

to live forever. But if everyone did it, if everyone could actually lick the tips of their elbows, then there'd be chaos. Because you can't just go on living and living and living.

Roland Oh right.

Marianne Try it.

Roland What's that?

Marianne Your elbows, try licking them.

Roland I'm all right.

Marianne attempts to lick her elbows, demonstrating the difficulty.

Marianne I'm Marianne.

Roland Roland.

Marianne Thank God the rain's held off.

Roland Yeah.

Marianne Nothing worse than a soggy barbecue.

Roland Yeah.

Marianne Soggy sausages. Would you like a drink?

Roland I'm all right. My wife's actually just gone to get me a beer.

Marianne Try it.

Roland What's that?

Marianne Your elbows, try licking them.

Marianne attempts to lick her elbows, demonstrating the difficulty. Roland, initially hesitant, also attempts to lick his elbows.

Roland See what you mean. I'm Roland.

Marianne Marianne.

Roland Shame about the rain.

Marianne Nothing worse than a soggy barbecue.

Roland So are you, are you a friend of Jane's or —

Marianne No, Jane, yeah. We were at college together.

Roland Right.

Marianne Yourself?

Roland My wife used to work with Jane.

START!

Marianne Your elbows, try licking them.

Marianne attempts to lick her elbows, demonstrating the difficulty. Roland, initially hesitant, also attempts to lick his elbows.

Roland See what you mean. I'm Roland.

Marianne Marianne.

Roland Shame about the rain.

Marianne Nothing worse than a soggy barbecue.

Roland So are you, are you a friend of Jane's or . . . ?

Marianne Who's Jane?

Roland Jane's the — She's the lady having the barbecue?

Marianne Oh, right, Christ, no. I was just walking past and I saw a load of free booze and sausages. I'm joking.

Roland Right.

Marianne Jane and I were at college together. How about you?

Roland I play football with Tom.

Marianne Tom?

Roland Jane's brother-in-law. Bluey-green T-shirt.

Marianne Yes.

Roland D'you want a drink?

Marianne I'm fine. Thanks.

Roland So what do you, what do you do? For a living.

Marianne I work at Sussex University.

Roland Right. Great.

Marianne Yourself?

Roland I'm a beekeeper.

Marianne Really?

Roland Yeah, yeah.

Marianne You're really a beekeeper?

Roland I'm really a beekeeper.

Marianne I fucking love honey.

Roland Oh really?

Marianne Spoon. Jar of honey. Heaven.

Roland What sort of honey do you normally go for?

Marianne I'm too embarrassed.

Roland How d'you mean?

Marianne Too embarrassed to tell you.

Roland Why's that?

*Marianne whispers the following into Roland's ear:
'I like Tesco. The really dirty stuff, the prison stripe
stuff.'*

Roland That's all right.

Marianne Really?

Roland Of course.

Marianne I'm not putting honest, hard-working
beekeepers out of business?

Roland Wouldn't've thought so.

Marianne Do you think I'm a honey philistine?

Roland Some of the supermarket stuff's all-right.

Marianne Really?

Roland Yeah, some of it's fine, yeah.

Marianne So – And I mean don't take this the wrong
way, but, I mean, are you –

Roland Go on.

Marianne You – I mean do you make a living?

Roland I do, yeah.

Marianne I mean from beekeeping.

Roland From beekeeping.

Marianne How does it – I mean how does it –

Roland Well. I used to, I used to work for a friend of
mine. In Wiltshire.

Marianne Very nice.

Roland After a while though, decided I wanted to go
into business on my own. But my, my girlfriend –
ex-girlfriend –

Marianne I'm sorry for your loss.

Roland What's that?

Marianne No – I was – I was making a –

Roland Right.

Marianne Sorry for your loss as in –

Gestures, sliding a finger across her throat, 'killed'.

Roland Right.

Marianne It was just a –

Roland No.

Marianne Anyway, you were –

Roland Yeah, no, so, she, my ex, she wanted to move to London. So we got this one-bed place in Tower Hamlets.

Marianne No wonder you broke up with her, fuck me. I'd've broken up with her if she'd made me leave Wiltshire for fucking Tower Hamlets.

Roland I'm still living there, actually.

Marianne Lovely curries.

Roland There wasn't any room. For bees.

Marianne I see.

Roland We didn't have a garden.

Marianne Bummer.

Roland One day I was up on the roof and I realised it was perfect. So I tidied it up a bit and I got my first hive.

Marianne Amazing.

Roland Went from one to two from two to four. We, we went away. Me and Laura. We went away to Spain and when we got back, we found that the flat had been raided.

Marianne Raided?

Roland I used to keep the honey in bin bags. You know those black, plastic bin liners –

Marianne Yes.

Roland Didn't have a lotta money, at the time, so the bin bags were just a cheap alternative. When we were away though, one of the neighbours called the police. Thought I was brewing up smack or something. They properly went for it. The police. They kicked the front door in, turned the flat upside down and they confiscated all these bin bags filled with the most amazing honey and honeycomb.

Marianne Did that really happen?

Roland Yeah.

Marianne You used to keep honey in bin bags?

Roland Yeah.

~~Marianne Roland, I don't think that I can go back to work.~~

~~Roland Have they told you that?~~

~~Marianne They're great.~~

~~Roland You've told them then?~~

~~Marianne Not yet.~~

~~Roland But you're going to.~~

~~Marianne I think so.~~

~~Roland But you haven't said any of this to them?~~

~~Marianne They've said whatever I want.~~

~~Roland So what about part-time?~~