Copycat

By Tatty Hennessy

GEM late 20s
BRYONY late 20s

*(Late night/early morning in BRYONY’s living room. GEM helps a very inebriated BRYONY into her flat. BRYONY is dressed for a night out. GEM is too, though more conservatively)*

GEM: Here you go

BRYONY: Oh my God you’re a star I am so sorry

GEM: That’s alright babe, it happens

BRYONY: No this is so fucking embarrassing, I cannot believe it. Oh god

GEM: Got your water, go on, sit

*(GEM helps BRYONY onto the sofa)*

BRYONY: Fuck. How much was the uber?

GEM: Don’t worry

BRYONY: I gotta pay you

GEM: It’s alright, I’m not far

BRYONY: Oh, Jesus. Fuck. You’re so nice. Thank you.

GEM: S’aright

BRYONY: I am such a state

GEM: Nice place. One bed, is it?

BRYONY: It’s a fucking mess I wasn’t….Woss your name again babe?

GEM: Gem

BRYONY: Thank you so much for helping me

GEM: That’s all right

BRYONY: My friends just disappeared, I couldn’t

GEM: Happens to all of us

BRYONY: Fuckers

GEM: You lost sight of ‘em, that’s all

BRYONY: I think they went to the bar, or I went to the bar

GEM: You were outside, babe

BRYONY: That’s it. Some man by the bar kept grabbing at me and I had to get out and if Harry’d been there he’d have decked him but I was all on my own

GEM: Here, have some water.

BRYONY: Ohh god

GEM: Everything spinning? *(BRYONY nods)* You gonna puke? *(BRYONY shakes her head and holds her hand over her mouth)*

BRYONY: This is so embarrassing

GEM: Don’t be silly

BRYONY: Never normally drink this much

GEM: We all do it. Got to let loose sometime, haven’t you? You live alone?

BRYONY: Flatmate. Sarah. She’s on holiday. He’s such a *dick*

GEM: Who?

BRYNY: *Harry*

GEM: That’s his name, your boyfriend? *(BRYONY nods, fighting tears. GEM rubs Bryony’s shoulders)* It’s alright

BRYONY: Why do we fucking bother?

GEM: Cos we love ‘em

BRYONY: Yeah. I just. Sometimes I don’t think he loves me very much

GEM: Their brains are built different to ours, that’s all. They show it different. You gotta like, decode it, you know? They can’t just be straight about it cos they don’t know how so they wrap it all up in other stuff and you gotta like, translate it.

BRYONY Yeah?

GEM: Yeah. They’re not like us.

BRYONY: No

GEM: Apparently it’s cos In the old days men would go out hunting by themselves and all the women would stay together in the caves with the children so the men didn’t ever really need to talk that much.

BRYONY: Really?

GEM: Yeah. Makes sense if you think about it. You alright, feeling dizzy?

BRYONY: No, I’m alright

GEM: Go on, have a bit more. That’s it. *(the bottle. BRYONY drinks. GEM jokily pokes her ribs and puts on a ‘lad’ voice)* Get it down ya! Waaay

*(BRYONY laughs, feebly)*

BRYONY: Thanks. God, you’re nice

GEM: Nah

BRYONY: You are. I wish everyone was as nice as drunk girls are to other drunk girls they’ve never met in toilets.

GEM: Be exhausting! Can you imagine? *(puts on a voice)* Babe, I love your earrings

BRYONY: *(joins in)* That colour is *so* good on you, babes, you are rocking it, seriously

GEM: *(continues)* He’s not worth it, babe, he’s not worth it

*(they laugh)*

BRYONY: Maybe you’re right. God I’m gonna feel *shit* in the morning

GEM: Yeah.

BRYONY: You think I should forgive him them? What he done?

GEM: Dunno. D’you love him?

BRYONY: I think so. Yeah.

GEM: Well. I think if you love someone you gotta do all you can to keep them, haven’t you?

BRYONY: Maybe.

GEM: That’s what I think. *(beat)* And I think it’s hard for them, sometimes. They’re not like us.

*(beat)*

BRYONY: You got a boyfriend?

GEM: Yeah.

BRYONY: That’s nice. What’s he like?

GEM: He’s alright, yeah. One of the good ones.

BRYONY: You love him?

GEM: *(smiles almost sadly)* Yeah.

BRYONY: That’s nice. *(holds her head)* I feel funny

GEM: Here *(the water)* You were pretty wasted

BRYONY: Dizzy, like…. Thank god you were there, babe, I’d be in the fucking gutter. Were you out with him tonight, your fella?

GEM: No.

BRYONY: Girls’ night

GEM: Yeah. *(pause)* He’s banged up actually. My boyfriend.

BRYONY: Shit

GEM: Yeah

BRYONY: I’m am so sorry. Jesus.

GEM: Yeah. He didn’t do it, though. What they said he’s done.

BRYONY: Of course he didn’t. Oh, babe, I’m so sorry

GEM: Drink your water

BRYONY: You miss him?

GEM: Yeah. It’s weird what you miss. I always used to wake up before him cos he liked a lie-in and I’d just stay in bed and stare at him and I miss that. I miss the hair in his ears.

BRYONY: You really do love him, then. I’m always on at Harry to do something about the state of his ears. Like an old man.

*(GEM smiles)*

GEM: D’you ever get, like… Sometimes I’ve got so much love inside me for him I feel like I’ve drunk acid. And It’s trying to burn its way out of me. D’you ever feel that?

*(GEM looks at BRYONY)*

BRYONY: Yeah. Yeah, some of the time

GEM: D’you think blokes feel that for us?

*(beat)*

BRYONY: I’m sure some of them do.

GEM: Drink your water.

BRYONY: How longs he away for?

GEM: 25 years. Finish it.

BRYONY: That’s a long time

GEM: Yeah. But I’m getting him out.

BRYONY: You got a lawyer?

GEM: Something like that. Is it finished?

BRYONY: I / feel a bit

GEM: *(GEM holds the bottle to BRYONY’s mouth to stop her talking. Helps BRYONY drink, almost forcibly)* I watched this documentary. On Netflix. American guy got done for murder. They said he killed this bloke and took out his organs and wrote all this like, cult stuff on the walls in his blood, right? But then after he was in prison all these other blokes were murdered in exactly the same way, blood on the walls, everything. So they knew they had the wrong guy, you see, cos the killer was still out there. And they let him go.

BRYONY: They said your bloke’s in a cult?

GEM: *(laughs)* No, they just say he killed a girl he met in a club. *(beat)* Put something in her drink, took her home. Tried to shag her. And killed her. Apparently. But he wouldn’t, you see. Cos he loves me.

*(BRYONY looks at the empty water bottle)*

BRYONY: *(heavily slurred, barely conscious)* You

*(GEM takes a small knife out of her handbag)*

BRYONY: No

*(a scuffle, but BRYONY is drowsy now and GEM overpowers her, pinning her, maybe pulling her hair to keep her head still)*

GEM: Please don’t make it difficult. I’m really sorry. It’s nothing to do with you. I quite like you, actually. It’s just. He didn’t do it. I know he didn’t. Because he loves me. And I love him. And when you love someone, you do everything you can. You understand.

*(GEM stabs BRYONY in the stomach. She stands, shaking. She wipes the knife. BRYONY whimpers. GEM looks around)*

GEM: It’s a nice place, this.

*Blackout*