CASTING

Jo – Clare

Mum – Eden

Dad – Oliver S

Ashleigh (Younger Sibling) – Hope??

House music – interviews/voices idea

Do stuff on stage before song – playing with children toys? And “adult” things

**I WANT Song**

**Each person sings a line and it builds up with child playground games and musical instruments like claves, fish thing, maracas, recorder (harmony), rainmaker, castanets ---- I have all of these ;)**

**Piano, ukulele/guitar**

I want to be an astronaut

I want to be a sailor

I want to be a fireman

I want to be a power-ranger!

*Spoken 1: That’s not a real job!*

*Spoken 2: Fine!* I want to be a tailor

Everything I wish for now will come to pass someday

Everything will go to plan

You’ll see it’ll go my way

I want to marry Prince Charming

I want to drive a fancy car

I want to have eight lovely kids

And have my own mini bar

I want to see the world

I want to be Santa

*Spoken: Are you going to tell him/her or should I?*

I want to be famous

I want to be an actor

*Spoken: Full time waiter then*

When I finally leave school

I’ll do whatever the hell I want

No teachers and no parents

Telling me not to break the rules

I want to run a business

I want to own a shop

I want to be a millionaire

And I just want a dog!

There’ll be no one to tell me no

I can make my own mistakes

You can’t tell me what to do

Cos this is my own show

*Slow verse*

I want to know the answers

To the grown up stuff my parents know

I just don’t get what when and how

Please tell me which way to go

I want to be strong just like my dad and caring like my mum

Please someone help me

Or just show me

So I don’t do it wrong.

Continue music in background

JO: Dear Future Self,

We were told in class today to go home and write something to ourselves in the future – like, the very distant future. Maybe when we’re retired? I don’t know. We were told to write about things like our hopes for our lives and what we want to do career wise and whatever, and stuff about how our lives are now. They said we should ask questions but... is there much point? It’s not like you’re going to reply.

So... what do I want to do with my life? *(Pause.)* I have no idea. Like, at all. Which really scares me actually. We finish GCSE’s soon and then I’ve applied to go to sixth form. I didn’t really know if I wanted to, I just... did it because I didn’t know what else to do. I’d have preferred to do something where I didn’t have to stay at home but I don’t really think that’s an option for me. I have Ashleigh to think of too.

There’s not a lot going on in my life at the moment. Other than, you know, the stuff at home. Is there any point writing about that? You’ve got to remember, right? The only thing I can think of that’s worth mentioning are my laces. I must have about 150. Do you – we? - still collect them? You’d better. It’s taken me years to get this many.

What *have* I done with my life now? Did I have a family? Get married? Mum always liked to tell us how her and Dad met. Such a romantic story. They met on a dating website and that was it. Not that “it” was… well she doesn’t tell it anymore. But anyway, did I visit other countries? I’ve always wanted to. Or was I poor? Well guess that doesn’t matter really. Just… was I happy? Did I get a good job? Did I ever even realise what I wanted to do? Other people always seem like they’re so sorted. Like my friends at school know what they’re doing and they have so much time to do stuff in. Where do they get the time from? I feel like as soon as I get in, it’s time to go to sleep and then it is school again. How do they manage to fit in things like D of E, volunteering and sports and that? And they don’t just seem sorted in that sense; not just with their careers and futures… they seem sorted with their whole lives in general. And they all have these... “normal” families. Like, mum, dad, 2.5 children, a dog. They look up to their parents… or a celebrity or teacher or something. I mean I don’t really have anything like that. Do you remember that sort of stuff? Did you ever actually manage to get anything like that? Maybe people just have it easier than me.

Does that ever change? I know you can’t reply… but I wish you could. I don’t want things to stay as they are. I really want them to change.

From,

Me.

JO:

*Spoken: I don’t know my dad and I don’t want to be like my mum*

Everyone (sang):

Please someone help me

Or just show me

So I don’t do it wrong.

24th December

Dear Diary

Christmas tomorrow! I hope Santa brings me everything I want. I sent him a letter back in July straight after my birthday so he’s had plenty of time to do his research. And I met him the other day in the supermarket and told him again AND all the pages are folded down in the Argos catalogue. He has no excuse this year. Mum keeps asking me if I REALLY WANT some of the stuff … er, YES? And she keeps saying not to be disappointed if I don’t get some of it ‘cuz Santa has a lot of kids to sort out blah blah blah. He’d better get me the Action Man who fires a net out of his hand… I’ll cry if I just get the one who just stands there.

25th December – 00.16 am

Dear Diary

I got woken up by Dad in my room rummaging around in my stocking. WHY WAS HE IN MY ROOM? The sign on the door says KEEP OUT for a reason. Can’t he read? Wait… I think he was trying to steal my presents?

**TINDER SCENE - ALTERNATE REALITY OF PARENTS MEETING**

MUM Hello you. Smiley face. How are you today lovely? Kiss.

DAD Hello again. I’m great thanks. Smiley face. Yourself? Kiss.

MUM I’m really good. Especially now I’m talking to you. Blush face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Aw I’ve missed you. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Me too. Well you. Haha. Lovely photo with your mum by the way. You have her eyes. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Blush face. Kiss. Aw thanks. She really liked you. Said you’re a lovely lady and I’m lucky haha. I can’t really believe I met you on a place like here. Winky face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Ooh tell Mary I say hi! Hope they’re all well? Aw you. So lucky. Big cheesy grin face. Kiss… kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Yeah I mean you hear all sorts of… you know the stereotypical things happening online. But nothing like that has ever happened to me. But then I haven’t met anyone like you before. Anywhere. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Hehe aw thanks. Blush face. Kiss, kiss. This is just so nice! Kiss.

DAD So have you met up with anyone else from here? Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM I went on a couple of dates when I first joined but literally nothing came from any of them. Not met THE ONE. Dot, dot, dot. Winky face. Certainly didn’t meet any of *their* mums! Sticky out tongue face. Kiss, kiss, kiss. You? Kiss.

DAD Haha! Same! I’m so glad we have that in common otherwise… well we wouldn’t be here. Winky sticky out tongue face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Yeah. Funny how things just happen isn’t it? Cute smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Exactly. So do you want to meet up again sometime? Kiss, kiss, kiss. I know my little sister is dying to meet you! Winky face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Aw really? Sounds lovely. Big cheesy grin face. How’s tomorrow afternoon for you? Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Oh I’m so sorry. I’m volunteering at the hospice then. Sad face. Tuesday? Kiss, kiss.

MUM Perfect! Smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Great! Big cheesy grin face. Meet you at the bus stop and we can walk to mine? Mum’ll probably want to cook you dinner. Keeps saying she needs to feed you up haha. Winky face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Oh bless her. I can’t wait. Blush face. Kiss, kiss. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Me neither. Big cheesy grin face. Kiss, kiss, kiss…. Kiss.

DAD Hey you. Smiley face. Last night was so nice! So sorry it took ages getting you home. Mum’s a bit of a careful driver, bless her. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Oh no that’s fine. It was very kind of her to offer me a lift at all. My dad wouldn’t have done! Not a very safe driver my dad. Had his license revoked a couple of years ago for… anyway. Amelia was lovely by the way. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Aw. Sad face. Yeah you were a massive success with my sister! Looks like you’ve made a new friend there. Winky face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM I’m glad, she’s so nice. Smiley face. Blush face. Your whole family is. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Aw thanks. Blush face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Your house is bigger than I expected. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Yeah the photos I sent you are a bit old now. Just had an extension over the garage. Kiss, kiss.

MUM *stands up and takes a cute selfie, holding up a pretty scarf.*

MUM Wearing the scarf your mum kindly gave me yesterday by the way. Have a look. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Oh wow. You look lovely. It really suits you. Brings out your eyes. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss. Going to have to go to work soon. Sad face. Kiss.

MUM Aw thanks. Blush face. Ohhhh. Sad face. What do you do again?

DAD Oh I’m an artist.

MUM Aw how lovely! What kind of art do you make?

DAD I like to paint. Landscapes, animals. Anything I think is worth remembering really. *Pause.* Maybe I could paint you sometime? Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM That’s so romantic. I’d love to. Blush face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Great! Big cheesy grin face. Kiss, kiss. So when do you want to meet up again? If you do that is. Winky face. Kiss.

MUM Of course I do. Smiley face. We could go for a drink tomorrow or something and really get to know each other? Kiss, kiss.

DAD I actually have a free house tonight if you want to come round again? Could chill and watch a movie? Smiley face. Kiss.

MUM Sounds perfect. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Brilliant see you later then! Wide eyed smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Can’t wait. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

**MONOLOGUE LACES PART 1**

JO: It’s funny how much “stuff” you can collect in a life. Bits and bobs, you know. Knick-knacks. Some people have collections of things; those beany baby things, books, aeroplanes hanging from the ceiling on bits of string. Some things are unique, a bit more quirky? Stamps, thimbles, postcards. Things that document memories, keep them close. So if you don’t collect things do you not want to remember? The only things I ever collected were shoelaces. Funny thing is I only had my converse… but if I was ever feeling particularly down about something, I’d go online or into town and buy some laces. I had lots of different pairs, all different colours and patterns: plain, stripes, spots, checkered, multi-coloured, glow in the dark, skulls. Such a variety. They can be used when you just can’t find a hair bobble even though you know you bought a pack of 10 the other day, they can tie a bin bag together to stop all the shit falling out… they can tie around your neck.

DIARY ENTRY 1

11th March

Dear Diary

My dad is so strong. He lost his dad, sister, mum *and* all before he was 30. I mean, I’ve been moaning all day about my bloody teacher setting me a stupidly long essay to do for next Monday. I have no idea where to start. But it got me thinking. I moan so much about meaningless crap like that and I don’t think I’ve heard him complain once. How can I live up to someone who’s so strong? He’s my best friend as well as my dad and to even fit shoes half his size would be a massive achievement for me. Although we differ in the way we see the world, he sees everything realistically and I live in a dream world sometimes, he is really good at keeping me grounded. I hope one day to be like that for children of my own.

JO: When people didn’t know what to buy me for Christmas and birthdays, I’d ask for laces. Mum and Ash thought I was weird. I remember them always asking what the point was. I would try to change the laces of my converse every day. New day, new laces, fresh start. Sometimes I’d just reach into my drawer and grab a set at random. I wouldn’t know what sort of design I’d get, what pattern, what mood they would put me in. My favourite pair was a present from my friend Amy for my 16th birthday… glow in the dark. Now I look back, that’s quite interesting really. Glow in the dark. Something that looks pretty normal in daylight, plain, unexciting but put it in a room without any light and it changes. It becomes something else entirely. These laces, they have to be shone under a bright light first… and then there they are…in full view for everyone to see. Exposed. No going back. No more hiding. It’s out there.

DIARY ENTRY 2

2nd September

Dear Diary,

Jack left for Uni today. He’s gone to Durham – where Mum and Dad met. A ‘Red Brick’ Uni. I don’t know whether I’ll even GET to University with my GCSE grades and the state of my A Level mocks. I think my biggest fear is failing; disappointing Mum and Dad… and myself. Not turning out to be the person I'm meant to be. There’s so much pressure on me to do well academically because Jack was always an A\* student. Now he’s left home I feel like I have to be as good as him or better, which makes me even more worried about my future and if I'll end up actually feeling proud of myself and what I've achieved or if I'll regret a lot of things and wish I had tried harder.

JO: I didn’t really know there was anything wrong at first. I just thought that Mum had ‘bad days’; that sometimes she was just ill and would stay in bed all day and that’s why we wouldn’t see her. I can distinctly remember really wanting to be with her, to do something with her, anything at all I didn’t care. But her door was locked and there was no light shining under the door. I could just hear her music on, the volume turned up. When this would happen I would have to amuse myself. And Ashleigh too. We didn’t have the usual “stuff” you all probably have. That was always hard. Seeing how much others had. There wouldn’t just be the bare essentials like clothes and a bed or something, there would be “things” you know? Things that meant something, things that brought back memories. I don’t have anything like that. Well for starters we couldn’t afford it. Mum didn’t have a job and Dad... well he wasn’t there, so. All I had were a few toys from when I was little. And now… well I don’t have them anymore anyway. Chucked them out. I don’t need them to remember. But I have my laces. They are what I need. They are my reminder.

DIARY ENTRY 3

12th June

Dear Diary,

Today my parents met the father of the guy I’m supposed to marry. I don’t want to. I don’t want to marry someone I’ve never met; someone who I haven’t chosen. I know it worked for mum and dad but it’s not for me. I mean in some aspects my parents are very good, they’ve taught me good morals, and about my heritage. They’ve taught me respect. Don’t get me wrong – I love most of our history and culture, but this is one part I just don’t agree with. They don’t seem to understand that I’m not just Indian – I’m British too. And I can’t abandon either of my identities. They both make up who I am.

JO: When I would go round to other people’s houses… well their families were so different. They were the stripes, mine was a spot. Two extremes. They laughed, shared inside jokes with each other. I know you can’t always tell what goes on behind closed doors but... I only saw happiness. I was jealous of the things they had. They didn’t live with Jekyll and Hyde. Mum was light and dark, helium and lead, black and white, stripes and spots. You never knew which side you were going to come home to.

Diary Entry 4

18th December

Dear Diary,

Just got back from London. We went out for afternoon tea at the Ritz to celebrate Mum and Dad’s Silver Wedding Anniversary. They’ve been married for 25 years. Imagine still being with that one person after 25 years. It’s just beautiful. I’d love to find that. You know, choosing one person to spend your life with and not leaving their side. Sticking together through thick and thin, sickness and health and all that jazz. But you know, if I turn out to be anything like my parents (in any aspect really) - I'll be so happy with the life I’ve managed to create. I want so badly to do well for myself and make them proud of me. Even though they’ve said they want me to do better than they have career-wise and stuff, at the end of the day I know they would say that as long as I'm happy and doing what I want to do, they're happy too.

**Mandeep Movement Role Model Scene**

Character is turning to what celebrities in the media do as this is publicised everywhere as the "ideal" life and the "ideal shoes to fill"

WORKING ON ALPHABET CELEBRITY WANNABE SCENE THINGY --- MANDEEP CAN PUT CHOREOGRAPHY TO IT ☺

Annihilate like Arnie

Bend it like Beckham

Cruise

Draw it like Disney

Eastwood

Funny like French

Good like Ghandi

Heroic like Hercules

Influential like Idina

Jacked like Jackman

Kill it like Kim

Live it like Lohan

Move it like Madonna

Nixon/Nicholson

Obama

Popular like Potter

Queen/Quentin

Rock it like Rocky

Swing it like Sinatra

Tell it like Tolkien

Usain

Van Gough

Whitney

eXterminate like Xena

Yodel like Yankovich

Z

**SCENE ABOUT ROLE MODELS in culture? TV books films ---adapt friends scene?**

**The One Where FRIENDS Gave Me Unrealistic Expectations of Adult Life**

* You never see them at work
* They instantly get over people they were dating
* ALWAYS have money and food
* Get a job?? Easy as shit
* More interesting than your life will ever be
* You can afford to sit in a coffee house all day
* Can afford an apartment in a fancy city real easy
* Having children doesn’t mean no social life: Look at Rachel!
* There’s ‘The One’
* You’ll stay friends forever

Quirks:

* Could I BE blah blah
* How you doin’?
* Ross Hand Thing
* Chandler’s Awkward Humour/Dancing
* Monica: ‘I KNOW!’
* We were on a break!
* Laugh Track
* They don’t know that we know etc
* Joey being slow
* Rachel’s “NO!”
* Ugly Naked Guy
* Ross’s sad “Hi.”
* Fake/Not swearing Monica and Ross
* Oh. My. Gawd.
* What is Chandler’s job????

THIS IS GOING TO BE EDITED TO INCLUDE OTHER MEDIA AND STUFF

*We hear* “I’ll Be There For you” *play. A projection at the back reads* “The One Where You Realise Everything You Know About Being An Adult Is Wrong”. *Lights up on Central Perk.* **Phoebe** *is playing songs at the back, muted, mouthing the words and guitar. When she does speak it is always into the microphone.*

**Chandler:** And so I look up and the lady’s pregnant!

*All gasp.*

**Monica:** What did you do then?

**Chandler:** Well I was glad it wasn’t her urine I slipped in.

*Laugh track. All groan except* **Joey***.*

**Joey:** I don’t get it?

**Chandler** *waits with his palm open and wide eyed. A few moments pass.* **Joey** *suddenly realises what he meant and his eyes pop, he gasps and points. Laugh track.*

**Chandler:** There it is.

**Ross** *enters,* *as if the world has ended.*

**Ross:** *(Sad.)* Hi.

**Monica:** Everything ok sweetie?

**Ross:** *(He sits.)* No.

**Monica:** Well what happened?

**Ross:** They’ve forced me to take a sabbatical while I work on my anger issues.

**Chandler:** I thought you took those to work on books!

*Laugh track.*

**Monica:** What happened?

**Ross:** I lost my temper about a sandwich. They ate MY sandwich.

**Joey:** Wait – hold on a minute – you lost your temper at your boss and you got a sabbatical? He didn’t fire you?

**Ross:** No? Why would he do that?

**Joey:** You can’t just lose your temper with your boss, you’ll get fired.

**Monica:** Joey, sweetie, that doesn’t happen to US!

*Laugh track.*

**Chandler:** Hey, now you can join the rest of us ‘at work’.

**Ross:** What? You all have jobs?

**Chandler:** Yeah – but it’s 11 o’ clock on a Wednesday?

*Laugh track.*

**Joey:** It’s 11 o’ clock on a Wednesday – why aren’t you at work?

**Monica:** *(Grabs Joey’s knee.)* Oh Joey – you’re so funny!

*Laugh track.* **Rachel** *enters.*

**Ross:** Hey Rach – are you ok?

**Rachel:** No. Joshua broke up with me.

**Monica:** Oh no sweetie why?

**Rachel:** It doesn’t matter. *(Huffs)* Men.

**Chandler:** Could we BE any worse?

*Laugh track.*

**Ross:** Oh no come on, what happened?

**Rachel:** He just – wasn’t ready for a serious relationship. Fine! I don’t need him. I can find another man. I don’t need him. I don’t – NEED – him. *(Raspberries.)*

**Joey:** Wait wait wait – weren’t you with Mark? Like yesterday?

**Rachel:** Joey, honey, that was last week. Keep up.

**Joey:** Ok – it was last week. So why are you already with this Josh guy?

**Rachel:** Me and Josh – UA – have been dating for ages Joey. Where have you been?

**Pheobe** *can now talk.*

**Phoebe:** Thank you Central Perk! That was ‘Best Day Ever’! Happy Croatian New Year!

*Laugh track.*

**Chandler:** I thought the ‘Best Day Ever’ was the day she didn’t play!

*Laugh track.*

**Joey:** So hey uh – how much does Phoebe get paid for doing that?

**Ross:** She doesn’t get paid?

**Joey:** How does she – y’know – pay for stuff?

**Monica:** She has money Joey?

**Joey:** But she’s a masseuse! She doesn’t get paid enough. And she’s never at work anyway – she’s always here!

**Rachel:** Don’t be silly, she works!

**Joey:** No! She doesn’t! None of you do! Well – sometimes – so how does she have money – hey wait how do any of you have money! How do you pay for this coffee?

**Chandler:** With frequent trips to the bathroom. You know what I mean? *(Laughs)*

*Laugh track. This time* **Joey** *notices it.*

**Ross:** Are you feeling ok Joey?

**Joey:** No I don’t get it! You guys never work, you spend all of your time here and you still have huge apartments in the middle of New York! It doesn’t make any sense.

**Ross:** Joey you live here too.

**Joey:** I have a job! I work here. And I don’t have any money!

**Joey** *notices that* **Ross** *and***Rachel***,**and* **Chandler** *and* **Monica***, are holding hands.*

What are you guys doing? What – how – when did this happen?

**Monica:** I know! Joey this happened seasons ago! *(***Chandler** *nudges her.)* I mean – weeks ago!

*Laugh track.* **Joey** *hears it again.*

**Joey:** This *(waves his arm.)* just doesn’t happen! You guys have been friends – *(The theme plays again* *for a few seconds.)* – for ages. And you two – *(Turns to* **Ross** *and* **Rachel***)*what are you doing? You’ve been on and off for ages!

**Ross:** It’s been obvious we loved each other – *(Turns to audience.)* To those who’ve viewed us.

*Laugh track.*

**Phoebe:** He’s her lobster.

*Laugh track.*

**Joey:** And who keeps laughing? What is that? Why does that keep – *(Laugh track.)*

happening? This doesn’t make any sense. People who don’t work can’t afford to live in the middle of New York. You guys are never at work and never get fired, but you have all this money! It doesn’t matter when you break up with people – you just find someone else – but you don’t have any other friends! Now suddenly you’re all together? Before you were friends – *(The theme plays for a few seconds. All but* **Joey** *clap in time.)* - and what is that? Why does that keep happening? *(Laugh track.)* Is this normal? None of this seems real –

**Monica:** Joey – what are you doing – millions of people are watching and they all look up to us?

**Chandler:** Could we BE any more awesome?

*Laugh track.*

**Phoebe:** We can make an entire generation laugh with a single reference. Ross and Rachel?

**Rachel:** You slept with someone else?

**Ross:** We were on a break!

*Laugh track.*

**Phoebe:** We are role models for thousands of people!

**Joey:** But this is nothing like real life! I-I-I- It’s just so confusing!

**Chandler:** Could we BE any more unrealistic.

*Laugh track.*

**Joey:** You guys – can’t do anything!

*Laugh track.* **Joey***, losing his mind, leaves.*

**Ashleigh:**

17th December

Dear Diary

Got up early and found that it’s snowed! Shoved Jo in her bed next to me and we flew downstairs like little children again, flung our shoes on and ran outside. It was a fair few minutes before we remembered that today is Mum’s birthday. We did the usual opening of presents and Dad and Mum celebrated with sangria for breakfast. Jo didn’t make a fuss…but she was in her own world sat by the radiator trying to warm up her poor damp feet. We went out for pub grub for dinner and Jo and I had a real laugh racing each other in the snow and seeing who skidded over first. Mum and Dad joined in on the way back after they’d drank an entire bottle of wine. It was hilarious seeing all of our footprints mangled together; you couldn’t tell whose were whose.

23rd February

Dear Diary

Ok so something weird is going on. Well something weirder than usual. Ok. So Dad went out yesterday. He had this work thing and he didn’t come home for dinner. Me, Jo and Mum waited up for him for ages. We watched loads of crappy TV like a chilled girly night in. Mum drank an entire bottle of wine. She didn’t look good when I went upstairs to bed. In the night I got up to get a glass of water from the kitchen. His shoes still weren’t on the rack by the door. I guess he stayed over at a friend’s.

24th February

Dear Diary

Dad’s shoes still weren’t there this morning. There was an empty space on the rack. Mum was really odd as well. She didn’t eat breakfast with us. She just smoked a packet of fags and sat gazing out of the window. I didn’t know what to do. And I could tell Jo was at a loss. When I spoke to her she either ignored me or didn’t hear. She didn’t look at either of us and her eyes just fixed blankly on the fir tree outside. They were glazed over and kind of unfocused if that makes sense?

24th February - later

Dear Diary

So Dad’s shoes were there when I got back from school. Next to my converse. The shiny leather next to Jo’s tattered trainers makes them look odd and out of place. Dad’s told her so many times to throw them out especially now the heels are wearing away and she’s constantly getting damp feet when it rains. But she can’t part with them. Says they’ve moulded to fit her feet.

Mum’s room was quiet but I could hear a low mumbling. Dad. Took his time! Mum’s voice sounded strange; strangled and like she had too much food in her mouth. Heavy even. Dad’s voice got louder. He sounded frustrated. Then a string of swear words. I stopped listening. I hate listening to their fights. They say things they don’t mean.

6th March

Dear Diary

Dad’s cereal has gone from the cupboard. I didn’t eat it. Neither did Jo. And I’m certain Mum didn’t. She doesn’t eat for breakfast now. Just a glass of water. Doesn’t smell like it though. Bitter.

17th March

Dear Diary

Ok so Dad’s shoes vanish in the evenings now and they don’t reappear until the next morning. I don’t know where he’s going but I wish he wouldn’t. Mum doesn’t eat when he’s not here.

19th March

Dear Diary

All of Dad’s shoes have disappeared now.

20th March

Dear Diary

He’s left us. Without a single word to me or Jo.

27th March

Dear Diary

I found a half empty bottle of wine and a can of lager behind the sink when I went to pee today. Is that normal? It just seemed bizarre to me. I poured them down the sink. Maybe Mum is playing a game. Treasure hunt or something? Hmm. She’s not very good if half of the bottle had gone.

There are so many footprints to see

Running, walking, skipping, jumping

Filling the space, marking the sand, marking the snow.

Always entwined, I forget whose are whose

We will never know.

Some feet are big, some are small

Some are scary to fill

And sometimes I sit and ponder

Do I want to step into their shoes, and if I ever will.

Above poem links to not really wanting to fit the set “norm” shoes of society re sexuality – following scene

**Theatre Company Feet Scene**

*There is a curtain, or lighting or SOMETHING (Tamsyn you can figure that out ;) ) so all we see are the shoes the character are wearing.*

Characters:

Girl One

Girl Two

Boy

Mother

Father

**Girl One:** Hey, is everything alright? You sounded really weird on the phone, *(Nervous laughter.)*

**Boy:** Uh, do you wanna sit down?

**Girl One:** Sure. *(They sit.)* What’s up?

**Boy:** You remember I applied for that university down near the coast? The one that’s like way out of my league?

**Girl One:** Yeah? Did they reply?

**Boy:** Yeah. I got in.

**Girl One:** Oh my god! That’s fantastic! *(They hug)* But how? You said they were like, really prestigious?

**Boy:** Yeah, I know, I must have just done really well in the interview.

**Girl One:** Shouldn’t you be really happy about that though? You get to go there!

**Boy:** Yeah. But you know what that means. *(A pause.)* You know. About us.

**Girl One:** Well – we’re going to try at least, right? *(Silence from* **Boy***.)* Are we – are you breaking up with me?

**Boy:** I don’t want to but it’s so far away, how many people do we know who went to Uni a couple and broke up?

**Girl One:** But – we’re not like that. We’re stronger than they are. We’re meant to be together.

**Boy:** I don’t want to try it and it not work. I’d rather just start afresh.

**Girl One:** *(Standing.)* And what about me? You’re just going to leave me here on my own? So that you can shag some Uni women?

**Boy:** It’s not like that, I wanted us to work –

**Girl One:** If you really thought that you’d try. Get your stuff from mine and then I never want to see you again.

**Boy:** *(Standing.)* I’m really sorry.

**Girl One:** Just go.

**Boy** *leaves.* **Girl One** *sits, cries. We see tissues hit the floor, then lights flow and change and the tissues are swept away as* **Girl Two** *sits down.*

**Girl Two:** Seen his Uni photos?

**Girl One:** Nah. I blocked him. Does he look like he’s having fun?

**Girl Two:** Well in this one he’s chucking up into a bush half naked. I think – yep! – he’s crying too. So no, probably not!

**Girl One:** Ha! Serves him right.

**Girl Two:** How are you about all that now?

**Girl One:** Oh I’m fine!It’s been, what – six months three weeks and... two hours? Not that I’m counting anymore of course, no. *(Joking.)*

**Girl Two:** Course not, nope! How is the shrine you built to him?

**Girl One:** Still strong. I sacrificed three chickens to him only yesterday.

*They laugh. Their feet accidentally touch, and they both shy away.*

You’ve helped me so much in getting over him. Thank you.

**Girl Two:** Yeah well, what are friends for? It’s fine. You’d do the same for me.

**Girl One:** I would. In fact, I need to pay you back and find you a lady friend.

**Girl Two:** No you really don’t –

**Girl One:** Yes I do! You can’t be the only gay girl in the entire county. Is there like a phone number or something you can ring to find them or? *(They laugh.)* Hey – when did you first know? That you were gay, I mean.

**Girl Two:** I think I’ve always known. Like, you know how some mammal infants know how to walk like two hours after they’re born? I think I was the same. Maybe there was a really attractive nurse there when I was born? Like imprinting or something. *(Laughs.)*

**Girl One:** Y’know, I’m kinda glad he dumped me in a way.

**Girl Two:** Why?

**Girl One:** Well, we wouldn’t have become such good friends then.

**Girl Two:** Aw. Come here. *(They hug. It lasts too long.)* What are you – *(They kiss. Legs intertwine or whatever idk you figure it out ;) )*

**Girl One:** Sorry I shouldn’t – oh god sorry –

**Girl Two:** No, don’t be. It was – *(They kiss again.)*

When I turned 18, I was excited  
Not scared  
These next few years would be amazing  
Or so I had heard

But there's a lot of things  
They don't quite tell you  
Things you have to know  
Things you must do

My first adult decision   
Was a choice between two  
Stay where I was and get a job  
Or go to uni

Study… and probably party a lot too

I chose education  
I didn't really know what else to try  
I wasn't sure this would be right for me  
But I was ready to start living my own life

So I packed my bags and headed off  
Full of nerves, excitement and fear  
Barely 3 months in   
I realised I didn't really belong here

But I stuck it out, made great mates  
And partied all night long  
Learnt how to look after myself (ish)   
But sometimes I still get it wrong

I can cook  
I can clean   
I can do adult things   
The problem is, I'd rather not  
I'd rather pretend I'm still in my teens

I'd rather make mistakes, get drunk   
Lie in til noon and be immature   
Than actually face to up the fact that   
I'm not a kid anymore

Soon it'll be time to leave uni  
And once again I have no clue   
I guess that's what growing up is really  
Making your own mind up on who to be and what to do

But what if I make a mistake?

What if it isn’t right?

What if I don’t do as well as my siblings, dad or mum?

These shoes are on way too tight.

What if I can’t get a good job?

And what if it all goes wrong?

How am I supposed to make it right?

And make these shoes stay on?

I don’t want to fall off the bandwagon

I want to step up to the plate

I want to make the right choice

I just hope I don’t make it too late.

VERBATIM HEADPHONE SCENE with interview answers??

4th May

Dear Diary

So me and Fiona finally did it today. I’d wanted to for ages then I just thought... have I got to lose? So I just kissed her. And it was… I don’t know really. Wet. I mean, I liked it but it was wet. I’m really looking forward to seeing her again though.

15th June

Dear Diary

I touched her breast for the first time today. It was warmer than I expected.

31st July

Dear Diary

Today we had sex for the first time. We waited until her parents were out and then we went up to her room. We didn’t put the light on because she was embarrassed but I didn’t mind that really. It was not as easy as they make it seem, trust me. We talked for a while afterwards but I had to go before her parents got back. I think I love her.

P.S. Condoms are no fun at all.

**Ashleigh:**

15th April

Dear Diary

I was actually able to drag Mum into town today. She’s been ill since… well. Jo needed some new shoes. I’m so sick of seeing her in those bloody knackered old ones. They have such bad holes in now and she only has the one pair. She still refuses to part with them. I don’t get it. She could have so many nice pairs of shoes. But she spends all her money on those stupid laces. And she changes them every single day. I think it cheers her up though… so I don’t say anything. Why do children’s sizes go up to 13 and then back to 1 again? One of life’s great unanswerable questions Mum’d say. She bangs on about life and that sort of stuff when she has her episodes.

**Monologue Laces Part 2**

Left as whole monologue – will be more interesting with draw my life stuff going on??

JO: Everything seems to have a point. Elastic bands, ribbons… tie things together. Laces tie shoes. Hold them onto your feet. But what happens if you lose a lace? Or if one becomes matted with mud; dirty, holey, ripped, completely ruined. What do you do with the lace then? Throw it out? But again if you lose one, what becomes of the other? It can’t really function as well without its partner. It gets paired with another but it’s not the same. It’s mismatched. Doesn’t properly fit together anymore. A connection has been lost. A tie disconnected. Altered. And nothing can be the same. The matted, holey lace’s point starts to fade. Things slip through the spaces, stuff gets caught, sticks to it. Makes it dirtier. I have to clean. I have to clean and make it pristine again. Return it to the state it was in before. But I can’t. The damage has been done. He’s never coming back. And neither is she.

It went downhill from the day the shoes disappeared. She just knew. Kept mumbling something about how she always knew but ignored it. Something about from the day she met him he was “a bit of a one”. It was all difficult to understand. I couldn’t really hear her. I think the bottom of the whisky bottle got an earful though.

I remember thinking after it was funny cos I was wearing my skull laces. Should have seen what happened next coming. When I was sat in the hospital waiting, picking at the large hole in the heel of my converse, the doctors said her liver and pancreas were shot. They suggested she get some help. The way they looked at me. It was as if they were judging me. You’re the older sibling, you haven’t done a good enough job. But you see, the job shouldn’t be mine to undertake. Nor Ashleigh’s. No one should have that burden. We can’t fill the shoes of what she lost. I know that’s who she’s seeing when her eyes are unfocused, whose name she tries to say when her voice is thick and her words are slurred, who she’s looking for when I have to carry her tiny, frail, unconscious form upstairs.

It was the final straw. I just couldn’t take it anymore. So we left. Packed up what little stuff we had and we left her. Another two pairs of shoes gone from the rack. And again not to return. When we arrived at Aunt Mia’s the first thing she did was take one look at my battered holey converse, sweep them off my feet and hastily remove them from my sight. I didn’t even complain. It was time for some new shoes. I was sick of getting my socks wet and cold anyway.

It was only when I was settled on Aunt Mia’s living room floor later that night that I realised my glow in the dark laces were not amongst the others. They weren’t in my bag. Everything was thrown onto the floor but no luck. The rest of my laces went in the bin. I didn’t want them anymore.

8th December

Dear Diary

I remember a few years ago I wrote that Dad was in my room Christmas Eve. Well it turns out that it was actually *him* putting the presents in my stocking. There was and is no Santa. So there’s no Santa, no Tooth Fairy, no Easter Bunny, no magical school for witches and wizards. *Is* there actually any magic in the world? I mean what about love? The movies tell us there’s such a thing as love at first sight. Is there? Do people fall in love that easily? I feel like I’m losing all of my childhood, all the memories have such a smaller meaning now. I wish I’d never found out about any of this. I mean, what is there left for me to believe in?

**TINDER SCENE – REALITY OF PARENTS MEETING**

MUM Hello. Winkey face. kiss.

DAD Hello. Kiss.

MUM How are you sweetie? Kiss.

DAD Good thanks babe, you? Kiss, kiss.

MUM Oh I’m perfect. Bottle of bubbly and now you. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Nice. Winky face. Kiss.

MUM Your pictures look great by the way. Smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD So do yours. Winky face. So what brings a fittie like you to ***Tinder?*** Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Oh hopefully to find a lovely guy. Cute smiley face. You? Kiss, kiss.

DAD To meet a fit girl like yourself. Winky face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Hehe aw thanks. Kiss, kiss.

DAD So you met up with many from here? Kiss.

MUM I’ve been on a couple of nice dates, but unfortunately nothing has come from them. Not met THE ONE. Dot, dot, dot. Winky face. Kiss. You? Kiss, kiss.

DAD Oh yeah I’ve had a few fun meet ups. Winky face. Kiss.

MUM Oh right. Well *we* haven’t had a fun meet up yet. Winky face. Fancy it sometime? Kiss, kiss.

DAD Nice. Kiss, kiss.

MUM I have a free house tonight? Cute smiley face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Oh yeah sorry tonight’s not great for me. Kiss.

MUM Tomorrow? Smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Actually bit busy this weekend seeing… friends. How about Tuesday? Kiss, kiss.

MUM Sure. It’s 2 for 1 cocktails at Spoons if you fancy it? Bottle of wine, firework, sticky out tongue face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Haha. Sure. Sounds good to me. Winky face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM I can’t wait. Blush face. Kiss, kiss. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Hey you. Smiley face. Last night was fun. When you finally got there. Sticky out tongue face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Yeah sorry about that. Was running late. So bad at being on time. And the traffic was crap too. Bloody mother is such a slow driver. Pain in the arse. You know… Kiss.

MUM Mothers! Don’t worry about it. My dad wouldn’t have even bloody offered me a ride! Not a very safe driver my dad tbf. Had his license revoked a couple of years ago for… anyway. Oh well. You were worth the wait. Winky tongue face. You’re bigger than I expected. Winky face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Yeah true. Winky face. Hang on, what? Shocked face. Kiss.

MUM Like I’m guessing you do gym and stuff. Winky tongue face. Kiss, kiss.

DAD Oh right! Yeah I do like to keep fit. I go the gym every other night if I can. I play a bit of football and rugby… the socials after with the lads are great. Winky face. Kiss.

MUM How tall actually are you? Kiss, kiss.

DAD About 6”2. Why? Kiss.

MUM Oh yeah I thought about that. That is quite big then. Winky face. Kiss kiss.

DAD Urm yeah guess so? Kiss.

MUM *stands up and takes a selfie with a lot of cleavage. She pushes her boobs up a bit to ‘enhance’ the picture.*

MUM You should check me out. New top. After you knocked that glass over my favourite at Spoons. Winky face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Yeah sorry about that. Oh wow. Yeah urm nice, you have really big urm…eyes. Kiss, kiss.

MUM Well they are my best feature. Winky face. Kiss... kiss. Kiss. Kiss.

DAD Not going to argue with that. Winky tongue face. Kiss, kiss.

MUM *(A little bit put out as was only joking)* So urm what do you do again?

DAD Oh I’m an artist.

MUM What kind of art do you make?

DAD I like to paint. And sculpt and stuff. Mostly like the human body. Maybe you could model for me one time?

MUM Urmm yeah sounds good? Kiss.

DAD So you wanna do it? Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM *(Startled)*  Sorry, do what? Shocked face. Kiss.

DAD Like meet up again. And stuff. Again. Winky tongue face, kiss face. Wide eyed smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Oh! Yeah ok definitely. Smiley face. We could go for a drink tomorrow or something and really get to know each other? Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD I actually have a free house tonight if you wanna come round? Mia’s going out with mates and Mum’s buggering off somewhere too. Winky tongue face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM Urm well…maybe after last night...I think we should meet up somewhere less urm intimate maybe. Somewhere we can really get to know each other? Kiss, kiss.

*Pause.*

DAD Aw boring. *(Pause)* Last night was so much fun though. Winky face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM It was. Blush face. Smiley face. Kiss. Maybe we just went a bit fast. Haven’t known each other that long and all. Kiss, kiss… kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Yeah haha. *Really slowly auctioning as he picks the emoji’s* Pointy finger… Ok hand sign… Splashy symbol…kind of sums it up really. Winky face. Sticky out tongue face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM (*Slightly shocked but rolls with it)* Haha. Kiss, kiss.

DAD So wanna come over tonight? Winky face. Kiss… kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss.

MUM (*Looks at bottle of wine on table and then at her watch, deliberating on what would clearly be a better night)* Yeah ok why not? See you later then! Wide eyed smiley face. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

DAD Nice. See you soon, babe. Winky face. Kiss.

Dear Past Self,

It’s funny, actually, I’d completely forgotten I’d ever written that letter. I remember most of what happened when I was at that age but… I completely forgot about this. I’ve been retired now for, what, 10 years? I had to because of my back. At least that gave up before you did.

I’d tell you not to worry about the future, if I could. You do figure it all out eventually. You’ll actually do pretty good considering! Well, you’ll mess up your A levels and uni just won’t fit you. But you meet someone and suddenly you’re not alone anymore. And jobwise… I remember sending around my CV at first to the places I really wanted then, as I didn’t hear anything, I just forgot to be picky. You know, I started off in a supermarket chain stacking shelves but then I managed to work my way up to floor manager. Pay was great. I was actually able to go abroad for the first time. Obviously never did as a kid what with Mum and all. You know it’s been so long since I said that. Mum. I guess when you grow up you forget that everyone else is growing older too and one day they just won’t be there to support you… or be a burden to you. (*Pause as Jo/e seems to flashback*) First time on a plane. We went to Italy. Me, Ashleigh and a friend I met through work. What was their name? Sam? It was fantastic. Saw the Coliseum. Sam drank too much wine. Went to Lake Garda. Just left behind the sink. Saw the Juliet statue. Ate tonnes of that amazing Italian ice cream. (*Sighs, content with these memories)*.

I remember on the way back Sam started crying on the plane. I thought it was the turbulence. Kept saying how scared they were. I told them it was fine, planes hardly ever crash, and they said it wasn’t that… it was going back. Having to keep up with life and all that. The holiday bubble had burst and it was back to reality. In a weird way it was reassuring. Knowing that you weren’t the only one shitting yourself about real life.

Mum’s gone now. Well, I’m sure you could have guessed that, she’d be ancient by now. It was a long time ago actually. She wasn’t even 60, too young for anyone to go really. Problems with \*insert research about alcohol on organs here\*. Not that I’d seen her in years anyway. I left after – well, you’ll see I suppose. Ashleigh wrote and said when she went she was at the very least completely sober. She took her time. I don’t regret not seeing her though, it wasn’t worth the risk. Too much damage had been done. After all, you can’t fix up a hole in a pair of laces when they’ve torn.

I remember that first 17th December after I left Mum’s, clear as day. Like it was yesterday. Aunt Mia knew to leave me well alone and we just had a quiet day in. She went out to get a paper at one point and I was just aimlessly drifting through the house, wondering if Mum could stand. Wondering how she would get upstairs to bed without anyone there to help. I was just hunting through the cupboard under the stairs when I found a plastic bag. And there were my converse. Not thrown out as I supposed. When I looked down at my tattered old trainers… there they were. My glow in the dark laces. Twisted and knotted beyond fixing… but there. Tied firmly into my shoes.

*Pulls glow in the dark laces out of pocket and puts this final pair of laces into the now finished shoe image made out of shoelaces.*

From,

Me.

*Smiles contentedly and walks away.*

I don’t have the right shoes to fill so I’m going to make my own shoes – laces image at end