

***About a Girl*****Transcript of the monologue**

*(Silhouette of the girl, singing a Britney Spears song)*

If Jesus were alive today right, he'd probably be a singer. He'd be like Bono, only with hair.

What's that stuff? Stringy. Dental floss. Our Jamie got us some of that the other day. Threw it down the lav', forgot to pull the chain. Me mum sees it and she checks our Sannie for worms.

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

I goes: "Mum! She's not got worms, it's dental; floss."

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

She goes: "I'm not having that bastard coming round here telling me I can't take care of youse lot."

That bastard's me dad.

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

I'd see more of him, only he's dead busy with work. Well, looking for work actually. He always wants to know what I'm up to, like I'm five or something. It's like: "Hello! I'm 13!"

*(Cut to scene with football shouts)*

He makes me watch him play football most Sundays. He could have played for City.

*(Cut to scene with football shouts)*

Not.

*(Cut to scene with singing and football chants)*

And then he takes me to the pub afterwards and buys me a coke and a bag of crisps.

Bless.

*(Cut to scene with singing and football chants)*

Right. What it is right is there's gonna be me, Stacey, Kelly P, Kelly T and Mira.

*(Cut to scene with singing and dialogue)*

We've gotten the dances worked out and everything.

*(Cut to scene with dialogue and singing)*

It was my idea actually, I'm like the thingy, erm ...

*(Cut to scene with singing)*

... organiser.

*(Cut to scene with singing and dialogue)*

And I look after our image.

*(Cut to scene without speech)*

Well important.

*(Cut to scene without speech)*

That's why someone like thingy, Madonna's, still going. Cos she looks after her image and she's older than me mum. So, do you see what I'm saying?

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

We've not got a name yet or anything, but it doesn't matter. Mira writes the words and she's well cool. And I write the music. Just in me head, like. Not on a piano. That's cos we've not got one. Mum says there's no room. She never lets us 'ave nothing, it's always: "Do I look Like a fucking bank?" She says she's not got enough to save for a piano but she's always got enough for ciggies, does she think I'm soft or what?

*(Cut to scene without speech)*

Yeah well, mum, you'll be sorry when I'm dead rich and famous and people want my autograph. And I'm living in the top flat in London and you're still here. Eating your rowdy burgers and your knock-off lager. While I'm in a top restaurant drinking Bacardi and coke and, thingies, Bacardi Breezers. Yeah. Who'll be the soft one then, hey?

*(Cut to scene without speech)*

When I'm going with Kelly from Stereophonics and a house and that. Two houses we've got. One in London and one in Wales. Cos he's Welsh in'ee?

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

Actually, it might not be Wales because I don't like it there. We stayed in a caravan when me dad lived with us. Six of us squashed in like a shoe box. Me mum never got us an ice cream because she said it was raining. Me dad got us one. A 99 with strawberry sauce, and he shoved his in her face. Couldn't tell what was blood and what was strawberry sauce.

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

Ages since I've had a 99. I might get one.

*(Cut to scene with dialogue)*

A 99 with strawberry sauce and them sprinkly things. Hundreds and thousands. But no nuts. I hate nuts. Peanuts are alright, but none of the others. A snickers maybe. Nah not even a snickers. Me mum says: "You know your problem, Terry? You spoil 'em." And he goes: "You know your trouble, Carly? You're a tight bitch."

I think he were right because she never let us get a dog, neither so me and our Jamie went and got one from Mrs Prest. Hers had puppies only she couldn't keep them because of her chest. She used one of them thingies. Inhalers. Ah, it were dead tiny like that. Little brown eyes. Our Jamie wanted to call it Kurt after him in Nirvana and I wanted call Lucky cos Mrs Prest said it were lucky to be alive cos it weren't breathing properly when it was born. I give it some chips on the way home and it were alright. Hid it in our Jamie's room for two days until me mum found it. Not so fucking lucky now, is it? She got the neighbours to put it in the canal. I don't know where.

Gotten dead good at hiding things from her since then.

*(Cut to scene without speech)*

I'm still gonna have a 99.