

"FOUR MONTHS" by Alexander Lee-Rekers - Bex and Em - F/F - 20s/30s

INT. CAFE - DAY

Successful businesswoman and mother of two Bex has recently been told by a doctor she has four months left to live. Rather than break the news to family, friends and colleagues, she decides to get in touch with an old school friend, Em, to confess her secret and lighten the load.

Em: What did you say to me?

Bex: Four months.

Em: To live?

Bex: That's what they tell me.

Em: You've got four months left to live.

Bex: Well, four months from last week-

Em: But who's fucking counting, right?!

Bex: What's the matter with you?

Em: I figure one of us should be upset! Are you okay? Stupid question. You seem far too okay, is my point. How do you feel?

Bex: I'm not sure. Bit numb. No pain. It's funny: aside from the ... the doctor said I'd never been in better health.

Em: I did think you looked well when we first sat down. Glad I didn't say anything, now. Shit, Bex...

Pause.

Bex: It's really nice to see you, Em. Been an age.

Em: It has. Last time I saw you, you were playing in a band called "Bitch Hammer"-

Bex: "Witch Hammer"-

Em: -right . And now you're all corporate and your hair's washed and your piercing's gone and you've got kids and you're ... you're still too cool for me.

Bex: How are you?

Em: I'm fine. Couldn't complain. Work's slow, husband's a dick, but that's all fairly normal.

Bex: I had no idea you were married.

Em: Yeah, it was a small thing overseas a couple years back. Just friends and family.

Bex: No kids?

Em: We talk about kids every now and then, but talking's as far as it gets. I'm happy, though. Perpetually pissed off, but happy. What about you?

Bex: Two kids: ten and eight.

Em: Fuck. I- that's lovely, but have you told them? (*Bex shakes her head.*) How'd your husband take it?

Silence.

Em: How did *anybody* besides me take it?

It takes Em a second to catch on, but once she does there is a shift in her demeanour.

Em: You haven't told anybody besides me, have you. Why do I get the honour? Twenty years of radio silence and now this.

Bex: I had to tell somebody.

Em: You had to tell me? It's a shit of a thing to dump on somebody, Bex. Now I'm the custodian of this dark secret of yours, I've got all this responsibility, all of this anguish-

Bex: Sounds like a difficult time for you.

Em: Don't give me that classic, high-school Bex bullshit. You knew this was a fuck of a thing to do to someone. I'm not here to comfort you, I'm somebody you didn't care about, that you counted on to give you some sympathy. Disposable. (*Silence.*) Did it at least feel good getting it out in the open?

Bex nods.

Em: Do you want to talk about it some more? Or do you want to pay for these coffees so we can go and day drink?