure poetry.

AMY: Poetry?

KEVIN: Yes!

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Right. Brace yourself! Here we go!!!

(Amy shrieked then grabbed hold of the handle above the door with both hands. As she did so, Kevin snarled then ploughed into the shallow ford. Barely fazed by it, the extremely powerful vehicle zoomed forth straight through it. Within seconds they were out of the other side again having barely slowed.)

AMY: Ooh. That went well.

(Soaked from head to foot, Kevin could only sigh.)

KEVIN: Yeah... that was perfect.
(Amy looked to him and flinched.)
AMY: You're soaked!
KEVIN: Really? I didn't know!
AMY: How did...
(She then offered him a pitying glance.)
AMY: You forgot to wind your window up, didn't you?
KEVIN: What gave it away???
(Amy smiled warmly.)
AMY: The fact your window's open and you're soaked from the chest upwards.
KEVIN: You have a good eye, detective.
(He groaned.)
KEVIN: We didn't bring a towel, did we?
AMY: Who are you talking to? You ought to know by now, I over-pack! Always!
Of course we have a towel.
(She then reached into the back of the car and started to fiddle with one of the many overnight bags.)
AMY: There's a right turn, an easy one, someway down. Then a long straight through some fields. You focus on that while I find this towel.
KEVIN: Right...
(He sighed.)
KEVIN: Thanks, Amy.
AMY: Just being the perfect wife.
KEVIN: Yeah?
(He smirked.)
KEVIN: You know, the *perfect* wife gives her husband blowjobs *every* morning.
AMY: But only if her perfect husband *deserves* them.
KEVIN: Which I do.
AMY: Hmm... let's just agree to disagree on that one.
(Kevin scoffed.)
KEVIN: No chance. Not when there's daily blowjobs at stake!
(Amy sneered at him.)
AMY: There aren't!
KEVIN: Right...
(He scoffed.)
KEVIN: Perfect wife, my arse.
AMY: Do you want this bloody towel or not???
KEVIN: Right...
(He chuckled.)
KEVIN: I'll shut up, shall I?
AMY: Yes. Yes, you shall.

For the next hour or so, Kevin found himself enjoying something of an uneventful journey. Corners were few and far between and the hard ground was easy to cross. The fields over which they were passing also offered excellent visibility. There was absolutely nothing in the way of hazards for him to be concerned about. He really couldn't have been happier about that fact. For Amy, however, the last hour or so had dragged. All she'd done in that time was periodically remind her husband of an upcoming corner which he could quite easily see for himself. She felt redundant and

she wasn't enjoying herself one bit. Unfortunately for Kevin, she wasn't about to keep her concerns to herself for very long. Sure enough, as they entered yet another flat field, Amy sighed heavily then completely and utterly destroyed the peace that her husband had been delighting in.

AMY: I'm bored!!!

(Shocked to hear her speak so forcefully all of a sudden, Kevin flinched.)

KEVIN: What?

AMY: I said I'm bored.

(She pouted.)

AMY: I've got sod all to do and I'm bored! Stupid fields.

KEVIN: Babe, don't be like that. You should be happy.

AMY: Why? Why would I be happy about being bored?

KEVIN: Because we're making good time!

AMY: Oh, whoopee. Big deal.

(Kevin gave her a condescending glance.)

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: What?

KEVIN: We're in a race, love.

AMY: I know that.

KEVIN: Then you should *also* know that making good time *is* a big deal! In fact, cherub, it's pretty much the *entire point* of racing. Going from A to B quickly! Getting there having set a *good time*! If that *wasn't* the object of this exercise, it wouldn't *be* a race at all, now would it? It'd be called the Haps Vale to Point de L'Orange Sunday Drive.

(Amy glowered at him coldly.)

AMY: Kevin?

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: Has patronising me like that *ever* ended well for you?

KEVIN: Um...

AMY: Well, has it?

(Kevin sighed reluctantly.)

KEVIN: Not really, no.

AMY: Correct! And it's not going to end well for you this time either!

KEVIN: Aw, crap; you're gonna complain now, aren't you?

AMY: Like a teenager girl who's just been refused permission to go to a party.

KEVIN: Fuck.

AMY: Talking to me like I'm an idiot, it's not on. We both know I'm the smart one in this relationship. If it was left to you, we'd be homeless. You pissed about trying to open our door for the first time for a full minute before it occurred to you that you might be turning the key the wrong way. And you've got the cheek to talk down to me, like *I'm* the moron here??? You know...

(Just then, the car started to bump up and down and slide. Fighting with the steering, Kevin furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Save the scorn for later, will you? I need to focus on this!

AMY: On what? What's going on?

KEVIN: We've hit mud!

AMY: Mud? How is there mud? It hasn't rained for weeks!

KEVIN: I don't bloody know, do I?

AMY: Hmm...

(She glanced at the map.)

AMY: Didn't take a wrong turn, did you? Only there's no mud on the map.

KEVIN: No, I bloody didn't take a wrong turn. And even if I had, who's fault would that be, Little Miss Navigator?

AMY: Little Miss??? Little Miss??? What did I literally just say about patronising me?

KEVIN: Babe!

AMY: What?

KEVIN: Let me focus, will you? Keeping this thing straight is a mission. It's like a boggy skating rink!

AMY: A boggy skating rink? How can that even be a thing?

KEVIN: Simple, it's both bumpy and slippery!

AMY: I see. I'll give you that one then.

KEVIN: Then give it to me quietly, I need to...

(He gasped.)

KEVIN: Fuck!

(The car then came to a crashing halt.)

KEVIN: Shit!

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: Fate heard me say we were making good time and decided to curse us, I think.

AMY: Sounds like something fate would do.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Still. No harm done.

KEVIN: No harm done?

AMY: Yeah. It's only a small delay. Let's just get moving again.

KEVIN: I'm trying to, babe. My foot's flat on the accelerator.

AMY: Right...

(She bit her lip.)

AMY: But we're not moving.

KEVIN: I can see that, yes.

AMY: So we're stuck, are we?

(Kevin sighed.)

KEVIN: Yeah. The car slid sideways into some tractor tracks. That's why I said fuck. The tractor left a hole a foot deep and our front tyre went right over it.

(He then undid his seat belt and reached for the door handle.)

AMY: Where are you going?

KEVIN: I'm late for my surfing lesson. Where do you *think* I'm going?

(He then climbed out of the car. Left behind, Amy could only shrug to herself.)

AMY: How would I know where you're going?

(She then watched as Kevin walked around the front of the car to scrutinise the tyres with his eyes. Having done so, he nodded to himself then looked to Amy.)

KEVIN: It's not too bad actually.

(Amy lowered her window then glanced out.)

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I said it's not too bad.

AMY: I see.

(She sucked her teeth.)

AMY: Now your shoes are all muddy.

KEVIN: Yeah, but we can worry about that later. When we're not bogged down in a muddy field.

AMY: Fair enough.

(She bit her lip.)

AMY: Where the hell could all this mud possibly have come from?

KEVIN: I don't know, love. Not that it matters. The simple fact is, the mud's here and we're stuck in it. Let's focus on that.

AMY: Good thinking.

KEVIN: Thank you.

AMY: I bet the water came from some sort of pipe.

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: Maybe there's a burst water-main beneath us. Or perhaps some kind of outlet pipe nearby.

KEVIN: Amy!

AMY: Hmm?

KEVIN: Like I said, let's focus on getting out rather than speculating about where the mud came from.

AMY: Good idea.

(She nodded.)

AMY: You do that while I speculate about where the mud came from.

KEVIN: Babe!

AMY: What? *You're* the car guy!

KEVIN: Yes, and today you're my *co*-car guy. Person. Woman.

AMY: I realise that, but what exactly do you expect *me* to do?

KEVIN: Well...

(He pointed at the front left tyre.)

KEVIN: This tyre has nothing beneath it...

(He then pointed to the right tyre.)

KEVIN: And this one is behind a small bump.

AMY: Meaning?

KEVIN: I reckon a push ought to do it.

AMY: Cool.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Go on then.

KEVIN: I can't! This is a job for two people. I need to accelerate while you push!

(Amy blinked at him nonchalantly.)

AMY: You want *me* to push while *you* drive?

KEVIN: Yeah. It just needs a nudge then the momentum from the accelerator should get us out of trouble.

AMY: A nudge, yeah?

KEVIN: That's right.

AMY: And you think your tiny, eight-stone wife is the perfect person to *give* this three tonne vehicle that nudge, do you?

(Kevin looked at her with wide eyes. You could virtually see his brain ticking over.)

KEVIN: You're not going to be able to shift it, are you?

AMY: Seems unlikely.

KEVIN: Yeah. When we go to the beach, you sit on the sand until I get there with both deckchairs, because you're too weak to carry one.

AMY: That happened once! Stop using it against me!

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: And besides, they were heavy deckchairs.

KEVIN: Calm down, I wasn't mocking.

(Amy gave him a suspicious glance. Only too happy to ignore it, Kevin nodded then headed for Amy's car door.)

KEVIN: You're gonna have to drive while I push.

AMY: What? *I can't drive!*

KEVIN: You just need to keep your foot on the right-side pedal, babe, that's all. It's not driving as such.

AMY: Like on a pottery wheel?

KEVIN: What?

AMY: You put your foot on a pedal to turn a pottery wheel.

KEVIN: Okay...

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: I never done pottery, but it really is that simple. Just keep your foot on the right-sided pedal. That's all you have to do.

(He flinched.)

KEVIN: Wait, no it isn't.

(He then hurried round to the drivers door, leant into the car and fiddled with the control panel.)

AMY: What are you doing?

KEVIN: Changing the drive mode.

AMY: Um...

KEVIN: It's semi-automatic, so I'm switching to automatic mode. Then you won't have to worry about gears. Just push the pedal down.

AMY: Right... if you say so.

KEVIN: I *do* say so.

(He then turned off the ignition before restarting it again.)

KEVIN: There you go. All set.

(With that, he climbed out of the car again, walked around it then opened Amy's car door.)

AMY: What are you doing?

KEVIN: You need to get in the driver's seat.

AMY: I'll climb into it, thank you. I'm not going out there, it's muddy.

KEVIN: Fair enough.

(He then pushed her door shut again before stepping around the back of the car.

Having arrived in place, he then watched through the rear window as Amy scooted over and climbed into the driver's seat.)

KEVIN: You ready, babe?

AMY: Your door's open!

KEVIN: That's fine. We're only going a few inches.

AMY: Okay.

KEVIN: Good girl. Now give it...

AMY: You're going to get covered in mud from head to toe, aren't you?

KEVIN: What?

AMY: The mud's going to spray up and go all over you, isn't it?

(She gasped.)

AMY: Wait! Is that why you asked *me* to do it???

KEVIN: That's not gonna happen, love. It's the front tyre that's stuck. It'll spray mud under the car, that's all. And besides, I'm standing to the left side.

AMY: How is that relevant?

KEVIN: The tyre likely to churn mud is the front right.

AMY: Oh. Gotcha.

KEVIN: Now forget about the mud and gently push your foot down on the right-side pedal.

AMY: The right pedal. Okay.

(She whimpered.)

AMY: And it's definitely not the left?

KEVIN: It's the right!

AMY: And it won't reverse and run you over?

KEVIN: No! It's not in reverse gear, don't worry!

AMY: But how do you know I didn't knock the gear lever when I scooped over?

KEVIN: You *can't* knock this thing out of gear by accident, babe, you'd have to use the clutch.

AMY: And what's that?

KEVIN: The left pedal!

AMY: I haven't touched that.

KEVIN: And nor should you.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: But the sooner you start touching the right pedal, the sooner we can get out of here.

AMY: Okay.

(Amy paused for a moment then spoke up again.)

AMY: Now?

KEVIN: Please.

AMY: Right.

(Finally, much to Kevin's delight, the engine started to roar and he could hear mud spraying up beneath the car. At once, he snarled then pushed into the rear of the vehicle with all his might. At first, nothing happened, but after about five seconds, the car jumped then rocketed forwards.)

KEVIN: We did it!!!

AMY: No!!!

KEVIN: What do you mean, no?

(He then flinched in horror. The car was heading off down the road without him.)

AMY: Why??? Make it stop!!!

KEVIN: What are you doing???

AMY: Save me!!!

(Kevin proceeded to sprint after her.)

KEVIN: Babe!!!

AMY: How do you stop this fucking thing???

KEVIN: Middle pedal!!!

AMY: Where's that???

KEVIN: In the fucking middle!!!

(He snarled as he bounded after her.)

KEVIN: At the very least, take your fucking foot off the *right* pedal!!!

AMY: I have!!!

(She shrieked.)

AMY: No, I haven't!!!

KEVIN: Just press your foot down on the middle pedal!!! Only!!!

AMY: I'm trying to!!!

(Just then, the car proceeded to slow down before coming to a complete standstill. At once, Amy leapt out with terror in her eyes then raced up to her incoming husband.)

AMY: I could have died!!!

KEVIN: Yes! You could!!!
(Amy then raced into his arms and held him tight.)
AMY: That was terrifying!
KEVIN: Yeah, it...
AMY: Why would you put me in that position???
(She then stepped back and proceeded to beat his chest.)
AMY: Why would you do that to me???
KEVIN: Stop it! Nobody told you to *keep* your bloody foot on the pedal!
AMY: You didn't tell me to take it off either!!!
KEVIN: Yes, I did!
AMY: Only after I started rocketing across the field like a ballistic missile!
KEVIN: You were going about ten miles an hour!
AMY: And the rest!
KEVIN: And besides, you said you're the smart one. Well, I'd have thought it was obvious that if you're going too fast because your pressing down an accelerator, the natural thing for an *intelligent* person to do would be to *stop* pressing down on it!
(Amy pouted at him.)
AMY: You're using my words against me.
KEVIN: Yes. I am. It's what married couples do.
AMY: Married couples suck.
KEVIN: Yup.
(Amy then started to chuckle.)
AMY: Well, at least we learned something from this.
KEVIN: Oh.
AMY: Being the intelligent one in *this* relationship doesn't amount to much.
(The two of them then stood there giggling.)
KEVIN: Yup. We suck.
AMY: Uh-huh.
KEVIN: But it's not all bad news.
AMY: No?
KEVIN: Nope.
(He nodded towards the car.)
KEVIN: We've cleared the mud, look.
AMY: Ooh. So we have.
KEVIN: I just hope that was the last of it.
AMY: Same.
(She smiled.)
AMY: Anyway, let's not stand here talking. We need to get a move on. I have it on good authority that in a race, setting a good time is important.
KEVIN: And those, Amy, are the words of a wise, wise man.
AMY: Really? I did wonder who you were quoting.
(Kevin gave her an unimpressed glance.)
KEVIN: You're a bad person.
AMY: Yup, but nobody else will give you sex, so you're pretty much stuck with me.
KEVIN: Nailed it.
(Then headed back to the car, chuckling together.)

Mercifully, for the next forty minutes, the grassland upon which Kevin and Amy were crossing remained firm and reasonably flat. So much so, Kevin was able to put his

foot down for long periods. The only downside to this stretch of off-road was Amy's constant complaints about being bored. This, however, wouldn't be an issue for much longer. Glancing down at the map with a furrow on her brow, she suddenly flinched then sat up straight. Her discontent vanished and an excited smile crossed her face.

AMY: Success!

(Kevin gave her a sideways glance.)

KEVIN: Success?

AMY: Look at the road!

KEVIN: I am!

AMY: Good.

(She beamed.)

AMY: And keep doing it. The grasslands are almost over and we're about to reach the foot of Mount Sabre. Things are about to get tricky.

KEVIN: And that constitutes a success, does it?

AMY: Yup. I endured the grasslands without killing myself!

(She sighed.)

AMY: Did I mention I was bored?

KEVIN: You may have hinted at it fifty or sixty times, yes.

AMY: Well, I won't be bored anymore.

(She pointed at the map.)

AMY: Look at all those bends.

KEVIN: Actually, babe, I think I'll stick to looking where we're going.

AMY: Good idea.

(She chuckled.)

AMY: See? You *can* be taught.

(She then nodded sternly.)

AMY: Okay. Turn right after the cattle grid then swing a left. Both ninety degree turns. That's the foot of the mountain according to the map. And it's a very, very winding road.

KEVIN: We'd better take it easy then.

AMY: Nope.

KEVIN: Nope? What do you mean, nope?

AMY: This is what we trained for, Kev.

KEVIN: Well... you say trained...

AMY: We did!

KEVIN: Briefly.

AMY: Nevertheless, we trained for it.

(She nodded.)

AMY: So focus on my instructions, pay attention and listen to me well.

KEVIN: That's the same instruction three times.

AMY: Which hammers home just how important it is.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Anyway... are you ready?

KEVIN: We've not even reached the cattle grid yet, babe.

AMY: Good point.

(She winced.)

AMY: I'm so excited to have something to do I forgot myself for a moment.

KEVIN: It's fine.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: So it's a ninety degree right turn at the cattle grid then a ninety degree left turn shortly afterwards.

AMY: Yup. Then the fun begins.

KEVIN: Yeah... fun...

AMY: And if we do it right, we might just make up some of the time we lost when we got stuck in the mud.

KEVIN: True; true.

AMY: And if we do it really, *really* well, who knows? We might even have a chance of beating that cunt Barry.

KEVIN: Right. Well... that sounds ambitious, but... you know what? I like it.
(He nodded sternly.)

KEVIN: Those are the lines we *should* be thinking along. Never mind just finishing and getting there in one piece. If we're gonna do this, we *should* play to win.

AMY: That's the spirit.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Because we *can* win, you know? You *are* a good driver.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: I mean, I can't comment on whether Barry's a good driver or not, but I know *you* are. And if we can make this *good time* of yours, we're definitely in with a shout.

KEVIN: Love it!

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: I don't know where all your positivity came from all of a sudden, babe, but I love what I'm hearing.

AMY: Oh, I'll tell where it came from.

(She nodded.)

AMY: I'm overexcited because I finally have something to do. Once the action starts, however, I might revert to form and have panic attacks about the possibility of driving off a cliff. So be warned.

KEVIN: Right... well... I'd rather you didn't do that, darling.

AMY: So would I, but we'll be speeding up a mountainous road, so I'm not promising you anything.

KEVIN: Nah. You'll be fine. Just concentrate on giving me precise directions. If you can focus on that, you'll be too busy to worry about me driving off of cliffs.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: And if it makes you feel any better, I'll be extremely careful to steer clear of any sheer drops. At the risk of sounding like a soppy bell-end, I'd never forgive myself if anything happened to you. You're a precious cargo, babe; so I'll be extra cautious.

AMY: Aw.

KEVIN: Don't.

AMY: That was sweet.

KEVIN: Yeah, well...

AMY: You really are a soppy bell-end.

KEVIN: Cheers.

AMY: But I love you all the more for it.

KEVIN: Yeah? Now who's the soppy bell-end?

AMY: Touché.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Okay, we're at the cattle grid.

KEVIN: What gave it away?

AMY: The cattle grid.

KEVIN: Shit. That's twice you've turned that that around on me.

AMY: And I'll do it every time. I'm smarter than you, remember?

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He gave a stifled laugh.)

KEVIN: If you say so, love.

(He then rode over the cattle grid before slowing to a crawl and turning right. A few seconds later, he then came to a sharp left, just as Amy had called. Having made his way around the sharp left, he then put his foot to the floor.)

KEVIN: Crikey. This is steep.

AMY: Yup. We've reached Mount Sabre.

KEVIN: Apparently so.

AMY: Now focus your mind and sharpen those reflexes, mister. The fun begins.

KEVIN: Really? It looks kinda straight to me.

AMY: It's not. At the top of this straight is a sharp right-hand bend, and I mean sharp. More than ninety degrees! Like properly acute! It looks like a floppy penis on the map!

KEVIN: What???

AMY: You heard.

KEVIN: How can it look like a floppy penis???

AMY: Well... consider this road like driving up a man's leg. From there, to drive down his penis, you'd need a sharp turn. Really sharp! Like almost going back on yourself. It's like that.

KEVIN: Right... well... I have no idea what the fuck you're on about, but what I do know is, we can't use *that* as a description for a corner.

AMY: Well... no.

KEVIN: If it's *that* acute, that just tell me it's very sharp or something.

AMY: Okay.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Here we go then. Coming up, a very sharp right bend. Super slow.

KEVIN: Love it.

AMY: That's followed by a medium sharp bend to the left again.

KEVIN: Followed?

AMY: Almost immediately.

KEVIN: Gotcha.

AMY: In fact, this road is so bendy, feel free to assume I mean immediately, unless I say otherwise.

KEVIN: It's that bendy?

AMY: Like a bowl of spaghetti!

KEVIN: Bowls are bendy are they?

AMY: Don't be facetious! You know damned well I meant the spaghetti.

KEVIN: I did, yes.

AMY: Well then. Pack it in and concentrate.

(She beamed.)

AMY: And by that I mean, get your clippers ready, handsome, things are about to get hairy.

(She then palmed her forehead.)

AMY: Aw, fuck; that's was almost as bad as one of yours.

KEVIN: No, that was far worse than *any* of mine have *ever* been!

(He beamed menacingly.)

KEVIN: Just leave the cool phrases to me, babe. Speaking of which... store your arse in a safe place, baby, because I'm the mood for dishing out a spanking!

AMY: Right. I stand corrected. Mine was nowhere near as bad as that!

KEVIN: Yours was rubbish!

AMY: And yours was even worse. What has a spanking got to do with anything?

KEVIN: Obviously, this bendy road is about to get a spanking!

AMY: Right...

KEVIN: No. It really is. Allow me to demonstrate!

(He then sped to the top of the slope and threw the car around the corner with a perfectly controlled skid. Having done so, he then motored forth before doing the same thing to the second bend.)

KEVIN: See? Spanked it!

AMY: No, I don't see.

(She exhaled.)

AMY: But I'll let you off, because that was really sexy.

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: Yeah. Just don't fuck up the next one and kill me!

KEVIN: You make a fair request.

AMY: Thank you. Now let's do this properly, shall we?

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

AMY: Coming up, easy right turn into a sharp left.

KEVIN: Immediately, right?

AMY: Unless I say otherwise, remember?

KEVIN: Roger.

(With deathly focus in his eyes, Kevin navigated around the easy right bend then eased his way around the sharp left. Delighted with his handiwork he then glanced briefly at his wife.)

KEVIN: Okay, so...

AMY: Sharp right shortly ahead, followed by a left, right, left, right, left, right combo. All of them just under ninety degrees.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: Zigzags.

KEVIN: Gotcha. All that following a sharp right?

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: Understood.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: You weren't kidding when you said this road was bendy, were you?

AMY: Of course not. How long have we been married?

KEVIN: What's that got to do with anything?

AMY: Just answer the question.

KEVIN: Fine. We've been together for three years; married for two. Why?

AMY: In all that time, have you ever known me to joke when my life is at stake?

KEVIN: Well, no.

AMY: Then why would I start now?

KEVIN: Babe... your life has never *been* at stake before.

AMY: That's not the point.

KEVIN: Yes, it was. That was exactly the point.

AMY: Oh, just... shut up and drive.

KEVIN: Fine.

(With that, he sped up to the sharp right bend and finessed the car around it. He then puffed out in awe. The road ahead was exactly as Amy had described. It snaked its way uphill courtesy of a series of sharp bends. Focussing hard on it, he furrowed his brow firmly.)

KEVIN: For them to put in *this* many bends so close together, this bit must be really steep.

AMY: Yup. And it'll *keep* getting steeper for a while.

KEVIN: Well, yeah, this is a mountain, after all.

AMY: Exactly.

(She bit her lip.)

AMY: This is a rough estimate of course, but I don't think there's an easy section of straight road for a good few hours.

KEVIN: Fuck.

AMY: So there isn't a chance in hell of me getting bored again for a while.

KEVIN: In that case, I'd like to retract my prior statement and replace it with a huzzah.

AMY: Huzzah noted.

(She then glanced at the map again.)

AMY: Okay, once you emerge from these zigzags, there's a winding section, all easy bends. I believe you might call them high speed corners.

KEVIN: My favourite kind.

AMY: Just don't go *too* fast.

KEVIN: Why not? We're in race!

AMY: Trees!

KEVIN: Trees?

AMY: Yeah. Judging by the map, there's a lot of trees around that bit, so you might not be able to see if there's any oncoming traffic.

KEVIN: Fair enough.

AMY: But if you *can* see the road clearly and there *isn't* any oncoming traffic, feel free to put your foot down.

KEVIN: Right.

(He allowed himself a stifled laugh.)

KEVIN: So basically, you're telling me not to drive like a tit.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: If it's clear, I can go faster. If it isn't, I need to exercise caution. That's just common sense, babe.

AMY: Which you very often lack, so I thought I'd give you a refresher course.

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: Look at the road!

KEVIN: I *am* looking at the road! And you can't just say that to shut me up every time I've got an axe to grind!

AMY: Why not? It's worked well for me so far.

KEVIN: You...

(He then started to chuckle.)

KEVIN: You're a nightmare, you are.

AMY: Because I'm so much smarter than you, right?

KEVIN: You...

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Oh, shut up.

(For the next thirty minutes, thanks to Amy's precise instructions and Kevin's skills behind the wheel, car eight made steady progress along the mountain road. It wasn't lost on either of the vehicle's occupants that normally a road such as this one would be tackled at speeds that barely warranted getting out of first gear. Having managed to average a speed of over forty miles per hour in that time, therefore, they both had a reason to be delighted with their efforts. Maintaining such an effort, however, was extremely hard work. Remaining mentally focussed for such a long time was exhausting. In a professional rally, the driver and co-driver would normally remain in the zone for fifteen minutes at the most. The stage would then be complete. Amy and Kevin had been doing it for twice that amount of time and still had quite some way to go. Unsurprisingly, therefore, the strain very soon started to show.)

AMY: Easy right into a hard left.

KEVIN: Fine.

AMY: And don't lean into me this time!

KEVIN: I'll lean when gravity *makes* me lean!

AMY: Yeah, right, blame gravity.

KEVIN: What *should* I blame then?

AMY: Your inability to sit up straight!

KEVIN: I'm sitting how I *meant* to sit!

AMY: You're slouching!

KEVIN: No, I'm not!

AMY: Yes, you are! If you sunk down any lower, you'd look like a bloody canoeist!

KEVIN: Canoeist?

AMY: You're almost on the bloody floor!

KEVIN: Amy, you're being ridiculous!

AMY: No, I'm not. You're slouching and because of that, when the car leans, you tumble into me!

KEVIN: Tumble? My shoulder briefly brushed yours! Once!

AMY: Well it shouldn't have!

KEVIN: I know. If *you* were sitting properly, *you'd* have leaned to the left when I did and we'd have been nowhere near each other!

AMY: Oh, so it's *my* fault now, is it?

KEVIN: Comprehensively! Loosen up. You're like a bloody statue and that's not good for the aerodynamics!

AMY: What?

KEVIN: You're meant to lean when the vehicle does!

AMY: Right...

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: You know, Kevin, I'm no expert when it comes to motorsport, but I'm pretty bloody certain the leaning thing only relates to motorbikes.

KEVIN: Then it shows what *you* know!

AMY: More than you?

KEVIN: No!

(He sneered.)

KEVIN: Amy...

(He then took a deep breath and grimaced.)

KEVIN: I think we need to pull over and take a break.

AMY: What for?

KEVIN: Because we're mentally drained and we're taking our grievances out on each other!

(Amy barked at him).

AMY: *You're* taking our grievances out on each other!!!

(She then hung her head.)

AMY: Right. I see your point. Yeah... let's...

KEVIN: I'll pull in here.

AMY: Good call.

(Kevin then eased the car to the side of the road.)

KEVIN: Babe, that's tiring.

AMY: Yeah.

(She blushed.)

AMY: Sorry I was such a grouch.

KEVIN: It's fine.

(He then glanced out of the window. Amy was not impressed.)

AMY: Ahem!

KEVIN: What?

AMY: I said I was sorry!

KEVIN: And I forgive you!

AMY: Which was very bloody noble of you! Now how about apologising to me!

KEVIN: What for?

AMY: For your part it in!!!

KEVIN: Oh...

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Sorry.

AMY: Thank you.

(They then shared an uneasy smile.)

AMY: So... this is rallying, is it? Mentally draining.

KEVIN: And physically exhausting. I've changed gear so many times on the way up here, my arm's starting to ache.

AMY: Hmm...

(She grimaced.)

AMY: That's not good then, is it? How are we going to make up time if it's so exhausting we keep needing to stop? And we will, by the way. There's a hell of a way to go yet.

(Kevin looked to her blankly for a moment then shrugged.)

KEVIN: I guess we'll just have accept it for what it is. If we're tired and irritable, we need to stop. If it costs us time, so be it.

AMY: But the race...

KEVIN: I'm sure the other cars will have the same trouble, babe, I bet they'll all stop frequently. Especially on the tiring bits like this.

AMY: I suppose.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Then I guess the best way to do this is to rest *properly* when we've stopped. And once we get going again, give it everything in order to make up the time.

KEVIN: Work hard, play hard?

AMY: Work hard, rest *well*.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: That makes sense. I mean, we can't keep going while we're exhausted. That's how accidents happen.

AMY: Exactly.

KEVIN: Then we'll rest well, like you say.
AMY: Fifteen minutes?
KEVIN: Fifteen minutes.
AMY: Awesome. I'll make some tea!
KEVIN: Really? You brought tea?
AMY: What did you think the flasks were for?
KEVIN: I see.
(He then smiled the widest of smiles.)
KEVIN: Best wife ever!

Following a brief fifteen minute recess, during which both Amy and Kevin struggled not to doze off, the two of them set off once again. Almost immediately, the intensity resumed right from where it left off. The corners simply kept on coming.

AMY: Easy right into a sharp left into a very sharp right.

KEVIN: Okay.

AMY: This road is crazy.

KEVIN: Yes. Yes, it is.

(He bit his lip.)

KEVIN: So how far away are we from the twelve hour limit?

AMY: About eight hours.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: Shit.

(He then eased the car around the slight right turn before carefully manoeuvring around the next two sharp corners.)

AMY: Easy left up ahead, leading into a right turn which is basically a loop.

KEVIN: A loop, huh?

AMY: Yeah, it's like...

KEVIN: I get it, babe; I was just surprised.

AMY: Don't be. Like I said, this road is mental.

KEVIN: And then some.

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: So we've only been on the go for four hours, have we?

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: With another eight to go.

AMY: Seven actually.

KEVIN: That'd be eleven hours, babe.

AMY: I know.

(Silence descended.)

KEVIN: Um...

AMY: What?

KEVIN: We can drive for twelve.

AMY: Yes, but we don't need to. By my calculations, we can do eleven today and nine tomorrow.

KEVIN: Yeah, but why would we?

AMY: Because the last campsite up here is eleven hours into the trip.

KEVIN: Yeah, but if someone drives for twelve, we'll never catch them up.

AMY: We might. Everyone has to stop for eight hours remember. So if we stop first, we can be the first to set off in the morning.

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: And besides, if someone drives for twelve hours, there's a chance that they'll pass the final campsite and have to sleep in the wilderness with the bears.

(She shuddered.)

AMY: Fuck that for a game of soldiers.

KEVIN: They'll be perfectly fine in their car, Amy.

AMY: What if they need a pee? And what if they want to get out and cook something? Nope. We're not doing that. The campsite I found has a fence to keep bears out and proper fire pits. Not to mention showers and toilets.

KEVIN: Right.

AMY: I'm sorry if that makes me a wimp, but I happen to dislike the idea of pooing in the woods while bears eat my face.

KEVIN: That doesn't make you a wimp at all, babe. In fact, I share your sentiments entirely.

AMY: Yeah, well... you would; you're a wimp.

KEVIN: Amy!

(Amy chuckled.)

AMY: I'm only playing.

KEVIN: Then go and play with someone your own size.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I dunno. It sounded clever in my head.

AMY: Right...

(Kevin then proceeded to turn the wheel sharply as he steered the car around what Amy had described as a loop. It wasn't actually a bad description. This section of road had been carved into the mountain and had cliffs on all sides, creating a blind crescent shape.)

KEVIN: Fuck me. I'm not a fan of this bit.

AMY: Nor should you be. There's been a few fatal accidents here in the past.

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: Yeah.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: Either that or it's the corner's birthday and several *well-wishers* brought it flowers.

(Kevin spotted a series of bouquets on the roadside and grimaced.)

KEVIN: I'll slow down a bit.

AMY: And I'll appreciate you doing it.

(She then glanced at her map again.)

AMY: Okay, the next mile or so is relatively straight. Relatively! It is, however, a single track. So...

KEVIN: So if I can't see what's coming the other way, take it easy.

AMY: Exactly.

KEVIN: Understood.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: You know, babe, I've got nothing to reference this against; I mean we've never done this before. But I'm starting to feel like we're making pretty good time.

AMY: Yeah?

KEVIN: Yeah. I mean, I've taken corners infinitely faster than I'd ever dare trying if I *wasn't* in a race and it feels good, you know? I might be completely and utterly deluding myself there, of course, but it does feel like this is something we might actually be really good at.

AMY: Hmm...

(She nodded.)

AMY: I know what you mean, actually.

KEVIN: You feel it too, yeah?

AMY: I do.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Despite a few minor set backs like getting stuck in the mud and having to stop before we murder each other, I *think* it's actually going pretty well.

KEVIN: It is, isn't it? We're doing alright.

(Amy smiled.)

AMY: Definitely. In fact, we're fairly sailing through it now.

KEVIN: Like seasoned veteran pirates.

AMY: Only better looking.

KEVIN: Of course.

AMY: You're listening to my instructions and following them perfectly without any kind of argument. And I'm on the ball to the point where you don't have to prompt me to tell you about the next corner. We're like a well-oiled machine at the moment.

KEVIN: A well-oiled machine, manned by seasoned, veteran pirates, no less.

AMY: Yup! Captain Amy and her faithful parrot Kevin.

(Kevin shot her a fiery glance.)

KEVIN: Parrot?

AMY: Yeah? Why?

KEVIN: Why have *I* got to be the parrot?

AMY: Because we can't *both* be the captain.

KEVIN: Then *I* should be the bloody captain! I'm driving!

AMY: That just makes you the helmsman.

KEVIN: Yeah? Then by that same logic, *you're* just the navigator!

AMY: Is that so?

KEVIN: Yup.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Our ship *has* no captain.

AMY: Aw, crap; lost on the high hills with no captain.

KEVIN: Meh. We'll be fine. The captain doesn't do anything anyway.

AMY: True. We're probably better off without one.

KEVIN: Well... I think so. He was probably a public school twat anyway. You know what they're like.

AMY: Uh-huh. Up themselves! Rude. Conceited little buggers.

KEVIN: Exactly. So who needs him?

AMY: Not us.

KEVIN: Yeah! I'm glad we mutinied.

AMY: Had to be done.

KEVIN: Right?

AMY: Keelhauling him was a bit much though, to be honest.

KEVIN: Yeah, but we've done it now.

(They then shared an amused glance.)

AMY: I love talking bollocks with you, Kev. I could do it all day.

(Kevin chuckled.)

KEVIN: I'm afraid not, shipmate. I'll be needing coordinates.

AMY: Very well, me hearty.

(She glanced at her map.)

AMY: A few miles ahead, after this bendy bit, there be a sharp right turn.

KEVIN: Right turn? What is a right turn, shipmate?

(Amy gasped.)

AMY: Apologies, me hearty. I meant port.

KEVIN: Port is on the left.

AMY: Shit! Starboard then.

KEVIN: That be better, says I.

(He grinned.)

KEVIN: Imagine making *that* mistake at sea.

AMY: Right? Clang! Iceberg! Down she goes.

KEVIN: Yeah. Maybe we should stick to the car thing.

AMY: Makes sense.

(She smirked.)

AMY: But only if you let me be the captain.

KEVIN: Sure.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: I look forward to keelhauling you later.

(Amy glowered at him coldly for a moment then proceeded to giggle.)

AMY: I asked for that, didn't I?

KEVIN: Yes. Yes, you did.

Despite a shaky start to their rally, it was fair to say that Kevin and Amy had most definitely started to find their feet. With every passing mile, the niggles were becoming fewer and fewer and they were actually beginning to enjoy themselves. Naturally, this sense of enjoyment served to enhance their confidence no end. As a result, it wasn't long before they started to look like a veteran rally team. For the next three hours, each corner that Amy expertly called was executed in style by Kevin. They were very much in the zone. Unfortunately, however, tiredness was not a factor they could overcome with positive thinking. They'd managed to keep going for prolonged periods without a break, but common sense dictated that when the fatigue became too much, they had to stop, for the sake of their own safety. Having reached such a point, with only a quarter of the mountain left to conquer, Kevin slowly pulled into a layby to rest. Amy applauded his common sense approach. As soon as the car stopped, she then reached into the back to grab a flask of coffee.

AMY: Definitely coffee this time, love. You're gonna need it.

(Kevin replied in awe.)

KEVIN: Wow!

AMY: Wow?

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: Why wow? You're not offended that I said you'll need a coffee, are you?

KEVIN: No! It wasn't a sarcastic wow. I was referring the view.

AMY: View?

(She then peered over her shoulder and glanced through the windscreen.)

AMY: View!

(She exhaled.)

AMY: And what a view.

(Through the windscreen before them, they could see a sprawling forest below and series of hills in the distance. Beyond those hills, they could clearly make out an expanse of sand. It truly was a spectacular sight.)

KEVIN: Babe. We can see for miles.

AMY: I know, right? The desert is like... well, it's really far away.

KEVIN: And yet we can quite clearly see it.

AMY: Exactly.

(She grinned.)

AMY: If we could attach this car to some kind of hang-gliding device, we could get down there in no time.

KEVIN: And set a new course record.

AMY: Halve it!

(Kevin glowered at her.)

KEVIN: Why would you call me that? That was completely uncalled for!

AMY: What?

KEVIN: Seriously! Why? We were having a really nice moment then. Why did you have to go and ruin it with petty insults?

AMY: What petty insults?

KEVIN: Calling me a halfwit!

(Amy glowered at him coldly.)

AMY: I said *halve it*. As in we'd halve the old course record if we got down there with a hang glider!

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: You halfwit!

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: What?

KEVIN: Fair comment.

AMY: Thank you.

(Kevin chuckled.)

KEVIN: I really thought you said halfwit.

AMY: Well, I didn't. Not the first time anyway.

KEVIN: Then I apologise.

AMY: You're forgiven.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Gorgeous views like that are rare, and I'm not going to miss out on one by sitting here scowling at you.

KEVIN: Noted. You love nice views.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: In future, if I've done something bad that I need to confess to, I'll drive you somewhere with a nice view and tell you after we've arrived.

AMY: A solid plan. I'll be too immersed in the view to tell you off. I'm a sucker for a nice view.

KEVIN: Exactly.

AMY: I'll just moan at you all the way home instead.

KEVIN: Hmm...

AMY: And you'll have nowhere to go, because I'll be right here in the passenger's seat; nagging you narrow.

KEVIN: I see.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: I'd like to rethink my plan.

AMY: I can help with that. How's this? Don't do bad things that you need to confess to!

KEVIN: That would be easier, wouldn't it?

AMY: On both if us.

(They giggled together then Amy exhaled.)

AMY: I really do love beautiful vistas like this. My eyes enjoy a feast now and again.

(She offered Kevin a knowing glance.)

AMY: That's why I always walk into rooms behind you.

KEVIN: I knew it! You never could get enough of ogling my awesome posterior.

AMY: That's one way of looking at it.

(She glanced out of the window innocently.)

AMY: In reality though, anything's preferable to looking at your face.

(Kevin glanced at her then grinned. He could quite clearly see her in the wing mirror and it was obvious that she was trying not to laugh.)

KEVIN: Amy?

AMY: Yes, my sweet?

KEVIN: Just make the sodding coffee!

(Amy giggled.)

AMY: Now that I can do.

(She then placed two cups on the flattest part of the dashboard, before pouring out two coffees from her flask. Having completed the task, she then nodded Kevin towards them.)

AMY: Drink it while it's still warm. It's been in the flask for quite some time.

KEVIN: Righto.

(He then took a coffee and enjoyed a relaxing sip before sitting back and glancing out of the window again.)

KEVIN: Before we get going again, I'm taking a photo of that view.

AMY: Same.

(She exhaled.)

AMY: All that's missing is a lake.

KEVIN: Wow. Imagine. That'd be perfection.

AMY: And then some. I'd have the photo made into a canvas for the living room wall.

KEVIN: It's tempting to do that anyway.

AMY: Well... yeah. kind of. I much prefer landscapes with lakes in them though.

KEVIN: Fussy bugger.

AMY: Yeah, right. If I was fussy, I wouldn't have married you, would I?

KEVIN: Yeah, right. You had no choice, babe. Nobody else wanted you.

(She shared a snigger then exhaled at the view in perfect unison.)

AMY: You know what this reminds me off?

KEVIN: I do actually.

AMY: Oh?

KEVIN: Our day trip to Tonberry Grove.

(Amy smiled the widest of smiles.)

AMY: That's right. You remember that, huh?

KEVIN: Remember it? That day is engraved in my memory forever.

AMY: Same. That was the day you proposed to me.

KEVIN: That's right. I was crapping myself.

AMY: Why?

KEVIN: Because I made the damned fool mistake of telling Barry I was taking you there to propose in a romantic setting.

AMY: Yikes.

KEVIN: I was confident until then. I pretty much *knew* you'd say yes.

AMY: And you were right.

(She beamed.)

AMY: Then we doinked in the back seat.

KEVIN: Yeah. It went just like I dreamt it would. Just like I dreamt it would until I let that cunt Barry get in my head.

AMY: Really?

KEVIN: Yeah. I told him how every time we'd been together we'd really enjoyed ourselves. About how happy we made each other. You know the kind of thing. I told him I thought you were the one and that I planned to propose next time I saw you.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: Didn't hesitate, did he? Instantly sucked his teeth then asked if that was wise.

AMY: I hope you said yes.

KEVIN: I did. He sucked his teeth again, didn't he?

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: Cunt. He then went on to list all the things that could go wrong. Every possible scenario where you might reject me, he played it out in full. I went home that night picturing you telling me I was getting too serious too soon and you wanted to break up with me. Or telling me you were already married and I was just your bit in the side. That prick fed me a hundred potentially disastrous outcomes.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: As always, I let his words get to me, didn't I? My confidence drained and I was in two minds about asking you when we met up that day.

AMY: Really? Are you sure? Only when you said it, you seemed really confident.

KEVIN: I was.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: I'd been crapping myself for most of the morning, but when the time came, and we were sitting there together, cuddled up in the car, admiring that view...

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: My worries just disappeared. All his warnings dissolved into the bullshit they were. I knew. I knew it was the perfect time. And I knew you'd accept.

AMY: Conceited much?

KEVIN: Not at all.

AMY: I'm kidding.

KEVIN: I know. The reason I *knew* you'd say yes was because, I could feel we had a connection. We weren't just *sitting there* admiring the view, we were two people in love, revelling in being together. Admiring the view was just an added bonus. That's how it felt to me, anyway. So I said it without any doubt whatsoever. And I knew it was going to be the start of something awesome.

AMY: Aw...

(She kissed him on the cheek then leant her head on his shoulder.)

AMY: You're such a girl.

KEVIN: Yeah, I...

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Excuse me?

AMY: You do love a soppy romance.

KEVIN: Fuck off, do I. I can't stand soppy romances. I'm just saying how I knew that glorious day was going to lead to something.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: Unfortunately, it lead to a lifetime of being married to an evil troll, but I wasn't to know that, was I?

AMY: Well... I did try to warn you, but would you listen?

KEVIN: I thought you were joking.

AMY: Yes, well... now you know better.

(They shared a giggle then Amy glanced at her map.)

AMY: So far to go, Kev.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: Just saying. We've a long way to go.

KEVIN: In our marriage?

AMY: In this race, you tit!

KEVIN: Oh.

AMY: In our bloody marriage, indeed.

KEVIN: Yeah, alright. Just make your bloody point, woman.

AMY: Fine.

(She nodded.)

AMY: We've got a long way to go.

(Kevin gave her an unimpressed glance.)

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: Care to elaborate?

AMY: Absolutely. The campsite is over three hours away. And then we've got to resume in the morning. And that's a shame, because I'd like to stay here for longer. Unfortunately, we can't.

KEVIN: Well... no.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: So we've been on the road for close to eight hours.

AMY: More than seven, yeah.

KEVIN: And we're not dead yet.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: We've done much better than Barry predicted then.

AMY: He's such an arsehole.

KEVIN: So what are we looking at, babe? Another three hours or so of winding mountain roads, yeah?

AMY: Pretty much. It starts to straighten out about halfway up though. All told, I'd say it's a mix of things. Straights then hellish clusters of corners; repeat.

KEVIN: Nothing we can't handle.

AMY: Oh, I'm sure.

KEVIN: But first... I'm going to enjoy my coffee.

AMY: And the view.

KEVIN: That too. And I'm going to *savour* them both.

(He then offered Amy a rueful smile.)

KEVIN: Because the longer the day goes on and the more tired we get, the more dangerous this is going to become.

AMY: Oh, I know.

(She glanced in her wing mirror at the road behind her.)

AMY: We're in for a rough ride.

One full hour later, with their coffee break now in the past, Kevin and Amy found themselves heading through a thin passageway, cut out of the mountainside. The road was just about wide enough for two cars, so Kevin was being extremely cautious. Making sure he continued to drive carefully, Amy was scowling at the speedometer in readiness to pounce if he even slightly increased his speed. Mercifully, he did not. He kept his discipline and exercised restraint throughout. As soon as the car was free from the tightness of the cut-out road, however, he beamed with fiendish delight then prepared to put his foot down.

KEVIN: I hope you're nice and lubricated downstairs, love, because you're about to feel the full thrusting power of a entire foot.

(He then slammed his foot on the accelerator and beamed with delight.)

KEVIN: Best one yet!

AMY: Hardly! That was disgusting!

KEVIN: No, it wasn't!

AMY: Yes, it was! And besides, you don't even have a foot!

KEVIN: Yes, I do. One on the end of each leg.

AMY: Yes, but you don't have a foot long sausage in the middle, and that's what the euphemism was about.

KEVIN: Babe, don't spoil it!

AMY: Like I could spoil it any further.

KEVIN: You're *trying* to.

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: And I'm a bit miffed, to be honest. It was relevant and everything.

AMY: No, it wasn't. You have eight inches at best.

KEVIN: It was euphemism! The foot I was actually referring to was the one inside my shoe!

AMY: The foot you actually *have*!

KEVIN: I...

(He pouted bitterly.)

KEVIN: You've ruined it now.

AMY: It was ruined anyway. And besides, I don't particularly enjoy you using my bits and pieces as comedy material.

KEVIN: It's not comedy material. I'm trying to wow you.

AMY: Hmm... well... it worked. I've mumbled *wow*, *what an idiot* several times.

KEVIN: Babe...

(Amy just rolled her eyes then glanced towards her wing mirror. Having done so, she then gasped in horror.)

AMY: Not now, Kev! We've got company!

KEVIN: Company? What? How can we have company?

AMY: Not company like, get the good china out because the boss is coming to dinner. Company as in... just look in the rear view mirror.

(Kevin did just that then gasped.)

KEVIN: We've got company!

AMY: Wow.

(Sure enough, an identical rally car to their own was zooming towards them from behind. At once, a fierce snarl appeared on Kevin's brow.)

KEVIN: If he thinks he's overtaking me, he can think again!!!

AMY: Damned right!!!

(She stared down at her map.)

AMY: The next turn is a moderately sharp right! Do some car stuff to make sure you get there before he does!

KEVIN: Car stuff?

AMY: Yeah! Like not letting him pass and going faster than he does!

KEVIN: Driving then.

AMY: Not *driving*, Kevin!

(She nodded knowingly.)

AMY: Driving well!

KEVIN: Right.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Actually, babe, I can do one better than that. Fuck just driving! Now we're *racing*!

AMY: Yes. Race *driving*! The point is, do it better than he does!

KEVIN: You know I'll do my damndest!

AMY: Awesome.

(She then glanced in the mirror again.)

AMY: This might be a good time to start then, because he's right up our arses!

KEVIN: I already started, you cheeky fucker!

AMY: Then how comes he's caught up so quickly!

KEVIN: I dunno. Maybe he had better speed than me coming out of the last corner.

(He sneered.)

KEVIN: It's not gonna help him though. If he wants to pass, he'll have to go on the dirt and that'll slow him right down. I'm right in the middle of the road!

AMY: Where death is an absolute certainty if anything comes the other way??? Are you insane???

KEVIN: It's either that or let him use the other side of the road to overtake us!

AMY: Don't do that!

KEVIN: I'm not going to!

AMY: Don't drive in the middle of the road either, just go flat out in the correct lane!!!

KEVIN: I just told you, babe, if I do that he'll overtake!

AMY: How can he overtake? You're going flat out! And you both have the same car!

KEVIN: Because he's in my slipstream now!

(Amy blinked at him in bewilderment.)

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I've got wind resistance, babe. He hasn't!

AMY: Why not?

KEVIN: Because he's up my arse.

AMY: You've lost me!

KEVIN: I'm driving into clean air. It causes wind resistance, slowing me down. He's so close to the back of me, he doesn't have any wind resistance because my car is shielding him from the wind!

AMY: Stop doing it then!

KEVIN: I can't!

(He growled.)

KEVIN: It just need to keep him behind me for now and hope I take the corner better than he does. If I can pull away from him far enough, I'll stop shielding him from the wind and he'll lose the advantage!

AMY: I see.

(Kevin stared hard at the road for a moment then raised a distrusting eyebrow.)

KEVIN: You don't though, do you?

AMY: Nope. That was all absolutely gobbledygook to me.

KEVIN: It's just racing, babe. Air is a factor. If he's up my arse, he has the advantage of no wind resistance; if I get far enough ahead, on the other hand, I'll have the advantage because clean air is easier to drive through than the turbulent air created by the car in front.

AMY: Right.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: I'll just sit here and let *you* handle it then. Seeing as you know what you're doing.

KEVIN: I just understand a thing or two about aerodynamics from watching racing on the TV, babe. *Doing it* is another matter.

AMY: Aw.

KEVIN: Still, it's a good start. I'll be taking *this* corner in the lead.

AMY: Yay!

KEVIN: It's way too late for him to pass now.

(He then eased the car around the moderate sharp right turn. As he did so, however, the rival car started to draw alongside.)

KEVIN: Cheat!!!

AMY: How's he doing that???

KEVIN: I don't know!

AMY: But you said...

KEVIN: I know what I *said*, Amy, but here's a newsflash; I'm an amateur; a first timer! I may well have been talking bollocks.

AMY: How wonderfully reassuring.

KEVIN: If it's reassurance you want, love, all I can offer you is the fact that I might *not* have been talking bollocks.

AMY: Great.

KEVIN: In fact... yup. By trying to overtake me *there*, he's gone off the racing line.

AMY: Meaning?

KEVIN: This...

(He then accelerated away, leaving the other car in his wake.)

KEVIN: Haha!

AMY: Nice!

KEVIN: Yup. He went into the corner too quickly to try to catch me out, meaning he had to slow down again to get back on the racing line.

AMY: And just hearing that makes me feel all tingly inside.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: Even if I *don't* have a clue what you're on about.

KEVIN: It's not rocket science, Amy. I simply drove the corner better than him.

AMY: Woohoo. Go, Kevin.

(She then nodded firmly.)

AMY: The next corner is a sharp left-hander. Very sharp. Over ninety degrees.

KEVIN: Shit. I hate slow corners.

AMY: How come? They're so much safer.

KEVIN: Yeah, but we're in a race right now and I don't know the best time to brake.

AMY: Early! Very early! I love Amy and I don't want her to die, kind of early.

KEVIN: Yeah, but if I brake too early, he might just whizz past me.

AMY: Which is much better than dying.

KEVIN: Well... true.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: Unless that's Barry's car, in which case I'd *rather* die than let him pass.

AMY: Right?

(They chuckled for a moment then suddenly glared at one another.)

KEVIN: Wait! You don't think it's him, do you?

AMY: It might be!

KEVIN: Fuck. Letting *him* get past is a humiliation too far!

AMY: Then *don't* let him pass!

KEVIN: I'll try, babe. I'll give it everything I've got!

AMY: Make sure you do!

KEVIN: I will!

(He gulped.)

KEVIN: Unfortunately, that corner's coming up.

(He whimpered.)

KEVIN: When do I brake???

AMY: As late as possible. Forget what I said before. Kill me if you have to, just don't let that bastard get past!

KEVIN: Oh, I will.

AMY: I see.

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: How loving.

KEVIN: Hey; you offered!

AMY: And I meant it! My life is a sacrifice worth making! I don't want to live through seeing his smug face as he cruises past us anyway!

(Kevin shuddered.)

KEVIN: Fuck that. I'd rather die than see that an' all!

AMY: Then brake as late as possible!

KEVIN: Yup.

(They shared a nod then Kevin sped towards the corner with his foot flat to the accelerator. Not a word was spoken as they sat there, staring through the windscreen at the barrier ahead of them, behind which was a sheer drop.)

KEVIN: No fear, Amy.

AMY: None! None whatsoever!

KEVIN: Yup! We're all in now! No slowing 'til the last moment.

AMY: Yeah!

(She stared ahead for a few seconds longer then bit her lip anxiously.)

AMY: Um...

KEVIN: I'm doing it, babe; full throttle.

AMY: Yeah, that's nice and all, but maybe you could ease off a *little* now.

KEVIN: Nope.

AMY: Kevin!!!

KEVIN: We can do this, Amy. Together we can achieve anything!

AMY: Together? I'm just sitting here! This is all on *you*!

KEVIN: And I'm powering forwards for both of us!

AMY: Well, don't! I've changed my mind!!! I want out!!! Hurtling at full speed towards a sheer drop is a stupid idea!!!

KEVIN: Yeah, but it's either that or let Barry get past!

AMY: Right... of course. I forgot for a moment.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: As you were then.

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

(Having reached the corner in question, he then slammed the brakes on. Wearing a look of fiery determination, he then did his upmost to steer then car around the bend as widely as possible in order to be able to accelerate out of the turn again.)

KEVIN: Stopped it in time, babe!

AMY: Legend!!!

KEVIN: Right? It was perfect! Another corner, he's failed to steal from us.

(As he continued to feed the wheel and take the corner at its widest point, however, the rival car slowly glided past them on the inside of the bend. Having gone into the corner slower, they had the momentum to accelerate out again, long before Kevin could even consider it. As a result, the two of them had to sit there and watch as a couple they didn't know waved at them from the cockpit of their car before zooming off down the road and leaving them behind.)

AMY: Um...

KEVIN: Yeah...

AMY: So...

KEVIN: I think I may have misjudged that a bit.

AMY: It certainly looked like it.

KEVIN: I was so focussed on getting to the corner quickly, I forgot to take into consideration the fact that I still needed an angle to drive around it.

AMY: Hmm... yeah.

(She forced a smile.)

AMY: Still... the angle you lucked into isn't terrible.

KEVIN: Actually, Amy...

(He then brought the car to a standstill before slinging it into reverse gear.)

KEVIN: I went a bit *too* wide.

AMY: Right...

(She sighed.)

AMY: I'm not a racing expert by any means; quite the opposite, actually. But even *I* know that if you have to do a three point turn to get around a corner, there's a fair chance you fucked it up.

KEVIN: In some considerable style.

(Having managed to get the car facing the road again, he then resumed driving. He did so with a resigned smile on his face.)

KEVIN: Didn't keep him behind for long, did I?

AMY: Nope.

KEVIN: Nobody would ever confuse me for a professional, that's for sure.

AMY: Yeah... but look on the bright side. At least it wasn't Barry that overtook us.

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: And that's a *massive* upside. If he *had* been the one to get the pleasure of calmly passing while I drive in the dirt at the roadside, hoping not to hit a tree, I'd be heading for the nearest cliff right now.

AMY: At full speed!

KEVIN: Bidding farewell to this cruel world.

(Amy shook her head then glanced at the map in her lap.)

AMY: There are two quick right corners coming up. Easy ones.

KEVIN: Uh-huh.

AMY: An if another rally car comes, just let it pass.

(Kevin gasped.)

KEVIN: What? Even if it's Barry driving???

AMY: *Especially* if it's Barry driving! If he simply outpaces us, I can *live* with the mocking. If he gets to ease past us while we're upside down in a ditch having overdone our defence, on the other hand, we'd never live it down!

KEVIN: Well... no.

AMY: So let's just go back to focussing on finishing, like we set out to do.

KEVIN: But finishing in a good time, right?

AMY: Alive will do! If that brush with death just now has taught me anything, it's that I don't like brushes with death. So no more.

(Kevin gave her a consoling smile.)

KEVIN: Fair enough. You're the boss.

AMY: No, Kevin.

(She struck her sexist pose.)

AMY: I'm the navigator.

Just under two hours later, worn out from their day's exertions, Kevin and Amy headed off of the main road and into a campsite. Looking forward to stretching his legs, Kevin headed towards a scenic area beneath some trees and exhaled with relief. Their hellish first day of the rally would soon be over.

Moments later, having brought the car to a standstill, Kevin sat back then looked to Amy with a warm smile on his face.

KEVIN: Well... we're alive.

AMY: Yup. Suck it, Barry.

(She then opened her door and climbed out of the car. Kevin rapidly followed suit. Looking greatly concerned, he glanced over the car at where his wife was doing stretches and sucked his teeth.)

KEVIN: Don't wander too far, babe. Bears, remember.

AMY: I already told you, love; there's a fence to keep bears out.

KEVIN: Yes, but bears can just come in the same way we did.

AMY: In a car?

KEVIN: No, you tit! Along that road.

AMY: One, don't call me a tit! And two, no they can't. There was a cattle grid.

KEVIN: Bears aren't cattle!

AMY: No, but they *are* too intelligent to try to cross such an obstacle.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: According to the website, yes.

KEVIN: I see...

AMY: Anyway, you start a fire and I'll be back after I've had a shower.

KEVIN: Righto.

(He flinched.)

KEVIN: Wait! There's a shower block?

AMY: Yup. And toilets.

KEVIN: Sweet!

AMY: There's also a few vending machines; not to mention complimentary firewood.

KEVIN: Bonus. I'll be using some of that then.

AMY: Just make sure you only use a designated fire-pit.

KEVIN: Like the one ten feet from our car?

AMY: What?
KEVIN: I didn't just park here for the views, babe.
AMY: I see.
(She smiled.)
AMY: That's nice. You get the fire going then while I freshen up. And don't forget the kindling this time.
(Kevin furrowed his brow.)
KEVIN: I wasn't about to!
(He ruffled his neck.)
KEVIN: Just go and sort your armpits out and leave it to me.
AMY: Sort my armpits out? What's that meant to mean?
KEVIN: You're going to have a shower, aren't you?
AMY: Yes, but why single out my armpits?
KEVIN: Because if they're anything like mine, they fucking need it.
AMY: Right. Well... they're nothing like yours, so...
KEVIN: Good point.
(He smirked.)
KEVIN: Mine aren't hairy!
AMY: You bastard!
(With that, she scooped up a stick and threw it at him. Having dodged to avoid it, Kevin stared at her aghast.)
KEVIN: Lunatic!
AMY: What? I was just passing you some firewood; that's all.
KEVIN: Yeah, right...
AMY: Anyway... good luck. Cock it up and I *will* mock you.
(She then about turned and minced away. Watching her go, Kevin chuckled to himself.)
KEVIN: And three, two, one...
(With perfect timing, Amy then headed back to the car.)
AMY: I forgot my shower stuff.
KEVIN: Yes; yes, you did.
(He then headed for the nearby pit, ignoring the sneering glance he was receiving from his wife.)

Within half an hour, a showered and relaxed, Kevin and Amy found themselves seated on a bench, in front of a blazing fire. Holding a beer in one hand and a scotch egg in the other, Kevin stared into the flames with a satisfied grin on his face. At his side, Amy sipped from a wine glass then glanced around the surrounding area. With a shrug, she then turned and glanced at her husband.

AMY: I mean... it's not bad, not really.

(Kevin glanced at her emptily.)

KEVIN: What isn't? The wine?

AMY: The campsite.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: The wine's rubbish.

KEVIN: Well... it was from a box.

AMY: Yeah.

(She smiled.)

AMY: This campsite isn't bad at all. And by that, I mean it's not bad for the *price*. If we'd paid five star hotel rates and ended up with a lukewarm shower and a dirty toilet, on the other hand, I'd be furious.

KEVIN: Absolutely.

AMY: But this isn't bad at all for a fiver. Firewood, a passable shower, a toilet. Can't *really* complain, can we?

KEVIN: And yet, I feel you're about to.

AMY: Having said that...

KEVIN: Here we go.

AMY: They shouldn't advertise having toilets if there's no toilet roll! A toilet without toilet roll is about as much use as a sink with no plug.

KEVIN: Well...

AMY: Don't argue with me when I sounding off.

KEVIN: Right...

AMY: A bit silly, isn't it?

KEVIN: Well... yeah. A good thing you brought some really.

AMY: Wasn't it, just. I pre-empted their foolishness with my excellent preparation there.

KEVIN: You most certainly did.

AMY: Yup.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Much kudos to me, I reckon.

(Kevin looked to her blankly for a moment then smiled.)

KEVIN: You feeling a bit anxious, babe?

AMY: What makes you say that?

KEVIN: You're fishing for validation.

AMY: No, I'm not.

KEVIN: Right...

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Well, I'm gonna validate you anyway.

AMY: You don't have to do that.

KEVIN: Okay, I won't then.

AMY: No, no. Please. Validate away.

KEVIN: Fair enough.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: It doesn't matter if the places we visit have forgotten to supply certain things, because you *always* have it covered. You're that awesome! Like when we visited that stately home and they'd run out of tour brochures. It didn't matter, because you'd already downloaded one the night before. You, babe, cannot be defeated!

AMY: Yup. I'm very efficient.

KEVIN: Yes, you are.

AMY: And what else?

KEVIN: What?

AMY: What else is awesome about me?

(Kevin bit his lip for a moment then sidled right up to her side.)

KEVIN: Whatever it is you're anxious about, love, don't be. I'm right here with you.

AMY: I already told you, I'm *not* anxious.

KEVIN: And I know you too well to fall for that, even for a minute.

AMY: Well...

KEVIN: So come on... talk to me.
(Amy looked to him uneasily then hung her head.)
AMY: I was just thinking how nice this is.
KEVIN: Okay...
AMY: And how we can *do* this things because it's just you and me.
(She pouted.)
AMY: No dependents to consider.
(Kevin looked enlightened.)
KEVIN: Gotcha.
(He put his arm around her and pulled her close.)
KEVIN: You mean no dependents *yet*.
AMY: Maybe never.
KEVIN: Hey. Don't think like that. We've only been trying for a year and a bit.
AMY: Which is a really long time.
(She sighed.)
AMY: My sister got pregnant straight away.
(She shrugged.)
AMY: Okay, she was thirteen at the time and it was a horrifying ordeal, but still.
Why can't *we* be that fast?
KEVIN: We've just been unlucky, that's all.
AMY: Have we though? I mean, is it really just bad luck?
KEVIN: Well...
AMY: Only, my mum reckons you must be firing blanks.
KEVIN: Cunt!
AMY: Excuse me?
KEVIN: Not you! Your... mum. Oh, boy...
AMY: Don't call my mum a cunt, Kev, that's horrible.
(Kevin proceeded to sweat.)
KEVIN: Fine.
(He ruffled his neck.)
KEVIN: Just make sure you tell her I'm *not* firing blanks. Bloody cheek.
AMY: But how do we *know* you're not...
KEVIN: Babe... just... listen, okay?
(He nodded.)
KEVIN: It's not that unusual for a couple to take a few years to conceive. You hear about it all the time.
AMY: Do you?
KEVIN: Yes!
(He smiled.)
KEVIN: And those couples very often go on to have like four or five kids.
(He shuddered.)
KEVIN: We're not one of those couples. Two will do!
AMY: One would be a start.
KEVIN: Well, yeah.
(He nodded.)
KEVIN: Now stop worrying, okay? Until it happens let's savour moments like this, shall we? Because I tell you, when that fateful day comes, and we are blessed with a little one, our days of free and easy and fun will be well and truly over.
(Amy looked to him emptily for a moment then smiled.)
AMY: Thanks, Kev.

KEVIN: For what?

AMY: Reassuring me, obviously. Despite what I tell people, you're a great husband sometimes.

KEVIN: Yeah, well, I do my... hey!

AMY: I'm kidding!

(She chuckled.)

AMY: I never mention you at all.

(They giggled together then Amy laid her head on his shoulder.)

AMY: You won't regret lifting my spirits later.

(Kevin's face lit up.)

KEVIN: No?

AMY: Promise.

KEVIN: Awesome. That's the kind of promise I like!

AMY: Oh, I know you do.

KEVIN: I know it too.

AMY: Just make sure you brush your teeth first. That scotch egg isn't doing you any favours.

KEVIN: Right. I'm assuming you brought my...

AMY: Yup. And the toothpaste to go with it.

KEVIN: Legend.

AMY: Yes, I am.

(She smiled then glanced up at the sky.)

AMY: The sun's almost completely down.

KEVIN: Yup.

(He nodded)

KEVIN: We should go to bed as soon as it sets.

AMY: Definitely.

(She then nodded sternly.)

AMY: But before we do that, about the race tomorrow...

KEVIN: What about it?

AMY: The road back down again is one giant zigzag. A giant zigzag with steep slopes on it. It worries me.

KEVIN: I don't see why, babe. Zigzags on steep downhill roads aren't even uncommon and there's always barriers to prevent you from screwing up and accidentally driving down one of the slopes.

AMY: Yeah, that's what *I* thought.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: But I looked it up on the internet just to make sure.

KEVIN: And?

AMY: They stopped erecting barriers about halfway down.

(Kevin glanced at her urgently.)

KEVIN: What?

AMY: I said they...

KEVIN: Why would they do that???

AMY: *I* don't know, do I? The designers foolishly forgot to include me in the planning stage.

(She rolled her eyes.)

KEVIN: That's bad. I mean, that's really bad. We have to get down there at speed.

AMY: And without barriers, we just might. In less than a minute. On fire and upside down!

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: I'm really gonna have to concentrate going down there.

AMY: Yes, you are.

(She sighed.)

AMY: And it'll suck for me too. I'll be pretty much surplus to requirements.

KEVIN: How come?

AMY: Zigzags! Left, right, left, right, left, right and so on; forever. Zig follows zag follows zig follows zag. Plus, you can quite clearly *see* the next bend. You can see the next hundred bends from up there, actually. You won't need *me* to tell you what's next.

KEVIN: Sorry, babe. That sucks.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: But you'll be back in the game once we're down the other side.

AMY: Nope. It's a five hundred mile straight road from there to the finishing line, just outside Point de L'Orange.

KEVIN: Fuck.

AMY: Uh-huh.

KEVIN: You're gonna get *so* bored.

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: And you're really annoying when you're bored.

(He then became acutely aware of a gnashing of teeth at his side.)

KEVIN: Whoops.

(He wiped sweat from his brow and grimaced.)

KEVIN: Annoying in a cute way, of course.

AMY: Kevin...

KEVIN: I love you.

AMY: Oh? And what *is it* you love about me? My smelly armpits or the fact I'm annoying?

KEVIN: Both!

(He winced.)

KEVIN: That was a terrible answer!

AMY: Mm hmm.

KEVIN: A costly answer.

AMY: You have no idea.

KEVIN: Not too late to change it, is it?

AMY: It's never too late to try, but I don't rate your chances.

KEVIN: Even if I tell you I love you because you're so forgiving?

AMY: Wow. It's like you've never even met me.

KEVIN: Not in a forgiving mood then?

AMY: Guess.

KEVIN: Fuck.

(Amy then started to chuckle.)

AMY: I'm just teasing. I know I can be annoying when I'm bored.

KEVIN: You? Never!

AMY: Don't push it!

KEVIN: Right...

AMY: Thankfully, having studied the route, I was aware of the extra long, straight road and packed accordingly.

KEVIN: Headphones?

AMY: Crossword book.

KEVIN: Ah. Good thinking. I love helping you finish crosswords.

AMY: What? When has that ever happened???

KEVIN: It happens all the time!

AMY: No, it doesn't!

KEVIN: Babe, it happened yesterday! Twice!

AMY: When?

KEVIN: You called out to me and said what's another word for an oversight. Eight letters. It was omission.

AMY: Oh, yeah.

KEVIN: See?

AMY: No, I don't see. You said it happened twice.

KEVIN: It did!

AMY: The fact you didn't hear me the first time and asked me to repeat the question doesn't count!

KEVIN: I know that, love. But you *also* asked me what material a ballet tutu was made out of.

AMY: Oh, that's right.

(She sighed.)

AMY: I can't believe you knew that answer. I've never been so ashamed.

KEVIN: I *didn't* know the answer to that. You said it was five letters starting with a T and ending in and E. I just happened to know there was a material called tulle.

AMY: Used for making ballet skirts and wedding veils. My man is a closet...

KEVIN: Enough of that, you. It's also used to make net curtains, remember?

AMY: Oh, that's right. I'll let you off then. Net curtains are very manly.

KEVIN: Amy...

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Are you *trying* to wind me up?

AMY: Yup.

(She chuckled.)

AMY: That's what you get for calling me an annoyance with smelly armpits.

KEVIN: I see.

(He gave her half a smile.)

KEVIN: Revenge taken. I give up. You win. Now stop torturing me.

AMY: Admitting defeat already?

KEVIN: I did that at the altar when I said I do, babe.

AMY: Good point.

(She smiled.)

AMY: So yeah, tomorrow starts with pretty much the same thing we did today. Just for a few hours until we reach the peak. Then we'll have zigzags all way back down, followed by that boring straight.

KEVIN: Gotcha.

(He raised an enquiring eyebrow.)

KEVIN: So we're still a few hours shy of the peak, are we?

AMY: Pretty much. Not that the road *goes* to the peak; it's way too steep. But the highest point of this road, before we begin our descent is about two hours away.

KEVIN: I see.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Well that's good then. I mean, as long I don't drive like a maniac, there's nothing we can't handle, is there? We already *know* we can do the rally bit. And the

zigzags should be fine as long as I'm cautious. The straight road after that isn't even a concern, so... all in all... I reckon we'll be fine.

AMY: Yeah?

KEVIN: Absolutely.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: Unlike that bloke who overtook us.

AMY: Oh?

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Ours is the only rally car here, babe. So *he* must have driven past. Meaning he'll be kipping out in the wilderness with the bears.

AMY: Nah, he probably went to the campsite about half an hour up the road.

(Kevin slowly turned and glowered at her.)

KEVIN: There's a campsite half an hour up the road?

AMY: Um...

KEVIN: But you said *this* was the last campsite!

AMY: I did?

KEVIN: Yes! You did!

AMY: Whoopsie.

(She blushed.)

AMY: Caught in a lie.

KEVIN: Babe, why didn't you book us into the next one? We'd have had less to do tomorrow then.

AMY: I know. I just... well... I thought about it...

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: But it doesn't have showers or toilets, so I decided against it. You know how I like my creature comforts.

KEVIN: Yeah, but...

AMY: Don't nag! This was the last one up here with toilets. And if they don't have toilets, they don't exist as far as I'm concerned.

KEVIN: And that's fair enough, but why didn't you just *tell* me that instead of lying about this being the last one?

AMY: Because I thought you'd moan at me.

(She pouted.)

AMY: And I was right.

KEVIN: I'm moaning about the lie, not the deed.

AMY: It wasn't a lie! It was an omission. I omitted the part about not wanting to stop where there weren't any toilets. Because it didn't seem relevant.

KEVIN: Why not?

AMY: Because we were never going to stay there anyway. I'll never stay somewhere without a toilet! Never ever! That, husband of mine, is non-negotiable.

KEVIN: Well... fine. I just wish you'd said so rather than lying, because I happen to agree with you on the toilet thing.

AMY: I already told you, I didn't *lie*. It was merely an omission of a minor detail.

(She nodded.)

AMY: And before you say it, yes, you are going to regret teaching me that word.

KEVIN: I already do. Stupid crossword.

(They shared a smile then Kevin glanced at the sun sinking over the horizon.)

KEVIN: Shall we turn in, babe? Early start tomorrow.

AMY: Absolutely. And don't worry. I've set an alarm.

KEVIN: Oh, nice one.
AMY: We'll back on the road exactly eight hours after we stopped.
KEVIN: Perfect.
AMY: So if that fella did stop at the next campsite half an hour up the road, and he doesn't set off on time, he may just see us speed past him again in the morning.
KEVIN: Ooh. That'd be awesome.
AMY: Right?
(She smiled.)
AMY: Anyway, like you say, let's set up the beds and try to get some sleep. You'll need your wits about you tomorrow, so we need you well rested.
KEVIN: Yeah...
(He winced.)
KEVIN: What if I *can't* sleep though? I'll be shattered tomorrow. And tired drivers make mistakes! There's a possibility we really *will* take the quick way down!
AMY: Hmm...
KEVIN: Yeah, we need to do all we can to make *sure* I sleep.
AMY: Yes, we do.
KEVIN: But what though? How can we ensure I have a decent kip?
(He then glanced away innocently.)
KEVIN: I mean, I always fall asleep after sex, but I couldn't expect you to...
AMY: No, no, Kev. We're definitely having sex.
(Kevin's face lit up.)
KEVIN: Really?
AMY: Of course. *I* want a good night's sleep too. And seeing as *you* always fall asleep after sex and *I* always fall asleep *during* it, we'd be foolish not to.
KEVIN: During it? You...
AMY: I'm joking!
(She then upped and headed for the back of the car.)
AMY: Now come on. You've got some wife ravaging to do.
(Kevin watched her backside as she minced towards the car then puffed out in awe.)
KEVIN: Yup. That's the stuff. It was the first thing that attracted me to her and it's still keeping me interested today. Her perfect arse.
(He then trotted after her excitedly.)

Some twenty minutes later, beneath the shadow of the moon, Kevin and Amy's car was rocking like a ship on the high seas. Inside it, Amy was laying on her back, writhing in ecstasy, while Kevin went to town on her with his manhood. Giving it everything he had, he was gritting his teeth and turning red in the face.

KEVIN: Babe, this is exhausting!
AMY: That's the point!
KEVIN: I'm not sure how much longer I can keep this up for!
AMY: You can stop whenever you like!
KEVIN: Are you kidding? No chance! This is fucking awesome.
(He then gasped for breath.)
KEVIN: Actually, hold that thought. It's gonna be over very soon.
AMY: You're coming?
KEVIN: I'm about too.
AMY: Good lad.
(She grabbed his neck then stared into his eyes.)

AMY: Give it to me. All of it! Fertilise that egg, you naughty boy!
(She grimaced.)
AMY: Wow. That was *not* sexy!
KEVIN: At this point, sexiness is entirely irrelevant, love! I'm there!
(He then groaned with sweet relief as he released his seed inside her.)
AMY: Go on! Fill me up, buttercup!
(She winced.)
AMY: Good god, my sex talk is a fucking appalling. I might as well have said, hold onto your testicles, sexy pants, my egg's about to vacuum up your man juice!
(Slowing down, Kevin looked to her and chuckled.)
KEVIN: That would *not* be sexy, Amy.
AMY: I know!
KEVIN: But then, with a body like yours, you don't *need* to talk dirty. Nature already did it for you.
AMY: Aw. That was actually really sweet.
KEVIN: I'm a sweet guy.
(He then manoeuvred himself off of her and laid down at her side. At once, Amy turned and cuddled up to him.)
AMY: You know...
(She then shrieked and sat up in horror.)
AMY: Who's that???
(Reacting to her fear, Kevin also sat up and stared out of the window. Much to his dismay, a complete stranger was staring back at them.)
KEVIN: What do *you* want???
(The stranger looked most perplexed.)
STRANGER: What do you *think* I want? The same as you. An evening of sexy fun!
AMY: What???
STRANGER: You know... woof, woof. Phwoar. Naughty, naughty, naughty.
(Kevin and Amy gasped.)
KEVIN: You!!!
AMY: It's him again!
STRANGER: What? You know me?
(An enlightened expression then crossed his brow.)
STRANGER: Oh, hello again.
(He chuckled.)
STRANGER: So much for what you said the other day, eh? You don't do that kind of thing, was it? Yeah, right. It's been excellent so far!
AMY: Kevin! Get out of the car and punch him in the face!
KEVIN: Hang on a sec, babe. What do you mean, so far?
(The stranger looked at him blankly.)
STRANGER: Well... that can't have been the entire show; it was far too brief.
KEVIN: Excuse me?
STRANGER: Happy to. Now ignore me and carry on from where you left off.
AMY: We'd finished!
STRANGER: Really? Already?
(He grimaced.)
STRANGER: Well that won't do.
KEVIN: What won't fucking do?
STRANGER: That short-lived performance! I drove up here looking for at least an hour's worth.

(He rolled his eyes.)

STRANGER: Honestly, you two won't last five minutes in the dogging game if you're going to short change your viewers like that.

(Kevin glanced at Amy.)

KEVIN: I think we've finally found a use for that rifle.

AMY: And I couldn't agree more.

KEVIN: Excellent.

(He glowered at the stranger.)

KEVIN: Step back from the door, sonny boy. I'm gonna come out there and shoot you.

STRANGER: What??? Why?

(An enlightened expression crossed his brow.)

STRANGER: Right. Gotcha. It's because I insulted your prowess as a man, isn't it?

KEVIN: No, it's...

STRANGER: That was insensitive of me and I apologise. If twenty minutes is all you can muster then twenty minutes will have to do.

(He smiled.)

STRANGER: You can always have a break for ten minutes then try again.

KEVIN: Right!

(He then threw open the door and whacked the stranger's knees with it.)

STRANGER: Careful!

(Kevin ignored him entirely and proceeded to climb out off the car.)

KEVIN: I'm gonna batter you black and blue!!!

STRANGER: What? You are?

KEVIN: Yes!

STRANGER: I see.

(He nodded.)

STRANGER: In that case...

(With that, he took off like a rocket and raced into the trees across the road. Left half in and half out of the car, Kevin fumed bitterly.)

KEVIN: He ran away!

AMY: Good.

KEVIN: But I wanted to batter him senseless.

AMY: Yeah, but now you won't have to.

KEVIN: But I *want* to.

AMY: I know, love, but he's gone now.

KEVIN: Yeah...

AMY: So, come on. Get back in the car, cuddle up to me and go to sleep.

KEVIN: I can't sleep while I'm cuddling you.

AMY: *I'll* cuddle *you* then.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Just get back in the car.

KEVIN: Fine.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: But if he comes back, I'll have him.

AMY: If he comes back, hopefully we'll be asleep.

KEVIN: Well... yeah.

(He then clambered back into the car and slammed the door shut. Having done so, he then nestled back into place. At once, Amy cuddled up to him and smiled lovingly.)

AMY: That man's an idiot.

KEVIN: And then some.
AMY: Right? Since when was twenty minutes brief?
KEVIN: It isn't.
AMY: Exactly.
(She shrugged.)
AMY: Sometimes twenty minutes is *too long*.
KEVIN: Yeah, it...
(He gave her a sideways glance.)
KEVIN: Is it?
AMY: If I'm tired, it can be.
KEVIN: Gotcha.
AMY: I wasn't saying you're so rubbish, enduring twenty minutes is a hardship. I wasn't saying that at all.
KEVIN: I never said you were.
(He grimaced.)
KEVIN: But now you've said it, I'm suspecting you might have been.
AMY: Really?
(She pouted bitterly.)
AMY: Then you're just as much of an idiot as that voyeur.
KEVIN: Babe...
AMY: No; you are. We've had marathon sessions before now. Hours long. And you know damned well, I've loved them. Okay, now and again, when you're stressed, we've also had two minute micro sessions, but for the most part it's been awesome.
KEVIN: Awesome, huh?
(He smirked arrogantly.)
KEVIN: How awesome?
AMY: Awesome enough for you to know I *enjoy* our love-making and would never even think of saying you're bad at making love to me!
KEVIN: Right.
(He smiled.)
KEVIN: I apologise.
AMY: Good.
KEVIN: Now give me a kiss.
AMY: You don't deserve a kiss.
KEVIN: Yeah, but give me a kiss anyway.
(Amy sighed.)
AMY: Fine, but it doesn't mean I like you.
KEVIN: That's...
(Just then, there was a hammering on the car window. Taken by complete surprise, Kevin and Amy both jumped in terror.)
AMY: Twat sticks!!!
KEVIN: Wanking fuck bollocks!!!
(They then threw a glance at the window. Much to their surprise, a police officer was peering back at them. Someone bemused, Kevin wound down the window and grimaced at him.)
KEVIN: Is there a problem, officer?
OFFICER: I'll say there is, sunshine. You're nicked!
KEVIN: What???
AMY: What for???
OFFICER: Public fornication, that's what?

(Kevin and Amy glanced at one another then back at the policeman.)

AMY: And you *saw* us fornicate, did you?

OFFICER: No, but...

AMY: Then it didn't happen!

KEVIN: What she said!

OFFICER: I didn't need to see it! I just know! Why else would you come to a secluded outdoor spot, get naked then jump in the back of this oddly long car together?

KEVIN: To sleep!

OFFICER: A likely story. You've could have slept at home!

AMY: Not tonight, we couldn't!

OFFICER: And why not?

AMY: Because we're not *at* home!

OFFICER: Don't get clever with me, young lady.

AMY: I wasn't.

KEVIN: She wouldn't know how to.

AMY: Excuse me???

KEVIN: That came out wrong.

(He offered her a weak smile.)

KEVIN: I was just telling the nice policeman here that you're too nice a person to make smart arse remarks.

AMY: You'd better have been.

OFFICER: Never mind talking among yourselves, get out of the car so I can arrest you!

AMY: But we didn't do anything!

OFFICER: Yes, you did! Fornicating! Publicly!

AMY: We didn't though!

KEVIN: Which is *why* you didn't see it!

OFFICER: I just told you, I don't *need* to see it. I just need grounds to suspect it!

KEVIN: Yeah... I think you might want to double check that, mate.

AMY: He's right. You need actual grounds to arrest people.

OFFICER: Like the fact you're both naked in the back of this car which is parked in public!

AMY: No, it's parked in a *campsite*. We're camping out overnight in the car.

OFFICER: You can't camp in a car!

KEVIN: Yes, you can!

OFFICER: Rubbish! You talk bollocks, you do. You're an idiot.

(He nodded sternly.)

OFFICER: And so am I. I didn't realise I'd wandered into the campsite. I thought I was still patrolling the infamous dogging area down the road.

(He ruffled his neck.)

OFFICER: I should apologise really... oh, well.

(He then wandered off. Kevin and Amy watched him leave then grimaced at one another.)

AMY: Kevin?

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: Do we have a certain look about us?

KEVIN: What do you mean?

AMY: Do we have a look that cries exhibitionist or something? Only, we can't seem to use a car park after dark these days without being swarmed on by weirdoes and policemen.

KEVIN: Hmm...

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: It's not us, babe.

AMY: What makes you so sure?

KEVIN: Because we've only attracted *one* weirdo. Okay, we attracted him twice, hundreds of miles apart, but that's his issue, not ours.

AMY: True.

KEVIN: As for the police... I think it has more to do with bad recruitment. Any old halfwit can become a copper nowadays, it seems.

AMY: Good point.

(She smiled.)

AMY: That's good then. I was starting to fear we'd get accosted *every time* we pull into a layby or something.

KEVIN: Well.... if we do then I was wrong. We *do* have that look about us.

AMY: Fair point.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Anyway, we need to get off to sleep.

KEVIN: Don't say we need to get off, babe. Next thing you know, there'll be a gaggle of drooling perverts scratching at the windows.

AMY: Like a scene from a zombie film.

KEVIN: Attack of the Drooling Fuckwits.

AMY: Directed by Randy Dogger.

(They shared a chuckle then settled down under the covers together.)

KEVIN: Night, love.

AMY: Night, sweetie.

KEVIN: See you in the morning.

AMY: Yup.

(Silence then descended for a few seconds.)

KEVIN: You've *set* the alarm, right?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: I'll shut up then.

(He then closed his eyes and nestled into his pillow.)

The following morning, having managed to cobble together five hours sleep, Kevin woke up to the sound of Amy's phone chiming. Resenting the new day, and wishing he could simply doze off again, he frowned then glanced at Amy's side of the car. Much to his dismay, she was nowhere to be seen.

KEVIN: Amy???

(He whimpered.)

KEVIN: Who stole my wife???

(He then glanced up and saw Amy heading back from the shower block, yawning like a gaping hippopotamus. Mightily relieved, he drew a breath then climbed out of the car. Watching Amy approach, he smiled then spoke up.)

KEVIN: Morning, babe.

(Amy glanced at him through bleary eyes.)

AMY: You snore!

KEVIN: Morning, babe.

AMY: I only got two hours sleep.

KEVIN: Morning, babe.

(Amy growled at him.)

AMY: Morning!

KEVIN: There you go.

AMY: Go and get a shower while I make breakfast, will you? We need to get going in half an hour.

KEVIN: Right. Now that, I can do.

(He then reached inside the car to grab his wash-bag.

Some ten minutes later, washed and refreshed after his trip to the shower block, Kevin returned to the car to be greeted by the smell of bacon, frying in a pan. Sitting over a gas stove, nursing the bacon, Amy glanced at him briefly then looked back at the bacon.

AMY: You snore!

KEVIN: You said.

AMY: And you ignored me.

KEVIN: It wasn't news, that's why.

AMY: No, but it was annoying.

KEVIN: So is the fact you think you *don't* snore, but let's not argue, love.

AMY: Fine. Just don't snore again.

KEVIN: Like I can make that promise.

AMY: Whatever.

(She nodded.)

AMY: We're having bacon sandwiches for breakfast. And no, you don't have a say in the matter.

KEVIN: I wouldn't argue against bacon sandwiches anyway, babe.

AMY: Too busy snoring?

KEVIN: Wow. You really need to let that go.

AMY: And I will. Eventually.

KEVIN: And believe me when I say I'm looking forward to it.

AMY: Hmm...

(She then scooped the bacon out of the pan and placed it on some bread she'd buttered earlier.)

AMY: We haven't got any sauce, so you'll have to have it raw.

KEVIN: Raw?

AMY: You know what I meant!

(She then passed him two slices of bread with bacon stuffed inside.)

AMY: Here.

KEVIN: Legend.

AMY: Don't butter me up, arse face.

(She then filled two more slices to create her own sandwich.)

AMY: You know something, Kevin, sometimes you can be a complete...

(She then took a bite of her bacon sandwich. At once, her frown turned upside down and she looked to her husband warmly.)

AMY: Isn't it a beautiful morning? The sun's out already and that breeze is just perfect.

(Kevin chuckled to himself.)

KEVIN: Gotta love the bacon effect.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I was agreeing with you, love. It's lovely out.

AMY: Isn't it though?

KEVIN: Yup, the birds are singing and all is calm. It bodes well for the race, I reckon.

AMY: Yes, well, never mind yapping about what a nice day it is, I'm trying to eat my sandwich.

(Kevin couldn't help but afford himself a chuckle.)

KEVIN: You started the conversation, and my talking isn't stopping you from eating, but okay.

(Amy held up a finger to shush him.)

KEVIN: Right...

(He then tucked into his sandwich with an amused smile on his face. His smile was so genuine that a minute or so later, when he finished eating, it was still present.)

KEVIN: That was perfect. Just what I needed.

(Nibbling on her sandwich, Amy threw him the world's quickest and fakest smile then resumed focussing on her food.)

KEVIN: I'll start packing up our stuff, babe. Starting with the gas stove.

(He received nothing but a thumbs up in return.)

KEVIN: You just enjoy your sandwich.

AMY: I would if you'd stopped yapping.

KEVIN: Yes, dear.

(With that, he rolled his eyes then gathered up the camping stove, before heading to the back of the car with it. Once there, he opened the hatch then slid the stove into place.)

KEVIN: Blimey, we made a right mess in the back here.

(He then pulled out a large piece of bedding and started to fold it.)

KEVIN: A sleeping bag, huh? I thought it was a duvet. The bloody thing's huge. You could fit three people in here.

(He mused to himself.)

KEVIN: Normally, sleeping bags are so bloody skinny, you end up cocooned in them like a transitioning cauliflower.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: Caterpillar! Bloody cauliflower? Where did that come from?

(Amy's voice then rose up from over the car.)

AMY: It's not a sleeping bag, it's the under-sheet for a foldaway futon.

KEVIN: Oh.

AMY: That was underneath us. There's a duvet in there as well.

KEVIN: Right. I didn't spot that.

(He peered over the car.)

KEVIN: Why have we got an under-sheet for a foldaway bed? We haven't got a foldaway bed.

AMY: Because they make good makeshift mattresses and we needed one.

KEVIN: Right.

(He grimaced uncomfortably.)

KEVIN: You got it especially for this trip, didn't you?

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: And how much...

AMY: You can't put a price on comfort, Kevin.

(Kevin furrowed his brow then mumbled under his breath.)

KEVIN: Bloody can.
AMY: What?
KEVIN: I said good point.
(He mumbled under his breath again.)
KEVIN: There ought to be a law against women using debit cards.
(Just then, Amy came round to the back to the car.)
AMY: Right.
(Kevin leapt upwards and shrieked.)
KEVIN: Why???
(He then clutched his hand to his heart.)
KEVIN: Don't sneak up on me like that, Amy; you almost gave me a heart attack.
AMY: I didn't sneak anywhere.
(She glowered at him suspiciously.)
AMY: Maybe you were busy mumbling mean things and didn't hear me coming.
KEVIN: I did no such thing!
AMY: Hmm...
(She smiled.)
AMY: Anyway, I'm just going to the clean the pan in the shower block then we can get going again.
KEVIN: And not a moment too soon.
AMY: Damned right. If we go too soon, we'll get a time penalty.
KEVIN: Okay. Not a moment too late then.
AMY: That too.
(She then headed away towards the toilet block.)

Exactly eight hours after Kevin had parked the car, he found himself behind the wheel once again with the engine running. All he needed was for Amy to give him the nod so he could set them on their way again. Not about to take any chances, however, she'd decided at the last minute that they should waited an extra sixty seconds.

KEVIN: Babe, this is silly. Eight hours is eight hours.
AMY: The in-car timing thingy that that official mentioned might well disagree.
KEVIN: Then it's an idiot.
AMY: No, it's dead on accurate and unforgiving, like *all* machines.
(She nodded.)
AMY: Yes, I noted the time we stopped, but I didn't see exactly how many *seconds* had passed. So it makes sense to wait eight hours and one minute. Then we'll know we've definitely had the *full* eight hour break.
KEVIN: Right.
(He sighed.)
KEVIN: That makes sense I suppose. I mean...
AMY: Go!!!
KEVIN: What?
AMY: I said go! Race! Bloody start!
KEVIN: Oh! Right!
(With that, he slung the car in gear, reversed out of the spot where they'd parked then set the car into a forward motion again.)
KEVIN: And we're off!
AMY: Finally!
(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: Honestly, Kevin, you astound me sometimes. You were sitting there, impatiently champing at the bit to get going again. You were like a coiled bloody spring. Then when I said go, you just sat there looking like a confused chimp.

KEVIN: A confused chimp?

AMY: Yes! Exactly like a confused chimp.

(She chuckled.)

AMY: You should have seen it; it was uncanny.

KEVIN: You cheeky twat.

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: I was thrown, that's all. If you'd told me *earlier* that we were gonna go after eight hours and one minute I'd have understood the wait. But no, you sprung it on me at the last minute. When I was waiting to get going! Then we *didn't* get going!

AMY: Because getting going when we initially planned to would have been a mistake.

KEVIN: That's not the point. I was waiting for you to say go and you didn't. You decided to delay it. Then the second I relaxed, you changed your mind. Of course, it was gonna throw me.

AMY: I see. That's the spirit.

KEVIN: Spirit?

AMY: We'll make a sportsman out of you yet.

KEVIN: What are you on about?

AMY: You've already got excuse-making down to a fine art; all you need now is a modicum of sporting talent to go with it.

KEVIN: You...

AMY: You could go professional with feeble excuses like that.

(Kevin's brow darkened.)

KEVIN: I can't believe you sometimes.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: How can you say I haven't got a modicum of sporting talent?

AMY: Well, have you?

KEVIN: Yes!

AMY: I see. And where have you been hiding it, exactly?

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: You've mislaid it, haven't you? You must have done. If you knew where it was, you'd have got it out and used it against Barry, one of the five million times he challenged you to a contest.

(Kevin sighed.)

KEVIN: Why, Amy? Why the hostility? Are you still angry because I said women shouldn't be allowed to use debit cards?

AMY: What? No! When did you say that?

KEVIN: Fuck!

AMY: You actually said that, did you?

KEVIN: No!

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: I meant to say, are you still angry about me snoring.

AMY: I'm not, no. That bacon sandwich cheered me up no end. That's why I was having fun teasing you. I was just playing.

(She growled.)

AMY: If I'd known you'd made rude remarks about my spending habits, I'd have punched you in the face instead.

KEVIN: No, you wouldn't.

AMY: You're right. I wouldn't. That was a ridiculous thing to say. I would, however, have given you the cold shoulder.

KEVIN: Yeah? It wouldn't have worked, babe. I'd have charmed you out of your bad mood in ten seconds flat.

AMY: You couldn't charm a rattlesnake out a basket.

KEVIN: Not many can, to be fair, babe. That's why people pay to see it.

AMY: Oh, shut up.

(She scowled at him.)

AMY: Left turn.

KEVIN: Out of the campsite. I know.

AMY: Oh, you know, do you? Then I won't bother saying anything else. Seeing as you know everything.

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: You really are...

(Kevin then raised his voice.)

KEVIN: Amy!

(Amy flinched.)

AMY: What?

KEVIN: This isn't going to work, babe.

(Amy gasped.)

AMY: You're leaving me???

KEVIN: No! Don't be ridiculous. I'm saying this *sniping* won't work. We're in a rally and it requires teamwork. So whatever gripes we have need to go to one side.

(Amy ruffled her neck.)

AMY: Well...

KEVIN: We did great yesterday when we worked together as a team and we'll need more of that today.

AMY: Well... I guess.

KEVIN: So let's just put my comment about your spending in the past. I mean, it wasn't even a big deal anyway, was it? Husbands always moan about that kind of thing. It's just a meaningless complaint, like when women whinge about the toilet seat being left up. It's a gripe that's really easy to let go. So what say we do that?

AMY: Fine.

(She nodded.)

AMY: But I reserve the right to bring it up again as soon as we reach Point de L'Orange.

KEVIN: I'd be amazed if you didn't.

AMY: Aw. You totally get me.

KEVIN: Yeah...

AMY: Acute right turn into a long curved straight.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: Directions!

KEVIN: Oh! Right. Yeah. We've started that again.

AMY: Wow.

KEVIN: Sorry. It was a bit sudden and it threw me, that's all.

(Amy grimaced.)

AMY: That's twice you've been thrown by the obvious today, Kevin, and we've only been back in the car for two minutes. Should I be worried?

KEVIN: Probably.

AMY: Oh.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: I won't lie, that's not the answer I was hoping for.

(Kevin smiled.)

KEVIN: We'll be fine, babe. Don't worry.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Just relax and focus on where we're going. Point de L'Orange for a whole week. You'll finally get the exotic holiday you've been longing for.

AMY: Ooh.

(She beamed.)

AMY: I'd forgotten about that.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Yeah. You know, what with all the fear of dying in a fatal car crash, it completely slipped my mind.

KEVIN: Fair enough.

AMY: Right? So, no, I won't focus on where we're going. I'll focus on my job as navigator. Or you can forget a week by the ocean. We'll be spending an eternity in the afterlife instead.

KEVIN: Even better.

AMY: Is it? That depends where we end up. And to be honest, my behaviour as a teenager suggests I might be getting on the downwards escalator.

KEVIN: Which is fine.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: I'll pop down and visit you every weekend.

AMY: How thoughtful.

KEVIN: Of course. I'm a nice guy. That's why I'll be taking the *up* escalator.

(They chuckled together.)

KEVIN: Here we go, here's your sharp right bend.

(He then slowed the car and started to ease it around the corner.

KEVIN: Blimey, you weren't kidding when you said it was acute, were you?

AMY: Of course not. Why would I kid about something *this* important?

(She grimaced.)

AMY: Telling you there's a fast bend ahead when there's actually a steep cliff face isn't *my* idea of a jolly jape. You wouldn't exactly be giggling at my whimsically fatal clowning as we sit there burning to death either. Nope. I'll be taking this extremely seriously, thank you very much.

KEVIN: And I'm delighted to hear it.

AMY: I thought you might be.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Hard left at the end, followed by a medium right, into another straight.

KEVIN: Left then right. Gotcha.

AMY: Hard left. Medium right.

KEVIN: Yup.

AMY: Just confirming.

KEVIN: Gotcha.

AMY: You know, just in case you forget and treat them both the same.

(Kevin frowned at her bitterly.)

KEVIN: In case I forget? Amy...

AMY: Look at the road!

KEVIN: I *am* looking at the road!

AMY: Sure. *Now* you are...

KEVIN: Amy, stop it. Telling me to look at the road in the hope I'll forget what I was going to say isn't going to work anymore!

AMY: Like I'd ever do such a thing!

KEVIN: You would, and you have been.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: Now...

(His shoulders then slumped.)

KEVIN: Fuck.

AMY: What's wrong?

KEVIN: Nothing!

AMY: You forgot what you were going to say, didn't you?

(Kevin could only sigh in defeat.)

AMY: Right after saying you wouldn't. Why do you lie to me, Kevin? Why?

(She then glanced out of the window, trying desperately not to laugh.)

KEVIN: Devil woman.

(He then drove up to the sharp left turn ahead of them and eased the car around it. As he did so, his face lit up.)

KEVIN: That was it! Hard left, medium right.

AMY: Correct!

KEVIN: I remembered.

AMY: You were supposed to.

KEVIN: Yes, but you doubted me.

AMY: No, I didn't. I merely double checked like a responsible person.

KEVIN: By way of implying that I was likely to forget, because I'm dim.

(He eased then car around the medium right turn then nodded.)

KEVIN: Which, if you ask me...

AMY: Long straight into a hard right, followed by an slight left.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: They're your new directions.

KEVIN: New? We haven't finished arguing about the *old* directions yet.

(Amy gave him a condescending glance.)

AMY: We're not here to *argue* about the directions, Kevin. I'm here to *give* the directions and *you're* here to follow them. Arguing about them would be ridiculous. That's how crashes happen.

(She smiled.)

AMY: Now just focus on the road and obey my instructions, will you?

KEVIN: You...

AMY: Like a good boy.

KEVIN: A good boy???

AMY: My bad. I meant, a responsible adult.

KEVIN: Wow.

(He started to chuckle.)

KEVIN: Why are you on my case this morning, Amy?

AMY: I'm not. I merely double checked that you understood my directions and *you* got on *my* case. So I defended myself.

KEVIN: Right...

AMY: By making you look small.

KEVIN: You...

AMY: And somewhat silly.

KEVIN: I looked neither!

AMY: You did from my seat.

KEVIN: I'm not *in* your seat.
(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: *That* one was reserved for an idiot.

AMY: Yeah, but she cancelled and I came instead.
(Kevin gave an cold glance then started to chuckle.)

KEVIN: You're too quick for me.

AMY: I've been saying that for years.

KEVIN: Yup. You're definitely the brains in our relationship.
(He faked a solemn sigh.)

KEVIN: All I bring to the table is the looks and the charisma.

AMY: Really?

(She grimaced.)

AMY: And is this *table* with us in the car right now?

KEVIN: Yes!

(He nodded sternly.)

KEVIN: The metaphoric *table* in question is ever-present.

AMY: Is that so?

KEVIN: Yes.

AMY: I see. A psychiatrist would have a field day with you.

KEVIN: Would he fuck. I'd refuse to go.

AMY: Really? But he'd be heartbroken.

KEVIN: What can I tell you, babe. I'm a heartbreaker.

AMY: Right...

(They shared a chuckle then Amy nodded down the road.)

AMY: Don't forget there's a hard right coming up.

KEVIN: I'm not going to!

(He sighed with frustration.)

KEVIN: I don't have the memory of a goldfish, Amy.

AMY: No? When's our anniversary?

(Kevin whimpered.)

KEVIN: Um... that's...

(He offered her a fake smile.)

KEVIN: That's so easy, I'm not even gonna dignify it with an answer. Ask me a harder one.

AMY: Okay.

(She smiled.)

AMY: How can you claim to love me when you've clearly forgotten our anniversary?

KEVIN: Not *that* hard!

(He flinched.)

KEVIN: I mean, I haven't.

AMY: Then when is it?

KEVIN: Um... every... year?

AMY: Wow. Just... wow.

KEVIN: Oh, leave me alone. It's marked in my calendar, so it's not like I'm gonna forget to buy you anything, is it?

AMY: It's not *about* presents, Kevin.

KEVIN: Yeah... you said that once before, remember, so I didn't buy you anything. You were bloody furious.

AMY: Yeah, but that's because... um... the reason for that was... um...
(She then clicked her fingers in annoyance.)
AMY: Fuck, you've got me there.
KEVIN: Yup. An honoured victory for the Kev-meister.
(Amy just sneered at him.)
AMY: Enjoy it while it lasts.
KEVIN: I shall. In fact. I'll enjoy it right now while I steer around the hard right bend that I didn't forget.
(He then eased the car around the bend with a joyous smile on his face.)
KEVIN: Whee. Look at me enjoying myself.
AMY: You look like a tit.
KEVIN: No. I look like a happy tit.
AMY: Which is still a tit.
KEVIN: Good point. Still... who cares?
(He then eased out of the bend and powered the car forwards.)
KEVIN: And here we are on the slight left that I *also* didn't forget.
(Amy furrowed her brow at him.)
AMY: Congratulations.
KEVIN: Thank you.
AMY: There's a straight after this, followed by another zigzag. Left, right, left then right. After that there's a short straight leading to an acute left turn, and that's the start of the downhill section.
KEVIN: Right. So it's left, right, left, right, straight, left.
AMY: Yup. Then I can get on my with my crossword.
(She ruffled her neck.)
AMY: Which will be a blessed relief. I'm fed up with talking to you.
KEVIN: Feeling resentful are we? A tad sour because I won our baiting contest?
AMY: Did you though?
KEVIN: Yup.
AMY: Did you?
KEVIN: I feel like I answered that already.
AMY: Kevin...
KEVIN: Yes, cherub?
AMY: Who *really* wins these one-upmanship contests of ours?
KEVIN: Well...
(He sighed.)
KEVIN: It certainly isn't me.
AMY: Exactly.
KEVIN: Because you're a bad loser.
AMY: Am I now?
KEVIN: Yes! You sulk and deprive me of sex until I apologise.
AMY: That's right.
(She beamed.)
AMY: So you back down and I win!
KEVIN: What?
AMY: It's all part of the game, baby.
KEVIN: You deceitful little...
AMY: Don't be bitter, Kev; be better.
(She chuckled.)
AMY: You just need to accept the fact that I can play you like a bloody violin.

KEVIN: You can't play the violin!

AMY: Piano then.

KEVIN: You can't play that either.

AMY: Shut up!

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: Point is, you may think you've won, but we both know who'll end up wearing the crown, don't we?

(Kevin couldn't help but grin at her.)

KEVIN: I married the spawn of Satan, didn't I?

AMY: Yup. And there's no escape, my friend. You'll be in my evil clutches until death do us both a favour.

(Kevin giggled.)

KEVIN: I like how you put that.

(They shared a warm smile briefly then Kevin nodded sternly.)

KEVIN: Here we go then. Here comes that zigzag.

AMY: Drive carefully!

KEVIN: Good thinking. I *was* going to lean out the window, blowing raspberries while I steer with my willy, but now you mention it, driving sensibly might just be the correct approach.

AMY: That's right. Although the other method *would* be interesting to watch.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Just don't do it while *I'm* in the car.

KEVIN: Really? But there'll be nobody there to enjoy my willy.

AMY: Just enjoy it on your own like you did as a teenager.

KEVIN: No, I'm okay. I'll just drive normally.

AMY: I think that'd be for the best, yes.

KEVIN: Right?

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Okay, here we go then.

(He then led the car through the series of four tight bends which backed onto one another. Clinging on to the handle above the door, Amy grimaced.)

AMY: A girl could get seasick going around this bit.

KEVIN: Yeah... I'm probably going a bit too fast.

AMY: Then slow down.

KEVIN: Makes sense.

(With that, he eased off the elevator then led the car through the final bend. Having done so, he then thrust his foot down and sped up the steep hill beyond.)

KEVIN: A sharp left at the end of this, right?

AMY: Yup, then it's downhill from there.

KEVIN: Which hopefully isn't a reflection of our race on the whole.

AMY: I doubt it will be.

(She smiled.)

AMY: We're doing fine. We actually covered this last uphill stretch really quickly.

(She then glanced out of the window and nodded.)

AMY: There. That's the final campsite.

KEVIN: Blimey. Right at the top of the road.

AMY: Convenient, right?

(She sighed.)

AMY: But alas, no toilet. And who wants that?

KEVIN: Not me. I don't enjoy shitting in the woods like a bear. Especially when the bears are in there with me.

AMY: Exactly. It was a complete and utter nonstarter.

KEVIN: Yup.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Here we are then. Almost at the top.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Either I've broken the land speed record or your estimate of it taking two hours to get here was way off the mark.

AMY: Hmm...

(She glanced at her map.)

AMY: It's been nowhere near that long, has it?

KEVIN: Not even close.

AMY: I see.

(She then scanned her map closely.)

AMY: Right. Well... that's... interesting.

KEVIN: What is?

AMY: The top *is* about two hours from the campsite I booked.

KEVIN: Clearly not.

AMY: No, it is. The problem is, we didn't stop at the campsite I booked.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: Whoops.

KEVIN: Are you serious?

AMY: I am, yes.

KEVIN: So we stole a night at a campsite we didn't pay for?

AMY: Pretty much.

(She offered him an innocent smile.)

AMY: But it wasn't stealing. Not really. Because we paid for a night at a different campsite and *didn't* use it. Therefore universal balance is restored.

KEVIN: Right...

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: I'm happy to accept that assessment.

AMY: And I was delighted to invent it.

KEVIN: I could tell.

(He then gently guided the car around a hard left turn before motoring forth again. A few moments later, Kevin and Amy's jaws dropped. They'd emerged at the top of a fast, winding road that led all the way to the bottom of the mountain. It consisted of long straights with u-shaped turns at the end of each one; essentially snaking all the way down. It made for quite the fascinating sight.)

KEVIN: Wow.

AMY: Double wow.

KEVIN: You can see for miles.

AMY: You can see forever.

(She gasped.)

AMY: I'm pretty sure that's Point de L'Orange in the distance.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Yup. It looks really close from way up here.

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He bit his lip.)

KEVIN: It's not though.

AMY: Yup.
KEVIN: It's fucking miles away.
AMY: Then you'd better put your foot down, hadn't you?
KEVIN: Now that I can do.
AMY: Just try not to kill me.
KEVIN: I promise nothing.
AMY: And deliver less, but still; get going.
(Kevin couldn't help but chuckle.)
KEVIN: Amy?
AMY: Yes, love.
KEVIN: You're a mean, mean woman!

A short while later, Kevin found himself zooming down a long stretch of downhill road. He did so with child-like delight in his eyes. This road was a joy to drive. Visibility was perfect and he could see each corner coming from a long way away. This left him free to speed down each straight with a fiendish grin on his face and a song in his heart. He truly was in driver heaven right now. The road was fun, safe and best of all, Amy was quiet. Happy to let him get on with it, she'd pulled out her crossword book and he hadn't heard a peep from her since.

KEVIN: Fucking love it.
AMY: Hmm?
KEVIN: Never mind me, love. I was talking to myself.
(He exhaled.)
KEVIN: About this awesome fucking road.
(He beamed.)
KEVIN: I'm almost flat out!
AMY: Hmm?
KEVIN: Nothing. Just thinking out loud again.
(He grinned fiendishly.)
KEVIN: There must be forty long and fast straights in a row. It's like a dream come true.
(He exhaled.)
KEVIN: I love this road. I want to divorce you and marry it.
AMY: Okay.
(She grimaced.)
AMY: Another word for spanner, six letters.
KEVIN: Wrench.
AMY: Starts with a W.
KEVIN: Wrench.
AMY: Fourth letter is an N.
KEVIN: Wrench!
AMY: I'll come back to that one.
(Kevin gave her a sideways glance then chuckled to himself.)
KEVIN: You're not listening to a word I say.
AMY: Hmm?
KEVIN: I said, I hope you don't mind, babe, but I'm wearing your knickers.
AMY: Okay.
(Her eyes lit up.)
AMY: Wrench!

(She then flinched.)

AMY: You're wearing what???

KEVIN: Wow.

AMY: You're wearing my knickers???

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: No wonder I couldn't find them this morning!

(She flinched.)

AMY: Why the hell would you put my underwear on???

KEVIN: I didn't!

AMY: You said you did!

KEVIN: I only said that to amuse myself because I thought you weren't listening!

AMY: But I *was* listening! How do you think I heard you say it?

(Kevin gaped for a moment then sighed sorrowfully.)

KEVIN: Clearly, I was wrong.

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: Happy now? You've got me to say the three little words that move a woman's heart more than any other. That tiny sentence that brings joy to a female soul. I was wrong.

AMY: You were, yes.

(She nodded defiantly.)

AMY: Apology accepted.

KEVIN: I didn't make...

(He then threw her a disturbed glance.)

KEVIN: Wait a minute. Are you saying you've got no underwear on???

(Amy ruffled her neck indignantly.)

AMY: I am, yes. They vanished out of the car somehow.

KEVIN: How???

AMY: I don't know, do I? They either fell out or someone stole them.

KEVIN: So you decided to do without?

AMY: What choice did I have? They disappeared.

KEVIN: But that makes no sense. How can they have fallen out of the car?

AMY: When I opened the rear hatch to get out, they *might* have slid out with me.

KEVIN: Sounds unlikely. You'd have noticed that, surely.

AMY: I reckon so. That's why I'm leaning more towards the idea that someone stole them.

KEVIN: Like who?

AMY: I don't know. You?

KEVIN: Why the fuck would I do that?

AMY: To wear them.

KEVIN: I repeat, why the fuck would I do that?

AMY: Because men are kinky!

(Kevin gave her a miffed glance then stared at the road again.)

KEVIN: You unbelievable, you are. Like *I'd* steal your knickers.

AMY: Well somebody did!

KEVIN: Not fucking me!

AMY: No? Prove it?

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: Look me in the eyes and tell me it wasn't you!

KEVIN: Right. Yeah. What a great idea. I'll look at you, shall I? Why not? This road only consists of steep, high speed slopes with U-turns at the bottom of each one. What could go wrong?

(Amy sneered at him.)

AMY: There's no need for sarcasm.

KEVIN: Says the woman who invented it.

AMY: Don't change the subject.

(She nodded sternly.)

AMY: Fine. If you won't look me in the eyes then I'll find out another way.

(With that, she twisted in his direction then grabbed at the top of his trousers.)

KEVIN: What are you doing???

AMY: Seeing for myself!!!

KEVIN: Rape!!!

(Amy glowered at him coldly.)

AMY: Seriously?

KEVIN: Um...

AMY: Idiot.

(She then slid her hand down the top of his trousers and felt around for his underwear. As she did so, Kevin writhed around and whimpered.)

KEVIN: Don't do that!

AMY: Why? Are you hiding something?

KEVIN: No! You know damned well, I'm extremely ticklish!

AMY: A likely story!

KEVIN: Amy...

AMY: A-ha!

(She then felt around some more before removing her hand.)

AMY: Shit. Underpants.

KEVIN: Thank you.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: Now, are you done trying to cause an accident, or would you like to tickle me some more?

AMY: What I'd like, Kevin, is to know where my underwear went.

KEVIN: Yeah? And what *I'd* like, Amy, is for my wife to know me well enough to know that I'm not the sort of the bloke who gets off on wearing women's underwear!

AMY: I *do* know that.

KEVIN: Then why did you have to shove your hands down there to find out?

AMY: Because...

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: Tastes can change, and I thought maybe you'd become kinky recently.

KEVIN: Babe... treacle... my precious little angel...

AMY: Don't be short with me, Kevin; I'm having a difficult morning.

KEVIN: Well, yeah, I'd spotted that.

(He raised a suspicious eyebrow.)

KEVIN: Is that why you've been in a weirdly erratic mood? You're uncomfortable because your undies fucked off?

AMY: Well... maybe.

(Kevin offered her a consoling smile.)

KEVIN: Soon remedied. Let's think about it, shall we?

AMY: About my bare crotch?

KEVIN: No. Let's think about where they might have gone.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Do you remember taking them...

(His face then dropped.)

KEVIN: Off...

(He scratched his head.)

KEVIN: Come to think of it, you didn't, did you? I slid them off you before we did the filthy.

(Amy's eyes lit up.)

AMY: That's right!

(She beamed.)

AMY: That's a relief.

KEVIN: You remember where they went?

AMY: No. It's a relief because it's *your* fault.

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: I thought losing them was buffoonery on *my* part, but as it turns out, *you're* the clumsy twat.

(She sneered at him.)

AMY: Now where did you put them? Think!

KEVIN: Um...

AMY: Think harder!

KEVIN: Patience!

(An enlightened expression crossed his brow.)

KEVIN: I put them in that blue carrier bag! That's it.

AMY: Blue carrier bag?

KEVIN: Yeah.

AMY: The one from First Local?

KEVIN: That's the one. I dropped them in there then set about making you squeal with delirious joy.

AMY: I see.

(She then growled at him.)

AMY: Two things, Kevin. One, I *didn't* squeal with delirious joy; I barely even groaned with mild contentment.

KEVIN: You lying...

AMY: And two...

(She shook her fist at him.)

AMY: That blue carrier bag was the designated rubbish bag! The one I told you to put your beer bottle in! I threw it in the bins at the campsite!

KEVIN: Oh.

AMY: Yes, oh!

KEVIN: Well... that's unfortunate.

AMY: Unfortunate? I now have to travel all the way to Point de L'Orange with my gilets chafing on my leggings!

KEVIN: Well...

AMY: Well what?

KEVIN: That's not true, is it?

AMY: Oh? What am I gonna do then? Knit a pair along the way???

KEVIN: No, you can grab a clean pair from the suitcase. We packed for a week away in a seaside resort, remember?

(Amy glowered at him coldly for a moment then ruffled her neck.)

AMY: Fine. You make a good point.

KEVIN: I do, yes.
AMY: Drive carefully while I climb in the back and fetch them.
KEVIN: Of course.
AMY: I'll get changed in the back too.
KEVIN: That would make sense.
AMY: It would, yes. If I take them into the front with me, you might snatch them and toss them out of the window.
KEVIN: Why would I do that?
AMY: Because throwing my knickers away is what you do.
(Kevin rolled his eyes.)
KEVIN: Right. Yeah. Good point, love. I'm notorious for that sort of thing. At school, they used to call me the phantom knickers chucker of class 7B.
AMY: I wouldn't be at all surprised if they did.
(She nodded.)
AMY: Now slow down so I can climb into the back.
KEVIN: I already have.
AMY: Good.
(She turned her nose at him.)
AMY: I'll get in the back then. No peeking!
KEVIN: You ask too much.
AMY: Kevin!
KEVIN: Fine! Just... go.
AMY: Thank you.
(With that, she undid her seatbelt then slowly clambered into the back of the car.)
AMY: I'll be back in a minute. Don't finish my crossword while I'm away! I hate it when you do that.
KEVIN: Babe... I think it's fair to say I won't be doing that, don't you? I'm bloody driving.
AMY: Good point. You focus on that.
KEVIN: Yes, ma'am.
AMY: And no looking in the mirror at me.
(Kevin sucked his teeth.)
KEVIN: Again, you're asking a lot...
AMY: Kevin?
KEVIN: Yes, my sweet?
AMY: You suck!

A good hour or so later, Kevin and Amy were still descending the mountain on the long and winding road. Able to see all the way down the hill from where they were, Kevin was starting to feel somewhat anxious. Just as Amy had stated, the barriers at the side of the road did indeed cease to exist about half way down. Thinking it over in his mind, he was in something of a quandary. Slowing down for their sake of their safety made perfectly logical sense. At the same time, the road was exactly the same, with or without the barriers and he'd handled driving down it superbly so far. Slowing down, therefore, may well be pointless. It *would* most definitely affect their overall time. And so, he sat there, focussing hard on the road, caught in two minds about what to do when they passed the last barrier.
KEVIN: Hmm... if I slow down we'll be much safer. But there's fair chance we won't be in any danger even if I *don't* slow down. What to do...

(Amy then chimed up from the passenger's seat.)

AMY: Concede!

KEVIN: What?

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Concede? Why would we concede now? We're well over halfway!

(Amy glanced at him blankly.)

AMY: What?

KEVIN: Concede???

AMY: Yeah. Ten letters, starting with a C and ending in an E.

KEVIN: Oh. Right. Crossword.

AMY: Crossword? That doesn't end in an E. Nor is it relevant to the clue.

KEVIN: I wasn't answering the... never mind.

(He mused to himself.)

KEVIN: Concede, you say?

AMY: Yeah. I'm stuck on the last two questions and it's really annoying.

KEVIN: I see. Concede...

AMY: Yeah, it means to give up.

KEVIN: I know that!

(He then mused to himself.)

KEVIN: But then again, not necessarily. You can concede ground *without* giving up.

Like when you make a compromise.

AMY: Compromise! Yes!

(She beamed.)

AMY: Good job!

KEVIN: Well...

AMY: Now for this last one.

(She nodded at him sternly.)

AMY: Impress me, Kev. Win back my love.

KEVIN: Win it back?

AMY: You know what I mean.

KEVIN: No, I don't. When did I *lose* your love?

AMY: I don't mean it literally.

(She ruffled her neck.)

AMY: I'm just saying, if you can answer this last one, I'll let you off.

KEVIN: Let me off? For what?

AMY: Throwing my knickers in the rubbish bag!

KEVIN: Right.

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: That's fair. I did do that.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: What's the clue?

AMY: Okay. Five across. Extreme pain. Starting with an A and ending with a Y.

(Kevin bit his lip then glanced out of the window, trying not to laugh.)

KEVIN: An extreme pain starting with A and ending in Y? What could that be, *Amy*?

AMY: Right?

KEVIN: Yeah, it's a tough one, *Amy*. A pain... hmm... starting with an A, you say, *Amy*?

AMY: Why are you saying my name like...

(Her brow then furrowed over.)

AMY: Very funny! It's five letters, dumb arse!

KEVIN: Are the middle three all M's?

AMY: What? No!

(She gave an exasperated sigh.)

AMY: If you don't know just say so. There's no need to mock me.

KEVIN: Babe, it's agony.

AMY: What is?

KEVIN: The answer! A pain starting with an A and ending in a Y. Agony!

(Amy's eyes lit up.)

AMY: Of course!

(She beamed as she filled in the answer.)

AMY: Wow. That was so obvious. How dumb am I?

(She glowered at Kevin.)

AMY: Don't answer that.

KEVIN: I wouldn't dare, babe.

(They then shared an amused chuckle.)

AMY: Done!

KEVIN: Awesome.

AMY: Another crossword consummately defeated.

(She nodded.)

AMY: I'm quite pleased with that, actually. There were some tricky questions in there.

KEVIN: I bet there was.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: Five across was not one of them,

AMY: Well, no.

(She grimaced.)

AMY: I'm really embarrassed that I didn't get that one, actually.

KEVIN: Don't be. You *always* get stumped by easy questions.

AMY: Excuse me?

KEVIN: That come out wrong. I meant to say, it's the easy ones that trip you up.

AMY: I'm gonna stab you with my pen in a minute!

KEVIN: Why? I'm not insulting you. That's just the way it is. You can sit there sometimes and polish off all the difficult clues in a matter of minutes. Then you'll get stuck on a question a million times easier than the ones you've already nailed.

(Amy shook her head.)

AMY: Kevin...

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: I'm offended! Actually, I'm not. I *should* be though. Well, not really.

KEVIN: Well, that's cleared that up quite nicely.

AMY: Shut up.

KEVIN: Understood.

AMY: You're right, actually. It's always the easy ones that throw me. Why is that?

KEVIN: Maybe it's because you're not *expecting* easy ones, so the *obvious* answer doesn't occur to you.

AMY: Hmm... could be.

KEVIN: Makes sense, right?

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: Whatever the reason is, it's just another adorable Amy quirk.

AMY: I *am* adorable, aren't I?

KEVIN: Yes, you are. And who *cares* if you get stuck on the easy questions? That's what *I'm* here for. The easy ones are the only ones I can get.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: Between us, we're a genius.

AMY: Yeah...

(She smirked.)

AMY: You know, it kind of feels like you've hijacked my thing there. Like you're riding on the coattails of my success in order to declare *yourself* a genius.

KEVIN: That's exactly what I'm doing. And who can blame me? I'm desperate for my genius to be recognised, babe. And let's face it, nobody else is going to call me a genius, are they?

AMY: True.

(Kevin raised a suspicious eyebrow.)

KEVIN: I don't like how quickly you answered that, babe.

AMY: You'll get over it.

KEVIN: One day, maybe.

(Amy smiled.)

AMY: Besides, you don't need to worry about having your genius recognised. Not by me, anyway. You're an absolutely maestro in the bedroom.

KEVIN: Go on.

AMY: A genius of love.

KEVIN: I'm liking it so far.

AMY: The ultimate expert in how to be an awesome husband.

KEVIN: How awesome?

AMY: *This* awesome.

(With that, she pushed her body towards him in order to give him a kiss on the cheek. Having done so, however, she lost her balance and flopped sideways. In her desperation to regain her balance, she then threw out her arms and accidentally pushed the steering wheel.)

KEVIN: Amy!!!

(Before Kevin could even begin to correct the steering, the car crashed through a barrier at the side of the road then set off down a forty degree gradient towards the next stretch of road below. The barrier hadn't even slowed their momentum. The reason, being, they were made of plywood and were only there for show. Having discovered this disturbing truth the hard way, Kevin and Amy were now hurtling down the bumpy hillside with terror in their eyes. Suffice to say, they were not enjoying themselves.)

KEVIN: Why, Amy, why???

AMY: It was an accident!

KEVIN: Great!

AMY: Don't grouch at me, Kevin! Do something! Brake!

KEVIN: Wow. Do you honestly think I hadn't thought of that?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: Well, I had! The car just slides! It weighs three tonnes and this is a *really* steep hill!

AMY: Brake harder then!

KEVIN: Babe! It doesn't matter how hard I bash the sodding brakes; physics still applies! Our downhill momentum is greater than the force created by the brakes!

AMY: Don't you get all scientific with me! Just do something!

(She burst into tears.)

AMY: You promised you wouldn't kill me!

KEVIN: No, I didn't! We never even discussed my killing you! Why would we?

AMY: Well... don't kill me anyway! You vowed to take care of me, not murder me!

KEVIN: How am *I* murdering you? This is *your* cock up and gravity's taking care of the rest!!! I'm just an spectator right now. If anything *you* 've killed *me*!

AMY: Not if you do something!!! You need to save us!!!

KEVIN: And what do you want me to do exactly? Quickly change into my superhero outfit and push the car back up the fucking hill?

AMY: Do something driver-like. Just stop the car!!! Please!!!

KEVIN: Babe, if I could, I...

(He then gulped.)

KEVIN: Aw, fuck. We're about to hit the barriers from the road below!

AMY: Panic!!!

KEVIN: No, just fucking brace yourself!

AMY: How???

KEVIN: I don't know, do I?

AMY: I can't look!!!

(She then hid behind her hands. A split second later, Kevin screeched in terror as the car smashed through the barrier, whizzed across the road then smashed through the barrier opposite. The car barely even slowed. Instead, it continued on down the steep, bumpy slope towards the next set of barriers.)

KEVIN: Amy!

(Amy whimpered from behind her hands.)

AMY: What?

KEVIN: We survived the first slope.

AMY: First?

(She then peered from behind her hands.)

AMY: What? Why are we on another slope???

KEVIN: Because the barriers didn't stop us!

AMY: Then why didn't you brake???

KEVIN: Because, Amy...

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: It never occurred to me.

AMY: How can it not occur to you???

We're hurtling down a hill at a rate of knots!

As a driver, your *first* instinct should be to stop, surely!

KEVIN: Actually, Amy, my first instinct when the car is hurtling towards a barrier, is to cover my head and scream like a little girl!

AMY: Well, don't! You leave the screaming like a little girl to *me*! You're supposed to be the man in this relationship!

KEVIN: That's right. I am! And men scream in terror when their clumsy wives cause the car to zoom off the road!

AMY: I'm talking about real men, Kevin! Not craft beer drinkers! Real men save their wives!

KEVIN: Yeah? Well, real *women* don't try to kill their husbands!

AMY: Some do.

KEVIN: Yeah... and apparently you're one of them.

(The car then went over a bump, causing them to rock back and forth violently.)

AMY: I'm not happy!!!

KEVIN: Oh? Why's that then, babe?

AMY: This isn't the time for sarcasm, fuck face. Do something!

KEVIN: Babe, there's literally fuck all I *can* do!

AMY: You can brake!

KEVIN: I have been! And I will do again once we reach the asphalt at the bottom, but until then, we're slaves to gravity.

AMY: I don't like that answer!

KEVIN: Tell gravity!

AMY: Okay.

(She growled.)

AMY: Stop it, gravity!!!

(She then burst into tears.)

AMY: Why would I even think *that'd* work??? I'm a grown woman, for fuck sake!

(She whimpered.)

AMY: Kevin, I'm scared.

KEVIN: So am I, babe.

(He snarled.)

KEVIN: But if it helps, all I do everything in my power to stop this fucking slide; I promise.

AMY: It *doesn't* help, no. You literally just said there's nothing you *can* do.

KEVIN: Maybe I spoke too soon.

AMY: And did you?

KEVIN: Yes!

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: Braking on that asphalt is our only hope.

AMY: Shit.

(She looked to him with desperation in her eyes.)

AMY: Wait. Try turning sharply!

KEVIN: What?

AMY: That'd stop the wheels moving, surely! Turn side on!

(Kevin gave her a despairing glance.)

KEVIN: Are you insane??? As long as we're facing this way, the tyres are taking care of the downhill momentum. We're *rolling* down there because of them. If we turn sideways, we'll roll down the hill on our side instead!

AMY: What?

KEVIN: You heard!

(Amy whimpered.)

AMY: I don't want us to roll down the hill on our side.

KEVIN: Well, no.

AMY: That'd be, like, instant death, right?

KEVIN: Well, maybe not instant, but death, yes.

AMY: I see.

(She pouted.)

AMY: I'll be quiet, I think. No more silly suggestions.,

KEVIN: It's appreciated.

(Amy then pointed out of the window and shrieked.)

AMY: Barriers!!!

(She then curled into a ball on her seat. Kevin on the other hand, furrowed his brow and focussed hard.)

KEVIN: If I can skid on the asphalt just right, I might be able to bring us to a standstill.

AMY: Really?

KEVIN: I'll give it a go, babe. Just don't shout and me if it goes tits up and we die.

AMY: Aw, crap.

(She then jammed her eyes tightly shut. Conversely, Kevin was staring ahead with his eyes very much wide-open.)

KEVIN: Okay. I can do this. Any moment now...

(He snarled.)

KEVIN: Now.

(He then slammed on the brakes, including yanking at the handbrake. Moments later, she car smashed through the barrier and onto the asphalt.)

KEVIN: Here goes!!!

(He then twisted the steering in a bid to pull off a controlled skid and stop the car that way.)

KEVIN: Don't topple over; don't topple over; don't topple over!

(Much to his delight, he managed the spin the car around a full one hundred and eighty degrees and kept all four wheels on the road.)

KEVIN: Yes! So far, so...

(His heart then sunk. Such was the car's momentum it continued onwards and smashed through the next barrier backwards before continuing its descent. Staring out of the windscreen, towards the top of the hill, Kevin couldn't help but sigh.)

KEVIN: Really, fate? How is that fair?

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: Babe?

AMY: Yes.

KEVIN: You might want to *keep* your eyes shut for this bit.

AMY: What?

(She then glanced out of the windscreen and screamed.)

AMY: Why??? We're going backwards!!!

KEVIN: Yeah...

(His shoulder slumped.)

KEVIN: I won't lie to you, babe. It's not ideal, is it?

AMY: Not ideal??? Backwards, Kevin!!! Backwards!!!

KEVIN: Yeah... maybe this would be a good time to say we love each other and prepare for...

(He then flinched.)

KEVIN: What am I saying? This is perfect!

AMY: Perfect??? Hurling down a hill backwards and out of control is your idea of perfect, is it?

KEVIN: No, but, I might be able to slow us down, simply by driving.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: I'll show you!

(With that, he slammed his foot down on the accelerator. At once, sparks shot from all four wheels. Gravity wanted the wheels to roll backwards, but the engine was trying to force them to go forwards. As a result, the car was effectively braking. Momentum, however, was making it slide downwards.)

KEVIN: We've slowed!

AMY: Enough for me to jump out?

KEVIN: No. Not even close. But it might be enough to stop us at the next stretch of road. There's a fair chance the car will be broken when we get there, but I'd rather kill the car than us.

AMY: Really? You're not just saying that, are you? You really think you might be able to stop us?

KEVIN: Just keep your fingers crossed, babe. I'm not promising anything.

(He then gazed in the rear view mirror.)

KEVIN: This is gonna suck, Amy. I'll have to *skid* to a halt! A sideways skid. Whilst reversing! I've never done anything that drastic whilst going backwards before!

(Amy pouted at him with quivering lips.)

AMY: You can do it. I mean, if anyone can.

KEVIN: You believe in me, do you?

AMY: You know I do.

KEVIN: Then I pray I don't let you down.

(He then glanced in the mirror again and bit his lip.)

KEVIN: The hill flattens out at the bottom a little. That'll help.

AMY: Don't build my hopes up!

KEVIN: Fair enough. You can build *my ego* up though; this is gonna be tricky and I'll need all the self-belief I can get!

AMY: Okay.

(She nodded.)

AMY: You're a wonderful man and you have great hair!

KEVIN: Thanks, but that's not what I meant! Building up my skills as a man of action!

AMY: Oh. Okay. You're an awesome lover.

KEVIN: *That's* not what I meant either!

(He beamed arrogantly.)

KEVIN: And yet, it was perfect!

(He then snarled menacingly.)

KEVIN: Okay, car... it's time you remembered your place. I'm the one who's supposed to controlling *you*; not the other way around. So what say, we redress the balance, sonny boy?

AMY: You tell it, handsome!

KEVIN: Oh, I'll do more than tell it, babe. I'll fucking *show* it!

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Okay, it's flattening out, so let's fucking get this done!

AMY: Fucking let's!

KEVIN: Well fucking said!

(With that, he took his foot off the accelerator and slammed it on the brakes instead.)

KEVIN: This has better fucking work!

(Amy just whimpered then covered her head again.)

KEVIN: Stop, you bastard!!!

(At first, the wheels resisted the brakes; insisting on rolling backwards as gravity demanded. After a few seconds, however, the wheels stopped spinning. As a result, the car proceeded to skid backwards.)

KEVIN: Okay... so far, so good.

(He then glared out of the rear view mirror.)

KEVIN: Okay, we seem to be slowing; that helps. And we're about to crash through the next barrier any second... now!

(In that moment, the car slammed through the barrier and the skidding wheels hit the asphalt. With a growl, Kevin then spun the steering wheel to the right. At once, the

front of the car started to spin around to the left. All the while, Kevin had his foot hard on the brakes, praying the car would stop in time.)

KEVIN: Stop! And don't tip over!!!

(He then yanked the handbrake with all his might. In that moment, the car seemed to bounce on its suspension before coming to a halt in the middle of the road. Their downhill torment was over. There wasn't any celebration, however. Having never been so terrified, Kevin just sat there staring though the windscreen, waiting for the colour to return to his knuckles. At his side, Amy was still cowering and whimpering in her seat; too afraid to even look.)

KEVIN: That... that... fucking... never again.

(Amy whimpered from behind her arms.)

AMY: I *feel* like we've stopped but I'm afraid to look.

KEVIN: It's fine, babe. You can look.

(Slowly, Amy peered over her arm then drew a sigh of relief.)

AMY: Legend! I knew you could do it!

KEVIN: Did you?

AMY: No. But I hoped you could.

(She exhaled.)

AMY: And you did. You're my hero.

(She then leant towards him to give him a kiss. Kevin, however, pushed her away again.)

KEVIN: No! *You* stay well and truly planted in your seat, young lady!

AMY: Young lady?

(She grimaced.)

AMY: Are you telling me off?

KEVIN: Yes!

AMY: That won't end well for you; you know that, don't you?

KEVIN: I do, yes, but right now, I don't care.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: From now on, stay well away from my side of the car. In fact, don't even look at it. Sit over there quietly and do your crossword. And if any time you feel the urge to lean towards me, slap yourself in the face!

AMY: I'll slap *you* in a minute!

KEVIN: I'm serious, Amy! Stay away from the steering wheel. The further the better!

(He mused to himself.)

KEVIN: Actually, it might be safer if you sit in the back.

AMY: *You* sit in the back!!!

KEVIN: I can't! I have to sit where the steering wheel and the pedals are. I need them to drive. You, however, can sit *anywhere*.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: And considering what just happened, I think sitting as far away from the steering wheel as possible is the only sensible choice.

AMY: Oh, like it's gonna happen again.

KEVIN: It might.

AMY: It won't. I only nudged the steering last time because I was *trying* to kiss you on the cheek and I slipped. Well, after that rude speech you just gave me, you can be bloody certain I won't be kissing *you* ever again!

KEVIN: Well, you say that...

(He offered her a patronising smile.)

KEVIN: But I'm a very sexy and we both know you can't resist me, so the risk of it happening again is definitely something we can't afford to rule out.

AMY: No!

KEVIN: No?

AMY: Don't try to be cute and joke your way out of it, Kevin. You've really upset me.

KEVIN: Yeah? Well, here's a newsflash, babe, when you pushed then steering wheel and sent us hurtling down that hill, potentially to our deaths, I wasn't exactly enamoured with you either.

AMY: That was an accident!

KEVIN: Yeah, but...

AMY: Being mean to me isn't an accident though, is it? Telling me to sit in the back was a conscious act! A conscious act of the utmost cruelty and spite. Verbal bullying! Mean!

(She nodded sternly.)

AMY: Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to start crying.

(She then sat there and proceeded to sob. Awash with guilt, Kevin grimaced.)

KEVIN: Right... yeah... so... um... maybe I was a *little* harsh.

AMY: No, you weren't. You were furious, and rightly so. What I did was bloody stupid and we could have died. I'd be amazed if you *weren't* angry at me.

KEVIN: Then why...

AMY: I'm crying because that was really scary and I'm relieved to be alive.

KEVIN: Oh.

(He sighed then placed a loving hand on her shoulder.)

KEVIN: Don't worry, love; it was an innocent mistake, like you say.

AMY: Well...

KEVIN: And you were trying to be loving at the time, so...

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: Let's just let it go, yeah? I can't be angry at *you* for long anyway.

(Amy pouted at him.)

AMY: Okay.

KEVIN: That's my girl.

(He then glanced up at the trail they'd made when they'd slid down the hillside. It was a sight that made him wince.)

KEVIN: Jesus, babe, we made mincemeat of that fucking hill.

(Amy glanced upwards then bit her lip.)

AMY: We didn't do the barriers and favours either.

KEVIN: Well, no. But then *they* didn't do *us* any either. They didn't even do the thing barriers were *invented* to do!

AMY: Right?

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: Stupid barriers.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He then glanced along the length of the roads they'd bypassed by rolling down the slope instead.)

KEVIN: Hmm...

AMY: Hmm?

KEVIN: That's quite the shortcut we took.

AMY: Yeah...

KEVIN: That'll improve our time no end.

AMY: Yeah...

(She then shot him a furious glance.)

AMY: Wait. If you're about to suggest going down the rest of the hill the same way in order to improve our time even further, I *will* kill you!

KEVIN: Like I'm that stupid.

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: I'm not suicidal, Amy. Despite being married to you, I do still enjoy my life, you know?

AMY: Sure. For now.

(They exchanged an amused grin then Kevin nodded.)

KEVIN: I was just saying, that's really helped our time; that's all.

AMY: Well, not really.

KEVIN: What? Why not?

AMY: Because we're gonna lose every second we gained.

KEVIN: We are?

AMY: Yes, we are. Because you're gonna go really slowly from now on.

(Kevin gave her a belittling glance.)

KEVIN: Come of it, Amy, that'd be ridiculous.

AMY: No, it wouldn't. It's called wisdom, Kevin. We could have died. Sliding down that bank just now, I felt like the grim reaper was in the car with us. Nope. Never again. Drive slowly and make *sure* we stay on the road.

KEVIN: Babe, that's ridiculous. Unless you decide to bump the steering wheel again, we *will* stay on the road. This is actually a really easy road to drive. Even at speed. Long straights with corners you can see from miles away. It doesn't get any easier than that.

AMY: But what if...

KEVIN: Amy...

(He looked into her eyes and smiled.)

KEVIN: Don't tell me how to drive, love.

AMY: I wasn't.

(She pouted sorrowfully.)

AMY: I was asking you not to get me killed.

KEVIN: I *won't* get you killed, babe. Like I just told you, this is an easy road to drive. We weren't in any danger whatsoever until you pushed the steering wheel. So as long you keep away from it, we'll be fine.

(Amy glowered at him bitterly.)

AMY: You're gonna hold that against me for the rest of our married lives, aren't you?

KEVIN: Only if *you* decide to keep bringing up all *my* prior mistakes. So, yes.

AMY: Arsehole.

(She sighed.)

AMY: Look, just drive safely, okay? I'm a bit nervous after what we just went through.

KEVIN: Of course, I will. We'll be perfectly safe, darling.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: And if our speed scares you, just focus on your crossroad and try not to look.

AMY: Well... I could try that, I suppose.

KEVIN: That's my girl.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Don't get me wrong, I appreciate that sliding down the bank was unnerving, but I'm not gonna drive like an octogenarian on a Sunday afternoon outing because of it. We're in a race. And if we do that, we'll never beat Barry.

(Amy's brow furrowed.)

AMY: Barry!

(She sneered.)

AMY: I hate Barry!

KEVIN: Ditto.

AMY: Forget what I said. Go. Put your bloody foot down. I'd love to beat that horrible bastard.

(Kevin beamed.)

KEVIN: I fucking love you, woman.

(He then put the car in gear and nodded.)

KEVIN: Let's do this.

AMY: What? No weird speech about me holding onto my knickers?

KEVIN: Nope.

(He winced.)

KEVIN: Because after the way I thrashed the engine in an attempt to make us stop, I've got a horrible feeling the car won't even start.

AMY: Shit.

KEVIN: Yeah... let's find out, shall we?

(He then triggered the ignition. Much to the delight of the pair of them, the car started straight away.)

AMY: Yay!

KEVIN: Sweet. Amy? Meet the Zeantomini Aria AT4.

AMY: We've met.

KEVIN: Right...

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: Point being, they weren't lying when they said these things are built like tanks.

AMY: Evidently.

(She nodded.)

AMY: Now let's get this tank to the finishing line.

KEVIN: Now that I can do.

(He then offered Amy a fiendish glance.)

AMY: Aw, crap.

KEVIN: I hope you brought a spare bra, gorgeous, because we're about to make Barry and his wife look like a right pair of tits.

(He then sped away, beaming with delight.)

KEVIN: Best one yet!

AMY: Kevin...

KEVIN: Don't knock it, Amy; that was awesome and you know it.

AMY: It was, yes.

(Kevin flinched in his seat.)

KEVIN: What? Did you just... agree?

AMY: Yup. I liked that one. I enjoyed the sentiment *and* it was relevant.

KEVIN: Wow.

(He puffed out.)

KEVIN: I never thought I'd see the day.

AMY: Nor did I, to be honest.

KEVIN: Blimey. We're in harmony again, Amy. That can only be a good omen.
(He then gave her a knowing smile.)
KEVIN: Babe, you're a...
AMY: Look at the road!!!
KEVIN: Amy...
AMY: Look at the bloody road!!!
KEVIN: I am!
AMY: Good.
(She ruffled her neck.)
AMY: I'm a what?
(Kevin pouted like a bitter schoolboy.)
KEVIN: Nothing. Bloody ordering me around. You don't *deserve* a compliment.
AMY: Right. My husband, aged twelve.
(She then rolled her eyes and glanced out of the window.)

As Kevin had rightly stated, the downhill stretch of road was indeed easy to drive. The straights were fast but because of the excellent visibility, it was simple to judge when to brake. As a result, it wasn't long before they reached the very bottom and left the mountain behind. Here began the final stretch. A two lane desert road that led all the way to Point de L'Orange.

As they zoomed forth on the smooth asphalt, Kevin sat with his elbow on the edge of the window, just staring ahead of himself. There was nothing for a driver to do on this road other than keep his foot down and hold the steering straight. It looked like he was in for quite the boring drive. This road went on for five hundred miles with nothing to look at but asphalt and sand. Well aware that the home straight was going to be dull, Amy had very quickly reunited herself with her crossword book. She was delighted to have something to keep herself occupied. Very much wishing he could also take his mind off of things, Kevin sighed then offered Amy a quick glance.

KEVIN: You stuck on any questions yet?
AMY: No.
KEVIN: Shit.
(He sighed.)
KEVIN: Let me know when you...
AMY: I will.
KEVIN: Right.
(He tapped the steering wheel with his finger impatiently.)
KEVIN: You know, love... if you want to, you can *pretend* to be stuck. That might be fun.
AMY: For whom?
KEVIN: Well... me.
AMY: Bored, are you?
KEVIN: A little bit, yeah.
(Amy sighed.)
AMY: Fine. Seventeen across. An operatic solo for a diva. Four letters.
(Kevin stared straight ahead and grimaced.)
KEVIN: Um...
AMY: Yes?
KEVIN: Just a minute.

(He mused out loud.)

KEVIN: An operatic solo...

AMY: For a diva.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He winced.)

KEVIN: Song? That's a four letter word.

AMY: It is, yes. Just like flap, plod and bong are four letters words... and equally wrong.

KEVIN: Are you sure?

AMY: Yes. I've already answered it. I just asked *you* because you wanted me to.

KEVIN: Shit. So you know the answer?

AMY: Uh-huh.

KEVIN: Right...

(He offered her a nervous glance.)

KEVIN: I dunno, love. Give me a clue.

AMY: The question *was* the clue. It was the very description of it.

KEVIN: Yeah, but... just help me out, babe.

AMY: Fine.

(She rolled her eyes.)

AMY: You're driving one.

(Kevin grimaced.)

KEVIN: A car? That's only three letters.

AMY: No, you moron. It's Aria.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: An operatic solo for a diva.

KEVIN: Oh.

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: I didn't know that. Ask me an easier one.

AMY: Seriously?

KEVIN: I'm bored, Amy.

AMY: So you figured you'd ruin *my* fun as well?

KEVIN: Just one more.

AMY: Well... fine.

(She shook her head then glanced at her crossword.)

AMY: Eighteen down. A flying fish. Six letters.

KEVIN: Ostrich!

AMY: Ostrich??? That's a bloody fish now, is it?

KEVIN: No, you silly sod. There's an ostrich running across the desert, look.

(Amy glanced through the windscreen then gasped.)

AMY: Wow. I've never seen a real one before!

KEVIN: Yes, you have. They had them at that zoo we went to.

AMY: I meant I haven't seen one in *the wild* before.

KEVIN: Right. Gotcha.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: The answer is batter, by the way.

AMY: What?

KEVIN: The crossword clue.

AMY: Batter?

KEVIN: Yeah. For frying fish.

AMY: I said *flying* fish!

KEVIN: What? Since when could fish fly?

AMY: Since when was batter used for frying fish? You use *oil* to fry things!

KEVIN: Yeah, things in batter.

AMY: No, you fry the batter as well. You don't use the batter to fry things!

KEVIN: Well...

(He ruffled his neck indignantly.)

KEVIN: Fish can't fly either, so we're both losers, I guess.

AMY: Kevin...

(She sighed.)

AMY: Just focus on the road. Crosswords clearly aren't for you.

KEVIN: Not if they're going to make things up, no. Flying fish, indeed.

AMY: They're a thing!

KEVIN: Babe...

AMY: They are! They don't so much fly as jump then glide, but still, that's what people call them.

KEVIN: Yeah, right.

AMY: It's true! Flying fish, real name exocoetidae, more commonly referred to as exocet, which is the answer I was looking for. Fucking batter, indeed.

(Kevin gave her a distrusting glance.)

KEVIN: You made that up to make me look like an idiot.

AMY: No, I merely asked you a question then sat here aghast while you made *yourself* look like an idiot.

KEVIN: I...

AMY: Just let me do my crossword in peace, will you? Watch the ostrich or something.

KEVIN: Fine. I will.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: They're more fun than you anyway.

AMY: Wow! Seriously?

KEVIN: Um... no. I didn't mean that, babe.

AMY: I should hope not. Idiot.

KEVIN: Right.

(He then glanced across the desert and smiled.)

KEVIN: We're catching it up.

(Amy replied without glancing up from her crossword.)

AMY: Okay.

KEVIN: Wow. The closer we get, the more majestic it looks.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: It's weird old legs going like the clappers. What a sight.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: He's got somewhere to go and nothing's gonna stop him getting there.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: Unless he collides with one of your mythical flying fish, of course.

AMY: Grow up, will you?

KEVIN: Shan't.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: So there. Stupid Amy.

AMY: I said grow up, not relapse to infant school level.

(Kevin bobbed his head and mocked her by silently mouthing her words. He then scoffed indignantly.)

KEVIN: Whatever. You're missing out here, this really is an amazing sight.

AMY: I'll look in a minute.

(She then scrawled an answer on her crossword puzzle before glancing out of the windscreen.)

AMY: Oh, wow.

KEVIN: Right?

AMY: How fast are we going?

KEVIN: About a hundred and fifty. Why?

AMY: Can we slow down?

KEVIN: Why?

AMY: Because it's going to run across the road in front of us in a minute and I don't want us to run it over.

KEVIN: We won't. He's miles ahead. By the time *we* reach where he crossed, he'll be long gone.

AMY: Are you sure?

(She whimpered.)

AMY: Only you'd better be. I really don't want us to hit it.

KEVIN: Babe...

(He then nodded ahead.)

KEVIN: There you go. Nothing to be afraid of.

(Sure enough, rather than crossing the road, the ostrich had opted to turn and run alongside it.)

AMY: Oh, cool.

KEVIN: It's *beyond* cool. Any second now, we'll be driving alongside it.

AMY: I'll get my camera out.

KEVIN: Good thinking.

AMY: As expected from Awesome Amy.

KEVIN: Right...

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: You can call yourself that as much as you like, love, you know it's never gonna catch on.

AMY: Oh, it will. Just give it time.

(They shared an amused grin then Kevin nodded towards the windscreen.)

KEVIN: Get filming, babe. We'll pass it any second now.

AMY: I'm already on it.

KEVIN: You are?

(He glanced at Amy and saw her pointing her phone camera towards him. At once, he pulled a smug expression and spoke in his most debonair voice.)

KEVIN: Hi, viewers, and welcome to Ostrich Watch. I'm Kevin Smarmy.

(Amy grinned then played along.)

AMY: And I'm Amy Gorgeous.

KEVIN: We don't share a surname anymore?

AMY: That's right. I divorced you for not calling me Awesome Amy.

KEVIN: I see. The first man to get divorced because he *wouldn't* lie.

(Amy chuckled.)

AMY: I hate you sometimes.

KEVIN: But that's enough about our love life. We're here in the desert right now, pursuing the common ostrich.

AMY: Scientific name; Sprinty McBird-face.

KEVIN: Apparently it was *elementary school* science.

AMY: Which I passed. Your move, Kev.

(Kevin started to laugh.)

KEVIN: Just film the sodding ostrich.

(He then glanced forwards and smiled. They were now only a few metres behind the ostrich. From so close up it truly was a majestic sight.)

KEVIN: Wow.

AMY: Yeah. I've never seen anything so incredible in all my life.

KEVIN: Right? Seems a shame to overtake it.

AMY: Yeah.

(Just then, much to their horror, the ostrich turned and ran in front of the car. At once, Kevin slammed on the brakes. Alas, it was too late. A split second later, the car whizzed into the ostrich and sent it flying a good twenty feet into the air, up and over the car.)

KEVIN: Fuck!!!

AMY: Oh, my god! What have we done???

(Having stopped the car, Kevin instantly jumped out then ran around of the back of it. Much to his sadness, the ostrich was well and truly dead.)

KEVIN: Shit! Bollocks.

(Amy then appeared from the other side of the car and whimpered.)

AMY: It's dead.

KEVIN: Yeah.

AMY: Like, really dead.

KEVIN: Yeah.

AMY: We killed it. We're murderers.

KEVIN: It ran in front of the car, babe.

AMY: That you were driving! That means we murdered it.

KEVIN: Amy, no. Murder is intentional.

(He ruffled his neck.)

KEVIN: At best, it's vehicular manslaughter.

AMY: We still killed it, Kevin.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: I feel horrible now.

AMY: Like an evil, murdering scumbag.

KEVIN: Steady on.

AMY: But that's how I feel.

KEVIN: Oh. I thought you were calling *me* an evil murdering scumbag.

AMY: No. We *both* are.

KEVIN: Then you *were* calling me it.

(He offered her an apologetic smile.)

KEVIN: Amy, love; there's nothing we can do for it now. We're just gonna have to leave it.

(Amy glanced in his direction then shrieked.)

AMY: Agreed! Go!!!

(She then sprinted back to the car.)

KEVIN: What's got into you all of a sudden?

AMY: Get in the fucking car!!!

(Kevin shrugged then started to walk back to the driver's side door. As he did so, however, he glanced to his side then flinched. A flock of Ostriches, at least fifty in number were charging in their direction. At once, he matched Amy's shriek then

raced back to the car. Without hesitation, as soon as he jumped in the driver's seat, he then fumbled for the ignition.)

KEVIN: Where the fuck are you???

AMY: I'm right there! Now go!!!

KEVIN: I was talking to the ignition.

AMY: I see. Go back a long way, do you?

KEVIN: This is not the time for levity!

AMY: Stop levitating and get moving then!!!

(She growled.)

AMY: That's not what levitating means! I'm panicking, Kevin!

KEVIN: I'm not surprised! There's a vengeful pack of murderous ostriches charging at us!!!

(He then found the ignition and triggered it. Much to his deep despair, however, nothing happened.)

KEVIN: Start, you cock!!!

AMY: Kevin!!!

KEVIN: It won't start!!!

AMY: Why not???

KEVIN: I didn't ask!

AMY: Clearly you weren't as close as I thought then.

KEVIN: Babe! If this thing doesn't start, we're gonna get savaged by a swarm of vicious, overgrown turkeys!!!

AMY: A swarm?

KEVIN: Whatever the noun is.

AMY: There are several! Flock, Herd, Pride, Troop, Wobble; not a swarm!

KEVIN: And you think that matters right now, do you?

AMY: Yes!

(She whimpered fearfully.)

AMY: I want them to get it right on our death certificates.

(She then burst into tears.)

KEVIN: That's not helping!!!

AMY: Nor was *not* crying!

KEVIN: Good point. As you were.

(He growled.)

KEVIN: Start, you cunt!!!

AMY: Hurry up, will you???

KEVIN: Me???

AMY: No, you tit! I was talking to the car!!! Start, you bastard!!!

(She shrieked.)

AMY: And I mean now!!! They're on us already!!!

KEVIN: What?

(He glanced out of the window then shrieked.)

KEVIN: Ostriches!!!

(Sure enough, the hoard were only a few feet from his window, zooming in extremely fast.)

AMY: Drive!!!

KEVIN: I'm trying to! It won't start!!!

(Just then, his side window dented inwards, courtesy of being struck by a violent thrust from an ostrich's beak.)

KEVIN: Start, you stupid lump of metal!!! Start!!!

AMY: We're gonna die!!!
KEVIN: Why are you being a cunt, car???
AMY: Because it belongs to Barry, the uber cunt!
(Kevin's side window then smashed to pieces, as did the rear window.)
KEVIN: Glass!!!
(He shrieked.)
KEVIN: Beak!!!
(He then bent forwards in a flash to avoid an incoming beak. His manoeuvre was successful. He'd bent so fast, he'd head-butted the steering wheel and sounded the horn, but at least he'd evaded the attack.)
AMY: They're coming around my side!!!
KEVIN: They're on *all* fucking sides!!!
AMY: Why didn't the horn scare them away?
KEVIN: Strength in numbers, I suppose!
(He then yelped in agony.)
KEVIN: Ow!!! I got beak-bashed on the side of the head.
AMY: Lean towards me!!!
(The window on Amy's side of the car then dented and smashed inwards.)
AMY: And I'll lean towards you!!!
KEVIN: Lean as far in my direction as you can, babe!!!
AMY: Well, duh! You do the same!
KEVIN: I can't; I need to get this fucking thing started!!!
(Suddenly, much to his delight, the engine kicked into life.)
KEVIN: Score!!!
(He then slammed his foot on the accelerator and the car zoomed forwards, sending four ostriches sprawling.)
AMY: You did it!!!
KEVIN: And just in the nick of time! Them things hurt!
AMY: I can imagine!
(She then glanced out of the hole where the rear window used to be.)
AMY: Fuck! They're chasing us!
KEVIN: A futile gesture if ever there was one.
AMY: Really?
KEVIN: Despite the weight, this thing does a hundred and fifty, babe. No ostrich is gonna catch us at *that* speed!
AMY: And you're sure, are you?
KEVIN: Yes! We've got more horsepower than I can remember. They've got one ostrich power.
AMY: So we're safe then?
KEVIN: Yeah. We are.
AMY: Cool.
(She then slapped him on the arm and furrowed her brow.)
AMY: Stop trying to kill me!!!
KEVIN: What???
AMY: First, the hillside death-slide then ostriches! Why do you hate me???
KEVIN: Babe... the hillside thing was *your* fault.
AMY: Well...
KEVIN: And how was the thing with the ostriches *my* fault?
AMY: I asked you to slow down to make sure you didn't run the first ostrich over, but you overruled me.

KEVIN: You...
(He grimaced.)
KEVIN: I'll give you that one.
AMY: Thank you.
(She nodded indignantly.)
AMY: Plus, it's your fault entirely that we're here and not relaxing at home!
KEVIN: Is that so?
AMY: Yes! If you'd just said no to Barry when he started making chicken noises...
KEVIN: I did.
AMY: Then why are we here?
KEVIN: Because you... *you*, Amy, accepted his challenge!
AMY: No, I...
(Her jaw then dropped. In that moment, she'd remembered one small detail. It was indeed her who'd accepted the challenge.)
KEVIN: Care to continue?
AMY: Um... no, I'm okay.
(She sighed.)
AMY: It's all my fault.
KEVIN: Aw, fuck off.
AMY: Excuse me?
KEVIN: I mean that in a loving way, obviously. It's not all your fault. I'm a grown man and I could have said no, but I didn't. We're equally to blame.
AMY: Well... that's kind of you to say.
KEVIN: I wasn't being kind. I was being precise. It was only sixty percent your fault.
AMY: Hey!
(Kevin chuckled to himself and received a scowl for his efforts.)
AMY: Kevin...
KEVIN: Yes, dear?
(Amy then noticed something out of the corner of her eye and shrieked.)
AMY: There's an ostrich on the roof!!!
KEVIN: What???
(Just then, a beak smashed into the windscreen, thrown down at it by the ostrich on the roof.)
KEVIN: What the fuck!!!
AMY: Get rid of it!!!
KEVIN: I'll have a go, babe!
(He then swerved the car from side to side.)
AMY: Too wobbly! I don't like it!
KEVIN: You'd like being pecked in the face by an ostrich even less!
AMY: Oh, like it's a contest.
KEVIN: Babe! I can't shake it off!
(He grimaced.)
KEVIN: Nor can I fathom how it got up there!
AMY: Does it matter? Just get rid of it!!!
KEVIN: How? I can't shake the bugger off and...
(He bit his lip and mused to himself.)
KEVIN: If I slow down then rocket forth again, it's bound to fly off.
AMY: Don't be ridiculous! Ostriches can't fly!
KEVIN: I know that!

AMY: Why say it then?

KEVIN: I meant it'll fly off, as in it'll tumble off violently.

AMY: Oh. Right. That makes sense.

KEVIN: Yes, it does.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: I'll slow down then.

AMY: Are you insane??? The other ostriches are still chasing us. Slowing is the last thing we should be doing!!!

KEVIN: Have some faith, will you?

AMY: Faith? Yeah, right. I ran out of *that* when my knickers disappeared. It's been one fucking thing after another on this trip.

KEVIN: Then it's about time something went right.

AMY: It's long overdue, more like.

KEVIN: That too.

(He then slammed on the brakes, causing the car to slow to forty miles hour.)

KEVIN: Hold on to your...

AMY: Just go! You won't beat the last one you said, anyway!

KEVIN: Fair point.

(He slammed his foot down on the accelerator and took off again. Having already been struggling to maintain its balance after the car slowed down, the ostrich was caught off guard and flopped and tumbled over the back of the car. Staring out of the back window, Amy beamed.)

AMY: It worked!

KEVIN: Yes; yes, it did.

AMY: It's still rolling.

(She then gasped.)

AMY: Strike!

KEVIN: What?

(Amy giggled.)

AMY: It rolled straight into the chasing pack and knocked half of them over.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Straight up. Ten pin bowling excellence, that was.

KEVIN: Sweet.

(He then offered her a stealthy glance.)

KEVIN: Though I'd be remiss if I didn't point out that knocking *half* of them down isn't a strike.

AMY: Well...

(She furrowed her brow.)

AMY: Shut up, Kevin.

KEVIN: Happy to.

(He then glanced in the rear view mirror and smiled.)

KEVIN: That's the ostriches behind us, babe. Unless they phone some friends further down the road and ask *them* to attack us, I reckon we're in clear all the way to Point de L'Orange now.

(Amy gave him a sideways glance.)

AMY: In the clear?

KEVIN: Yeah. You know... no more further incidents. Plain sailing. At least I hope so. Half the windows are missing, the windscreen is split and I thrashed the engine to buggery earlier. And god knows how many dents them ostriches made in the

bodywork. So, I reckon it's safe to say that, unless what's left of this battered vehicle falls apart, we've got a smooth ride to the end now.

AMY: I see.

(She then slapped him on the shoulder.)

KEVIN: Ow! What was that for?

AMY: Don't tempt fate like that! You know as well I do that fate is an horrible bastard that hides in the shadows, looking for any excuse to you make your words come back and bite you on the arse.

KEVIN: Well, yeah. You're not wrong.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: Let's just say we *hope* it'll be smooth sailing.

AMY: Still a gamble. Fate loves to crap on people's dreams too.

KEVIN: Okay, let's pretend we couldn't give a fuck then.

AMY: Better, but still no.

(She sighed.)

AMY: Let's just be prepared for anything, but because quite frankly, nothing would surprise me after the day we've had.

KEVIN: Fair comment, love.

(He grimaced.)

KEVIN: I just hope there are no swarms of insects in this desert. Half our windows are missing.

AMY: Don't even joke about that. If a hoard of flying creepy-crawlies come buzzing through the window, I'm getting out. I don't care if we're going at full speed either. They can have the fucking car!

KEVIN: Right. Yeah... you don't like flying things, do you?

AMY: No, I do not.

KEVIN: Noted. I'll stop if that happens, so you can get out.

AMY: Good. Just don't drive off and leave me.

KEVIN: Like I would.

AMY: Good.

KEVIN: But that's a huge if, babe. I don't even know if flying insects can *survive* out here.

AMY: Mosquitos probably can.

KEVIN: Can they?

AMY: I don't know. But if I had to guess...

KEVIN: Right...

(He then waved her away dismissively.)

KEVIN: Nah. We'll be fine. Like I said, it should be plain sailing from...

(A chunk of sand was then thrown up by the tyres and whacked into the side of his face.)

KEVIN: Ow!!!

AMY: See? Do you see now? Don't tempt fate!

KEVIN: Right...

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: I can't wait for this race to be over, babe. I hate rallying, I really do.

AMY: You and me both, Kev. You and me both.

Despite Kevin and Amy's fears to the contrary, the next few hours passed without any hitches whatsoever. The only thing troubling them was the fact that this road seemed

to be never-ending. Amy had worked out that it was only a few hundred miles long, and yet, after several hours, traveling way in excess of a hundred miles per hour, their destination still wasn't in sight. Suffice to say neither of them were very happy about that fact.

AMY: This makes no sense.

(Kevin gave her a distrusting glance.)

KEVIN: It really doesn't.

AMY: We're travelling at over a hundred miles per hour, right?

KEVIN: Have been for several hours.

AMY: Then we should have arrived by now. This road is five hundred miles long, according to my calculations.

KEVIN: We've travelled a lot further than that, babe.

AMY: Hmm...

KEVIN: So either you miscalculated.

AMY: How dare you?

KEVIN: Or this is the wrong road entirely! It can only be one of those two.

(Amy glanced at him uneasily for a moment then ruffled her neck.)

AMY: I must have miscalculated the length of the road then.

KEVIN: Yeah...

(He scowled at her.)

KEVIN: Or did you *correctly* judge the length of the road we were *supposed* to be on, then navigate to a different road entirely?

AMY: The former!

KEVIN: Are you sure?

AMY: Yes! Stop making me out to be some comedically incompetent buffoon.

KEVIN: I'm not. I just really want to know which one it is. Because if this road *doesn't* go to Point de L'Orange, I'll drive back to those ostriches and let them kill us both!

AMY: Shut up a second.

KEVIN: Excuse me?

AMY: I'm recalculating.

KEVIN: Babe, I'm not kidding, this had better be the right road. I really don't know what I'll do if it isn't. Divorce you probably.

AMY: Hey! Don't be mean!

KEVIN: I...

AMY: Oh. Oh! I see my mistake,

KEVIN: Do I need to call a divorce lawyer?

AMY: Stop it. No. I miscalculated. This road is six hundred miles long.

KEVIN: Are you sure?

AMY: Yes!

KEVIN: Right. It's not far then.

AMY: Thank fuck for that.

(She then slapped him on the shoulder.)

KEVIN: Ow! Why?

AMY: For being mean. Divorce indeed. We both know you couldn't live without me.

KEVIN: Fucking could. I'd be fine on my own. I'd have terrible food every night and the sex would be appalling, but at least I'd have full control of what I watch on TV.

AMY: You'd swap me for that, would you?

KEVIN: Would I fuck. You're the best thing that ever happened to me.

AMY: Aw.

(She gently laid her head on his shoulder.)

AMY: Kev?

KEVIN: Yeah?

AMY: I'm too hot, there's sand in my bra and my bum hurts. I hate this.

KEVIN: Sucks, doesn't it?

AMY: Yeah.

(She sighed.)

AMY: This road just seems to drag on forever and there's still no end in sight.

KEVIN: Yeah, it's...

(He then lifted his neck attentively.)

KEVIN: Wait. Hold that thought. I can see a church spire.

AMY: What?

(She sat up and stared through the windscreen.)

AMY: Oh, my god. You're right! The end's in sight. Finally!

KEVIN: At least we hope so. If that's just some small town, halfway to Point de L'Orange, I might just climb out, jump over the bonnet and run myself over.

AMY: There *were* no towns en route to Point de L'Orange, Kev.

KEVIN: Really?

AMY: Yup.

KEVIN: You're sure, are you?

AMY: Yes! It's literally just a straight line through the sand until we get there.

(Kevin gave a sigh of relief.)

KEVIN: Then our hell's about to end.

AMY: Careful!

KEVIN: I mean, then our hell is irrelevant and we don't need any kind of intervention from fate, thank you very much.

AMY: Nice save.

(She rolled her eyes sarcastically.)

AMY: You excelled yourself there.

KEVIN: I most certainly did.

(He then nodded ahead.)

KEVIN: Look. You can see the entire spire now.

AMY: Which is nice, but I'll only get excited when we can see the whole church.

KEVIN: Probably wise.

(Amy's eyes then lit up.)

AMY: The sea. We can see the sea!!!

KEVIN: Well, fuck me.

AMY: Gladly. But can't it wait until we get to the hotel?

KEVIN: Of course. And yes, I *am* going to hold you to that.

AMY: You do that.

(She nodded.)

AMY: I'm taking a nap first though. You can go to the bar or something.

KEVIN: Fuck that. You promised me sex after your nap. I'm staying in the room so I'm there when you wake up.

(They shared a chuckle then both of them fell silent. There was something extremely therapeutic about watching the town rise over the horizon and they didn't want to miss a second of it. The silence only lasted for about five minutes, however.)

AMY: I really didn't see this coming.

KEVIN: What?

AMY: The town rising up from the sand like this. I thought the whole thing would suddenly become visible from a distance.

(Kevin shrugged.)

KEVIN: And it would have if it wasn't downhill from here.

AMY: I know that. It's just... it looks spectacular and I really wasn't expecting it.

KEVIN: No. Me either.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: It really is hard to choose between this view and that view from the campsite.

AMY: No, it's not. This is a far more welcome sight.

KEVIN: Because it means we're near the finishing line?

AMY: Exactly.

(She shrugged.)

AMY: The other view was aesthetically superior, but this one has more meaning.

KEVIN: You really can't wait for this to be over, can you?

AMY: Nope. Can you?

KEVIN: Babe, the end can't come soon enough, as far as I'm concerned.

(They then sat there and casually eyeballed a canvas sign they were just about to pass. The sign read, Haps Vale to Point de L'Orange Couple's Race; Finishing Line; One Mile. Having passed the sign they both nodded to themselves then allowed smiles to develop on their faces.)

KEVIN: Babe, did you see...

AMY: I read every single glorious word.

KEVIN: One mile.

AMY: Right?

(She exhaled then patted the dashboard.)

AMY: Nice work, car.

KEVIN: I'll second that.

(He then gave Amy a knowing glance.)

KEVIN: You know what I'm looking forward to?

AMY: I'm taking a nap first.

KEVIN: I didn't mean that!

(He rolled his eyes.)

KEVIN: I'm looking forward to getting out then running back to the finishing line so we can smirk at Barry when *he* finally crosses.

(Amy grimaced at him.)

AMY: Don't you think you might be getting a bit ahead of yourself there?

KEVIN: No. Think about it.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: He left after us and he didn't overtake us, meaning...

AMY: Meaning nothing. Like I told you before, it's about the overall time; not first across the finishing line.

(Kevin fell silent for a moment then sighed.)

KEVIN: Fuck. That's killed that fantasy stone dead.

AMY: It really has. It'd be no good you smirking at him, only to find out his overall time was an hour faster.

KEVIN: Shit.

(He sighed.)

KEVIN: Why do I keep forgetting that?

AMY: Because you're dim.

KEVIN: Oh, yeah.

(He gave her an amused grin.)

KEVIN: You're a cruel woman, Miss Amy.

AMY: I do my... ooh, wait. Here we go.

(She exhaled.)

AMY: The finishing line.

(Sure enough, up ahead of them, there was a banner above the road, announcing the end of the race. Just beyond the banner, there was large gathering of race officials and a car park, right at the edge of the town.)

KEVIN: Well... we did it, babe.

AMY: Don't make the engine explode!

KEVIN: I mean we've *almost* done it.

AMY: Much better.

(She drew a sigh of relief.)

AMY: It's been terrifying, Kev. I moaned when I was bored, but I see that was ridiculous now. The bits that weren't boring we're horrifying.

KEVIN: Yup. We're never doing this again.

AMY: Bloody right we're not.

KEVIN: Uh-huh. Fuck racing. Nope. Once is enough. It's been a nightmare.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: But you know, it'll all have been worth it if we manage to beat that smug cunt, Barry.

(Amy whimpered.)

AMY: Barry.

KEVIN: Yeah, that cunt.

AMY: No, I mean Barry...

(She sighed.)

AMY: He's standing just behind the finishing line, smirking at us.

KEVIN: What???

(His jaw then dropped. Sure enough, Barry was indeed, posing by the finishing line, sporting the world's smuggest expression. Kevin's heart had never sunk so far, so fast.)

KEVIN: Why???

(He whimpered.)

KEVIN: How?

AMY: Just crash and kill us both, Kev; I don't want to live in a world with *him* in it anymore.

KEVIN: Don't tempt me.

(He then sailed past the finishing line to a round of rapturous applause from all in attendance. The fact that he was thumping the steering wheel, cursing like a champion and crying his eyes out wasn't going to stop them from congratulating them on finishing the race.)

KEVIN: It was for nothing! Nothing!

AMY: Wait. You don't know that. He left after we did and got here first, so maybe he made up the time by not stopping for long enough. In which case, he'll have a massive time penalty. There's still hope, Kev.

KEVIN: No there isn't. He knows damned well that his time was better than ours. If he didn't, he wouldn't have waited at the finishing line, just to smirk at us.

AMY: Well...

KEVIN: We lost, Amy. We fucking lost.

(With that, he sighed heavily then pulled in the car park. Moments later, he stopped the car, then sat back in his seat.)

KEVIN: Fuck sake. We just went through hell for two sodding days for absolutely fuck all.

(Amy offered him a consoling smile.)

AMY: Oh, I dunno, sweetie. It wasn't all bad.

KEVIN: Wasn't it?

AMY: No. I mean...

(Her face then started to crack.)

AMY: At least we've enjoyed ourselves.

(As she started to chuckle, Kevin threw her a furious glance. Two seconds later, however, he also fell about laughing.)

KEVIN: Enjoyed ourselves... that was priceless.

AMY: Right? We did anything but.

KEVIN: We've had a horrible, horrible time.

AMY: For fuck all!

KEVIN: Yup. We gave it everything and *still* came last.

AMY: Right? We suck.

(She wiped amused tears from her eyes.)

AMY: We can't do anything right.

KEVIN: Yup. We really were made for each other you and I.

AMY: Absolutely.

(She smiled.)

AMY: But you know, we may not have come *last*.

KEVIN: We came last in the race that mattered, babe. The one against Barry.

AMY: Barry's a cunt.

KEVIN: As has long since been established.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: When the fuck did he get past us, I wonder.

AMY: Good question. Maybe he set out shortly after we did and spent the night at the campsite further up the road. If that's the case, he could have easily passed us without us even noticing.

KEVIN: I guess.

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: Or maybe he found a quicker route.

AMY: I'll be livid if he did. I searched long and hard for the quickest route and if I missed something, I'll kick myself.

KEVIN: I'll kick you too.

AMY: Hey!

KEVIN: I'm joking, babe.

AMY: Make sure you were.

KEVIN: I...

(Just then, a horrified voice rose up from Kevin's side of the car.)

BARRY: What the fuck have you done to my vehicle???

(Kevin and Amy glowered at him then shared a brief glance.)

KEVIN: Let's get this over and done with.

AMY: Fine.

(They then climbed out of the car and headed to where Barry was standing.)

BARRY: Where the fuck are all the windows? And what happened to the bodywork? It looks like it was hit by a herd of elephants!

KEVIN: Ostriches, actually.

BARRY: You've destroyed it. The windows, the metal... I didn't like the sound of the engine much either.

KEVIN: Mate, it's not as bad as it looks.

(At this point, the exhaust fell off and thudded into the tarmac.)

KEVIN: See? It's far worse.

AMY: I think this might be a good time to make myself scarce.

KEVIN: I'll come with you.

BARRY: Wait!!!

(He shook his head then looked into Kevin's eyes.)

BARRY: Kevin!

KEVIN: What?

BARRY: You listen to me...

(He then proceeded to dance back and forth, singing a song he'd made up on the spot.)

BARRY: You're shit, you're shit, you're really, really shit. You lost, you lost, you lost a-fucking-gain. You suck, you suck, you really, really suck.

KEVIN: Fuck off, Barry!

(Barry stood tall.)

BARRY: Excuse me?

KEVIN: Not funny!

BARRY: Oh, it is. But I'll tell you what *isn't* funny. What you did to my car! How the fuck did that happen???

KEVIN: Well...

(Amy then stepped forward with anger in her eyes.)

AMY: I'll *tell* you how it happened, Barry! You put your car in the hands of two people with no rallying experience and sent them off to do a twenty four hour race in it. That's what happened! And you did it just to be a cunt!

(She nodded.)

AMY: Because you *are* a cunt!

(Barry furrowed his brow.)

BARRY: You do realise I'm your boss, right?

AMY: My boss is a cunt.

(She growled at him.)

AMY: We could have died! Several times!

BARRY: Behave.

KEVIN: She *is* behaving! Our lives flashed before our eyes on more than one occasion.

BARRY: I see.

(He smirked.)

BARRY: I need to add a third "*really*" to the "*you're really, really shit*" song then. *Nobody else* was in any danger. How rubbish is your driving?

KEVIN: My driving was fine!

BARRY: Then how come you came dead last?

KEVIN: Because...

(He whimpered.)

KEVIN: What?

BARRY: Everyone else finished ages ago. With no time penalties. And the second worst time was an hour quicker than yours.

(He grimaced.)

BARRY: We actually started to think you'd given up.

AMY: We?

BARRY: Me and the rest of the crowd. And when I say crowd, it was much bigger and hour ago, but most of them went home because they didn't think you were coming.

(Kevin and Amy stared at him blankly for a moment then sighed.)

KEVIN: We want to go to the hotel.

AMY: And die.

BARRY: Hotels are for winners. You'll have to die somewhere else.

AMY: Barry...

BARRY: I'm kidding. It's the excelsior on the seafront. You can get one of the event minibuses to take you.

(He nodded.)

BARRY: As for the car, the race mechanics will fix her up as best they can, then you can drive it back in five days time.

(Kevin and Amy rounded on him.)

KEVIN: Excuse me???

AMY: What???

BARRY: I said...

KEVIN: Drive it back???

AMY: Five days??? You promised us a week!

BARRY: I did, yes. And you just wasted two days of it, driving here.

AMY: You complete bastard! I want my week in the sunshine!

KEVIN: And if you think I'm driving back, you can fuck right off!

BARRY: Hmm... hostile pair, aren't we?

(He sighed.)

BARRY: Okay. A compromise then. You can have five days in the sunshine *then* drive the car back.

KEVIN: That's not a compromise! That's exactly what you proposed the first time!!!

BARRY: Shit. You noticed that, huh?

AMY: Yes!

(She growled.)

AMY: If I don't get my seven day sunshine holiday, I'm going to kill someone! Someone called Barry!

BARRY: Fine! Take your week. Then you can drive it back.

AMY: Deal!

KEVIN: Apart from the driving back part.

BARRY: Kevin, someone needs to drive it back.

KEVIN: You do it.

BARRY: I have to return in the same vehicle I came in.

(Kevin sighed.)

KEVIN: Fine. But I'm taking my bloody time.

BARRY: Yeah, you do that.

(He then clapped his hands together.)

BARRY: Anyway, I'd better get back to the wife. I can't spend too long with you two, being a loser might be contagious.

AMY: You're contagious!

BARRY: Right. Nice come back.

(Amy sighed in defeat.)

AMY: We both know it wasn't.

BARRY: Good point.

(He nodded.)

BARRY: Go on. Jump on that minibus over there and get to the hotel. I'll see you there.

KEVIN: Fine.

AMY: Whatever.

BARRY: Later, losers.

(He then headed away. Having growled at him for a while, Kevin and Amy glanced at one another then delved into the car to collect their things. Having gathered it all, they then clambered aboard the minibus with faces like thunder and misery.

Watching them sigh and grumble in their seats, Barry couldn't help but smile.)

BARRY: Priceless. When will they ever learn?

That evening while Amy sat on the hotel's patio and sulked, Kevin sat at the bar, waiting to be served. At his side, currently *being* served, was an elderly gentleman with a cultured way about him. Watching the barman place ice in a glass, he nodded then looked to Kevin.

LUCAS: That's the way. They do things right here.

(Kevin looked to him with empty eyes.)

KEVIN: Sorry?

LUCAS: The barman. He put the ice in the glass with tongs, like barman are supposed to. None of this dunking the glass in an ice bucket nonsense. They touch the ice with their fingers when they do that. So unsanitary.

(Kevin just smiled.)

KEVIN: I see.

(Lucas looked to him for a moment then bit his lip.)

LUCAS: You okay there, young man?

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He shrugged.)

KEVIN: Sort of.

LUCAS: Ah. Sort of.

(He nodded.)

LUCAS: A penny for your thoughts?

(Kevin just shrugged.)

KEVIN: Usual stuff. Unhappy wife, unhappy life.

LUCAS: I see. And what did you do to upset her?

KEVIN: Nothing.

LUCAS: Right. I hear you. *Nothing. That* old chestnut. She's upset with you, but won't tell you why. She just mumbles the word *nothing* in a disgruntled voice.

(He sighed.)

LUCAS: Been there, my friend. I don't know what's worse; the silent sulking or the inevitable explosion afterwards.

KEVIN: It's not like that.

LUCAS: Oh?

KEVIN: It's not *me* she's upset with.

LUCAS: Really?

(He smiled.)

LUCAS: Then why the long face? Having a wife who's angry at *someone else* is *good* news. At times like this, they crave your support. Which is excellent. You can earn yourself a blowjob just by agreeing with her and proving you're on her side. (Kevin gave him a condescending glance.)

KEVIN: I'm familiar with the tactic, mate; we're not newlyweds anymore.

LUCAS: Then get out there and earn yourself some jollies. Why are you messing about in here with me?

KEVIN: I'm waiting to get served.

LUCAS: Oh. Right. Well that makes sense. This is a bar, after all.

KEVIN: Yeah...

(Lucas smiled.)

LUCAS: A penny for your thoughts? This time I won't interrupt with assumptions.

(Kevin looked at him blankly for a moment then sighed.)

KEVIN: It's no big deal really. We just had our hearts set on achieving something and it didn't happen.

LUCAS: Gotcha. Say no more. Firing blanks, were you?

KEVIN: What? No! Why does everyone think that?

(He flinched.)

KEVIN: And besides that's not even what I was talking about!

LUCAS: It wasn't?

KEVIN: No. As you'd have known if you hadn't interrupted with assumptions again.

LUCAS: Bugger. You're right. I did it again, didn't I?

KEVIN: Yes!

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: Look, if you must know, she's upset about a rally we took part in.

LUCAS: The couple's race from Haps Vale?

KEVIN: Yeah, that. We had our hearts set on getting a better time than someone and we failed miserably. Doing that race was a fucking nightmare and it was all for nothing. We went to hell and back for fuck all! And like that wasn't bad enough, the twat we failed to beat then decided to rub our noses in it. On *top* of that, we also found out we have to drive the car back again. Having that all piled on her at once has pissed her off no end.

(Lucas nodded.)

LUCAS: I see. Well, that's a shame. The rally is meant to be fun.

KEVIN: It wasn't.

LUCAS: Apparently so.

(He smiled.)

LUCAS: Sorry to hear you didn't beat your rival, old chap. I know how personal these sporting battles can be.

KEVIN: Cheers.

LUCAS: Where did you finish overall though?

KEVIN: Oh... yeah... that's another thing she's angry about. We came dead last.

(Lucas gave him a baffled glance.)

LUCAS: You can't have done.

KEVIN: We can and we did.

(He pointed to his chest.)

KEVIN: When it comes to failure, there's nothing my wife and I can't achieve.

LUCAS: Actually, there is. You definitely weren't last. Norman and Ethel Baxter came last. Like every year. They're both in their eighties, you see? They drive way

too cautiously and take breaks every twenty minutes because Norman gets tired easily.

(He shrugged.)

LUCAS: There's very little point in them taking part in a *competitive* sense, but they keep entering every year because they enjoy the experience.

(Kevin groaned.)

KEVIN: And they'll enjoy it even more now, knowing they didn't come last for once.

LUCAS: But they did; they *did* come last.

KEVIN: What?

(Kevin gave him a doubting glance.)

KEVIN: Are you sure?

LUCAS: Yes! And I should know; *I'm* one of the race adjudicators.

(Kevin stared at him questioningly.)

KEVIN: Really?

LUCAS: I am, yes.

KEVIN: And we weren't last?

LUCAS: No!

KEVIN: Must have been second to last then.

(He gave a stifled laugh.)

KEVIN: That's something, I guess. We weren't expecting much seeing as we're first timers, but coming dead last hurt.

LUCAS: First timers?

KEVIN: Yeah.

LUCAS: Then you must be Kevin and your wife must be Amy.

KEVIN: That's right. How did you know...

LUCAS: There was only newbie vehicle in the race.

(He offered him a respectful glance.)

LUCAS: You and the wife came a *very* respectable fourth.

KEVIN: What?

(He blinked in bewilderment.)

KEVIN: Fourth?

LUCAS: That's right.

KEVIN: Out of how many?

LUCAS: There were ten cars this year.

KEVIN: Holy crap. Really?

LUCAS: Yes!

(He grimaced.)

LUCAS: Why? Who said you were the last?

KEVIN: The world's biggest cunt. A man I could happily go the rest of my life without seeing.

LUCAS: I see.

(He smiled.)

LUCAS: That'd explain why you're hiding out in *this* hotel, rather than where all the rally folk all staying.

(Kevin looked at him blankly.)

KEVIN: Hiding? What?

LUCAS: Relax. There's no need to so defensive. I'm doing the same thing. My company co-sponsors the event, and the CEO of the other company is a grade A prick, so I came over here for a drink, just to avoid him.

(He growled.)

LUCAS: Fucking Barry.

KEVIN: Barry?

(He sneered.)

KEVIN: Barry? The CEO of Woodford Electronics?

LUCAS: You know him?

KEVIN: He's the cunt I was talking about.

LUCAS: Really?

(He grimaced.)

LUCAS: But he *didn't* beat you in the race.

KEVIN: What?

LUCAS: He flew out here, like he does every year.

(Kevin's lips started to warble.)

KEVIN: W-what?

LUCAS: You heard me.

(He sighed.)

LUCAS: The wife and I usually fly out a day early to avoid him, but I had business to attend to this year and we had to fly out on the same day. Just our luck, we ended up sitting in the row behind him.

(He growled.)

LUCAS: I hate that chirpy, arrogant prick.

(Kevin was dumbfounded.)

KEVIN: He didn't race?

LUCAS: No. He never does. Couldn't if he wanted to actually. You have to have an Aria AT4 and he can't drive them. He only has an automatic driving licence. He's *not allowed* to drive anything with a clutch.

KEVIN: What the...

(He furrowed his brow.)

KEVIN: And what's this about another hotel for the rally folk?

LUCAS: The Hamilton Lodge, three hotels down. Where the formal rally dinner is, later this evening.

KEVIN: There's a formal?

LUCAS: He didn't tell you?

KEVIN: No, he...

(He fell silent for a moment then growled.)

KEVIN: If we'd have gone to the formal, we'd have found out he was lying. So, not only did he keep us in the dark about it, he sent us to a different hotel entirely.

LUCAS: Oh, dear.

(Kevin then gasped with realisation.)

KEVIN: So *that's* why he was so quick to usher us onto an event minibus.

LUCAS: An event minibus? What's that?

KEVIN: The minibus that drives people from the event.

LUCAS: What? We don't supply those. People have to *drive* to the hotel in their rally car.

(Kevin palmed his forehead.)

KEVIN: Right. It all makes sense now. He made sure to accost and humiliate us at the finishing line, so we'd be so distraught he could usher us onto a minibus he'd hired to take us to the wrong hotel. We'd go back in a week's time, none the wiser.

LUCAS: Hmm... I'm not entirely sure what you're saying, but it sounds like you're describing the actions of a complete cunt. So I find it very easy to believe.

KEVIN: Yeah.

(He shook his head.)

KEVIN: I'm done with that cunt now. I mean... that's too much. He did all this just to make us feel bad.

LUCAS: Then he's in for a nasty shock, isn't he?

KEVIN: Is he?

LUCAS: If you go to the formal he is, yes.

(Kevin looked to him blankly for a moment then his lips curled up the edges.)

KEVIN: Mate... whoever you are...

LUCAS: Call me Lucas.

KEVIN: Lucas... you, my friend have changed the world for the better.

LUCAS: I have? In what way?

KEVIN: In every way.

(He smirked.)

KEVIN: Enjoy your drink.

(He then charged towards the exit to the patio.)

KEVIN: Get your glad rags on, babe; we've got a party to attend!

(Left behind, Lucas chuckled to himself.)

LUCAS: What a lovely fellow. It's always nice to meet someone who hates Barry as much as I do.

(He exhaled.)

LUCAS: Cheers, Kevin. I will *indeed* enjoy my drink.

(He then glowered at the barman.)

LUCAS: If it ever gets here!

An hour and a half later, Rally officials, sponsors and competitors started to gather in the foyer of The Hamilton Lodge Hotel. Among their number was Barry. With his wife at his side, he was chatting away to one of the race officials. Like everyone else there, he was looking forward to an evening of fun and socialising. His evening, however, would soon take an unrecoverable nosedive.

BARRY: Absolutely, my friend. I couldn't agree more. As we always say at Woodford Electronics, the cheaper the wire, the more expensive the damage is when something goes wrong.

(He then gestured to his Right.)

BARRY: Aint that right, Kev?

(He then froze in horror, before slowly turning his neck to the right. A gulp ensued.

Kevin was standing right there at his side, grinning at him.)

BARRY: Um...

KEVIN: Yes, that is what we say, Barry. And that's why we always double check the wires for quality and ensure they have most robust sleeving on the market.

(The race official nodded.)

OFFICIAL: That's interesting. I'll look into that, Barry. I reckon we might be able to do business.

BARRY: Fantastic.

(They shook hands then official wandered away. Two seconds later, Barry swiftly turned and glowered at Kevin.)

BARRY: What are you doing here?

KEVIN: What do you mean, what am I doing here? It's an event for drivers, officials and sponsors.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: I'm here as a driver. What are *you* doing here?

BARRY: Well... same, obviously. *And* as a sponsor.

KEVIN: No, Barry.
(He smirked menacingly.)

KEVIN: You're here *just* as a sponsor.
(Barry scoffed way too indignantly to be convincing.)

BARRY: What? What are you on about? That's ridiculous. I'm a driver. And a quicker one than you!

KEVIN: Shameless. Absolutely shameless.

BARRY: What is?

KEVIN: You!
(He gave a stifled laugh.)

KEVIN: Mate. We know.

BARRY: Know what?

KEVIN: Lucas told me everything. You flew out here!

BARRY: I... no, I didn't.

KEVIN: You did, mate.
(He nodded towards where Amy was chatting to Barry's wife, Angela.)

KEVIN: In fact, Amy's chatting to your wife about the flight as we speak.
(Barry glanced at the two of them then sneered at Kevin.)

BARRY: Fine. What do you want?

KEVIN: I want you to tell me I'm the better driver and that I won.

BARRY: What?

KEVIN: Then I want you to congratulate Amy on defeating you as well.

BARRY: Defeating me?
(He scoffed.)

BARRY: You didn't defeat me.
(He smirked.)

BARRY: Look, I don't mind telling you you're a better driver... than you were yesterday... but you're not better than *me*. And you most certainly didn't *defeat* me. I said the first one to reach the finishing line wins. At no point did I tell you I was going to be racing you in a car. I raced you, but *not* in a car. And I got here half a day earlier than you did.
(He nodded.)

BARRY: And thus, I remain undefeated.

KEVIN: Wrong. You're very much defeated.

BARRY: Using what logic?

KEVIN: Fact.

BARRY: The only fact is, I said I'd race you from Haps Vale to Point de L'Orange. At no point did I say *I* was going to drive.

KEVIN: You *implied* it. You even told us your car broke down before the start!

BARRY: It did! My sports car; the one I use for work.

KEVIN: No, you can't wriggle out of it like that. You suggested our next challenge should be driving.

BARRY: Actually, *you* suggested that.

KEVIN: What?
(He recalled the conversation in his head then flinched.)

KEVIN: You mentioned this rally!

BARRY: I did, yes. And I suggested you should take part. I didn't at any point say *I* was going to do it.

KEVIN: You...

(He growled.)

KEVIN: I'm sure you did.

BARRY: Then you're mistaken. But I'll let you off.

(He smiled.)

BARRY: See? It's all very innocent.

KEVIN: Yeah? If that's the case then why did you hire a minibus to take us a different hotel afterwards? A hotel where we'd never find out about this event and end up believing we lost to you.

BARRY: You *did* lose to me. As for the minibus.

(He shrugged.)

BARRY: You're welcome.

(He smiled.)

BARRY: Now let's just enjoy our evening without any further fuss.

(Barry then started to turn away.)

KEVIN: No!

BARRY: What?

KEVIN: I said no. Let's not do that. Let's make a fuss. Admit I'm a better driver than you. And admit that you lost this challenge by default, on the grounds that you we're too chicken to take part.

BARRY: Chicken?

KEVIN: You heard me!

BARRY: You're the chicken, mate.

KEVIN: Is that so? Then how about this? Let's sort this out with *another* challenge.

BARRY: Sure? Eighteen holes and St. Maurice Links?

KEVIN: No. I'll race you back. Next weekend. Give your flights to someone else and drive their car back. We'll leave at the same time and the first one back in Haps Vale wins.

(Barry scoffed.)

BARRY: No chance.

KEVIN: Chicken.

BARRY: I'm not a...

KEVIN: Sorry? Are you talking to me or laying an egg.

BARRY: Kevin...

KEVIN: What's wrong, chicken?

BARRY: Don't you...

KEVIN: Chicken.

BARRY: Mate...

(Kevin then started to make chicken sounds and flap his arms, just as Barry had done when he convinced them to do the race, all those days ago.)

KEVIN: Buck, buck, buck, buck...

BARRY: Stop that, will you? I'm not a fucking chicken.

KEVIN: Buck, buck, buck, buck...

(Barry very quickly went red in the face.)

BARRY: Stop it.

KEVIN: Stop what, chicken boy?

BARRY: Stop making that noise.

KEVIN: What noise? Buck, buck, buck, buck...

BARRY: You...

KEVIN: Race me!

BARRY: No!

KEVIN: Buck, buck, buck, buck...

BARRY: Right, that's done it.

(He shook his fist violently.)

BARRY: Any more of your shit and you're fired!

(His wife's angry voice then rose up from over his shoulder.)

ANGELA: The hell he is!

KEVIN: You heard her, chicken legs.

ANGELA: You can shut up, an' all!

KEVIN: Right...

(He winced.)

KEVIN: Sorry.

ANGELA: It's fine.

(She then glowered at her husband.)

ANGELA: Is this true?

BARRY: That I'm a chicken? No!

ANGELA: Not that, you daft bastard!

(She rolled her eyes.)

ANGELA: Did you let these two think *we* were doing the race then send them to a different hotel so they'd never find out?

BARRY: Um...

(He shrugged innocently.)

BARRY: It was a fun prank between friends.

ANGELA: Was it? Only Amy here doesn't seem to think it was funny.

BARRY: Well... she never did have much of a sense of humour.

AMY: Excuse me?

ANGELA: Give me a sec, Amy; you can tear into him once I'm done.

AMY: I'll look forward to it.

(Barry could only gulp.)

ANGELA: It's all making sense now, Barry. Every year, you sponsor someone to drive our car, but they never seem to attend this party, so *I* never get to thank them. The reason being, you tell them it's a race, tell them they lost then send them away to another hotel, so they never find out you were lying.

BARRY: Um...

ANGELA: And this year's victim is our most valuable member of staff.

BARRY: Well, you say most valuable...

ANGELA: He is! That why I arranged with the board to give him a ten grand bonus last year.

(Amy glowered at Kevin.)

AMY: What? You got a ten grand bonus and didn't tell me???

KEVIN: I didn't get anything of the sort!

(He then glowered at Barry.)

KEVIN: I got a ten grand bonus and you didn't give it to me???

BARRY: Oh, boy.

ANGELA: Wait. What's this? I secured a ten grand bonus for him and you didn't pass it on?

BARRY: Um...

ANGELA: What the hell did you spend it on?

BARRY: Well...

(He then mumbled barely audibly.)

BARRY: A gold in ben with a boar.

ANGELA: Speak up!

BARRY: A golf weekend with the board!

ANGELA: What???

(She growled.)

ANGELA: I told you, Barry, it's important to keep Kevin happy, because if he isn't, our competitors will have him away from us. There's a dire shortage of highly-skilled component engineers and we're lucky enough to have the best one, so take care of him I told you.

BARRY: I have been. I take him out to play golf all the time.

AMY: Just to humiliate him!

BARRY: No! His *shit golf skills* do that *for* him.

KEVIN: Hey!

BARRY: It's true!

AMY: Uh-huh.

KEVIN: Babe!

(Barry looked to his wife, desperately.)

BARRY: I'm not kidding, Angie. I took him out to play golf to keep him sweet, you know?

(He ruffled his neck.)

BARRY: Trouble is, he's a really bad golfer and I'm a really bad winner. It was a recipe for disaster. Gloating is kinda fun and gave me a lot to gloat *about*.

KEVIN: Cunt!

BARRY: Yeah... that's fair.

(He sighed.)

BARRY: I love winning. I do. And after challenging you to contests a few times, I realised I'd struck gold. You suck at everything.

(Amy furrowed her brow.)

AMY: He does *not* suck at everything!

KEVIN: Yeah!

AMY: Just sport!

KEVIN: Amy...

BARRY: Anyway... I admit it. I got carried away. Beating you was fun. And so easy to do. Then I made the damn fool mistake of offering to let you choose our next challenge.

(He sighed.)

BARRY: Unfortunately, you picked the one activity you're better than me at.

Driving. I *was* going to weasel my way out of it, but then I remembered the rally was coming up. I could use *that* to make you think I'd won at that as well.

(He grimaced.)

BARRY: So I stood down the couple I'd originally picked to drive our car and got you to do it.

AMY: Fool. You should have wriggled out of it and stuck to playing him at golf. He never wins that!

KEVIN: Do you mind?

AMY: It's true. You're rubbish.

(Angela shook her head.)

ANGELA: Look, Kevin's sporting prowess is neither here nor there. He's exceptional at his job and I'd like to keep him on staff.

(She glared at her husband.)

ANGELA: Make sure he gets that bonus as soon as possible. And promote him.
BARRY: To what?
ANGELA: Your job!
BARRY: What??? What about *me*???
ANGELA: *You* can go and work for corporate.
BARRY: Babe, don't you think we should leave such decisions to me?
ANGELA: I did. And look what happened there!
(She nodded.)
ANGELA: No more. It's my father's company and as chairwoman...
(She stared into Barry's eyes.)
ANGELA: Also known as *your* boss...
(She nodded.)
ANGELA: I'm restructuring. Kevin will be in charge of the engineer division and you can oversee the business as a whole. But any decisions that involve Kevin or his department will have to go through me.
(She ruffled her neck.)
ANGELA: Just in case you feel like messing with him again.
KEVIN: I like that idea.
ANGELA: It'll be put into practice by the end of the month.
(She nodded.)
ANGELA: Also, from now on, there'll be no more sporting challenges between the two of you.
(She smiled at Amy.)
ANGELA: The only golf our families will partake in together will be friendly matches between Amy and I.
AMY: I can't *play* golf.
ANGELA: Nor can your husband apparently, but that never stopped *him*.
AMY: Good point.
(The two of them then linked arms and headed into the hotel's dining hall together. Left behind, Kevin chuckled to himself then placed his hands in his pockets.)
KEVIN: Now that, Barry, *that* was a win. Promotion for me; and for you, a one way ticket to corporate, where I'll never have to look at your stupid face ever again.
BARRY: Yeah. You're right. It *was* a win.
(He smirked.)
BARRY: For *me*.
KEVIN: What?
BARRY: I've always wanted to go to corporate. Result.
KEVIN: Fuck off. You're not gonna pretend you fabricated all this just to get a move to a nicer office building, are you?
BARRY: Who's pretending? I had it all figured out from the beginning. I just had to get you here, get Angela to catch me firing you then get the promotion I wanted.
KEVIN: Bullshit, you didn't even know I was *coming* here.
BARRY: Yes, I did.
KEVIN: No, you didn't. I only knew about this event because *Lucas* told me about it.
BARRY: Yes, I know.
(He beamed.)
BARRY: Who do you think sent Lucas to that hotel in the first place? Me.
(Just then, Lucas strode past.)
LUCAS: No, you bloody didn't. Barry, if you told me to fart, I'd burp. You're a cunt and I don't like you. I'd certainly never do you a *favour*.

(He then strode into the dining hall, leaving Barry wincing in his wake.)

BARRY: Um...

KEVIN: Busted.

BARRY: No! He's just saying that to cover himself.

KEVIN: Wow. You just can't help yourself, can you?

BARRY: I'm telling the truth.

KEVIN: No. No, mate. No more.

(He smiled.)

KEVIN: The thought of beating you always meant a lot to me. I always thought you were a cunt, but I respected you enough to want to challenge you. In the back of my mind, I thought beating you would go a long way to proving myself.

(He chuckled.)

KEVIN: All that respect has gone out of the window now. So, you carry on deluding yourself. I'm past caring.

(He then headed into the dining hall. Remaining behind in the foyer by himself, Barry just sneered.)

BARRY: Look at that prick... walking away when I talking to him. He was afraid I'd defeat him with my superior intellect.

(He scoffed.)

BARRY: Chicken.

(He then headed into the dining hall, satisfied in his delusion that he was the better man.)

Seven weeks later.

Starting to get impatient, Amy paced up and down upside the entrance to the local hospital. Having checked her watch several times, she growled then folded her arms.

AMY: If he isn't here in thirty seconds, I'll just have to go in without him.

(Just then, Kevin raced around the corner and charged towards her.)

KEVIN: Sorry I'm late, babe. Parking was a bitch.

AMY: Whatever. You're here now. And just in the nick of time. Let's go before we miss our appointment.

KEVIN: Gotcha.

(With that, they both strode into the hospital. Marching at quite the pace, Kevin grimaced then looked to Amy nervously.)

KEVIN: You know where we're going, right?

AMY: I do, yes. I was here on time. I just came out to find you.

KEVIN: Right.

(He nodded.)

KEVIN: That's alright then. I've never been here before and I've no idea where we're meant to go.

AMY: It's easy enough. We just have to follow this slight bend to the right then take a hard left, followed by a hard right.

KEVIN: Cool.

(He sniggered.)

KEVIN: I love that you do that now, by the way.

AMY: Do what?

KEVIN: You don't just say left and right anymore, you always describe the sharpness of the bend.

AMY: Do I?

KEVIN: Yes. When your friend used our toilet the other day, you told her to go up the stairs then take a sharp right, followed by a *second* right immediately afterwards. Practically a U-turn, you said.

(Amy grimaced.)

AMY: I did, didn't I?

KEVIN: Yup. It was priceless.

AMY: You mean adorable.

KEVIN: Sure. Why not?

(They shared a smile then headed around the two sharp bends that Amy had mentioned and walked into a doctor's waiting room. Before they could even sit down, however, the doctor emerged from his room then called out the next patient's name.)

DOCTOR: Mrs Amy...

AMY: Ooh, that's me!

KEVIN: Not necessarily, he might have *two* Amy's to see today.

DOCTOR: Actually, I haven't.

AMY: Ha!

(She then strutted into the doctor's room with a victorious grin on her face. Kevin followed suit, wearing an embarrassed grimace. The two of them sat down opposite the doctor's desk. The doctor smiled at them both then sat down at his desk.)

DOCTOR: Right then. I'm sure your both anxious for the results, so I get straight to the point. Amy...

(He smiled.)

DOCTOR: Congratulations. It's official. You're seven weeks pregnant.

KEVIN: Score!

(Amy just burst into tears.)

AMY: We did it, Kev. We fucking did it!

KEVIN: Right? Suck it, losers. I knew I wasn't firing blanks.

(They then hugged one another elatedly.)

AMY: Best news ever.

KEVIN: Right?

AMY: We're gonna be parents.

DOCTOR: Indeed, you are.

(He smiled.)

DOCTOR: You can now get started on all hard work you mentioned during the last visit. Preparing the child's room, baby-proofing. It's happening, chaps.

AMY: Awesome. That's all work I can't wait to do.

DOCTOR: I'm sure. Just take it easy, remember. You're pregnant now.

KEVIN: It's fine. I'll do the grafting.

AMY: And I'll supervise.

DOCTOR: Excellent. And once you've done that, you'll have to agree on names.

KEVIN: We already have... sort of.

AMY: I conceived in the back of a rally car, so if it's a girl, we'll call her Aria.

DOCTOR: And if it's a boy?

(Kevin and Amy glanced at one another then looked at the doctor and spoke in unison.)

KEVIN AND AMY: Anything but fucking Barry!

(The doctor forced a smile then climbed from his seat.)

DOCTOR: I see. Just a moment.

(He then headed towards the door with tears in his eyes. Moments later, he passed through it then glanced at his name tag. A name tag which read, *Dr Barry Wallace*.)
DOCTOR: Too mean.

(He then blew his nose and started to wipe away his tears. His sadness was in stark contrast to the scenes in his office. Delirious with joy, Kevin and Amy were hugging one another with hearts full of love. That night during the rally had changed their lives forever, and the three who were there to witness it, would never forget it.)

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