

From *Fleabag* by Phoebe-Waller Bridge (09:11).

My sister. She's uptight and beautiful, and probably anorexic, but clothes look awesome on her so...

"You're almost late," Claire says.

"Had to do a flash poo in Pret."

"Christ, did you wash your hands?"

"Of course not." [Physical beat—wipes bare hands on Claire's face.]

"Oh, my God. You are disgusting. Fucking hell."

"Of course I washed my hands. It's not like I grew up without a mother." [Physical beat—harsh look from Claire]

"Heard from Dad?"

"Nope."

Dad's way of coping with two motherless daughters was to buy us tickets to feminist lectures, start fucking our Godmother, and eventually stop calling.

"You look tired."

"Thanks," she says, not looking up. "I've been sleeping really well recently."

[Physical Beat—begins to remove coat, notices Claire noticing.]

*Shit.* I'm wearing the top that she lost years ago, so this is going to be tense.

"Want to take your coat off?"

"No."

"Okay."