**int. the waterhole - afternoon**

ned, roxy

***Roxy begins charming ned***

Roxy's spotted Ned talking to an N/S Bar Staffer, and she likes what she sees.

**Ned**

...and if you could give Sheila my CV. Thanks.

He turns to exit - as Roxy steps up.

**Roxy**

Job hunt, huh?

(examining his black eye)

That eye's not the best way to impress employers.

She produces a tube of concealer from her bag.

**Roxy**

Let me cover up the bruise.

To Ned's bemusement.

**Ned**

Do we know each other?

Roxy smiles. Determined to draw him out.

**Roxy**

Roxy.

**Ned**

Ned. Look - I don't wear make up.

**Roxy**

It's concealer.

She's already dabbing concealer onto her finger.

**Roxy**

You can use it to cover anything. Scars, hickeys...

She continues to chat, disarming Ned as she examines his bruise.

**ROXY**

I used to know this cowboy, back in the NT - the amount of marks I had to cover up for him... Mind you, they were made by me so it was only fair.

**Ned**

A cowboy...?

**Roxy**

He was my rodeo buddy. He taught me the ropes, but I was never big in the saddle. Got bucked all the time.

**Ned**

Are you for real?

**Roxy**

Maybe I'll take you for a ride some time and you can see for yourself.

Roxy waves for him to sit.

Amused, he decides to go with it. Roxy readies to dab the concealer onto his black eye.

**Roxy**

Once this is done, you can shout me a tequila shot.

Ned's charmed, but knows he needs to knock this on the head.

**Ned**

Look, thanks for this, but I should probably let you know I've got a girlfriend.

Roxy bristles slightly

**Roxy**

And you're telling me that because?

**ned**

Just so you know I'm not available to... go for a ride?

Roxy clasps her concealer shut and looks a squirming Ned in the eye.

**Roxy**

Don't flatter yourself, mate. As if I'd hang out with a bloke who wears makeup.

She's fierce, but as she storms off, she turns back and shoots him a flirtatious grin and a wink.