

Ashlie: Stephen! For goodness' sake, you'll scare the postman away. Anyway, it's too early. The postman usually comes at 11.

Stephen: Yeah. You're right. He'll probably be late. He's got to carry all those cards for me.

Ashlie: It's Valentine's Day today and Stephen takes it very seriously. He thinks he's going to get a lot of cards this year.

Stephen: I sent lots of cards, so I'll get lots of cards – simple.

Ashlie: Stephen, it doesn't work like that. Anyway, I thought you were going to help me with my online profile.

The speed dating didn't really work out. So now Stephen thinks I should try online dating to see if I can meet someone on the internet.

Stephen: Yeah, we're going to try it, Ash. Come on, let's take a picture. You'll need one for your profile. I'm a very good photographer.

Ashlie: OK, then. Come on.

Stephen: OK, so now you have to describe yourself.

Ashlie: So, I guess we could say, tall, beautiful, funny, clever, thin, successful...

Stephen: Or maybe you could just tell the truth?

Ashlie: Stephen! OK, then. Which of these statements sounds most like me? Am I: A: Quiet and shy; B: Outgoing and chatty; C: Optimistic and confident?

Stephen: Ah, definitely optimistic and confident.

Ashlie: Quiet and shy. OK, hobbies... Tick all the boxes that are true for you. Let me see... OK, playing cards, yes, gardening, yes, walking, yes...

Stephen: Err, hang on, Ashlie. I've never seen you do any of those things.

Ashlie: Well, I'm trying to sound mature. You know, more grown up.

Stephen: Mature? You sound like an old lady! You're supposed to tell the truth...

Ashlie: The postman. Just the one card, Stephen?

Stephen: It's not how many you get, Ashlie. It's the thought that counts. Ooh, listen to this, 'Your eyes are like diamonds that shine in the sky...'

Ashlie: Stephen, is that your writing?

Stephen: Err, no.

Ashlie: Err... yes it is, Stephen. Did you send yourself this card?

Stephen: No, Ashlie. I notice you didn't get any. Anyway, how's your profile going?

Ashlie: All finished actually. Now I just need to wait for a reply. Oh my goodness! That was quick!

Stephen: Quick. Open it, Ashlie. Let's see who you got.

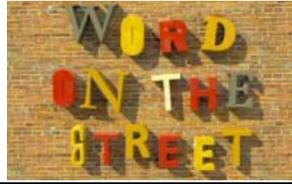
Ashlie: Strange photo...

Stephen: What's the message? What does he say?

Ashlie: Well, his name's Barry... He says our interests are the same – they match perfectly. He wants to meet...

Stephen: Oh, do I hear wedding bells?

Ashlie: Well, I think I should meet him. He sounds nice. But Stephen – you will come, won't you? Just to keep me safe?



Stephen: OK. But how will you recognise each other?

Ashlie: We could wear a red flower or something?

Stephen: A red flower? That's a silly idea. You never wear flowers. Maybe you should wear something green. I know – a green scarf.

Ashlie: OK. Let me message him. OK, done. Ooh, I'm going on a blind date!

Ashlie: Stephen! What on earth are you wearing?

Stephen: Shh – I'm in disguise.

Ashlie: Yes, but why?

Stephen: So no one recognises me.

Ashlie: Right. OK. Look, I'll sit on that bench over there. You text me if you see him arrive. Remember, green scarf.

Ashlie texting: Green scarves everywhere – I should have worn a flower

Stephen texting: Look right – Man in hat – Green scarf – Flowers

Man: Ashlie? Ashlie Walker? Oh, no.

Stephen: Ashlie, you asked for that. I told you, you needed to tell the truth.

Ashlie: Right, that's it, Stephen! I give up on dating.

Stephen: Come on, grandma!