



MICHAELA COEL CHEWING GUM DREAMS

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Tracey Gordon, the 67 bus, friendship, sex, UK garage, school, music, teachers, friendship, periods, emergency contraceptive, arse and tits, friendship, raves, tampons, white boys, God, money. *Friendship*. Aaron, Candice, sex and Connor Jones. *Chewing Gum Dreams* is a one-woman play that recalls those last days of innocence before adulthood.

Written and performed by Michaela Coel who spent her childhood in Hackney, London, *Chewing Gum Dreams* won the 2012 Alfred Fagon Award.

**'Coel is by turns casually cruel, hilariously funny, naïve, wise and vulnerable. Her play tackles some difficult themes, including sexual assault, violence, and underachievement across generations... a serious new talent.'**

*Londonist*

**'[a] firecracker of a monologue...that Coel has succeeded in bringing her [character], with all her struggle to pronounce the word articulacy, to a stage at the National Theatre, seems like a triumph – but far from enough.'**

★★★★★ *Guardian*

**Michaela Coel** is a two-time BAFTA award-winning playwright, performer, poet and writer. In 2016 Michaela's achievements have not only been recognised by BAFTA but also the Royal Television Society Awards and Broadcast. Michaela has won a BAFTA Television Award for her ground-breaking performance as Tracey in *Chewing Gum*, a BAFTA Craft Award for Breakthrough in Television, two Royal Television Society Programme Awards for Breakthrough and Best Comedy Performance, and a Broadcast Digital Award for Best Scripted Programme. Michaela is the writer, creator and star of the hit E4 comedy series, *Chewing Gum*, which is an adaptation of her hugely successful play *Chewing Gum Dreams* which she toured all over the UK.

# Michaela Coel

## CHEWING GUM DREAMS

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*Chewing Gum Dreams* was first performed at The Yard Theatre, London on 17 July 2012.

*Written and performed by* Michaela Coel

*Directed by* Ché Walker

The production transferred to the Bush Theatre on 7 November 2012.

*Chewing Gum Dreams* won the Alfred Fagon Award for Best Black Playwright on 23 November 2012, and was performed at the Cottesloe, National Theatre.

*'So now we've been sold this stupid counterfeit dream, yeah, and we actually think we're doing all right, but we're not going anywhere. We're not going up or down really – just going nowhere.'*

Alesha 'Fat Lesha' Wilkins

## Characters

TRACEY GORDON, 14

Thanks to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama,  
Uncle Ché, Arinze Kene, Jay Miller and Madani Younis.

SCENE 1

Indian Bus Drivers are the best; they try it for like 5 seconds but really don't give a shit whether your bus pass is legit or not.

Connor Jones' blue eyes are eyeballing my pop socks.

"Seraphina. What, no good morning?"  
She's just a bit odd; she wears a red dressing gown to school and tells people it's a coat - I mean, if you do that you're practically asking for a slap.

"I bet the hardest part of your mum's pregnancy was pushing out that nose of yours innit? Candice, she looks like a bird innit? Like a crow. You look...like an accident, like a mistake. It's not your fault, it's your mum and dad, they must look like the stuff nightmares are made of"

She still ain't responding it's like I'm not even here.

"I mean with all this modern technology and shit, Seraphina, you'd think these doctors would come up with some way of finding out what your kid's gonna look like before you have it. If only your mum and dad knew, Seraphina – they woulda stabbed you in the womb."

Fat Lesha is laughing the loudest. And her laugh is weird it makes her tits jiggle.

Fat Lesha is actually really annoying, but no one cusses her 'coz she can lick her own vagina. Disgusting yeah, but when you think about it – remarkable. And she's bare chubs so it's like she's made of rubber – like no bones – she just sort of bends down and does it. I've seen it, you have to pay to watch her though – she's the business type you gotta pay her to do most things, in the daytime she usually sells the pill, condoms, or the emergency

contraceptive to the sexually experienced sorta lot.

The only thing I ever bought from Fat Lesha were these sausage bagels – homemade – 20p. In year 8 we put dog shit and penny sweets in one of 'em and made Seraphina eat it in the toilets – but then she got food poisoning and everybody found out, Fat Lesha took the rap for all of us; she got suspended for 2 weeks.

"Seraphina Forbes, I swear I'm talking to you?"

Tell me, if you're a Christian and you're going heaven and shit, how come your breath smells like hell?"

She's finally turned around; lookin' at me with a face fulla mud that says 'you're my friend when I'm sitting next to you in maths giving you pencils and telling you God loves you and your mum will get it sorted –'

“Don’t fucking stare at me Seraphina I might catch whatever’s on your face.”

Connor Jones is pumping out ‘Ghetto Kyote’ from his portable speakers, for a white boy with blonde hair and blue eyes – he’s got really good music.

From behind you can see Seraphina’s shoulders shaking. But the sun’s shining and Connor Jones is still looking at my pop socks, so life goes on innit? What?

SCENE 2

Candice Ellis is the buffest girl I’ve ever seen in the whole’a Hackney and she’s also my best friend, from primary school – so the love is strong. She’s mixed race with perfect curly ringlets and light brown eyes. Her hair is **PERFECT**. She should be on an advert. She said she puts some ‘Garnier Fructis’ shit in it every morning, I tried, it didn’t work for me. And it smells like Kiwi; my hair smells like beef soup. She’s got massive tits, and to be honest she’s a lil bit fat all over. The kind of fat a girl would normally get cussed for, but her face is so pretty her chub issues literally just get bypassed.

She’s got sparkling white teeth.

“Got any chocolate Trace?”

“No”

“But I’m hungry man”

“Candice, you’re always hungry”

“Oi, fat bitch”

“You’re the fat bitch. Aww you’re just nasty man”

Candice has just spat in the middle of the road.

“Love you Tracey”

“Fuck you bitch”

*(Pause.)*

We just get on. I think we might be closer than any other two people on the planet. I only know what love is ’coz of her and she only knows what love is ’coz of me, and her boyfriend: Aaron Davis. He’s 10 years older than us, Candice reckons she likes older boys and 14 year olds just don’t do it for her. He’s mix race too, but

not the good mix race the bad mix race I think it’s coz his mum’s a ginger he came out lookin’ a bit spastic; really flaky skin, dry hair, teeth going in all sorts’a different postcodes and I see ’im and I just think ‘oh gawdddd’, it’s not hard for mix race people to be good looking so this must be some next sort of curse – like voodoo – in your mum’s womb. And he talks like a deaf person – as if he’s never heard the words he’s speaking before. So yeah, that’s what I call him, spastic boy, when he’s not (around) –

“Yerite Aaron?”

“Wha gwan Tracey”

“Can I get past please?”

“If you touch my dick. I’m gonna fuck you one day Tracey”

“Unlike Candice, Aaron, I would never wanna fuck you yeah so –”

"I don't care if you want it. I'll open your lil bow legs and you will fuckin' take it."

Aaron is stroking my face.

"Did I tell a joke?" Laughing yeah?

He puts his hand up my skirt...

*(Floor.)*

I watch his frame getting further and further away. I see a demon. It's stuck, underneath a really thin layer of his skin and it's just staring at me. I watch its face, inside of his back, with the little bit they took of me until they get so tiny they're gone.

SCENE 3

A lot of the time when teachers talk I'm really trying to listen, but it's like I actually don't understand, like it's not English. "Did you say Regan's dad was gay?" Candice has just passed me a note and no I did NOT say Regan's dad was gay, I ASKED if he was gay - because Regan's brother is - gay, and I just wondered if he - if he got it from somewhere, I did not SAY he was gay, I ASKED, and now Regan probably ain't talking to me.

"Candice? Tell her I didn't say he was gay, yeah? Tell her I just asked - that I was just asking yeah?"

The rain is loud, and in my pop socks.

*(ALESHA enters.)*

Fat Lesha is always fashionably late for Maths, without the Fashion, she walks



in this weird zig zag way, her legs rub together, her feet sort of cross over each other making her bum move left to right unnecessarily, she's got her handbag strap nestled in the crook of her arm, and her arm for some reason is bent upwards, and I just don't understand why anyone that fat needs to walk in such an unnatural manner. In her other hand she has a stuffed bin bag, which I already know is full of sausage bagels rapped in cling film. And condoms. OW! Fuck! Fat Lesha has just jammed a sharp pencil in my bra. Everyone is staring. She does it every week; if the pencil drops through your shirt it means your tits aren't big enough and as a punishment she slaps you upside the head, I look down at the pencil still looking up at me wedged inside my tits.

"Oi, Lady T, guess who's pregs? Emma's pregs bruv. Shame innit? Tracey? Guess who the baby daddy? Bola. Bola Akinsola. Bola only has one testicle. I went primary school with his brother, that's gonna be one frightful baby – never bang a nigga with one testicle,

his dad's probably a witch doctor. She's dumb, she ain't gonna finish school you know? Miss Ross said she's gonna die on benefits in a council flat like a chump. Miss Ross was like "this should be a lesson to you all", I was like Nah Miss Ross, this should be a lesson to DEM not me; next time I'm doing a buy the pill get a condom free deal niggas need to hop on my shit or die."

"Did I hear my name?"

"No Miss Ross"

I really am trying to listen, but I just don't understand, like it's not English, and it's not: it's Maths. And I'm barely good at English, so howma gon' do Maths?

"Lady T? Guess what 6<sup>th</sup> form boy gave you a 10 out of 10 for looks?"

"Who?"

“Connor”

“Connor Jones?”

“Yeah”

“Really?”

“Nah. But, he did give you a 8 for personality”

“We’ve never spoken”

“Issit? Oh that’s weird then”

“Seeing as you’re feeling so talkative why don’t you answer the question Alesha?”

“30 divided by 6 is your mum 5”

“Thank you Alesha – fiiiitive”

Fat Llesha has just taken out her boob, she’s spat on it and is now licking the saliva off. She stuffs it back under her shirt as Miss Ross turns back round from the board. She is one dumb teacher and even though her husband’s black I reckon she’s a bit racist coz she blatantly colour codes the class: Asian kids at the front, White kids next, Black ones, obviously at the back

“Tracey get out”

“What?”

“You seem to find it funny do you that the suggested answer to a mathematical equation is my mother it’s funny is it do you find it funny I wasn’t aware that was a funny?”

“Everyone was laughing Miss, what have I done? I haven’t done any –”

“Well that’s the question isn’t it Tracey what have you done? ‘What has Tracey done?’ You don’t do anything that’s why you’re failing you probably don’t do anything in your life in general and you never will so what’s the point of you being in my class? The answer is there is no point and you’re a waste of space so GET OUT. And pull your skirt down we can see your knickers from here it’s actually quite disgusting”

Apart from Candice the whole class is laughing at me. And no one has ever embarrassed me so low from anywhere.

## SCENE 4

*(During text TRACEY takes her school uniform off and reveals a top and denim shorts.)*

Candice reckons I’m quite hot she even calls me beautiful. But when I think about it...there’s nothing really to argue with there. I am actually quite buff. Yeah. Coz from the front it looks a bit bland but the minute you check me from the sides it’s like “pow-pow” *(Indicating bum-breasts.)* – a past, and a future – like Beyonce, and that’s actually very important, more important than your face because NO.1 if I’m walking down the street and a guy is behind me he ain’t even gonna clock all this facial shit, not off the bat, and by the time he does, it’ll be too late ‘coz he’ll be talking to these – boobs. NO.2 when you rave it’s dark – so really boys can only feel your shape, they can’t see my face so they gotta base it on my body alone, you get me? That’s why guys like mixed race & white girls more – ‘coz their faces are clearer in the dark, us black girls we just get blacked out;

nothing left but eyes and teeth – which is good if you're ugly I suppose, but I ain't ugly, I just haven't had a boyfriend yet. I got big chinky eyes and my nose is big, but it's kinda piggy and that's actually quite cute and Kelly Rowland has got lips as big as mine, if not bigger, and Connor Jones, yeah? He told Fat Leshia, yeah? That he would suck off Kelly Rowland's bottom lip and Fat Leshia always says that big lip girls give the best blow jobs – but I don't do dem nasty tings der man, but I if I did – I think I'd smash that shit! Candice is actually a bit of a medium fat and she spits on the road a lot like the Asian guys down Bethnal Green, but I think she's amazing.

*(DJ Luck and MC neat – 'A Little Bit of Luck' plays through the radio.)*

Ta na nee-ta na nee-ta na nee-ta na nee  
tee bo-hoy x4

We always dance girl on girl coz, you  
know...guys like it.

*(A MALE STRANGER.)*

“What?”

“What's your number?”

“Oh, my number?”

“Oh, oh, seven, niiooone of your  
business, prick”

*(They dance.)*

“Tracey stop, it's Aaron. *(Beat.)* You  
alright babes?”

“What are you doin out Candice? Whayu  
doin outside? Cool, go to your mum's. I  
said go to your mum's. I SAID GO TO  
YOUR FUCKIN MUM'S YOU FUCK”

He grabs her hair and lifts her up like a  
puppet, he throws her inside the floor as

if she weighs a ton of bricks. “ – KING  
LITTLE BITCH”.

*(Pause.)*

“Fucking help me up then Tracey, yeah?”

I pull her top back down over her belly  
and dust the dirt off her skirt. I use the  
bottom of my top to wipe the blood off  
her face, and apart from the mascara now  
smudged from her eye down to her chin  
she looks as pretty as she did when we  
first came in.

“Aaron I – I love you, I’m sorry, I’ll go  
home, yeah? I’m sorry I” – He grabs her  
bum, pulls her head back and sucks the  
tongue out of her mouth like a Hoover  
sucking up jelly...

And she looks happy, ugly, in pain,  
drunk, but genuinely happy. And now  
she’s ready to dance again, not with me

no more, with Aaron. She’s walking  
away, she is dancing with Aaron.

## SCENE 5

The last bus comes a lifetime late as usual. Seraphina Forbes is in front of me. She gets out her bus pass. Before the Indian bus driver sees that bus pass I take that bus pass and I show it to him.

Her watery eyes stay fixed on me – from the other side of the bus window, till I can't see no eyes no more, just shoulders shaking.

I see Connor Jones boarding just in front of me,

I see his blue eyes:

“Where’s your mate?”

“Candice? Dunno. Gone with Aaron probably”

I walk in front of him so he can see my bum swinging as I walk up the stairs, I’m good at that, I sit at the front away from the hood rats, if he follows me...

Oh my God, he puts his hand midway up my right thigh, oh my God his hand is going up my thigh. I look out the bus window so he can’t see me grinning; I get a tingling sort of throbbing of thing in my knickers and I reckon this is what Candice is always talking about and I cannot wait to ring her and tell her I felt it.

“If you tell me to, I’ll stop, yeah?” *(Beat.)*

His eyes are staring dead straight at the road like he’s nervous or something.

I still ain’t told him to stop. The hood rats have all got off, it’s just us left... His face is so different. It’s my stop... I don’t get off. He puts his arm around me and squeezes my shoulder. His bedroom is warm.

(*Craig David – 'Rendezvous' plays. As TRACEY and CONNOR undress.*)

I'm a bit scared of dicks. Coz one minute they're hanging loose, then the next minute it is like a gun, pointing at ya. And how would it fit?! Anyone would be scared. I've seen a dick one other time, in year 7, it was Aaron's actually, we were in the lift and he just got it out, started playing with it calling me a dirty bitch? I just get the stairs now. Connor's dick is pink. And that's interesting. Sort of reminds me of one of those pink balloons – and raw chicken skin.

"Shit, I've – I think I'm on my period. Yeah. Yep, I just never know when it's gonna come...the periods. So... I mean we can – maybe we can put our boxers back on. Sorry"

## SCENE 5

I dunno where I ever picked this up, but I always thought white people were bad kissers. It's not their fault, it's just that most of them have really small lips and they can't embrace the challenge of lips like mine, then they try to compensate for the lack of lips with the tongue – then the tongue ends up everywhere, just flapping about you get my drift.

But Connor was great! That's probably the best kissing I've ever done actually and – shit; I could get pregnant. I could get pregnant. Shit. I could get – No no no no no.

I text Candice: "Candice need help"

No reply. And that's weird, she always replies –

I call her... Voicemail. Fuck. There's only one option left. Fuck. I ring Fat Leshia, the DIY vagina licker for advice.

Who knew it was that easy to get the morning after pill?! And apparently if I give someone else's name and address there's no way of this ever coming back to me.

Behind the counter is an Asian guy in a three-piece suit.

"Hi can I have the morning after medicine please?"

"What's your name?"

"SERAPHINA FORBES"

"And how do you spell that?"

"Hm?"

"Your name"

"Mm. Yeah... Serafina f, a, a double a it's a double, w, b s"

"Okay. When was the incident?"

"Erm last night like 2am"

"Mm. Was a condom used?"

"No we didn't have sex"

"Sorry, what?"

"We didn't have sex?"

"....."

"His cum was very near my...and it travels dunnit?"



"I'm sorry, what are you here for?"

"The morning after thing, it's free yeah?"

"The morning after pill is for women who have had sexual intercourse"

"Izzit? I thought it was for people who think there's a chance of them getting pregnant?"

"Well yes"

"Mhm, exactly, I'm one of them"

"But you didn't have sexual intercourse"

"I wanked him. We chatted for a bit then what I'm saying is I wanked him! I – wanked –"

*(Pause.)*

This ain't *The Bill* or something, why are you interrogating me? Can you just give it to me? Please"

"Bring your bag"

I place my rucksack on the counter and he *sneaks* a box into its side pocket.

"I'm not ashamed you know"

"Well then you might also be needing these"

"I'm a girl what I am I doing wiv condoms I ain't got a dick?"

"They're for your PARTNER"

"I ain't GOT a partner"

*"(typical)"*

“What?!”

Dick.”

He thinks it’s weird that I’ve never seen horses before well, apart from telly, or been to the beach, mountains and that kinda shit.

We lay on his bed and spoke aloud the stuff you keep in private diaries and letters.

He talked about not repeating his dad’s history, growing up, you know? Like, being better?

He’s a writer, he writes books, he wanted me to read some but – . He’s got really big ambitions, wants to go Uni and that, he says there’s cracks in the floor ‘n I should aim higher before I find myself stuck in dem.

Cracks in the floor.

I tell him them cracks were made for me, they were made for my mum, and her mum and relaxin’ into them is what we do best. I ain’t smart enough to be someone I’m just smart enough to know I’m no one. I’ve got nothing, so I can’t get nothing, I don’t even think I want anything apart from what, new trainers and longer hair? And I can tell there is a difference between us but I can’t figure out what it is or where or when it started.

He put his arms over my shoulder, his white hand in my black hair, his blue eyes in my brown.

I looked into his face so close I found his dreams and wanted dem. And I – I had them – I had some – mines you know? I murdered every one.

I’m at a loss for all of mine so I wanted his.

I left before he woke up. I didn't act good, so - I shouldn't expect nothing good. You act like a hoe. You get tret like one. You get what you deserve, Candice taught me that.

SCENE 6

She looks at me like I got dirt on my face and I can't stand it.

I wanna tell her about Connor, about how he smiles at me the way boys smile at her, and how his eyes get smaller but I ain't seen her in days - so it probably ain't the time - she's bent over the wall sicking up like mad. I catch her ringlets from getting in the thick of it.

*(Beat.)*

She's got her hair in pigtails today and I think she looks disgusting. She's still pretty. Obviously, but - . And her face looks a bit skinny like she got Ping-Pong balls in her cheeks, and in her eyes, she's got too much make-up on...her thoughts are bare loud and they colour in the silent bits.

"...What did your mum say?"

“Not a lot. But Aaron – he’s on it, he wants to do it properly you know, get married. It’s gonna be a girl. Trace?”

“You’re 14 Candice you can’t get married”

“Yeah, I know but engaged. And move away together”

“Where?”

“I dunno. We don’t know yet – away. We was thinking the countryside away from everything innit”

“Issit?”

“Yes it is Tracey. What?”

“Aaron is not a good person”

“Oh fuck off Tracey. I think you ARE jealous, you’ve never liked Aaron and why? He’s gonna be a dad – he’s obviously gonna try”

“– try and what? Stop beating you in the belly until the baby’s born? He probably couldn’t even do that, he’ll be leaving her bloody and bruised before she’s even out of your fuckin’ womb. Shit, Candice! Whadju go ’n do that for? It’s in his DNA you know, you obviously don’t know that, I know that. Oh shit – I’m sorry. Have fun in the countryside innit. Fuck me”

“Trace? Why can’t you just be happy?”

“Coz you’re not”

“Excuse me, I’m sorry, is Connor Jones in please? Alright Connor? Erm, um, sorry. Can you take care of me and stuff, or something please?”

## SCENE 7

His lips are thin, and soft, and very pink and one time we kissed for 8 minutes, I know coz we started kissing when Craig David's album was on, and it was 'Walking Away', which is 3 minutes 27 seconds and then we kept kissing after that when 'Time To Party' came on which is 4 minutes and 6 seconds so all together that's like 8 minutes. 8 minutes.

"Connor?"

"Yes?"

"Nothing"

If I look at him for more than like 6 seconds he starts squinting – he's not going blind or anything coz they sort of get bigger at the same time sort of like – I think it's coz he really likes the way my face is. He says I'm like a little firecracker and he's like... I dunno, someone smart.

He's not like those boys that take you cinema just so they can kiss you in the dark, we walk outside holding hands. And he likes the way my face is.

Right now I am looking at the sea for the first time in my life. He blindfolded me and took me all the way to a beach.

I've never seen so much water before, and it's not the water it's just, I've never seen anything like this in the whole course of my life.

"Where are we?"

"Margate"

"Mah... Gate..."

I don't actually know where Margate is but I'm guessing it must be like... past Enfield coz we ain't got anything

like this in my borough or in any of the neighbouring boroughs I'm sure.

"Gosh, it goes back for ages. It goes so far, it joins with the sky." I feel like crying, but not from sadness. "Thank you"

SCENE 8

The jumped up prick at the pharmacy reckons – what he calls "dry humping" – like I'm some kinda dog – and I ain't a dog – isn't sexual enough to get the pill?! Lucky I got Fat Lesha, I swapped her So Solid Crew's album and she gave me two packs of Microgynon 15 – said if ever my period is late I should just take one. I hate Doctors. What a dick. I'm a bit scared of dicks. Fat Lesha said if you put maxi tampon up there then on the count of 3 yank it out you break your hymen and then when you have sex it won't hurt, and I've done that – but a tampon don't quite size up to a dick, especially when it's loaded.

SCENE 9

"Lady T, wha gwan, heard about Candice bruva, if that's true that's a shame boy crackbaby.com, and I heard with Aaron?! Ain't Aaron like 50?! I went primary school with his brother. You know he found his sister hung from a ceiling when he was like 8 and now his mum is propa mad, nothing behind the eyes; there's nothing there bruv - Yeah boy, that's why she ain't been in school for two weeks. That's gonna be one sad baby - she's on crack, Aaron's on weed, crack and weed damn: WHACK baby it's a whack baby, whackbaby.com!"

"She's ain't on crack Leshia"

"Boy, I heard she's on -"

"Candice ain't on crack"

"And Tracey you know this how? You don't roll with Candice no more niggas she's on crack"

"If she is on crack, and she is pregnant good riddance now pay attention and STOP THE CHAT"

*(Beat.)*

"Nah man... You can't talk about -"

"WHAT WAS THAT?"

"I said you can't talk about people like that, you're a teacher it's just a bit weird"

"Tracey get out"

"Alright. No one wants to be in your damn class anyway, we only come for Leshia's bagels you're the only teacher that don't see 'em get passed along the tables"

"Tracey GET OUTSIDE"

"No, YOU get outside Miss. You get out"

"I'm only gonna say it one more time  
Tracey Gordon, GET OUT"

The class start chanting GET OUT GET  
OUT, but not at me, at Miss Ross. Fat  
Leshia has picked me up - I am sitting on  
her shoulders around her neck.

"GET OUT GET OUT - Look at your  
classroom, this ain't a classroom, you  
ain't a teacher, you ain't taught me jack  
shit in the last three years. - GET OUT  
GET OUT GET - About my 'skirt's too  
short' - your husband would probably  
bang me in this skirt if I let him. - GET  
OUT GET OUT GET - You got issues  
Miss Ross. And you're probably gonna  
pass 'em down to the kids you're never  
gonna have - GET OUT GET -"

"It's my fault I'm failing Miss, I shoulda  
gone Cardinal Pole, apparently the  
teachers there are actually qualified;  
emotionally and intellectually"

GET OUT GET OUT GET OUT

She's at the front, I'm up here at the  
bottom, we are a classroom apart, and  
we are nose to nose. - GET OUT GET -  
She's ran out the classroom.

TRACEY! TRACEY! TRACEY!  
TRACEY!

She's ran out of the classroom, and this  
is the first time I've ever done something  
bigger than myself I have NEVER  
spoken with such articulation in my  
entire life and how someone that seems  
that big can actually be so little I think I  
now know.

*(Heartless Crew - 'Heartless theme?')*

TRACEY! TRACEY! TRACEY!

*(She writes on the wall "MISS ROSS'S A  
PEADOFFILE".)*



Seraphina's on the 67. (*TRACEY slams her bag down on the spare seat. After a moment she yields and leaves the seat free for SERAPHINA.*) I can feel her looking in my face.

"D'you wanna talk about it? (*Beat.*) Okay, well, how's aunty Jane then, is she alright? And Uncle Ted. Has he come back yet? Has your dad come back yet Trace? Trace?"

"I don't wanna talk about my fuckin' dad, I don't want to talk to you. Fuckin' ell"

"Okay. Well you know, sometimes in life, things go wrong Tracey, bad things happen to good people and they pull through, and they don't deserve it, and bad things happen to bad people, life is life"

"Am I a good person Seraphina.?"

(*She shrugs.*)

"Listen, about - I'll be praying, I'll be praying everyday"

I see beauty and warmth in the face of my cousin and my heart clogs up with guilt.

"Thanks"

"No it's nothing, tell her I hope she's out soon, yeah? With only good news"

"What?"

"I hope she gets out soon"

"Who?"

"Candice"

"Gets out where? What you on about?"

"She got put in the hospital this morning, she was bleeding from her belly, from

down there, I thought you knew. That's why I -"

"Nah, nah I didn't"

"She's in Homerton Hospital, and no matter what happens, everything's gonna be alright yeah?"

"Seraphina? I'm sorry"

"It's alright cuz. Cuz? Wait...there was a lot of blood, okay. Yeah?"

SCENE 11

"Yerite, is Connor Jones in please?"

"Are you Tracey?"

"Yeah. And you're his -"

"I'm his mother, yeah"

"Yerite? Is he in?"

"No"

"Ahh sorry, I didn't have credit I woulda text it's really important"

"He's not here"

"Can I come in and wait?"

"Connor doesn't need to see you anymore. Listen, I'm sure that you're a lovely girl, and really sweet, but before

it goes too far it's best we put a stop to it now, isn't it?"

"What?"

"This isn't what we do in our family. Nothing against you, like I said you're probably really lovely. We just don't do that"

"Do what? What have I done? Please I need to -"

"I said it's nothing against you, Connor is my son, right? And he's special"

"I know he's -"

"No, you don't know anything about him. He wants to do things with his life, right? And it's not fair, it's not right that people like you - that people should be holdin' him back, right? Do you get that?"

I see Connor standing at the back of the hallway. I catch his blue eyes for a second and then I lose his face completely he's staring into the floor like a fucking baby.

"Connor? Connor? It's Candice, Aaron's done something we gotta go Connor, can you tell your mum please Connor? Connor Can you tell her? Connor?"

The door has just closed in my face at an average speed not too fast, not too slow. D'you know, apart from my dad, no one from no where for no reason has ever battered me like that the whole of my existence. My tongue is wedged in my mouth like a mouse in a trap.

## SCENE 12

She's by herself, and Homerton hospital has her wrapped inside this cheap blue paper curtain on a little bed.

I tilt my head to the side tryna find life at a normal angle and everything falls out of it. She is shaking everywhere.

"Erm... No matter what happens, everything's gonna be alright, yeah?"

She don't believe me either. She gimme a face full of ashes and questions -

"Tracey do you think Aaron will be gone long? The police came and took him and I'm just wondering do you think he'll be long? I, erm..."

*(Pause.)*

I sit in the chair by her bed and I wait with her and we wait for a word from someone; a doctor, a nurse, or each other. She is grey in the face, hollow

bones, terrified, ugly and wasted but she is my home, she is my home, she's home for me, she is where I live, and she's beautiful. And I'm gonna take care of my home.

*(DJ Luck & MC Neat - 'A Little Bit of Luck' plays, begins to mix in with the sound of a baby crying.)*

*End.*