

“Friendship” by Andrew Hearle - F/M

Sitting with an old friend Mary at the tombstone of their mutual friend Essie, who died 5 years ago.

SAM: I haven't been here since the funeral. I wasn't even sure I would come, but work put me up just around the corner, and felt kind of weird not to.

You know ever since I moved I don't really talk much to anyone, except you.

Beat.

It's funny isn't it... there was a moment there where I just felt like I knew so many people, you know what I mean? Like I just had all these friends. And I get back here now and I don't even know who to call.

People talk a lot about friends, but in all honesty I'm not sure friendship means all that much. You move away for a few years, or stop drinking, and you just sort of fade away. But the weird thing is with Ess I feel like we just kind of locked in this friendship. Right where it ended.

Like if she was still here we may have drifted away, we probably would have – I was always terrible at staying in touch.

And yet here I am. And I think about her everyday. And it doesn't go away. And it doesn't get easier.

