

Chewing Gum

Episode 1 "Sex and Violence"

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INT. RONALD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 1

(CHANGE FROM NIGHT TO DAY BEING DISCUSSED).

TRACEY (mid 20's, very modest plain clothing) in RONALD'S (late 20's, only child, wears tweed) bedroom: fit for a prince, en-suite, posters of JESUS stylised as a SUPERHERO.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

My mum was gonna call me 'Alyssa' which means 'sweet angel' in Indian, but when I come out, she looked at me and called me 'Tracey'. 'Tracey'- sounds like I eat bacon sarnies and have sex at the back of the bus I don't eat pork, I don't even wanna have sex with my boyfriend in a bedroom. Excuse me, I'm praying with my life partner.

Tracey's and Ronald's palms open in prayer position, eyes closed, cross legged at the edge of a King size bed.

RONALD

...Holy father we worship and honour you, we thank you for keeping Tracey and I united in 6 years of courtship.

Tracey briefly looks at his crotch then refocuses.

RONALD (CONT'D)

For preserving our virginity thus far...

IMAGINATION: They kiss, he throws her onto the bed. She gets on top, licking his eyebrows brow by brow, sucking his nose, dry humping his leg.

REALITY: Ronald praying to God.

RONALD (CONT'D)

...Your word says a whore is a deep ditch and a strange woman is a narrow pit...

Tracey- Queen of strange, bangs her head trying to knock her thoughts out.

RONALD (CONT'D)
...to stay virginal till marriage
and we will wait until we die if it
brings you glory. Amen.

Tracey stares into Ronald's crotch.

RONALD (CONT'D)
Amen. Tracey?

TRACEY
...Amen.

Ronald fake yawns.

RONALD
Oh yes. Yes. Ah, tired already.

TRACEY
's only gone 12pm.

RONALD
Crazy I know...probably have a nap
now, so...

TRACEY
You always fall asleep when I'm
here.

RONALD
I told you it's because of my (my
uhm).

TRACEY
Your anaemia, yeah.

Beat. Ronald nods

TRACEY (CONT'D)
I just like spendin' time with you

Ronald recognizes her vulnerability.

RONALD
Hey...Chin up, chin up okay?
Where's your chin? There's the
chin. Good. Don't be desperate.

He discreetly uses hand gel sanitizer on his hands, he looks
back at her and smiles. Tracey nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE RONALD'S HOUSE. DAY 2

Tracey walks away from Ronald's house. She turns back and smiles at him, he smiles back. His smile fades, he closes the door.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)
Sometime's he just let's me stay
n'watch 'im sleep. I could never
let him do that, 'coz when I sleep
I get wet dreams.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Tracey's dreaming.

TRACEY V/O
I'll just be havin' a normal sexy-
ish dream, it gets too intense and
then...

TRACEY
Jay Z stop...mmm...yes

Blood squirts out of her nose.

TRACEY V/O
I squirt...blood, out my nostrils.
Oh

It wakes her up- she grabs a tissue by her bed stand.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE RONALD'S HOUSE. DAY 2

Tracey shrugs.

5 EXT. ESTATE. DAY 2

5

CUT TO:

Tracey walks up to her estate, a high rise block in the City of London. Four Indian kids chase a girl (aged 9, mini Tracey) across the square, she runs into the distance shouting:

LITTLE GIRL (O.S.)
Fuck you, fuck your mums.

Tracey goes to the intercom and buzzes. She's distracted by mumbling. It's CONNOR (late 20's, black Avirex jacket, hood up- temperament low), sat with a notebook on a recycling bin.

CONNOR
Mans' soul is void, like the
universe got...

TRACEY
(to herself)
...whass 'e doin'?

His phone rings, he ends the call, and focuses back on his notebook.

CONNOR
Err..universe- got- fuck...the
universe got 'boyd' He quickly jots
'boyd' down.

TRACEY
Who you talking to?

He holds up his notebook, surprisingly bashful.

CONNOR
Wow. Err. Nah, I'm --

His phone rings again. He's furious:

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'm writing. Wha'da fuck man?
Nah...Delete me from your contacts.
Delete-- MUM, I'm...argh.

He hangs up. He smiles at Tracey. She buzzes the intercom with desperation

CONNOR (CONT'D)
You got a shift in the shop?

Tracey nods, nervously.

TRACEY
...Later.

CONNOR
Yeah. I seen you wiv da hat. You
sor'of look like a maid, like
modern, liberated slave sor' o'
thing.

Tracey's confused, she buzzes the intercom door again.

CONNOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
That didn't-- I mean, when you wear
the hat- I like the shop hat--not
maid--your-- argh.

They smile at each other. Silence. Connor moves toward Tracey. He's right in front of her.

TRACEY
Wha'yu doing?

CONNOR
Lettin' you in.

He holds his fob to the intercom, Tracey she escapes inside.

CUT TO:

6 INT. SHOP. DAY 2

6

Tracey is loaded with multi-pack cardboard boxes of cereal. She wears an apron over a pleated skirt that stops midway between her knee and ankle.

CANDICE (Tracey's BFF, mid 20's, natural beauty) stands by without the thought to help. She wears PJ's and Nikes.

CANDICE
Listen, mate. You're definitely
missing my party to break your
hymen.

Beside Candice, a customer (male 30's) picks up a jar of food, the lid is missing and it's half eaten. Candice opens a jar of peanut butter from the same shelf and eats a chunk of it with her finger whilst talking. Customer is disturbed.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
I'm not even upset, I'm proud.

Tracey sets the boxes down and climbs the ladder. Candice lazily sends up items for Tracey to stack. Customer approaches Tracey-holding a jar of peanut butter to complain:

TRACEY
I'm busy but my boss ain't here so
you can juss scan it yuhself 'n
leave the cash.

Customer leaves. Candice starts making sex noises.

CANDICE
It is time.

TRACEY

(to Candice)

I'm a 24 year old virgin, that doesn't mean I wanna have sex with my boyfriend.

CANDICE

You don't have to, you can bang someone on tinder, it's free, you can set it find someone in the borough and walk a tinder bang ain't even bus fare blad.

Tracey looks at Candice with concern.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

Candice is like the buffest girl I've ever seen on the whole of my estate but she's got learning difficulties so it sort of balances it out so like, I can be best friends with her, and I'm not jealous or anything.

CANDICE

You leave it too long it'll tear when he enters, you'll need stitches.

TRACEY

Well, thank God for the NHS innit.

CANDICE

Lemme give you a makeover you ain't gonna get the D looking like that.

TRACEY

I don't want the D.

CANDICE

Fair play. Sex is overrated anyway, like yeah; iss good when iss good, but s'neva 'exciting', s'neva like a 'thrill'...

Tracey comes down from the ladder.

TRACEY

Aaron?

Candice nods.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
 ...Maybe you should have it less
 often? That way, it will be more
 exciting when you do.

CANDICE
 Nah nah nah I don't want less I
 want 'tougher' but...

TRACEY
 What? It's Aaron innit he's,
 he's...very--

CUT TO:

7 INT. BUS STOP. DAY 2

7

Aaron (Candice's boyfriend, mid 20's, muscular) sits amidst
 city workers. He stares at the Bus Stop anti animal cruelty
 billboard. "ABANDONED BY OWNERS". He chokes up.

AARON
 Thass horrible that. Nah iss 'orrid
 The man beside him hands offers a tissue.

AARON (CONT'D)
 No fanks, I'm allowing the present
 moment to be as it is. Man beside
 him looks confused.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SHOP. DAY 2.

CANDICE
 I just want him to have a firmer
 hand...

TRACEY
 Course

CANDICE
 ...like, hold me down...

TRACEY
 He's gotta be there for you

CANDICE
 ...with his hands, or tie me down,
 and strangle me, like bare tight
 until I almost die but then I
 don't; I do a big cum instead.

Candice grins. A long silence. Tracey disturbed.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
 ...You know?

Tracey nods.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
 Fuck 50 Shades thass some vanilla
 shit I'm talking raw BDSM, Bondage,
 discipline...

TRACEY
 Oh okay. I feel uncomfortable so.

Tracey pretends to read a jar. Candice laughs.

CANDICE
 Tracey?

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)
 Last year, in my church, we burnt
 copies of 50 shades of grey. Was a
 special night service.

Tracey returns to reading the jar. Candice smiles,
 flabbergasted

CANDICE
 Trace?

TRACEY
 No

Tracey keeps reading. Candice laughs and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

9 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 2.

9

Tracey's enters her bedroom, two single beds, old, broken
 drawers, failed attempts at DIY painting/torn wallpaper.

Poster of Beyonce and one of Jesus next to each other on the
 wall. On her bedside table we see an accumulation of bloody
 tissues. CYNTHIA's grinning holding a Connect 4 game.

TRACEY
Wha' you doin'?

CYNTHIA
Thought you might want a shot at
taking the title.

Tracey sits down, a connect 4 wall in between them.

TRACEY
Where's Mum?

CYNTHIA
Evangelising at the community hall.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. ESTATE COMMUNITY .DAY 2.

10

An energetic JOY (Tracey's Mum, late 40's) hands a Christian tract to KRISTY and KARLY RAVEN (Estate residents, sisters, mid 20's, false eyelashes, false boobs Karly 30 weeks pregnant). They have prams, 3 toddlers (mixed race) and one baby.

JOY
Do you know salvation is free for
all? Even for you, yes even for
prostitutes. My dear, your vagina
is holy. I will command Satan to
leave your nether regions today.
Fire, hallelujah, be gone.

CUT BACK TO:

11 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 2.

11

They sit either side of a Connect 4 game.

CYNTHIA
Apparently there's some sort of
hedonism-inspired plot for a party
tonight. Here. Where we live.

TRACEY
It's just Candice.

CYNTHIA

I know, sometimes I can't wait for all the sinners to be crying at the feet of Jesus when He returns- but in the mean time, I'll keep being nice to them.

TRACEY

Mmm.

CYNTHIA

The devil 'll be prowling 'round her flat like a lion on a low carb diet so probably better to stay here till tomorrow.

Tracey watches Cynthia anxiously eyeball a piece of fluff on her own jumper then remove it with caution.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I worry about you sometimes--

Tracey makes a move on Connect 4. Cynthia astonished.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

--Woah. Sis, I've gotta say I didn't see that coming, you've actually improved.

TRACEY

Cynthia, what do you want from life?

CYNTHIA

Nothing. I mean nothing else, just this.

TRACEY

Come on, marriage? summink, summink else, wha'dju see?

Cynthia likes the challenge, she thinks really hard.

CYNTHIA

Uhm...I see...the three of us, and we're at the table like every other day, except we're really old...

Tracey nods to hide her concern.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Oh. And Mum...is really really old.

Cynthia giggles again.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)
Yeah so I'm definitely gonna bang
Ronald.

Cynthia looks at the bloody tissues.

CYNTHIA
There's a bunch of bloody tissues
near your bed, do you want my
period pad? I don't mind sharing.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)
Yeah, tonight.

CUT TO:

12 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 2

12

Candice back combs Tracey's hair whilst simultaneously eating a ham sandwich, we only see the back of Tracey's head. We see ESTHER (mid 60's, Candice's Nan, lovable, colourful Nike trainers) ironing while watching their wide screen TV.

CANDICE
(casual)
Just remember all the shit I told
you 'n you'll be fine, aight, I
think I'm done.

Candice inspects the made-over Tracey and nods approvingly.
Esther has a look, she frowns.

ESTHER (TO CANDICE)
I thought she was your friend.

CANDICE
She is. Nan! I mean, maybe the
contour is a bit too much here.

ESTHER
Much is a word. Yep.

TRACEY
Okay lemme see lemme see lemme see

She goes to the mirror. Tracey 2.0 is revealed to us: dip-dyed ombre weave, platform high heels, a tight low cut crop top, little shorts, thick "HD" brows, her face contoured so aggressively she could be mistaken for a different person, blue contact lenses and pink lipstick. Candice looks scared.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
I like it. 'S like Beyonce.

ESTHER

Issit?

TRACEY

I am nervous.

CANDICE

Start with the right level of eye contact and the rest'll be easy.

TRACEY

Levels, easy.

CANDICE

It's the difference between this:

Ham sandwich in hand, she looks plainly at Tracey.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

And this:

She subtly realigns herself, eyes slightly squinted, lips minimally pursed, head tilted ever so slightly to one side.

TRACEY

Wow.

CANDICE

'S the 'come to bed' face'

TRACEY

I will do that.

CANDICE

Well go on then, neutral face?

Tracey does a "dull/bored" face expression

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Come to bed face?

Tracey's nostrils flare and her eyes pop out of their sockets like a hungry monster. Candice is shocked.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Just a little bit less

Tracey does the same face. Candice hides her worry. Esther, still ironing, watches in horror.

ESTHER

I feel sick.

CANDICE
Okay, you remember how to go in for
the kiss yeah?

TRACEY
Yep.

She hard-handedly grabs the back of Candice's head for a
kiss.

CANDICE
No. Keep it light Tracey, light-you
gotta let him think he's in
control, that it's his move

TRACEY
Yep yep.

CANDICE
And when he gives in to you, sit on
his face.

Beat.

TRACEY
Wha?

CANDICE
Sit on his face

ESTHER
Yeah just perch on it, love.

TRACEY
Umm..

CANDICE
Sit your bare pussy on his face
If he doesn't open his mouth
immediately just hold his nose--

ESTHER
--Like first aid.

TRACEY
...Thank you.

Esther hugs Tracey

ESTHER
Have confidence Tracey. You're like
wine, okay? What's between your
legs has been fermenting for 24
years-you are an asset.

Esther sways back into the living room. Tracey touches her clothes, Sex In The City glint in her eye.

TRACEY

I'm an asset. That means a lot
Esther, thank you! Oh I feel a
bit...like Oprah...hm.

She makes to leave then turns around.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Candice, if you want Aaron to hurt
you, you just need to make him
angry.

CANDICE

Yeah...I dunno if--

TRACEY

Ronald always gets angry when
I...what dozee call it...muscles,
mass- emasculate- yeah you- you
make 'im sound like he has things
in common wiv women.

Candice laughs and shoves her out the flat.

CANDICE

I'll think about it.

Tracey grabs Candice and speaks intimately.

TRACEY

Thanks for this, I throb so hard
i'ss like my vagina's got epilepsy
so I really appreciate this.

Tracey's phone rings, she screeches. Esther rejoins.

ESTHER

Go go go! You know what they say.
If all else fails- get your tits
out.

CUT TO:

13

INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2

13

Ronald waiting for Tracey, he cleans his hands with
antiseptic gel. He checks his watch, he shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTATE BALCONY CONTINUOUS TO LIFT. DAY 2

Tracey tries (and fails) to gracefully sprint to the lift. She presses the button, lift opens. CONNOR is inside it. The doors slide shut and they're alone. Tracey looks toward the exit. Silence. Connor is looking at Tracey.

CONNOR
...You good?

TRACEY
...Yeah.

Tracey's curiosity takes over her. They face each other.

CONNOR
...Where's your hat?

Tracey is almost panicking with sexual nervousness.

TRACEY
...In my house.

Connor tries to dilute his delight.

CONNOR
Okay.

They stare at each other, Connor moves in closer. As Tracey stares at him her nose begins to bleed.

Connor is concerned.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Fuck, you alright? Your nose is
bleeding.

A flicker of confusion in Tracey- she eradicates it instantly and maniacally smiles.

TRACEY
(confident)
No it's not.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2 15

Tracey walks up to Ronald, bursting with positivity.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
Hey.

Ronald slowly takes in her revealing outfit; He cuts his eye.

CUT TO:

16 INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2

16

The waiter stands by them.

RONALD

I'll have the Qiandao finest caviar
with foie gras.

Tracey does her take on Candice's 'come to bed face'. Ronald stares at her dryly. Tracey responds with the come to bed face again.

RONALD (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The waiter wants to know what you
want to eat?

TRACEY

Oh would he? Prawn balls and
special fried rice.

CUT TO:

17 INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2

17

Tracey looks down, tilts head then goes in for the kiss as close to his face as possible without touching. She waits.

RONALD

You have something on your mouth.

We see she has tartar sauce on her mouth.

TRACEY

Is that right?

She wipes it with her finger and puts it in her mouth.

RONALD

May I be excused?

TRACEY

Excuse...you.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2

Tracey tries to look sexy eating whilst holding her knife and fork like an ungraceful child.

TRACEY

I need to go a'toiluh bu' I'm
nervous you're gonna watch me walk
as I leave...

RONALD

(dryly)

It's the least of your worries.

TRACEY

(flirtatious)

Ron, you're terrible.

She tries to strut, she trips and falls directly onto a woman in a hijab, accidentally dragging it off of her head. Tracey frantically tries to put it back on her. She turns back to Ronald. He's not looking, he cleans his hands with gel again.

RONALD

(to waiter)

Can I get the bill, please?

CUT TO:

INT. CANDICE'S BEDROOM. DAY 2

Candice and Aaron: doggy style sex.

AARON

I love you.

CANDICE

Love you too.

AARON

You are an emblem of the sun.

CANDICE

Emblem of the sun yes I know.

They fuck, steady rhythm.

AARON

Oh shit this feels good.

He strokes her hair.

CANDICE

Pull it.

AARON

What?

CANDICE

Nothing.

They continue. He grunts deeply.

AARON

I love you. I'm not gonna hurt you.
Aw fuck. Babe seriously, it's like
you exude light.

CANDICE

Dig your nails into my bum.

AARON

What?

CANDICE

Nothing.

It disturbs Aaron's thrusting flow. He continues, deep grunts
and moans. She decisively giggles

AARON

Is something wrong?

CANDICE

No, it's cute; you make sex moans
like a girl.

Candice looks ahead with a hopeful face. Aaron's face sours.

AARON

You wha'?

CUT TO:

20

INT. RONALD'S BEDROOM. DAY 2

20

Ronald starts looking through his shelves. Tracey on his bed.

RONALD

You look a little...different, with
the clothes, and the face.

TRACEY

I had a lil makeover

RONALD

You're fine the way you are.

His words melt Tracey.

TRACEY

Really? How' d'you mean?

RONALD

Well, now you look worse. I can't find my Prayer Guide...

Tracey's resilience is knocked. She tries another approach:

TRACEY

I think about you a lot you know...sometimes I'm like 'arrgh what can I do to get Ronald off my mind?!!'

He stops searching and turns to her lovingly;

RONALD

You could study, you could get a qualification?

TRACEY

Hm...yeah.

RONALD

Then you'd have a qualification. Or for people like you - the whole struggle with literacy thing- there's 'Soldier of Christ Boot camp'- it's sick.

Tracey's resilience is knocked again. She rolls her eyes.

TRACEY

Ron, you're like a brick wall

Ron rummages through his bookshelf.

RONALD

If by brick you mean impenetrable like Jesus the epic superhero of salvation then, yah--

He turns around, Tracey is in her bra and knickers grinning. Ronald's face drops.

CUT TO:

Aaron is sobbing. An exhausted Candice hands him more tissue.

AARON

Sorry.

CANDICE

Why?

AARON

I should have better control of my
pain body.

Candice rolls her eyes. Aaron composes himself.

AARON (CONT'D)

This thing- that you want, I don't
want it - I could never wanna do
that-

CANDICE

Don't make me sound like a
paedophile, it's not disgusting,
it's normal

AARON

It's normal to- get a rope, or a

belt and...do whatever--

CANDICE

Tie up, spank, suffocate,
whip, strangle, scratch, --

AARON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I don't even wanna hear it, why
would I wanna hear that
shit?

CANDICE

Aaron? Why you going apeshit? The
violence is not without my consent.

AARON

I don't think we're gonna come to
an agreement here.

KRISTY RAVEN (O.S)

Paaaaarty party, Candice, open up.

Candice sees Kristy and Karly Raven from her window.

CANDICE (EXASPERATED SIGH)

Ugh fuck.

Candice grabs a shirt and heads to the door.

AARON

Oh God, the party's starting.

Aaron bursts into tears.

CUT TO:

22 INT. RONALD'S BEDROOM. DAY 2 .

22

Tracey advances toward Ronald. He responds as he would to a grizzly bear...stay as still as possible, no big moves, try not to show your panic.

RONALD

Get back...get back...oh God have mercy

TRACEY

Do you want me to rub my private parts on your private parts?

Ronald backs up, eyes on Tracey she puts her hands behind her back; he searches for something to steady him. She unclasps her bra; eyes on Tracey he places his hand on a pocket bible, Tracey drops her bra. He throws the tiny pocket bible at her.

Tracey is unharmed and confused.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT RONALD'S HOUSE. DAY 2. 23

Ronald tries to shove a resistant Tracey out of his open front door.

RONALD

The last thing I want to do is see you naked.

TRACEY

We've been going out since I was and...we haven't done anything, I just don't know if that's normal- we haven't kissed, I haven't sat on your face.

RONALD

Why would you sit on my face?

TRACEY

'Coz I'm an asset, I've been fermenting for 24 years. He starts handing her her clothes.

RONALD

What? Just get out. What was I ever even thinking, everyone thought I was crazy. "Ronald, she's so dark, girls that dark are dark with anger".

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (LAUGHS)

No one actually thinks that.

RONALD

You're not meek, you're not mild you're a third degree burn from hell.

TRACEY

Argh I left my --

He slams the door. Tracey's out in the cold.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

I left my oyster.

CUT TO:

24 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 2

24

Muffled baseline coming from loud music in the living room. A few party goers are milling around. Connor holds his notebook and talking to OLA (early 20's, flamboyantly dressed in a silver sequin top,)

CONNOR

Man's soul is void, like the universe got boyd, and I ain't even annoyed, but hold up, my hearts destroyed.

Ola shakes his head.

CONNOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I know i'ss heavy stuff.

OLA (KINDLY)

I'ss juss rubbish.

Ola walks away. Connor is shocked.

25

EXT. RONALD'S FRONT DOOR/ROAD. DAY 2

25

It's quiet. Tracey puts her clothes back on.

TRACEY

Ron? 'S Cold, D'ju havva hoodie I
can borrow?! Ron?

Ronald opens his window and shouts:

RONALD

I'm warning you, go home.

TRACEY

I understand my breasts are not to
your liking, I just need a jumper.

Tracey looks at the camera, she gives a 'bloody typical' roll
of the eyes. At the same time we see Ronald run away from the
window.

Suddenly Ronald comes bursting out of his door charging
toward her- FURY.

RONALD

Get away from my doorstep now.

TRACEY

Woah

RONALD

Move. There's a police station
across the road I will go there
right now.

TRACEY

No you won't.

Ronald grabs Tracey by the arm and leads her away from his
house

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Ouch.

RONALD

I can practically smell the sin
oozing out of you.

TRACEY

It's probably my deodorant.

RONALD

There I was trying to raise you out
of poverty-

TRACEY
I ain't poor

RONALD
-thinking 'ohh, if she's a
bit poor and deprived she'll
respect me faster' boy was I wrong

He starts crossing the road.

TRACEY
Where you going?

RONALD
To have you arrested for sexual
assault.

TRACEY
Oh. It was Esther I didn't know-I
didn't know thass wha' it was.

He turns, in the middle of the road, adrenaline, fury and
shock pumping through him. A car drives by, he dodges it.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
Ron, sorry, come out the road.

He laughs maniacally.

RONALD
To think I was going to take you as
a wife. Oh for my foolishness God
strike me down now-

A car driving at full speed knocks him down. Suddenly there's
no more noise.

Tracey goes toward him with fear and caution.

TRACEY
Oh my god oh my god oh my god

Ronald on his back, his leg bent in an impossible direction.
His eyes are open, he whimpers.

Tracey kneels at his body and goes to touch him.

TRACEY (CONT'D)
Ron, are you okay? Can you hear me?
Oh God...I'm gonna get help.

Ronald, in between painful screams, picks up exactly where he
left off:

RONALD

My faith- arggh- means more to me
than your breasts- argh- I'm not
jumping on- argggh- your fast train
to hell- whore of Egypt, get away
from me-argh, get away from me, get
your nasty hands away from me

TRACEY

Erm, okay.

She begins to walk away, she gets out her phone and dials an ambulance. Ronald shouts after her.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Can I have ambulance please,
someone's been knocked down by a
car, on Knowlson street, where the
police station is. No, thought I
knew him but he's not who I thought
he was...yeah he's still conscious.
Great, thanks!

RONALD

Where you going? Go away. Get back
here...get out of my life, where
are you going? Come back. Go away

She hangs up the phone and runs even faster.

CUT TO:

26

INT. TRACEY'S BATHROOM. NIGHT 2

26

Now in pink and white stripey PJ's, Tracey wipes off all her make up. She looks in the mirror, unsure what to make of herself. Through the mirror she stares a Crucifix hung up in her bathroom. Then she stares at herself, troubled. A zealous Cynthia bursts in with connect 4.

CYNTHIA

You're back. Where you belong.
Let's grow old and play Connect 4
forever.

TRACEY

Let me breathe

Tracey is horrified. She runs out.

CYNTHIA

Is it an asthma attack? Let's stay here and pray. Where are you going? It's not safe out there the devil is prowling.

CUT TO:

27

INT. CANDICE'S FLAT- HALLWAY. NIGHT 2

27

Tracey, in her PJ's, makes her way into Candice's flat. She sees Aaron slumped on the floor, she joins him; both miserable.

AARON

Cand said you were trying for the big one?

TRACEY

I don't really wanna talk.

AARON

Okay well I'm--

TRACEY

He threw me out. I stood there, like a - he was so disgusted by me he threw me out the house.

AARON

What? Fuckin'...What?

TRACEY

I understand I coulda handled it better and may have committed a criminal offence but if thass where honesty gets you in a 6 year relationship I'd be happier a liar.

AARON

Well, you'd be happier with a better boyfriend. You deserve one.

TRACEY

Yeah. If he makes me feel like a freak for expressin' myself, or like what I wanna do is so wrong--

Aaron's smile disappears.

AARON

Unless it's violent painful stuff.

TRACEY

I don't care if I'm asking you to slap me round the face you should be open. I express what I want 'n he goes apeshit? He obviously don't love me.

AARON

I do love her. Course I love her. With all my heart. I've-Arggh man.

He walks toward Candice.

TRACEY

Where you going?

Tracey walks behind him.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 2

28

Loud music and sweat on the windows. Some people are dancing. Candice is sat moping on the sofa staring into space, envious of everyone else's revelry.

A terrified but brave Aaron appears. He tries to slap Candice, she dodges and pushes him aggressively.

CANDICE

Wha'da fuck man?

AARON

I was tryin'. I wanna try that makes ya' happy, why ya vex?

CANDICE

This is for when I'm wet, Aaron, when I'm wet.

He tries to regulate his breathing.

AARON

Right, yeah 'was juss so geared up.

CANDICE

Ah baby, slow steps okay? We'll start slow.

She hugs him. Candice looks slightly turned on.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Start with just a scratch, see?

She scratches him gently. He does the same back.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
I like that babe. You wanna try a
little deeper?

He nods.

CANDICE (CONT'D)
In the bedroom?

AARON
Yeah I do, come here man.

He carries a grinning Candice away. Tracey watches, turned off.

CUT TO:

INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM / HALL. NIGHT 2

An hour later- euphoria in Candice's stuffed flat. Ja Rule's "Where Would I Be" plays. OLA in the centre, he does the splits and dutty-whines, playing with his nipples. Esther screams in applause pouring a bottle of vodka on to him. She catches the eye of a partier (male mid 30's). She flashes her bra- he grins and does the "superb" sign with his hands.

Tracey rolls her eyes in boredom and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. ESTHER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 2 30

Tracey enters to find CONNOR there, writing.

TRACEY
Sorry

He looks at her PJ's then returns fully to his book.

CONNOR
You look nice. Sit down if you want

Tracey considers her next move.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ESTATE BALCONY. NIGHT 2 31

31

Cynthia cautiously heads toward Candice's flat with her bible. She mumbles determinedly.

CYNTHIA

The lord is my shepherd I shall not
be afraid, protect me as I step
into this flat; sublet by
satan...give me the power to save
my Tracey from his worshippers.
Amen, amen.

CUT TO:

32 INT. ESTHER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 2

32

CONNOR You alright yeah?

TRACEY

Think so, had a bit of a weird day
really my boyfriend broke up with
me and I think he's dead but
there's a ambulance on the way so
maybe not.

They look at each other. Her nose starts to trickle. She
frantically straddles him, they snog, he takes off her top,
he grabs the left boob and then the right. She pulls away for
a moment.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Yes. More of that please.

They get back to business. Tracey dry humps Connor's crotch.

CONNOR

Mans soul is void, like the
universe got boyd.

TRACEY

It did, it did get boyd. Wait--

She licks his eyebrows and sucks his nose.

TRACEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I just really wanted to do that.

CONNOR

Cool

Tracey pushes him to lie flat on the bed, they kiss.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 2 33

33

CYNTHIA looks at the guests collapsed on chairs and smiles out of relief. Karly approaches her.

CYNTHIA
(to herself)
There's even pregnant women here.

KARLY RAVEN
You alright? I love your dress,
it's epic man

Cynthia, shocked at receiving a compliment.

CYNTHIA
Thank you. I've come for Tracey, I
suppose to say sorry now. I thought
this would be...It's not that bad.

CUT TO:

34 INT. ESTHER'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 2

34

Connor now on top of Tracey, hands reaching into whatever passageway their clothes allow.

TRACEY
Oh, one more thing.

Tracey wriggles on top, then sits on Connor's face.

Cynthia opens the door. A smile quickly turns into a concoction of terror and mourning. Tracey and Connor oblivious. Connor's head wrestles for a gap of air beneath her crotch.

TRACEY (TO WATCHER) (CONT'D)
Was I s'posed to take my clothes
off for this bit.

CONNOR
Wha'yu doin?

TRACEY
I dunno.

Cynthia gags and closes the door.

CUT TO:

35 INT. HOSPITAL. NIGHT 2

35

Ronald lies on a hospital bed, leg hoisted. A female nurse (white, 40's) tidies his bedsheet.

RONALD

(weak)

No, I know this is not okay, my
face is not to be sat on. I know my
rights, Stay back.

END