

## Scene 2

### Girls Toilets, day.

**Centre stage. Girls toilets at school. Two cubicles of toilets side by side they are without the doors so we can see inside. Jenny is crouched in one eating a sandwich. Michelle is nonchalantly smoking in the other. The action takes place as if the doors were there. The girls can't see each other. Intermittently there is loud banging from outside.**

MICHELLE:           *(Talks over the cubicle)* That's one long shit you having in there... you is takin-your-time.

*Jenny is mid-chew but stops dead.*

Me, I got a thing about shitting. I can't, you know...go... in public places...But, I do admire people who can. Better out than in, I say. Me, I gotta hold it...All day sometime. Not good, not good for you.

*Jenny, still scared but amused. Michelle peers under the cubicle.*

Once I went for a whole week, a whole week without- you know. I was on holiday. Blackpool, and I was with this fella who...anyway, we were staying in this B and B and the toilet was right next to the bedroom and the walls, well the walls was paper thin and-anyway-I just couldn't. I just didn't want him to- you know-hear me. Cos, it's not lady-like is it? So I held it the whole week! The whole week! It was pain man.

*Beat*

*Michelle peers under Jenny's cubicle.*

Anyways I know you not shitting girl, cos number one, your feet not on the ground and number two, I can't smell nothing. You either shit air, or you shit like some kinda acrobat.

*Michelle jumps on the top of the toilet seat and they speak over the divide.*

*Loud banging from outside.*

MICHELLE:           You want me to tell them you are having a dump?

JENNY:               ...what?

MICHELLE:           Them outside.

JENNY:               No.

MICHELLE: They're waiting for you.

JENNY: Are they?

MICHELLE: They saw you come in.

JENNY: Oh

MICHELLE: Are you eating in here?

JENNY: No.

MICHELLE: I can see yer sandwich.

*There is a loud banging on the windows.*

MICHELLE: They really want to speak to you.

*Louder banging*

MICHELLE: They really, really want to speak to you.

JENNY: Yeah

MICHELLE: You are one popular girl.

JENNY: *(lighter)* Yeah

MICHELLE: *(Jumps off the toilet and opens the cubicle door, she opens the window to outside)* Oi, oi! Fuck off! Let her shit in peace alright. *(Slams the window closed)*

*The banging stops. Jenny comes out of the cubicle.*

JENNY: Why did you say that?

MICHELLE: Why not?

*Beat*

Did you get all that stuff off you the other night?

JENNY: Yeah thanks *(pats her hair self-consciously)*

MICHELLE: All that nasty ketchup.  
That your boyfriend yelling at the door?

JENNY: Brother.

MICHELLE: He seemed a little...crazy.

JENNY: Yeah,

MICHELLE: What was all that business.  
*(Does an impression of Matt)* 'What have I told you? What have I told you?'

JENNY: I dunno.

MICHELLE: Him muscling in when all the drama had gone-what a plonker.

*Beat*

JENNY: (tentative) You just moved here then?

MICHELLE: Yeah .

*Michelle continues to smoke.*

JENNY: How come?

MICHELLE: What do you mean-how come?

JENNY: I mean, how come you are new?

MICHELLE: Duh, cos I never been here before, because I just got here...because I-

JENNY: I mean, I mean...where were you before?

MICHELLE: Allerton

JENNY: Oh yeah.

MICHELLE: Yeah.

JENNY: Don't know anyone there.

MICHELLE: You wouldn't.

JENNY: How come they put you here?

MICHELLE: Fuck knows. I got kicked out. Then ....-it's a long story.

It's crap here.

JENNY: I know.

MICHELLE: Dry-lots of dry little white people.

*Jenny looks at Michelle accusingly. Michelle realises what she has just said.*

MICHELLE: Sorry.

JENNY: It's ok.

MICHELLE: Anyway, I just got to get through this year, that's all I got to do. Get me through this next year and take fucking exams then I'm off-

JENNY: What you gonna do?

MICHELLE: When?

JENNY: After you finish.

MICHELLE: One of my cousins yeah just got on this beauty course yeah, she just had to go to college for abit and she learnt all the beauty stuff y'know and now she works at a Salon in town. Sounds alright to me. Doing nails and that all day.

JENNY: Oh right, yeah sounds alright.

MICHELLE: Spose you're really clever then?

JENNY: *(laughs)* No.

MICHELLE: What's the point in being a loser if you're not clever?

JENNY: I dunno.

MICHELLE: So you wanna work down Tesco's then?

JENNY: No, I wanna be a Vet.

MICHELLE: Oh yeah, you got pets?

JENNY: No.

MICHELLE: So how comes-

JENNY: Me Dad's got allergies,

MICHELLE: Oh right.

*Beat*

JENNY: Which one is your room?

MICHELLE: You what?

JENNY: Which bedroom do you have, in the house next door

MICHELLE: Shit lickle box room. Why you asking me that?

JENNY: Same as me. Watch out for the man opposite

MICHELLE: You what?

JENNY: The man who lives across the street. Think his name's Jim. He likes to you know have a peep in, when you are getting changed. Make sure you keep yer curtains closed.

MICHELLE: I'll do him a lickle show then.

JENNY: He's sixty odd.

MICHELLE: Sick! I'll do him a little show to get him excited at night.

JENNY: *(Becoming animated)* I caught him out once. Staring. I waved at him. He looked so upset.

MICHELLE: Sick lickle man. I'll give him something to get upset about. I'll get me Mam's mate Linda to wave her big saggy tits at him then he'll be sorry.

JENNY: Is it just you and yer mam living there then?

MICHELLE: Yeah and me little brother Jamie. But he's not with us at the moment.

*Banging starts up again.*

MICHELLE: They don't give up do they?

JENNY: *(exhausted)* No.

MICHELLE: What have you done...to piss them off?

JENNY: I dunno

MICHELLE: You must have done summat

JENNY: Nope

MICHELLE: Oh come on, people don't go to all that trouble throwing ketchup outta car windows for nothing

JENNY: I dunno.

MICHELLE: Hmmm.

JENNY: I dunno. They say . I'm- (*points at herself*)

MICHELLE: Fat.

JENNY: Thanks.

MICHELLE: Ccch, ain't nothing wrong with a lickle bit of fat round there.  
Nothing at all.

JENNY: Thanks.

MICHELLE: What else?

JENNY: I dunno

MICHELLE: (*sarcastic*) You-don't-know?

JENNY: (*shrugs*)

MICHELLE: Ccchh, no hope for you then

*Beat.*

*Michelle turns her back on Jenny and gets out her make-up bag, she lines up her cosmetics on the sink. She starts to moisturise her hands then carefully reapplies her make-up. Jenny watches. Michelle stops--*

MICHELLE: What?

JENNY: Nothin.

*Michelle continues-*

JENNY: (quietly) It's not just ketchup.

MICHELLE: What?

JENNY: Salad cream, soy sauce, baked beans, pickle-

MICHELLE: (*almost laughing*) You joking!

JENNY: (*shakes her head*)

MICHELLE: That's sick.

*Michelle spritzes herself with perfume.*

MICHELLE: You want some?

JENNY: *(embarrassed)* No thanks.

MICHELLE: You know this stuff, me Aunty brought back from Dubai, you can't get it over here. Try it-go on.

JENNY: No, it's ok.

MICHELLE: You won't get this stuff anywhere else, once in a life time opportunity!

JENNY: No, I'm alright.

MICHELLE: Just try it!

JENNY: Ok.

*Michelle sprays a little on Jenny.*

MICHELLE: Don't know why I bother-

JENNY: Mmmm, that's really nice.

MICHELLE: Told ya.

*Michelle starts to put away her things, Jenny still watches.*

MICHELLE: You need to stand up for yourself.

JENNY: That's what Matt says-

MICHELLE: You should, you need to show em a lesson. You need to-

JENNY: Teach em a lesson.

MICHELLE: That's what I mean. Jesus, first day I'm fucking here, and I'm giving advice out in the toilets. I should set up a stall and charge!  
*(Exasperated)* What's yer name anyway?

JENNY: Jenny.

MICHELLE: Michelle, Michelle Mason.

JENNY: Jenny Burton  
*They shake hands. Michelle continues to put her things back into her make-up bag.*

MICHELLE: What?

JENNY: Nothin'.

*We hear banging again through the wall.*

Shurrruuupppp!!!!

Shuuurrruuuppppp!!! Dry lickle white girls!!!!

*Jenny looks on in sheer terror and awe.*

Black out.

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