

## **BAD SISTERS**

(S1, EP1 – Becka & Matt)

Becka

She's in the back, changing a barrel. And hopefully her attitude, the rude bitch.

Matt

You!

Becka

Yeah, it's me, alright. How do I know you?... Have we, um... I mean, have we ever?...

Matt

Oh so, you nearly kill a man in the morning, but it's just foggy to you by lunch?

Becka

Oh shit!... Sandwich boy! Oh God, I'm sorry. How was your sandwich?... Seriously, how is your leg?

Matt

It's mainly my lower back.

Becka

Ah, well if you're laying the ground work for a court case, good luck, juries love me. Nice tight jacket.

Matt

Oh, it's my brother's. It's, uh, not actually mine. (Struggles to take it off, gives up.) Oh, I'll just keep it on.

Becka

Can I buy you a drink?

Matt

No, no, you're okay. I can buy my own, thanks.

Becka

Okay. Well then, can you get me one? I'm skint.

Matt

What're you drinking?

Becka

Gin & Tonic, please. Double and slim. (Slides empty glass to the bartender.) Save you washing up. (Extends her hand to Matt) Becka.

Matt

Matt

Becka

You don't live around here, do you? Pretty sure I would've spotted you.

Matt

Well, I was in London.

Becka

Oh, big smoke!

Matt

Yeah. Got back about a year ago... shit, it was a year ago.

Becka

Yeah, time flies. What do you do for yourself?

Matt

Well, I work with my brother. My half-brother, um, the last... well, since I got back, uh, but it's not my end goal sort of thing. I play bass.

Becka

Oh.

Matt

Bass guitar.

Becka  
God.

Matt  
I had a band in London, that's why I was there, but we broke up. Exile in  
Babylon.

Becka  
(a giggle) Exile in what?

Matt  
Exile in Babylon. (she laughs) What? What are you laughing at?

Becka  
Nothing, I'm just, I'm just picturing all the black & white moody photographs  
in front of Notting Hill bong shops, like (she 'air guitars' bass playing.) So,  
why'd your band break up?... Apart from the terrible name...

Matt  
Brexit

Becka  
For what it's worth, bass's are my favorite of all the rhythm section,  
although I have dated more drummers, in fairness. That's just bad luck. But  
I'm always lucky at my bad luck.

Matt  
Is that right?

Becka  
No. Not really. Not anymore, anyway.

Matt  
What is it you do yourself?

Becka

I'm a massage therapist. I have my own business, it's just, it's just small, but... I have to go. But listen, why don't I give you a 'freebie'? Make up for nearly killing you?

Matt

No, you're fine, honestly—

Becka

Ah, come on! I'm good, I'm actually really good at what I do. Come here. (Grabs his phone and starts typing) You should get this fixed. (Hands it back to him) There you go. Now we're connected.