As Above, As Below

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JOHN: Hey Hamish?

HAMISH: Yes John?

JOHN: What do you think about this soup?

HAMISH: It's good soup.

JOHN: Hm.

HAMISH: I prefer the prawns.

JOHN: Not me.

HAMISH: Why? They're so delicious, I mean you've not even touched them-

JOHN: Can't eat them after you gave me food poisoning from them once.

HAMISH: I never did that.

JOHN: You don't remember? We weren't even that young, we were 28.

HAMISH: That was 10 years ago John I can't remember that long ago.

JOHN: Yeah… guess not. This place is nice. 'Spose this what you pay for when you're on 6 figures.

HAMISH: It's a fair bit more than nice you don't think?

JOHN: Oh yeah but like, you know what I mean. You should bring mum and dad here.

HAMISH: I bring them everywhere with me.

JOHN: Oh yeah? That's nice.

HAMISH: Yes. Actually, do you know how we got here? I can't remember.

A short pause.

JOHN: You know, I'm not sure either.

HAMISH: It doesn't seem like there's much of anything besides, us and the food. In fact, I swear we've eaten more of this haven't we? I must have eaten at least 3 plates by now.

JOHN: So, you haven't noticed that all I've got is this soup and you have an endless banquet in front of you?

HAMISH: How was I to notice that? I can barely see you.

JOHN: Seems to be a trend that.

HAMISH: What's that supposed to mean?

JOHN: I noticed where we were immediately. That we were in this nothingness. You were too busy stuffing your face. You didn't even acknowledge me until I said something to you.

HAMISH: How could I? Look at this food John can you blame me?

JOHN: Yes. Didn't think to share any of it with me did you? Glad to see you stay in character all the time, even-

HAMISH: You're still hung up on that?

JOHN: Yes. You left your twin homeless and jobless.

HAMISH: It's my money-

JOHN: Shut the fuck up, fucking bastard.

HAMISH: How dare-

JOHN: You wanna know how I dare? Alright then: we're both dead.

HAMISH: ...what?

JOHN: I stabbed you to death in the park, then shot myself in the head.

HAMISH: ...

JOHN: Yeah. Yeah you fucking deserved it.

HAMISH: You fucking murdered me!

JOHN: And I'd do it again. All the money that people poorer than you give me gets nicked off of me by people like me. Then more people poorer than you give me money. And it starts again. This fucked up broken wheel never ever fucking stops.

HAMISH: Well maybe-

JOHN: No fucking “maybes” you prick. This world would be better if people like you weren’t around.

HAMISH: I GIVE PEOPLE JOBS!

JOHN: Yeah you do. I’m sure the few thousand odd people you’ve got sucking your toes really love their barely liveable 8 quid an hour whilst you’re raking in the thousands by doing nothing.

HAMISH: …

JOHN: Silence eh? What? Feeling a lil bad?

HAMISH: No.

JOHN: No?

HAMISH: No. I don’t feel bad. I deserved what I had. If they wanted more, they had to prove themselves to be worthy of more.

JOHN tries to move. He cannot.

JOHN: I can’t move.

HAMISH: Neither can I.

They look into each other.

JOHN: I wish I could kill you again

HAMISH: I bet you do.

JOHN: All I get to see is your smug cunt face forever.

HAMISH: You know me dying won’t change anything right? They’re still gonna be on the same pay, same hours, same life. All you’ve done, is ruin yourself.

JOHN: I know it won’t make a difference. But eventually it will. And then maybe, you’ll have finished your meal.

HAMISH’s food replenishes. JOHN’s soup does the same.

HAMISH: This soup is fucking terrible.

JOHN: I think it’s perfect.