

Blis-ta.

By Sonya Hale.

Content warning: This play contains strong language, and depictions of violence, rape and abuse.

Act 1

Scene 1

Sound of shouting, all distorted

Police sirens wailing, we're in an ambulance moving – but it isn't clear

Suddenly starts to build, gets increasingly distorted, builds and builds.

Getting light, brighter.

Sounds of birds faintly come. Possibly morning....?

We are in a kids play area at the edge of a quarry. All bust up with graffiti, swing and a slide and shit. All is vast and beautiful and beyond is something else...

Kat: *(Screams at the top of her voice)* Motherfucker!

Bumba Twink!

Motherfucker loves you innit?

Cherry: What?

Kat: My lickle love!

Cherry: No way

Kat: Bumbayo batty Twink!

Cherry: Leave me alone Kat.

Kat: Kissy wiss. Come ere Cherry.

Cherry: No -

Kat: Kissy wissy

Cherry: Get off Kat-

Kat: Let me kiss ya

One heart Twink!

Cherry: Get away from me

Kat: Benchy-o batty Twinkle toes!

Cha!

I escaped, I had to rip the drip to get to you you know. Leg it down the back stairs out that l'opital, nurses fucking chase me, half crazed, and gyal mad now crazy that I made it to you, my mind all a fretty and I worry for you, I worried for you and look at you, look at you here now – motherfuck look

no change!

Ambulance took you?

Cherry: Eventually -

Kat: And Morris?

Cherry: They got him in a special place.

Kat: Raaa. Crafty little foxy-o. Yeah bwoy! Gyal knew it!
Silver service, private nurses, I bet

Cherry: Oak view Lodge, It's nasty -

Kat: But look no pain, no hurting,

Cherry: It's a horrible place –

Kat: You girl, look at you,

You still got it

And swings still swing,

Slide still slippy,

Quarry still wet and moist...

Sat up there, I bet?

Cherry: No -

Kat: Three long whole days,

Wild wet windy days,

Waiting for little ol' me

Cherry: As if!

Kat: Your achey-wakey heart,

Little bum killing you, sat on that climbling frame,

All day every day looking out at that view

With a shaking, quakey heart

Cherry: You are so daft

Kat: Must be love hey?

Cherry: I'm not having this -

Kat: *(Grabs her)* Me and you gyal, Come ere.

Cherry: Get off me Kat!

Kat: Rass C blista sista! Twinkle Toes, my lickle, tickle, twinkly-winky!

Cherry: You smell like someone died –

Kat: And you love it....

Prick.

(chases her)

Love.

Tease.

Cherry: Get off!

Kat: Tourist.

Chief. *(Kat is trying to tickle Cherry)*

Cherry: Agh.

Kat: You is my first light innit...?

Cherry: You are filthy, disgusting,

I don't even want you here at all actually, I'm fine on my own -

Kat: Ohhhh she lies,

Cherry: No!

Kat: Yes, lies!

One heart Twink.

Cherry: You are horrible!

Kat: Blista sista!

Cherry: As if.

Kat: Blista-sista!

Cherry: No! *(Trying not to break and giggle)*

Kat: From your lips, beautiful say it.

Cherry: Not ever, not a chance ever -

Kat: Blista-sista

Cherry: *(Giggling)* Never...

Kat: *(Whispers)* Blista sista...

Cherry: Blista sista -

Kat: Yes!

We hear an ominous sound, a wave that compels CHERRY forward

The world shifts

We're in between Then and Now

Cherry: I can't tell if it's day or night

Kat: What?

Cherry: It's *twilight hour*...

Kat: You what?

Cherry: And I need a glass of water and -

Kat: Sorry girl, you, what the actual fuck?

Cherry: And we are all smoking, drinking

Kat: No

Cherry: And I... I've got a really dark feeling.

I am so confused and... and with the girls and the men all coming and going and coming and I don't want to do it Kat and I tell you that but I -

Kat: No, no girl -

Cherry: I try to stop it -

Kat: No you don't!

Cherry: And I try to say -

Kat: No you don't. No you didn't.

You don't get to do this -

Cherry: Why not?

Kat: Because you don't -

You get it all wrong and I

Cherry: What? Come to rescue me?

Kat: It's what happened -

Cherry: I take the group of men upstairs

Kat: Fucking stop it! Not from there -

Cherry: And then it's starts to get really messy and hectic and chaotic and -

Kat: If we're going to do it we are going to do it from the beginning

You don't get to do it from that place

You don't get to tell this story from there, not like, not from -

You are all forlorn

Cherry: I don't want to -

Kat: Sat at that cash point.

All sorrow on you

“Can you spare any change?”

And me

Yes I do, I come to your rescue

Cherry: You're mad, crazy -

Kat: Sat at that fucking cash point!

Truesome baby!

And they are all dash past you, splash you, no-one sees you,

All the mums with their push chairs,

Chitty-witty chatty watty, happy mugs of brothy coffee,

One motherfucker chucks his fag at you, suit, it lands on your blanket,

You go to reach for it, but, cha, it's wet,

You pull your blanket up around your head but oh my god, that's wet too,

So wet nothing will protect you

Cherry: I'd made two quid!

Kat: Ah this girl is on fire!

Cherry: And a proper full chocolate croissant and I'd only just been sat down two minutes -

Kat: Bon fucking chance check you gally!

Queen she of havin' it

You sat at that cash point, all day long pleading for something, anything, lightning -

Cherry: The summer rain was gonna pass -

Kat: And check me, this is me

I am all off to Tesco, do it, ransack the bitch

Coz I am all starving marvin,

My little belly is a tumbling rumble and although my heart breaks for you true

I'm about to dash past leave you when...

I spot them coming up the high street.

Them Cherry

Cherry: OK. OK!

"Can you spare any change?"

Kat: Yes fam!

Six of them

You are like sufferage, head bowed in shame...

And they are all like pushing each other, laughing, and being a dick with traffic cones.

Cherry: "Can you help me?"

Excuse me sir I er..."

Kat: Six big beefy bastards wearing tit head sombreros –
As they pass –
Surround you!

Cherry: Hardly –

Kat: Pissed! And you might think they look like nice, swank pricks, from up the college by day OK but by night mate, I know! One of them –

Cherry: Extends his hand to give me money –

Kat: To touch your hair

Cherry: You're so stupid.

Kat: Big fat ginger creepy bastard, I mean I've got nothing against the ginge, they are a fierce, feisty crewsome but this one motherfucker is dripping with grease and sweat and is ravishing up KFC, mind-blow rankness, guzzling red wine, guzzle and gullup it back so it surrounds his mouth, in the cracks, it's dripping, he reaches in to you, lickleol you shakey wakey lickle like a leafy you "Hello -"

Cherry:
I can handle it.
I said I can handle –

Kat: "Oi motherfucker! Oi fat ginge!!!"

Cherry: "Oh my god!"

Kat: "Take one more step and" –

Cherry: "Oh my gosh, no, what are you doing?" –

Kat: "Take one more step towards her and I will rip you. I will rip you're cunt off innit?"

Cherry: Teeth wild, eyes crazed,
Hair all over, like a wailing banshee,

Kat: Wild cat. Yes! Me.

Cherry: You grab the bottle of red wine that he's holding

Kat: Bare bling burlesque mate

Cherry: It's Saturday morning, 8am, middle of the high street!

Kat: "Back up cunt."

He shuffles back just a little bit

I dagger him sharp in his piggy little eye

Motherfucker wont back up –

Cherry: "What are you doing?"

Kat: "Wait for it sweet eyes"

(Beat)

Cherry: "Oh my god, you're absolutely mad" –

Kat: I wait for him to... look away,

Shhh...

Hear the sound of his heavy breath breathing...

Cherry: "I really think you should" –

Sound of bottle being broken against the wall

Cherry: "Oh my god!"

Kat: Rasss yea! Beautiful claret!

It sprays all across the street and up back wall and –

Cherry: I am covered in it

"For god's sake!"

You hold the bottle up to his neck

Kat: Artery mate, fucks sake, get it right...

Cherry: People gather,
Surrounding us now, on their phones, calling –

Kat: “You ever so much as breathe, spit, echo near my fucking gal again...”

Cherry: They are calling, oh my gosh, crowds gathering

Kat: “Cha!
I’ll cut you deep up, deep like a desert crevice.
I cut you so deep you’ll never fucking breathe again.”

We hear CHERRY’s panicked breathing

Kat: His lickle sombrero shek a bit...
“Blink cunt-y-wunt blink...”
“Think you is big man is it?”

Cherry: I think to run!

We hear CHERRY’s increased panic – she wants to go but she’s stuck

Kat: “Stay where you the living of hell and fuckery you are girly!”

CHERRY stills

Kat: “Blink, boy, *blink...*”

Police sirens wail!

Cherry: “Shit!”

Policemen are coming up the high street!

Kat: “I’m not backing down innit?”

Police sirens get really loud

Cherry: “Please. This is not my thing...”
I need to -”

Kat: Then.

Then..

Finally man blink!

“Yes Queen! Come my sweet sugar pup gal!-”

Cherry: “My suitcase – It’s all I have!”

Kat: “Dump the bag gyal”

Cherry: “No,No!”

Sound of them tugging

Kat: “You wanna get nicked?”

Cherry: “No!”

Kat: “Then run! Forget it! Dump the bag! Get dem spindle-pins a skuttling, give yer legs a shake! Shove it like this....Come on”

Cherry: “My stuff! That’s all I own! Everything in the whole wide world, I can't believe you did that!”

Kat: “Gyal get you more!”

Which I do.

“Gyal get you looking bumbao, proper fucking fresh
Raaaa!”

Sounds of them running – together

Down the busy day high street

“Move! Get out our way!”

Cherry: I follow you

Kat: “Idi-o-oski cunt!

Move! Hobo! Tourist!”

They all wishing they like me and you - Living a sad, shitty little shameful existence

Cherry: I follow like a fool!

Kat: *(Laughing)*“Idio-fucking- off-ski-bastards!

Cherry: You knock a woman flying with her chips

Sound of interior of a shop – maybe automatic doors opening?

Kat: We are raw naked, ladies coming through, naked raw thieving bastard ladies!

Cherry: I’m thinking Oh my god

Kat: We are gonna rinse your pockets!

Sound of them rustling through supermarket clothing section

“Want pants!”

Cherry: “What?”

Kat: “Socks?”

Cherry: “Oh, thanks”

Kat: Gold chain?

Cherry: “Oh my gosh. Really. That’s amazing. Thanks”

Kat: “Precious gem, the best for you -”

I even get you that hoodie, that fricking hoodie that you’re wearing now, I get you that, you like that innit?

Cherry: OK, OK, I do, I like that, I like this I do and –

Kat: Cha. I even nick a flipping Dyson Hoover!

Cherry: *(Excitedly contained beat, suddenly bursts)* Oh my god, yes –

Sound of Hoover??

Kat: I nick it and run around the streets just hoovering up people,

Cherry: (*Laughing uncontrollably*) You nick it and run around the streets, all over the shop, hoovering people up, this one old man thinks you are trying to Hoover him up then he actually tries it on with you, he actually thinks he's in with a chance

Kat: "Hey sweetness sugar-ins"

Cherry: My tummy actually hurts so much!

Kat: I am fucking funny innit?

Hit Tesco, we hit it good and proper,

Like I proper fucking rape the place.

We grab a shopping trolley and

Trolley wheels screeching on the ground

Cherry: You get some rum and vodka

Kat: "Cakes, biscuits, sweets, crisps!"

Cherry: "Vol au vents?"

Kat: "Vol Aux Vents! Sausages on little sticks!"

Cherry: "Ohhh"

Kat: "Caviar goddess!"

Cherry: "Ugh that's so rank!"

Kat: "Assorted canopes, Sushi!" –

Cherry: With the shopping trolley bursting, literally bottles of coke and cake and samosas flying

Kat: "Bwoy-lista, skin them teeth!"

Cherry: Security guards chase us now,

"Oh my god"

Kat: And we run out past all the shoppers. Shopping. Shopping their miserable little tootsie tits off.

Cherry: Past moronic fools,

Kat: Off to work,

Cherry: Out past magistrates courts,

Kat: “Motherfuckers, hate them cunts!”

Cherry: Out past it all, past everything

Kat: I take you...

To like this secret place.

Cherry: I never even knew existed

Through this little alley way, through the estates and down along the path to the river

Kat: I lead you out, out, far out,

Cherry: Getting muddy now...

I can't believe we are doing this...

Kat: “You OK?”

Cherry: “Yes”

High hedges all around

Kat: We is treck-a-ling

Cherry: To a tiny little gap in a fence.

Sound of KAT kicking a steel fence in, shoving the trolley through

The sound opens up – we are somewhere brighter, calmer, moving towards beauty

We scratch our legs

Kat: I'm pushing the trolley

Cherry: Pushing through the nettles and sticky buds and thorns and brambles

I follow

“Ouchy. Flipping heck”

Cherry: “Oh my. Where are you going?”

Kat: “Shoes off at the door queen!”

Cherry: Down through all the crap, through the fence. It’s all overgrown. I really scratch my legs up. Bleeding. I’m really starting to think to be honest where are we going?

Kat: Clear a fucking way mate!

Cherry: Down to a little cliff, off this little cliff bit and...

Things get stiller – something like a sunrise

Kat: We arrive.

Cherry: “Oh my God.”

Kat: We look out

Cherry: “Oh my gosh! Wow. Look at it. Look at this place”

I have never seen anywhere like it. It. It. It is like pure wide open space, trees all around, bursting with green like voluptuous and in the distance hills, *mountains* even, maybe? And with sunlight streaming in yellow and orange onto the quarry it... ripples and sparkles actual turquoise and deep blue.

“Wow..”

Kat: “My fucking gaffly.

And over there is Timbuktu.”

Kat: “My secret place....

Beautiful innit?”

They share a moment and look out at the view. We hear how their breath calms.

Kat: “Come!”

Cherry: “What? What no! What are you doing?”

Sound of KAT tugging at CHERRY’s clothes

Kat: "Swim! Come!"

Take this jumper off Cherry"

(Tries to take the jumper off Cherry)

Cherry: "But... No, I can't... I"

Kat: "What?"

Cherry: "I. I'm not that way"

Kat: "Oh my days, have you heard you? Twink! It's just all about the love!"

Sound of two feet splashing into the water

And then two more tentatively following

Cherry: "It's a bit cold, actually really, actually I don't want to actually swim"

Kat: "Twinkle Toes"

Cherry: "My name is –"

Kat: "Twink."

Cherry: "Don't. Stop. My name is Cherry."

Kat: "Twinkle fucking Toes Cherry."

Cherry: "And what's your name anyway?"

Kat: "Let's av it!"

Cherry: See you won't tell me -

Sound of KAT pulling CHERRY deeper into the water

"What are you doing? Ahhh!"

Cherry falls in backwards with a splash

"Shit!"

Kat: "Twinkie Winkle!" *(Laughing so hard!)*

Cherry: "You are..."

Like... You're a fucking bitch you are..."

Kat: "Pussy O riot lets fucking av it!"

Sound of splashing and laughing

Cherry: "We could catch diseases."

Kat: "You catch disease out there begging, not in cushdy here with me..."

Sounds of splashing calms – they are swimming peacefully now

Cherry: "It's kind of OK once you get used to it."

The next section is underscored as their peace and comfort with each other increases

I teach you all about swimming breast stroke and we discover when you do it naked,

it's so funny we discover how you get ever such a funny feeling

Kat: Girl it's so smooth and tickles

Cherry: On your what's it

Kat: On your shooka shooka nanny

Cherry: And we climb up those rock faces

Kat: You teach me

Cherry: You are shaking

Kat: Cha. No I'm not

Cherry: Scared

Kat: No! OK.

Cherry: We stand on top of the cliff and look to the blue below ripple just a little, just a little bit slightly ripple in the breeze and feel alive and dive right in,

Kat: And I do some belly flop thing and it fucking stings!

Cherry: That's so funny

Kat: I can't stop laughing, drowning

Cherry: We swim all the way to the other side together...

Kat: "That sun is fucking mental innit?"

Cherry: "Yes"

Cherry: We swim all day in the quarry, It is so...

They inhale deeply

"This place is magic innit?"

Kat: "It's the only place in the entire crazy motherfuck stinking, mash up world that I can come to.

When it all gets mad on my head, when that world is too much.

This is my perfect secret...

Strawberry? Speciality..."

Cherry: Mmm

Kat: Cream?

The sound of cream being squirted from a can

Cherry: Yum.

Beat

Kat: "So, when d'ya get paid Twinkle-kins?"

Sound of peace starts to lessen

Cherry: "What?"

Kat: "Giggala-wiggly giro day."

We gonna need more rum girl, innit?"

Cherry: "I... Got cut off, sanctioned"

Kat: "You fucking what?"

Cunt. They are such motherfuckers

So how've you been surviving?"

Cherry: "I... Err... "

Kat: "And girl they is some posh boots!"

Cherry: "I went to university and –"

Kat: "Oh my days!

Uni-versity gally!

(Laughing hysterically!)

Fuck me!"

Cherry: "I got kicked out! They were really nasty, I am telling you, and now my dad won't speak to me!"

Kat: And we leave it at that!

Cherry: Do we?

Kat: Yes! I get the blankets out and we watch the moon.

Cherry: I'm sure you start -

Kat: No! I fix us up a den. This den! And it takes me hours and hours to get it right that night I get us cardboard boxes and then we spend another three days working on it, making it perfect and covering it in bubble wrap even to make it waterproof

Cherry: Ehh?

Kat: And it was fucking beautiful.... We sit and like appreciate, tek it all in, Chill!

It's like our little mission and we sit out...

Sound of peaceful night coming

"My name is fucking Katalyna"

Cherry: "Yeah?"

Kat: "It means pure of heart and mind and... You can call me Kat"

Cherry: “You gonna call me Cherry?”

Kat: *(Beat)* “Yeah, promise. Twink”

Cherry: “I can see Orion’s belt!”

“Is that a shooting star? It is. Oh my gosh. Wish on it quick!”

Kat: *(laughing)* “You actually believe that shit? You fucking get me. Twinkle-winky”

Cherry: “I do. I actually really bloody well do believe it

Well I did anyway”

“And my name’s Cherry”

Kat: “I can feel rain.”

And we have to proper huddle up round the fire that night and then we spend all week,

Cherry: Sleeping out, yes

Kat: In that skipper

Cherry: And I cook breakfast on that fire

Kat: With food that I liberate

Cherry: Bacon and eggs and -

Kat: All of it

Cherry: It’s proper yummy

Kat: And we swim coz it is like one of those late Indian summers and you tell me stuff about you,

where you’re from, like you go on a bit about you, but

(Music starts to play. Acoustic Lauren Hill. I Get Out)

Cherry: You tell me little bits about you -

Kat: But mostly we sav it with tunes, blast it on my phone

Cherry: Watch the stars, we do

Kat: And you teach me stuff about, like wild shit like

Cherry: Foraging

Kat: Oh my days yeah.

Then

It's like a fucking week later and the sun aint quite so hot now coming to September leaves fall, going all brown and crispy.

And you never recovered from the rain and you expect me to do all the shop liberating and, I have to deal with it, gyal aint smoked in a week, my cracklekins like normally I am getting quivers and shakes, for it, but me, I don't complain

But you

Cherry: "You got any clean socks?"

Kat: And you

Cherry: "Kat, my feet hurt."

Kat: You

Cherry: "Kat. I'm all wet. My feet hurt and I am sorry to bother you. But. I know I've been going on but we need new blankets also and socks, I've got foot rot,"

Kat: Hmmm

Cherry: "I'm cold. The bedding is all wet, and oh my gosh, no! There's rats"

Kat: "Rats, Give 'em a tickle"

Cherry: "Flipping rats!"
I don't go on like this.

Kat: Yes you do, on and on and blaa blaa on

So when I ask you, simply:

"Where have you been staying Cherry?"

Cherry: No stop

Kat: Yes!

Cherry: See you turn on me!

Kat: I simply ask.

“Have you been lying?”

Cherry: “No...”

Kat: “Where have you been staying Cherry? You see my mind got to thinking about where you have been staying before I met you on the street that day. Coz it aint down the park And it aint the homeless shelter. You wouldn’t survive ” -

Cherry: “You don’t know that! –

I could have stayed out on street”

Kat: “Have you heard you?”

Cherry: “Kat, stop!”

Kat: Then I know you are lying.

“You had a bastard suitcase Gal!

University gyal

(Tut) Cha. You are like bad news, bad ju ju

We aint one of a kind”

“You mistrust me

Jokes.

I do all this for you and...

Then you lie to me”

Cherry: No!”

Kat: “You gonna be lost girl without me. Lost girl a roma

We need some place to sleep. We both do.

Get spank, get warm, get toasty, tidy, get

Clean...

Figure it out.”

Cherry: “The homeless shelter? We could give it a go...”

Kat: “You have to queue all day at the homeless gaff just to get in and then junkies be on you tranna rip you, mug you and, gyal, I woke up one night in that gaff and this old wino jakie, bare rank gyal, man is stood over me all a frenzy wankin’

And out on street in that mate. Worse. You don’t know...

You think your feet is bad now mate, trench foot be rotting your foot so you can't walk, can't ever get dry, get clean, so your skin gets all wrinkly. And when the snow and ice comes mate...

(Beat)

It’s no fucking camping trip Cherry.

No. Cha. Me and you gyal... Need to survive this winter.... Together

Where have you been staying?”

Cherry: “Oh bloody hell!

I've been stopping with this bloke called Morris, OK?”

Kat: “You what?”

Cherry: “I was totally alone, looking for a place to stay, so cold and I spotted his car, in a drive way, it’s was all old and rusty crusty mini in a drive to some big Georgian place, I mean it was all crumbling, and overgrown and I was about to creep when I spot this face at the window”

Kat: “Oh my gosh”

Cherry: “Shocks the pants off me! I go up to the window to check it’s not a ghost, I am really scared and he beckons me in”

Kat: “Motherfucker...”

Cherry: “Yes” -

Kat: “So why leave?”

Cherry: You start grilling me -

Kat: *(Tut)* No! Hardly...

“Why leave?”

Did he get violent?”

Cherry: “No!”

Kat: “Rape you?”

Cherry: “No! He's got MS.”

Kat: “Coz if he fucking raped you”

Cherry: “He can't walk, get out of bed”

Kat: “So why leave?”

Cherry: “He's sick. I...

Just couldn't be around him.

Kat: Cherry

You are so sweet.

sweet and lovely, Twink

We need a place to stay!”

Cherry: “OK! OK! One night. But you have to be quiet and

Just one night! Please. Promise?”

Kat: “Oh my days yes! (*KAT squeals with joy*) I promise you all up

Roses and petal sugar pony like with sprinkles on it,

Promise you fully up gally!

Come!

Morris's gaff, Twink, babe, come!”

Cherry: And I follow you

Scene 2

They arrive at the house.

Kat: “Oh my DAYS”

Cherry: “Kat! Keep your bloody voice down.”

Kat: And I’m a whisper...

Cherry: “Kat!”

Kat: “Yeah I know but shit no way

Two floors and massive garden...”

Overgrown, bind weed to fuckery. But when we get inside -

Cherry: “Kat! Stop” -

The sound world shifts – we are inside Door shutting behind them maybe?

Cherry: “Kat, please stop it – Shhhhh”

Kat: Gaff is barren, bleak, nothing to nick, I mean a couple of double beds upstairs, but they are minging, and two bathrooms...

“Cha, telling you this man some kinda swine, hogging up all dis space...”

Cherry: Already on one,

Kat: No

Cherry: Yes plotting, scheming

Kat: No! Fucking no! You are like heartless, to say that, no way, that you would think that of me

Cherry: Kat, stop, you didn’t give a shit about Morris

Kat: “Did you call someone when you left?”

Cherry: “I left him as I found him but with bottles of water, so many of them and... Battenberg cake.”

Kat: “Battenberg cake? Shit! That’s OK then”

Cherry: “He’s not my responsibility, I left him a bucket”

Kat: When I go to his room

Sound of Kat retching from the smell

“Uhhh! Oh my days fucking hell fire! What the fuck is that smell? Man, hum-dum-a-rinkery-reeks!”

Man has pissed himself and shat himself and is so withered and frail he’s spilt one of the bottles of water he has hurt his knee real bad. He is crying for it.

Cherry: No

Kat: Cherry yes he is, he keeps weeping and touching it. I think he must have hurt it trying to get out of bed, but he can't even tell us. He can't talk properly, doesn't know who we are of course.

Cherry: “It’s the council’s fault –”

Kat: “Man’s been left by you, it’s on you.

You know council aint gonna come and do nothin.

Cha.”

I clean him up -

Cherry: I help!

Kat: I get him fresh milk and proper flipping dazzle cake, like I get proper wizzle-dizzle fandoodle cake, none of yer shitty little Battenberg cake, like a proper smooth delish cake, boy is so frail from lack of water but he manages a smile and a whisper through his cracked, fucked lips. I actually wash and bathe him, like it’s me who gets the bath ready for him, I scrub him, proper, get him diamond clean, get stuck into his wrinkle and crevices, I tuck him up in bed.

Cherry: He is terrified -

Kat: He tells us with his eyes he is pleased to see us and that he is lonely and “can we stay?”

Cherry: Oh my god no he does not!

Kat: Yes he fucking does and then you -

Cherry: “Kat mate...Come....I’ve got a *treat* to show you.

You are like so gonna love it, it’s stunables, after the quarry I know you are, Come”

Kat: You drag me up the stairs, won't take no for an answer,

Cherry: "To the roof!"

Kat: "To the flipping roof!"

And when we get up there like, wow. I can like see why you're all a little scamper thing coz

Cherry: "It's massive, like goes on forever..."

Kat: And we can see down to the streets below.... The high street.

Shoppers shopping doing their thing

Cherry: We stand up there together looking down

(shouts) "Wasting your life away..."

Kat: And then it's rum - *bare rum*

Cherry: And sweets left over from the trolley

Kat: And I fricking grab a disco ball,

Cherry: Oh my gosh. Bloody hell yes. Where did that come from?

Cherry: And we dance.

Kat: "We are fucking free!"

Lauryn Hill? A moment of joy

Cherry: "I had this white van"

Kat: "What?"

Cherry: "Yeah, I used to live in it – Mercedes Benz camper van"

Kat: "Yeah, gyal!"

Cherry: "Beautiful, she was curvaceous. Really feminine. Lady Emily I called her, coz she was my ladybird, I mean she was white but I was going to paint her pink with black spots, but... You would have loved her. Totally. She's got the littlest tiny windows and curtains tied up..."

Kat: "Wow"

Cherry: “All the things you get to see of the world when you’re living in a van, oh my gosh, You go your own speed, drive anywhere do anything, catch misty mornings on rivers, fetch your own water from a fresh stream”

Kat: “How the fuck did you get a van?”

Cherry: “I spent uni money wisely...”

Kat: “Cha!”

Cherry: “She was towed. Back in June. Nasty *Feds*.”

Kat: “They are such motherfuckers!”

Cherry: “Yeah. I was trying to raise the money to get her back when we first” -

Kat: “Just imagine if we got your white van, fricking wild, we would be *fierce*, girls on a rampage!

And we could like just drive... Innit?

Wind in our hair and” -

Cherry: “It would be awesome!”

Kat: “Boots on, mental, foot down, accelerating...

Short skirts, nails painted, music fucking blasting,”

Cherry: “And I could show you all the places that I went to.

Oh my gosh, so beautiful it is! Endless hills, valleys, trees..”

Kat: “Doors wide open”

Cherry: “Doors wide open!”

Kat: “Driving

Cherry: “Driving!”

Kat: “Dutty ass gal apocalypse riders , innit?

Cherry: “Yes!”

Kat: “Raaaa!!!! So we gonna get her, out the pound?”

Cherry: "Sorry what? No -"

Kat: You said yes.

Cherry: I said

"It's difficult" -

Kat: "We could go like go talk to them"

Cherry: "No. We can't"

Kat: "Why not? This gyal is good at talking..."

Cherry: "It would cost £650 pounds just for starters."

Kat: "Mother of cunt, but it's your home

How long till they smash it up?

Impound it, destroy your home?"

Cherry: *(Beat)* "Two weeks..."

Kat: "Two weeks?"

Cherry: "I know"

Kat: "I wanna see misty mornings with you."

Cherry: "I'm sorry"

Kat: "Fetch water"

Cherry: "We could do something *else*, something different, jump trains, hitch"

Kat turns on Cherry

Kat: "I aint some dutty ass hobo Cherry!"

Beat

Kat: "Hey, you are gonna think this is a bit fucking mad and ruthless."

Cherry: "What?"

Kat: "Hear me out, just hear me out, OK?"

We've got two weeks "

Cherry: "Just say it!"

Kat: "We could... set up a house"

Cherry: "What?"

Kat: "Just a couple of girls, earn a bit of money. I got a couple of girls- mates! Who like

work,"

Cherry: "What?"

Kat: "Like proper A spas, cushdy girls, gyal's friends, we are so tight, close, and they work the street"

Cherry: "Absolutely no, no way!"

Kat: "Staunch girls,"

Cherry: "I can't believe you are suggesting this!"

Kat: You go along with it!

Cherry: Not at first!

Kat: "Just two weeks and then. And then... Hey we'll have the money for your van
I'll take all the rap if we get heat.

And we can get your van and drive, drive, drive innit? And we can park her out by
rivers, trees...

Me and you girl!"

Cherry: I don't agree that quickly

Kat: Yes you fucking do!

Cherry: Don't

Kat: So we have a little tiff

but you do eventually

Beat

Cherry: Fine.

Kat: See? “And it will be bliss...”

Cherry: “Yes

We will be like apocalypse riders innit?”

Kat: *(Laughs)* “Burst that sun setting, horizon blaze

Cherry: “Stomping our dirty boots all over this world. This planet”

Kat: And this girl. This girl, what you say breaks my heart

Cherry: *(Shouts)* “My life is fucking amazing!

Kat: *(Falling about laughing at Cherry)*

Cherry: “Just thinking about my life makes me wanna cum!”

Kat: *(Laughing!)* “You are bare jokes!”

Cherry: *(Shouts)* “Oi chumbawumba down there wandering the streets9!

Batty bwoy-lista! Fuck you.

You want some?

You really want some is it?”

Get your cocks out lads!”

Get yer cock out for the gally!”

(Lauren Hill plays. I Get Out!)

Kat: “You’re mad”

Both laugh their heads off.

Cherry: “Come here. I could love you! I could really fucking love you Kat.

Come here, I am so happy.”

And I throw my arms around you

A shift – the mood turns

KAT shoves CHERRY off her

Kat: “What the fuck are you doing?”

Cherry: You push me off and I know, I even know then that after all you said.

Kat: “You’re a fucking fool you are innit?”

Cherry: Coz after all we said about getting the van, and running away together that you

Kat: Listen Cherry, stop it,

Cherry: No

Kat: Just stop it we don’t have to do this. We don’t have to do this you know. We don’t have to do this next bit -

Cherry: Yes we do –

Kat: It’s fucking cool,

Cherry: Stood on that roof then with you.

You don’t actually want to get the van or anything with me

Kat: Yes I fucking do.

Cherry: No you don’t.

I mean I convince myself you do but

Kat: Cherry girl come, chill, fucks sake.

Cherry: You don’t.

Scene 3

Cherry: Next morning

Kat: Nuh uh, nuh uh

Cherry: Next morning

(Beat)

Next morning

(Generic beat – sounds of chaos)

Kat: Next morning

Cherry: I come downstairs and you've invited loads of people round and they are all spilling about, out on the street even, on the stairs, on the landing, in the kitchen and they are all spilling drinks, ash trays, feet on the sofa. I go into the kitchen and this girl is pissing in the sink

Kat: I saw that, not impressed

Cherry: Kat it's awful, a nightmare - this man tries to drink it -

Kat: "Twinkle Toes come!" *(Grabs Cherry to come)*

Cherry: "I need a glass of water" –

Kat: "That is Cassy, Angel, Charlene and over there is filthy Beryl, that over there is Bubbles, she a tricky little rass too Oh, oh, come meet Glasses, she is feisty, hard core mate straight, done by a punter, straight out of hozzy and straight on it, boom!

(To Cherry) Ya fucking all a quiver to be here mate, innit? I can see you shake!"

Cherry: Men strewn everywhere.....

Kat: "Cha. Ignore them innit!"

Sounds of crackling – a lighter, something burning

"Go on, have a pipe."

Cherry: N-nah

KAT inhales

Kat: "My sweet crackle-kins

Just inhale, suck a little as I light it..."

Beat

Kat: "Go on"

Cherry: (*Nearly, but -*) “No thanks Kat. I better not” -

Kat: “See? This is why I love you!”

Cherry: “I’m just good with drink thank you” -

Sound of KAT inhaling deeply

Music: Mabel Don’t Call Me Up or Halsey – Without me, strange and distorted

Kat: (*Holding her breath of inhaled smoke...*) “Mate this tune!!”

Cherry: I drink and drink and drink and drink

Kat: And you get bare waisted, piss-tickles, bare flipping joke-icles you do and go on -

Cherry: “The town I’m from is *so small*, millions of miles away from *anything, anywhere*. In my town Kat really, you *can’t breathe*, it’s so close, all the *old people*, knowing all your business, they tried to ban me from the youth centre you know, for getting drunk, what bobble-brained wankers!

Everyone *everywhere* always sticking their big fat ugly noses in when it suits them. And when I really do try to... try to, tell them things. Like about my dad at home and just how angry he gets” -

Kat: “Yeah?”

(Loading up another pipe...Sound of crackle and inhaling)

Cherry: “... They don’t listen. Nobody listens.

Beat

Kat: I look at you, in that moment,

Cherry: Yeah? What?

Kat: I look at you... and I think I could tell you.

Cherry: I’m sorry you what?

Kat: I could tell you... all things about me, lots of it

Like what it was like growing up, things I never told en-y-one! No-one innit? Not a single little soul. Me keepin'it all locked up inside, here. See I think I'm going to tell you straight after

“Want a drink Cherry?”

Cherry: “Yes please.”

Kat: It takes time to push past the crowds of people but I push on through. I finch us a couple of Bacardi dreams and all I'm thinking is... I am gonna tell you stuff about me, growing up in that *shit hole*, being told what to do by people what don't care, that are just paid to look after you. All little ratties in your face. I think... Fuck it, I am gonna tell you how I tried to find my mum even. About when I was like four years old, last time I saw her. Stood in the kitchen. Me, her. She's chasing me with a orange scarf, wafting it at me. She always wore that. It fucking stank. Like syrup and spice and sweat. I was gonna tell you how I how I miss the stink of that scarf so much. But when I finally push back through to where you're sitting...

Cherry: You should have tried me! I would have listened!

Kat: He comes into the living room and -

Cherry: No Kat, it wasn't like -

Kat: He catches your eye and

“*Oh my god he is so fit*” like “I am just gonna *die* for him”

Cherry: No. not exactly -

Kat: Big poolio eyes, green and brown hazelnut that twinkle and sparkle as they catch the light

Cherry: I waited for you for ages!

Kat: No you never!

Cherry: Yes I did!

Kat: Five, ten minutes at most!

I got a drink, come into the living room and you are all - legs wrapped tight around him -

Snuck up in the corner with -

Like fricking limpets you,

Cherry: For god's sake Kat

Kat: Mad Nick, Mad fucking Nick –

Cherry: He just came over –

He *growls* at me like proper *growls*, in this crazy Wakefield accent and.

I can't help it.

He's proper sexy.

He takes me upstairs and

Kat: See?

Cherry: Oh Kat. Holding my hand leads me to one of the bedrooms, Kat my heart is tingling just a

little bit I am shy, nervous at first, hide my body but he kisses me all over, even kisses my stretch marks which I try to hide, don't want him to see but he laps me up, tells me I'm beautiful Kat

Kat: and I sit downstairs, I *smoke a pipe... (Beat)*

And I fucking actually really don't give a shit, yeah?

Really, truly don't fucking care.

Got other things on my mind...

Sounds of the distorted party fades into...

SCENE 4

Business time!

Kat: Raaaa! Our girls have landed, boom!

Move aside dem massage parlours up the other end of town

We are on a roll!

Cherry: Me and him start getting on good

Kat: I take girls' pickies and get them up on Gumtree,

In the computer shop, me, just load em up, girl after girl

Cherry: *(Starts humming Bruno Mars – Just The Way You Are) in parallel to KAT's lines)*

Kat: And back at the house I clear a space for men and a space even in the back room for the girls, *on my jaxy I do this*. I get girls pouffs, mirrors, I make it safe tidy, plush up place for them to wait for man

Cherry: *(Still humming)*

Kat: That takes me all flipping day, on my own all of it and then I spend all night, that night calling up all the punters *what I know*, my contacts

(On the phone) "We have got Iris, *fine*, Bubbles sweet, and we have got Angel oh my days, dazzle wazzle that girl is barely legal."

Cherry: *(still humming her tune)*

Kat: *(On the phone, louder)* "And we got Glasses, school girl, wants to hurt, wants hurting, alright listen calm ya-self mate, come, girls are wet, moist, touching themselves for you, we is having a introduction tomorrow night"

And I tell them girls on half price

"CHERRY!"

"Have you done the shopping?"

Did you clear the back room upstairs?" –

Cherry: "I am doing it!"

Kat: "Done that washing up?"

Cherry.

Oi fucking Cherry!"

Cherry: "I am doing it Kat, don't get all a fuss and knickers in a twist!"

Kat: I Spend all day, two fucking days and all night sorting shit out, I ask you to do the shopping, mop a bit, clear the back room and...

After two days

Cherry: It's quiet at the launch,

Kat: But when men come, *which they do*

Cherry: It takes ages to start picking up. But then, white van men come

Kat: And builders, they are rocking peas

Cherry: And just loads of scummy men, Kat

Kat: OK, some but we get some men what run their own business

Cherry: The local bloody Cost Cutter shop

Kat: We get all variety o men.

Cherry: One of them's a babysitter!

Kat: *Childminder*. Modern day man

Cherry: Says he's lonely but has two young kids and a wife

Kat: His wife just won't do to him what he wants and our girls will,

Cherry: It really starts filling up

Kat: See? Men come in straight from work or even pop in on their lunch break,

Cherry: All day long as well as night they come –

Kat: We even get your lot!

Rugby heads, *stella-heads*, boys from Uni-la-la-fucking-ver-sity, and so they get a little bit rough,

“Gyal gotta take rough with smooth”

“And anyway, where is Nick?”

Man said he's supposed to deal with this shit”

Cherry: “Business – “

Kat: "Business? He doesn't do fuck all, just hangs about, chats shit, shags you and –"

Cherry: "No, he has to liaise with the druggies up in town."

"Organizing shop liberated goods for the house. He doesn't even ask to get paid for this, just

does it out of the good of his own heart"

Kat: "He does fuck all!"

Cherry: "That's utter rubbish –"

Kat: "Listen up! These gyals are fucking off their tits happy they have got *roof* over their head and they are not out there on road, working a beat, risking their *life*,

I risk my neck for them gyals. I would literal take a bullets for each of them girlies.."

Cherry: "Is that right Kat, really?"

Kat: "What else would you have us girls do huh? After what we seen?

Work a bank?

Work a fucking tea shop?"

Cherry: "You could get counselling, therapy

Kat: "Oh my days! Listen to you, sweet little cherub a bird you -

"Girl's like us don't get therapy."

Beat

Cherry: Then you start getting horrible, Kat.

Kat: What?

Cherry: You start getting... Like shouting at me

Kat: So I get a little feisty...

Cherry: Tell me I'm jumped up, stuck up.

Kat: Well, come now look, ya are a bit –

Cherry: This one time I ask if I can have a bit of lingerie from those people that Nick saw, soft and sparkly, like angel dust to touch. And oh my gosh! I really actually flipping love it to bits, so much. I show you...

Kat: “Look at chew Twinkle Toes Cup Cake!”

Cherry: See?

Kat: “Look at the state!”

Cherry: *(Crumples)* “What Kat? What?”

Kat: “You look rough like a wibble-o-belly-o- trifle!

This stuff... I’m sorry but this stuff just aint for girls like you”

Cherry: “Girls like me?” *(Absolutely mortified)*

Kat: “Civilians, norms, straights, numpties”

You look fucking shit”

Cherry: “What?”

Kat: “Bare jokes

Like where’s all the jokes gone?”

(Beat.)

Every time I do see you just on and on about him and what he did and said and do you look fucking good in this, that’s all you want to talk about

You’re so fucking boring

Cherry: You’re jealous!

Kat: I hardly see you! Running after man, always, fucking always

And oh my days Morris, Morris shit! You don’t even see him, I take him tea and beans on toast and cake, You don’t even acknowledge him, won’t go in to see him

I think man is dying

Cherry: Kat.....

Beat *Sound shift?*

We don't have to do this you know, tell the rest of the story, sunrise is coming, look -

Kat: Yes we fucking do Cherry,

We absolute, do have to -

Cherry: We could just sit -

Kat: Do it fully proper, in it's mad mad truth

SCENE 5

Kat: It's all quiet.

Cherry: After three weeks I come downstairs and -

Kat: That van's been well crushed by now.

Cherry: The day and cars busy outside but inside it's so quiet, the lull in the house when none of the girls are working

Kat: Nine am –

Cherry: He never gets up early so I come downstairs, I don't think anything's wrong but “Nick!

Nick!” I can't find him. Where is he? I start to run through the rooms, darting

Kat: You can't find him –

Cherry: His bag is gone.

And then I see. I see a little note with a little blue flower he picked from the neighbour's garden saying.

(Gets choked)

Saying

Kat: ‘Had to go babe, I've got business.

Been really nice knowing you.'

(Beat)

Cherry: And my world caves in.

"Kat! Kat! Nick has gone!"

I shout through the rooms looking for you

Kat: You come running at me, and you fall into my arms. It's all really dramatic. I hold you. I hold you as you cry.

Cherry: I can't contain it. The sadness is... IS.... The grief... It feels like it could actually kill me

It's like I can't deal with it, I don't know where to put this pain

It's like a darkness crept in and soaked me, drenched me, filled my world up -

Kat: I have to ask you to stay in the back room, don't bother with helping out at all with the gaff while you're mop-a-doodles suffering about like -

Cherry: And I go back there to the girls and I'm all nervous and shy at first and I don't really know what they are doing. They are smoking on that same little pipe, Martell bottle from before and I'm not really totally innocent, I do know what it is.

They put a little stone on the pipe, a tiny little pebble.

Sound of lighter click and crackles, as before

She lights it, I inhale

Kat: I fucking just told you to go back there just a little while, behave -

Cherry: The smoke rips the skin off my lungs

I hold it and...

Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god

It's like a bomb goes off in me, oh my golly!

Fireworks, volcano, I sick it out all over the floor

I think I'm gonna have a heart-attack

It's great!

And all my pain, it just plops out right on the floor, there before me

Beat

"Can I have more?"

Beat

Kat: You're a fucking liability.

Cherry: (*very high*) "I loved him.

He moves about the earth

Just where his feet take him.

He just goes with the random, roaming wind.

He's like a cowboy,"

Kat: "Man's a fool"

Man was sly, ruthless!"

Cherry: "You don't know him like I do"

Kat: "Man aint got no morals"

Beat

Kat: "I fucking paid man to leave you."

(*Beat*)

Cherry: "What?"

Kat: "I paid him to go

£200 quid.

Straight up

A poxy £200 and man is skiddadle-a"

Beat

Cherry: “You bitch”

Beat

Kat: I got bare sick of you, never at the house, constant off with him or worse chatta-chatta-lada-lada bullshit, *always on about him* “Nick’s so kind, Nick’s so handsome”

So I holler man over one night and say man you gonna skip town anyway soon so here’s £200 to help you. I think he owed dealers bit of money for weed anyways so man was just all about the peas –

Beat

Cherry: So I was a mess

So I’m all drunk and distraught and smoking crack Kat all over the place

And you’re going on and on about wanting more money all the time

And I’m distraught thinking I can’t exist without him -

Kat: Cherry fam come, we don’t have to do this -

Cherry: I step out. *World shift*

Kat: Come now Cherry fam stop it –

Cherry: I can hear bird sings,

Sound – not of birds singing, something else

Kat: No –

Cherry: Bird sings different

Kat: Cherry ma girl –

Cherry: And everything feels wet and moist, November

Streets are quiet,

Ghosts

Cherry: As if no-body exists except haunting

I'm headed to the park -

Kat: For fucks sake!

Cherry: I drink rum.

Kat: Cherry man!

Cherry: I see a group of men stumbling, I mean I don't follow them but

I can hardly see Kat the mist and oh that rum is oh my gosh gone to my head, I can't hardly walk, oh

my golly, stand up

I don't mean to approach them but I do

(Giggling) "Hello...."

One of the men is off to Australia in the morning and the other men are all his work friends,

They have a rubber dingo, and a veritable absolute bucket of cocaine, I think I have arrived! This is it! So I invite them back to the house,

I mean they have a certain edge, but they are also lovely

They carry me upstairs, piggy back, I carry the dingo squeeking

We crash into a plant pot I say "ssshhhhhh"

And we still don't wake you?

They are all singing,

Rolf Harris Tie Me Kangaroo Down Boy

Very suspect, don't you think?

I take them to the back room

It's neat with towels in the room and wipes

I'm calling them "hench" and "Sexy" and I don't know why I do it, I am sloshed! I

forget about Nick, forget about you

Australian boy is... is on me

Kat: I don't hear you,

Cherry: They put out lines on this mirror and....

Kat: OK so I hear shit music play but girl is sleeping and the music is faint -

Cherry: I sit on the double bed,

They find some bondage top and we laugh as Australia struts about in it, being silly.
He has got a beard and grimy bits at the corner of his lips

They start saying about the Aussie boy, how he's a virgin and needs a treat before he goes, he "Needs to sample some bush before he goes and gets lost in the crazy Australian outback"

Kat: I heard voices and the music you were playing and I thought. I thought you were just dicking about, being some kinda fool, girl was so tired -

Cherry: I start to get faint, vision going all wibbly-wobbly crazy now

I'm literally going in and out of what's going on -

Kat: I put a flipping pillow on my head

Cherry: I have this feeling I wanna go home but I don't know where home is,

I say your name -

Kat: "Twink turn that fucking music down!

Gyal is tranna sleep..."

Cherry: They turn the music up of course and they laugh. "Cherry pops his Cherry"

And this boy. This boy he. Australia pushes me back on the bed, he is not strong the others laugh at what a wimp he is but even so I kick and fight but he manages to hold me down as the others hold my legs

Thrusts himself upon me.

(Beat)

And I feel myself slipping...

He slurs "You are so fucking hot, sizzling and hot like my Australian queen..."

Thrusting on me he rips my top, one of them kisses my tummy, the others wrench my tights off

Kat: Oh my god

Cherry: I try to wriggle Kat but I'm all too all a goo I fully now totally gone slip and slide and like a toboggan

And I wanna go home so bad in that moment Kat my heart aches for it.

I shout "Kat!" at the top of my voice

Kat: I think, oh my god, I think, maybe I -

Cherry: Shouting it really loud, a scream almost now -

Kat: Maybe I hear you -

Cherry: Do you? Do you really fucking finally actually hear me now?

He pushes me hard back against the bed, I bang my head

Kat he is going to rape me.

Beat

Kat: I think shit something is actually, maybe happening

Cherry: Oh my god, finally

Kat: I stagger upstairs

Cherry: I scramble and fight. I scream and scream and scream again "Kat!"

Kat: Coming up the stairs now thinking tell you for stop being such a selfish cunt

Cherry: I'm really fighting with them, not so limp at all I have gone feisty

One of them tries to grab my arm

I think you are never going to hear me

I grab at something, anything that is on the table next to me to grab to bash over his head.

I grab a lamp, a lamp

This retro scruffy big don't work lamp

I wrench it, go to hit him I swing it and -

Kat: / run up the stairs now

Cherry: No you're not, you don't, You don't come yet, you don't run up the stairs yet -

Kat: Yes I do!

I'm at the entrance to the door of the room

Cherry: No you're not!

He grabs the lamp off me and smashes it round my face, and it's that, it's after that when you

Arrive, that late

You hear the noise of the metal lamp smashing my face, my jaw, my eye socket, sending me flying

Kat: Shit.

Cherry: That metal crack will stay with you for life

Kat: Blood splatters, I arrive at the door...

Cherry: You actually finally arrive at the door, and

Kat: I stand there

Cherry: You fucking stand there, you actually don't move, don't do anything

Beat

Kat: Can't see anything to grab

There's this big stick, it's used to open up the door to the roof, it's got a fucking hook on it man I think, yes!

I grab it

I whack a man in the face, he staggers back, man he is bleeding

The other two dive at me, wrestle the stick off me, there is like four of them on me

Cherry: I manage to wriggle away

I've got my phone going to call somebody, the police

Something

Anything

But I can't see. I've got blood from my head in my eyes, I stagger out the room.

Kat: They give me bare beats these men

Cherry: Shouting as they do call us both cheap whores

Kat: I'm slipping Cherry

Cherry: I get away, crawl along the hall
See the stairs.

Kat: I'm slipping away

Cherry: Grab at the banister

Kat: They beat me so I'm now in blackout

Cherry: But my hand is all slippery All slippery with blood something I don't know what happens like I

Kat: I'm gone

Cherry: I want to get to maybe this place Kat, the quarry I want to get away.
Get to home
I'm sorry I left you

I turn on the stairs
And
And
But it all goes funny,
I think it's coz I'm so scared, I turn on the stairs, I slip and fall

And stars as I fall
I do remember falling or do I?
I remember stars that's what I remember
Stars all swishing and past me as I fall
I fall and fall and hit my head
Smack on the floor
And blood just gulps out as my skull cracks like a big giant egg yawning in the morning

Half undressed
Clothes torn

I think I've pissed myself, have I?

I gasp my last breath

(Beat)

Kat: You gasp your last breath

Cherry I'm sorry

Cherry: Yeah. I know.

Kat: Cherry I'm sorry,
I... I'm sorry I picked you up, in that first place,
Sorry I didn't listen... to you say you didn't wanna do it I'm sorry I paid Nick, sorry I
paid him to leave you. I was jealous.
Sorry you ever had to meet me

Beat

Cherry: I never laughed so hard, I never even laughed at all till

Kat: Me fucking neither

Cherry: At the quarry? Here at the Quarry

Kat: Yeah

Cherry: Swimming

Kat: Diving off those rocks

Cherry: I never thought I... I could have a friend
Like I would always look at other people living their lives, like in that advert and I
would always
Wonder how they did it

Kat: Norms, me neither

Cherry: But we had better than all that

Kat: Yes

Cherry: Belly wobble laugh ache Don't you think?

Kat: Girls never ever laughs out on street Never

Cherry: Lying out with the stars, here looking up at it

Kat: Orions belt

Cherry: Tucked up under that blanket

Kat: Cherry I know you get it. I know you always did I just couldn't, can't, find it hard to

Cherry: I know

Beat

Kat: Cherry don't go

Cherry: I kind of have to

Kat: Drive a sunset mate....

Cherry: Like dutty ass pirates me and you, innit?

Kat: Stomping it out over this place

Cherry: I love that morning light... So blue...

Kat: Are you cold?

Cherry: No, I –

Beat

Cherry: I have to go.

Beat.

Kat: I'm proper fucking sorry

Kat kisses Cherry hard, long on the lips

Kat: Goodbye Cherry. It was ace

Sound of space getting brighter. whiter

Sound of shouting all distorted

Police sirens wailing as top

Ambulance is here. Stretcher opening. Blurring sounds of help and

Suddenly starts to build, gets increasingly distorted, builds and builds.

Kat: Ambulance all around me, paramedics lift me up, on some mad stretcher thing,

got bruise, bare bruise, got concussed-ed

What we had Cherry...

Scene 6

Hospital

A long while passes as Kat breathes

We are in a very real place, it's clear we've left the hyperreal

Hospital room

Sound of Nurse bustling

Nurse: *(Sound of curtains opening)*

Kat: *Aagh*

What you doing?

What the fuck are you doing? -

Nurse: I want to let a little sunlight in.

Kat: It's middle of the fucking night, you're cruel -

Nurse: It's 6am

Kat: Yeah well don't -

Nurse: You have to open up the curtains, let a bit of sunlight in, to your life,

Kat: Shut up.

Nurse: Music, bet you love a little music?

Turns radio up

Kat: Oh my days, fuck's sake, what is wrong with you?

(Music plays. It's OutKast)

No leave it. It's shit but

(Beat. Music plays)

Nurse: How are you feeling?

Kat: Fucking fantastic

Nurse: *(Examining)* Still got a temperature -

(Beat)

You know they've been sat outside the whole time,

Night and day -

Kat: Can you actually leave me alone now?

Nurse: I don't even think they've eaten,

Very conscientious.

Kat: And?

Nurse: Waiting for you to wake up, to talk to you,

Kat: That's made my day lak a fucking ray of beauty sun beam truly

Beat

Nurse: They asked me to get tea I said no

They have been on and on at me, hassling non-stop to come in but I said no

Beat

Nurse: You look a state

Beat

Kat: I need my nails painted

Nurse: Oh. OK.

I doubt I have, I never carry, let me have a look in my bag

(Sound of rummaging in her hand bag)

Voila!

I have to let them in soon you know but

Before I do

(Holds out nail polish)

Let's get you looking spandangly special,

It's green I know but -

Kat: I like green

Nurse: Give me your hand

Beat, she starts to paint

Kat: My fucking A spa she My friend she

(Beat)

Nurse: You need to look after yourself Kat

Kat: Shut up -

Nurse: It's true

Kat: Like, I don't even know what that means

(Beat)

Nurse: That sunlight is so lovely isn't it?

Kat: No it fucking isn't,

(Beat)

Yeah it is, alright?

Nurse: You have got the best room on this ward

All the nurses in the hospital want to work this ward so they can see the view,

You're on the fifth floor

You can see trees and. Beautiful.

Even a few hills over there beyond the city

(Beat)

Kat: When I get out of here I am gonna get a van

Nurse: Yeah?

Kat: Yeah. I'm not sticking around

Nurse: A van?

Kat: And I am just gonna drive and drive, save up money and live on the road

Nurse: It's good, it's good to have a plan, that sounds exciting

Kat: Yeah gonna be spank girl

I am gonna ride, ride, ride sunsets, trees, vallies,

Aint nobody gonna stop me

Like blista sista, blista fucking sista,

Both: Blista-fucking-sista mate.

(They stand and look at the view.)

They laugh together

Music plays...)

Closing Credits

You've been listening to Blist-a by Sonya Hale

A Clean Break Production

Directed by Róisín McBrinn, Joint Artistic Director for Clean Break.

Performed by Ambreen Razia and Ria Zmitrowicz

Sound Design by Helen Skiera

Dramaturgy by Gillian Greer

And Produced by Mimi Findlay

Blis-ta was commissioned and produced by Clean Break and supported by Arts Council England. Arts Council England, The Bromley Trust, Jerwood Arts, The McGrath Charitable Trust, and The Orseis Trust.

Our thanks to Dominic Bilkey, Suzanne Diakun, Bertie Carvel, Holly Conneely, Jessica Dromgoole, Sarah Fortescue, Abigail Gonda, Sarah Kenny, Jeremy Mortimer, Lucy Morrison, Rufus Norris, the National Theatre and Elisha Sessions.

You can find out more about what we do at Clean Break online at cleanbreak.org.uk.

If you'd like to support Clean Break visit our website and go to the Support Us page at cleanbreak.org.uk/support to find out more.