

Scene One

*You know those classic shoe box apartments that use the phrase "open plan living" as an excuse to shove everything in one tiny room? Yeah well, that's this. A man lies passed out in his boxers on the sofa.*

*Joy enters.*

*She's late. But there's always time for coffee. Kettle on. Mug out. Coffee scooped. Milk. It's off. Still late. And we're going to hide the keys from her.*

Joy: For fucks sake

*Joy exits momentarily. From off, we hear...*

Amy: Oi... I'm naked...get off...Joy, I swear to -

*Amy and Joy enter.*

*Beat.*

*Joy exits. Amy flicks the kettle on. Mug out. Tea bag in. Milk. Off.*

*Meanwhile, from off we hear...*

Joy: Dani...Dani...DANI

*Joy re-enters, gets a glass and fills it with water, exiting again. From off, we hear*

Dani: WHAT THE F- JOY WHAT THE FUCK - MY FUCKING HAIR...

*Once more, joy enters, followed by a soggy Dani.*

Amy: The milks off again

Dani: What is your fucking problem?

Joy: You - keys?

Dani: I don't have your-

Amy: What did I tell you about leaving it on the side?

Dani: I didn't

Amy: You didn't?

Dani: No

Joy: Guys-

Amy: Right, so we have a fucking milk fairy do we? Who comes and takes the milk / out the fridge and leaves it to go off all night?

Dani: It's only fucking milk I'll buy some more later

Amy: No good later, I want a brew now

Dani: Then why don't you put your shoes on and / walk to the shop

Amy: Because I'm not the one who left it out and I only bought this one yesterday-

Joy: FUCK THE MILK

*Beat*

Joy: He's on my keys, get rid

Dani: Me?

Joy: Dani...

Dani: Right have you actually bothered looking properly? Cos a sofa isn't exactly the number one place I'd leave my keys

Joy: I've got a fucking air tag and it's saying they're right fucking there

Dani: Fancy

Joy: I swear to god-

Dani: He's not gonna bite is he just give him a shove

Joy: Wake. Him. Up. Or you can go with him when he leaves.

*Beat*

Dani: Um...excuse me - hello? Oi

Harry: Oh shit...hiya

Amy/Joy/Dani: Hello/Hi/Alright?

*He looks down at the keys and back at the girls, who look at Joy*

*Joy takes her keys,.*

Dani: Look I'm sorry...

Joy: I'm doing you a favour, don't make me regret it

*Joy exits.*

Harry: I should / probably...

Dani: Uh yeah, yeah probably

Harry: Sorry I'll just-

Dani: Want a brew or anything?

Amy: Milks off

*Beat*

Harry: *(putting his clothes back on)* Last night was-

Dani: Got everything?

Harry: I really think we should, you know, do this again

Dani: Maybe

Harry: Maybe without causing a show for you-

Dani: You can just...

Harry: I should-

Dani: Yeah

Harry: Can I get your-

Dani: Get home safe

*Harry exits.*

*Beat.*

Amy: Bit much don't you think

Dani: Yeah, I know - thanks

Amy: You'd be pissed off

Dani: Can you not start?

Amy: I'm not starting anything

Dani: Clearly

*Beat*

Amy: I'm just saying we're doing you a favour

Dani: How?

Amy: You joking?

Dani: No, I'm not. How are you doing me favour?

Amy: We didn't have to let you-

Dani: Have to? Ok

Amy: I'm just saying

Dani: You're just starting summer for nothing

Amy: The least you can do is have a bit of respect, I barely slept last night

Dani: Me neither

Amy: You think it's funny but it's not, it's sad

Dani: What are you on about?

Amy: Getting drunk on a weekday? Bringing back random men to our flat, do you know how dangerous that is?

Dani: He's not a random man, he wouldn't hurt a fucking fly

Amy: It's besides the point - if you put the same effort into looking for work as you do getting pissed maybe you wouldn't be in this mess

*Knock, knock, knock.*

*Dani answers the door to Harry, who's holding a pint of milk. Bless him.*

Harry: Sorry, I er'... well... milk

Dani: Milk...

Harry: It's semi cos well that's normal innit if you're a full fat drinker then you'll be 6 foot under by 50

*Beat*

Harry: Well um actually...I think I left my jacket as well but um yeah...milk

Dani: I'll...

*Passes Amy the milk.*

Amy: Did you want one?

Harry: No no you're alright I don't want to -

*(from off: Dani: I can't - are you sure you left it?) He exits to help her. Shortly after we hear a noise. It's repetitive. Amy tries to ignore it. We can leave her here for as long as we want.*

*Eventually, Harry enters making a b-line for the door. Dani runs after him*

Dani: Your jacket

*He takes the jacket and is gone in a flash.*

*Scene Ten*

*Amy is sat at the front of the stage, sound of a church hall and people chatting.*

Woman: Good afternoon everyone, welcome to our weekly Confessions of Grief session. Today we welcome some new faces, and of course we're here to make you feel safe and -

*Dani rushes in, they spot each other. It's been a while.*

Dani: Sorry

Woman: Now who would like to start? Thank you Lisa

Lisa: It's coming up to a year now, and I thought I'd be better by now, but it's just as bad as it was when he first went. I was having beans on toast and I could've sworn I saw his face in the puddle of beans, swear down. And for some reason whenever I think about him, I get sad but really horny.

Yeah.

Woman: Thank you, Amy...

Amy: Oh, yeah okay. Um...what do I...

Woman: Whatever you want, how you're feeling...

Amy: I keep thinking that everyone around me is going to die. Or could die, a lot more than I used to. I didn't think about it before, but it's...crippling. And exhausting. Like when I see a friend or talk to family, or even a fucking stranger, I tell myself this could be the last time so make it count.

Forcing myself to not live with any regrets about anything just incase something happened but at least my hands are clean. Is that normal? I don't - I haven't had to do this since I was like 9 when my great grandad died and when someone's old your entire life you sort of understand them dying is inevitable. God I sound like a psychopath. I do have a great deal of empathy for people, usually, I mean I teach for christ sake - fuck. That's a point. I had to go back to work this week, and it's like everyones waiting for me to be okay with it so that they can feel better about not giving a shit when they talk to me. I'd kind of prefer it if people were honest. About not giving a shit. Because then I get to distract myself talking about fucking deposits on houses and whether it'll rain tomorrow. And I just don't know what to do with everything, I don't feel like it's mine, the grief, the sadness, I feel like I don't deserve it. And I don't know what to do with that.

Woman: Thank you, just know that time heals all...

Amy: Right...

Woman: Who's next...

Man: I'm actually doing alright, yeah...

Woman: Okay...great, good, great to hear, another new face...

Dani: Yeah. Hi. Hi. Hello everyone. Life's shit. Yeah. Surprise surprise. I don't know what I was expecting to be honest, but it wasn't this. I thought people might y'know give a shit. For a bit longer.

You all saw it right? Right? Course you did, don't pretend. It was all over the news. Protests.

Petitions. Memorial services. Donations. For the first couple of days. Then slowly it all just faded away. It's not even been 2 weeks. And it's like everyones just forgot. Or no actually, they haven't forgotten, it's just not popular anymore. They've moved onto the next best thing. Probably a war. And it's fucking disturbing. Watching these horrid things happen every day, but seeing which one

wins the popularity contest for the one we should give a shit about. And I've learnt that the word rape really offends people. Not because they've been through anything like that themselves, it's just too direct for them - too graphic - too real, I guess. Someone tried to cancel me for saying rape. Said I should use - what's the terms for it - SA'd and unalived. Unfuckin'galived. Like cmon, that's kind of funny, right? Sorry I can't come to work today, my friend has been unalived. Like how fucking stupid are people now? The only reason these terms are a thing is so companies and influencers can still use advertisements and do brand deals cos otherwise they wouldn't get paid. But they've convinced a whole generation of people that it's the way forward. Like it doesn't gloss over it. Like it doesn't lessen what Joy went through. It makes it easier for them. Easier for you to deal with. Well fuck that because my friend was raped, and she was killed. And I don't care if it offends - in fact I fucking hope it offends you.

Woman: Thank you, but we don't talk about the details in this group-

Dani: Of course you don't, why would people grieving need a space to talk about the details that no one else wants to hear? Why does a safe space like that need to exist? You can all get fucked

Amy: Dani

Dani: Fuck you

Amy: Wait

*Outside.*

Dani: That is bullshit

Amy: I know

Dani: Fucking twats

Amy: Everyone grieves differently

Dani: Oh fuck off

Amy: Don't talk to me like that

Dani: You're unbelievable

Amy: Where are you going?

Dani: Home - Harry's

Amy: We can go back from today

Dani: I know

Amy: Are you going to?

Dani: Oh so I'm allowed now?

Amy: You're always allowed

Dani: You kicked me out

Amy: I didn't kick you out

Dani: Really?

Amy: You wanted to leave

Dani: No I didn't

Amy: Right so come back then

Dani: That's one way to ask me

Amy: Please - I don't want to do this. She wouldn't want this-

Dani: Don't use her

Amy: I'm not

*Beat. Dani pulls out a bottle of vodka and offers it to Amy. Amy takes it.*

Dani: What?

Amy: Nothing

Dani: I'm not drunk

Amy: The looks on their faces

Dani: It was quite funny

Amy: What a load of shit

Dani: It sounded good online

Amy: My mum signed me up

Dani: No she didn't

Amy: Think she got sick of listening to me, wanted me to put it somewhere else

Dani: I'm sorry

Amy: You know what's she's like

Dani: How've you been?

Amy: You don't need to do that

Dani: Thank fuck - awful?

Amy: Terrible - I hate being asked "How are you"

Dani: Well you aren't gunna say good

Amy: I'm not gunna say good, I'm not

Dani: Why would you?

Amy: So then I just feel sorry for them

Dani: Or I'm not gunna say good, but if I do say good, I'll probably start crying

Amy: Like why do you care? And it's worse when their emphasis is on the are

Dani: Oh don't - animals

Amy: Then they're really asking

Dani: They're not even asking, it's like they know, they want to be the one to make you break

Amy: Part of me is like, do you want to know? Do you really want to know cos I could ruin your day

Dani: Can't believe they've got you back in work, bet they ask you every 5 seconds

Amy: It was only a matter of time

Dani: 2 weeks

Amy: That's a lot of money

Dani: I guess so.

*Beat*

Dani: I don't think it'll ever get better, I literally can not imagine not feeling like this

Amy: Like what?

Dani: Angry. Pain. Like literal pain, it hurts. It feels too big to get my head around.

Amy: Well yeah shit like this doesn't happen to everyone

Dani: I dunno, maybe it's just because it hadn't happened to us but now that is has, if it can happen to us - to her - then fuck me it can happen to anyone

Amy: We know now how quickly the news moves on, I bet they don't even report 90% of it

Dani: Well if they did that then they'd have to admit that maybe we're not living in fucking equality, and maybe - just maybe - men still hate women

Amy: Some secretly some not so secretly

Dani: It's fucked up

Amy: I went to see him

Dani: Who?