

Daniel and Billy

Daniel: Tell me about Sylvia. *(Beat.)*

Billy: Dan, who are the voices?

Daniel: What?

Billy: Who are the voices? Do you know them, I mean?

Daniel: Dad. Mum. Sometimes Nana. Family, basically.

Billy: What do they say?

Daniel: That I'm a bad person. That I'm wasting my life. It's all quite limited and quite general.
Probably because it's my subconscious that's coming up with it.

(Beat. Then Daniel and Billy speak simultaneously)

Billy: But is it--

Daniel: But they're-- *(beat)*

Billy: Are they accurate?

Daniel: Yeah, very accurate.

(Beat.)

It's quite personal and it's quite loud tonight. I don't ever get you. Weirdly.

(Pause.)

You're thinking about her again, aren't you.

Billy:No.

Daniel: I can see it on your face. *(Daniel laughs affectionately, Billy sheepishly.)* It's that fucking obvious. Silly Billy. *(Beat.)* You look happy.

Billy: I'm sorry...I can't help it.

Daniel: No. No, that's great. That's great. *(Beat.)* When are you going to let us meet her.

Billy: Dan...all this week...I was trying to remember her face in my head. In the end, it was like I wore it out...like I photocopied it too many times.

Daniel: Right. *(Beat.)* Has she dumped her boyfriend yet?

Billy: ...I don't know.

Daniel: Right.

Billy: Why do you keep saying "right"...

Daniel: No reason.

Billy: What is it...

Daniel: Look...I really don't want to piss on this, you know...I'm being honest with you now, Billy...But...It's like you've switched off your brain or something...these borrowed sort of emotions...

Sorry, however I say it, it's going to sound horrible.

I just don't want you to get hurt.

Just make sure you keep a little bit of yourself separate.

Billy: What do you mean?

Daniel: You give someone your heart and they leave it on the bus...and it gets trodden on. That's all. *(Beat.)* You know when people say "I love you for yourself"?...There's no such thing. Because you *are* how talented you are, how quick you are, how clever you are. And then that changes. Sometimes you're stupid. Love doesn't last. You don't know what it's like. *(Beat.)* What? Don't look depressed. What's wrong? You've met someone you like. Fantastic. At last. *(Beat.)*

Billy: I thought you'd be pleased.

Daniel: I am pleased. It's fantastic. It's great.