

The Widening Pool

aka

How to Start a Knife Gang
(working title)

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A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'J Brown', located in the bottom right corner of the page.

Notes:

1: Performers are often in the same stage-space but their characters are often in different locations and hence, unaware of each other, (apart from within the relationships within which they speak), until these relationships meet. e.g., in opening sequence, Flint and Carol are not aware of Book and Shania and vice versa, though they share the stage.

2: The “ / ” symbol is used to indicate overlapping or simultaneous dialogue. This symbol is used here with a slight modification: 2 “ / ” symbols are used for each overlap - the first in the interrupted line to show the point of overlap, and the second at the beginning of the interrupter's line. The actor who is interacting benefits from the additional clarity of having a “ / ” symbol at the beginning of his or her line as well as the positioning of the line at the point of interruption.

e.g.

DANNY: No. We were good. Your songs....and A levels n'at. Like English and other things. You was like... / clever

SHANIA: / Clever Bragg.

CHARACTERS IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE: (8 Players required)

FLINT:	15 yr old boy. Mixed race. Dealer.
BOOK:	15 yr old school-girl. Black. Conscientious at school.
SHANIA:	14 / 15 yr old girl. Black. Friend to Book, Bragg's "girlfriend."
ULTRASOUND NURSE:	(Likely played by same actor that plays Angel?)
CAROL:	Woman, mid 30's. Black. Partner to Danny. Youth worker.
DANNY:	Man, mid 30's. White. Father to Flint. Reformed-dealer
BRAGGBOY:	15 / 16 yr old boy. Dealer. Slightly bigger than other youths.
CHANTAL:	Woman, mid 30's. Black. Weary single mother of Flint.
ANGEL:	Man in his mid 30's. White. Gang lord. Well-spoken, punk.
APUNDA:	Angel's slave. (Likely played by same actor that plays Chantal?)

SCENE 1

(DAYTIME. VARIOUS LOCATIONS: THE STREET, A MATERNITY WARD, A CHILDLINE OFFICE, A BUS. CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN)

FLINT: (ENTERS. FACE TO AUDIENCE, ON HANDSFREE, MOVING WITH AGITATION, PACE, DETERMINATION) Just say no. Say no to the chain. Say no to getting 10 thou likes on Snapchat.

BOOK: (ENTERS, ON PHONE) Another one, Shania.

(LIGHTS UP ON SHANIA. SHE'S ON A MEDICAL COUCH, FACING AUDIENCE, BELLY EXPOSED, WITH LAB-COATED MEDICAL STAFF WITH THEIR BACK TO AUDIENCE, ULTRASOUND SCANNING HER. SCAN SCREEN FACES SHANIA, NOT AUDIENCE.)

SHANIA: (ON PHONE) That's like five, just this week, innit.

BOOK: Sick. Where are you?

FLINT: Say no to the shanks and mini-sprayers, to the youtube taunts, and the goldplated iphone XR.

SHANIA: St Mary's, 'aving my first scan.

(CAROL ENTERS, DIALLING PHONE)

BOOK: What? Now?

FLINT: Say no to arse-hugging lurex running shorts and (TO CAROL) Alright love. You looking for something?

SHANIA: Got shit all over my tummy, some bloke sticking a dildo thing... oh god... I can see it!

CAROL: Not right now son. (DOWN PHONE) Hey, how are you?

FLINT: I got all sorts. Pretty much.

CAROL: (TO FLINT) Not now, alright. (DOWN PHONE) You good?

BOOK: No Man. That is intense! What's it look like?

DANNY: (ENTERS ON PHONE) I'm good. Better now. Fancy giving you a really good...(A LANDLINE PHONE ON A TABLE RINGS) Hang on. Gotta take this. Laterz gorgeous. (SITS)

FLINT: Vintage E's, Class Candy, Crack.

DANNY: (ON LANDLINE PHONE) Hello. This is Childline. My name's Danny. Can I

help you?

CAROL: (STOPPING. TO FLINT) Do I look like a customer?

SHANIA: Like some alien or something. I 'ope it ain't no fucking monsta nor nothing.

FLINT: (AMBIGUOUS WHETHER THIS LINE SPOKEN TO PHONE, OR CAROL) Say no to the stab vest, to getting a little fame on yer name.

BRAGG: (ENTERS, ON PHONE) Yeah. I er... I need to talk to someone.

CAROL: What?

BOOK: I wanna see this. Where are you? I'm coming over.

FLINT: ...to tryna live ya movie like you're Idris.

CAROL: Listen...er...

SHANIA No don't.

FLINT: Flint.

SHANIA (TO OPERATOR / NURSE) Look, is this gonna take long? I gotta a life to lead, y'kna.

CAROL: Listen, Flint. I'm not down wiv you tryna sell me shit. I've got stuff to do. You got me? Have a good... day. Alright? (EXITS)

DANNY: Of course caller. You can talk to me. Do you want to tell me your name?

BOOK: Hang on. I got another call. (SHE TAKES IT) Yeah?

FLINT: (CALLING AFTER CAROL) Say no to the endless plastic surgery at the end of it all.

BRAGG: Yeah.. it's er... it's Andy.

CHANTAL: (ENTERS, ON PHONE) Hi. Book? Have you seen Flint?

DANNY: Hi Andy. My name's Danny. Have we..... spoken before?

SHANIA: (TO OPERATOR / NURSE) Have you got like somefin to wipe all this spunk off with.

BOOK: (ON PHONE) Why would I of?

BRAGG: I don't fink so.

FLINT: (LOOKING AFTER CAROL STILL BUZT MORE TALKING TO SELF / PHONE / AUDIENCE) Spending your last perfect days in a luxury hotel

surrounded by young obliging nurses. (RAPS) "Getting freaky in the sheets, we're takin' body shots"

DANNY: Oh....Okay. I thought I recognised... your voice.

BRAGG: Nah... That ain't me.

CHANTAL: I thought you were friends.

(NEXT TWO LINES SPOKEN SO THAT THE WORD "SON" SPOKEN SIMULTANEOUSLY)

DANNY: / Is there something you want to talk about, son?

BOOK: / Er. I don't think so. I'm sorry Chantal, but your son...

BRAGG: Yeah I.. I got a bit of a problem. Actually it's like, a big... problem.

FLINT: Say no to online kill-count scoreboards. No to Snapchat feuds, hangin' off the back o' stolen bikes, snatching iphones. Getting bounced by the Feds.

DANNY: You wanna tell me about it son?

SHANIA: (DOWN PHONE, WIPING STOMACH) Hello?

BOOK: ...is a bit of a dick.

BRAGG: Yeah. It's really big. You see me?

FLINT: Say no to life.

CHANTAL: You used to play together, Book.

DANNY: Uhuh? How big?

SHANIA: (DOWN PHONE) Helloooo?

BOOK. Yeah, when we were like ten! I'm fifteen, Chantal, and your son is still like, nine!

BRAGG: About... eight inches.

FLINT: Seven, I chose not to say no to life.

DANNY: Not six?

CHANTAL: I know he's a little immature. Like... five.

BOOK: Look I gotta go. See you like... four?

SHANIA: (TO OPERATOR / NURSE) Ok. Look, I gotta go. Have you got like... a free print out or somefin'?

BRAGG: I got it in my hand now, too.

CHANTAL: If you see him, tell him I... wanna speak to him.

SHANIA: Cos I get a print out yeah? (OVER NEXT SET OF LINES, SHANIA RECEIVES HER PRINT OUT, LOOKS AT IT, GETS OFF COUCH, PULLS TOP DOWN, LEAVES, FINDS A BUS, GETS ON AND SITS. LIGHTS DOWN ON / NURSE EXITS, ALONG WITH COUCH, SCREEN AND EQUIPMENT)

BOOK: I won't see him Chantal.

DANNY: Have you?

FLINT: / There are no reasons, you feel me?

BRAGG: / Yeah...all 8 inches of it, you feel me?

CHANTAL: Tell him anyway. You still coming to babysit?

SHANIA: (LOOKING AT PHONE) Where are you?

DANNY: I see. Not six then.

BOOK: I told you. Four. I'm going to put the phone down now.

BRAGG: And it's throbbing, and jumping about yeah. 100%

DANNY: I'm going to put the phone down now... caller. (ENDS CALL. REDIALS ON OWN PHONE)

FLINT: Who needs... reasons?

BOOK: (DOWN PHONE TO SHANIA) Hello?

BRAGG: I'm coming, oh Danny. I'm really shooting my meat man!

SHANIA: (ON PHONE TO BOOK) Where the fuck have you been?

FLINT: When you've got..... (SEES SOMETHING).

(SILENCE.)

BRAGG: Hello?

CHANTAL: Hello? Who's this?

FLINT: (TO AUDIENCE) 'Sup. You need something?

BOOK: Hello. Ach. Sorry. Chantal was looking for her dick of a son.

DANNY: It's Danny.

FLINT: Me? That's my Road. Over there. Can you see that tower... Allow it, not that one, that one. That's it, that one. Other one's Grenfell. Remains of. Still stinks. (SINGS SECTION OF STORMZY RAP) "Yo Theresa May, where's the money for Grenfell? What, you fink we just forgot about Grenfell?"

SHANIA: Didn't you used to go wiv him?

CHANTAL: Oh great. The Return of the Fool.

FLINT: *That* one's my place. Yeah I don't go there much these days. 'cept to sleep.

BOOK: Shania. I never went wiv him. We was ten! We played. Like... kids.

DANNY: That's not nice.

FLINT: I stay faaar away...my muvvre's there, course,,, but too many snakes, and my ops. When I'm working, you see me?

SHANIA: Well what you still messing with them all for then? If you ain't still aching for him.

CHANTAL: Don't tell me. You're a changed man.

FLINT: Got to keep da home life and the working life well apart, innit.

BOOK: Do me a favour. I babysit his sister is all. I need the money.

DANNY: I'm the same man.

FLINT: My school's there too, Well... near it, well...

SHANIA: She pay you?

CHANTAL: You're a liar!

FLINT: 'Cept, it ain't my school no more. But now, I is affiliated. Simple as, like.

CHANTAL: Wait. What do you mean?

BOOK: Not much, but I need it.

DANNY: You said, "Don't tell you I'm a changed man."

FLINT: It was my school.

SHANIA: What for?

CHANTAL: What do you want, funny gangsta guy?

FLINT: But who needs school?

BOOK: I told you what for. But you don't listen.

DANNY: See Flint.

FLINT: Like I said, I was made for this shit.

SHANIA: Tell me again.

CHANTAL: Over my dead body.

FLINT: / I got ambition.

BOOK: / I got ambition. I need a tutor to get. Good. Grades.

SHANIA: (DEFENSIVELY) Me too.

BOOK: What? To be a mother? Is that ambition?

SHANIA: Might be.

DANNY: Might get smelly, but you're *the boss*.

FLINT: My manor's here & there now. By the way... you looking for anything? I've got the best. But somethings I'd have to get for you.

BOOK: You still at St Mary's?

CHANTAL: What?

DANNY: I'm down with supervised visits, but this?

FLINT: / You fink I look old for a kid who don't go to school no more?

SHANIA: / You fink? Nah, On the bus. Aaagh. My top is really sticking to my belly. Gross!

CHANTAL: What you talking about now?

BOOK: I's gonna work there one day.

DANNY: I can see him over your dead body?

FLINT: Me? No... well I don't always get loadsa sleep. But I spend my hard earned on enhancements and ting. So I still look the mark, you feel me?

SHANIA: At St Mary's? Gonna scan me next one?

CHANTAL: Still the comedian.

FLINT: 'Ave I got a shank? 100%. But I ain't showing it you, bruv.

BOOK: No. A surgeon me. Or Kings. S'where they took all the worst Grenfell cases innit.

FLINT: 'Ave I got a stick?

DANNY: Yeah, I do a bit o' stand up. Been doing gigs.

FLINT: Not yet.

SHANIA: Nooo. I don't wanna fink about that. Whole area still stinks. Why don't they bulldoze that shit? Smple as, like.

CHANTAL: Well I ain't laughing. I been the butt of your biggest joke 15 years, asshole.

FLINT: (SEES BOOK) There goes Book. Yo Book! Wagwarn!

DANNY: I'm doing better, Chantal. No joke. No dealing. Legit. I'm ready to see Flint again.

BOOK: (GIVES FLINT THE FINGER. DOWN PHONE:) See you at Westfield yeah?

CHANTAL: You is ready? He ain't ready! I ain't ready. You already messed my life, and his. What you want to go messing it up again for?

DANNY: I'm clean now. I do volunteer work, outreach, DBS checked, the works.

CHANTAL: Now you *are* joking.

FLINT: She don't speak to me no more. I gotta groom her... groom her back into my life. Into my pants. I tell your girl to link me at the coffee shop

DANNY: He needs his dad.

SHANIA: Yeah alright.... Doctor.

CHANTAL: No. He *needed* his dad. Now? I ain't so sure.

BOOK: Allow it. (ENDS CALL AND REDIALS)

DANNY: I'll be good for him Chantal. Honest.

FLINT: She is so peng, so fly, so fresh, so... oooh I get the... just looking at her, yeah. Specially in her school gear. That skirt n'all.

CHANTAL: You're good for nothing man. Now get off my line. (ENDS CALL. IT RINGS AGAIN.) Hello?

SHANIA: Ooooh, You talking like a gangsta! Hello? (LOOKS DOWN AT BELLY) Gross.

FLINT: I'm gonna have to release the monster and let it go yo. Wait on me there. (HE GOES AND, UNDER THE GUISE OF URINATING, MASTURBATES

BEHIND A BIN WE SEE MOST OF HIS UPPER BODY AS HE DOES SO.)

CHANTAL: Book. Have you seen him?

DANNY: No seriously Chantal, I really think...? Hello?

BOOK: What you fucking doing, man? (DOWN PHONE) Yeah. Hi Chantal. Your son... is here, in an alley, behind Westfield, masturbating. Again.

FLINT: Aaaaaahhhh. Ahhhh... (COMES, BREATHES HEAVILY, PUTS HIMSELF AWAY.) Hey Book. I was just... finking about you. Wait.

BOOK: You is skank. Do you know that? (DOWN PHONE) You want to speak to him?

CHANTAL: Yes I do.

BOOK: (TO FLINT) Who the fuck even are you!?! (PUTS PHONE ON SPEAKER, HOLDS IT TOWARD FLINT WITH DISDAINFULLY OUTSTRETCHED ARM)

FLINT: My name's Flint. Flint. You... want something? (TO PHONE) Hello. Who's this?

CHANTAL: It's your mother. Get your Backside home this min... what are you doing boy!?

FLINT: I was just...

BOOK: Got to ring off, Chantal. See you later. (RINGS OFF))

CHANTAL: Book! Wait... (GETS CUT OFF. SPEAKS TO SOMEONE OFF) What you doing here?

FLINT: Like what you see!?

BOOK: Fuck you! (EXITS)

FLINT: Yo.. I am on it.

BRAGG: (ENTERS) Yo Flint, Why'd you blank me last night on Snapchat?

SHANIA: (ENTERS) Where you been?

CHANTAL: (TO SOMEONE OFF) I told you not to come round here.

FLINT: Braggboy. 'Sup?

BOOK: (ENTERS) Feels like In the sewer. Have you got a picture

DANNY: (ENTERS) Come on Chantal. Give me a break.

BRAGG: Not much. Can I kiss yer?

SHANIA: Sewer?

CHANTAL: Give you a break? Funny.

FLINT: Can you fuck.

BOOK: Flint flashing his dick at me.

DANNY: He needs me.

BRAGG: That n'all bro. (PUSHES FLINT UP AGAINST A WALL AND STARTS KISSING HIM.)

SHANIA: Ooh. Is it big?

CHANTAL: He don't need... Look...do you see him around?

FLINT: Get the fuck off me.

BOOK: No!

DANNY: What do you mean?

BOOK: Well... yeah. Actually.

BRAGG: Needed that. I like your lip job. Let's go again.

SHANIA: Cool.

CHANTAL: *Do you see him!?*

FLINT: Yo. Seen Angel? He was looking for you. (BRAGG BACKS AWAY)

BOOK: I never realised.

DANNY: No.

BOOK: Anyways, you got a pic?

BRAGG: Nah. What's he want?

SHANIA: Of Flint's dick? That is *your* mission.

CHANTAL: I ...don't see him these days. I never see him. Why should he want to see you?

FLINT: Just that you owe him.

BOOK: Of the baby, stupid.

DANNY: Well, we could let *him* decide?

BRAGG: I'll see him later. Have you got enough for lunch time. I got some spare if you need 'em.

SHANIA: Here. (SHE PULLS OUT ULTRASOUND PRINTOUT)

CHANTAL: He's out there man. And I put that down... to you.

FLINT: Wait. (CHECKS IN COAT) Ok. Give me some more 420. How much you got?

BOOK: Which way up?

DANNY: I'm sorry, Chantal. I've been working on it, ok. Getting myself straight.

BRAGG: All there is in the world. You gotta shift mo snow bro. S'where the big boys live. Didn't you say you had ambition? I don't see none.

SHANIA: Here. (PAUSE) That's the head.

CHANTAL: And you straight now?

FLINT: Allow it. Dem kids can't afford coke man. The weed is a cheap playtime high, pocket money. But only one, or maybe two, a day is hitting me for the class candy.

BOOK: Is it a boy or a girl?

DANNY: As an arrow.

BRAGG: Here.

SHANIA: I never aksed.

CHANTAL: You ain't gonna fuck with his head?

FLINT: How much?

BOOK: Can they can tell at that age?

DANNY: I promise.

BRAGG: You can owe me bromie.

SHANIA: Second scan. I don't wanna know anyway.

CHANTAL: Why should I believe you?

FLINT: How much?

BOOK: Looks... funny.

DANNY: Look. I work. As a gardener now....in the suburbs, and I volunteer. I can get

you references. I have loadsa people who'd back me up Chantal, People from legit organisations that... . I work on Childline now.

BRAGG: For that? Let's say a coool 50.

SHANIA: Give it here.

CHANTAL: *The* Childline? You?

FLINT: (LOOKS AT PACKET). Ok. When?

BOOK: You thought of names?

DANNY: Uhuh. And a Youth Outreach project. Get's kids off the street. I'm DBS checked, everything, you know. Legit. All that other shit? Ancient history.

BRAGG: Tomorrow yeah. I trust you bruv. You got reliable lips. (STARTS TRYING KISSING FLINT AGAIN).

SHANIA: Well, if it's a boy, I thought maybe.... Kanye. Or... Archie.

CHANTAL: What? You got Jesus?

ANGEL: (OFF) Braggboy!

BOOK: Kanye? You are joking right? The Trump-supporting Slavetrade-denier!?

DANNY: Well... no. But I am sorry, Chantal. For all the shit I put you through. I really am.

BRAGG: (PULLS UP HOOD AND MOVES AWAY QUICKLY) I gotta go. Laterz. You owe me, yeah. (EXITS. FLINT WIPES HIS MOUTH AND STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF UP.)

SHANIA: Who-supportin'?

CHANTAL: You better be.

FLINT: Yo bossman.

BOOK: Neva mind. You can't call him Kanye.

DANNY: And I'm here now, to... you know. Take responsibility.

ANGEL: (ENTERS) Was that Bragg?

SHANIA: He's *my* baby, Book. No one else's

CHANTAL: Bout 8 years too fucking late.

FLINT: Uh. Yeah?

BOOK: What bout the father? You still didn't tell me.

DANNY: I know. And... I'm sorry. I really am. I had... you know... issues.

ANGEL: Is he keeping you well looked after my batty boy?

SHANIA: Or, if it's a girl... I thought... maybe... Bella,, or Peppa.

CHANTAL: Too right you had issues.

SHANIA: Or... K-Pop.

FLINT: Yeah, he's legit. Ten thou.

BOOK: K-Pop!? Please... tell me you're joking, right?

DANNY: But... you know... I got help. And... well... I'm ready now. Readier anyway. To have a go.. At being a father again. I want to see him.

ANGEL: Is he avoiding me? Anyway... my ambitious entrepreneaurial prodigy. Where are you working this lunch hour?

SHANIA: K. I'm done here.

CHANTAL: (SILENCE) Well. Good luck with that.

FLINT: St Michael's.

BOOK: Those K-pop bands... They're vacuous Zombies, Shania. Little dumb dollies.

DANNY: You... don't mind?

ANGEL: Ah yes.. The Archangel. Did you know, I went there myself?

SHANIA: I told you. It's my baby. I thought you supported me.

CHANTAL: / I... do. I ain't about to forgive you at the drop of a few Helpline names, but man... that boy is so off the rails, I doubt even you would make it any worse.

FLINT: / I... didn't.

BOOK: / I do. By not letting you call your kid names it ain't gonna thank you for. Seriously.

DANNY: Thank you Chantal.

ANGEL: Got you, Flint.

SHANIA: Fuck you, Book.

CHANTAL: Whatever. I got to go collect Akasha from school. (MOVING AWAY)

FLINT: (TO HIMSELF) My dad went there. And my mum. (PAUSE) You dropped out though right?

BOOK: It'll get bullied.

DANNY: Any ideas? Where I might find him?

ANGEL: No no. All the way to the top, Flint my juicy little lemon.

SHANIA: My kid... ain't never gonna get bullied. Never. You see me?

CHANTAL: Nope.

FLINT: Like... A levels and stuff?

CHANTAL: Try his old friend. Book. She babysits Akasha sometimes.

BOOK: It will.

CHANTAL: And no, I ain't giving you her number.

DANNY: Book, who he used to play with?

ANGEL: Like A levels...

CHANTAL: Uhuh. That's her. But she don't like him.

ANGEL: And stuff.

SHANIA: (MOVING AWAY, BUT GETTING ANGRIER) I ain't *never* gonna let that happen, save one in the head for that shit. I'll drop that nigga!

CHANTAL: And he's another friend. Bragg. If you can get him away, I mean really away, from Bragg, his crew, you's be starting being a real father again.

FLINT: What? Like... a degree n all that?

BOOK: Shania. Come on. Don't go.

DANNY: When's Book next babysitting then?

ANGEL: Is it so hard to imagine?

SHANIA: I'm going 'ome, wash this...this shit off me. (EXITS)

CHANTAL: I ain't telling you. (PAUSE) Tonight. But don't you come round, yeah. I don't want you at our place. (EXITS).

FLINT: What.. so..... So why..?

BRAGG: (ENTERS: SEES BOOK) Alright Book.

DANNY: (CALLING AFTER) I won't. I promise.

(CAROL ENTERS)

ANGEL: Why am I doing... this?

BOOK: (LOOKS UP, FROM PHONE) Do I know you?

ANGEL: It depends on what you think "this" is.

CAROL: (TO SOMEONE OFF) Hi. Have you got a minute?

FLINT: Like... Selling.

BRAGG: We used to sit next to each uvver. In Biology.

SHANIA: (ENTERS, LOOKING AT A PHONE) No.

ANGEL: (PAUSE) Do you know how hard it is to pay for a degree these days, and to party, keep up with the Kardashians, keep sweet with those who mark your papers. Ways and means, Flint, Ways and means. Where did Bragg say he was going?

BOOK: I don't remember you.

CAROL: (TO SHANIA) Have you got a light?

FLINT: (PAUSE) He... didn't.

BRAGG: Don't play that game. You used to let me finger you at the back.

SHANIA: I don't smoke.

ANGEL: No.. his lips busy with other work, mmm. (SILENCE) So.. got what you need?

BOOK: Yeah well,.... those days is over.

CAROL: Nor do I, really. I was just...

FLINT: Yeah.

BRAGG: Not in *my* dreams. I remember how you felt. Soft and wet. (HE BACKS HER UP, STARTS PUTTING HIS HAND UP HER SKIRT, STARTS NECKING HER. SHE LETS HIM)

SHANIA: Look, do you mind?

ANGEL: So there's the burger van, on the corner of Craven Road, the sweet shop on Allen street,... and there's... you. Chatty, chirpy and a jacketful of goodies.

BOOK: (BREATHING HEAVILY, INITIALLY ENJOYING IT / THE MEMORY) Yeah? Well Biology ain't all practicals no more. Theory is more my thing. So... Get the fuck off me. (PUSHES HIM OFF)

CAROL: I've seen you around,.... wondered if you...

ANGEL: Yeah. Well mustn't keep this little girls and boys waiting. I hope you're spending your hard earned wisely. You look like you've done something.. to your face.

BRAGG: So... You a lesbian now then?

SHANIA: If I fucking what? Want anything? No fanks. And if my crew sees you round here, on their manor, you is gonna get well shanked. Or worse. Now fuck off.

FLINT: This. It's nothing. Just a lttle... you know...

BOOK: No. I is a student wiv ambition and a future, and it don't include you.

CAROL: I'm not selling. I was just wondering... If you're in any trouble at all. You see... I might be able to help.

ANGEL: Enhancement? Those lips are looking luscious. Can I try?

BRAGG: Shame. I thought, in theory, we might.... you know...

SHANIA: (STOPS) Trouble?

FLINT: Well... (ANGEL KISSES HIM ON THE LIPS)

BOOK: That's where you always fell down. In theory. I gotta go. (EXITS)

CAROL: I dunno... with your crew. With... look... have you heard of The Copenhagen Youth Project?

ANGEL: Alright. Gotta go. Can't keep the customers waiting. You too. Run along now. A bientot! (EXITS)

SHANIA: Do what?

ANGEL: (RE-ENTERS): If you see Bragg again, tell him I do need to have a word.

CAROL: Look here's a leaflet, yeah. Just have a look. My number's on the back.

(BRAGG EXITS)

FLINT: Ok

SHANIA: Yeah... like I'm gonna be doing that. You a lesbian or something? I'm pregnant you know. I don't do dykes. (RIPS IN HALF, DROPS)

ANGEL: Look. Can I give you a tip? You're not going to get to where you dream of being making ½ ounces of weed to 10 yr olds. You know you need to step up your game.

CAROL: Call me if you want to talk. My name's Carol. (EXITS)

FLINT: I know... but...

SHANIA: (SHOUTS) Kiss my arse, lesbo bitch! (EXITS).

ANGEL: St Georges. Ok? Here. Here's some free samples. Give them away, have one or two for yourself, the kids there are far more appreciative, and have a lot more pocket money. Once they've tried it, you'll find them following you like flies to....

FLINT: Ok.

ANGEL: The sugar bowl. But watch it. St Georges is a popular hunting ground. I've enemies whose urchins are treading onto my carefully cultivated lawns.

FLINT: Uh?

ANGEL: What sort of protection are you carrying?

FLINT: This. (PULLS OUT SMALL KNIFE)

ANGEL: Perfect! for peeling an apple. You're a good boy.... a good... man, Flint. I like you. I can see... a very... bright future for you. You should come over some time. Please say yes.

FLINT: Er... ok.

ANGEL: Lovely. Well toodle pip. (EXITS)

FLINT: Bye. Again he wipes his mouth. I was saving these for Book, not you. Fuck I'm late. Taxi! (EXITS)

SHANIA: (RE-ENTERS, PICKS UP LEAFLET HALVES AND LEAVES)

(LIGHTS DOWN)

SCENE 2:

(FLINTS MOTHER'S HIGH RISE FLAT. INTERIOR
FLINT IS ABOUT TO LEAVE WHEN THERE'S A KNOCK).

FLINT: Who is it?

BOOK: (OFF) It's me. Book.

FLINT: (HE LETS HER IN) What you doing here?

BOOK: Babysitting Akasha. What you fink?.

FLINT: But I'm here.

BOOK: (LAUGHS) Yeah right, You fink your mum trusts *you* wiv your sister?
Anyways you'll be going out soon won't yer. Leaving her and mixing it with
your druggy mates.

FLINT: I weren't going out.

BOOK: Nah? Well you did last time didn't you? Leaving Akasha for like, 4 hours.
Alone.

FLINT: She was asleep.

BOOK: Yeah? And what if she'd woken? Huh? What if the place had burnt down?
Another Grenfell yeah? You are so thick. What if she'd been abducted? Like
that Madeleine McCann was so not.

FLINT: She was out cold. There ain't gonna be a fire, and the door was locked.

BOOK: Yeah whatever. Anyways I'm here so you can go. Get back to selling and
fighting, or whatever it is you do of a Tuesday night.

FLINT: I ain't going nowhere. This is my place.

BOOK: You avoiding someone?

FLINT: No. I just decided to stay in. Simple as, like.

BOOK: You always stay in with your jacket, shoes and cap on? You looking all
ready for an adventure, Indiana Jones.

FLINT: No. I ... I just came in.

BOOK: Yeah? Course you did. Well just don't talk to me, alright.

FLINT: As if.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: Is she asleep now?

FLINT: (PAUSE) / Yeah.

BOOK: / I'm going to have a look.

(SHE GOES OFF TO CHECK: FLINT PULLS OUT HIS PHONE AND TEXTS. BOOK REENTERS)

BOOK: She's out. (PAUSE) Right. (SHE SITS.) You got something to do, cos I got it all covered now, you know. You needn't stay. You can like go off to your room.

FLINT: I like it here.

BOOK: (PAUSE) Yeah? Well just don't talk to me, alright?

(SILENCE)

FLINT: What you reading?

BOOK: (LONG PAUSE) What's it look like?

FLINT: What's it about?

BOOK: Biology.

FLINT: What you reading that for?

BOOK: I said. Don't talk to me.

(LONG SILENCE: HE SITS AND LOOKS AT PHONE. SHE READS AND STARTS MAKING NOTES.)

FLINT: You want a drink or something?

BOOK: I got a drink. (PAUSE: BEGRUDGINGLY) Thanks. (LOOKS THROUGH BAG) Shit.

(HE GETS UP LEAVES AND AND RETURNS WITH CAN. HE OFFERS IT TO HER. SHE DOESN'T ACCEPT IT.)

FLINT: Diet coke. (SILENCE) You like diet coke yeah? (SILENCE) Come on, Book. It ain't fucking poisoned nor nothing. It's a coke. Alright.

(SHE ACCEPTS IT.)

BOOK: Alright.

FLINT: You're welcome.

BOOK: Thank you.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: What you done to your lips?

FLINT: My lips? Nothing.

BOOK: They's look different.

FLINT: Do they? How can you tell?

BOOK: Look, shut up. (SHE GOES BACK TO HER BOOK)

FLINT: (HE COMES AND SITS NEXT TO HER.) What you reading about?

BOOK: None of your fucking business.

FLINT: Is it like...diff...

BOOK: No it ain't reproduction. Is that all you boys fink about?

FLINT: No. That's in *your* head.. (HE LOOKS AT HER QUIZZICALLY. THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER. HE SITS BACK, GOES BACK TO HIS PHONE AND SHE GOES BACK TO HER BOOKS. SILENCE).

BOOK: What have you done to your lips?

FLINT: Why you keep talking about my lips?

BOOK: They's just look... weird.

FLINT: Some people like them.

BOOK: Some people?

FLINT: Yeah. Some people. (PAUSE) You did once too.

BOOK: You gonna bring that up again? I was like... twelve.

FLINT: Only cos you gone all weird on me. Treat me like skank ever since.

BOOK: I didn't do no such thing. I just moved on. It was nice. I admit it, but I moved on.

FLINT: So why you always talk to me like I'm a piece of shit?

BOOK: Why? You wanna know why? (SILENCE) Empty out your pockets and I'll tell you.

FLINT: What?!

BOOK: (EMPHASISED) Empty your pockets and I'll tell you all about it.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: Come on. Do it. If you wanna know the truth. You might find out quite a lot actually. But you don't really want to hear the truth. Do you? Too scared, of the truth.

(AFTER STARING EACH OTHER OUT: HE BEGINS EMPTYING. OUT OF ONE POCKET, HE PULLS OUT HIS PHONE, SOME CHANGE, MONEY, A CHARGER, AN OYSTERCARD, SOME OLD TISSUES.)

FLINT: There you go.

BOOK: Like I said. You don't want to hear the truth. (SHE NODS TO HIS OTHER POCKET, THEN GOES BACK TO HER BOOK).

(RELUCTANTLY HE PULLS OUT A WADGE OF CASH. SHE DOESN'T RE-ENGAGE. THEN HE PULLS OUT SMALL PACKETS OF DRUGS OF VARIOUS KINDS AND LAYS THEM OUT. SHE CLOSES HER BOOK. LOOKS AT IT ALL, AND NODS.)

BOOK: Seems like you do want the truth. Almost. (PAUSE) I said *all* your pockets. Secret ones n'all.

FLINT: You didn't actually.

BOOK: Fine. Game over.

FLINT: Ok. Wait. (HE REACHES IN AND PULLS OUT HIS KNIFE. IT'S GOT ABOUT HE PUTS IT DOWN ON THE COFFEE TABLE IN FRONT OF THEM. SILENCE. SHE POINTS TO THE OBJECTS ON THE TABLE.)

BOOK: That's why.

FLINT: Why what?

BOOK: Why I talk to you like you're a piece of shit. You want me to give you like a lecture? Akasha's sleeping through there. Right through there for starters. There's little kids not much older than her you're pushing that shit on, for seconds. Shall I fucking go on.

FLINT: I thought you liked me.

BOOK: I did. Once. I really liked you. You know. Like I can't say how much. But you....look at you. Look at you now. I can't even speak how low you've sunk. Is this it for you? Huh? Is this what you're going to do with the rest of your fucking life? Huh? If you even have a fucking life....cos baby let me tell you,... you ain't gonna last long out there. You wanna be another statistic? You want your mother and little sister to be burying you? Cos you is going just the right way about it. / You dumb fucking...

FLINT: / Oh yeah. And what you gonna do, huh?

BOOK: What am I going to be? I'll tell you what I'm going to be. I'm going to be a fucking doctor, a surgeon, yeah?.... Something cool, yeah? I'm going to go out and help people and shit. And who are you gonna help? What are you gonna be? Nothing. Except dead. A bunch of flowers round some sad fucking railings. (LONG PAUSE) I know you wanna get with me, but I tell you I ain't going nowhere near you, not ever.
(PAUSE) You come round here, just to sleep, and you've got your five-year-old sister here. Your sister in that room, and you is bringing that shit in your pockets. That's nasty. That's so wrong. You think you're going to get with me? You think I'm going to slap on that nasty face shit, and leather pants, like Olivia Newton-John...

FLINT: Who?

BOOK: ...join your nasty little boys gang, start singing "you're the one that I want?" Well that ain't never going to happen rude boy. You ain't nothing but a skank, and you is lost to the world, and to me. Got me?
This ain't Romeo and Juliet you know. Now if you don't mind I got a life to lead and exams to study for. Becoming a the world's best black female surgeon takes some working. So... excuse me.

(SHE GOES BACK TO HER BOOKS. SILENCE.)

FLINT: Fine! (HE STARTS PACKING UP HIS STUFF). Laterz! (HE EXITS LOUDLY & ANGRILY).

BOOK: Whateva!

(SHE SITS, LOOKING VISIBLY UPSET. LIGHTS.)

.....

SCENE 3

(EVENING. LOCATIONS: INC: STREET & YOUTH CENTRE WHERE WE DISCOVER CAROL PUTTING OUT CHAIRS. TIDYING. SHANIA ENTERS)

CAROL: Oh. Hi. Nobody's here yet.

SHANIA: Yeah? Well I ain't staying.

CAROL: No. Of course.

SHANIA: I ain't. I was just...

CAROL: Thought you'd come see what a fucking dump it is here? Something like that?

(FLINT ENTERS, ON STREET)

SHANIA: Something like that.

BRAGG: (ENTERS IN OTHER DIRECTION) Where you going?

CAROL: You want a drink? Coke or something?

FLINT: I dunno. Out. Angel aksed me over.

SHANIA: I don't drink coke.

BRAGG: To his place? You know he ain't Snoop Dog don't ya?

CAROL: Looking after the baby?

BRAGG: What's he want?

SHANIA: Nah. It aint that. I just... don't like it.

FLINT: How should I know? Said he had somefin for me.

CAROL: I got juice. Tea. Coffee?

BRAGG: Yeah.. he told me that once too. You know he's like, a psycho.

FLINT: (LAUGHS) Is that *you* talking?

SHANIA: What you doing here anyway?

BRAGG: That's what I like bout you, Flint?

CAROL: Offering you a drink at the moment.

BRAGG: You ain't scared of me.

SHANIA: I mean... what's all this for?

FLINT: Why should I be?

CAROL: It's for... well... it's a sort of home from home. Just a place. Like a safe place. For people to come to. You know?

BRAGG: Some kids are.

SHANIA: Safe?

FLINT: Yeah well... I ain't. I seen you cry.... when you lost your batman car when you was 6.

BRAGG: Don't talk bout that.

CAROL: That's right.

SHANIA: For wierdos and losers?

FLINT: When my mum whipped you when you shit your pants. And when, in The Force Awakens, when Han's Solo gets killed by his kid? You cried then n'all.

BRAGG: I never.

CAROL: If they need it, but not just. Some are just a bit... you know... at a loose end. There's stuff to do here too.

FLINT: Yeah, right.

SHANIA: Like?

FLINT: You ain't scary.

CAROL: Well... all sorts. From table tennis...

SHANIA: Like I said. Losers.

BRAGG: Those days are long gone now, huh.

CAROL: Internet, pool, chats, hanging out, we sometimes cook, make cakes, watch films together, talk, go on outings.

SHANIA: Oh yeah? Like where.

BRAGG: Remember Book. From school?

CAROL: All sorts. We all piled off to an Ariane Grande gig last month.

FLINT: / Yeah.

SHANIA: / Yeah? Did you all get blown up?

CAROL: Not all of us. I lost a leg, but it grew back. Look. (SHAKES LEG).

SHANIA: (SMILES) Yeah. Funny.

BRAGG: She was nice, huh?

FLINT: She was ok.

CAROL: We're just friendly, look out for each other. When are you due, by the way?

BRAGG: I liked her. She's so fit. She... didn't you and her like hang out and stuff.

SHANIA: Bout 6 months. How do you know?

CAROL: You told me. Just after you called me a Lesbo bitch I seem to remember. My boyfriend laughed when I told him.

BRAGG: Did you ever... you know... do her.

CAROL: Have you decided?

FLINT: That ain't none of your business.

SHANIA: On what?

BRAGG: But you ain't denying it. I tried to. You know. A few times... but she wouldn't let me.

CAROL: What you'd like to drink?

SHANIA: Tea. White. 2 sugars.

CAROL: Perfect. And have you had your first scan?

BRAGG: Sometimes I think I'd give up everything, you know... the crew... all this... for a girl like that. You know she still friends with Shania? Shania's such a... I don't know... she's so skanky. No honour. Got no... no... self respect.

SHANIA: You aks a lot of questions.

FLINT: You don't treat her right, man.

CAROL: You don't have to answer.

BRAGG: I treat her like she's asking for. Tell me something, since we's talking bout being... a man.

SHANIA: Last week. The day I met you.

BRAGG: Have you done anyone yet. Got on the scoreboard.

CAROL: How'd it go?

FLINT: You mean... like... with a girl?

SHANIA: Alright.

BRAGG: Used your shank on someone. Proper like, like a real man. Finished 'em.

CAROL: Bit scary. Becoming a mother.

FLINT: No. (PAUSE) Maybe. I nicked a kid once. On the leg.

SHANIA: I'll be alright.

FLINT: He needed stitches.

CAROL: You're very brave

BRAGG: Very brave.

SHANIA: It ain't brave.

FLINT: He was pushing me about. Asking for it.

CAROL: I'm not sure I'd have kept it, at your age.

BRAGG: You know what Angel will say. If you go see him. How you gotta show your colours. True colours.

SHANIA: What's age got to do wiv it? I'll be alright.

FLINT: Ain't that like a song, outta... Trolls?

CAROL: Like I said... you're very brave. Two sugars yes? You got family support?

BRAGG: (LAUGHING) Yeah,, but he don't mean that. He mean... if you wanna stay in the game, his game, you gotta like....

SHANIA: When did I say that?

BRAGG: Snuff... someone.

FLINT: Did he say that to you?

BRAGG: He's got enemies. A lot of enemies. You'll get the talk... that we're like... his foot soldiers. Says it to everyone.

CAROL: Well...

FLINT: Everyone?

SHANIA: Nah. My mum's useless. I look after myself.

BRAGG: The fam is bigger than you think. 100%. Spreads right across the Borough, innit, and more. There's loads of us, Like what we've never even met. In uvver roads. Sometimes... our ops, yeah? Might even be kids from the same crew and we don't even know bout it. You feel me? He does though, but he don't care. Thinks it's funny. Divide and conquer.

CAROL: And the dad?

FLINT: Have you ever...

SHANIA: My dad?

BRAGG: Done someone? Look. If you really want in, to his world, his tribe... you gotta prove yourself. I was lucky. It was just an accident really... some bloke, in a carpark... got in the way.... but it was enough. Angel heard bout it, and now I'm on the next level, man. In. Next level Whatsapp group. Like scientology yeah? You want some elevation, you know what you gotta do.

CAROL: The baby's.

BRAGG: It wasn't random. He was asking for it. But... I got bloodied. Dipped in the sauce. It was enough. Now I just got a rep, a little fame on me name, and that's enough. You feel me?

(SILENCE)

SHANIA: (SNORTS) You gotta be joking.

(LIGHTS)

SCENE 4

(LATE EVENING.
LOCATIONS: YOUTH CENTRE; ANGELS PAD; THE STREET)
WE DISCOVER SHANIA AND CAROL. CAROL IS TIDYING
AWAY)

SHANIA: You don't mind?

CAROL: Really. I don't mind. There'll be another bus.

SHANIA: 'Cos, if you mind....

CAROL: Shania... it's ok. Just... tell me.

(AN UNUSUAL DOOR CHIME)

ANGEL: (LIGHTS UP ON HIS "PAD". TO SOMEONE OFF) Come in Flint. The door's open. Always open my son.

FLINT: (ENTERS) Thanks.

ANGEL: Come. Sit. (THEY SIT) I'm really glad you could take up my invitation. I get so few visitors these days. Well, not those who drop round purely for social reasons. How *are* those lips of yours?

FLINT: They're... fine.

SHANIA: I ain't been sleeping.

ANGEL: Good. I can still feel them even now. I'd say *that* was money well spent. That... enhancement. Beautification. Anyway... I'm rambling.

SHANIA: I can't get no sleep at all. It's been days.

FLINT: Not a problem.

CAROL: Why do you think that is? Do you know?

ANGEL: Beatification. That's another word I like.

SHANIA: I know what it is.

FLINT: What's it mean?

SHANIA: I can't get it out of my head.

ANGEL: Being made a Saint. Sainly. I don't know if there's an opposite. What do you think?

SHANIA: His face.

FLINT: Demonised?

CAROL: Whose face?

ANGEL: Demonised! Yes. Demonised. You'd know about that I reckon.

SHANIA: The bloke.

(BOOK ENTERS ON STREET. READING HER BOOK)

FLINT: Yeah.

CAROL: Start from the beginning, Shania.

DANNY: (ENTERS. TO BOOK) Excuse me.

ANGEL: Yeah.

SHANIA: Me and some of me crew were in a car park. One of them,.... Bragg, he... was breaking into a car. It was a shitty old banger, but there was like a jacket, on the back seat. Bragg reckoned it might have something in it. Told us to keep a look out.

ANGEL: Tea?

DANNY: Can I speak to you?

FLINT: Sure.

CAROL: Did he get in?

BOOK: Do I know you?

ANGEL: I'm a roiboosh man myself, but I've got builders too, or lapsang soo shong, or darljeeling. Have you ever had Darjeeling. It's not my...

FLINT: Cup of tea?

DANNY: I'm Flint's dad.

SHANIA: No. This bloke came over, started aksing us what we was doing?

ANGEL: Ooh.. You're a monkey you are. I also have monkey-picked tea. Now that *is* the dogs bollocks. Tea picked literally by monkey's, Can you believe that. The most rare tea there is. Heard of it?

BOOK: You're.... Danny?

CAROL: Was it his car?

FLINT: No

SHANIA: No..

ANGEL: No.

DANNY: Yes.

ANGEL: Not many people have. Tastes like the monkey's have pissed in it if you ask me. Hang on. (HE SHOUTS) Apunda! Tea! What sort did you want again.

SHANIA: He weren't wearing no uniform. I fink he was just going past. But he starts having a go.

FLINT: I didn't say.

BOOK: I thought you was like, in prison.

CAROL: So?

FLINT: Just Normal.

DANNY: I was.

ANGEL: And the magic word?

FLINT: Please.

ANGEL: Milk and sugar? Or do you prefer it black? Like your women.

BOOK: And a waster.

SHANIA: Bragg told him to fuck off. We all did. We all started shouting at him. But he was big, really big, and he just stood there, saying he was going to call the police.

FLINT: White, no sugar, is good... thanks.

DANNY: Right again.

CAROL: Then what?

ANGEL: She's very nice. Apunda! Tea!

BOOK: You used to like deal 'n 'at. I don't want to talk to you.

SHANIA: He popped his phone... he was so quick.... took pictures of us all.

FLINT: Um, who is?

DANNY: I've changed.

ANGEL: Apunda!

CAROL: How many of you were there?

(APUNDA ENTERS: A BLACK WOMAN, IN SOME SEEMING AFRICAN TRIBAL CEREMONIAL WEAR WITH A BLINDFOLD ON, LARGE EARRINGS, BUT SCANTILY CLAD IN A GOWN WITH AFRICAN COLOURS / PATTERNS / MARKINGS, THAT CAN BE OPENED AT THE BACK. SHE WALKS CAREFULLY, BEING BLINDFOLDED.)

ANGEL: My usual and a builders, white, no sugar. Hang on. Come here.

BOOK: Ain't that what they all say?

SHANIA: Only four, but Bragg went mad. Was already off his head. Started shouting and pushing him, trying to get his phone off him, and the bloke grabbed him, and we all started slapping him, to let go of Bragg, an.... but he was big.... and... well he didn't go down. It all happened so quick, he's like a wild man.

ANGEL: (HE TOUCHES APUNDA INTIMATELY. SHE BEGINS TO SQUIRM UNDER HIS TOUCH) This is all very nice. What do you think, Flint? Shania's quite a prize. Is that nice darling. (HE LICKS HER BODY). Who needs monkey picked tea huh. Go on you slut. Kettle. (HE SLAPS HER ON THE BOTTIOM. SHE LEAVES).

DANNY: I have. Please Book. I need to speak to you.

CAROL: Probably frightened.

ANGEL: What do you think?

BOOK: To say what exactly?

SHANIA: Bragg got thrown down, and... when he came up, he'd pulled his knife. It was just there, out on front of him, like a sting. Shining in the strip lights for a split second. He shouts... give me that fucking phone. The bloke shouts fuck you, and he's putting his phone away, Bragg leaps at him...

FLINT: Um...

SHANIA:and stabs him. Hard.

(ALL ACTION FREEZES. LONG SILENCE. THEN RESUMES, ONE SCENARIO AT A TIME)

DANNY: I'm sorry. I'm sorry I was your friend's useless dad.

CAROL: Bragg?

ANGEL: I know. She's not so chatty. But conversation is so overrated don't you think? All that back and forth. I like a bit of back and forth, don't get me wrong, but not at the expense of getting on with... what needs to be done.

BOOK: Well,... you said it now. And he's not my friend.

SHANIA: ...hard, in the stomach.

(ALL ACTION FREEZES AGAIN. LONG SILENCE. THEN RESUMES,
ONE SCENARIO AT A TIME)

FLINT: What does need to be done?

DANNY: But he was. And I know he really liked you.

CAROL: You saw this?

ANGEL: A very good question Well... now. Shall I tell you straight or shall we drink tea and discuss niceties first. And I'll say it again... She is very nice.

BOOK: Yeah, well. He's turning into you ain't he, so I don't "really like" *him*. How'd you get out anyhow?

SHANIA: And he goes down. Like quick. The look on his face.

(LONG SILENCE)

FLINT : (PAUSE) Apunda!?

DANNY: I did my time. I'm a gardener now, and...I volunteer. I'm completely straight. getting there. You've grown. I remember when you were this high.

SHANIA: And he's shouting for help. And Bragg's kicking him in the head, telling him to shut the fuck up.

BOOK: I'm surprised you remember anything. Cos you were always "this high".

ANGEL: Funny. I like your style. I know. I'm tall, I've got a long tongue, a far reaching touch, and a some influence. I'm a threat. An alpha male, Let's not beat about the bush, if you'll excuse the pun. And she's a tasty tea bush. Have you picked her leaves yet, you monkey?

DANNY: True dat. I ain't high no more though.

CAROL: The man's aksing for help? What did you do?

FLINT: Whose?

BOOK: A gardener? Ain't many gardens round here.

SHANIA: We's just watching and shouting at the man. Like we was still scared. Cos he was big, yeah, and he was like... an enemy... yeah... Not realising he's really badly hurt yeah? But then the blood starts to come out... like loads of it... a big fucking pool of it. Spreading. I can see the lights reflecting in it. I can see Bragg's knife reflecting in this... dark spreading mirror on the floor. And the

blokes moaning, and we're backing away... and Bragg goes in, one more time... to kick him again, and grab the phone.

(ALL ACTION FREEZES. LONG SILENCE. THEN RESUMES, ONE SCENARIO AT A TIME)

ANGEL: Book, Flint. Book.

DANNY: The suburbs.

ANGEL: Have you flicked through her pages, or still just reading the blurb? Fingering her spine?

CAROL: He gets the phone? And then?

FLINT: Have I fucked her?

BOOK: Nice. I'm gonna live there one day.

ANGEL: Oooh. Straight to the anglo saxon point. I Like it. All Lady Chatterley's lover on me. "Has she got a nice cunt?"

SHANIA: Then he reaches into the blood, and gets it on his hands yeah, and he comes over to us, Bobby and Ivanka and me and, real quick, he wipes the blood, it's still warm, and gross and sticky yeah, over our cheeks. Holds the back of my head, like he likes doing, and wipes that shit all over my face. Saying... "now it's on you too Shania. Now It's on you."

(ALL ACTION FREEZES. LONG SILENCE. THEN RESUMES, ONE SCENARIO AT A TIME)

DANNY: You got ambitions.

FLINT: I don't kiss and tell.

BOOK: What do you want anyway?

SHANIA: And then we run. Like we really fucking run.

(ANGEL NODS. HE STANDS UP AND APPROACHES FLINT. GETS CLOSE.)

CAROL: Where to?

ANGEL: That is the sign of an honourable man. Treats his conquests with respect. I like it. I respect that.

DANNY: Have you seen Flint?

SHANIA: I dunno. We all just fucking scattered yeah. But before I go... I can still see the bloke's face... in my head.... looking up... At me. He just seems to look at me. As if... as if he thought I would fucking help him, yeah.

FLINT: Thanks.

BOOK: Bout 2 hours ago. He went out. Does he know you're around?

CAROL: And did you? Did you... call anyone?

ANGEL: (BREATHING CLOSE; CARESSING, LICKING HIM) Makes me want to open up to you. If I know... my.... kisses... will be held in confidence. (BACKING AWAY) But seriously, talking of... holding, I think... Book could be a real asset to you. To your career. We all need a... companion, a confident, a ...sister in arms. Someone who's smart and who can...

DANNY: No.

SHANIA: No. Too busy wiping his frigging blood off my face and getting away. I ain't never told no one. Till now. Cos.... I can't sleep. I can't fink. I keep finking about his face.

ANGEL: If you move up a notch, you can't be caught carrying the gear, the money, the...

FLINT: Weapon. I know. I am not dumb. I don't want her / involved.

ANGEL: She's already / involved

BOOK: What you want to see him for?

ANGEL: She's not interested?

FLINT: / That's not what I said.

ANGEL: / Well these things can be worked around.

FLINT: Not this.

CAROL: The man who was stabbed.

ANGEL: We'll see. Now... I have a kiss that I want to show you. I call it "the kiss of death." The elders, of Morocco, call it a Koumaya, although it's not the ceremonial type I prefer really.

DANNY: I think he's in trouble.

SHANIA: When I saw my scan... the other day. The day I met you. Even when I looked at the scan of my baby? I saw his face.

(LONG SILENCE. APUNDA ENTERS. THE SCENE GETS FROM HERE PROGRESSIVELY QUIETER IN VOLUME)

ANGEL: Ah... Apunda. Come here and assume the position, would you. She has a lovely back. (APUNDA ASSUMES A POSITION ON ALL FOURS) Thank

you. Here. Take a line and we'll get down to brass tacks.

BOOK: What? You're gonna save him? I got one thing to say to you. White. Saviour. Complex. You belong in the 80's man.

CAROL: In the scan.

FLINT: I'm good.

DANNY: He's my son. And he's half white.

SHANIA: And the print outs. When I look at them. I see him at night n'all.

(LONG SILENCE)

ANGEL: Very restrained today. Hold still girl. (HE SNORTS)

BOOK: And half black. And *you*.... are a bit late, white Jesus.

CAROL: How long ago was this?

ANGEL: So... where were we?

DANNY: Is he dealing?

SHANIA: Two weeks.

FLINT: What needs to be done.

BOOK: And worse.

CAROL: You haven't slept in two weeks?

ANGEL: Ah yes. How old are you Flint?

DANNY: What sort of stuff?

SHANIA: An' It got worse. Bragg WhatsApped us all. A few days later.

FLINT: Fifteen.

BOOK: You name it.

SHANIA: He just said we'd all better shut the fuck up about it, or we'll go the same way.

ANGEL: A lovely age. And yet Book would be booked if *you* did *her* and *she* did *you*.

DANNY: Is he carrying?

CAROL: As the man?

(SILENCE. NEXT LINES SAID SO "TELL" COINCIDES)

ANGEL: But as you say / you don't kiss and tell,... lest the book be thrown at her.

BOOK: / Not sure I should tell you.

SHANIA: Specially me. I'm fucking terrified Carol.

DANNY: You still like... with him?

ANGEL: I have a gift for you. That shank you showed me is short and shabby.

SHANIA: Bragg's a fucking psycho. He's always been a psycho. You never know what he'll do next. He gets worse all the time. Always sampling the food. Always off his face.

BOOK: You are joking? I told you.

ANGEL: And being a weapons of mass destruction kind of guy, I thought you might like an upgrade.

CAROL: Has he done this before?

DANNY: But he sees you?

BOOK: Not if I see him first.

FLINT: Thanks.

SHANIA: No. I dunno. I fink he's stabbed someone, before, but like just in the backside yeah. He ain't never killed no-one. I don't think.

BOOK: Look. I just don't want no wasters to ruin my life. I've got plans.

ANGEL: No problem. Don't thank me. You've earned your points.

CAROL: That man might still be alive Shania.

DANNY: To move to the suburbs.

FLINT: I ain't done *that* much.

BOOK: To be a surgeon. I can't hang with the likes of Flint. He'll bring me down. No offence.

DANNY: None taken.

SHANIA: Carol. He died. It was like... in the news. I saw him. It said he was robbed. But he weren't. Well... that wasn't why he was... you know.

BOOK: What do you want with him anyway?

ANGEL: Well why don't we consider this an invitation... to do... more.

DANNY: Like I said, I need to get back in his life, steer him right.

CAROL: / Do you know his name?

ANGEL: / To up your game.

BOOK: He's got others steering him now.

SHANIA: I know everythng, like everything, about him.

DANNY: / Like?

CAROL: / Like ?

FLINT: Ok.

BOOK: Like Bragg. He's nothing though. Though he's probably carrying. And he's a bit of a psycho.

ANGEL: And to do that you need the tools of the trade. The proper tools.

DANNY: Anyone else?

SHANIA: Like.. Where he lives, lived. Where he worked, in Aldi... and... like... he had kids. Twins, Justin and... get this... Shania..., what nursery they go to, (St Michael's, yeah), their ages, what they play with, and their favourite... they like Trolls, and they like Peppa Pig. I used to like Peppa Pig. And what they eat (pizza, with olives) and his wife's Bella.... and fucking everything. His old school mates, his mother's place in Brixton.... I can see it all. Whenever I want.

ANGEL: But listen to me. If I do this for you, you're going to have to assume a new position.

BOOK: Some guy called Angel. He's the *real* psycho. Stay *well* clear of him if I was you. If he sees you messing with his crew, you'll be in a body bag next day.

FLINT: Position?

CAROL: In your... head?

ANGEL: In our orgnisation.

DANNY: Thanks for the tip.

SHANIA: In my bag, Carol.

BOOK: Listen. Flint... I know... he ain't a bad kid. Not really. Not deep.

CAROL: I don't undersatnd.

DANNY: That's good to hear.

ANGEL: It's about / Bragg.

SHANIA: / Bragg... gave me the phone.

(LONG SILENCE)

BOOK: But you going off. He's super-pissed at you, so don't 'spect no welcoming party.

FLINT: What bout him?

CAROL: The man's phone.

DANNY: I hear you.

ANGEL: Don't get me wrong. I like Bragg immensely. You do too?

SHANIA: Archie's phone. His name was Archie.

(LONG SILENCE).

BOOK: You is worse that dead to him. 'E as no respec' for you. For no-one no more. You is gonna have to earn it back.

FLINT: He's my mate. Known him...

ANGEL: Since school. I know.

DANNY: Thanks. I'm going to try.

CAROL: / You've got the phone?

SHANIA: / I've got the phone. He told me to hold it. Like I fucking hold everything.

ANGEL: But, sadly...

BOOK: Good luck with that.

ANGEL: ...he#s getting ideas above his station.

CAROL: Everything?

FLINT: I thought he was like... important. To you.

SHANIA: What do you think? The drugs, the money, his knives sometimes. A lot.

ANGEL: Well... there's important and there's important

CAROL: You hold the shit for him?

FLINT: And he's....?

SHANIA: Uhuh.

ANGEL: Let's just say he's getting sloppy, he's getting arrogant, and he's getting greedy. And... he's could still be useful, but not in the way that he thinks.

CAROL: You're his... girl.

FLINT: I don't undertsnad.

SHANIA: I'm his... dog, Carol. He owns me.

ANGEL: Now his use could be more of a... I don't know... a test. For you.

CAROL: He's the father. Of your baby?

FLINT: A test?

SHANIA: / Uhuh.

ANGEL: / Uhuh.

CAROL: He raped you?

FLINT: I don't get it.

SHANIA: I was... initiated. I was 13.

ANGEL: An initiation. But anyway, in the meantime, let me show you your new friend.

CAROL: And... Did you.....

FLINT: Ok.

SHANIA: Delete the photos?

ANGEL: I'm going to put on this blindfold. Did you know that justice is blind. As is love. Isn't that so Apunda?

CAROL: Of you all? That night?

FLINT: Ok.

SHANIA: No.

(SILENCE)

ANGEL: There. Now come. No peeking.

CAROL: Why not?

FLINT: I won't. I can't.

SHANIA: I don't... fucking.... know.

ANGEL: This way. Don't worry. I'll take of you. (LEADS FLINT TO A SHRINE-LIKE STRUCTURE. HE TURNS ON A LIGHT. SOME CEREMONIAL ASPECTS CREATED, MUSIC? CANDLE? ON THE ALTAR IS A LARGE AFRICAN KNIFE) This could be described as a ceremonial item, from Morocco. It carries with it immense power, and spiritual significance. Only given to a man, by the elders, when he becomes... a man. Here. (PULLS OFF THE BLINDFOLD)

CAROL: I think...maybe... you do.... fucking.... know.

ANGEL: What do you think? (HANDS FLINT KNIFE). Pretty isn't she.

SHANIA: Yeah. (SILENCE) I do know.

FLINT: (REMOVES BLINDFOLD. SMILES) Shit.

SCENE 5

(INTERIOR. CHANTAL'S FLAT)

CHANTAL: (ENTERS) It's alright Book. You're a good girl. Test grades aren't everything.

BOOK: (ENTERS) I need to do better than that. 35%!? I really messed up. I can't... I can't loose my shit.

CHANTAL: And why do you think that was?

BOOK: Well... (A)... My private tutor's put her prices up. I can only afford her once a fortnight now, and (B) I sat up all night listening to Shania. I mean all night. Before a test. She's really messed up at the moment. And now, so am I.

CHANTAL: You can't take on all the world's problems. Learn to turn your phone off.

BOOK: Yeah. Right.

CHANTAL: And when's she due?

BOOK: Bout 6 months.

CHANTAL: And who's the father?

BOOK: She won't tell me, exactly. But I can guess.

CHANTAL: She's only fourteen. That is rape, you know.

BOOK: Fink she might have been younger when she first did it.

CHANTAL: Or it was done to her? What is the world coming to?

BOOK: There something else, I was going to tell...

CHANTAL: And these men. They take and they.... And who's this?

FLINT: (ENTERS) Alright mum.

CHANTAL: Saint's alive. You're alive. I thought you dead for sure.

FLINT: I'm alive.

CHANTAL: And what's that on your face?

FLINT: It's nothing. Just...

CHANTAL: You been fighting again?

FLINT: It's nothing. He won't do it again. Anything to eat?

CHANTAL: I haven't seen you, in a week. Don't I get a kiss or something.

FLINT: Hi mum. (PAUSE) Book.

BOOK: Whateva.

CHANTAL: Look at you. That's a nasty bruise.

FLINT: I'll live.

CHANTAL: And now, just when I 'as a chance to find out what you've been up to, it's me gotta go out. (TO BOOK) Would you mind staying? You know why.

BOOK: Mmmm-mmm.

CHANTAL: Thank you. (TO FLINT) You. You be nice, and keep yer noise down. Akasha's just gone off, and I don't want her wakin'. Come here. Give your mother another kiss. You eaten?

FLINT: Not much.

CHANTAL: There's pizza in the freezer. Help yourself. Your tutor was here today, again. But you missed him.

FLINT: It don't matter.

CHANTAL: It does matter. He's the only educatin' you is ever gonna get. And someone else was looking for you too. But... anyway.... I gotta go.

FLINT: Laterz mum.

BOOK: Bye Chantal.

CHANTAL: Bye Book. (TO FLINT) You. Be nice. (EXITS)

FLINT: I will!

(SILENCE. BOOK AND FLINT LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEN FLINT GOES OFF INTO KITHCEN.)

FLINT: (OFF) You want some pizza?

BOOK: No. (PAUSE) Thanks.

FLINT: (RE-ENTERS) You look... shit. Have you been crying?

BOOK: Is that any business of yours? (SHE GETS OUT HER BOOKS)

(SILENCE)

FLINT: What happened?

BOOK: Listen. I ain't got time for no social chit chats. I gotta work now. Alright.

FLINT: Fine.

BOOK: I got an exam re-sit in the morning.

(SILENCE. SHE GETS HER BOOKS OUT. FLINT TAKES HIS JACKET OFF, BUT BUNDLES IT BEHIND THE SOFA. HE LOOKS AT HIS PHONE. HE LOOKS OVER. SHE CAN HARDLY KEEP HER EYES OPEN. HE GOES OUT TO THE KITCHEN, SHE CLOSES HER EYES: FLINT BRINGS THE PIZZA IN. SITS & STARTS TO EAT. BOOKS EYES STILL CLOSED. THEN THEY OPEN AND SHE BEGINS TO RE-ORIENTATE HERSELF).

FLINT: Look like you need to sleep.

BOOK: I need to concentrate and you ain't helping.

FLINT: What's your test on?

BOOK: Maths. Now do you mind?

FLINT: I don't mind. But I think your mind minds. Look at you.

BOOK: I'm just a bit... I didn't sleep well last night.

FLINT: Uhuh.

BOOK: Then I fucked up an exam today.

FLINT: Is that why you're doing a re-sit today.

BOOK: Mmm-mmmm

FLINT: But you is knackered again.

BOOK: I'm going to be alright. Alright. Just... I just gotta get my head straight.

FLINT: Well I aim to help.

BOOK: What's that supposed to mean?

FLINT: Well... me being out a lot, you know, means my mum's paying you to babysit, and that means you can pay your tutor.

BOOK: That is a really twisted way to look at things.

FLINT: True tho innit. And you get to study here in peace, cos I ain't hardly here to social chit chat wiv you. So there's another way my activities is helping you.

BOOK: If you say so.

FLINT: But it ain't enough. What I do for you. Is it?

BOOK: What's that supposed to mean, now?

FLINT: I mean after all of that, you're still failing tests and having to do resits, and still struggling to keep your shit together the night before that.

BOOK: And shall I tell you why that is, Dealer boy? Shall I? First of all, it's cos your mate Bragg put the shits up Shania so bad that she's ringing me at 3 o'clock in the morning and sobbing down the phone at me, and so I'm knackered, and second cos I can't afford my tutor's new big fuck off "Winter Sale now over" price tag. So you ain't helping me as much as your deluded little logic-calculator is finking. Now... can I get on?

(SILENCE)

FLINT: I can help you some more.

BOOK: Oh yeah? And how you's gonna do that? Huh? You gonna do the test for me, huh, in the morning?

FLINT: No.

BOOK: Then?

FLINT: (SILENCE) I got money.

BOOK: (SILENCE) You can't buy test results y'kna! Well, unless you're Lori Lochlin.

FLINT: (PAUSE) For your tutor.

BOOK: What?

FLINT: For your tutor. If you really need it. I can...

BOOK: You fink I'm gonna take your dirty money? Huh? You fink I is gonna sponsor my education on the proceeds of the shit you do? Are you mental?

FLINT: Oooo-kay. I Just thought...

BOOK: Yeah well, don't fink. Alright. Leave that to the thinkers. Alright?

FLINT: No problem.

BOOK: Alright.

FLINT: Just offering.

BOOK: I ain't taking.

FLINT: I hear dat.

BOOK: Good.

FLINT: You is still talking about it though.

BOOK: No I ain't.

FLINT: I must be hearing fings then.

BOOK: Can I get on!

(SILENCE)

FLINT: How much is she?

BOOK: What?

FLINT: How much.... Does she cost?

BOOK: Who?

FLINT: Your tutor.

BOOK: Look. Forget it, Alright.

FLINT: Like 20?

BOOK: Forget it.

FLINT: 50?

BOOK: 50? (LAUGHS) Your mum don't pay me that much.

FLINT: What then?

BOOK: 35, an hour. Alright.

FLINT: Oooh. Daylight robbery.

BOOK: You should know bout that.

FLINT: Once a week? I can cover that.

BOOK: I told you... no.

FLINT: Ok.

(SILENCE).

FLINT: You can pay me back if you want.

BOOK: What?

FLINT: When you become a surgeon, So... you won't really be like "taking it" from

me. Just be, like, a loan.

BOOK: A loan?

FLINT: No strings though. No interest. You can just pay me back when... like in 10 years, or whenever it is you make it big.

(LONG SILENCE. SHE GOES BACK TO HER BOOKS.
PUTS BOOK DOWN)

BOOK: A loan?

FLINT: Uhuh.

(SILENCE).

BOOK: No strings?

FLINT: Nope.

BOOK: Like you don't want nothing in return.

FLINT: Nope.

BOOK: Like....

FLINT: Look. I told you. It's a loan. A simple loan. We can write it all down if you want, and...

BOOK: But what if I...

FLINT: What? Fail? I don't see that happening, Book. (LONG SILENCE)
You don't know this, cos you don't like to hear what I fink. But you know... I know I is nothing to you... but.... I believe in you. (LONG SILENCE)
I think you've got a real chance. To, you know, make it. Like properly,... in life.

(LONG SILENCE).

BOOK: You ain't never said anything like that to me before.

FLINT: You ain't never listened to me before. (SILENCE) You desevre to... you know. To get out, to make it. (SILENCE) I like you. I always liked you. I mean *really* liked you.

BOOK: Ok. Stop that now.

FLINT: Ok.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: A loan? No strings.

FLINT: Uhuh. That's what I mean. I ain't asking for nothing. It's true I would like something, from you, but this... this offer.... it's like... unconditional. Completely.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: What?... what would you like?

FLINT: (SILENCE) You know. What I want. (SILENCE) But you is tired, and you ain't finking straight. And I ain't taking what I want, nor buying it.

BOOK: (LONG SILENCE) You wouldn't be doing either if...

FLINT: (PAUSE) Yeah?

BOOK: If I... give it... to you.

FLINT: Nah. Like I said. You ain't finking straight. (PAUSE) I'm gonna check on Akasha. (AS HE GOES OUT) Good job I'm here, huh. (EXITS. BOOK SITS STARING, BREATHING HARD. FLINT RE-ENTERS).

FLINT: She's fine. (PAUSE) Will you think about it?

BOOK: Bout what?

FLINT: What I said. Bout loaning you some money? I meant what I said.

BOOK: (SILENCE). Yeah. I'll fink about it.

FLINT: Good. you know you really look rough. Why don't you get some sleep?

BOOK: I can't. I got to study. My teacher gave me an extra chance, I can't blow it.

FLINT: But you are *wasted*. I mean. Look at you.

BOOK: I just need some coffee, or a coke or... something.

(SILENCE. HE GOES TO HIS JACKET AND PULLS OUT A PACKET).

FLINT: Normally. When people want a full on high, yeah. They do a full line, or two, of this.

BOOK: Is that what I think it is?

FLINT: But if you just want to, you know, wake up a bit, and get through the next few hours...

BOOK: Is that..?

FLINT: Then just like a tiny bit, can do that. Like snuff. Like this. (HE SNORTS SOME OFF BACK OF HIS HAND) A teeny tiny bit, no addiction.

BOOK: You believe that?

FLINT: No problem. Just a little booster. Boost your confidence too. I don't swear by it, but it can help... you know... in an emergency.

BOOK: (SILENCE) Like... a one off.

FLINT: And you've got a bit of a... one-off emergency. Ain't you. Well... a tiny one.

BOOK: No. It's a big one. I've got to pass this.

FLINT: Well...

BOOK: (PAUSE) How much?

FLINT: What?

BOOK: How much is it? I mean how much do you want?

FLINT: For a tiny sniff? Nothing.

BOOK: Nothing?

FLINT: No. And no strings. It's not even a loan. But don't do it, less you is sure. I mean really sure. Cos once you tried it... it's...

BOOK: You said... a tiny bit ain't... addictive.

FLINT: Yeah... but I didn't say you can't get to *like* it.... dependent on it, Book. Like... enjoy the feeling.

BOOK: Have you done it?

FLINT: Yeah. (PAUSE) But, Not much. I can take it or leave it. S'not even will power. I just don't... you know... always feel like it. Anyway's it's good not to be always sampling the stock. It gets expensive, and you start to lose your shit. I's leaving that lifestyle to Bragg-boy.

BOOK: *You*... can take it or leave it?

FLINT: Uhuh. It's not self control nor nuffin'. Just... I don't know. I like feeling... straight. You know. But a tiny bit. In an emergency, can be useful.

BOOK: Then why do you sell this shit to kids.

FLINT: How they use it is their business. How I use the money... is mine.

(SILENCE).

BOOK: Pass it here.

FLINT: You sure?

BOOK: I gotta work.

FLINT: Ok. Here. Let me put it on your hand.

(HE KNEELS IN FRONT OF HER. SHE LETS HIM. SHE SNIFFS IT).

FLINT: No Strings. But.... Can I... kiss you?

(SILENCE)

BOOK: No.

(LIGHTS)

SCENE 6

(UNSPECIFIED LOCATION / TIME OF DAY)

CAROL: Hey. How was it?

DANNY: What you think?

CAROL: You've not found him.

DANNY: It's like he's hiding from me. I'm not sure I'd even recognise him right now.

CAROL: Ask Chantal for a picture.

DANNY: I did. She's just.... taking her time.

CAROL: But she didn't say no?

DANNY: No. Just... you know... conflicted.

CAROL: And she's the only one?

DANNY: Meaning?

CAROL: Tell me. What you gonna do when you see him?

DANNY: (PAUSE) Say hello?

CAROL: Mmm. Cunning plan.

DANNY: Go for a pizza?

CAROL: Oooh. Big guns.

DANNY: Well, what do you suggest?

CAROL: I don't know, Danny. He's your kid. But my guess, he'll be...

DANNY: Less than excited to see me.

CAROL: "Theresa May what about the money for Grenfell? What? You think we just forgot about Grenfell?"

DANNY: You lost me.

CAROL: "What about you not being around for 8 years? What? You think I just forgot about you abandoning me?"

DANNY: He'll be hostile.

CAROL: Der!

(SILENCE)

DANNY: Maybe I could um... Challenge him to a fight?

CAROL: Nah. You just gotta let him rage,

DANNY: And take it.

CAROL: / And take it

DANNY: / Maybe.

CAROL: / And stay cool.

DANNY: / sober

CAROL: You let him win. Yeah.

DANNY: Course.

SILENCE

CAROL: Then... Pizza!

DANNY: Ok.

CAROL: (PAUSE) You are right to be nervous.

DANNY: I ain't nervous!

CAROL: Yeah, you are.

DANNY: And your evidence for the prosecution?

CAROL: You're taking sooooo long time to find him.

SCENE 7

(ON STREET: OUTSIDE CHANTAL'S. DAY)

FLINT: Alright. Where you going?

BOOK: Home. My tutor's coming. What happened to you?

FLINT: Maths?

BOOK: No. Biology. I been slipping in that now too. What happened to your leg?

FLINT: It's nothing. Just a little nick.

BOOK: That ain't nothing. That is a lot of blood. (PAUSE) You look really bad.

FLINT: It's nothing.

BOOK: Come on. Let's get you inside. You...

FLINT: No I can't. If my mum sees this she'll call...

BOOK: She ain't there.

FLINT: How d'you know?

BOOK: I.... just went round.

FLINT: What for?

BOOK: Come on. (LOOKS AT WATCH) Let's get you in. What is that in your jacket?
Sticking in me?

FLINT: Just a,,, present, someone,,, gave me.

BOOK: Come on. You got a key?

FLINT: No. You?

BOOK: No.

FLINT: (PAUSE) Shit.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: Ok what now...

FLINT: Er...maybe....AHH (PAIN)

BOOK: Ok come on, sit here. (They sit.)

FLINT: Why'd you come over? See me?

BOOK: You wish. No. I just. I needed like...your mum... to pay me.

FLINT: Did you text her first?

BOOK: She ain't answering.

FLINT: What's it for?

BOOK: The money. My new tutor. It's just... like...

FLINT: An emergency.

BOOK: Sort of. That is so bad. You need to go to emergency.

FLINT: I'll be ok. They aks questions.

BOOK: They're not the only ones.

FLINT: Huh?

BOOK: Someone's been looking for you.

FLINT: The Feds?

BOOK: Nah.

FLINT: Ah! (IN PAIN)

BOOK: Come on... let me... take these off.

FLINT: (STILL IN PAIN) Bragg?

BOOK: Take them off.

FLINT: What here!? in broad daylight?

BOOK: Let me see. Just drop them.... to your... ankles, ok?

FLINT: You know how long I been wanting you to say that to me? And now I (GASPS) couldn't do anything even if I wanted.

BOOK: Just shut up and stay there. Wait. (SHE GOES INTO HER BAG TO GET SOMETHING TO CLEAN IT WITH)

FLINT: / Who was it?

BOOK: / Who was it? Who was what?

FLINT: Looking for me?

BOOK: Well... I ain't sure you's gonna like it. Who did this?

FLINT: AH!!

BOOK: Okay just stay still. (LOOKS AT WATCH) Ooooh, that is so bad. You need stitches in that.

FLINT: Can you do it?

BOOK: What!?

FLINT: Can you stitch it?

BOOK: (SCOFFS) I ain't a fucking medic.

FLINT: But I thought. Like you was training and that. Rambo did it.

BOOK: Rambo? Rambo who?

FLINT: An' I got it on youtube. Instructions. I got needle and thread here.

BOOK: Where d'you get that!?

FLINT: (SARCASTICALLY) A shop. I would do it but... I'm too squeamish.

BOOK: Are you fucking nuts. Here? I ain't got...

FLINT: You wanna be a surgeon don't you? Now's your chance.

BOOK: However tempted I may well be. I ain't doing it.

FLINT: I can't go to the hospital. They'll call the police.

BOOK: So?

FLINT: So? I'm carrying.

BOOK: Jus....Hide it.

FLINT: Food *and* a shank. And money.

BOOK: Throw 'em away.

FLINT: Oh yeah. It's too much. Too much food, too much cash, and too much... look I can't, alright.

BOOK: Hide them then.

FLINT: Where!?

BOOK: In the flat.

FLINT: Did the key magically appear.

BOOK: (PAUSE) Shit. I don't know. The dustbin or something. Seriously... You'll bleed to death if you don't get that looked at.

FLINT: And what if some little kid finds it all.

BOOK: There's got to be somewhere.

FLINT: There ain't nowhere!

BOOK: What about... Bragg? Call him.

FLINT: He ain't answering either.

BOOK: Fuck! (SILENCE) K. I'll hold them?

FLINT: What!?

BOOK: Jus'... just till you get back.

FLINT: No.

BOOK: Look. I told you. I ain't joining your gang, alright. I'm just... You need to have that stitched up.

FLINT: (PAUSE) Why don't you do it? Look. I can show you the video.

BOOK: It's not clean. You'll have septicaemia, even sepsis in no time. Trust me. there's no need. I'll hold your stuff. You'll go to Emergency. If they ask... you fell off,... your bike, onto a.. um... a spike. Something.

FLINT: A spike?

BOOK: I don't fucking know. I'll text you a better idea on the way.

FLINT: You got my number?

BOOK: (PAUSE) Uhuh.

(LONG SILENCE)

FLINT: Ok. I'll do it. But on 4 conditions. Yeah?

(SILENCE)

BOOK: OK.... What?

FLINT: One. You tell no-one bout any of this. Any of the stuff I'm giving you. No one.

BOOK: Ok. Two.

FLINT: You don't give me no more lectures, nor looks, nor nuffin, when you see it.

BOOK: Ok. Three.

FLINT: You... borrow some of the money and go, pay your tutor.

BOOK: (PAUSE). Ok. (PAUSE) Four.

FLINT: You let me kiss you.

BOOK: (BEAT) Ok. (BEAT) But I have one condition.

FLINT: What?

BOOK: (PAUSE) You pull up your kegs first. I ain't kissing you like that.

FLINT: Oh. Yeah. Ok.

(HE PULLS THEM UP; IN PAIN.)

BOOK: Can you get there?

FLINT: I think so. Anyway you gotta go. Ready?

BOOK: Yeah. (PAUSE) Maybe.... give me the stuff first?

FLINT: That's what I meant.

BOOK: Yeah... of course. I knew that.

FLINT: Here. (HE PULLS OUT AND PASSES TO HER CASH FIRST)

BOOK: Whoa. (THEN BAGS OF DRUGS.) Shit. Industrial.

FLINT: You promised.

BOOK: That ain't a lecture. That's just... an observation. Is that it?

FLINT: No. There's this. (HE PULLS OUT THE BLADE)

BOOK: Fucking Jesus. What is that?

FLINT: It's Moroccan. Special like.

BOOK: You are so....

FLINT: Uh- uh. You promised. I'll take it all back and try my luck with Youtube.

BOOK: ... in need of.... proper medical attention. You... better put it um... in here (SHE OPENS HER BAG).

FLINT: Okay. You better go. You'll be late.

(SILENCE)

BOOK: Ok. (SHE SHOULDERS BAG AND EXITS)

FLINT: Wait! What about number...(PAUSE) Shit.

(BOOK RE-ENTERS)

BOOK: Four. (SHE KISSES HIM, LONG). Now... go. (SHE EXITS. LIGHTS DOWN).

SCENE 8

CHANTAL: (ENTERS, ON PHONE) So where are you now? (PAUSE)

FLINT: (ENTERS, ON PHONE) On my way, to St Mary's.

CHANTAL: Well, I want you to come home so I can... see how you're doing.

FLINT: I got stuff to do.

CHANTAL: (PAUSE) No... I'd like you to come home.

(CAROL ENTERS. RECOGNISES CHANTAL AS SHE GOES PAST)

FLINT: Let me see how my leg feels after.

CHANTAL: Now! Are you listening to me, boy?

ANGEL: (ENTERS) Flint!

FLINT: (DOWN PHONE) Laterz. (ENDS CALL).

CHANTAL: Hello? Hello!?

ANGEL: I've been looking for you.

CAROL: Clearly wasn't.

FLINT: You and the rest of the world.

CHANTAL: I'm sorry?

CAROL: (STOPS) Listening to you.

ANGEL: Have you inaugurated your new friend?

CHANTAL: Do I know you?

FLINT: Have I what my what?

CAROL: You're Chantal yeah?

ANGEL: The gift I gave you loses its power unless you put it to immediate use, show it who's the master

CHANTAL: Who wants to know?

ANGEL: ... and show me you're ready, player one.

CAROL: Went to St Michael's?

FLINT: Well I haven't really needed to.

CHANTAL: Who wants to know?

ANGEL: And what's that? (POINTS TO LEG)

CAROL: Used to be with Danny.

FLINT: Nothing. I fell is all.

CHANTAL: Who are you?

ANGEL: That's what you say to the police. Not me.

CAROL: I'm Carol. Carol Davies. We were at St Michael's together, Chantal. (SILENCE. CHANTAL LOOKS AT HER QUIZZICALLY). Oooh. You got into all sorts of trouble.

ANGEL: You look like you've been caught with your pants down.

CHANTAL: Are you my past? Come back to haunt me?

FLINT: No really I fell.

CAROL: We used to go up the Rose and Crown together, at lunch, you and me, with Danny and....

ANGEL: I can take it back. If it's too much responsibility? If you've nothing to do with the sort of income that it... that it supports?

CHANTAL: Ooooh... you're *that* Carol. Always had your eyes on my man.

FLINT: No. I... I do need it. I've every use of the..

ANGEL: Benefits?

CAROL: Men, Chantal. Well, boys. And I never saw your name written on their foreheads.

CHANTAL: You know what I mean. You had wondering eyes, and they wondered over my man.

ANGEL: So... where is it?

CAROL: Which one?

FLINT: I left it... in a safe place.

CHANTAL: Danny, of course.

ANGEL: With Book?

CAROL: Agh. He wasn't *that* special. And anyway... you had men all over you like flies

on....

CHANTAL: Don't say it. I'll slap you down.

FLINT: No. (PAUSE) Look. I need to pop to Emergency. Get this leg.... Best not to be carrying, You know.

ANGEL: Listen to me. I won't beat about the bush. If you don't use it, you lose it. Dig?

CAROL: On the sugar bowl. And no wonder. You were drop dead gorgeous. Always were.

FLINT: I dig.

CHANTAL: Mmm. Not so much these days.

ANGEL: And listen to me, again. I don't particularly want to see Bragg around here again. You dig?

CAROL: Well... life... you know. Ain't none of us...

CHANTAL: Getting any younger... ha ha

FLINT: Listen. Why him? Seriously. We went to school together. You know?

CHANTAL: Listen to us. Like a couple of old women. How you been Carol? It's good to see you!

ANGEL: I know that you have a choice to make. Keep the benefits or keep harping back to the past. You have a use for the benefits. You said. Make a choice.

CAROL: Yeah. Yeah... I'm good thanks. You know... I've been seeing... um...

FLINT: / Listen. I gotta go.

CHANTAL: / Listen I can't stop now I... my boy's hurt himself again, somehow...

ANGEL: Make. A. Choice.

CAROL: Ah. Not good.

FLINT: I'll see you later. (EXITS)

CHANTAL: No and I... hey...remember when you and me broke into the school...

(DANNY ENTERS. NOTICES ANGEL WHEN HE SEES HIM)

ANGEL: (CALLS AFTER FLINT) I'll be watching the news. (TURNS ON PHONE AND STARTS A CALL)

CAROL: Old Cleb's room.

DANNY: Yo. Keith!

CHANTAL: Cleb! His hair was unreal!

CAROL: And his eye! That eye of his!?

ANGEL: I'm sorry. Do I know you?

CHANTAL: Didn't they say he was stabbed in that eye. like with a fork, some woman he was touching up or something. Eugh!

DANNY: Come on. Keith. Keith Cresswell. It's me Danny, Danny Demario. St Michaels.

CHANTAL: And then we got in.

ANGEL: Sorry. I don't...

CAROL: He left the window open, so easy, the twat.

DANNY: Keith. Come on man. Shit you've changed. You were such a total fucking swot. You're looking well-different man.

CHANTAL: Liked a little smoke after school didn't he..... and we was like... Looking for the potassium or something... for explosions!!

ANGEL: Look. Danny is it?

DANNY: Demario.

CAROL: Noooo. Science test results. We were going to change our results...

ANGEL: Look Danny. I'm not Keith and if you don't fuck off, I'll cut you open.

DANNY: Oooh. What, here?.

CHANTAL: I thought we... and you fell off the roof...

DANNY: In front of them's cameras up there? With that unique looking hair cut?

CAROL: God I screamed!

ANGEL: Hair cuts can be changed.

CHANTAL: You was howling girl. *Howling!* Like a wolf bitch on heat.

DANNY: Come on man. We used to hang togevva. It's me, Danny.

(SHANIA ENTERS. A DIFFERENT SPACE. LOOKING AT PHONE).

ANGEL: Get lost.

CHANTAL: I remember all the lights in the neighbours' houses coming on.

BRAGG: (ENTERS. TO SHANIA) There you are. I need to talk to you.

DANNY: Alright. What's your name now then?

SHANIA: Yeah, well I don't need to talk to you.

CHANTAL: And all the neighbours were shouting, they's calling the police.

ANGEL: My name is Angel, and you are on my turf. My manor. Get it?

BRAGG: Have you still got that phone?

CAROL: Yeah.. and you ran off.

DANNY: No way. (LAUGHS) You?

SHANIA: I threw it in the river. Alright. Now leave me alone.

CHANTAL: Did I shit. I helped you up and we both ran off. I wouldn't leave you there.

ANGEL: Me.

BRAGG: Just come here. (HE GRABS HER)

CAROL: (SILENCE) Still got F's though, huh.

DANNY: You is lord of a manor. That is so funny. (LAUGHS)

CHANTAL: Still got F's,

SHANIA: Get off me. (BRAGG TRIES TO FRISK HER).

BRAGG: Shut up.

DANNY: I remember that time, that... sports day, when you was on the starting line for the 100metres.

ANGEL: Oh God.

SHANIA: I said get off me.

DANNY: Do you remember? And the gun went off, and you wet yourself. Like gushing. And then Mr Lacey shouted at you to "run!",

BRAGG: Stay still!

DANNY: ...and you ran, like squelching off down the track waaay behind all the uvver kids.

CAROL: What was you going to be again? Dancer, with Beyonce or summat.

DANNY: And the whole school saw it. That was like... legend. You became a legend. man. I felt sorry for you man.

ANGEL: Didn't stop you laughing about it though, did it?

BRAGG: Why are you so fat?

CHANTAL: A dancer, yes.

DANNY: So. You admit it. You are Keith.

ANGEL: Were. And now I'm a legend for other reasons.

SHANIA: Why'd'ya think?

CAROL: You had the moves, the body, the boys. You had it all, and you was. / We all envied you. So much, Chantal.

DANNY: But really... you was doing so well, at school. You got the band together.
/ We all envied you. So much.

BRAGG: You having a baby?

ANGEL: I did do well. Though the band was a bust. Waste of time.

CHANTAL: Yeah well. Beyonce never called back did she?

DANNY: No. We were good. Your songs....and A levels n'at. Like English and other things. You was like... / clever

SHANIA: / Clever Bragg.

(BRAGG SLAPS HER)

ANGEL: I did alright,.... now if you don't mind...

CAROL: Her loss Chantal. You kept up the dancing yeah?

DANNY: Didn't you like go on and get, like, a degree?

ANGEL: (SIGHS) Yes.

BRAGG: Where's the phone.

CHANTAL: Do I look like I kept up the dancing? Switched to Krumping?

DANNY: Creative writing? Something. You were tipped for great things.

SHANIA: I told you.

ANGEL: Tipped maybe.

CAROL: You look ok.

CHANTAL: I look like shit.

DANNY: And I was kicked out. For dealing.

BRAGG: And I'm supposed to believe you.

ANGEL: Yes, Well keeping your mouth shut wasn't your forte, I remember.

CHANTAL: Having a baby does that, you know.

DANNY: So... you're what? Dealing now?.

BRAGG: So... who's baby is that?

ANGEL: Look. I don't so much deal. I'm the dealer, of the cards and of the pack. I am the banker, the teller, the owner of the casino. I am the accountant, the tax man and the collector. I am the dreamers of dreams, and Father to all my Flock.

SHANIA: It don't matter.

CAROL: Danny's boy.

CHANTAL: Uhuh.

DANNY: Oooh. Still very flowery then.

BRAGG: Whose is the fucking baby, Shania?

ANGEL: Well. Eloquent maybe. Now,... Danny? For old times sake...

SHANIA: I thought you was worried about the phone?

(BRAGG SLAPS HER AGAIN)

CAROL: And who you wiv now?

ANGEL: I'm going to let this go, and I'm going... to let you go.

BRAGG: You either tell me, or I is gonna cut you open, here and now, and pull it out.

ANGEL: ...and I suggest you move on.

SHANIA: Who'd you fink?

CHANTAL: Me!? I ain't making that mistake again. Once bitten, Carol. I am done wiv men. (PAUSE) What about you?

DANNY: Sure, but before I go.... for old time's sake, and cos we were actually like, good mates. Well I thought so. And band members....

BRAGG: You is lying.

DANNY: What happened?

CAROL: Me?

DANNY: You got a degree.

SHANIA: Let me aks you something. Did you use a condom, every time you fucked me without my proper adult consent? Huh?

ANGEL: So?

CHANTAL: Yeah. You was going to be... I don't know... didn't... weren't you interested in... childcare or something.

DANNY: But you're a what, Now? A fucking gang leader or something.

BRAGG: But you is... you're... on the pill!

ANGEL: I wouldn't put it so starkly. But...

CAROL: (LAUGHS) No-one's "interested" in childcare, Chantal.

DANNY: So what happened?

SHANIA: And who told you that Bragg? Did you ever aks me? Huh?

DANNY: ... to you.

CHANTAL: (LAUGHS) No, tell me about it.

ANGEL: What happened?

BRAGG: You ain't keeping it.

ANGEL: I'll tell you. A degree in this country is worth precisely nothing. A degree in Creative Writing? Less.

CAROL: Your boy's in trouble.

SHANIA: The phone or the baby?

CHANTAL: Did I say I had a boy?

ANGEL: But in this, other, and more lucrative game, it doesn't take long for the cream to rise to the top.

CAROL: No. But.... I know.

ANGEL: If that cream doesn't sample too much stock, stays friends with the local vice team, and unflinchingly removes small obstacles to progression.

BRAGG: The baby!

DANNY: Or gets others to.

CHANTAL: How do you know?

SHANIA: Says who?

ANGEL: Or gets others to. Especially those who stay cool, don't get sloppy and don't let the merchandise get the better of them. Is that "what happened" to you, Danny. Got a taste did we?

BRAGG: Says me. Come on.

CAROL: I'm wiv Danny now.

DANNY: You could say that.

SHANIA: Get the fuck off me!

CHANTAL: What?

ANGEL: Well, there's your slip up.

CAROL: I'm with Danny.

ANGEL: Now I've got boys who stay clean, keep their mind on the job.

BRAGG: Shut up.

ANGEL: Admittedly there's some... rogues,....

BRAGG: Come on, now.

CHANTAL: My Danny.

ANGEL: but we've... a cleansing system.

SHANIA: Where the fuck to!?

CAROL: Again, Nothing on his forehead bout you, Chantal. But Yeah. That Danny.

DANNY: But you was.. I mean-... you wrote stuff. Poetry. Lyrics. You were

ANGEL: ..talented?

BRAGG: Where'd you fink? The hospital. Gonna get you sorted.

CHANTAL: I knew it! You always had your dirty gaze on my man.

DANNY: Yeah. Creative.

SHANIA: That ain't gonna happen. My baby. My body. You ain't involved.

CAROL: (SIGHS) First he ain't yours, second, you don't want him no more, and third, I only swiped him 5 months ago, Chantal, on Tinder, so it's nothing and never was anything to do with you two. You was already oold history. Ok?

ANGEL: Yeah, but as I remember, you and the rest of the band only hung with me cos I supplied the food. The tabs and the dope.

BRAGG: I am now. Come on.

CHANTAL: Mmm

DANNY: No! Well... maybe... a bit../ toward the end.

ANGEL: / toward the end.

SHANIA: Hello!?! Reality check! You fink they're gonna slap me on a table. There and then, vacuum me out!?

CAROL: I wouldn't do that to you. Not to no-one. It ain't my style.

CHANTAL: Mmm.

CAROL: It ain't.

BRAGG: We'll make an appointment. Something. I don't know.

ANGEL: Danny, you, no-one gave a fuck about my talent. My songs? They were a joke.

DANNY: No.

CHANTAL: Well. You're welcome to him.

ANGEL: Yes.

BRAGG: Come on!

CAROL: Thank you.

ANGEL: Now? No one laughs at me.

SHANIA: Get the fuck off me. (THEY EXIT).

CHANTAL: He's all yours

CAROL: Very generous

ANGEL: They fear me.

CHANTAL: I fucking hate him..

ANGEL: And that's all the respect I need.

CAROL: I hear you're angry.

CHANTAL: I am.

ANGEL: Now keep out of my way.

CAROL: I know. But, you know. He's changed.

ANGEL: You have been warned.

CHANTAL: Great. So now you get the reformed version.

DANNY: Sounds like a clichéd lyric, Keith.

CAROL: (INDIAN HEAD SHAKE) He's doing ok!

ANGEL: For old time's sake. (EXITS)

(BOOK ENTERS, ON PHONE (NEW SPACE)).

CHANTAL: And I get left with the boy. The damaged goods.

DANNY: Ppphhhh! Rolling 24 hr news cycle! (PHONE RINGS. HE ANSWERS)

CAROL: But he's,... Danny's trying to get... you know... to get to know Flint.

DANNY: (DOWN PHONE) Hello.

CHANTAL: Oh yes! I heard that. Suddenly he wants to be a father.

BOOK: Danny?

CHANTAL: Well he's too fucking late, Carol.

DANNY: Uhuh.

CHANTAL: This boy is already out of control.

BOOK: It's Book. Look...

CHANTAL: Take more than a pizza and a game of footy with his reformed addict and dealer dad to get him back on track.

CAROL: Worth a try though.

BOOK: I shouldn't tell you this, but Flint's at the hospital. If you want to see him.

CHANTAL: Too little too late, Carol. Now if you don't mind, I gotta go, by myself, to the hospital, and pick up the mess..... again.

DANNY: Hospital?

CAROL: / St Mary's?

BOOK: / St Mary's Emergency.

CHANTAL: / St Mary's. Emergency. Says he fell. And I, don't believe it.

DANNY: Is he alright?

CAROL: Can I come wiv you?

BOOK: He's ok. Just a... a cut... to his leg.

DANNY: / Shit

BOOK / It's a bad one, but he'll be ok, with some stitches

CHANTAL: What for?

BOOK: I had to make him go there.

CAROL: Like... support. Being a mate.

DANNY: Nice one. Well done, Book. You're a good...

CHANTAL: Mates don't steal their mate's boyfriends.

BOOK: I'll meet you there.

DANNY: Ok. Thank you. (ENDS CALL. EXITS)

CAROL: Come on. You know that ain't what happened. (PAUSE) Come on, let me come. (PAUSE) Come on. You look like you need a friend right now.

BOOK: Cool. (ENDS CALL. OPENS BAG: CONSIDERS CONTENTS. ZIPS IT. EXITS)

CHANTAL: (PAUSE. SNIFFS). Ok. But don't start howling.... if it looks nasty.

CAROL: (LAUGHS) I ain't squeamish. I was just in a lotta pain.

CHANTAL: Yeah well, you'll be in a lot more pain if you mess with me.

CAROL: Come on Chantal. I ain't here to mess with you. (THEY START WALKING) Remember when we caught Cleb perving you, in Biology. Looking down your blouse.

CHANTAL: (SMILES) Well... I was used to it. Most of the teachers..... you know...

CAROL: Well, You was well fit... you know... I...You were fucking gorgeous, Chantal.

CHANTAL: (PAUSE) I know.

(THEY EXIT. LIGHTS)

SCENE 9:

(DAY. OUTSIDE HOSPITAL. FLINT ENTERS
HOBBLING. HE MAKES A CALL)

BOOK: (ENTERS. ON PHONE) Have you been seen?

FLINT: Yeah. 4 hours later.

BOOK: Stitches?

FLINT: 20.

BOOK: Can you walk?

FLINT: Yeah. Have you... got...

BOOK: Bringing it now. Then we're gonna talk.

FLINT: You promised.

BOOK: The no-lecture promise is history. You want your gear, you gotta listen to me first.

FLINT: (SIGHS) Whatever.

BOOK: Where are you?

FLINT: Outside St Mary's.

BOOK: Wait there.

FLINT: Why?

BOOK: It's a good place to think about your future.

FLINT: Whatever. (TO PERSON OFF, RESIGNEDLY) Hi mum.

CHANTAL: (ENTERS WITH CAROL) There he is.

FLINT: Gotta go. You've been beaten to the lecture.

BOOK: / Stay there.

CHANTAL: / Stay there.

FLINT: (ON PHONE) I will! Laterz. (TO CHANTAL) I ain't running away.

CHANTAL: At last I catch up wid'you!

FLINT: Who's this?

CAROL: I'm Carol

CHANTAL: It don't matter who this is. Your mother wants a word with you, and this is as good a place as any,

FLINT: Hi Carol.

CHANTAL: Since I brought you into the world right here.

CAROL: Hi.

CHANTAL: You know I been chasing you around for days now. Days!

CAROL: I'm a friend of your mother's

FLINT: Lucky you. (TO CHANTAL) I saw you yesterday!

CHANTAL: For five seconds!

CAROL: It ain't so bad. She's worried about you.

FLINT: You were going out, not me. (TO CAROL) She needn't be. I'm fine.

CHANTAL: Don't you back-chat me young man. You're not too old for a good hiding you know... and....

(CAROL AND FLINT BOTH LAUGH)

FLINT: I'm sorry. Are we in Victorian England?

CHANTAL: What!?! You both laughing at me now!?

FLINT: No.

CAROL: Sorry Chantal. I just haven't heard that expression for a while.

CHANTAL: Said you'd come to support me!

CAROL: I can support you both. How's your leg?

FLINT: It's fine.

CHANTAL: (MUTTERING) Laughing at me.

FLINT: How do you know?

CAROL: Your mother said. Fell did you?

FLINT: Yeah. It's...

CHANTAL: Fell my foot.

FLINT: It was just...

CAROL: A flesh wound.

CHANTAL: Would it be alright to talk to my own son here?

CAROL: Sure Chantal. How many stitches?

FLINT: 20.

CAROL: Wowsers! That's some war wound.

FLINT: I know.

CHANTAL: Can I...

CAROL: You're gonna have some monsta scar there.

FLINT: I know.

CHANTAL: Can I get a word in edgeways here.

CAROL: / Sure.

FLINT: / Sure mum.

CHANTAL: Where is it?

FLINT: On my leg.

CAROL: Show me.

FLINT: Here.

CAROL: Nasty. Can you walk.

FLINT: Yeah. I'm fine.

CHANTAL: Good! Now that's all sorted. I want to know what you've been up to get yourself back here again.

FLINT: I told you. I fell.

CHANTAL: Off your bike.

FLINT: (PAUSE) Yeah.

CHANTAL: The bike you don't have?

CAROL: (LATERAL CLICK CHEEK SOUND) Got you there.

FLINT: I was given one.

CHANTAL: Given?

FLINT: Yeah.

CHANTAL: Mmmm-mmm- Stolen?

FLINT: I don't steal mum.

CHANTAL: Handle stolen goods. Ah... the guilt on his face. You think you is ever gonna be more than a statistic? Huh? You just one more black teen...

FLINT: Mixed race.

CHANTAL: And as long as a *black* kid get's killed on the street, no one's ever gonna care.

FLINT: What's a bike got to do with getting killed? (TO CAROL) So who are you?

CHANTAL: / You think one thing don't lead to another?

CAROL: / Told you. We went to school.

FLINT: St Michael's?

CAROL: The very one. Knew your dad n'all.

CHANTAL: / Never mind him. Waste of time.

FLINT : / You knew my dad?

CAROL: Mmmm – mmmm

FLINT: Do you... still see him?

CHANTAL: Mmmm-mmmm.

FLINT: Where is he?

CAROL: / He's looking... for you.

CHANTAL: / Never mind that bitch. I am trying to talk to you.

FLINT: (TO CAROL) What for?

CHANTAL: You is lying to me.

FLINT: About what?

CHANTAL: Being given a bike.

FLINT: I was. I fell. Simple as. (TO CAROL) What for?

CHANTAL: Says he wants / to...

CAROL: /Make up for lost time.

CHANTAL: Liar.

CAROL: He wants to... to / be your dad again, Flint.

CHANTAL: / "be your dad again."

FLINT: You know my name.

CAROL: I know a lot about you.

FLINT: From mum?

CAROL: From your dad. He's a really nice guy, Flint.

FLINT: What's she talking about mum? He know's nothing about me.

CHANTAL: I don't know.

FLINT: He's just a... a fucking...

CHANTAL: Loser.

FLINT: Junkie dealer.

CHANTAL: Waster.

CAROL: No he's clean.

CHANTAL: I'll believe that when...

CAROL: That picture you have of him? In your head?

FLINT: Just a fucking.... / convict.

CAROL: / *Well* past it's sell-by date. He's really sorted and cool these days.

FLINT: Yeah. Like....

CHANTAL: He is going to believe that.

CAROL: You two almost speak as one.. Did you know that? Nice to know you can join hips on at least one thing.

FLINT: My dad's a cunt.

CHANTAL: No need for language boy. (PAUSE) But... he is.

CAROL: Then I like cunts.

FLINT: Then you're a cunt.

CAROL: Look. Before you get all DH Lawrence on me, I totally get it that you ain't got no reason to trust your dad or some stranger. But I am telling you anyway... your dad, seriously, is looking for you, and wants to get back in your life and be a good father to you again. Or for the first time. He's clean, he's straight, he's working, he's real, he's together and he's cool. And if that makes him a cunt, then cunts are the future. Long live the cunt.

CHANTAL: Do you mind!

FLINT: Book said someone was looking for me.

CHANTAL: ...not teaching my boy to speak like a sewer.

CAROL: Book? (TO CHANTAL) So did you tell him, about Danny wanting to see him?

FLINT: Just... a friend.

CHANTAL: Why would I want to do that? When *could* I!?

CAROL: You don't think he has a right to know?

FLINT: (TO CHANTAL) Did you know about this?

CHANTAL: I hardly see you!

CAROL: She knew.

CHANTAL: Is this what you call support? You always was a...

FLINT: Why didn't you tell me?

CAROL: I'm supporting you all.

CHANTAL: A... thief. A... traitor.

CAROL: That ain't fair Chantal. Families need fathers.

CHANTAL: No they don't. Not this one!

FLINT: Did you speak to him?

(SILENCE)

CHANTAL: I might have.

FLINT: When?

CHANTAL: I don't know. A week or so.

FLINT: And you never told me!?

CHANTAL: I never see you! Anyway... we don't need him do we? Mmmm.? Haven't we always said, Flint, mmmmm? We's better off without him. Always was. Always will be.

(SILENCE.)

FLINT: You should have told me!

(SILENCE.)

CHANTAL: But... we always said....

SILENCE.

CHANTAL: Look. He's been nothing but trouble for me, (PAUSE) and for you. I thought you wouldn't want...

FLINT: Did I ever say I needed you to think for me? You think I can't make up my own mind. You think I need all these women in my life giving me lectures all the time? Well I don't, alright? I don't need loadsa muvvers all around me all the time telling me what to do and hows to think. I got my own life, my own.... my own life. Alright. So just fucking leave me alone!

BOOK: (OFF) Flint!

FLINT: Fuck!

BOOK: (ENTERS) How you doing? Hello Chantal.

CHANTAL: What you doing here?

BOOK: (TO CAROL) Hi. Um. I just...

CAROL: Hello.

BOOK: I was just... um. I heard about....

FLINT: Another muvver.

CHANTAL: I thought you two weren't friendly no more.

BOOK: (TO FLINT) What's that supposed to mean?

FLINT: Forget it.

BOOK: No. Cos I wanna know.

CAROL: Don't *seem* friendly. (TO BOOK) Sick of women in his life.

CHANTAL: Apparently. I'm sick of the men in mine.

BOOK: Uhuh! Cos 4 hours ago, you is all over me.

FLINT: (TO BOOK) Not you.

BOOK: And I ain't your muvver.

FLINT: And anyway, *you* kissed *me*.

(CAROL AND CHANTAL LOOK AT BOOK WITH KNOWING LOOKS)

BOOK: Only.... only... cos.... we had a deal. To make sure you came here.

CHANTAL: Yeah. I believe you girl.

BOOK: It was a... A condition.

CAROL: You got the condition, girl.

BOOK: Allow it!

(SILENCE)

BOOK: Anyway... how's your leg?

FLINT: / I'm fine.

CHANTAL: / He's fine. We don't all always have to talk about men you know.

CAROL: Tru dat. The Bechdel test, this ain't!

BOOK: I was talking bout his leg, not the whole of him.

CHANTAL: You's wanna talk bout anything else? An' I thought you was just babysitting.

BOOK: / I was

FLINT: / She was.

CHANTAL: My eyes has been opened.

BOOK: Allow it! (TO FLINT) Did he find you?

FLINT: Who?

BOOK: (PAUSE) Your dad?

FLINT: What?

BOOK: (TO CHANTAL) Did you not tell him?

(SILENCE)

FLINT: Am I the only one round here who don't get to know shit? Shit that's important? And you want to know why you don't see me? Cos I need some control back in my life. Control *over* my life. I got you, and her and... and teachers and...

CHANTAL: You don't go to school!

FLINT: And all these other fucking people... all trying to tell me what to do, who to see, when to jump, and how high. And all of you, every one is just some know-it-all social worker or mother or teacher or youth worker or copper,... all of you don't know shit about me, and bout what I need, who I am?

(DANNY ENTERS)

You know who I am? Huh? You know? I am a prodigy. A real prodigy. I been told that, you kna? By an angel. I've got real powers. Super powers and I am invincible. You know? I don't need all you do-gooders and mummies, all telling me my business. I am the business and I am the power, and I am respect and I am going places and you... you you... women... you know nothing about me. Nothing. Do you hear me. (PAUSE) I... I know... who I am.

DANNY: Do you? And who are you?

(SILENCE)

FLINT: And who the fuck are you? (TO BOOK) Did you bring my stuff?

DANNY: Someone who gives a shit.

BOOK: Yes. But Flint...

FLINT: Well do you mind. I is talking to my women here. (TO BOOK) Where is it?

CAROL: / I ain't your women.

CHANTAL: / I ain't your women. (PAUSE) Book?

BOOK: (PAUSE) Can I get back to you.

CAROL: Mmm... Like I said, Condition.

CHANTAL: Mmm-mmmm-

BOOK: Allow it!

CHANTAL: (IN MIMICRY) / Allow it

CAROL: (IN MIMICRY) / Allow it. Mmm... Sooo convincing.

CHANTAL: (TO DANNY) So what you want?

FLINT: / You know this guy?

DANNY: / You know what I want Chantal. Book.

BOOK: Yeah.

DANNY: Carol. How are you Flint?

CAROL: Gorgeous.

CHANTAL: Ha! Don't make me laugh. Gorgeous my arse.

FLINT: Do I even fucking know you?

DANNY: You said you know who you are.

CAROL: Don't play games. Just tell him.

CHANTAL: Games is what he does best.

FLINT: (TO BOOK) Is it in your bag?

DANNY: I've been looking at our family tree, Danny. Did you know, who your ancestors were? It's / really interesting...

CAROL: / Oh! Flint, this is your...

FLINT: My ancestors are all dead man. They all died didn't they. Every one of them.

CHANTAL: Look. Let's just get you home. (TO DANNY) You... you just leave him alone.

FLINT: And who are you, to be coming up to me, talking bout my family? Who the fuck are you?

DANNY: That's some wound you've got there. You know, Your people used wounds to initiate their youth. Did you know that?

FLINT: Yeah? Well I'll fucking initiate you! You wanna get outta my face or am I gonna have to cut you?

BOOK: / Leave it Flint. He ain't here to...

CAROL: / Danny. Just tell him...

CHANTAL: / Come on son, Let's go home. You've had a bad day.

FLINT: What the fuck do you know bout *my* people. Some white skank coming up to me and my women and telling me about my people and who I am!? You is kidding me yeah? Cos I tell you I am gonna send you to your own ancestors

if you don't fuck off. Like, right now.

SHANIA: (OFF) Get the fuck off me!

FLINT: Right now, do you hear me?

BRAGG: (ENTERS WITH SHANIA) Shut your mouth and get your dirty ass in there.

FLINT: / Bragg!?

BOOK: / Shania!

CAROL: / Hello Shania.

CHANTAL: What's going on here? Bragg?

SHANIA: Book. Get him off me, He's a fucking psycho.

BRAGG: Keep out of it, fat mamma. 'Less you want a slap.

CHANTAL: / Who you talking to like that!? I used to wipe your backside.

FLINT: / Don't talk to her like that Bragg-boy.

Braggboy: You shut your mouth n'all, less you want another kiss on that pussy mouth of yours.

CAROL: So this is Bragg. Oh yes... I recognise you.

SHANIA: Carol. Book. Get him off me.

BRAGG: Shut up. (TO CAROL) Do I know you? (TO SHANIA) Do you know her!?

BOOK: Get off her Bragg. She's pregnant.

BRAGG: Oh we're all here today. What? You up the spout n'all? I know she's fucking pregnant. But not for much longer, ok. We're gonna sort it, right here.

CAROL: I don't think so. Is this what you want Shania?

SHANIA: Do I look like this is what I want!?

FLINT: Get off her Bragg.

BRAGG: (PULLS KNIFE. HOLDS SHANIA, WAVES IT AT THEM) What? You all want some!? Huh?

SHANIA: (SCREAMS) Get him off me!

BRAGG: (TO DANNY) What about you? You looking for some n'all?

DANNY: I'm good. That's a nice knife. Sharp.

FLINT: Yeah, And well used...So don't fucking come it with me alright. Or I'll drop you.

CAROL: Maybe we should all just calm down.

ANGEL: (ENTERS, CLAPPING, CLEARLY HIGH) Ever the voice of reason.

CAROL: Do I know you?

DANNY: / What are you doing here?

BRAGG: / What are you doing here?

ANGEL: And you've got broad daylight. Security cameras aaaall around, plenty of witnesses, so now would be, don't you think, the worst time to fatally attack someone with an illegal weapon.

FLINT: I ain't attacking no-one.

ANGEL: Which, Flint my boy, is why this... twat... has become a total fucking liability. And I'm starting to wonder if you are too? Are you going to do what I ask, or must I do it myself.

CHANTAL: / Who are you, talking to my boy like that? (PAUSE) I know you.

BRAGG: / Who you calling a twat?

ANGEL: Good
afternoon Mrs Demario. I'm guessing you're the injured party's mother.
/ How's the leg anyway, Flinty Winty? If you'd properly initiated your Moroccan friend this (INDICATES FLINTS LEG) wouldn't have happened.
Where is it?

CHANTAL: / I ain't Mrs nobody no more. And where do I know you from?

DANNY: / It's
Keith.

CAROL: / It's
Keith.

FLINT: / I ain't got it. His name's / Angel.

ANGEL: / Angel. What do you mean you've not got it? That gift was to be your constant companion, you twat.

CHANTAL: Keith Cresswell!?

FLINT: / Keith?

BRAGG: / Keith?

ANGEL: Keith? Angel? It's not important. What's important is that (TO FLINT) you dance to my tune, or you fucking leave the band.

DANNY: / Flint's one of... yours!?

CHANTAL: / (TO FLINT) Do you know this... creature?

ANGEL: / I told you I wanted things done, but here (POINTS TO BRAGG) the problem persists...

FLINT: / (TO DANNY) Who are you anyhow?

BRAGG: / I ain't no problem...

SHANIA: / Carol. Get him off me.
Please!

ANGEL: / and here you are having a nice social with... ah... you must be Book.

DANNY: / I'm a better option than this one, Flint.

CAROL: Just hang on Shania. We're going to sort it out.

BOOK: Do I know you? (HANDS INSIDE HER BAG)
(SILENCE)

ANGEL: Not yet. (HE MOVES CLOSE TO HER, INVADING HER SPACE)
(LONG SILENCE)

CHANTAL: Hey. (PAUSE) Ain't you the boy who wet himself, in front of the whole school? On sports day?

DANNY: That's him.

CAROL: / (LAUGHING) I remember! *That* Keith Cresswell.

CHANTAL: / (LAUGHING) Ah! Yes... He ran the whole 100 metres, his shoes full of piss!

DANNY: (LAUGHING) Yeah but come on. He was a really good songwriter.

BRAGG: (RELAXES, LAUGHING SLIGHTLY) / (TO ANGEL) Full of piss?

FLINT: / (TO ANGEL) Is this real?

DANNY: / We went to school with him, Flint.

CHANTAL: / to school with him, Flint.

CAROL: Come on Shania. Now.

FLINT: Dad?

BRAGG: You pissed yourself?

ANGEL: (PULLS LARGE KNIFE) Old times' sake, Danny? That's done now. And so are you.

CAROL: Come on Shania! Now! (SHANIA MAKES A DASH).

BRAGG: Where you going? (CHANTAL GETS IN HIS WAY)

CAROL: Chantal, Grab her! Push her here.

BRAGG: Out the way grandma!

SHANIA: / Get away from me!

CHANTAL: / That ain't my name, little arse wipe.

ANGEL: (ADVANCING ON DANNY, WHO BACKS) The Song is sung, the curtain closing.

DANNY: / Keith come on. It was all just a joke.

FLINT: / Get off my mum, Braggboy! (TO BOOK) Where's the shank?

CAROL: / Hold him Chantal. I've got him. (THEY RESTRAIN BRAGG)

CHANTAL: / I've got the snot-nosed little bastard. (THEY RESTRAIN BRAGG)

BOOK: Wait!

BRAGG: Get the fuck off me! (FIGHTING BUT SLIGHTLY RESTRAINED AS IT'S TWO OLDER WOMEN; ONE OF WHOM USED TO BABYSIT HIM)

FLINT: Dad. Look out for...

CAROL: / Book, you take her.

CHANTAL: / Book grab Shania.

BOOK: Wait! Wait!

ANGEL: Let's dance shall we, oh Danny boy? (TO DANNY) You first. Methinks.

DANNY: Fuck off me with that Keith. Come on now this is stupid. (BACKS INTO BRAGG WHOSE KNIFE IS BEING HELD ALOFT BY CAROL AND CHANTAL. ANGEL ADVANCES ON HIM)

ANGEL: Two birds one stone might be better though. (HE LUNGES)

DANNY: For Fuck's sake!

FLINT: For Fuck's sake! Book! My dad! Help him! My knife!

BRAGG: Get off me you stupid bitches!

SHANIA: (SCREAMING) Carol!

BRAGG: I'm gonna slit you head to toe.

FLINT: / Pass it here!

DANNY: / Keith come on.

ANGEL: It's Angel you fucker! (LUNGES).

SHANIA: / No!!

CAROL: / Stop it! Stop it now!

CHANTAL: / Danny. Look out!

(SHANIA RUSHES FORWARD GRABS THE FISTS / WRISTS OF CHANTAL, CAROL AND BRAGG THAT ARE HOLDING BRAGG KNIFE AND PULLS IT DOWN TO TRY TO PLUNGE IT INTO BRAGG, BUT HE FIGHTS, AND HELD BY ALL 4 OF THEM, IT GOES INTO ANGEL INSTEAD.)

FLINT: / Quick!

BOOK: / Here Flint! (PULLS OUT MOROCCAN KNIFE, AND TURNS QUICKLY TO PASS IT TO FLINT, BUT IN THE COMMOTION, HER HAND HOLDS THE KNIFE AS IT GETS PUSHED INTO DANNY.

CHANTAL Drop him! Carol!

CAROL I've got him. Get back Shania. (THEY BRING BRAGG TO THE GROUND AND THE TWO WOMEN SIT ON HIM)

(SILENCE)

DANNY: Ahhh! Book. What have you done?

ANGEL: Aahhh! Bragg. I knew you had it in you.

FLINT: Dad!

BRAGG: Get off me!

BOOK: No! No no no no no!

SHANIA: What the fuck.

FLINT: Dad. No no. no! Dad!

ANGEL: And now I have it in me!

DANNY: It's alright son. It's alright. It's just.... oh christ.

CHANTAL: / Danny!?

CAROL: / Danny?!

BRAGG: Shit! Get off me! You fat bitches!

SHANIA: Shut it you piece of shit! (SHE KICKS /SLAPS HIM) I've got him. Go Carol. I've got him.
(FLINT, CAROL, BOOK RUSH TO DANNY'S SIDE. ANGEL IS LEFT DYING ALONE)

CAROL: Danny. Hold on. We're going to get you help. Has anyone got a phone.

BRAGG: Ahh! Get off me!

SHANIA: / Shut it!

ANGEL: / A plague on both your houses. (DIES)

CAROL: / Has anyone got a goddamn phone!

BOOK: No no no no. please no, please no, please no.

FLINT: Dad!? Dad hold on. Hold on dad. We're going to...

DANNY: Fix me with a youtube video? I've heard about that?

CHANTAL: Here, Carol. Here. Quickly. Call... wait. Just get someone from the hospital! The hospital! (TO BRAGG) Shut up you. Stay still.

CAROL: Go Book.

BOOK: No no no. Please no. What have I done!?

CAROL: Book! Just go! Now! St Mary's!

FLINT: Dad!!

DANNY: Been nice to see you again, son.

FLINT: Please. Dad! Hold on.

DANNY: Would've been nice... to....

CHANTAL: Book! Run! Now!

FLINT: Dad! Dad!?

DANNY: Spend some time.

CAROL: Just hang on Danny. Book! Please!

BOOK RUNS AT FULL PELT OFF.

DANNY: Don't go down, Flint. You hear me? I want you to.... to. Don't go.... down.

FLINT: (WHISPERED) Dad.

(LIGHTS GO DOWN ON THE SCENE.
RAPIDLY INTO NEXT SCENE).

SCENE 10:

(NO LOCATION. CAST SPEAK TO AUDIENCE
AS NARRATORS.)

DANNY: I had really hoped to hang with my son.

BRAGG: I'm going down. 8 years. Possession.

FLINT: And..... my dad will die. Right there, and then. Seconds later...

SHANIA: My baby grew up. She's fourteen now.

FLINT: Book will come running out of St Mary's, a sort of slow motion, her beautiful hair swaying in the breeze.

CAROL: My boyfriend is lying dying,....

FLINT: ...two paramedics at her side...

CAROL: ...and there's an old school friend sitting on a boy who had been brandishing a knife, and threatening a pregnant girl.

FLINT: ...to find two dead bodies. Angel. My Dad. But Angel? Been dead for much longer.

CAROL: This girl, Shania, is coming to me. Asking for help. We're doing what we can. We can only do so much.

FLINT: The paramedics will do what they can, to save my dad. They won't bother with Angel.

ANGEL: Look for me tomorrow, and you will find me a grave man.

FLINT: For some reason. They'll just ignore him. Leave him lying there. Like he's invisible. Like he's... black. (BEAT) Tho' he ain't.

ANGEL: I always liked that line.

FLINT: But they'll be unable to do anything. This day, this fine sunny afternoon, his, my dad's, blood, will run in the street.

SHANIA: Bragg never saw my daughter. I made sure of that. Never had nothing to do with her. I called her Carol, in the end. Seemed a good name.

CHANTAL: Book is about to stab Danny by mistake. She's right there, trying to save him from Keith, Angel, whatever, because she knows, she knows that Flint, her Flint, her friend... needs him.

BOOK: I am killing him. I feel the blade go in. I always wanted to wield a blade, to cut and heal, to open and heal. To make good. Now, in slow motion, I can feel the skin give, the muscle yield, the flesh open. I feel an indistinct popping of

vessels... opening.

CAROL: She's frantically trying to help him, as he had helped her. She can see no other way, than to stop Keith. But in the end, in the frenzy, in her panic and in her haste, she's going to kill him. Kill Danny.

BOOK: Something inside him. And at this moment, his eyes widen. I see his face change. Like... he knows, Danny, that the knife I am holding, has reached in, and has met, gone far in and found, his very mortality. This switch, this stopping. I am doing this today. He is so close. He's breathing...

ALL: (IN UNISON) They hold me for questioning.

BOOK: Here in front of St Mary's where I...I am so close, where I am also a doctor, an award winning surgeon, a saver of lives... a...

CAROL: / 4 hours

FLINT: / 10 hours

CHANTAL: / All night

BRAGG: / Two days.

SHANIA: / 6 Hours

BOOK: Someone. And they're questioning me, What happened? (WITH EACH SENTENCE ANOTHER, THEN ANOTHER CAST MEMBER JOINS IN, IN UNISON, TO ADD TO A BUILDING CHORUS) How did you come to have the knife? How long have you known Flint? Why do you have the drugs in your bag? Why are you meeting him? Whose is the money? Have you ever slept with him? Are you together? How long have you known the deceased? Why did you stab him? Have you ever stabbed someone before? Why did it take you so long to seek medical help for him? How long have you known Shania? Do you have previous convictions?

CAROL: And later, that night... we'll head to see Book. Being held in a police cell. Flint has...

FLINT: / been released for now

CAROL: / been released for now, and we'll go there, together. To see Book, and tell her... tell her... I don't know what.

BOOK: And on and on it goes. My mother, staring at me. My solicitor, looking at her phone. She has another appointment. Or swiping.... left left left....

CHANTAL: I will go home, find Akasha. Look after her. Speak to her.

SHANIA: They went to see Book in her cell without me, Carol and Flint. They've gone to...

BRAGG: They never came to see me. Not Flint, No one.

FLINT: We'll walk along the corridor to her cell. / The officer takes an age to find the right key.

BOOK: / The officer takes an age to find the right key.

CAROL: / takes an age to find the right key. He's sniffing, sucking his teeth. I can hear his stomach churning, his big breakfast. Can smell the morning whisky,

FLINT: Fag on his breath.

CAROL: His brown teeth grinning with a strangled pleasure.

BOOK: / And the door swings open.

FLINT: / And the door swings open. And he stands back.

BOOK: / And there I swing.

CAROL: / And there she swings.

FLINT: Book. Her beautiful brown legs, legs, that I had yearned... to entangle myself with, dangling there beneath a white bedsheet scarf.

CAROL: Her head lolling forward onto her breasts. Flint is bolting forward.

BOOK: Dragging the table closer, the legs scraping over the floor, he's launching himself up,...

FLINT: And I scream, as I try to take her weight. Her beautiful body. As I try to hold her up against the strain. / She's still warm. There's still a / chance.

BOOK: / I'm still warm. / There's still a chance.

ALL: There's still a chance.

FLINT: And I scream, till / my throat is on fire,

BOOK: / my throat is on fire,

FLINT: A knife!

ALL: A knife! *Has anyone got a knife!!?*

FLINT: / For fuck's sake.... help me!!

ALL: / (STARTING LOUD THEN MOVING TO WHISPERED, EACH MEMBER OF CHORUS SLIGHTLY STAGGERED / OUT OF SYNCH, MOVING TOWARD; EVEN INTO AUDIENCE; PERHAPS SPEAKING DIRECTLY TO EACH OF THEM) Help him. Help her. Help them. Help us. Help me. Help him. Help her. Help them. Help us. Help me. Help him. Help her. Help them. Help us. Help me. Help him. Help her. Help them. Help us. Help me. (REPEATS TO SILENCE)

(CAST DISPERSES TO EXITS, LIGHTS)

END