

Woman:
What do you want?

Man:
I want to talk. What else would I want?

Woman:
You need to leave me alone.

Man:
Bit early to be in bed, isn't it? What did you say? Do you think about me? When you're lying there. You do, don't you? Even though you wouldn't admit it.

Woman:
You need to get away from here right now.

Man:
I know you spoke to Charlotte, and I think you're the one that needs to back off.
Time we both got on with our lives, don't you think?

Woman:
You think you stand above everyone and everything, don't you? That you're untouchable. But you're just a man. A sick, weak man and one day you're gonna wake up and all the pain you've caused is just gonna come back on you.

Man:
You sound scared. Don't be. Cos if I wanted to have you again don't you think I could have had you whenever I wanted? -

Woman:
I'm calling the police.

Man:
- Do you ever think about that night? I know I do. The floral-patterned sheets, the pink pillowcases, the grey throw on the bed, which couldn't have been more than a few weeks old. One of the tags was still hanging from the bottom right-hand corner and you lying there. Letting me do whatever I wanted. I play that back, whenever I get the chance.