

BURYING YOUR BROTHER IN THE PAVEMENT

Jack Thorne

TOM: Uh. Hi. Um. Hasn't been - three days yet, has it?

COURTNEY: No.

TOM: So how come you're - ?

COURTNEY: I plead temporary insanity - I wanted to check you're okay.

TOM: Oh. Really? Um. Okay.

COURTNEY: I am your sister. I know you like to pretend I'm not. But -

TOM: I'm okay.

COURTNEY: Good. And... uh... well, I bought you some...

She proffers some blankets at the exact same moment as realising TOM already has some.

Who - got you blankets?

TOM: Just someone... I, just... someone... You wanna sit down? You can see the stars really clearly. Must be cos most of the streetlights are broken round here...

Pause. She looks at the spot. Realises it's where her brother was murdered.

COURTNEY: No. I better get back.

TOM: *(firm)* Sit down, would you?

COURTNEY: Tom... this is - like a horror movie or something - sitting where he... died.

She starts to exit briskly.

TOM: *(firmer still)* I want... I don't know enough about you, Courtney... like, what do you like doing? Or what do you think when you meet someone? Or what you want for Christmas? Seriously. STOP. Tell me what you want for Christmas.

COURTNEY turns.

COURTNEY: What are we, eleven?!? What do I want for Christmas? What do you care?

TOM: I just do.

COURTNEY: You'll start asking me about my sex life next.

TOM: Please. I wouldn't ask if it wasn't - I just want to know.

Beat. She considers. She looks at her brother's sincere face. She melts slightly.

COURTNEY: Okay, maybe, just off the top of my head... um... this is embarrassing, I don't know - maybe, a train ticket, to Paris. You know, Eurostar. You reckon it'd cost too much?

TOM: No.

COURTNEY: I wouldn't want to stay. Just a day return. And not to see the shops or any of that crap. Just to buy some food from the deli or eat maybe in one of the small side-street restaurants or...

TOM: You see, that's really interesting, I'd never have guessed you'd have wanted that...

Beat. COURTNEY sums up some serious courage.

COURTNEY: Look - I haven't told - anyone this so if you laugh - I want to be a chef.

TOM: Oh.

COURTNEY: You laugh and you'll never have kids, I mean that! I'll do what you did to the dog.

TOM: I'm not laughing. Chef?

COURTNEY: Yeah. Chef. You think I'm mad?

TOM: No.

COURTNEY: Mum'll be well pissed off 'with your GCSEs, chef? But you could do so much better!'

TOM: I like it when you cook for us. Those puddings you do - the cakes... You should make more of them.

A small smile slides across COURTNEY's face.

COURTNEY: Okay. Well. Thanks. But... Don't tell anyone, okay?

TOM: No, I won't tell anyone.

Pause. COURTNEY moves across and sits by him, smoothing out the blanket.

COURTNEY: (soft) What are you doing here Tom?

TOM: (soft) I don't know. I just - I wish he'd told me what he wanted for Christmas.

Pause. TOM is thinking - hard.

The thing is... the thing is, I thought he was stupid.

COURTNEY: He wasn't.

TOM: And I thought he didn't like me.

COURTNEY: I thought he didn't like you too.

TOM: And I thought he was boring. Uninteresting. Not surprising.

COURTNEY: Wasn't he? What was surprising about him?

TOM: I used to think - I was the most special person I knew - which is not - I mean, I thought I was Jesus Christ for a bit but...

COURTNEY: - Jesus Christ?

TOM: - It's a long story. But I always thought - I always felt better than everyone around me. What if - what if Luke was the special one and I was too dumb to -

COURTNEY: What if he was ordinary? Does that make it anyway different?

TOM: No. But he wasn't...

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- COURTNEY: No... I don't suppose anyone is. Pause. Lights fade. It's not bad round here really, is it? I mean, it's bad but not as bad as - people say.
- TOM: No, it's okay - this woman from the flats even came down with a tupperware dinner for me the other day - rice and chicken.
- COURTNEY: That's nice.
- TOM: Courtney. Do you ever think - you think death is magical. I mean, not David Blaine or people coming back to life. Just magical - you know?
- COURTNEY: I don't know. Shall we go to sleep now, you reckon? Yeah?
- TOM: Yeah. (*Beat. In darkness*). Courtney -
- COURTNEY: Yeah.
- TOM: Thanks for telling me what you want for Christmas.
- COURTNEY: Okay.