



BESTIES IN LOCKDOWN

by Nicolas Ridley

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Characters

Claudia

Setting

Claudia's flat

Properties

Claudia's laptop

Claudia's smartphone

Claudia is sitting, her laptop open in front of her.

Claudia *(reading the screen)* “Your meeting should start in a few seconds ...”
Wrong! My meeting should have started ten minutes ago. I’ll give them another five and then ...

I won’t deny it. I’m not good at waiting. If someone’s a little late – say two or three minutes – I don’t mind too much. More than five minutes, forget it. I’m off. Things to do. Places to go. People to see. New people. I’m not going to wait around for you.

And I’m not going to apologise for saying this. Why should I? I’m popular. Very popular. I always have been. Right the way through school. And university. And – well – since then, too.

I’m not apologising for this, either, but I’m particularly popular with men. Perhaps a little less so with women. That may be because I’m so popular with men. It doesn’t worry me. Why should it?

It’s a nuisance in a way that most of my colleagues are women, but I don’t have a lot to do with them. Particularly now we’re all furloughed. What I do have is my besties. The girlfriends I’ve known for ever who’ll always be there for me. That’s what matters really, isn’t it?

I could text them, I suppose. Make sure we all on the same page Zoom-wise. It’s surprisingly easy to get muddled living on one’s own. Nobody to check things with. I’ve found the days have tended to slide into one another since lockdown. Yesterday I couldn’t remember if it was Tuesday or Wednesday. Then I found it was Thursday!

Okay. This is just beginning to irritate me. Helen? Zoe? Libby? Where the hell are you? Lockdown can’t be so much of a problem for Helen and Zoe. Sharing a flat means they have each other to talk to.

Helen asked me first, of course. I thought about it, but I decided that sharing a flat with her wouldn’t be such a good idea. Helen’s a lovely girl but she likes to have things her own way and I felt we might get on each other’s nerves. That’s not entirely true. What I thought was that she might get on mine. Zoe’s much more placid than me, and the arrangement seems to have worked out well.

It’s Libby I worry about. Living on her own. No one to give her the support she needs. Libby’s very emotionally dependent. ‘Needy.’ That’s not a kind description, I know, but it’s true. I’m not terribly good with needy people which is why I can sometimes be a little sharp with Libby.

Where on earth are they? One more minute and then that’s it ...