

Purpose of Life

Cara reading teenage magazine. Beth deep in thought

Beth: What'yer doing?

Cara: (No answer)

Beth: I said what'yer doing?

Cara: Mm ...reading..

Beth: Oh.... Didn't know you could.

Cara: Ha ha. Don't see you doing it. Perhaps you've not mastered it yet.

Beth: Actually I was thinking

Cara: Steady. You don't want to be taking up new things at your age. Shock to the system. You got through school without ever doing that.

Beth: Shut up.

Cara: Oh genius with words now are we.

Beth: Seriously I was having some deep thoughts. About life. You know. What is the purpose?

Cara: The what?

Beth: The purpose.

Cara: Oh. Well it's a big fish, init. Like a dolphin or a whale.

Beth: Purpose. Purpose, you pinhead. Not porpoise. I mean what is the purpose of life. I bet that's not something you get in your magazines.

Cara: 'Course it is. I was just reading about it. It's all about how to keep your man.

Beth: Right, like you want to. Yours usually only last long enough to see two Saturdays. I've never known anyone like you for having a low threshold of bloke boredom.

Cara: Don't get personal. At least I don't worry myself to death about porpoises. I mean the purpose of life. *(Goes back to magazine)*

Pause

Beth: I mean, what's it all about?

Cara: I told you "How to keep your man".

Beth: Not your poxy magazine. Life. Life-what's it all about? As far as I can see it's eat, get energy, do stuff, and get hungry, eat, get hungry, get energy, do stuff. I mean its just one big...a big...cycle.

Cara: What. You on a bike. I'd like to see that. Wouldn't do your credibility a lot of good. I can just imagine you in a naff helmet.

Beth: Not that sort of cycle, you twit. You know something that keeps going round. Like the water cycle in Geography.

Cara: Blimey, don't tell me you were listening in a lesson.

Now that is a first.

Beth: Get serious, just for a minute.

Cara: Sorry I'm sure. What's brought all this on? You aren't the kind of pin brained airhead today that we have all come to admire and love.

Beth: It's just... well you know...where I was the other day. When I was off school.

Cara: Skiving.

Beth: Not that day. Last week at my auntie's funeral.

Cara: Oh that.

Beth: It kind of made me think.

Cara: There's that think word again.

Beth: But it did. What the vicar bloke said at the crem. What was it again? Oh yeah. "Man that is born of woman has but a short time to live". Out of the Bible.

Cara: Your auntie wasn't a bloke, was she?

Beth: No, of course not. The point is...as I see it...the bible says we int here for long.

Cara: But you auntie was 80 if she was a day.

Beth: Well maybe that's not so long after all. And then what happens? Is that the end? What's it all about? What is the purpose?

Cara: Yeah...it's a funny old world.

Beth: Yeah, we'll be lucky if we get out of it alive.

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