

Emma: It just seems... I mean, the show was so good tonight and you were here and you loved it...

*She seems to deflate.*

Emma: Ah well. It's not your fault. It would just be nice to get people in.

Jamie: Well, y'know, people will post about it on Facebook and-

Emma: Yeah, but it's not the same as the exposure your paper gets. I mean, all it would have taken was a tiny little review. Just one little write up, and we could have filled some shows. It just seems so... unfair.

Jamie: It is.

Emma: I mean, we work so hard on this stuff, we pour out hearts and souls into it, and *nobody* can get off their goddamn arses and come out to see it. You know what Dave said to me the other night? That it was too *expensive*. Are you fucking serious? Twenty bucks; that's less than you spend to go and see the latest shitty superhero film, but apparently it's too much to get some real art in your life. Not to mention the fact that you're supporting your friend. But whatever.

*Beat.*

Jamie: Well hey. I'm here. And I thought it was great. Really... different. Original. I've never seen anything like it before.

Emma: Can I get that in print?

*Jamie forces a laugh.*

Emma: I'm sorry. I'm being bitter. I just see you with your dream job and... well, y'know.

Jamie: Hey, don't say stuff like that. I sold out, right? I review plays, you actually write them. You *create* stuff. I just mercilessly tear it to shreds.

Emma: With the money you make maybe you could get back in the game.

Jamie: No way. You remember what happened the one time I tried to write a play.

Emma: Hey, *Blood Debt* had... redeeming features.

Jamie: Maybe two.

Emma: Well now you have more perspective. You get paid to analyse plays, you know how they work. You could redo *Blood Debt* and beat us all at our own game.

Jamie: Nah. I'll leave the play writing to the playwrights. And hey, I'm proud of you. Even if I couldn't publish the fact.

Emma: Means a lot. And thanks for trying.

*Ellie re-joins them, juggling champagnes. She passes one to each of them, just as Emma spots someone from across the room.*

Emma: Oh, shit, sorry, that's my Dad. I'll chat to you guys later.

*With another smile, she departs. Jamie watches her go, then smashes back her champagne.*

Ellie: I'll bet he's real proud right now. Watching his daughter writhe about pretending to have an orgasm had to be... something. Can I ask, what was that sound she made? I'm not sure what kind of sex she's having, but I'm not sure humans are meant to make that sound.

Jamie: Shit, that was hard. I should have been an actor. What the hell was Emma thinking? Was she drunk when she wrote that? And directed it? And starred in it? Is she drunk now? Should we have an intervention?

Ellie: Hey, she's your friend. Although I wouldn't blame you cutting ties after that. Knowing that your buddies are capable of crimes against humanity can't be easy.

*She frowns at her reflection in the champagne glass.*

Ellie: Holy shit, I think that play gave me wrinkles.

Jamie: Okay, don't be a tool.

Ellie: Well apparently it's turned your mild drinking problem into full blown alcoholism.

Jamie: Speaking of which, let's go home and get ratarsed so I can purge the memories. And so I don't have to lie to Emma's face again.

*They go to move. Jamie's phone rings. She answers it.*

Jamie: Hi Susan.

Susan: (Voice) Jamie, how you doing? You see that play?

Jamie: Yeah.

Susan: Brilliant; Ned's sick and can't deliver his column by tomorrow night. I'll get you to go ahead with that review after all.

*Beat. Jamie goes pale.*

Jamie: What?

*Blackout.*