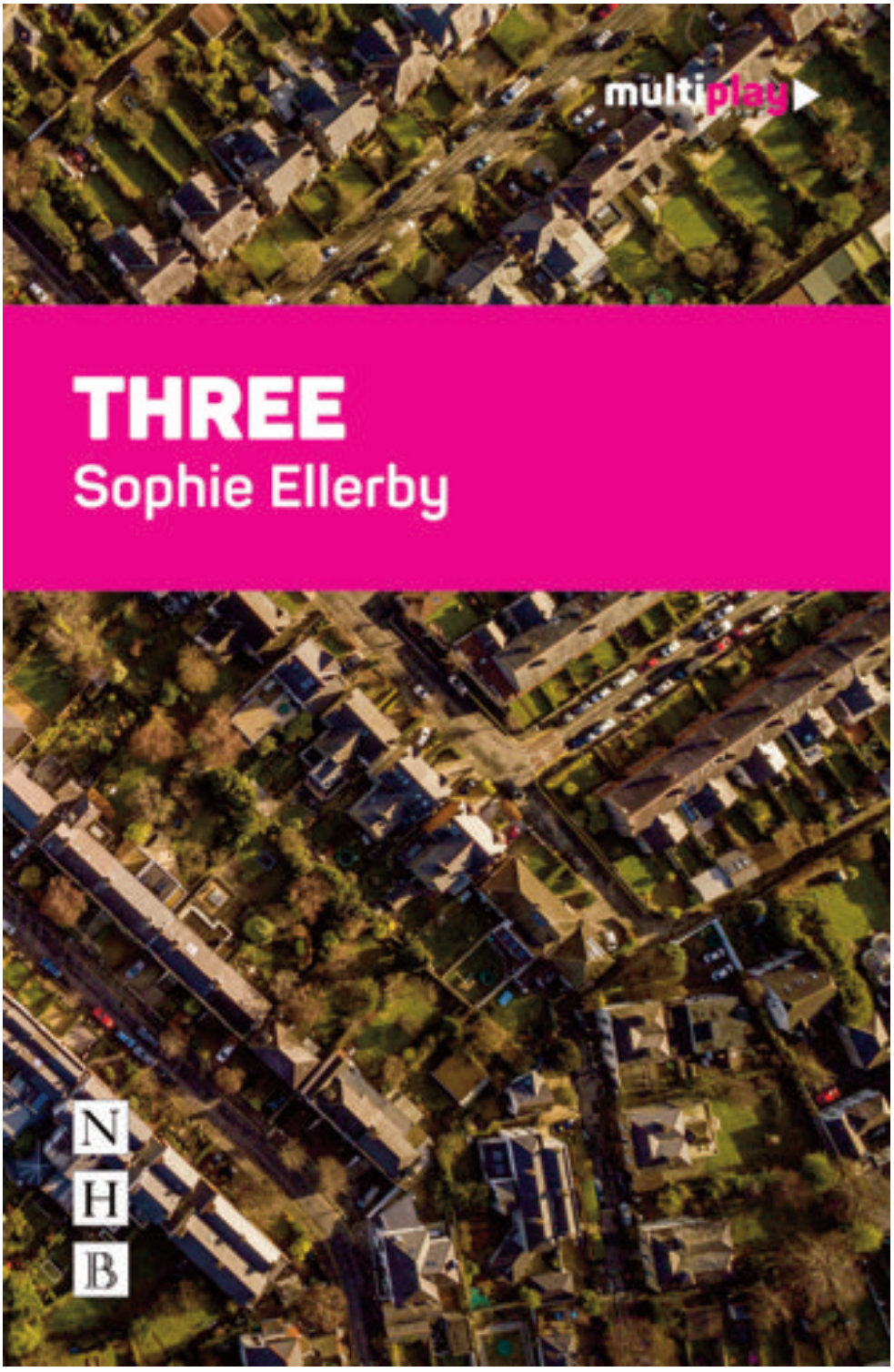

multiplay
THREE
Sophie Ellerby
NHB

Characters

The Family

ROCHELLE, *the eldest sister, twenty-seven. Responsible, seeks stability, hard worker, matriarch*
JAZ, *the middle sister, twenty-one. Rebel without a cause, hot-headed, wild, hates responsibility*
TIA, *the youngest sister, sixteen. Academically gifted, joyous, smiley, curious, shy, kind*
DAN, *Rochelle's partner, twenty-six. A policeman. Stiff, precise, ordered, well-meaning*
TIFFANY, *the three sisters' cousin, twenty-nine. Warm, friendly, bubbly, great cook, motherly*
JORDAN, *the three sisters' cousin, twenty-four. A football coach. Opinionated, outgoing, stubborn*
CHANEL, *Jordan's partner, twenty-three. Heavily pregnant, glam, wants the best for her new family*

Jaz's Friends

COCO, *Jaz's partner, twenty. A student. Wise, politically minded, intelligent, self-assured*
V, *Coco's flatmate, eighteen. A student. Stoner, activist, smart*
MICHAEL, *a student, nineteen. Party animal, loud, vivacious, talks a lot*
BOBBY, *Jaz's ex, twenty. Quiet, skinny, socially awkward, shy, observer*

Rochelle's Work

ROSE BELINA, *Rochelle's boss, thirty-three. Un-PC, slight lisp, thinks she's funny*
KATE, *Rochelle's best friend, twenty-five. Loud, life of the party, a yes person, bubbly*
NIM, *Rochelle's work colleague, twenty. Opinionated, strong moral compass*
HANI, *Rochelle's work colleague, nineteen. Awkward, obsessed with Rochelle*

Tia's School

POPPY, *Tia's best friend, sixteen. Bold, confident, self-assured, fun*
AARON, *Tia's new romance, sixteen. Cheeky, lazy, naughty boy, sweet*
TOMMY, *student at school with Tia, fifteen. Shy, quiet, kind, caring*
EDWARD, *student at school with Tia, sixteen. Intelligent, opinionated, loves maths*

The Policeman's Son

JOE, *a son of a policeman, twenty-two. Admired his father*

Notes

The story takes place over a week in-mid June at various locations across London; the sisters' home, a charity call centre, a university shared house, a comprehensive school, the steps outside Scotland Yard, a bedroom in a council block of flats, and a park bench.

/ indicates when the next character starts speaking.

TIA TURNS SIXTEEN

Sunday evening. Mid-June, a hot summer. The backyard of a flat on a South London estate. There are balloons, bunting, and fairy lights. A plastic table has food on it, cheese-and-pineapple sticks, crisps, Party Rings, etc. Big speakers are set up, music plays summer R&B vibes. A few plastic garden chairs, some neglected plants, and a rusty barbecue with sausages cooking.

DAN *is poking the sausages and drinking a non-alcoholic beer.* CHANEL *is heavily pregnant, she sits with* TIFFANY *on the plastic chairs.* BOBBY *sits a little detached from everyone.* POPPY *is on her mobile, taking selfies and Snapchatting.* JORDAN *stands by* DAN *inspecting his barbecue skills.* KATE *is fairly licked, perusing the food table and shoving Monster Munch in her mouth. We enter mid-discussion…*

JORDAN. Nah nah nah that's not what I'm saying.

DAN. Well, that is what would happen.

JORDAN. He's only a kid. He's probably not a terrorist!

DAN. It's not your job to make that / judgement.

JORDAN. I'm not gonna report / him –

DAN. How would you combat the situation then?

KATE. Bomb the fuck out / of the bastards!

JORDAN. I dunno it's complicated.

KATE. Oh don't gimme that look!

DAN. It is complicated / yeah.

KATE. I was joking!

DAN. We're doing the best we can with the resources we have.

KATE. Fucking hell. Tough crowd.

JORDAN. Why did you wanna become a policeman, Dan?

Beat.

DAN. What has that got to do with it?

JORDAN. Proving yourself as a model citizen, yeah?

DAN. I wanted to help people. I still want / to help people.

TIFFANY. How's them sausages coming on?

KATE. Eh Tiff, I've got a sausage…

KATE *makes the sound of a pig and pokes* DAN *with a fork, she finds this funny but no one else laughs.*

Here piggy piggy / piggy.

TIFFANY. Kate.

KATE. What?

JORDAN. He wants to help people, / Chanel.

CHANEL. That is sweet. That is really / sweet.

DAN. I don't make the laws. I just enforce / them.

CHANEL. Urgh I need to wee AGAIN!

TIFFANY. Oh / babe!

JORDAN. Exactly! You don't make the laws. None of us do. People like us don't.

TIFFANY. Mmm. Preach!

CHANEL *exits into the house. The music changes.* POPPY *calls to* TIA*, who is in the house.*

POPPY. Tia!! Our song!! Turn it up! / Turn it up!

KATE. Yeah! Thought this was meana be a party? / Crank that shit right up!

POPPY. Tia!!! Quick! Come, it's our song!

KATE *eats a cheese and pineapple stick and starts to dance.* ROCHELLE *enters with a bottle of cava, puts it on the table.*

BOBBY. I'm proper Marvin.

KATE. Here.

KATE *hands* BOBBY *her half-eaten cheese-and-pineapple stick. He takes it reluctantly.*

Mature cheddar. Extra Special from Asdas. / Made them myself.

KATE *shoves more cheese in her mouth and dances alone.*

ROCHELLE. Bobby, don't be polite. / Help yourself to the food!

KATE. The spread is b-e-a-utiful, / babe!

ROCHELLE. Oh it's really not / much.

TIA *bursts into the yard like a hyped-up puppy and starts to dance.* KATE *bobs about with two cheese and pineapple sticks like she's raving with glow sticks, or maracas, or guiding planes into Gatwick.*

KATE. Get your arse up, Bobby, what you playing at!

BOBBY. Oh nah. You're alright.

KATE. You've had a face like a slapped arse all / evenin'!

TIFFANY. Come dance!

BOBBY. Okay…

KATE. Smile, mate! It'll probably never happen!

BOBBY *half-smiles and awkwardly joins them dancing.* ROCHELLE *stares at her sister* TIA *then disappears inside the house. Everyone is dancing and laughing apart from* DAN *and* JORDAN.

JORDAN. You want a Jack Daniels?

DAN. Oh no. Thank you. Best stick to these.

JORDAN. Non-alcoholic beers?

DAN. Got work tomorrow.

KATE. We all have, babe!

KATE *downs her drink and pours herself another wine*. JORDAN *playfully punches* DAN *in the arm*. DAN *tries to laugh it off*.

JORDAN. Poster boy for the Met or what?!… Ticking all the diversity boxes, glossing over the institutional / racism –

ROCHELLE. We'll do the cake in a minute.

JORDAN. Makin' it look like a shiny Banardo's advert or whatever. Still as corrupt as fuck.

ROCHELLE. Jordan…

DAN. This isn't the seventies any more, come on, Jordan.

JORDAN. Oh yeah cos racism in the police is done now… Sure.

DAN. You're angry because. I get it.

JORDAN. I'm angry because I don't see how you can stand there and say schemes like Prevent won't create more institutional racism!

DAN. You don't understand the extent of the problem. We can't just / do nothing.

JORDAN. Let me explain to you / what I do understand.

DAN. I don't want / to argue about this.

JORDAN. I see boys – and girls, but mainly / boys –

DAN. I get your point / but.

JORDAN. Muslim boys in my class yeah? / They're scared. They feel watched.

DAN. Unfortunately terrorism convictions / *are* proportionally young –

JORDAN. Teachers speak to them different. Suspicious. Everyone is / suspicious.

DAN. Maybe now isn't / the time to –

JORDAN. I know how that feels, Dan! You do too! They're us when we was young! Everyone assumin' we're involved in some gang shit when actually we're just going down Sainsbury's in a tracksuit. Do you not get that?

DAN. You have a duty to flag that student.

JORDAN. Because he said he hates this country?

DAN. Look, I don't know / the context. But –

JORDAN. I hate this country sometimes! Are you gonna report / me?

KATE. You tell him, Jordan! Fuck the fuckers!

CHANEL *comes back from the loo*.

DAN. I didn't come up with the scheme, Jordan.

JORDAN. How is promoting 'British values' in the college gonna stop boys wanting to grow up and become terrorists? Surely if they already hated England, shoving the Queen down their throats twenty-four-seven isn't gonna change much.

KATE *flops down into a plastic chair, slightly out of breath*.

KATE. Owh. I miss Diana.

DAN. I think the point of it is to reframe British values in a positive / way.

KATE. She was blatantly bumped off you know.

CHANEL. Not being funny, Dan, but he teaches football / not politics.

KATE. I watched a documentary on Channel 5 / all about it.

CHANEL. The pitch isn't the place / for politics.

KATE. Cos she was shagging that Arab bloke.

JORDAN. What the fuck are 'British values' anyway?

KATE. Queuing!

JORDAN. Imperialism? / Slavery?

DAN. Jordan…

JORDAN. What?

Beat.

KATE. Mary Berry?

DAN. Football. Football's British, born and bred. Alright we're pretty shit at it but. You're already promoting / British values in the subject you teach –

JORDAN. Ey don't drag the whole country down with you, just cos you support Crystal Palace.

DAN. Oi leave Palace out of it.

The boys share a smile. ROCHELLE *reappears at the backdoor, makes her way to the table and opens the bottle of cava*. CHANEL *joins her at the table*.

JORDAN. Playing football isn't about being British, Dan.

KATE. Mmm. David Beckham though.

ROCHELLE. Who needs a top-up?

KATE. ME PLEASE.

ROCHELLE (*to* CHANEL). Just waiting on Jaz then we'll do the cake.

CHANEL. Aww you sisters made up then. That's good.

ROCHELLE. Tia invited her.

CHANEL. Oh.

ROCHELLE *tops up* KATE*'s glass*.

JORDAN (*to* DAN). No bad blood yeah?

DAN. Course.

JORDAN. If you can't take a grillin' from me, you're gonna be fucked when Tony gets out.

DAN. Right. Thanks.

TIFFANY. That ain't his name now, Jordan, / remember.

ROCHELLE. Stop winding him / up.

JORDAN. I'm not!

ROCHELLE. I'm not a kid any more. Dad can't dictate who I do and do not date / now.

JORDAN. Alright alright… doubt he ever imagined this though. His very own daughter dating a copper. Pretty mad. But you're alright Dan, you're alright.

CHANEL (*to* TIA). Oh, look at you, girl! / Happy sixteenth, babe.

TIFFANY. You look beautiful, Tia.

POPPY. Doesn't she!

TIA. Yeah / whatever.

TIFFANY. Proper grown / up.

JORDAN. Bet you got all the guys after you now, / am I right?

ROCHELLE. Jordan.

JORDAN. What?

POPPY. He's called Aaron. / He's really cute.

TIA. Oh my god, Poppy, will / you shut up.

ROCHELLE. She's got more important things to think about like finishing her GCSEs.

TIA. Last exam next week so…

KATE. Woop / Woop!

POPPY. Tia's gonna do great, Rochelle. She's super / smart.

JORDAN. Who is this Aaron then?

TIA. No one.

POPPY. Her boyfriend.

ROCHELLE. Boyfriend?!

TIA. He's not my / boyfriend.

POPPY. Basically he's this guy at our school who's fancied Tia like since Year 7 but never made a move or nothing and then last week he asked her out / to prom so…

KATE. Ooooh!

TIA. Poppy! Shut up, man.

POPPY. What?!

TIA. Can't you just –

POPPY. You'll meet him tonight, Jordan.

JORDAN. Oh really?

TIA. Oh my god I hate you.

ROCHELLE. Alright alright.

A loud laugh can be heard approaching the yard. JAZ *enters followed by* COCO *and* V. JAZ *is carrying a large bottle of vodka,* COCO *a birthday present, and* V *a homemade cake.* JAZ *is half-singing…*

JAZ. The party don't start until I walk in!

KATE. Oh fucking / hell. The party's arrived.

JAZ. Happy birthday, sis!!

TIA. You came!

JAZ *runs up to* TIA *and gives her a hug.*

JAZ. Obviously I came, you idiot! Can't miss my little sister turning sixteen!

COCO. Y'alright, darlin'?

TIA. Yeah…

JAZ *goes up to* JORDAN *hugs him and kisses* CHANEL*'s bump.* COCO *gives the present to* TIA.

COCO. Here's a little something / from me and Jaz.

TIA. Oh thanks!

JAZ. Coco, this is my cousin Jordan, and Tiffany –

JORDAN. Good to meet you / finally.

COCO. Yeah you / too.

TIFFANY. Y'alright, / babe!

JAZ. Everyone, this is our friend V.

KATE. V?!

V. Hey, everyone.

V *does a peace sign,* KATE *gives her a look like 'arty wanker'.* JAZ *smiles at* COCO*, they kiss. Suddenly* JAZ *clocks* BOBBY*, she gives him a look like 'what the fuck are you doing here?' He gives her a shy smile.*

BOBBY. Hi / Jaz…

ROCHELLE. We've been waiting for / you –

JAZ. Chill, sis. We're here now. I even made a fucking cake! Look at this beauty!

ROCHELLE. I've already got one.

JAZ. Well now you've got an even better one. Handmade, biatch.

ROCHELLE. Jaz, language.

JAZ. Ooooh sorry, forgot the feds were here! Don't arrest me, / Dan!

ROCHELLE. Stop causing a scene.

JAZ. Where's the coke?

ROCHELLE *looks at* JAZ.

Coca-Cola, Rochelle! Don't freak. I bought this didn't I!

She waves her large bottle of vodka in the air.

POPPY. Ooh yeah!!

ROCHELLE. That is not for you.

DAN. You can have one of my non-alcoholic beers if you'd like, / Poppy?

JORDAN. Yeah I think he's had enough, getting a bit lairy.

POPPY. Nah, you're alright thanks…

ROCHELLE. It's on the table.

JAZ, COCO *and* V *make themselves drinks at the table*. ROCHELLE *goes into the house*. AARON *appears with a present and a card*…

DAN. Here, Tiff, sausages are done! Who wants a sausage…? Coco?

COCO. No thanks. I don't eat pork.

DAN. Oh. Religious?

JORDAN. Watch out. He might report you.

DAN. That's not –

V. We're vegan.

DAN. Oh. Cool.

AARON. Hey Tia.

TIA. Aaron!!

AARON. Happy birthday!

He gives the present to TIA.

Sorry I'm a / bit late.

TIA. Thanks.

JORDAN. Oh. Hello, Aaron!

JAZ. So you're Aaron, yeah?!

TIA. Don't, Jaz.

AARON. Hey.

JAZ. I heard about you.

JORDAN. Yeah we all have.

TIA. Ignore them.

JAZ. Better not break my sister's heart, Aaron.

AARON *laughs awkwardly.*

AARON. I won't.

POPPY. They look cute together don't they!

TIA. We're not going out!

AARON. We do look kinda cute together still.

JAZ. I'm serious, Aaron.

AARON. Yep. Got it.

JAZ. Our dad will break your legs if you fuck with my sister.

DAN. Jaz.

JAZ. Oh lighten up, Dan, I was only having a joke! Jeez!

AARON. Funny. Ha. Yeah. Really, / funny.

TIA. Let's go upstairs.

KATE. Oi oi.

JORDAN. You best keep an / eye on them for me, Poppy.

TIA. To get away from you / lot!

POPPY. If I have to…

TIA. You're all so embarrassing!

TIFFANY. What are families for, eh!?

TIA *grabs* AARON*'s hand and steers him inside the house, followed by* POPPY. KATE *tags along behind.*

KATE. I'm not coming to crash the party! I just need a wee!

CHANEL. I'm gonna take five. Have a little lie down.

JORDAN. You okay, babe?

JORDAN *kisses* CHANEL*, they both head into the house.*

JAZ. Who wants some of this delicious bit of bakin' then?

TIFFANY. I'm good with my sausage / thanks.

JAZ. Dan?

DAN. Um.

JAZ. Here you go.

JAZ *offers* DAN *a slice of cake.*

DAN. I think Rochelle has gone to get / the cake actually.

JAZ. Oh, come on, Dan, you're looking a bit skinny, mate.

DAN *takes the slice of cake.* COCO *and* V *giggle in the background.*

DAN. Thanks. Yum.

DAN *smiles at* JAZ*, eats the cake and goes to get another non-alcoholic beer from inside*.

COCO. You're a joker.

JAZ. It'll be funny trust me.

TIFFANY. What are you lot up to?

JAZ/COCO/V. Nothing.

TIFFANY. Right…

TIFFANY *heads into the house*. BOBBY *stands*. JAZ*,* COCO *and* V *look at him*.

BOBBY. Y'alright?

JAZ. What?

BOBBY. Oh, um. Dunno.

He smiles. They all stand there for a minute.

COCO. I'm / Coco.

BOBBY. Coco. Yeah. It's. Um. It's good to meet you.

An awkward beat.

JAZ. What do you want, Bobby?

BOBBY. Oh. Nothing. Just. You know. I dunno. Hanging out. Chillin'. Eatin some cheese.

V. Right.

BOBBY. I need the loo as well actually. So. Yeah. I might just –

BOBBY *awkwardly hurries into the house*.

COCO. What was that?

JAZ. He's just fucking weird.

V. Guessing we can't smoke this here then?

V *pulls a joint out her pocket*.

JAZ. Better not. Dan might arrest you.

COCO. Yeah that really wouldn't be / funny.

V. We'll be back in a minute then.

COCO. You coming?

JAZ. Nah. Sister time.

V *and* COCO *exit to smoke the spliff as* ROCHELLE *appears from the house*.

Why the fuck is Bobby here?

ROCHELLE. Do you really need to use the word fuck in every / sentence?

JAZ. You need to tell him to leave.

ROCHELLE. I bumped into him today on the / high street.

JAZ. So?

ROCHELLE. We haven't seen him in years. I dunno. I invited him.

JAZ. You did this on purpose. To fuck me off.

ROCHELLE. Oh god, Jaz. I really didn't. I really don't go out of my way to piss you off. I just seem to have a natural knack for it.

JAZ. This isn't fucking funny, Rochelle. It's gonna make Coco feel well awkward.

ROCHELLE. I'm sure Bobby's over it, Jaz. Just say he's a friend.

JAZ. He's not. A friend.

ROCHELLE. Whatever. I'm sorry if it's weird. He looked a bit down. It seemed like the right / thing to do.

JAZ. To invite my ex-boyfriend to a party that you know I'm bringing my girlfriend / to?

ROCHELLE. I didn't think about it like that. It was ages ago.

JAZ. You're such a dick.

JAZ *storms into the house and barges past* DAN *on his way into the backyard*.

DAN. Everything okay?

ROCHELLE. She's angry. That I invited Bobby. She's just. Angry. Generally angry with me.

ROCHELLE *looks overwhelmed, she flops down into a chair.*

Maybe I'm overthinking everything.

DAN. She'll get over it.

ROCHELLE. Not that.

DAN. What then? Us?

ROCHELLE. No, no. No. Not us. Just. Tomorrow. It's a long time. Five years / you know…

DAN. You said yourself… He's different, he's / changed.

ROCHELLE. Tia and school and work and. I've worked really hard. To hold it all / together.

DAN. Everything will be okay in the end, / I promise.

ROCHELLE. I'm just worried. He'll come back and it'll all / just…

DAN. I'm here now…

ROCHELLE. Last time I visited he – It was just. I dunno. Weird.

DAN. He's probably wondering where his place is. In the family, you know, when he gets out; you've all grown / up now…

ROCHELLE. He was distant.

DAN. He's probably scared, Rochelle.

ROCHELLE. Maybe.

DAN. You've got me too okay?

DAN *kisses* ROCHELLE*'s head tenderly*.

I would protect you. / Always.

ROCHELLE. He said something that was…

DAN. What? What did he tell you, Rochelle?

ROCHELLE. He –

JAZ *appears at the back door.* DAN *starts sniffing the air. He looks at* JAZ.

DAN. Is that weed?

JAZ. Wasn't me.

ROCHELLE. I'm gonna put the candles on the cake.

JAZ. You should eat some of my cake and chill, sis.

ROCHELLE *eyeballs her sister suspiciously as she enters the house*. DAN *saunters up to* JAZ.

DAN. Are we… friends?

JAZ. Ha. What the fuck.

DAN. Maybe not friends but.

JAZ. Definitely not friends.

DAN. Yeah okay, but.

JAZ. I put up with you.

DAN. Right. Thanks.

JAZ. Yeah whatever, we're friends whatever.

DAN. Do you think your dad will like me?

JAZ. Why you beggin' it for?

DAN. Because. Well. Um.

JAZ. What?

DAN. Well.

JAZ. Is Rochelle pregnant?

DAN. What? No. No. But. Um.

JAZ. What?

DAN. I'm gonna ask for his permission. For me to marry her.

JAZ. What. The. Actual. Please can I be there when this happens?

DAN. Why?

JAZ. That is. Gonna be amazing. He's gonna. Wow. Okay. She best make me a bridesmaid or I'll fuck shit up.

JORDAN *appears from the house,* DAN *suddenly gets really awkward, attempting to look nonchalant*.

DAN. Hey, yeah that cake was. Really. Yum. In my tum. Ha… Thanks, Jaz…

He does a fingers-on-lips action and winks at JAZ.

JAZ. Any time, Dan… / Yeah…

DAN. Ooh this is a really good song. Isn't it?

JORDAN. Yeah…

DAN *is suddenly beaming, he starts doing some shit dance moves,* JAZ *finds this hilarious.*

DAN. I was never really a dancer you know!

JORDAN. Wow, well you had me fooled, Dan.

JAZ. This is amazing.

KATE *appears from the house.*

KATE. DAN IS DANCING! EVERYONE COME OUT AND LOOK AT THIS SHIT!

Everyone appears at the back door apart from CHANEL. KATE *joins* DAN *dancing. Both loving it.* TIFFANY *comes into the yard squeezing ketchup on her sausage.* BOBBY *stands in the corner looking at* JAZ. COCO *and* V *enter from the street, high, and head to the food table.*

DAN. I'm just having such a great time!

KATE. I feel you, mate. I feel / you.

COCO. Oh / wow.

JORDAN. What the hell are you on?

DAN. I'm just high on love, Jordan. Love and life.

JORDAN. Right.

ROCHELLE. Jaz. Get here now.

JAZ. What?

ROCHELLE. What did you put in that cake?

JAZ. Nothin'.

ROCHELLE. Stop fucking around.

JAZ. Ooh. You said fuck.

ROCHELLE. Jaz.

JAZ. Just a tiny bit of hash. It was literally like nothing. Hardly anything / at all.

ROCHELLE. He's on duty tomorrow / Jaz!

JAZ. Chill! It's not acid, Rochelle! He's having a great time.

DAN *is dancing awkwardly but really going for it.* KATE*'s bringing the old-school moves out.* JORDAN *knows something's up but finds it funny.* TIFFANY *is confused.*

ROCHELLE. You think this is funny?

JAZ. Come on, Rochelle, it's hilarious.

ROCHELLE. Why do you always do / this?

JAZ. Ease up, Rochelle / fucking hell…

ROCHELLE. You're twenty-one, Jaz. I shouldn't have to tell you off.

JAZ. Oh, you love all this shit. Being Mum. / Telling us all what to do.

ROCHELLE. You think I love it? I didn't have a choice, Jaz. Who else was going to do it? You?

JAZ. I would be a great mum / yeah.

ROCHELLE. Can we just get through this evening then / we –

JAZ. Then we can go back to pretending each other don't / exist?

ROCHELLE. You can go back to getting mashed off your head, watching YouTube videos about aliens, eating quinoa with Coco.

JAZ. Fuck you, Rochelle.

ROCHELLE. I'll go back to working six days a week fighting to keep a house over Tia's / head.

JAZ. Such a fucking martyr. Do you want a pat on the back or something?

TIA, AARON *and* POPPY *appear at the back door and join in the dancing*.

ROCHELLE. I'm working really hard to make her into a girl I'm proud to call my sister.

CHANEL *appears at the back door.*

CHANEL. Jaz… You got a lighter for the candles?

Beat.

Jaz?

JAZ. Yeah.

JAZ *stares at* ROCHELLE *then enters the house with* CHANEL. TIA *runs up to* ROCHELLE *and hugs her.*

TIA. I love you so much.

ROCHELLE. Yeah… I love you too.

CHANEL *appears presenting a cake with sixteen candles glowing. She starts off the singing and everyone joins in.* JAZ *appears behind* CHANEL *but keeps her distance from the rest of the group. Everyone else gathers around the table and* TIA *blows the candles out. Everyone cheers except* JAZ, DAN *exclaims how hungry he is suddenly.* KATE *gets her phone out and takes some photos*.

KATE. Get in, you beauties!!

KATE *tries to get everyone in a group shot,* BOBBY *steps out*.

BOBBY. Here, let me take it. You get in.

KATE *gets in. He takes the picture. Everyone cheers again.* ROCHELLE *cuts a slice and offers it to* JAZ.

ROCHELLE. Here.

JAZ *takes the plate*.

JAZ. I do appreciate everything you've done for Tia. Looking after her an' that. Mum would have been proud of you.

KATE. Newsflash, everyone!! Jaz is apologising!!

ROCHELLE. She didn't actually say sorry.

JAZ. I am. Sorry.

KATE. Quick take a picture!! This is going down in the history books!

JAZ. Fuck off, Kate.

TIA. Thank you both for the best birthday ever.

JAZ. When Dad gets out tomorrow. We'll be back together again. All of us.

TIA. This is gonna be the best summer we've ever had!

ROCHELLE. Yeah…

CHANEL. Get in, girls!

CHANEL *motions for the three of them to stand together for a picture. The rest of the party turns to look at them.* CHANEL *takes their photo. The three sisters smile. Suddenly the lights change, darkness…*

Blinding flashes of cameras. Like a press conference. The three sisters look terrified.

*

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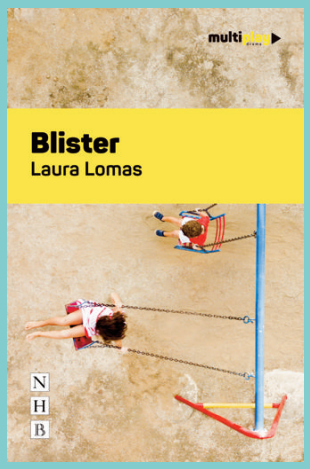
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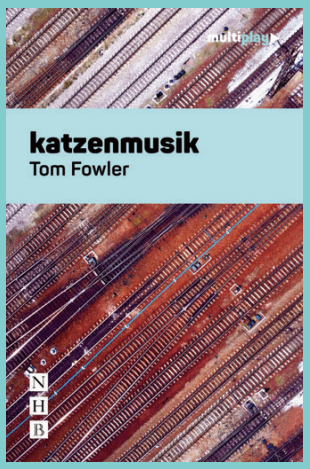
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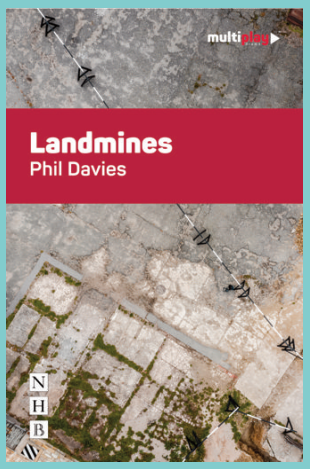
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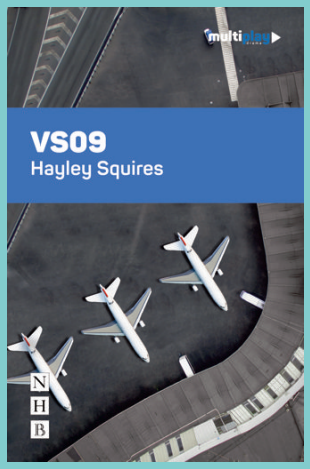
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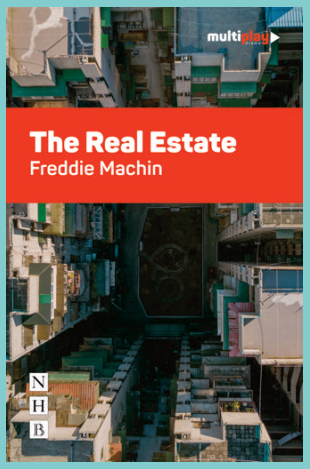


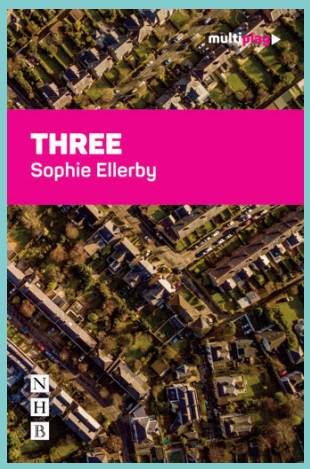


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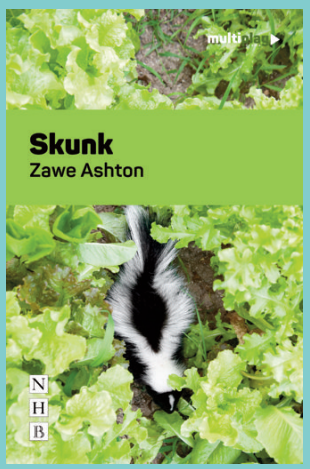
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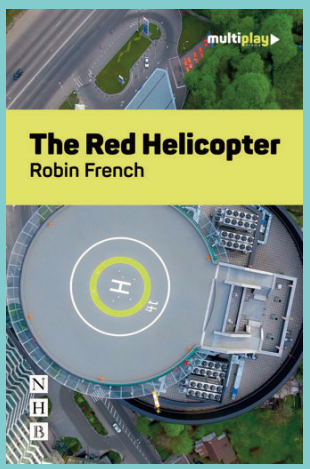
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