

His 'n' Hers

The street is relatively quiet. It's Friday. Richard and Sarah have all the time in the world, at least today. Richard has taken a day's holiday to provide himself with an extended weekend. He is an office boy who works for an engineering firm. He's only a lowly administrator, but it's a job that allows him to indulge himself at the weekends. You can live for the weekends, living for the weekend, Only trouble is, Sarah works every other Saturday in a clothes shop. That's why she's off today: she gets Friday, or a different day in the week off, when she's rota'd for the Saturday. It's a fair enough deal, but it means they won't be out clubbing it hard tonight, and she'll probably be tired tomorrow too. Richard has plans, though: the lads are up for a night on the town. Like him, they're living for the weekend... going out tonight...

Still, if she wants an early night...a night out on the town with the lads could be called for...mebbe check out some o' the totty. Can't be bad.

Shoes...shoes and a top. Yeah, a nice vest top. Shame I won't be up for wearin' it tonight. I hate bein' at work on Sat'd'y, 'cause I 'ave t' be in f'r 8 an' I can't go out on a Friday, at least not late. Aww, a cute li'l dog...

"Aw, Rich, look at that cute li'l dog."

"Oh aye." Fuck's sake, why does she have to do that? It's only a dog, for fuck's sake. An' I don't think it's cute. I fuckin' hate that word.

Shoes...top...an' lipstick. Oh, an' some nail polish. I ain't got 'ny nice nail polish, an' I wanna look good f' when we go out on Sat'd'y night... "Right, Rich, I wanna go to TopShop first, an' ave a look for a nice vest top..."

*Shoes...top...nail polish...shoes, top...
...lipstick?...*

...earrings?...

shoes.

...

shoes

and do I need a new foundation?

"Yeah, wharrever...do I need a new foundation?"

"Just thought you might..."

"What d'ya want f' tea t'night?"

"Dunno." We 'a'n't got much food

*"Arrright." I don't mind 'er goin' in the girlie shops. Means she gets guilty fer draggin' me round, so she always takes me out f' lunch an' a pint after. An' if y' stand in a good place while yer waitin' outside the changin' rooms for 'er, y' can check out some o' the other birds, an' when they're bendin' ovver, tryin' on shoes...so I get t' check out the totty **and** I get a feed an' a pint... "Burra need t' get t' Virgin 'n' all..."*

"Eh? How should I know?"

"Nah, luv, sorry." Sometimes she asks the stupidest questions. I mean, for fuck's sake, how would I know what she needs? As long as she turns out lookin' arrright an' dun't cop off with any other blokes...

"Dunno..." I 'adn't really thought about tea yet... "I 'adn't really thought about it. Why, what do you?"

mebbe a curry...but then, I'd rather go

*in at the moment. Maybe we should
go to Tesco's...*

“D’y’ wanna go to Tesco’s later?”

*over to Steve’s tonight for a curry an’
lager night, get some porn in...nah,
that’s summat for a Tuesday or a
Wednesday night...*

I wish he’d bloody well listen instead

Of just driftin’ off...”Oi! Rich!”

“Sorry...whassat?”

“I said, do you wanna go to Tesco’s
later?”

Sarah reiterated snappily. Richard cringed. Sarah had a habit of snapping, especially when it was her time of the month. He didn’t think it was now, but then...well, he couldn’t be sure. He’d know soon enough if it was... But Sarah snapping at him for no obvious reason was pretty usual. He accepted it, because she was a real looker. Well, he thought so, and so did his mates. Yeah, they were all impressed that he’d got Sarah. Sometimes they got jealous, especially when he told them what they got up to in, and out, of the sack. She was a real goer, and her moods and the odd row were a fair price to pay for such good, and frequent, fucking. Sarah, for her part, thought Richard was a fair catch. Her mates thought he was pretty hunky, he was willing to treat her, take her out, buy her stuff, even though his wage was quite low. And yes, the sex was great. But he still pissed her off at times. Like when he didn’t listen. Like now. And times when he so blatantly ogled other women...

“Sorry...I wa’n’t listenin’.”

“I can bloody see that! Why don’t you
pay more attention? Eh?”

“Look, I’m sorry, arright, I were just

thinkin' ..."

"Yeah, yeah, wharrever. But you've
still not said...."

"Said what?"

"If y' wanna go to Tesco's!"

"Yeah, sure, whatever."

*It's times like this he really pisses me
off...he just goes off, 'thinkin'', an'
dun't pay any fuckin' attention t' me
at all...I'd prob'ly do better with
that guy over there...
An' 'ee looks a proper knob...*

*Christ, I wish she wouldn't get so fuckin'
aggro over nuthin'...*