

I wished I had read a script for a season of a show before I started writing one, in case you wish for the same, or just want to read a script, here's mine.

FYI's

Chewing Gum was too long; I wrote too many pages, storylines were filmed that we didn't realise were average and a bit shit until we were watching them in the edit. We had to decide, as a whole team, how to respond to editorial obstacles; where to cut, what to move, your job, as the creator/writer is to make sure the story still honours itself as much as possible. I say that to say, you may read plots in this Gift and wonder why you don't recognise them from the series; they never made it. We killed them. Those plots were the loveable but weak villagers we terminated because they were holding us back from reaching best life and prosperity.

RIP.

At 26 years old I had never written anything for screen, never been to film or screenwriting school, I'd never worked in a team from such a position, and I had no mentor or connection in this industry.

When you're an 'outsider' and don't know the ropes it can leave you feeling insecure, and searching for the confidence needed to carry out a project that feels bigger than you. I'm often asked to mentor people, I've been thinking about what it means to mentor, and I like the idea of mentoring being about empowering others, rather than breastfeeding them. I've been trying to think of a way that I could contribute to the empowering of as many people as possible and as quickly. Giving these scripts away, alongside some notes that may or may not make sense, seemed like a good start.

[Before you begin you should watch this](#)

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Michaela', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

**Michaela x**

P.S. When you've finished your script, CONGRATS! Your script is a story, it's precious. Are you writing because you want to be on Netflix or because you have a burning desire to communicate a story that will die untold unless you form it? I hope the latter. Worry about Netflix and TV later. Focus on how you can share your story without the permission of hollywood: Put on a reading of your script in a local cafe, in your house, on the street, find actors on [Star Now](#) to read it one afternoon, you may find ones gracious enough to do what I'm doing; stuff for free. Invite your friends or family to watch it, also invite people that are employed by channels or streaming services to sit in your audience of 5-10 people, you never know, they may turn up. They may not. As Rihanna taught us; nothing is promised.

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1. *(Please click the link under my name and watch the video, necessary viewing for anyone working or aspiring to work in television, you will also ascertain why Chewing Gum Season Season 3 isn't happening)*

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Thanks to  
Andrew Ellard my script editor.

Only one production company had any interest in developing this as a show at all; Retort TV, without them, there would be no Chewing Gum.

Channel 4 for commissioning us to make the show, as with the production company, they were the one UK channel that took interest in making this show.

Netflix, without whom we would probably have no knowledge of each other at all; no gift to give, no gift to receive. Netflix brought this show to billions of people and put my baby Chewing Gum on the pole, to dance in all her beautiful glory, she worked it. The strip club was pleased.

My most important thanks goes to the people watching and cheering in the club; you lot. I never knew how much joy it would give you, I never knew it would help you during dark times and during hungover times, during times of boredom. I've had messages from soldiers who watched whilst serving in the armed forces, teenagers who discovered this show after coming out to their parents and being excommunicated from their families, Chewing Gum was one of the things they found comfort in. I've received messages from people who watched Chewing Gum and found their suicidal thoughts subsiding, people who watched for 30 minutes of laughs while in hospital beds, or in the storm of a divorce. People who showed family friendly clips to young black baby girls living in white worlds, allowing them to see that girls who looked like them could also play on TV. All of you. I'm very grateful. Some of you are writers, and I hope this empowers you. I'm sorry Chewing Gum is not coming back but now maybe there'll be 100 shows even better, and even more enjoyable than it.

Hope this isn't too wanky. Enjoy!

## Why is it called Chewing Gum ?

Chewing Gum is based on a one woman show I wrote called Chewing gum Dreams in 2012

I called the play Chewing Gum Dreams as I was inspired by a poem I wrote, I cannot entirely remember the words, it was something like...

*Hooded angels circling round the highest floor of a tower block, the highest tower block in London.*

*Their unending circling a secretly shared cipher.*

*On their angelic wings they carry dreams, ambition, love, vulnerability, passion, friendship and family.*

*On their wings they carry money, designer brands, cars, drugs, risk. Hood angels can only carry so much on their wings, something always has to give, when born in flight, unable to live,*

*so we threw off the loads the world said was nothing to our wings but dead weight: love, vulnerability, dreams.*

*Off; dreams, falling from the tops of the tower blocks. Dreams cascading down window by window, crashing into the cement by intercom doors.*

*Forgetfully squashed into the ground by our designer trainers. Deep into pavement like chewing gum.*

*Good enough to be something, smart enough to know we will never be anything.*  
*Chewing Gum Dreams.*

Chewing Gum is a metaphor in and of itself. It appears to be a story about a girl who wants to lose her virginity.

It is about a person on the fringes of society who wants to be included in mainstream society, who has never been included. She wants to be a part of the pain and the joy of being a free human. She doesn't want to be naive, she doesn't want to be wrapped in the cotton wool of bible verses she is too naive to understand. She wants to face the pain, she understands that she can only notice and value pleasure if she is able to experience pain.

I use the metaphor of the loss of one's virginity to explore the desire we often have to be a part of the world.

# **Chewing Gum**

## **Episode 1 "Sex and Violence"**

Written & Created by Michaela Coel

Pink Shooting Script 29.06.2015

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1 INT. RONALD'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 1

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:

2

EXT. OUTSIDE RONALD'S HOUSE. DAY 2

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:



3 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

3

Tracey's dreaming.

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

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

Blood squirts out of her nose.

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

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

CUT TO:

4 EXT. OUTSIDE RONALD'S HOUSE. DAY 2 4

Tracey shrugs.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ESTATE. DAY 2 . 5

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)  
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?

CANDICE

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:

8 INT. SHOP. DAY 2.

8

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  
50 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)

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:

14 EXT. ESTATE BALCONY CONTINUOUS TO LIFT. DAY 2

14

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

15 INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2 15

Tracey walks up to Ronald, bursting with positivity.

TRACEY  
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)

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:

18 INT. RESTUARANT. DAY 2

18

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:

19 INT. CANDICE'S BEDROOM. DAY 2 19

Candice and Aaron: doggy style sex.

AARON  
I love you

CANDICE  
Love you too

AARON  
You are an emblem of the sun  
They fuck, steady rhythm.

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
emblem of the sun yes I know

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:

21 INT. CANDICE'S BEDROOM. DAY 2 21

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)

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:

23 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 17, 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)  
I know i'ss heavy stuff.

OLA  
(kindly)  
I'ss juss rubbish.

Ola walks away. Connor is shocked.

CUT TO:

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 (CONT'D)

-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 anythin' 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:

29 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM / HALL. NIGHT 2 29

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:

30 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

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)

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

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

## **Notes Intro**

### **On script development:**

I wanted to share script notes I received during script development with you, I had so many valuable notes from many great people but I wasn't able to get permission to share them with you. I have shared all I could from my end. They're like little artsy quirky snippets, full of grammatical errors, I didn't want to change anything to show you; communication, grammar, punctuation is great when it's perfect, but if it isn't, forgive yourself, don't judge yourself, don't look down on yourself. Don't let your inability to be polished stop you from sharing.

The absence of notes from my team give the impression I created a masterpiece completely independently. Even though I wrote every word I don't feel I did it alone. You may be doing the bulk of the legwork but a professional team of experienced TV makers will elevate your perception of scriptwriting to the next level, and the one after that. Be thankful for them...for anyone in your life who has more experience than you, be willing to learn, even if you, the student, is designing the syllabus.

### **Once you are finished writing**

There is a huge team of people waiting for you to finish: producers, director, locations manager, DOP, composer, costume designer, make up and hair team, casting director, set designer. These people are unable to carry out their jobs properly until they have your final drafts. You have to meet your deadlines. When writers are late they may find themselves responsible for messing things up for everyone else. Peak.

### **On screen/picture edit:**

Once the filming is done and the screen/visual editor starts working away on the episodes the writer/producer sends feedback. Please try (aka fight) to be employed as a producer on your show *if*, like me, you are writing it singlehandedly, if you've watched my video link in the intro you will know why.

As well as the script note responses I mentioned above, I've shared some of the notes I gave for the screenplay with you, you can find them after each episode.

In case you ever end up in a similar position and are like me, and are riddled with imposter syndrome insecurities, I thought I'd share this. I'd never noted anyone before.

So this note section will at most times be messy and confusing. Sorry, but it's free so I'm not that sorry. Ilysm.

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 1 Notes

The titles is the wrong track- we don't copyright with this producer.

01:18 put it in my vagina jars me, sounds like bad 2 dimensional writing rather than a fantasy- i say we take it out- at best- take out vagina so she's saying "put it in"

Tracey's first PTC (piece to camera) at 00:52 we could still cut to the virgin line that is at 0:50 (of version one) then cut back to 00:52 of the current draft. i think these takes are better personally:

her attitude juxtaposed with the sanctitude of prayer allows us to know that what she displays in front of ronald is not the real ronald.

i don't think we should show the breast rubbing it's not amplying the connor scene, i think it does the opposite 01:17 that also goes for the line "grab my boobies" let's save save save.

Fantasy: when tracey snaps out of fantasy- do we have some takes of her staring into Ronald's eyes? I think this is necessary- for some contrast so it's not one note "dick dick dick"

1:59 'it's only gone 12" and "you always nap when i'm here" at 02:03 would love to see more takes of these; gentler, more submissive;, if not we can do an ADR and keep it on Ronald's lying face.

03:02 - can we use a Shakka sting? this feels a little like "the wire" which is a great show, but doesn't work here for me.

could swap around trace's expression on 03:58 with 4:01- i think the eye bulge works better on the slave line.

4:29 don't know what song that is but i love it here think it works wonderfully

4:38 i get the lyrics are fitting, but the song is once again a little "the wire" "next friday" ish. not london enough, and not female enough, once again i think shakka has great ones in there that are more gender neutral, and are less "gangster" :-). maybe we can ask him to do his own version with a female on it.

4:44 this peanut butter sitchu- it's not reading- as anything at all. i think it's okay to save her introduction (which is pretty clear - on tracey's text) mid way through their conversation- we could try and put this there instead of the short one that follows 30 seconds later; i feel like we could definitely just use one of these and placing it on tracey's line at 05:28

06:11 - is there a way we can cut straight from him crying to the tissue handing then the line "I'm allowing the present moment to be as it is" - can we do this and still have the cut to the same time length? it's actually a funny line although we may not realise it!

06:20 - i think we need to be on tracey for "course' don't know why we took that out?

07:20 - do we have a less happy more bored version of "i think it's just candice"?

07:23 i think we need cynthia's line about everyone going to hell. i think we need a tiny bit more time with her.

07:59 might need to ADR during the fantasy "the events of the last 2 minutes have confirmed that tonight i'm" - cut to what we cut to "definitely gonna bang ronald" don't need the other PTC "tonight". might not even need tonight at all.

08:22 - do we need all this music? by the time i get to here I kinda feel like we are putting music over a lot.

10:07 not beyonce girls. i think it might be taking away from the significance of what happens at 10: 15 with Connor- in the script- the commercial break is here- after she walks out crying with the bloody nose so that a) we know that that was important, and b) we anticipate the date with ronald.

with the commercial break as it is now - it looks like it just didn't work and ronald's fucked off home, i'm not interested and don't think it's ending on a bang or on a mysterious note. is there any reason why can't break where we put it in the script?

11:10 i don't think this restaurant music on the tail of the nose bleed scene works . if the commercial break happens where it is in the script that would solve that too.\

11:12 : let the moment breathe please. do not be afraid to let what we actually did

during the shot live as it was.

11:14: i preferred the previous date, i'm not sure if the date feels too short or too choppy- yes, once again i think ending on the hijab is not right tonally. let me know if it's down to a time thing.

14:23 i say we cut the "pounce" move that tracey does here; her vulture side we should withhold till she's with connor- just let her do more weird poses; might be useful to keep her in a blur until ronald turns around and we see her vividly in her green briefs and bra actually? i think that might be good. so we are shocked with Ron.

15:31 i don't think we need all this strolling from ronald let's just get straight to "what's happened to you"

16:00 once again- do we have a take of this line where it makes sense? if not we need to ADR: "Hang on, I'm the naked one repulsing my boyfriend"

16:15 - now i believe we have a take of "ron ron, i left my oyster" when it's on ron until he slams the door, then tracey turns around into Ronald's single and says the line (i can't timecode it as it's disappeared from the assemblies and the drafts) . in this version we cannot see that she's only in her underwear.

I've done a very shitty, nonsensical version of what i'm talking about cut wise here- it may not make sense- but i'm making another play for it. is this completely impossible with all the takes we have? (see attachment).

17:51 is fuckin awesome, glad we got the removal of the costume in

18:38 i think we need a less resolute entry into the party- do we have other takes of her which read "urgh, better than actual hell i guess".

19:36 - can we use a take of Candice where she gave it a beat more before "baby come here"

19:59 can we try tracey sad on dog? that was quite nice, and then cut to 20:09 as we are now



20:22 - i think we can end on sublet by satan, cut to thomas marshall socialising outside, then cut back to susie just for "amen" on 20:24

20:30 can we change this to "Oh i thought it was empty..sorry."

20:50 cutting right there is fuckin' marvellous.

\*we will need muffled music sounds\* - or is this an artistic choice- i do like the silence very much and probably prefer it over what proximity and sense suggest- so if it's intended let's roll on.

really like this as one sequence. - need to mute a lot of connor's sounds or get him to re-record sexier "not virginal" man sounds.

23:10 let's get an ADR of connor saying 'come here' so we know he's....into tracey...

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 1 Notes (Continued)

1..1 Ron doesn't like Beyoncé because she's over sexualised

1,5-1.7 sex is brought up in a way that makes Tracey's curiosity about it clear  
Is Candice and Aaron talking about some amazing sex they've had  
Candice says "I don't care, he's a man Christian or not he'll get a hard on"

Make clear in 1.5 that there is an emotion disconnect between

Flashback should not be a flash back

Connor should be mentioned earlier -perhaps when party planning is going on

Episode 2- make it clear that she's channelling her sexual urge to Ronald from Connor  
At the beginning for example; she googled black on white then black and black

Bin bag storyline not necessary

Are her sexual urges toward Connor or just general sexual urges?

Tracey's stoosh we need to know she has rejected men in the past and not some  
black chick trying to bang anything

End too predictable does she get drunk with Esther and end up making out with  
someone else

# Chewing Gum

## Episode 2 "BINNED"

Written & Created By Michaela Coel

### PINK SHOOTING SCRIPT (12.06.15)

C/o Retort TV  
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1 EXT. ESTATE. DAY 3 1

TRACEY crosses the estate

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

I always thought white people were bad kissers. It's not their fault, it's just that most of them have really small lips and they can't embrace the challenge of lips like mine, then they try to compensate for the lack of lips with the tongue - then the tongue ends up everywhere, just flapping about you get my drift. But Connor was (great)-

She sees CONNOR; very subtly practicing kick-boxing on a bin. He sees her and slows down to a halt.

CONNOR

(shy)

You alright?

She stands nervously. Awkward silence. She nods. She's frozen.

Another unpleasantly long pause. The silence is horrid. And it never ends.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 3 2

CANDICE

He's not your boyfriend. You had a one night stand Trace.

TRACEY

It wasn't a "one", it was a "first night stand" of many to come.

CANDICE

Issit?

TRACEY(TO CAMERA)

I'd say there's two significant moments in what's been my swift and impressive sexual development: 1. Taking off all my clothes to seduce Ronald, my old boyfriend (didn't happen).

(MORE)

TRACEY(TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

2. Rubbing my vagina against the middle bits of my new boyfriend, Connor, on her grandma's bed.

CANDICE

What's his name?

TRACEY

Connor.

CANDICE

Full name.

TRACEY

Connor - grabbed my left boob.

CANDICE

Not 'is surname, dozee havva job?

TRACEY

Without dropping the left boob he went for the right, why does it matter if he's got a job?

CANDICE

Does Connor have a girlfriend?

TRACEY

Me.

CANDICE

(pity)  
Trace...

TRACEY

I love him.

CANDICE

I will slap you.

Tracey winces.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Do you love him?

Tracey shakes her head.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

(bread in mouth)  
Good. You ain't even met his dick.

TRACEY

Yeah I have.

CANDICE  
What's it like?

TRACEY  
It is so big.

CANDICE  
How big?

TRACEY  
It's so big, it coulda like come  
through up out my mouth tied a knot  
around itself and strangled itself  
till it was dead...was big.

CANDICE  
Real talk...izee circumcised?

Tracey stutters

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
What's his door number?

TRACEY  
Twenty --

CANDICE  
11 --

TRACEY  
11 exactly.

A customer; MANDY (early 40s, denim, emotionally unpredictable) places various items from baby section into her bag including a red dummy, and baby food.

CANDICE  
You have no idea how to make a man  
your boyfriend.

MANDY approaches, grinning. With little discretion she puts  
the stuff from the basket straight into her handbag:

MANDY  
Pall Mall's please... My son's  
nicked all mine fucking wayward  
bastard - Menthols please.  
Yeah...You know Karly Raven got  
pregnant by a Somali? 10  
pack...yeah...One a' dem pirate  
looking Somalians from Brick Lane-  
they look like pirates--

TRACEY  
Ah... you can't erm, theft ain't  
allowed so--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MANDY

Excuse me? I ain't thefted a thing,  
I pay my way, I just asked for a  
packet a' bloody Pall Malls and --

TRACEY

There's camera's now innit.

MANDY

Is there?

She looks at the "YOU'RE ON CAMERA" sign at the counter, then  
with her eyes, quickly looks at the two cameras.

MANDY (CONT'D)

They new?

TRACEY

Yeah.

MANDY

Oh...Fair enough then. Good shout.  
(to Candice)  
Alright?

CANDICE

Yu'right Mandy?

She unpacks the stolen items, and fondly rambles.

MANDY

Are Somalians black? I've never  
been sure, I suppose there's  
various different types of black,  
Somali's look a bit mixed race but  
like...summink went wrong? Okay,  
see you on the 'state.

As she's about to leave, she "re-steals" the red dummy and  
baby food.

CANDICE

What a prat.

TRACEY

I know.

CANDICE

You should see her son.

TRACEY

Ha, whass 'is name?

CANDICE

Connor.

Tracey's mortified, Candice smiles and eats another chunk of bread.

CUT TO:



3

INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 4.

3

CYNTHIA, eats a plate of peeled banana, she slices with a knife and fork. JOY and Tracey on the sofa.

Joy watching TV:

JOY  
Agents of Satan we shan't be  
swayed.

We see it's a random daytime TV presenter she's cursing. Tracey's phone beeps- RONALD has sent a SELFIE; hoisted broken leg in shot. Tracey sighs.

JOY (CONT'D)  
(genuine concern)  
What's on your mind dear?

Tracey deletes the picture.

TRACEY  
Nothing.

CYNTHIA  
Maybe you're pregnant.

TRACEY  
Eh?

JOY  
What nonsense, Ronald is a man of  
God.

CYNTHIA  
Maybe's he's not the father.

TRACEY  
Oh Cynthia shut up

CYNTHIA  
Shut down and reboot.

Shut down and restart.

Drain your battery.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Shut up.

Shut up.

Shut your mouth.

JOY  
Hey hey shut up shut up shut up.  
How *is* my future son-in-law?

Tracey tries to find words.

CUT TO:

4 INT. RONALD'S FRONT DOOR. DAY 3. 4

Tracey frightfully approaches Ronald's door. As she's about to knock, the door bursts open, a CARER (female, mid 40's, white, simple uniform) barges past Tracey and runs out in turmoil while bedpan is hurled down the stairs toward her, piss splashing out of it. A voice booms after her.

RONALD (O.S)  
Read me my Bible with diction.

Tracey U- Turns, ducks for cover, and briskly escapes his house.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 4. 5

TRACEY  
He's really good.

A daytime presenter's voice speaks from the TV. Joy looks at her knee length navy dress and heels.

JOY  
Desolation and destruction, Satan I  
will not be plunged.

TV PRESENTER  
Next up; From First Date to  
Forever: how to make the man of  
your dreeeams... \*

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
That would be Connor

PHILIP SCHOFIELD (O.S)  
...your boyfriend! We asked 3 of  
London's most sought after  
relationship gurus. \*

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
The gurus...yeah I'll ask 'em as  
well.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 4. 6

Tracey behind the counter with a notebook and pen. KRISTY by the counter, moving a buggy back and forth, with BROWN (not seen). KARLY has baby DARK KNIGHT (bundle) in her arms. There is a full basket of their shopping on the counter. We hear Ebony playing noisily in the aisles.

KARLY RAVEN

How to make him your boyfriend...  
If he wants to put it in your bum  
just breathe through it, don't  
start panicking saying 'it hurts'  
'coz he will dump you. Sis? What  
say ya?

TRACEY

Anything not about sexual...?--

We see Kristy's eye line follow Brown (we don't see him) as  
he jumps out of the push chair and runs to join Ebony. They  
are heard in the background.

KRISTY RAVEN

Ebony, Brown, stop it or I'll put  
you into fucking foster care.

KARLY RAVEN

Sis, think Dark Knight's ready for  
'iz feed.

TRACEY

Aw, Dark Knigh, s'datta nickname? \*

KRISTY RAVEN

...No? \*

CUT TO:

6A INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 4

6A

Tracey listening to OLA who wears a rainbow kippah on his  
head. He files his nails.

OLA

Swallow it, through the hard  
times...

TRACEY

Mmm, persevere...

OLA

(nodding in agreement)

Mhm - just swallow it. I believe it's an acquired taste. My mum always says those who enjoy their coffee black tend to love the taste of semen.

On Tracey's face dropping.

CUT TO:

6B

INT CORNER SHOP DAY 4

6B

Tracey's hands writing, a sensible, confident and assuring voice guiding her.

AARON

Men like a strong woman, who can support him.

TRACEY

... woman, support --

AARON

Whenever you interact with him, don't be there primarily as a function or a role, but as the field of conscious presence.

Ronald smiles, and nods, impressed with himself.

AARON (CONT'D)

Eckhart Tolle.

TRACEY

Yeah, whass he in Star Wars?

She waits for an answer, he looks at her, concerned.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ESTATE BALCONY/MANDY'S FLAT DAY 4 7

We see 11 on a door. Tracey knocks.

TRACEY  
(to herself)  
Support him...impress him...be  
strong

MANDY answers the door, she wears a red silk gown.

MANDY  
You're fuckin' jokin', don't be a  
jobsworth iss juss baby food.

She grabs a red dummy and baby food jar from the hallway and offers them back to Tracey.

TRACEY  
I juss come for Connor.

MANDY  
Oh, great, you can help me.

Mandy walks away from the door into the house.

CUT TO:

8 INT. MANDY'S BEDROOM. DAY 4 8

A tiny bedroom; hoarder's paradise. Mandy stands in a red silk gown. Hair in bunches. A tense Tracey holds the camera phone toward Mandy.

MANDY  
's 'off Big Leish, not bad for  
second hand. Okay ready. Wait -  
yeah, yeah go on take it.

Mandy poses like a proud 8 year old boy in a year photo. Tracey snaps.

MANDY (CONT'D)  
Let's have a look. Been tryna take  
it myself for ages couldn't get the  
angle right on the cabinet kept-  
falling down.

They observe the picture. Mandy pleased. Tracey disturbed

MANDY (CONT'D)  
Thanks babe, nice to have a BFF to  
do this stuff with.

TRACEY

Yeah definitely I'm actually here for Connor. Feels a bit weird talkin' to you about this stuff.

\*  
\*

MANDY

Don't be silly babes, tell your girl.

\*  
\*

TRACEY

I'm tryna move things past casual.

\*  
\*

MANDY

Nice! That'll be a task ad a half he's never had a girlfriend.

\*  
\*  
\*

TRACEY

Never?

MANDY

Waiting for the perfect one I s'pose, who knows? Could be you!

\*

Tracey grins at Mandy.

\*

MANDY (CONT'D)

It's uploading. Thanks.

\*

TRACEY

Eh? You puttin' tha' online?

\*

MANDY

They say you're more likely to get someone if they see what you look like.

TRACEY

Ohh. Wha' is it like Match.com?

MANDY

Yeah, myfucksoulmate.co.uk

\*

TRACEY

... Is he in?

MANDY

Who?

Tracey blank with shock.

CUT TO:

9

INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM DAY 4 .

9

Tracey and Connor staring at each other from across the room. He's in a baggy T-shirt and boxers.

CONNOR  
You look nice...

TRACEY  
...You look nice.

CONNOR

D'you want some music?

TRACEY

I support you in that.

Connor presses play on his laptop. 'Shakka - When Will I see you Again' plays.

Tracey stands nervously. They smile at each other. They gently kiss, Connor tries to take her jumper off. Tracey laughs nervously.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I'll do it.

She gains distance and removes her jumper. He removes his T-shirt. They stand there.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Err... One sec.

Tracey weirdly runs to the chest of drawers, she leans on them as if it's the only thing keeping her upright.

TRACEY(TO CAMERA) (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Whaddamadoin'...whaddamadoin...?

CONNOR

You alright?

TRACEY

I wanna be your field of conscious presence. What do I take off first my bra or skirt?

CONNOR

Do you wanna take anyfin' off?

TRACEY

No

CONNOR

Well then you don't have ta.

TRACEY

Okay.

They make out, grabbing waists devouring faces. Connor leads her blindly to the chest of drawers and sits her on them, Tracey pulls down Connor's boxers with her feet, her hands grab his bum while they kiss. Connor kisses her neck.

TRACEY(TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'm doing.

CONNOR

What's wrong?



TRACEY

I don't know what I'm doing.

CONNOR

It don't matter I'll love it, do what you want.

Tracey starts wanking Connor's dick. It becomes frantic.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Alright maybe slow down a bit.

She continues, same speed. She looks up at him.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Less angry.

She grins, with the same wired intensity.

MANDY walks straight in. Surprisingly calm and smiley.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Argh get out.

MANDY

Trace, there you are.

Connor runs for shelter, angrily pulling his boxers up.

MANDY (CONT'D)

(to Tracey)

I ain't even finished completing my profile 'n I got a message.

CONNOR

You gotta stop fuckin' wiv ma privacy.

MANDY

Oh okay, well when you start paying for...I dunno- anyvin, I'll start treatin'...I dunno- suvvink, like it's yours to call your privates yeah?

She shows Tracey her phone; a picture: Captioned "RASHAD", he's mid 40s, unibrow seems to spread itself to the edges of his face, perverted smile. Mandy beams like a child.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Ahh babes, I feel like a teenager again. He's from Syria, authentic, ya know- propa Syrian. How's it goin' in here, alright?

Connor holds his head in his hands.

TRACEY

... yeah.

MANDY

I can sign you up to this ya know?

TRACEY

I'm already sor'of seeing  
someone...

\*  
\*

MANDY

Wha'?

Tracey throws a look to Connor, Mandy follows her eye line.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Oh right oh yeah alright.

Tracey gives a look of shock/disgust to camera.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

10

INT. CHEMIST DAY 4 .

10

Tracey bolts through the doors of her local pharmacy, a shop  
assistant in a hijab stares at her blankly

TRACEY

Sorry, which one is the morning  
after??

DR. MUBASHIRA

Do you want to just come over here  
for privacy?

She follows him

DR. MUBASHIRA (CONT'D)

What's your name?

TRACEY

Why'dyou need to know my name?

Dr. Mubashira gives her a look of impatience. She thinks on  
her feet.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

My name's 'Bee'.

DR. MUBASHIRA

And how do you spell that?

TRACEY

Oh my gosh... B.E.E

DR. MUBASHIRA

And your surname?

TRACEY

Yonce.

Beat. Dr. Mubashira looks at her dryly, then returns to his forms.

DR. MUBASHIRA

When was the incident?

TRACEY

Just now. This pill is free?

DR. MUBASHIRA

Yes (was a con--)

TRACEY

Does it come wiv water 'coz I gotta down it with suvvink, if this don't work after 3 hours.

DR. MUBASHIRA

It's three days

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

I don't trust this guy.

DR. MUBASHIRA

Was a condom used?

TRACEY

Nah we didn't have sex.

Dr. Mubashira is blank-faced.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Oh - erm his cum was very near my... And they swim don't they?

DR. MUBASHIRA

The morning after pill is for women who have had sexual intercourse.

TRACEY

'S for people who think there's a chance of them getting pregnant actually.

DR. MUBASHIRA

Well yes.

TRACEY

Yes, 'n I'm won'nah them customers.

DR. MUBASHIRA

But you didn't have sexual intercourse" --

TRACEY

Nah I wanked him, I wanked him, we  
was like rubbin' 'n, then I wanked--

Tracey sees a cold stare from the assistant in the hijab.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(to assistant)

I'm a Christian.

DR. MUBASHIRA

I'm happy to--

TRACEY

Look, this ain't 'CSI' or something--  
why are you interrogating me? Can  
you just give it to me? Please.

He disappears behind the counter.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(to Assistant)

I didn't even see the dick I just  
touched it. I swear down.

\*  
\*

Dr. Mubashira hands Tracey condoms.

DR. MUBASHIRA

Here.

TRACEY

I'm a girl what am I doing wiv  
condoms I ain't got a dick?

DR. MUBASHIRA

They're for your partner.

TRACEY

I don't know if he's my boyfriend  
yet i'ss not confirmed, Imma  
confirm today, tomorrow - basically  
this week... Why you shoutin'?

Tracey throws a pen at him in a feeble attempt to lash out.

CUT TO:

11

EXT. COMMUNITY HALL DAY 4 .

11

Joy evangelising, Cynthia accompanies behind her with a  
percussion instruments. Tracey, unseen by them, watches on an  
estate bench.

JOY

You are in a wheelchair? God will  
grow your leg back from thigh to  
toe it will return.

(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)

Old ladies, he will cast your wrinkles out, look at me, I'm your age.

TRACEY(TO CAMERA)

I can't. She said we shouldn't put tampons up there till after we're married, if I tell her there was sperm swimmin' up might she might have a stroke.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

It turns out Mandy is sitting right next to Tracey.

MANDY

Now... Should I tell Rashad all my kinks or some of them? It's a source of contention for me ya see because, girlfriend... I have this - kink that I'm a bit embarrassed about.

TRACEY

(exasperated)

I really don't talk--

\*

Mandy gives a sulky baby face, pleading with Tracey.

\*

TRACEY (CONT'D)

...I'd probably keep it to myself, ain't everyone shy about tha' sor'o'fing?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MANDY

Thanks babes. Been so long since I felt up someone other than myself ya know? Keep Connor busy tonight won't ya?

\*  
\*  
\*

Joy offers a Christian tract to a woman with shopping bags.

JOY

The road to hell is wide, but the road to the Father is narrow, keep your genitalia narrow also.

We close up on Tracey and Mandy again.

TRACEY

I'm so sorry about...the bedroom.

\*

MANDY

That? 's nuffink, girl, - if I had a penny for every girl thass hand pumped his willy I'd have a fuckin yacht.

Tracey's broken hearted.

TRACEY

You said he's never had a  
girlfriend

MANDY

He ain't, but he's gotta empty the trash into suvvink 'n he's never been at a shortage of 'friendly girls' to off load his shit in if you know whaddamean.

Mandy leaves. A crushed Tracey listens to her Mum.

JOY

Fornicators, film watchers, fashionistas, single mothaz; a demonic spiridizz workin' in your life, issay witch- leading you to the gangsters of Tower Hamlets, in dark places, giving them the last of your cash monies for drugs and de dis ting.

Revelation on Tracey's face. She gets out loose cash from her pocket.

CUT TO:

12

EXT/INT. ESTATE GARAGES/GARAGE DAY 4.

12

Tracey waits nervously in a dark section of the estate, cash still in hand. She hears a deep voice:

LESHA (O.S)

Code word.

TRACEY

Hello?

LESHA (O.S)

Say the code word fam.

TRACEY

I dunno I just need some drugs to stop me gettin' pregnant.

LESHA

Correct. Follow.

CUT TO:

A shutter door rolls up eerily slowly as Tracey talks.

TRACEY(TO CAMERA)

Apparently her granddad was a doctor, ended up making some next level drugs'n sellin' 'em through cartels worldwide. He's wanted in 19 countries. And Big Leish, thass her actual name, is the one handlin' the business here;

(MORE)

TRACEY(TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
they call her "Turkish Trader of  
Tower Hamlets". Hard core.

Shutter door fully lifted; LESHA (late 20s, Turkish female)  
is revealed. She stares at Tracey in silence.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
We was just talkin' on the phone?  
About the mornin' after pill?

LESHA  
Ssh. Take the seat.

Tracey looks at the pink children's seat she refers to and  
sits in it. She looks around; The garage is spewed with  
multipacks of crisps, plastic cutlery sets, hairbands.  
Shelves of weave, a clothing rack of used clothes, toys.  
Leshia sits on a green stool near Tracey.

TIME PASSES

LESHA (CONT'D)  
Yes... Looking at the circumstances  
you could definitely be pregnant,  
they can indeed swim from the leg,  
into the vagina, upwards, like  
salmon really.

TRACEY  
And the father - he's never had a  
girlfriend - I'd be a single mum.

LESHA  
Shh shh shh. Don't worry. Western  
medicine too expensive, too many  
side effects. I can give you  
original medicine from my home  
country at a great discount.

TRACEY  
Ok, ok, what is it?

LESHA  
Calm down, what did I tell you?

TRACEY  
I don't know none of it make any --

LESHA  
-- I told you 'Shh'.

Tracey's unimpressed.

LESHA (CONT'D)  
There is a plant, Tracey, found  
growing on highest mountains in  
Turkey, takes 3 weeks to ship. But -



TRACEY

I've only got three days--

LESHA

BUT, it exists in decent amounts in a cream I source at a very reasonable price. Millions of years of tradition...For half the price.

TRACEY

How much dozzit cost?

LESHA

1000 pounds.

TRACEY

What?

LESHA

Okay geddout enjoy your baby.

TRACEY

I got 15 pound to name--

LESHA

Deal.

Tracey hands over the money. Lesha hands her a tube of Anusol. Tracey looks at it in blank disbelief.

TRACEY

Can I have my money back?

LESHA

I'm not even finished Tracey

Lesha hands her Diet Coke, Tracey looks at it in blank disbelief.

TRACEY

This is for your bum, and this is Diet Coke.

LESHA

What's your point fam?

TRACEY

How's this gonna stop me from --

LESHA

Silence, okay? It's the Turkish scientific combination, of combining. In Turkish science of medication. Silence.

TRACEY

I'd really like my money back--

LESHA

You got to learn to be of open mind  
'coz I don't do refunds, okay?. Rub  
on your belly 9 layers this, take  
12 sips, this. 2 hours before or  
after please make sure you don't  
swim, or touch a hairless animal.

Tracey inspects the packet.

TRACEY

It's Anusol.

LESHA

(in her finest Turkish  
accent)

Hain-u-sol. 'S a different thing in  
my country.

TRACEY

Same tube --

LESHA

Same tube different thing.

CUT TO:

13

EXT. ESTATE BALCONY DAY 4

13

Tracey walks nervously across the square. Her phone beeps- A  
GIF from Ronald; throwing his bed pan almost into the screen  
and crying. Caption: "WHERE ARE YOU". Tracey can't deal now -  
slots the phone away.

She sees Connor. She continues walking as if she doesn't know  
him.

TRACEY

I'm busy sorry

Tracey's blank faced. Connor is too in love to notice.

CONNOR

Tracey?

Tracey turns around.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

- I wrote you summink, nah nah  
don't 'big deal' it, just li-  
musin's and dat 'coz a' ma' feelins  
and dat just sor'a put it on the  
page innit, cafar'ick an' dat  
basicklee.

Tracey opens up the crumpled paper, she reads it, whilst  
Connor mimes along intensely.

TRACEY

"Look. There's a lonely cow. Hey Cow! If I was a cow, that would be me. Until I met you, so it therefore ain't me no more".

CONNOR

Yeah dass it. Wha'dyu fink?

TRACEY

Iss a lyin' cow.

CONNOR

What?

TRACEY

Iss probably in a farm; bare cows, and this cow's weird lookin' in a nice way and coz he's got so much milk the milk's just swimmin' up the leg of any cow that...moo's, iss a lying cow.

CONNOR

(proud)

Nah, the cow is me ya know.

TRACEY

You're a lying cow. Your Mum told me about the brothel of girls in your bedroom and how I'm just another one, better I know now innit.

She walks off, dropping the poem to the floor.

CONNOR

Argh, fuck sake.

He calls up to the windows of the blocks. Tracey walks.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Mum? Mum?

(to Tracey)

Tracey, wait!

TRACEY

Don't chase me, this is not a film.

Tracey's gone.

CUT TO:

BLANK PAGE

\*

15 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 4. 15

Tracey lays out her Anusol and Diet Coke and talks to herself

TRACEY

Nine layer...12 sips...oh dear.

Tracey holds her belly as she stares at the poster of Jesus on her wall. She kisses it. Next to Jesus is a poster of Beyonce, she kisses that too.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Dear Saviour, I need the courage  
you had to tell them you were the  
son of God. And the courage you had  
you to make the switch from R'n'B  
to hip hop when they doubted you.  
Amen... Less go.

Old spiritual gospel music plays. Tracey rubs Anusol all over her stomach, she cracks open the can of coke and drinks. She half smiles to camera. Folds her top down.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Oh, I gotta piss already.

CUT TO:

16 INT. TRACEY'S TOILET. NIGHT 4. 16

Tracey pulls pants down and sits on the toilet seat. Pee trickles out.

TRACEY(TO CAMERA)

If you could all join me in a  
prayer? Could do with the support,  
thanks. Lift your hands.  
Please God, I believe you are  
mighty, and a miracle worker, touch  
my belly right now --

She wipes. There is blood on the tissue.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

My period, my period...  
You gotta have faith, yo.

She grins from ear to ear.

CUT TO:

17 INT. ESTATE BALCONY DAY 5 17

Candice laughing uncontrollably.

CANDICE  
(Hysterically laughing)  
You fucking dickhead.

TRACEY

I got my period straight after.

CANDICE

This is the dumbest thing you've ever done. 12 sips? I'm dead.

Tracey watches Candice wipe the laughter tears from her face. She tries to compose herself.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

You got your period coz your period was fucking due.

Tracey is embarrassed.

TRACEY

All'ah dis coulda been avoided had you tol' me Connor was a monster.

CANDICE

He's not.

TRACEY

His Mum told me he's got girls passing through his room like water fru a tap.

CANDICE

And? He's a grown single man where's the shame?

Tracey looks down. Candice laughs

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Tracey chill man you tryn'a fuck everything up?

Now a VINE from Ronald; he's crying, he touches his cast, screams in pain, throws pills into his mouth, then looks directly through the lens to Tracey. Captioned "WHERE ARE YOU??!!". Tracey stares at it as it repeats.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

What?

TRACEY

It's Ronald.

CANDICE

Why is he messaging you? You're not his business no more.

TRACEY

Well I'm still 'iz girlfriend.

Candice has second wave of laughter, this time even stronger.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
(desperately)  
But he's not *my* boyfriend. What?

More hysterical laughter, Candice laughs so hard she cries.

CANDICE  
(to herself while  
hysterically laughing)  
She hasn't broken up with Ronald

Tracey looks embarrassed and worried, she should probably break up with RONALD.

CUT TO:

18 INT. RONALD'S BEDROOM. DAY 5 .

18

Ronald is surrounded by cards, flowers, grapes and superhero Jesus cards. Tracey carries a flower pot.

RONALD  
Thanks they're lovely, just leave them in bin.

Tracey puts them in the bin.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
It takes more than flowers Tracey.  
I shouldn't have to hire a carer  
that's why I have you as my  
girlfriend.

TRACEY  
Yes...Can we talk about that?

RONALD  
I don't know, depends on whether  
you're planning on touching my bed  
sheets without cleaning your  
fingernails again.

He points to a hand gel pump on the wall. Tracey obeys.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
Good girl. Luckily I've already  
forgiven you for leaving me for  
dead it's the kind of Christian I  
am so let's just regain a sense of  
normalcy.

TRACEY  
You told me you to get out of your  
life.

RONALD  
I don't think so.



TRACEY

You did

RONALD

I told you to get out of my house.

TRACEY

Ronald, I wanna break up.

RONALD

...Why?

TRACEY

Why? I don't think you love me.

RONALD

So?

TRACEY

I think that's important, I think you should go and find a girl you like

RONALD

I like you more than I like all the others.

A MALE NURSE enters (mid 20's, Jesus with muscles) enters. Ronald's temperament lifts.

MALE NURSE

Oh sorry

RONALD

Andy, no no come in, please.

The MALE NURSE bends down to pick up Ronald's bed pan. Ronald twists his neck to watch him from behind as he crouches; a tiny grunt of satisfaction.

TRACEY

I've met someone else.

RONALD

Yah-whatever-bye.

Tracey looks confused and curious. Her eyes are suddenly caught by the posters on his walls. She looks inquisitively at a Poster of Jesus; topless, lifting three people out of hell, a second; Jesus ripped, the top of his pubes almost visible with smirk on his face. The third; Jesus kissing a disciple, the fourth; GQ Jesus, tweed- hair pulled back. Slight pause Tracey goes back to Jesus kissing a man...and then:

TRACEY(TO CAMERA)

Oh.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. ESTATE INTERCOM/TRACEY'S FLAT DAY 5.

19

TRACEY

(into intercom)

No, it was just never gonna work out Mum. I'm sorry I know you wanted us to get married but Mum the thing is he'll never love me, or *any* girl so --

JOY

My dear can I speak now?

TRACEY

Yes Mummy sorry.

JOY

You used wisdom and made a decision, I'm proud of you, and happy you're okay. Dinner is here whenever you're hungry.

(shouting to Cynthia)

Cynthia come and sweep de dis ting.

The intercom has been dropped. Tracey smiles. Tracey then dials 109 for Connor. Did she hear an answer-click?

TRACEY

Hello? Connor, ya there? It's Tracey, I didn't mean it --

CONNOR (O.S)

You didn't mean what?

TRACEY

Where are ya?

Tracey tries to follow his voice.

CONNOR (O.S.)

I put myself on the line ya get me, s'not sayink I do lightly.

Tracey looks at the bin.

CUT TO:

20

INT. ESTATE BIN. DAY 5.

20

Connor and Tracey sit side by side in the bin. He holds a book.

CONNOR

You ever been Hackney city farm?  
Went when I was in primary.

TRACEY

Is the poem in there?

CONNOR

Nah this' the bible. Been tryn'a  
understand ya. Can see why you like  
this shit.

TRACEY

Oh I've never read it.

CONNOR

See, your past confuses me same way  
mine does yours. You're not like  
other girls, 's not... Lin-ee-ya  
with you ya get me?

TRACEY

Can we sit in like, your house or  
summink?

CONNOR

Yeah, come on then, think my mum's  
haven' a mate over, Rashad or -- ?

TRACEY

Nah nah nah less stay in the bin.

He offers her a packet of ready salted crisps.

CONNOR

D'you want some? Wer'n even open.

TRACEY

Go on then.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MANDY'S BEDROOM. DAY 5.

21

Mandy is dressed in a onesie. She has her hair in pig tails  
and is hugging a teddy bear.

RASHAD (Mediterranean, mid 40s, hairy, stocky, very short,  
butt naked) feeds her rice pudding. He stops.

RASHAD

Look mate, this isn't what I was  
expectin'.

MANDY

(faux sulking)  
You haven't asked me if I full.

RASHAD

You didn't say on your profile this  
is what you were into dju'na'mean?

Mandy thumps her teddy bear into the floor. Rashad is  
exasperated.

RASHAD (CONT'D)

Are you full?

MANDY

(beaming)

I full. Dummy pwease.

Rashad puts a red dummy in her mouth - the dummy stolen from  
the corner shop earlier.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Don't be shy just get into it.  
I want milk.

RASHAD

Eh?

MANDY

Can I suck your tits?

RASHAD

I can't do this.

END.

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 2 Notes

Tracey's first PTC- do we have a better take- i think this is the only time she said the lines wrong

### ScreenA titles

I think we need to push against the joy of the show, and the happiness; I think that starts with the screen titles and the way "chewing gum" is displayed. Have a look at this; <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rQvIR1oL1vE>

Imagine it not being a cartoon but Tracey, i think we choose the takes where her face is straighter, when she's trying to be sexy, when she looks bored. I think the shower cap shit should go completely and if he have any takes of her without those things we started adding in let's use those instead, I think it was a wrong steer. Perhaps we could use a still of one of her to cameras were.

I think the title of the show is fine- i think it's actually good!- it's the 'screen titles' that will push it into great and fitting,

1:19 - do we have a better take of candice's line? a more casual "what's it like?"

1:50 - "that's what i said" do we have take where she said "exactly!"?

2:48 are somalians black; the dirty look from Tracey isn't clear, makes this line look offensive

3:30 argument between cynthia and tracey- do we have a clearer argument?

the gurus; great idea to swap this round

4:20 "dark knight" personally i think we can get rid of this joke. i think karly raven says "don't cry saying it hurts or he will dump ya"- and we can move on.  
the double joke end of the word "no" in that scene then in the following kadiff scene i'm not sure is effective.

8:32 the music cuts out i think it's just by chance

11:12 can we try the take with the shaving stick kick? Could ADR "haven't confirmed it" on her exit out?

12:12 do we have a take of tracey saying "sorry about what happened in THE bedroom" - now that we are not breaking away from that scene i feel like i'm hearing his name twice too close together.

13:08 i don't think we need the ADR- on big Leish's background- i think if we cannot give space to her line, let the 'hardcore' line be all. she already talks to camera, weary of introducing voice over on top of it all as it is inconsistent. alternatively we cut straight to her line. or do we have takes of tracey walking and talking?

15:15 can we try a more defeated/sarcastic take on "its the same tube" think rhythmically it'll go better with Lesha's line.

16:26 i think we may have a take where tom directed me to try and find the word "moo" can we try that please?

18:11 - i don't think we need trace's reaction shot. i think we reveal in the two shot of candice saying you fuckin' idiot.

19:38 we can see trace's microphone wire through her back.

21:01 quite liked the quick adding it all up stuff we had in the assembly but if you guys think this works better, cool.

22.56 - ADR when jesus fed the 5,000 or a bread of life scripture will lead nicely into the mandy scene

**Chewing Gum**  
**Episode 3 "POSSESSION"**

Written & Created by  
Michaela Coel

BLUE SHOOTING SCRIPT 29/06/2015

C/o Retort TV  
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1 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE. DAY 6

1

KEYS (late 40's Male, Irish, hair & homeless local, twiddles keys around his finger tirelessly) wandering around as usual. Watching what's going on at Flat 7.

Meanwhile Tracey talks to Camera oblivious.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

If I had £1000 I would buy  
Brazilian Yaki hair; same as  
Beyonce, lip reduction, red velvet  
cupcakes, probably a dustpan and  
brush for this place...

Behind an oblivious Tracey Police trudge out of Flat 7 and lazily put tape across the door. KARLY Raven walks past them, she holds her pregnant belly, then decisively falls to the floor- two police officers rush to her, a third one grabs her rolling pram (Dark Knight bundle). She makes a loud noise: suddenly CANDICE, AARON and KRISTY RAVEN are seen sneaking under the police tape- OLA keeps watch, filing his nails.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Look at it; s'old, s'all rubbish  
n'boring there's not even crime  
'ere, s'like Diet Cola; issa fake  
ass diluted estate. Y'know forget  
the dustpan I just buy a train  
ticket and get out--

A window from above lowers a cardboard box tied with rope at it's edges, down to above No.7- Candice comes to the door- she passes stuffed bin bags to Ola- who passes them to Esther, who passes them to the 10 young residents (all 14 or younger, a mix of Pakistani, Bangladeshi and white kids) they share the load and run, dumping them round the corner.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

'coz I wanna do something  
worthwhile while I'm alive d'you  
na' mean? And these brick walls  
they're dragging me back I am like  
a rose growing out of mud, born a  
big thinker, I'm very wise, my mind  
is bare agile, I'm fast--

Candice and Kristy run- Candice calls desperately to Tracey, who fails to hear. Candice rolls her eyes and sprints off.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

...you know? Got my ear to da ground  
I'm alert, and this place is the  
opposite o' dese fings. Not being  
vain I am definitely special.

Keys approaches.



KEYS

Uhbugbugarshshinewarreday

TRACEY

Yeah I'm a bit busy right now you know.

She looks to Camera apologetically, rolling her eyes.

CUT TO:

2

INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 6

2

Tracey's working. Connor hands Tracey his note pad.

CONNOR

"Not checkin for old ladies, when I got my baby, her name is Tracey, she's nicer than a Mercedes".

TRACEY

Ah, that's nice.

CONNOR

--my heart will always back her, I just wanna have her, I wanna sexually attack'a, when she shakes her African maraca".

Connor contemplates. Tracey's blank.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I fink I got another draft left in me ya know.

He rolls a fag and heads out.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

African maraca thass actually your bum?

Tracey nods.

CUT TO:

3

INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 6

3

MEISHA (mid 20's, smartly dressed, hair flowing, expensive taste) comes to the counter.

TRACEY

Anything else?

MEISHA

Just the salad, do you take card?

TRACEY

Minimum £5 or there's a 50p charge.

MEISHA

Yeah that's fine.

Tracey raises her eyebrow. She looks up at Meisha's HAIR

TRACEY

's that Brazilian?

MEISHA

Oh, not sure, lost track of which is which now they've practically got their own wardrobe.

TRACEY

Looks real.

MEISHA

Thank you. Tracey? You went to my school, I was a couple years below you. It's Meisha?

TRACEY

Yu'right?

MEISHA

Ugh, the big boss has me running out buying salads and coffees every 5 minutes.

TRACEY

What d'you..?--

MEISHA

Ugh, what *don't* I? Personal assistant to the boss, marketing manager, sales exec, no sleep, but a shitload of perks.

Connor re-enters, still figuring out his piece.

CONNOR

I don't like sleazy Stacey I like chocolate Tracey I wanna lock her in the boot of my car, and drive her beyond the most distant star.

Meisha is confused.

TRACEY

This is, uh, this is ma boyfriend Connor

CONNOR

(on guard)  
Safe.

MEISHA

Aaah. You two look very cute together.

An angry Connor starts unplugging the CCTV.

TRACEY

Wha'yu'doin?

CONNOR

(snappy)  
My mum wants it.

MEISHA

So Connor, what do you do? We were just talking jobs.

CONNOR

I'm a poet.

MEISHA

(to Tracey)  
Ohh...wasteman? Been there.

Meisha's checks an SMS, the phone makes Tracey's eyes pop.

TRACEY

Wait, thass the- tha' ain't even on sale yet.

MEISHA

They gave it to me on pre-release it's useless.

TRACEY

You're amazing.

MEISHA

Listen- my boss is holding a recruitment drive for the sales team you should get down there you were always really nice.

Meisha rushes out and leaves the flyer. Connor looks at it sceptically, Tracey; like it's a golden ticket.

CUT TO:

4

INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 7

4

Fifty dildos occupy the sofa, some re-boxed, some half falling out of their Japanese branded packaging. An ambivalent looking Esther and Candice stand beside a disturbed Tracey.

TRACEY

Why?

CANDICE

Police raided No One Knows Noah's,  
left 'is door open innit so we  
cleaned up.

TRACEY

Why were these in his flat?

Esther and Candice shrug.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

They catch him?

Candice shakes her head.

ESTHER

Police think he's gone France he's  
only in the next flat, he's hidin'  
in number 8.

TRACEY

So what they didn't ask people?

CANDICE

Course, but he owns half the flats  
on the block-

ESTHER

Yes, he's subsidisin' rent. People  
are gonna stay loyal thass why he's  
called 'No One Knows Noah'. God  
bless him, he's the last of the  
welfare state

TRACEY

This why ya couldn't cova my shift.

CANDICE

Yeah, gonna glue them together and  
make a big one.

TRACEY

I had to get my sister in.

CANDICE

Cynthia?

ESTHER

Oh dear.

CUT TO:

5

INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 7

5

Cynthia, in Tracey's uniform, is stood behind the counter  
like a deer in headlights. Kristy Raven is at the front of a  
long cue, she gives Cynthia a pack of condoms to bag.

Cynthia freezes. She tries to touch the condoms and fails. The queuing customers grow agitated. She uses a grocery bag as a glove to avoid contamination and scans it through successfully. Kristy gives cash, Cynthia gives change.

CYNTHIA

Next please.

She pants nervously.

CUT TO:

6

INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 7

6

TRACEY

She'll be alright.

CANDICE

Yeah.

ESTHER

Yeah.

TRACEY

Maybe Deepak'll take her on full time 'coz I can't go back, not now nah I could go places if I- if I get it

CANDICE

Course will, that's why she wanted you there.

ESTHER

Yeah, she had a hunch.

TRACEY

But she's not the boss - the big boss- he's like- big- I need to impress the big boss. See ya later.

CANDICE

Where you going?

TRACEY

To the recruitment.

ESTHER

You gotta change you silly bugger.

Tracey's in an ankle length flower print crinoline dress; Downton Abbey meets Sound of Music.

TRACEY

I'm changed, this is what I'm wearing.

Esther and Candice's face drop.

CUT TO:

6

7 INT. SHOP FLOOR. DAY 7

7

A sign reads WINSLEY COSMETICS above a flashy shop floor. Tracey looks among her competition; all in black and white suits with perfectly done hair. She clenches her teeth. The public sample products. Tracey, holds a bottle of perfume. Meisha is training up a few other potential employees. JOSH (mid 20's, posh Russell Brand) does juggling tricks with the perfume and laughs to himself- he looks tipsy.

TRACEY

(to herself)

Hello welcome to Winsley Cosmetics--  
Care to try madam?-- Welcome to  
Winsley-- our latest release yeah--  
Your husband will love this one  
mine does--We actually have a sale  
on--well you know, it's sunny who's  
gonna complain?--Unfortunately the  
sale ends today--Can't wait to get  
my summer tan either-- Actually  
you'd be saving if you got the  
bigger size. Woo..

Tracey looks around, sweating with nerves. She smiles like The Joker whilst showcasing perfume to passing customers.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Hello madam, welcome to Winsley  
cosmetics, would you like to try  
this nice perfume?

The customers, create distance and keep walking. Meisha approaches; sales smile plastered on her face.

MEISHA

So what we try to do at Winsley is  
create an...*inviting* atmosphere for  
the clients.

TRACEY

Mhm.

MEISHA

So that way...uhm... they are more  
likely to purchase things.

TRACEY

Mmm, I've learnt all the key  
statements. Is the big boss here?

Meisha signals that people are passing.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Oh.

Tracey smiles wide, it's scary. A couple pass (white, mid 40's).

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Hi, hi, hi, welcome to Winsley  
Cosmetics, your husband will love  
me, mine does.

Meisha gapes in horror. The couple give a scornful look and walk off.

Beat.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Ah I said that wrong.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 7

8

An open book to the side of the counter reads "EXORCISM & DELIVERANCE CHAPTER 4 : PHYSICAL SIGNS OF DEMONIC POSSESSION". Cynthia reads with intensity whilst using a grocery bag as a glove to bag sausages and a porn magazine.

CYNTHIA  
I've finished. Goodbye.

KEYS enters. He has a slight limp and is talking loudly.

KEYS  
Fuck Jesus, I smack him up the bum  
and took his cock in me fekkin' ear  
the devil talks to me...

Keys is now at the counter with a can of beer. Feeling disturbed Cynthia holds on to her cross as a galvaniser.

KEYS (CONT'D)  
Grogg in my Jesus cock ear  
sabournd rinkeedink goo  
worship Satan.  
Mary is whore of Joseph, God  
is a whore satan burned Him  
down in the darkness of the  
fire legion legion and I am  
many.

CYNTHIA  
I will fear no evil, for you  
are with me; your rod and  
your staff, they comfort me.  
Get behind me, no get away  
from me

Keys holds out his money to buy the beer. Cynthia doesn't take it. He puts the money on the counter and leaves with the beer. Cynthia pants in shock and relief.

CUT TO:



9

INT. WINSLEY COSMETICS SHOP FLOOR. DAY 7

9

Tracey remains enthusiastic.

TRACEY  
Hello Sir would--

He walks straight passed

MEISHA  
It's commission based so your pay  
is definitely determined by how  
approachable you are.

TRACEY  
Yeah sorry I'm a little bit nervous  
maybe it's showing or something.

MEISHA  
Ahh okay, just relax.

TRACEY  
Is the big boss coming?--

A lady approaches.

CUSTOMER  
Whaddisit?

TRACEY  
Perfume

CUSTOMER  
The brand?

Tracey looks at the label: "Ennemis Hairont : Eau de parfum".  
Conscious of the long silence, she looks up.

TRACEY  
I can't wait to get my summer tan.

The customer looks angry. Meisha's smile wavers as she  
signals Tracey to answer the question. She reads it again.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Yep. It's called, this perfume is  
called Uh-namiss Hairont Yo de pum  
pum"

Meisha's eyes bulge at Tracey's mispronunciation, Customer is  
confused.

MEISHA  
(whisper)  
Ennemis hairont

TRACEY  
Ee-yeh me yeh huh huh puff pum yum

MEISHA  
Ennemis hairont

TRACEY  
You ain't even sayin' the whole  
thing though.

Customer leaves. Meisha rolls her eyes.

MEISHA  
Ennemis hairont eau de parfum

TRACEY  
Is anyone in this country gonna buy  
this they won't even know iss  
perfume?

MEISHA  
Good point, I'll uhm make a note of  
that.

TRACEY  
A note to Big Boss? Tell him Tracey  
said it.

Meisha nods and leaves. Tracey throws the perfume box in the  
air.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
Smashed it.

"Doing It - Charlie XCX" plays. Tracey heads out in slow  
motion as if she's an artist in a music video; the suited  
workers, her posse. She points at suited people in mutual  
familiarity, she's ignored- but not even minutely phased,  
constantly throwing smug looks to the camera. The Penguins  
are her besties- she's in the gang.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 7 10

The dildos are still in a heap on the sofa. Tracey, Esther,  
Aaron and Candice look at them.

AARON  
...Why's he even got this many  
dildos?

Esther and Candice shrug as Tracey starts pacing.

TRACEY  
Everything is worth a profit yeah?  
I'm an employed by Winsley  
Cosmetics we sell cow dung in a box  
and people with fully working  
nostrils are buying 'em.

CANDICE

So?

TRACEY

So sell 'em

CANDICE

To who?

TRACEY

These lot!

(signalling to estate)

Have a girl's night, every woman on the 'state, do all the girly pink stuff- it's a company- find a company name- Candice you're young and mixed race you're the face of the business.

AARON

What about me? I believe in female empowerment, I believe that every woman should be encouraged to explore their bodies independent of men, should live in a society free from slut-shaming and sexism--I wanna work with the female.

TRACEY

You can't be face of a sex toy company, people need to trust the dildo will pleasure their beautiful bodies in a manly way.

CANDICE

Oi!

AARON

Wha'dju' know about manly?

ESTHER

She's got a point.

TRACEY

Guys, it's business I've gotta be direct or you won't prosper.

The three of them nod. Candice places a loving hand on Aaron's knee.

ESTHER

Some of them ain't fresh.

TRACEY

Whadju mean?

AARON

(disgusted)

They're used. They're second hand.

Aaron up a dildo with the sleeve of his hoodie- he holds it to Tracey's nose. Tracey is repelled.

TRACEY

Wow

AARON

Yeah. AA Batteries and an STI included.

TRACEY

Okay.

Tracey starts pacing, dildo in hand- it's like Dragon's Den:

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Well, as a business woman I can give you a business model. Follow. On the sofa to my right, and your left, we have *many* boxes made of a shiny type of cardboard. Okay? Inside of which were dildo's. Dildos- a dildo being- a plastic penis, plastic i.e not cardboard, yet not actually a real penis--

Tracey sharply points to Esther

TRACEY (CONT'D)

keep up.

Esther, Aaron and Candice give side eyes to each other.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

The seller has a problem which would, therefore have a knock on effect on the buyer, okay? Seller-buyer--

Tracey sharply points to Candice.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Follow me.

They watch Tracey in dry scepticism.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Okay? Now what we could do is go around the houses with diagrams and FTSE analysin', but the best thing I could propose to you is this; a dildo is a fake penis, nobody wants to have sex with a fresh penis thassa virgin, they want experience, has previously been used- let's give the people what they want.

(MORE)

TRACEY (CONT'D)

It's an alternative penis, and the most creative way to solve getting rid of the smell is...to wash them.

She stands smugly. Long silence.

AARON

I feel like I just wasted two minutes of my whole life and I can't get dem back.

Tracey chucks a dildo at Aaron, he freaks out.

CUT TO:

11 INT. WINSLEY COSMETICS QUIET CORNER. DAY 7 11

Meisha is sat at a desk in a quiet corner. Tracey, still in her flowery dress runs toward her.

TRACEY

Meisha

MEISHA

Wow. Tracey? Why are you here?

TRACEY

I was in the area.

MEISHA

We normally wait 5-7 working days--

TRACEY

I just wanted to check should I buy stuff like what you wear 'coz this is beginning to feel like a bit of a lucky charm.

MEISHA

Uhm would you say that sales is unnatural for you?

TRACEY

You know I Used to work in a corner shop so, oh- I can't do Wednesdays, I'm project managing a dildo.

MEISHA

Unfortunately you haven't been selected for the next phase-

Tracey shoots a look to the camera.

TRACEY

I'm so sorry but I've got to decline. Yeah, I just need something a bit more...

She shakes Meisha's hand.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Good luck though, and thank you.

Awkward silence.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
You can go.

MEISHA  
I work here.

TRACEY  
I don't care.

MEISHA  
But I'm an employee.

TRACEY  
Well go over there, then.

Meisha leaves.

Some time later, a depressed Tracey leans upon a counter, Josh approaches her shiftily.

JOSH  
I thought you definitely stood out,  
which is- you know, important.  
They're gonna hire the daughter of  
the bosses friend they always were  
I don't know why they even bother  
with recruitments it's all about  
who you know.

TRACEY  
I don't know anyone.

JOSH  
Stepping stones. So listen you up  
for coming to a work thing tonight?  
Posh do, swarming with execs, worth  
your time?

TRACEY  
I didn't get the job.

JOSH  
I'll sneak you in, stepping stones,  
hm?

TRACEY  
Will big boss be there?

JOSH

I dunno if he's down with this  
kinda shit but he'll be there for  
defs so whaddo we say, thadenuff?

He flashes a wad of money and puts it in Tracey's hand.

TRACEY

What for?

JOSH

Mainly cocaine, I think Harmony and  
Ned are partial to a biddov MDMA, a  
biddov 'mud-muh' so chuck thadd'in  
for good measure--but mainly  
cocaine what's your number?

TRACEY

My phone?

JOSH

Yap. I think my old dealer got  
arrested or murdered or something.  
It's really sad, and  
inconveniencing but hey.

Josh smiles then checks his phone.

TRACEY

Your old dealer?

JOSH

Yah. Fuck a dog, my suit's ready.  
Gotta dash, great work--here's my  
card- see ya at krunck o'clock.

He puts his card in her hand. Tracey looks to camera; "Whuh?"

COMMERCIAL BREAK

12

INT. CANDICE'S BATHROOM. DAY 7

12

Tracey in her flowery dress with Candice washing dildos in  
the bathtub with exfoliating mitts and shower gel.

CANDICE

So you'll be their new friend-with  
the cocaine?

TRACEY

Exactly, can I just put it in my  
bag or do should I eat the cocaine  
then poo it, when I get there, I've  
seen that on TV--

CANDICE

I don't know I don't do cocaine I'm black.

TRACEY

So you don't know No One Knows Noah?

CANDICE

No one does.

TRACEY

Ah. Okay, I'll just pop down there.

CANDICE

"Pop down"? I'ss not the mini mart. He's a gangster, the man has tattoos on his face blad. An innocent Bangladeshi immigrant put a Pizza Palace flyer through his letter box d'ju know what he did?

TRACEY

Candice I'm already terrified you don't think I'm terrified?

CANDICE

He ate the nose from off his face.

TRACEY

I understand. But I come this far, if I stop now, I might as well-die.

Candice looks genuinely sad.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

If by midnight I'm not pickin' up my phone call the police, and tell my Mum I was tryin' to live a life she could only dream of tell her I was tryna step on the stones.

CANDICE

You can't go alone I'm comin' with you.

Tracey cries

TRACEY

Thank you



CANDICE

We tell him what we want and we never look at him in the face, keep your fuckin' eyes to the floor, because this man is a beast, he can and will kill you where you stand.

CUT TO:

13 INT. NOAH'S FLAT. DAY 7

13

Candice smiling with NOAH (60's, 1950s thick framed glasses, apron, no tear drop tattoos) He lays cakes down from a tray on to the table which already has emptied plates on. Candice is on to her third desert. Tracey looks to the floor, avoiding eye contact. He sits with them and eats.

NOAH

I tell ya I was terrified, I says  
The white coppa goes "mid 60's  
Caucasian, medium build"

CANDICE

Oh my days he literally described  
you to you blad

NOAH

Exactly, but get this; black coppa  
goes "he has glasses very similar  
to the ones on your head" I coulda  
sworn I shat myself. I said "I'll  
keep an eye out officer", none the  
wiser. Banoffee's always a hit and  
miss so if you don't like-

CANDICE

Noah, it's superb.

They grin at each other, we see Tracey; unimpressed.

NOAH

I'll show ya...thass my recipe.

CANDICE

Shut up

They grin at one another. Beat. They eat.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Why do you have a box of second  
hand dildos?--

TRACEY

Excuse me Sir? Can we finish buying  
the drugs?

NOAH

Have I not--? gosh I am losing it  
these days honestly.

CANDICE

Noah, you're lovely.

Noah gets up. Candice is blissfully eating more desert.  
Tracey stares at her, vexed.

TRACEY

What the hell?

CANDICE

I know blad..and he's gonna give me  
the recipe.

Tracey shakes her head. Noah returns with little balls of  
powder wrapped in cling film, a jewelry box and crumpled up  
foil.

NOAH

Right- cocaine in here.  
(cling film)  
MDMA in here,  
(box)  
and this; speed and MDA  
(foil)  
'coz you've both been a treat.

Tracey grabs the stuff and drags Candice out by the hand.

CUT TO:

14 INT. ARDELLE HOTEL. NIGHT 7 14

A flashy sign reads "HOTEL ARDELLE". Meisha and many other  
young beautiful saleswomen and men swarm around middle aged  
executives; canapes, cocktails. Josh separates from the crowd  
to take a phone call.

CUT TO:

15 INT. ARDELLE HOTEL KITCHEN. NIGHT 7 15

Josh, and two other men with drinks, filter into the Ardelle  
Kitchen. A sweaty Tracey follows, still in her flower dress.  
She tries to fake getting into the action. They bend over to  
snort white lines of cocaine, while another mixes MDMA and  
MDA into a small glass of water.

JOSH

Shut the door you fucking trainee  
moron.

Guy aborts his powder mixing and runs to close the door.

JOSH (CONT'D)

So Tracey, in this line of work you must have seen it all really, amazing job.

TRACEY

Juss steppin' stones innit?--

JOSH

You don't want any do you?

TRACEY

Nah, I had loads for breakfast and lunch, I'm stuffed.

JOSH

Sweet.

(snorts line)

Pleasure doing business, a toast to our new working relationship?

TRACEY

Oh-okay.

I ain't even seen Big Boss, who tells me my hours? I already told Meisha I got a dildo.

JOSH

That's not gonna happen overnight issit? Stepping stones 'n all. Chin chin.

She unsuspectingly grabs the MDA/MDMA concoction, they toast and drink.

TRACEY

Yuck. What is that? That is disgusting.

The boys all suddenly appear sober, looking at the open foil and jewelry box near her empty glass. Josh gulps.

JOSH

You've finished the whole thing...

TRACEY

There's some backwash left if you wannit?

JOSH

Oh...fuck...all the dogs.

TRACEY

(fake casual)

I mean, I like other drinks, I do drink alcohol. I do.

Josh hides his panic.

JOSH  
Yeah well you know, like, I  
didn't, you know--that was  
totally--not my.....Well it  
was nice to meet you.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Yah... me too.... me  
neither.... Yah...yah...

Tracey watches him leave. And waits. She looks around the empty room. She lingers a while in silence.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
(delight)  
Alright fine, I'll come with you  
lot then.

CUT TO:

16 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 7

16

On the wall, in felt tip is; CANDY'S COCKATOO. Mandy, The Raven twins, and Ola at the girly gathering, the living room is buzzing with women laughing, already tipsy. Candy's Cockatoo is also on paper and hung around Esther and Candice's necks. Esther swiftly removes a kitchen table cloth, revealing 50 neatly stacked dildos.

KARLY RAVEN  
Well ho ho ho it's fucking  
Christmas.

CUT TO:

17 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM. NIGHT 7

17

Tracey stands among Winsley Cosmetics employees in between large round tables. A podium and microphone in the front corner of the room. She sees Meisha and runs over.

TRACEY  
Meisha!  
MEISHA  
Tracey. You're here as well.  
TRACEY  
Yeah.  
MEISHA  
Why?  
TRACEY  
Josh snuck me in!

Across the room, Josh juggling empty wine glasses, he smashes them all. There is a trace of powder on his upper lip.

Meisha and Tracey watch him.

MEISHA

Josh...I thought you had a  
boyfriend

TRACEY

Oh, I just bought him cocaine, is  
that how you got the job as well?

MEISHA

No.

TRACEY

I've been a bit silly I think.

MEISHA

That's disappointing...

TRACEY

(teary)

I was desperate. I wanted it so bad-  
argh- I didn't --

Suddenly Tracey stops talking, she rolls her eyeballs around the room. Tracey has begun rolling.

MEISHA

People like us; black, inner city  
born, we have to work twice as  
hard, and we have to be twice as  
alert; opportunities will never be  
handed to us on silver spoons.

Tracey grins so wide the corners of her lips touch her eyebrows.

MEISHA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

Tracey puts a very serious face on

MEISHA (CONT'D)

Have you taken something?

Tracey mimes sipping a glass

TRACEY

but...yooo...

MEISHA

You need to get out of here as  
quickly as possible, come with me.

They head for the door- then- CHINKING GLASSES. The BIG BOSS (late 50's, very tall very round) is making his way to the podium. Everyone starts clapping.

MEISHA (CONT'D)

Shit.

Tracey u-turns, clapping, she whispers with a baby voice:

TRACEY

Big Boss

CUT TO:

18 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 7 18

KRISTY RAVEN

The worse one is "how many times did I make you cum?" Make me?

They all laugh and moan in agreement.

MANDY

Yeah yeah as if they give it to ya- do men receive their orgasm from me?

The all shout various forms of 'no'.

ESTHER

It's a fucking partnership.

Candice hands Mandy a dildo in return for a tenner.

MANDY

Yes, and I might climax if you stop generically pounding my arse like hammer on a nail.

They laugh.

ESTHER

Tell me about it.

Kristy a dildo in return for a tenner, she gives Candice a secret smile.

KARLY RAVEN

I'ss cozza porn, too much porn.

KRISTY RAVEN

Yeah and it's shit--

MANDY

Well I got a couple'a goodens on my hard drive.

KRISTY RAVEN

Nah the stuff I've seen guys get off on- I'm like-are you fucking delusional?

CANDICE

They are delusional, they are.

Candice sells a dildo shares a secret smile with Esther

MANDY

Men can't tell whether the screaming is fake or real.

KARLY RAVEN

I do the fake screams I pretend it hurts.

KRISTY RAVEN

'baby you gonna squirt for me one day?' those bitches in the videos are pissing, it's just piss.

KARLY RAVEN (CONT'D)

Like actual urine.

ESTHER

I've faked more orgasms than I've had Cornish pasties, and I've had a lotta Cornish pasties.

They laugh.

OLA

But why fake it?

MANDY

Well, tell ya the truth- I used to- but I can't be arsed with the backlash. a lot o' men get upset- then somehow it becomes a pity party, and you're consoling 'em!

ESTHER

Then by the time you've built their ego's back up your fudge is as dry as a fucking Ryvita.

They cheer. Esther sells another, secret smile to Candice.

KARLY RAVEN

Honestly though- most times I just wanna be alone and ride pillow.

CANDICE

(gently sings)  
Ride it ride it ride it.

ESTHER

I use the remote control I like friction.

KARLY RAVEN

I used to hump our sofa.

KRISTY RAVEN  
I still hump the sofa.

Big cheers. Candice and Esther reap in profits.

CUT TO:

19 INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM. NIGHT 7

19

Big Boss on Podium.

BIG BOSS  
Without goals, there is no hope,  
with no future there is no future.  
Winsley Cosmetics is the future  
and..

Tracey approaches him, he's thrown.

BIG BOSS (CONT'D)  
I am so proud of...uhm... all we've  
achieved, we've had a 15% increase  
in profits and it is thanks to you,  
it's thanks to all your efforts and  
dedication.

TRACEY squares him.

TRACEY  
I used to wanna be in you lots  
gang; but now I'm actually waking  
up- like as I speak to you now- and  
I see this life for what it really  
is- it's only money-it's just greed-  
I'd rather have love, and friends,  
not a bunch of people who  
stereotype me, it's pathetic, you  
don't know me, none of you know who  
I am but you think you do-it's  
disgusting-but I do feel like, we  
actually get on.

NEW ANGLE: We reveal how this really appears to Big Boss and  
guests: Tracey shudders, her jaw gurns aggressively, eyes  
roll back and forth. Sweat.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Wha gwan? Wha gwumpta? Isshi,  
eedgi, hedyed isheeday huh huh heh  
humpta. Yoooo.

She taps his belly.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Big boss eebeboh big belly ah wow.



She cuddles it. Guests aghast. Meisha tries to whisper to Tracey without going on the stage.

MEISHA

You're having a bad trip.

Tracey holds Meisha's face.

TRACEY

There's going to be an attack, a terrorist attack, and- oh god it's not the Muslims, it's the citizens of Scotland but we got all the CCTV in the mosques and

Tracey touches her own mouth

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Meisha? I ate the internets.

"Doing it by Charlie XCX" starts to play. Unlike before, it's not in slow motion. Tracey's jaw gurns, her face shudders.

MEISHA

What's your address? You need a cab

Tracey puts her index fingers into an "X" sign

TRACEY

Never, not you.

She gets off the stage doing a dance of protection against the employees, she gives the X-sign to all of them, apart from one male (round, Bengali mid 20's) she licks his face.

CUT TO:

20

INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 7

20

Ladies still drunk.

ESTHER

Now, the highlight of the evening.  
Welcome...Candy's Chocolate  
Cockatoo!

Esther presses play; "Beyonce - Who Runs The World."

Candice turns the lights off. Candice runs in, they hold torches and flick them on and off as show lights. Aaron bursts in. His head is adorned in a Cockatoo feather head piece. Save the gold paint and additional cockatoo piece on his dick he is butt naked.

AARON

Who said you have to be anti-man to  
be pro-woman?

They cheer. He dances 'provocatively', the ladies enjoy.

AARON (CONT'D)

Take that power ladies, embrace  
your sexuality.

KRISTY RAVEN

Yeah you embrace yours too baby.

The ladies hoot and wriggle with excitement: Aaron gets down  
on all fours and gyrates into the carpet like an R'n'B  
singer. They cheer. Karly drools.

KRISTY RAVEN (CONT'D)

Mother fucker.

MANDY

Pound it, pound the floor ya  
fuckin' god.

The ladies move to the beat and stroke him. Karly starts  
stroking him with a dildo. Aaron looks distracted. Kristy  
tries to put a dildo in his bum, he dodges sharply and dances  
to a standing position. He regains his "show business" face.  
Mandy claps. The ladies grow in confidence, Ola dips his  
fingers into his glass of Brandy and sprinkles it on Aaron's  
chest. Mandy tries to put a dildo in his mouth. He knocks it  
out of her hand, the cheer even louder. Kristy enjoys sucking  
on a dildo like a lollipop. Mandy spanks him. Ola teases him  
with a dildo, Aaron dodges ducks like a boxer defending  
himself, he smiles teasingly. A horny Karly tries to put one  
in his mouth slightly more aggressively than the others. It  
forces its way into his mouth. He screams.

AARON

What the fuck is wrong with you  
they're used man wha'yu tryna do?

MANDY

They're used?

Kristy is frozen with the dildo in her mouth. She slowly  
extracts it.

KRISTY RAVEN

Ugghhh.

KARLY RAVEN

You taking the piss?

They hold their hands out for the cash. Candice and Esther  
bitterly begin returning.

OLA

What a shame...an absolute shame.

They begin to filter out. A furious Candice and Esther turn to Aaron.

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE. NIGHT 7 21

Tracey looking up at the entrance to her estate.

TRACEY

Wow, i'ss like a palace. 's tall,  
sturdy in the road. Bricks stairs.  
Stepping stones.

She hallucinates- Aaron, Candice and Esther at the intercom, Joy on the swings, Ola dancing, Raven Twins and all their babies in the centre, Connor Mandy and Ola darted around the grounds. \*

She bows down, at Joy's shoes and licks and hugs them. She uses Joy as an anchor then puts her head inside of her bosom.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

You guys are so amazing so very  
very amazing.

(to Connor)

I love you, I've never said that  
before. Touch me. Touch me.

She puts her finger inside Connor's mouth.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Mamasita

NEW ANGLE:

Tracey has her finger in KEYS' mouth. Cynthia, is on the balcony watching. Keys and Tracey talk gibberish, both happy and deranged. Cynthia darts inside the flat.

KEYS

Tiksuss fekking never mind, keegmay  
keegmay keegmay

Tracey nods.

TRACEY

Keegmay nemissune tune

Cynthia holds her cross and backs away into the flat.

CUT TO:

22 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 7

22

Cynthia holds a Holy Water bottle in her hand. Tracey upright in her bed.

CYNTHIA  
Lie on the bed.

TRACEY  
Cynt- sis.

CYNTHIA  
Satan I am not talking to you I am  
talking to my sister.

TRACEY  
Sometimes

Tracey shudders, and tries to lure Cynthia in.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Mmmm. I love you so much.

CYNTHIA  
I'm gonna pray that this spirit  
leaves you, can you hear me?

TRACEY  
I just love you, I love you, you've  
been there since, the only one, I  
really love you

CYNTHIA  
...I love you too.

TRACEY  
I feel sick. I feel sick--

Cynthia flicks water on Tracey's head.

CYNTHIA  
By the power and blood of  
Jesus, oh minion of Satan, I  
command you to exit her  
leave, erupt through her  
mouth.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
It's nice.

Tracey vomits, looks up grinning, then relaxes.

CYNTHIA  
There we go...bye bye demon.  
Demon no more. Better out  
than in eh?

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Bye bye.

Tracey smiles and falls asleep, Cynthia touches her elbow.

END.

This last MDMA scene- i think i'm still confused as to my notes on how to do it

(P.S- watched the Kimberly Shmidt one- there is actually no difference in the way they shot her 'imaginary and 'real'- it does look weird- but that slightly weird shot continues even when she's gibberishing!)

Sooooo

is it that we keep cutting between imaginary and real

or do we do one whole imaginary version (should this be a page long? half a page?) and then the fake one? (that should be an exact mirror of it but with gibberish etc?)

M xx

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 3 Notes

Great work !!!

Extremely tired eyes so these might be more detailed later:

1:08 Can we get Candice calling Tracey's name moved so it comes before or after 1:00- where tracey says her ear is to the ground? To get the joke more clearly that is is not alerts and proving it as she says it?

I think the words CHEWING GUM need to be really simple and not a bright colour plain can we try a font like Century Gothic or even Arial plain bold - Love the back drop of Tracey's face we had before and reckon we could try another format of it; I wonder (whilst not extending the length) if it could be her taking her ear phones out to hear a customer calling her as she snaps out with a "what?" Face

03:57 Last of the welfare state line is on I'd like to keep in.

06:00 wrong song can we use the radio edit please as we do later on?

Great work

16:41

I think we need Tracey's gurning on twice as alert as gav had originally edited it - got me laughing.

Think we can then cut "opportunities are blag blah" and go straight to "what are you doing?" If possible

18/02

I liked the wide of tracey rubbing the back of the chair in amidst the workers  
We've already scene her gurning

Lovvvve what you you guys did with the music during her speech!!!

Wondered whether we need the "Meisha?!" When Meisha comes over to her - might work quite well as it looks like she's come out of her high and its under but then it's worse

21:46 candice in the wide appears to be grinning (not cover up the fraud grinning I think she didn't know she was in shot) do we have a different take?

Don't think we should end on gospel- think once the scene is done and the credits begin / now might be a nice time to end on VOGUE

# Chewing Gum

## Episode 4 "The Unicorn"

Written and Created by Michaela Coel

BLUE SHOOTING SCRIPT 13.07.2015

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1 INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 1

Connor stands butt naked, in between his legs we see Tracey lying on his bed. Also naked, watching him.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
Connor's dick is big; not the 'come through up out your mouth and destroy your organs on the way' kinda big, which I have seen on Heavy-R, which I do not want.

Connor hands Tracey an open bag of penny sweets. He throws one into the air, it hits the floor in a failed attempt to catch it with his mouth.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
Connor's dick is pink. And that is interesting. Sort of reminds me of raw chicken skin, but I try not to think about that I go with 'a long pink balloon' thass now, finally gonna contend with my vagina.

By now Connor has made his way toward Tracey. He flips her over. He gets on top of her, they kiss. Connor stops.

CONNOR  
Can you hear that?

She shakes her head.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
What is that?

TRACEY  
The...sound of my penis flap callin' you?

Connor smiles, they carry on. He stops again. He sits on the edge of the bed. Tracey gets up to sit next to him. Silence.

CONNOR  
I just don't wanna  
(signals putting it in)  
I dunno man, you're just so pure.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
I don't understand

CONNOR  
D'ju understand?

TRACEY

Yeah

CUT TO:

2 INT. ESTATE BALCONY. DAY.9 2

Tracey takes a selfie she tries to make her cleavage bigger.

TRACEY

I am not pure. I'm dirty.

CANDICE

Tighter.

Tracey squeezes her breasts together. Candice shakes her head.

TRACEY

Some days...I don't even brush my teeth--

CANDICE

After you blow him off?

TRACEY

Wha'?

Candice leans in with a girly closeness.

CANDICE

Talkin' to strangers with the scent of cum on your tongue.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

I just meant after breakfast.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Dunnit.

Candice looks at Tracey's selfie, her cleavage-less boobs. She takes the phone and poses for a picture.

CANDICE

Less move on. Blow job selfie- make that POV shot so strong he could email that cock 'n it'd be hittin the back of your throat like a fuckin' plunger in a blocked toilet bowl. There. Send that to any guy he'll bang you within 12 days.

Tracey tries to take the blow job selfie. Candice grabs the phone from Tracey.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

Do you wanna suck his dick or smile at it?

TRACEY

Neither

She snaps another filthy selfie then hands the phone back to Tracey.

CANDICE

Bum selfie: Angle it so you get your back-off in shot... Stick it out? Pop it, pop your bum Tracey.

TRACEY

It's out. I don't have a big bum the ancestors didn't give it to me.

CANDICE

Look back at it.

TRACEY

Oh my god, why would I do look at my own bum that is not okay.

CANDICE

Breathe, breathe.

Tracey tries to settle her heart rate.

TRACEY

Okay one more go. I'm dirty.

CANDICE

The selfie is da theory exam before the driving test and you are 100 not ready to get the gear stick.

TRACEY

No no, please, please I can.

CANDICE

Some chicks cry, you are unpredictable

TRACEY

You don't know how I am in the sheets I am pure filth, imma filth--

CANDICE

The only sheets you're in are the ones you make a den out of with your sister.

TRACEY

It's true

CANDICE

(motherly)

Trace, he wants you to push your pussy on his face like you're about to take a shit on it. He wants his nose up in there.

TRACEY

Yeah, this thing, I don't who told you that was common--

CANDICE

Sometimes when Aaron's sleeping ...and he's got a woody... I just put it in. You could try sutt'n like that that way you ain't gotta feel self-conscious or like you gotta impress i'm but if he wakes up-you need to get off and ack' like you sleeping.

Candice nods. Tracey nods. Then looks to Camera.

CUT TO:

3 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 9

3

Tracey swipes through Google images of "dirty girl"; various images of women in bikini's drenched in mud, or with ice cream across their mouth, Cynthia stands blank-faced behind her. A drink, and a note pad in her hand.

CYNTHIA

I think you should talk to Mum about what you were watching in your room the other night.

TRACEY

What was I watchin'?

CUT TO:

4 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. FLASHBACK 4

Tracey sat in darkness save the light from her laptop.

HENTAI BOY (O.S)  
Double fisting you bitch.

Tracey shocked, but continues watching. Unknown to her, CYNTHIA has been behind her also watching. Horrified, Cynthia backs out, gagging.

HENTAI GIRL (O.S)  
Ahhhhh! You're fists are so big  
they're like trains in my ass.

CUT TO:

5 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 9 5

CYNTHIA  
May I please borrow your laptop?  
Please may I borrow your laptop.  
May I borrow your laptop please.  
Your laptop I'd like to borrow, may  
I?

TRACEY  
What you doing?

CYNTHIA  
Asking a question repetitively  
signifies importance, it's also a  
sign of alzheimers but I knew you  
wouldn't know what that was so I  
thought that-- okay, this method  
doesn't seem to be yielding the  
results I thought it would, I'll--

TRACEY  
You want my laptop? Goin' then.

CYNTHIA  
Yes, okay.

Cynthia picks the laptop up and leaves briskly. Tracey tries a seductive-yet-filthy selfie. Overly conscious of herself she squeals and hides under the covers.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM. DAY.9

6

Connor and Tracey kiss. Tracey starts bending her knees to go down on him, Connor subtly pulls her up. They kiss, she tries to go downwards again, he subtly pulls her up. She tries to catch him off guard and bends quickly

CONNOR  
Wha'yu doin'?

TRACEY  
I'm tryina give you a blow job.

CONNOR  
Why?

TRACEY  
'Coz I want to.

CONNOR  
I didn't know you were into--

TRACEY  
Just siddan and lemme do it.

She puts him on the edge of his bed. She kneels. She unzips his flies and looks into his trousers. She falls silent. Connor looks around the room awkwardly.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Aite, I juss--I'm gonna take it out now.

She takes it out, she can tell it's soft. Awkward silence.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Oh it's uh....

CONNOR  
Nah it just needs...I mean I'd say gimme a bitta dirty talk but thass not your thing.

TRACEY  
Yeah it is

CONNOR  
I thought it wasn't

TRACEY  
Maybe there's a lot of things you think about me that, you should uhm, not think no more.

Connor gestures for Tracey to continue. Tracey does a "dirty smile", stares into his crotch and talks to it like a witch performing a spell.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Hello Penis, Split my bum cheeks.  
Tear up my bum hole, till i'ss big enough, for the head on top of your neck to pop in, and have a look, at the inside of these bum cheeks.

Tracey closes her eyes tightly. Connor looks turned off. Tracey opens her eyes.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Oh it didn't work. It didn't work.

CUT TO:

7 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 9 7

Cynthia has a bible beside her, in front of her a porn site on Tracey's laptop. She clicks; "Hot Bitch Will Do Anything To Pass Exams". She watches them.

HOT BITCH (O.S)  
I just really need to pass my exams, but I'm so childlike and simpleminded can't we work something out?

PORN MAN (O.S)  
Why don't you let me see those breasts?

CYNTHIA Oh dear. HOT BITCH (O.S.) Uhh, okay.

Cynthia slowly reaches a hand to her Bible. Sounds of kissing and sexual pleasure emerge from the laptop.

PORN MAN (O.S.)  
Promise you won't tell your Mum?

CYNTHIA I promise. HOT BITCH (O.S.) I promise. \*

8 INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM. DAY.9 8 \*

Tracey's eyes are closed, knelt in between Connor's crotch. He has his head in his hands; fed up. Tracey blows on his penis. She waits. \*

TRACEY

Ohhh...I think it... No.

\*

She lifts his balls up.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

That's amazing. There's no vagina, because you have a penis but there's no hole, like your bum hole, and then no other hole you just have more thigh here, I mean is this even thigh? What do they call this bit? Does that mean you don't have two thighs? You have One thigh kind of bent, like the Mattesons sausages in Tesco they bend like that don't they?

She blows again. Nothing.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I'm your bitch I'm any farm animal of your choice. Whack me around the face till I die--

Mandy enters in a cleaner's apron. Tracey is frozen flabbergasted. Connor panics and zips up his flies.

MANDY

The electrician's coming to fix the shower tomorra, I told him anytime before 1 so you need to be awake.

(to Tracey)

Wha' ya gearin' up for a titty fuck?

CONNOR

Mum, fuck.

Tracey is non responsive. Mandy makes to leave. Connor desperate:

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Don't leave--stay, to... where ya goin'?

MANDY

(glee/wonderment)

Right, get this, turns out...I have a job, yeah, it's this place I go that keeps us *inside* a flat, and *outside* arrears.

CONNOR

Tracey put your clothes back on.



MANDY  
Nah don't mind me, someone's  
gotta pay for your useless  
notepads, and "pencils".

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Nah let's talk this out.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
I see ya later? 's not me i'ss my  
mum- she wants to chat dontshe?

MANDY  
No, she don't.  
(to Tracey)  
(MORE)

MANDY (CONT'D)

Girl to girl you can't titty fuck  
wi' tit's like yourn, you got the  
tits of a 40 year old, wi'  
triplets. Wise tits, nah I'm not  
being funny I'm just sayin'.

They leave.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Mum! I ain't done widdis!

Stunned and embarrassed, Tracey looks at her chest

CUT TO:

9 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 9. 9

Terror, addiction, pleasure and constipation on Cynthia's  
face as she watches the porno. She sweats. Is she crying in  
abhorrence or climaxing? We can't tell.

HOT BITCH (O.S)

You're gonna make me cum. I'm  
cumming!

CYNTHIA

Oh... YEEAOWK.

She pauses....Stilted...digesting.

HOT BITCH (O.S.)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

I just came. I just came.  
Yah.

Oh dear.

CUT TO:

10 INT. CANDICE'S HOUSE. DAY.9 10

Candice sews weave into Kristy Raven's hair, Tracey sits  
staring at her cleavage. Esther plays a Gameboy. Toddler  
Mahogany plays with toys in a corner. Karly uses her foot to  
rock a carry-cot with baby Dark Knight (bundle)in it.

TRACEY

How much were your--?

Tracey signals to her breasts.

KRISTY

Oh mate, ain't worth it: 3 years  
saving job seekers allowance just  
for the cheap ones. 'Can flip em  
back to front it's my party trick.

ESTHER  
Whatchu asking about that for?

CANDICE  
I shoul'da told you 'bout the under  
wire time ago I just--

What?

TRACEY

ESTHER  
I told you to tell 'er,  
numerous times.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong wiv my boobies?

KRISTY  
They droop.

KARLY  
No don't be out of order, they're  
like earrings.

KRISTY  
No, earrings dangle, her tits  
droop.

KARLY  
I'ss 'coz you're always running for  
the bus--

ESTHER  
You are and when ya do I worry I  
think to mi'self those'll be  
scrapin' the floor in half a decade

CANDICE  
Keep a check on those Trace, you  
won't be able to hold down a man  
and no one will tell you why; so  
I'm tellin' you now; all any man  
wants is cooked meals and good  
boobs.

KRISTY  
And if not good boobs; *four* of 'em.

ESTHER  
Tell me about it.

Tracey listens wide-eyed.

KRISTY  
'Babes I been thinking about a  
threesome ya know'.

TRACEY

They all want a threesome.

KRISTY

Yeah, but never with John or Mark.

TRACEY

Because they're biblical names?

KARLY

'Coz they're guys.

KRISTY

If I said to a straight man; 'less find another man on 3zup and I'll wiggle my clit while you kiss each other' he'd die instantly.

TRACEY

He would die and I'd laugh at his funeral. Imagine if he didn't even know what 3zup was.

The girls chuckle awkwardly.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Esther what would we say over his dead body to explain what it was?

ESTHER

(whispered)

Bless ya, if you're looking for a threesome, you can find two other people also looking, or one other person if you're a couple, whatever the combination- you add it up- and it's three; "3zup". It's an app. An app is a trendy feature on modern mobile telephones.

TRACEY

Thank you, Esther.

Tracey gets out her mobile, types in 3zup in apps and clicks to download.

CANDICE

Yeah- why is a threesome with a man so ridiculous, but one with a woman so obviously possible?

KARLY

As long as she's uglier than me I don't mind.

CANDICE  
Ugly, pretty, I'm fine with my  
cockatoo.

Tracey's phone: A picture of Connor and her has been uploaded  
onto "3zup".

KRISTY  
Why do I 'ave to like anova girl's  
breasts just 'coz I love my own?

CANDICE  
Yeah, you've got a dick, that don't  
mean you want one for dinner.

ESTHER  
Okay I feel like I must say I am  
partial to a bidida' cunt.

They laugh.

ESTHER (CONT'D)  
Just as a starter.

Karly throws one of Mahogany's toys at her. Esther catches it  
and bows.

CUT TO:

11 DELETED 11

12 EXT. WALKING AROUND THE ESTATE. DAY 9 12

Esther pushes Mahogany in a pram. Tracey distracted by 3zup,  
walks with them.

ESTHER

Well, was in 1965, I was 16, 'n me  
'n mi swim coach was the last ones  
to change' n we walked home the  
same way. We were just chattin',  
then she leaned in 'n kissed me on  
the lips. All of a sudden. On the  
street; that spot right round  
there...

Esther keeps talking in the background. Tracey's phone pings.  
She yelps and shares the picture with the Camera; A brunette  
girl, early 20's, eating soup and pouting.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

Oh; Sasha: 23, kinky, experimental,  
Bi. Hmm bad spelling, I dunno why  
she's saying Bye anyway, shouldn't  
it be like "hi,greetings"?....She  
looks nice though, she's eating  
soup. That's nice. She likes  
doodling, buzzfeed and...kale  
chips?... She's probably nice.

ESTHER

I kissed her *back*, and when her  
hands started touchin' me I thought  
'I like this I like *her*' so we run  
round the garages; dunno what came  
over me.

Tracey receives a message from Sasha, "Sexy Choc/Vanilla  
swirl! yum scrum :-)" She raises a smug eyebrow to the  
Camera.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

She lifted up my skirt, kneeled  
down, saliva'd on my vaginals, and  
injected her middle finger as far  
up it as it'd go.

Sasha again: "MUSTS: NEUTRAL location eg. hotel". Tracey  
contemplates.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

...pumpin' it back 'n forth in my  
pum. Then *two* fingers, three, and  
finally, well...four. I carry that  
night...who knows, who knows..?

TRACEY

(to Esther, attentive)  
I agree...

Esther rolls her eyes. Sasha again: " TOMORROW 9pm 3 WAY FUCK  
YAY! Sash xxx"

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Yay. That was quick.

(to Camera)

Gotta do what you gotta do; Imma do  
my threesome to get my twosome.

(rapping)

Gonna bang him, he's gonna bang me,  
gonna lose my virginity, I'm 24 my  
tits are saggy, but tits times two  
means he's happy ayyyyy!

She dances.

ESTHER  
Wha'yu doing?

TRACEY  
Just-itching think I been bit by  
summink.

She smiles at the Camera.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

13 EXT. HACKNEY. DAY 10 13

SOUND : COEL AND SHAKKA - MARILYN'S WARNIN. Tracey walks down Hackney Road.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
(reading to audience)  
A unicorn is a single girl who will  
have a threesome with a straight  
couple. They're so rare that  
they're called unicorns. And I  
found one, not because of luck,  
because when I want something I  
don't sit back I go out and grab  
the unicorn by it's horn and that  
unicorn is mine. No joke, I even  
got a hotel for £14, someone should  
put me on The Apprentice.

She arrives at "Ferndell Butchers". DOREEN (late 40's, thin)  
stands in front of it.

DOREEN  
Pound to spare? I gotta feed my kid  
I'm not a druggie I swear.

TRACEY  
No sorry- 'xcuse me, I'm a bit  
lost, d'you know where 48 Ferndell  
Road is?

DOREEN  
'S 'ere.

Tracey looks at the butchers.

TRACEY  
Nah I'm looking for a flat.

DOREEN  
Oh, Air BnB?



TRACEY

Yeah.

DOREEN

Yeah, I'm Doreen we been messaging,  
I'll take you in.

Doreen heads into the butchers.

TRACEY

Thass'a butchers.

DOREEN

Yeah it's in the back.

Doreen heads into the butchers.

CUT TO:

14 INT. BACK OF FERNDELL BUTCHERS DAY 10 14

Tracey and Doreen view the bare room: A mattress, a stool,  
and a smell; Tracey sniffs and her face sours. Doreen grins.

TRACEY

(sad/disgusted)  
Wow. Looks different from the  
pictures online.

DOREEN

Well, whatchu wanna do 'coz we  
don't do refunds.

Tracey gets a 3zup message from Sasha: "Almost there" x.

TRACEY

Where's the bathroom?

DOREEN

You said you wanted a *room*, not  
*two*, if you want two I can try and  
sort it out but it'll be another--

TRACEY

's alright, thanks.

Doreen heads for the exit.

DOREEN

Whatchu wan' it for anyways?

TRACEY

A threesome.

DOREEN

Usual. There's a couple condoms in the corner you might have to sift through the used ones...

Doreen's voice trails off and she's gone. Tracey horrified.

TRACEY

That's great, thanks. Actually yeah...*thank you.*

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

Iss perfect, I tell you for why: s'dirty, 'n I'm dirty; not pure.

Tracey starts touching herself awkwardly whilst getting out deodorant and spraying the room.

CUT TO:

15 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 10. 15

Night is falling. Cynthia is looking for another porno. She types into PornPortal "sex with older man"- a pop up appears.

"CAM 4 - ONLINE SEX- LIVE!"

She pauses.

CYNTHIA

(quickly)  
Forgive me.

Then clicks.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. OUTSIDE FERNDELL BUTCHERS DAY 10 16

Night is falling. A woman's voice is heard in the back of a slow moving Mercedes Benz.

SASHA

That's her, stop. I said stop.

It stops. SASHA gets out of the car, she's wearing colourful yoga pants, a yellow Cambridge satchel around her body.

MAN 2

They say it's next door jeeze  
louise the amount of traffic in  
between makes it feel like my  
Surrey's on a different continent.  
Nice to meet you Tracey, I'm Henry.

Tracey takes a moment.

TRACEY

You alright Henry?

SASHA

(to Tracey)

Is the other person Caucasian  
because he looked Caucasian in the  
photo.

HENRY

Please darling just keep an eye on  
your purse this time.

SASHA

Dad? Not outside the privacy of our  
home. She's my friend.

HENRY

But what about all the other people  
at the party?

SASHA

Get out of my life, now.

HENRY

Happy Birthday, Tracey. Take  
good care of our girl won't  
you? I'll be back to pick her  
up in the morning.

(to Sasha)

Have fun don't drink too  
much, we're not paying for  
your stomach to be pumped  
again.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

I don't even like you as a  
person, I'm not listening.

She puts headphones on and seems to genuinely tune out. He  
drives off. Sasha still has her headphones on. She has cold  
sores on her mouth.

TRACEY

Hello Unicorn. You seem really  
nice...from your messages...

Beat. She takes off her headphones, enthusiastically smiling.

SASHA  
Oh sorry, these are really good I  
literally can't hear anything. So  
the guy he *is* white right?

Tracey nods.

SASHA (CONT'D)  
(factually)  
I'm gonna be honest. I'm already  
wet.

Tracey taken aback.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TRACY'S BEDROOM - DAY 10 17

The screen is full of little boxes, each box a person inside,  
sometimes two. She skims the titles: Lesbian seeking BBW/  
German older couple...watch/ Barely legal teen seeking  
friend.

CYNTHIA  
Not you, not you, not you...not you-  
-Father forgive me yet guide me--  
Not you, not you.

She sees a picture of two people, it reads "Couple looking  
for threesome".

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Ew, yuck.

She moves on. She sees "Man seeking casual encounter", she  
looks at his image (50's, shaved, glasses) she clicks.

MAN  
Hello...

Cynthia looks around the room.

MAN (CONT'D)  
...Can you hear me?

CYNTHIA  
Can you see me?

MAN  
Yes. Why did you have to be so  
beautiful.

CYNTHIA

Oh dear.

MAN

What's your name?

CYNTHIA

My name is Cynthia Barbara Gordon.

MAN

Don't you wish to know my name?

CYNTHIA

Don't know.

MAN

Sebastien.

Beat.

SEBASTIEN

What are you wearing?

CYNTHIA

My favourite brown blouse and my--  
can you angle the camera at your  
penis?

SEBASTIEN bursts into tears. Cynthia looks around the room.  
He aims the camera downwards. Old shabby boxers, hairy legs,  
and a handful of pills.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Oh. You have pants on.

SEBASTIEN

I'm gonna kill myself.

CYNTHIA

Oh, right.

CUT TO:

18 INT. BACK OF FERNDOLL BUTCHERS. DAY .10 18

Connor stands with Tracey, in the room.

TRACEY

Surprise!

Connor looks inside the room, he sees Sasha, sat with her  
headphones on, her back to them. He's confused.

CONNOR  
Why we 'ere and wha' is that?

TRACEY  
She's a unicorn.

CONNOR  
Eh?

TRACEY  
She wants to have sex with both of us for free. \*  
\*

Beat. He kisses Tracey's forehead.

CONNOR  
...Whass 'er name? \*

TRACEY  
Sasha

CONNOR  
Fuck. Why here?

TRACEY  
I like it dirty.

CONNOR  
Fuck. \*  
\*

Connor tries to hide his smile. Sasha removes her headphones. \*

SASHA  
Mmm hello, sex scenes from 12 years a slave entering my mind via my vagina as we speak. Hey bro, Sasha. \*

Beat.

CONNOR  
Hello. Tracey, can we talk please? \*

TRACEY  
(to Sasha)  
Can you-

Sasha puts her headphones back on.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Wha?

CONNOR  
(terrified)  
Okay well firs thing's firs'; the  
unicorn has leprosy.

TRACEY  
They're just cold sores

CONNOR  
Nah I ain't on it.

Sasha starts playing HAIM - Go Slow, from her mobile phone speaker. They turn to her. She's dancing provocatively.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
(pleasure)  
Oh shit.

Tracey smiles, then supports Sasha by clapping her hands

CUT TO:

19 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 10. 19

Cynthia looks at Sebastien; snot dangling from his nose, he angles into the camera as if to try and climb inside it.

SEBASTIEN  
I suppose I developed a kind of numbness to it all- the loneliness. A detachment. Living life through this stupid screen watching girls like yourself.

CYNTHIA  
That's incorrect I'm not part of that group of women.

SEBASTIEN  
You're the only person in my life.

Cynthia eyeballs him, distaste and confusion on her face. She slowly folds the laptop down.

SEBASTIEN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Please don't go

Cynthia gives in to his begging.

SEBASTIEN (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Cynthia looks around the room.

SEBASTIEN (CONT'D)  
Who are you looking at? Who's there with you?



CYNTHIA

No one. I was just looking for a way out of the conversation.

CUT TO:

20 INT. BACK OF FERNDOLL BUTCHERS.DAY . 10 20

Tracey and Sasha stroke arms and slow dance in their underwear. Tracey stares at Connor who is now clapping along to both of them. \*

SASHA

Hm hm hm we're gorgeous baby. \*

CONNOR

I didn't know you like girls.

TRACEY

I don't. Mm mm Sasha we're so buff. \*

They keep dancing. Sasha un-clips Tracey's bra and removes it. Sasha takes off her bra smiling at Tracey. We only see their backs. Tracey looks at Sasha's chest, her face scrunches up in envy. \*

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Those are very nice. Very twistable nipples. Ain't they just lovely. \*

Tracey looks at Connor staring at Sasha's breasts. \*

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Put it back on please. \*

SASHA

What? \*

TRACEY

(whispered to Sasha)  
Hide your boobies, I'm tryna loose my V-reg, not yours. You're supposed to be helping me blad. Put it back on. \*

Sasha happily puts her bra back on. Tracey picks her bra up from the floor with her foot and puts it back on. \*

SASHA \*  
My Dad's not coming till the  
morning my love. \*

TRACEY  
Henry.

SASHA  
Yah, we've got all night.

TRACEY \*  
Cool, I like ya. \*

SASHA \*  
Oh, by the way I have cold sores.

TRACEY  
Oh...do you, really? \*

SASHA  
Yah. Dodge the face.

Sasha pulls Tracey's face towards her neck to kiss it. Connor \*  
watches.

CONNOR  
I can't lie, this is a bit hot.

SASHA  
Why doncha come on in here bro?

CONNOR

Aite.

CUT TO \*

The three of them are on the bed. Tracey licks Sasha's neck \*

TRACEY \*

Not so pure now am I?

Sasha straddles Connor. \*

CONNOR

(flirtatiously)

You've always been a dirty bitch

Tracey screws her face. Tracey double straddles Connor, she sits in front of Sasha. \*  
\*  
\*

TRACEY \*

First of all not a bitch. And you, said I was too pure to penetrate.

CONNOR

I neva said that.

SASHA \*

Uhh that's great.

Tracey moves Sasha out the way for more privacy. \*

TRACEY

You did thass the whole reason I got a unicorn.

SASHA

(panting)

The unicorn? That sounds fun, is it cowboy-esque (or)--

Tracey shoves Sasha back so that she's lying back, out of the way. \*  
\*

TRACEY

Yeah yeah it's summink like...that.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

You wanna have sex now- you didn't  
before- the only different thing,  
is her. I know I have dangly  
boobies, gonna buy a wire bra.

\*  
\*  
\*

SASHA

I love them.

Sasha's knickers fly into Connor's face. Sasha's legs appear  
behind Tracey. On Connor and Tracey's faces as they see the  
vagina.

\*  
\*

CONNOR

Ah no.

Tracey clocks Connor's odd reaction.

CUT TO:

21 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 10.

21

Sebastien ties a noose around his neck.

SEBASTIEN

You've been my only friend.

CYNTHIA

(whispers)

I'm not your friend--

SEBASTIEN

What?

CYNTHIA

Nothing...Don't you have a family?

SEBASTIEN

Ey? I mean no well, yes I did, but  
now they hate me.

CYNTHIA

Your family can't hate you.

SEBASTIEN

I never thought it could happen  
either.

CYNTHIA

I've been where you are. My sister acts like she doesn't like me but I know I'm her greatest friend.

SEBASTIEN

The last time I saw *my* sister, I got on my knees and I cried. She threw a ham sandwich in my face

CYNTHIA

Okay, no, not quite the same then, we don't eat pork.

CUT TO:

22 INT. BACK OF THE BUTCHERS. DAY 10.

22

They are on the bed. Tracey sits between Connor's legs. Sasha lies in front of them with her legs spread, she is grinning. A petrified Connor whispers to Tracey. \*

CONNOR

You've got one, go on.

TRACEY

You've got a dick, do you know what to do wiv a next mans dick?

SASHA

You, Lupita.

TRACEY

Who?

Sasha goes into her satchel. She gets out a desert spoon. Beat. Tracey looks at the spoon, at Sasha, and at Connor.

SASHA

(to Connor)

Here. Would never have left you out bro. You get the big one.

Sasha then retrieves a large wooden spoon from her satchel. She puts her headphones back on. Connor looks to Tracey.

CONNOR

Whass it for?

Tracey shakes her head frantically miming "I don't know"

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'm losing my boner.

TRACEY  
I'ss not these (spoons) issit,  
issit the penis flap?

Beat. Connor nods.

CONNOR  
Just the last couple months I get  
this 'don't fuck up don't fuck up'  
thing in my 'ead, den I juss lose  
it.

Tracey nods. She taps Sasha, who she removes her headphones.  
Sasha lifts her legs into the air.

TRACEY  
Oh that's okay, let's just close  
these up innit?

She sweetly closes Sasha's legs and gives her the spoon.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
My boyfriend ain't on it--

CONNOR  
No  
TRACEY (CONT'D)  
He doesn't have...

SASHA  
Oh. Erectile Dysfunction?

TRACEY  
Whassat? Sounds like a snake.  
CONNOR  
It's not that- it's -

SASHA  
Iddiz iddiz it's like a sad soft  
snake but easy solve; let's use  
toys.

TRACEY  
I like ya but not like that. I just  
wanted him to buss my vulva.

\*  
\*

Tracey looks disappointed.

SASHA  
Hey hey hey, you escaped Michael  
Fassbender this is yeddenother  
struggle to overcome.

TRACEY  
Who are these people?

\*  
\*

SASHA  
Tracey, look at the gays;  
(MORE)

\*  
\*

SASHA (CONT'D)  
bum sex is rarely the order of the  
day they do loads of other shit and  
use other bits;  
(gentle tongue wag)  
It's still fucking. Stop making his  
dick the centre of sex, dick  
centric sex sucks.

The girls smile at each other. Sasha offers her the spoon.

TRACEY  
No.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 10. 23

Noose still around Sebastien's neck, he stands on a stool, in  
front of his chair, naked. Cynthia is crying.

CYNTHIA  
think I should go.

SEBASTIEN  
No no no, you just cry right there.  
You look so beautiful when you cry.

CYNTHIA SEBASTIEN (CONT'D)  
Sorry. Are you scared?

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
Yes

SEBASTIEN  
Mmm. Do you want to touch yourself  
a little bit while you cry?

CYNTHIA  
No.

SEBASTIEN  
Fine, well I'll just wank one out.  
CYNTHIA SEBASTIEN (CONT'D)  
What? I'll jump off, and when I go  
blue and can no longer hold  
my dick just scream stop.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
What? I don't--

SEBASTIEN  
1, 2,  
(contorted)  
Three.

He jumps off sits on the chair and starts wanking. He makes sounds of pleasure and pain. Cynthia watches in terror until;

CYNTHIA

Stop!

SEBASTIEN

(cumming)

Ahhhhhh.

That was great, that was fucking great. Woohoo. Again. Now.

Cynthia closes the laptop and pushes it away from her.

CUT TO:

24 INT. BACK OF THE BUTCHERS. DAY 10. 24

"Haim - Go Slow" plays. They kiss, they look at each other and smile. \*

CONNOR

Just the two of us now babe, relax.

Connor goes downwards, Tracey looks at the ceiling in silence, Connor puts his head in between her legs. \*

TRACEY

Oh, well that's something else. That's nice.

Connor's moaning. \*

TRACEY (CONT'D)

What do I do if I need to fart, Connor? I'm just aware of how close you are to my ho-oo- o- ahhhh. \*

She's cum. Connor's happy.

CONNOR

Trace, I'm still 'ard.

TRACEY

Oh, oh okay, wooo, yes, get in. \*

CONNOR

Okay lemme get a condom.

TRACEY

From where?





TRACEY  
Okay, I'll wait here.

He returns.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Okay, come in come in! Oohoo,  
sensitive, one minute. Okay- go.

Silence, Tracey stares blankly Connor contains himself.

CONNOR  
You alright?

TRACEY  
Yeah...

CONNOR  
You're beautiful.

They Kiss.

TRACEY  
I'm ready Connor, I'm ready.

Connor puts it in.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Ow man!

CONNOR  
That's just the tip

TRACEY  
It hurt... can we do the tongue one  
again.

REVEAL:

Sasha in the corner with the Cambridge satchel on her head.  
The music is coming from her speaker, she sways.

CUT TO:

25 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 10. 25

Close ups: Cynthia's lips, she pants heavily, her shirt is off. She gets out a towel. She opens the laptop, puts a glass of water on the side, stares at the Laptop screen in delight

REVEAL:

She has a sweat band on. On the laptop are three women in gym gear; SWEAT FOR JESUS across the screen.

DVD (O.S)	CYNTHIA
Squat on those sexual	(squatting in delight)
desires,	Squat, squat squat squat.
saints! Squat!	

END.

Did a big scene swap on top-These changes may or may not work but i suddenly felt yesterday that the top just wasn't allowing that. May not work.

Exciting! Just FYI, and in case you needed the extra room for something, you've got the same Cynthia scene in there twice - second time as scene 10.

oh fuck a duck, i can't be arsed lol.

i've been up 32 hours!! still in my cafe on my 10th portion of sweet potato fries God bless Asmerica

Jesus. Please don't break yourself! Please do not die!

Thanks Michaela - another great draft!

You're doing great. Seriously.

It's Michaela

Great great idea's there thank you. Will work today.

Hurrah! Go be fab!

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 4 Notes

Yagga yo yo

Awesome work guys, I know the first have is dragging like toilet paper on a shoe but i believe we can solve this like Connor's wobbly dick!

Would love to see a few of Tracey's second PTC's one which has a more definite choice on "interesting pink dicks"

10:01:05:05

I'll try and think of another song. Hearing "Black preacher" while a black and white couple kiss just feels weird.

10:01:41:15

Think we could possibly cut this entire scene? Maybe ADR tracey saying "I'm not pure I'm dirty" while she's looking at the phone? Maybe we could see shots of girls taking nasty selfies, and importantly- one with her finger in her mouth? maybe it says blow job queen or something?

this would mean coming in around

10:02:51:13

10:03:02:06

I think we need double fists in my ass porn- hentai is not important- and what's playing on the screen is not important, i think we just need to hear "BOTH YOUR FISTS ARE IN MY ARSE THIS FEELS SO GOOD" etc- it's weirder, and works well with Tracey's face expression. I don't know how interesting the hentai fuck is.

10:03:12:02

we have a wig hairline problem, hopefully we have another take where her head is in a position that hides it a little more.

10:03:46:12

the music here i don't think is helping- i don't quite notice tracey's awkward attempts to go down on him because the sexy music encourages us to think this is sexy time with sexy confident people.

10:04:02:15

can we try this without the zipping off music device?

10:04:13:20

TRACEY ADR: I'm going to take YOUR PENIS out now

10:05:44

I find the music actually dilutes awkwardness rather than helps it.

10:05:53:03

Is it just me or does Mandy look like she might be looking at Tracey? I'm not sure if this is an eyeline issue, if it's not- can we solve this by ADR'ing

MANDY: CONNOR, the electricians coming at ....

So that she calls his name, and we therefore are 100% sure of who she is talking to.

10:07:02:12

same music thing here, these are quite sticky as it is, but i think the music is making me feel like it's one long story- it works well with Cynthia's stuff, but i think we can cut it with Tracey's. It might keep us excited

10:07:36:16 - 10:07:38:05

can we get a different take of Karly's line here? i gave her the note to make it more pitiful and I think she did it after this take?

10:08:37:14

Unfortunately I think we need the gum falling out- it's so prevalent in her mouth through this entire scene that i feel like it needs to go somewhere or it looks like a mistake. It was also funny. Maybe we can do a snappy version of it- OR could put it into somewhere like:

10:08:18:22 - and then cut straight to : 10:08:23:10

without her asking esther- we don't need the question; it's obvious she doesn't know what 3ZUP is.

10:09:42:02

i think we can go straight to 10:09:44:06

thus cutting out "so i kissed her back"

10:10:11:00- 10:10:13:18 do we have this as a 2 shot?

10:10:26:17

I reckon we can cut straight to "I CARRY THAT DAY, WHO KNOWS WHO KNOWS" so that Esther's story has a conclusion. so forget 2nd fingers 3rd finger forth and go from "in my pum pum" (perhaps a shot of tracey in between) and then "i carry that day" (maybe as a two shot)

10:11:13:24

think there's bit of dead air between Tracey's PTC's?

10:11:43:22

We seem to have some audio/visual misalignment - Doreen's mouthing "yeah" but we hear it half a second later.

10:11:45:01

Do we have an even chirpier excited version of "It's in the back"?

10:11:52:22 i think we can go from here straight to around 10:11:56:16  
better yet- straight to 10:11:58:04  
and also cut out Tracey's word "wow" at 10:12:00:22

10:12:23:00 - 10:12:27:15

i'm not convinced by tracey's acting here, would like to see more takes.

10:12:49:00

can we ADR in a screech from Tracey?

10:12:49:12

Can we try cutting the music here or a bit where the music massively changes up as it's another story plot?

10:13:42:22

can we get an ADR of Henry saying "but what about all the other BLACK PEOPLE/  
MINORITIES/BLACKS at the party?" and put it on tracey and sasha?  
too much?

10:17:27:19

think we might need “didn’t know you like girls” “i don’t” in this scene- to soften the non-consensual taking bra off at 10:17:37:16 - which is funny- but will be funnier if we hear Tracey don’t even like girls.

10:19:06:19-10:19:11:11 Do we have a quicker transition on the line :first of all not a bitch?

10:20:40:17

As written, Cynthia needs to shout “stop” surely?

10:21:56:08 -

I think we could do away with easy solve full stop? Go straight to 10:21:56:21

10:22:12:09

can we use the takes of Tracey where she is either more sad, or more interested in Sasha’s story- her scrunching her face up at bits and things having quite peacefully watched some double fisting makes no sense, and also steers us into a homophobic direction that i certainly don’t want us to go in!

10:22:33:20

can we use a take where someone isn’t making a mistake and laughing at themselves ..if we have one?



CHEWING GUM

Episode 5

"The Last Supper"

Written and Created by  
Michaela Coel

SHOOTING SCRIPT 4.6.2015

c/o Retort TV  
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1 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE. DAY 12 1

Tracey and Connor walking home. Connor glued into his phone.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

Used to think there *wasn't* someone for everyone, and that you might not find the one actually if you had an ugly side or psoriasis that's why I settled for my ex, Ronald. I actually settled for a dude who might be gay-fact. But luckily,- I escaped, and I found the love of my-

Tracey sees JOY walking toward the estate.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

My mum's coming, get away from me.

She pushes Connor behind the bins and waves to her Mum. Connor gets up. They continue as if nothing happened.

\*

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

- definitely lucky wi' dis one, Ron was bossy about my hygiene, always wantin' to go posh places, but-

HARD CUT:

2 INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM. NIGHT 12 2

Connor reading poetry to himself in the mirror, while Tracey combs her hair in it.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

-my boy Connor, well y'know he's the opposite; he's an amazing poet-

Connor Googles "words that rhyme with the word CAR"

TIME CUT:

Connor on a games Console. Tracey covering her body parts with his bed sheets.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)

He's not obsessed with my hygiene, he doesn't care about anything. No posh functions, I mean, I got a man who don't even wanna go outside the house.

(MORE)

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
He's happy licking me out and  
playin' on the thing. So it's  
great.

CONNOR  
(to game)  
Ahh fuck you. Fuck your- fuck.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 13

3

Behind the counter Tracey looks at her phone and laughs.  
Connor emerges from the back of the shop, zipping up his  
pants.

CONNOR  
Whas' funny?

TRACEY  
Oh, iss juss my cousin.

She looks back at the phone and grins.

CONNOR  
Who's your cousin?

TRACEY  
Tracy

CONNOR  
That's your name.

TRACEY  
Yeah he's *Boy* Tracy.

CONNOR  
Lemme see 'im.

She shows Connor a picture of her and Boy Tracy in similar  
outfits. He ignores it, and starts fiddling with the CCTV.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
I'm playin' War Craft tonight so  
you can't come mine till tomorra

TRACEY  
I can't tomorra anyway my mum's  
been buggin' me on a family dinner.

CUT TO:

4 INT. TRACEY'S BATHROOM. DAY 13 4

Tracey showering. Suddenly Joy drags the shower curtain back.

JOY  
Don't forget Dinner.

TRACEY  
Oh my gosh yes okay.

CUT TO:

5 INT. CORNER SHOP. DAY 13 5

Connor sits on the counter playing a console via the CCTV, he sits on the counter and plays. Tracey serves another customer

TRACEY  
Maybe you should only do that when  
i'ss quiet?

CONNOR  
What?

TRACEY  
Use the CCTV as TV? People might  
think i'ss a youth centre...for  
adults.

CONNOR  
Well they'd be dumb then 'coz it's  
obviously a corner shop thass why  
it's on a corner.

CUSTOMER  
There's a bad smell at the back of  
the shop.

Customer leaves. Tracey goes to the back.

TRACEY (O.S.)  
Connor did you flush the toilet?

CONNOR  
Yeah, promise.

TRACEY  
There's a sewage block you can't  
flush the toilet

CONNOR  
How'ma s'posed to know?

TRACEY

The sign is right there. I'ss overflowing.

Tracey leaves.

CONNOR

Where you goin'?

TRACEY

To get a mop.

CONNOR

Can you buy me some socks?

Out on Connor's hopeful, and Tracey's horrified faces.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CANDICE'S FLAT DAY . 13

6 \*

Kristy sits with a strip of white hair removal cream across the top of her lip. Candice checks it with a small spatula. Esther de-tangles Karly's hair, who sits with a face mask and taps away into her mobile phone.

A knock at the door. Candice runs to it

KRISTY

It's tingling. S'not in date is it?

CANDICE (O.S.)

Course it is.

KRISTY

Better fuckin' be in date.

KARLY

Course it is.

Tracey storms in grumpily, her shop clothes soiled brown. Candice follows spraying freshener in Tracey's path.

KRISTY

Err bruv you stink.

CANDICE

What is that?

TRACEY

Connor flushed one of his horrendous shit's down the toilet and burst the sewage thing.

(MORE)

TRACEY (CONT'D)

How can one man make so much mess?  
It's disgusting, and then, to top  
it off- I- practically covered in  
shit have to go and get a mop and  
instead of him offering to go to  
the shop to buy the mop that I have  
to clean his mistake with- he tells  
me- nah wait for it- to buy 'im,  
some socks. It's everyday, there is  
summink like that everyday.

ESTHER

Ah, you're there.

Candice laughs.

TRACEY

What, where?

ESTHER

The rut, get stuck in and put your  
feet up.

Candice removes the hair remover from Kristy's lip.

CANDICE

You're definitely gonna end up  
stuck in a rut with him he's...ya  
know?

Candice pulls a subtle sour face.

TRACEY

(does the face)  
Whassat?

CANDICE

You know just a bit...

Candice gives the look to Esther, who does it back, nodding.

ESTHER

Yeah...yeah I hear ya doll. Trace,  
he's a bit...

Esther does the face. Kristy and Karly do the face as they  
nod and "mmm"

TRACEY

Can someone finish the sentence  
with words?

KRISTY

Bit dopey

ESTHER

Bit boring

KARLY

Lifeless

ESTHER (CONT'D)

No soul

CANDICE

I just meant he was a bum, but yeah  
all that too.

TRACEY

He's a poet.

ALL

(the face)

Mmm/Yeah but/Well

KRISTY

(to Candice)

The Febreeze ain't doin' nothin'  
Trace can you go home? I paid 4  
pound for this shit.

Tracey gapes at Kristy's upper lip; it's inflamed and red  
large pumps are spread across it. Candice gives Tracey an  
abrupt "don't say a word" look. Tracey smiles and nods.

CUT TO:

7

INT. OPEN MIC BAR. NIGHT. 13

7

Connor and Tracey enter the bar. They scan the crowd:  
hipsters in old converses, tight jeans, oversized t- shirts. \*

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

If my boyfriend wants to be all  
(does the face)  
I ain't gonna sit there like a  
dumbass and let 'im do what he  
wants, I'm gonna fix him.

CONNOR

Who are all these lot then?

TRACEY

Poets innit. 'zit gone yet?

Connor sniffs her.

CONNOR

Nah.

Tracey retrieves spray from her bag and sprays herself. Poet JCX (black, late 20's) in a bowler hat and gold chain around his neck, black samurai trousers and a tight shirt performs deep poetry.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Whass 'ee wearin'?

Tracey shrugs. Connor looks at one poet's hat.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
(frustrated confusion)  
Whass on is 'ead?

TRACEY  
I don't know.

Connor and Tracey sit at a round table for two.

CONNOR  
Who are these people?

TRACEY  
People who are definitely not dumb  
boring or lifeless.

Tracey sees Ronald, a brace on his leg and carrying crutches, with a man (white, tall, 20's, shoulder length blonde hair), Tracey hides her face with a menu, she watches them laugh together.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
Oh my gosh, thass Ronald, wivva  
man. I hereby confirm the fact that  
he might be gay. Over 'n out.

JCX (O.S.)  
Welcome to Complex Words.  
Hope you're having a great  
night. The next poet to grace  
the stage is Connor Jones  
from Tower Hamlets.

CONNOR  
I missed Warcraft for dis.

Connor daydreams. Tracey's eyes widen in excitement.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
What?

JCX  
Connor Jones? Of Tower Hamlets?

CONNOR  
...Me?



TRACEY

Surprise!  
 (to hosts)  
 He's here, he's here.

CONNOR

'the fuck?

TRACEY

I believe in you, go on- go up  
 there, smash it.

Tracey lovingly pushes him out of his seat. Connor takes the long walk to the stage. He takes the mic, unsure of how to use it, silence fills a tense room.

CONNOR

Erm, aite,yeah, so, this is one of  
 my poems...

He scratches his head and looks at the floor. The bar is full of half-smiles and blank faces. He stutters and coughs.

CONNOR (CONT.)

I don't-- hello? 'zit on? Issit  
 (on)? Is not on. Oh. I don't like  
 sleazy Stace- 'Cos Stacey's not...

Tracey watches nervously.

RONALD

I could spot those goggly eyes from  
 anywhere. His first time?

Ronald is sitting next to her.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Sheep can't  
 fly...they don't have  
 wings...and if you not  
 got....

TRACEY

I don't know how you knew I  
 was coming but--

RONALD

It doesn't matter, okay it  
 probably does matter -

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I don't like you no more

RONALD

Whatever, look, I'm gonna be more  
 than a friend to you.

Connor's audience look down into their drinks, some film him.



8 INT. OPEN MIC GENTS TOILETS. NIGHT 13 8

Tracey bursts in on Connor and another man peeing.

CONNOR  
You are mental.

TRACEY  
D'ju'know what, Connor, I been tryin' really hard, but if you don't wanna change and you're not gonna let me change ya...

Tracey looks objectively at the peeing man's penis.

PEEING MAN  
Excuse--

TRACEY  
(insulted)  
Er excuse *me* I'm having a private conversation.

CONNOR  
How *you* pissed off wi' *me*? Whass happnin' to us ? wha' we becomin'?

\*

TRACEY  
Argh forget it.

\*

She storms out. Connor left behind, frustrated.

PEEING MAN  
(sniffing)  
What's that smell?

CUT TO:

9 INT. TRACEY'S KITCHEN. DAY 14 9 \*

Every stove occupied. Cynthia stands by skinning a pear and singing as Tracey marinates chicken, her phone beeps.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
Oh so now he's textin'. You know when you just can't bothered to read some lame arse apology?

She checks anyway; screen reads "Your battery is low".

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Are you gonna help or you gonna just stand there?

CYNTHIA  
I'm gluten, wheat and meat free.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
She's not any ah'dem fings.

The intercom buzzes. Tracey goes to get it.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Why we even doin' this?

JOY  
Ah, why not? Anyway you must learn to cook a meal before a man of God will sweep you under the carpet!

CYNTHIA  
Off your feet Mum, sweep you--

JOY  
Hey hey shut up and season the meat

Cynthia whines.

CUT TO:

10 INT. FRONT DOOR DAY .14 10 \*

Awestruck, Tracey opens the front door to an already singing and dancing male version of herself: her denim skirt and his denim jeans, and they both wear colourful cartoon sweatshirts. \*

BOY TRACY  
(Golden Girls theme tune)  
*...threw a party, invited everyone you knew, you would see the biggest gift would be from me and the card attached would say--*  
You told me drop by sometime so I dropped innit?

Boy Tracy smiles cheekily. She sighs and hugs him.

TRACEY  
Tracy.

CUT TO:

11 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 14 11

Boy Tracy and Tracey lay down cutlery.

TRACEY

He ran off the stage, if I knew  
he'd hate it wouldn't'ah done it.

BOY TRACY

Wouldn't an actual poet be happy?

TRACEY

I feel bad.

BOY TRACY

Nah, you can't read the mind.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

.....read The mind.  
Exactly and I can't

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I can't know the heart.

BOY TRACY

You cannot know the heart

Joy comes marching in.

JOY

Boy Tracy, here is like Downton  
Abbey, let the women do the kitchen  
work, relax.

BOY TRACY

's'okay auntie really I was just  
givin' Tracey advice about her  
boyf..

\*  
\*

TRACEY

(panicked)  
Let's go shop.

CUT TO:

12

EXT. ESTATE CENTRE. DAY 14

12

Boy Tracy and Tracey whisper as they leave the lift.

BOY TRACY

How has she not found out? Connor  
lives in your block.

TRACEY

Well she don't mix with Catholics  
Atheists or Muslims thass basically  
the whole block so. What abou' you?  
I don't ask you nuffin'.

BOY TRACY

No girlfriend but I've had sex now.

Tracey's mouth drops.

BOY TRACY (CONT'D)  
Yeah...I stopped going church.

TRACEY  
Me too.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. PLAYGROUND. DAY 14

13

Boy Tracy and Tracey wolf down penny sweets from bright blue mini-mart plastic bag.

BOY TRACY  
I've illegally downloaded movies.  
Go

\*

TRACEY  
I got my boyfriend knock' down by a car.

BOY TRACY  
I...fingered a girl in my Mum's room while she was sleeping.

Tracey's silent.

BOY TRACY (CONT'D)  
My Mum was sleepin' (not the)

TRACEY  
Ohh. I...stripped naked for my ex and he kicked' me out.

BOY TRACY  
Ronald? Wha' is he? Gay?

TRACEY  
Maybe. Go

BOY TRACY  
I've smoked weed

TRACEY  
I had MDMA, cocaine and speed at the same time.

BOY TRACY  
Thass a lot, did you recover?

Tracey shrugs with a smug grin. Boy Tracy concerned.

\*

13A

13A

\*

Tracey tosses the empty sweet bag in a bin. One hums while the other free styles as they head back to the lift.

TRACEY

My favourite 'cuz, ain't seen you  
in a while, you are the best you  
make me smile, we've got a vibe and  
yeah we get down, when you leave  
I'll definitely frown ohhhhhh.

BOY TRACY

My cuz Tracey is so damn fly,  
Cynthia's weird and she hasn't said  
hi, she's been tellin' lies since  
she was five--

TRACEY

She said she's meat free but she  
just had shepherd's pie.

BOY TRACY

Nice to see my blood relatives,  
everybody loves and everybody  
gives, you were upset 'coz your man  
is a dick--

TRACEY

But you turned negative into  
positive. Ohhhh

CUT TO:

14

INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM DAY. 14

14

Tracey and Boy Tracy playing connect 4. Joy and Cynthia can  
be heard shouting downstairs. Boy Tracy wins the game, Tracey  
sets up another round. \*

TRACEY

You always win. I'm hungry man....I  
hate this game when I play with  
Cynthia but for some reason with  
you it's like the best game ever. \*

Tracey looks up from her connect 4, Boy Tracy is standing in  
front of her, naked. \*

COMMERCIAL BREAK

15 INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. DAY 14

15

Boy Tracy is still butt naked across the room from her. Tracey stands expressionless. Long silence. Tracey closes her eyes tightly and opens them.

TRACEY  
Wow I'm still here.

BOY TRACY  
I was 6 and you was 4.

TRACEY  
What?

BOY TRACY  
(fondly)  
You lay on top of me and kissed me on the lips...Since then. Since then. And I've thought about that moment more times than I've inhaled. I really like ya, I want you to see me, see me: As more than a friend, more than a cousin, I want you to see me as someone who you can grow old with, make you smile and laugh, and squirt.

\*  
\*

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
My mum and my sister are down--

She's interrupted; Boy Tracy is in the background talking in another direction as if to a camera.

BOY TRACY (TO A WALL)  
Sometimes you just gotta take the plunge innit?

Tracey is flabbergasted.

TRACEY  
I'm sorry, who you talkin' to?

Boy Tracy looks caught out. The door bell rings.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Put your clothes on.

BOY TRACY  
...Take your clothes off..?

\*  
\*

TRACEY  
Wha...? No.

\*  
\*



Hurt, Boy Tracy starts dressing. He puts his shirt on, Tracey \*  
double takes; he catches her and grins devilishly.

CUT TO:

16 INT. FRONT DOOR. DAY 14 16

Tracey breathes deeply, flustered.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
What? I don't like- he's my cousin-  
I didn't, erm. Shut up.

She answers the door. It's Connor in a poorly done tie and  
shirt, with box of chocolates, he fidgets. Tracey mortified.

CONNOR  
I bought liqueurs... and I forgive  
you so-

\*

TRACEY  
Wha'you doin'?

CONNOR  
Well we love each other you're  
gonna be with me till ya die so  
let's tell ya Mum now innit.

Tracey gives a worried look to the camera.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 14 17

Food is now at the table; a feast of potatoes, different  
kinds of rice, tilapia, chicken, kebabs, salad. Connor stands  
in the living room, full smile. Joy's face half smiling half  
utter shock, Cynthia's of fear and disgust, Boy Tracy looks  
furious.

CYNTHIA  
Ewww

Tracey sits, stiff. Connor bobbles around the table to Joy

CONNOR  
Safe, safe, Connor, nice to meet  
you auntie, seen you about-  
obviously.

Everyone's breath held apart from Connor's.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
I bought ya chocolates.

Joy's hands do not move at all. Cynthia rescues her and slowly takes the chocolates and puts them on the table

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
(to Cynthia)  
Evening. Seen you about only know  
of ya through Tracey.

He offers a hand. Cynthia looks at it, then at him.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
I'm Connor.

CYNTHIA  
I'm lactose intolerant.

Connor nods and smiles.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
I know you.

Tracey, panics at Cynthia's words.

TRACEY  
Have some chocolates they're yummy.

Connor sizes up Boy Tracy.

CONNOR  
Who's that?

BOY TRACY  
I'm family.

TRACEY  
Oh now you're family

CONNOR  
Whassat?

TRACEY  
Nothing. Boy Tracy, remba? told ya  
'bout ma (cousin)--

CONNOR  
Yeah she tol' me all abou' you  
still.

BOY TRACY  
Great. Aunty shall we say grace?

CONNOR  
(firmly)  
I'm Connor.

BOY TRACY  
Hm...

He pretends to think. Then shakes his head while shrugging.

BOY TRACY (CONT'D)  
Aunty, grace?

Connor livid. He stares down Boy Tracy, who smiles.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
I'm so sorry 's'never like this,  
you can go, I'll save you food.

JOY  
Close your eyes and bow your heads.  
Thank you Lord for your son, who  
died for our sins--

Tracey watches Connor; his eyes closed and grinning. Boy Tracy opens his. He brushes Tracey's hair off her face.

JOY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
--All we need is the love of  
a saviour, in addition to  
financial prosperity. We hold  
down Barclay's, we hold down  
Lloyd's TSB, Santander and  
demand them to share the cash  
monies; send Northern Rock to  
the South, Natwest to the  
East...lift up the borrower  
and--.

TRACEY  
(mimed)  
What are you doing?

Boy Tracy makes suggestive face expressions. Cynthia; eyes closed, starts hyperventilating.

JOY  
My dear?

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

CYNTHIA  
I think the lack of familiarity of  
the people at the table is  
triggering negative emotions.

JOY  
Enough Cynthia, don't frighten  
others, how many times?

CONNOR  
Oh nah nah I'm fine.

Cynthia whimpers. Joy turns to Connor.

JOY  
You are fine, thass good for you.  
Lis-ten; the world is welcome at my  
table, as Christ himself welcomes  
the world but who are you and what  
on earth are you doing in my house?

Connor looks at Tracey. Tracey looks at Joy's skeptical face.  
Everyone's looking at Tracey.

TRACEY  
I was talking to Candice. Mum, you  
know the sinner girl in the big  
block? And I saw Connor, in the  
dark,  
(to Connor)  
Would you say it was dark?

\*

CONNOR  
(nodding happily)  
'was a house party

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
He needed the light John 1  
verse 5.

Intrigued, Cynthia nods and eats the liqueurs like popcorn.

BOY TRACY  
Seriously?

CONNOR  
Who's John?

TRACEY  
I've since then, been  
expressing what the greatest  
love of all is.

CONNOR  
(blushing)  
Tracey man, jesus!

TRACEY  
(naughtily to Connor)  
hehe, jesus  
(serious to Joy)  
JESUS.

JOY  
Oh. Welcome.

Connor grins. Boy Tracy shakes his head and laughs.

BOY TRACY  
This is gonna be fun.

CUT TO:

18 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY .14

18

Mid food, around the dinner table. Joy and Connor bond. Cynthia tries to discreetly eat the liqueurs. Boy Tracy's hands look busy under the table.

JOY  
Well, I really have a heart for evangelism, I've encountered all sorts of darkness; single mothers, football fans, contemporary dancers, the mentally disturbed--

CONNOR  
I was in a mental *home* actually. Was on weed from young I got very bad paranoia.

TRACEY  
Are you serious?

JOY  
Ah don't judge. Paranoia you say?

Boy Tracy nudges Tracey to look at his phone. She looks; a picture of his penis. She looks at him, he smiles. \*

CONNOR  
--got better 'n dat, started counselling people in there-- unofficial, like-

JOY  
Thank God for freedom from addiction.

CONNOR  
I'm still addicted just not paranoid.

CYNTHIA  
I am gluten free

They look. She looks down and shakes her head. Another liquor.

CONNOR  
Easy wi' those.

CYNTHIA  
Don't talk to me like we're friends

CONNOR  
Well I'd like to be your  
friend some day.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
...And ...yep...don't ...talk  
to me... like I'm an autistic  
toddler, or I'll get my  
boyfriend to curse you.

JOY  
Heh?

Tracey rolls her eyes.

CYNTHIA  
Yeah, Trace? A boyfriend.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
She absolutely doesn't have a  
boyfriend.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Ahh amazing, I'm so happy.

CYNTHIA  
(to herself)  
"I'm, I, me" everything's about  
Tracey

Tracey subtly gives an assuring head shake to Joy, Joy smiles. Cynthia grabs the box of liqueurs and leaves in a huff.

CUT TO:

19 INT. KITCHEN. DAY. 14

19

Cynthia holds the phone to her ear and closes the door, checking no one has seen her. She munches on chocolate, the box near her chest.

CYNTHIA  
They don't believe me. Haha, yeah,  
I have great respect and admiration  
for you too.

She hangs up, places the phone to her chest next to the chocolates. She chews and smiles.

CUT TO:

20 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY . 14

20

Joy and Connor converse. Boy Tracy hangs in the doorway. Tracey stands, fidgeting.

JOY

A poet, and what do you like to write about?

CONNOR

Everything really, 2 dimensional shapes, elephants, patterns, 3 dimensional shapes, love, women-not gonna lie.

BOY TRACY

Connor whass your sexual history?

CONNOR

Pfff, mate, I dunno if--

JOY

No no no, no shame, often the more sinful your past the more special you will be, sharing shows courage.

BOY TRACY

Unless you're not serious about your relationship with --

TRACEY

CHRIST...got bit by summkink.

CONNOR

Well, I've never had a proper girlfriend, till now, was just about tingsin really.

BOY TRACY

How many we talkin' unda 200, over?

CONNOR

...Well...I started young so

TRACEY

(shock)  
What?

Joy looks at Tracey suspiciously.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Time, is it?

BOY TRACY  
Time for a poem I think. Connor?

CONNOR  
Eh?

BOY TRACY  
You're a poet? Heard you gave your  
strongest performance last night.  
Heard you hadda great crowd  
reaction.

Connor squares Boy Tracy, who is unfazed.

\*

CONNOR  
Aite you're definitely talkin' in  
riddles bruv you got something to  
say, say it.

BOY TRACY  
I ain't your bruvva, and I dare ya.

TRACEY  
No, no, Connor, leave it.

Cynthia wobbles into the living room.

CYNTHIA  
I remembered. His face was under  
your vagina so I couldn't see it,  
buh he's wearing the same shoes.

Tracey pauses.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ESTHER'S BEDROOM. FLASHBACK NIGHT 2 21

Tracey is sat on Connor's face, we see his legs and trainers.  
A door slams. She gets off.

TRACEY  
Did you 'ear summink?

CONNOR  
Nah

TRACEY  
Did ya like tha'?

CONNOR  
Not really.



He kisses her, they make out.

CUT TO:

22

INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 14

22

JOY

Okay. Why is Connor here?

Tracey shrugs and mimes "Jesus" out of sight from Connor.

CONNOR

To get to know ya.

JOY

Okay, and you are...?

CONNOR

I'm Connor, I met you earlier?  
(whispered to Tracey)  
You didn't tell me she was ill.  
(to Joy)  
I'm Connor. Tracey's man.

BOY TRACY

Her waste-man.

CONNOR

I swear down if you didn't look so  
much like her I woulda smashed your  
face in by now ya fuckin' prick.

Tracey holds her head in her hands.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

There's dignity in the milk o' dis  
cow 'n your pumpin' me dry Trace.

BOY TRACY

's'dat s'posed to be poetic?

CYNTHIA

It doesn't even rhyme.

BOY TRACY

Hurry up 'n dump dis eedjiot.

CONNOR

What?

TRACEY

What?

CYNTHIA giggles.

BOY TRACY  
 He's even intoxicated your  
 sister with alcoholic  
 chocolate get rid of 'im  
 before he does anymore  
 damage.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
 Connor, what you done?

CONNOR  
 Whass 'e mean 'dump him'?

TRACEY  
 (to Cynthia)  
 Are you okay?

CYNTHIA  
 (imitating)  
 "Are you okay"

Cynthia laughs at her imitation of Tracey and wobbles toward the liqueurs, Tracey tries to steer her away.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 "Oh I'm Tracey, look at my crisis  
 of faith in and amidst this dark  
 confusing world Penis in my mouth,  
 took it back out learned my lesson,  
 overcame, now stronger". Well guess  
 what, I'm engaged.

CONNOR  
 You're not breaking up with me. You  
 fancy 'im? Tell 'im you're mine.

TRACEY  
 You'll be alright you just need  
 water- can someone--

CYNTHIA  
 I said I'm engaged.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 (slurred and slow)  
 I'm gonna be sick.

She hurls. Connor deviously hands her a jacket.

CONNOR  
 Use Little Boy Tracy's jacket.

Cynthia throws up into it. Connor rubs Cynthia's back.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
 There we go, 's'dat bettah?

TRACEY  
 Thass *my* jacket.

CYNTHIA  
 (to Connor)  
 Don't rescue me, don't need another  
 white saviour, I have one.  
 (MORE)

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Want my fiance. Fee-yon-say.  
 (to Tracey)  
 Who will you marry? Bee-yon-say.  
 (to Connor)  
*That's how you rhyme.*

The intercom rings. They freeze. Who's going to get the door?  
 They all look to Tracey, she goes off in a huff.

CUT TO:

23 INT. TRACEY'S FRONT DOOR. DAY 14. 23

RONALD is on the other side of the door.

RONALD  
 Tracey.

TRACEY  
 Nope.

She slams the door.

CUT TO:

24 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 14 24

Tracey enters a living room full of chaos. Connor and Boy  
 Tracy argue, Cynthia screams, gags and sticks her head back  
 into Tracey's jacket. Joy summons the Holy spirit. Her and  
 Tracey lock eyes, Joy ignores her and leaves. \*

TRACEY  
 Mum? Mum? \*

Ronald hobbles into the house and dusts off his crisp suit. \*

RONALD  
 You live on a deprived estate. You  
 should consider auto-lock. Oh,  
 leftovers, may I? Whaddis this  
 chicken? Is it grilled?

He continues under the thunderous arguments. Tracey can  
 hardly think. She picks up a glass and throws it onto the  
 carpet floor. It doesn't make noise, or break.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
 I thought that'd be louder.

She throws another one, this time narrating the sound.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
BANG. CRASH.

They all fall silent and look at her.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with all of you?  
What is this, this stupid,  
stupid shit? You- (Connor)  
you don't own me, I'm mine, I  
don't wanna break up with you  
I'm just very unhappy in the  
relationship what's so hard  
to understand about that  
fuckin' ell?

CYNTHIA  
(to herself)

Oo, look at how  
confidently I use  
profanities.

TRACEY  
...I shouldn't feel like a  
disturbance to games, or porn, or a  
bitch fight with my cousin. Why  
would I wanna go out with Boy  
Tracy? It'd be like dating myself,  
there'd be no conflict, no  
arguments.

For a moment she realises this sounds *great*...then shakes it  
off. She turns to Ronald.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
And you, I don't feel safe right  
now, 'coz you're crazy. You got the  
crazies. You abused me. It wasn't  
severe abuse, it was mild, diluted  
very watered down, but still abuse.  
You tried to put hair growth cream  
in my nostrils, and all of my face  
while I was praying 'coz you were  
always tryn'ah change me but guess  
wha'? You can't change a vagina and  
breasts, droopy breasts, my breasts  
are frowning in sadness, when they  
think of your abuse I've lost my  
trail of thought. Just- embrace  
yourself and leave me alone 'coz I  
would rather kiss my own fucking  
cousin then ever hold your hand,  
again.

\*  
\*

Boy Tracy smiles.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Tracy? You cannot fuck your cousins we will never go back to a time when that is okay, and we will never go into a time when iss trendy or quirky-cool.

BOY TRACY

It's legal in the UK.

TRACEY

I didn't know that. I've got a drunk sister to take care of. Help me or all of you get out.

Connor, all angry jaw and sad eyes since Tracey spoke up, makes a noisy, attention-seeking, stropopy exit. Tracey pretends to ignore it.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

(to Cynthia)

You're gonna be fine I promise.

She holds Cynthia's head and rubs her back.

CYNTHIA

I want my fiance to rub my back.

TRACEY

You don't have a fiance Cynthia what you need is water- can someone get.....?

\*  
\*

Ronald comes over and rubs Cynthia's back.

CYNTHIA

Thanks babe.

RONALD

Yeah, we're engaged, I did say we were gonna be more than friends.

CYNTHIA

Sorry Tra--

Cynthia hurls a final time into the jacket.

CUT TO:

25

INT. TRACEY'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.14

25

Tracey lays on Joy's chest.

JOY

No more tears. My dear, let your  
yes be yes and your no be no, be  
clear about what you want and then  
no one can walk all over you. 'Yes  
Mum?'

TRACEY

(chuckles)

Yes Mum

Tracey dries her eyes. Joy smiles.

JOY

Hehe, there you go. I've left your  
things in the downsteps.

TRACEY

Thanks.

Beat

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Why?

JOY

Well of course you cannot live in  
this house after your recent  
galavantics, you want to forget the  
Lord? Okay, when you come crawling  
back to His gates better mind out  
he has not forgotten to cut you a  
key. Anyway Goodnight my dear  
(shouting)  
Cynthia?

Joy leaves. A heartbroken Tracey sobs and panics.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

Oh my God, oh my God, my mum just  
kicked me out--wha' you? Did you  
go? Oh...

END.

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 5 Notes

10:06:19

Unfortunately I am clearly corpsing here.

Do we have a take where i am not? Or do you think this looks okay?

10:06:54

the gasp is so not right. it might be because frankly that crowd don't gasp like that. so we'd need to ADR in a younger more diverse reaction (same with Episode 1 when kadiff slaps candice)

some quiet concoction of "rehhhhh" "raaaaah" "pffff" "gasp" "hahaha"

10:10:21:06

this is a good place for some Lady Leshurr music : female rapper from birmingham about to blow- it'll be bang on trend by the time we open and beyond.

10:11:36

I wasn't sure whether we needed Tracey PTC to make Connor's appearance at the door actually carry some cost? So we think for a second she might fancy her cousin and is disgusted and embarrassed by it? That was the point- which is missed now.

10:11:48

Connor....DOESN'T notice tracey's ashamed of him, can I know why we put this here? this means that he is purposely trying to terrorise her, is that what we now want? I thought it should be more like "IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE ASHAMED OF ME"

10:12:02:22

i feel this this interrupts the humour of cynthia's line. seeing his white milky face then hearing "i'm lactose intolerant" and put the boy trace's arm around tracey's chair somewhere else around this?

10:12:30

Do we need tracey's PTC? I don't know whether it takes away from the funny or adds to it.

10:13:00

do we need trace's "whats wrong what are you doing?"

10:14:20

This feels like wrong sting. feels like the dinner has ended and didn't work, can we replace it with one of shakka's more pensive ones? from fat Leshas scene maybe?

10:19:55

there's definitely a better take- one that doesn't ruin the laugh on her reaction to the legality of cousin to cousin marriages.

Can we experiment with trace's played down version- her line to boy tracey "you can't fuck your cousins.?"

10:21:40

after "recent galavantics...." feel like we need a reaction shot from tracey here then back to Mum



CHEWING GUM

Episode 6

"Tolled Road"

Written and Created by  
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GOLD SHOOTING  
SCRIPT  
06.07.2015

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1 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE SQUARE. DAY 15 1

Tracey carries a bin bag away from the intercom door.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
When you fall to the bottom you  
find out who your true friends are.

Joy, from the balcony, drops down the Bible and more of Tracey's clothes and shoes. Tracey doesn't look back.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
(shouts to Joy)  
I don't want them, I have all I  
need. You've kicked me out of my  
own home, I am not pleased I do not  
like you anymore I will not bow,  
Mum.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
I'm only goin' across the square I  
just pop back if I need anything.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CANDICE'S BEDROOM NIGHT 15 2

Tracey lies in between Candice and Aaron. She finishes a big bag of popcorn, crumbs fall on the bed, Candice removes it with no fuss.

TRACEY  
Fanks babe. I love it here.

CANDICE  
Love havin' you here. 4am though.

She spoons Candice, and grins to the Camera. Aaron stares at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

3 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 3

Tracey hands clothes from a bin bag to Candice who folds them into Candice's drawers. Connor lingers by the door - things still not quite right between him and Tracey.

TRACEY  
Friends ain't just your friend 'coz  
they think you're a deala a'  
cocaine or want a three-way 'coz  
you're Lupita Queen of the darkies  
and he's a white chocolate god'  
he's not a white chocolate god,  
he's a kid;  
(MORE)

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
he's the milky bar kid, he's got a  
pay-as-you-go SIM card.  
My *friends* chose me because I'm  
amazing. Oh-your family don't  
choose ya. Hey, my sister is  
marrying my gay ex boyfriend  
tomorrow. Talk to 'er? I tried, I  
said--

CUT TO:

4 EXT. BALCONY. DAY. FLASHBACK 4

Tracey talks to Cynthia.

TRACEY  
(to Cynthia)  
He's gay. He's gay. He's gay. He's

NEW ANGLE:

5 INT. TRACEY'S LIVING ROOM. DAY. FLASHBACK 5

We realise Cynthia is not actually with Tracey. Cynthia  
blissfully stands on a pedestal trying on a veil. Joy  
meticulously straightens the dress. Tracey can be seen in  
their window shouting with big gestures.

TRACEY (BACKGROUND)  
He's gay. He's gay. He's gay. He's

CYNTHIA  
Can you draw the curtains back?  
Thank you.

Cynthia admires herself in a mirror.

CUT TO:

6 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 6

Candice continues to fold. Connor waves and heads for the  
door. Under Tracey's dialogue we hear him call out a 'bye' to  
Aaron and a shower cut off.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
Not even a hen night invitation,  
but who wants to go a kiddie  
restaurant on a hen? I do, you know  
why? 'Coz man like me has got a  
fing planned but for now, here I  
am; B.O in this armpit, a bloody  
period in my knickers, and a best  
friend, who loves having me here.

Connor leans back in.

CONNOR  
Yeah, Trace when you moving in with me?

TRACEY  
I just wanna live with mix race people first before I make the full transition, remba? I've never lived with white people before.

CONNOR  
Right...I've never heard nothin' like that before.

TRACEY  
Issa black thing.

He nods, confused, and leaves. Tracey shrugs to the camera.

CUT TO:

7 DELETED 7

8 INT. FURNITURE STORE. DAY 16 8

Connor walks in to the store, CV in hand, out of place, he approaches Jethro (mid 40's) but says nothing. A distracted Jethro is on his iPad, the site reads "UPLOAD YOUR REVENGE PORN NOW", and "30% UPLOADED".

CONNOR  
Are you da guy?  
JETHRO  
What?  
CONNOR  
I'm supposed to be talkin' to someone.

JETHRO  
Ah. Connor Jones, Jethro, store manager.

They walk.

JETHRO (CONT'D)  
I thought you'd be older, it said on your CV you were previously a pilot?

CONNOR

My mum dun it, she's gonna kick me out if I don't get a job I reckon she made up shit.

CUT TO:

9 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 9

Candice is still packing away Tracey's stuff, unimpressed. Tracey's shifting on her feet impatiently.

CANDICE

So this is what? Like some private investigator shit? If Cynthia finds out he's gay- some people can't handle the truth you know.

Aaron enters, wet from the shower, drying his hair with a towel.

AARON

Goin' shops, babe, want anything?

CANDICE

Get tampons.

TRACEY

I use pads actually, tampons are for whores. Thank you Aaron.

Candice grinds her jaw, irritated, but says nothing. Just puts Tracey's things away more forcefully.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Cynthia needs to know Ronald's gay, so we get Ronald to say he's gay, and- diss crucial; we record it. The recording is sent to me when I'm at the hen night--

CANDICE

You're not invited.

TRACEY

I know, d'ju have any fucks to borrow? 'Coz I've ran out of fucks to give. I'll speakerphone that shit to her direct Ron sayin "Mmm I love balls or urgh, the vagina", iss gonna be glorious, she'll have no choice but to believe.

CANDICE

Who's gonna record it?

TRACEY

Yeah, I need to borrow your boyfriend.

CANDICE

No.

TRACEY

He's my friend though. Innit you're my friend aswell? Innit? Innit? Aaron, please, all you have to do is dress up, look good, and sweeten him up, he'll take the bait we broke up 5 minutes ago I've already seen him with two guys.

CANDICE

Tracey how you gonna pimp my man. Aaron, don't (even--)

AARON

Candice just be quiet and lemme fink man.

Aaron thinks.

AARON (CONT'D)

I'm honoured to help save a woman from 50 years of a marriage of deceit and confusion.

CANDICE

(to Aaron)

Wha' da rass, man?

TRACEY

Thanks homie.

AARON

I'm glad to help. Eckhart Tolle says that--

TRACEY

No no no don't go quoting dead people's abstract shit just do what I told you. Woop I better get ready. Oh buy floss please and red top milk not green if you're still goin' shops thanks.

Tracey heads out. Candice looks at a grinning Aaron.

CANDICE

Aaron. Don't listen to her yeah?

AARON  
I know, he's alive, and the most influential spiritual teacher of the millennium.

CANDICE  
Not that, the shop stuff.

AARON  
But whass she gonna do for her cereal? I can't neglect her.

CANDICE  
You ain't never heard of coco pops and tap water?

CUT TO:

10 INT. FURNITURE STORE FORMAL AREA. DAY 16 10

An awkward Connor fidgets, sat opposite Jethro at a desk.

JETHRO  
So what do you think is important when it comes to customer service?

CONNOR  
Being friendly innit.

JETHRO  
What is "friendly"?

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Being a friend innit. When someone's open... 'n accepts you... challenges you 'n dat? Like my girl, she does those things therefore she ain't just my girl, she's my friend, you can't--

JETHRO  
But in terms of customer serv--

CONNOR  
'old on bruvva lemme finish...

Connor contemplates.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Can't 'av too many friends...like diamonds; if you only got one...you treasure that ting for everything i'ss worth, conversely, you got bare diamonds, inevitably the worth of each individual one is devalued.

Jethro shifts around in his seat.

JETHRO  
You know some big words.

CONNOR  
Know 'em bu' don't use really 'em.  
'Coz the brain might enjoy breakin'  
'em down but the heart, the heart  
ain't concerned. The heart just  
wants to know it's safe, it's door  
is narrow...a tiny little word  
don't need to fight it's way in.

Connor smiling. Jethro looks guilty.

JETHRO  
One sec.

He rushes onto his iPad. The Revenge Porn site reads "95%  
UPLOADED" He clicks "CANCEL UPLOAD".

JETHRO (CONT'D)  
When can you start?

CONNOR  
Serious? Fuck.

CUT TO:

11 INT. CHILDREN'S RESTAURANT. DAY 16 11

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
Mum said commercial food chains  
were satanic and Cynthia cried, she  
was only 7 so this Chicken Nugget  
Hen Night shit actually makes  
sense.

Across the restaurant Cynthia is in the Play place and is  
running around the slides and ladders in euphoria. The staff  
play hide and seek with her. She sees Tracey with her two  
friends - MAGDALENE and AMY (all pretty, sharply dressed, mid  
20's) and immediately freezes.

CUT TO:

12 INT. LAD'S PUB. DAY 16 12

Aaron leans on the bar; effortlessly sexy, he sees Ronald  
with about 8 church lads. They bang tables and pour a bottle  
straight into his mouth- a bottle of Tango.

LADS  
Drink drink drink drink.



It splashes all over his face. Peter (mid 20's, white, massive jester hat) cheers especially loud.

Ronald comes giddily to the bar. Aaron near, watching him.

RONALD  
Can I get another round of Tango's please? Thanks.

AARON  
I'll get 'em in. Congratulations on the life sentence.

RONALD  
Ha, thanks. Was she a no-show?

AARON  
He. Yeah.

RONALD  
Why don't you go home instead of drinking yourself to paralysis?

AARON  
(hesitates)  
Firstly, I'm teetotal but thass beside the point; I'm here 'coz life is a dancer and I'm the dance.

Ronald is impressed.

RONALD  
Eckhart Tolle.

AARON  
You know about Tolle?

RONALD  
Yeah, that's from the second one, erm- A New--

AARON  
--A New Earth, yeah.

They smile and nod like friends, mutually appreciative.

Peter grabs Ronald's shoulder, pulls him back to the party.

RONALD  
We're playing games later if ya--

AARON  
I might, yeah.

CUT TO:

13 INT. CHILDREN'S RESTAURANT. DAY. 16 13

The girls are sat around a table; fast food, kids games.  
Cynthia lines up her chips.

TRACEY  
Cynthia, Cynthia? Ronald plucks his  
chest hair.

Cynthia ignores her. MAGDALENE turns to Tracey.

MAGDALENE AMY  
Are you still with the Lord I  
heard you backslid and fell  
into pregnancy? Prostitution.

TRACEY  
Oh shut up everyone knows you wear  
bum pads Magdalene, shut up.

MAGDALENE  
Wow. Just in case you didn't know,  
you totally have a demonic spirit.

TRACEY  
Just in case you didn't know your  
Mum sucks my dick on Thursday's.

CYNTHIA  
Magdalene who are you talking to?

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
You know how you can block negative  
people from Twitter? Cynthia can do  
exactly that with her brain. I'ss  
like self-hypnosis, like Derren  
Brown, it's true.

Tracey writes down "He's gay" on a piece of paper and puts it  
in front of Cynthia. Cynthia looks at it, it is completely  
blank. She begins to draw a love heart on it.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA) (CONT'D)  
If I throw this in her face she's  
gonna what? Look right through me  
with chips in her eye?

Cynthia doesn't react. Tracey throws chips. A MOTHER at a  
nearby table tuts at the behaviour.

An alarm rings on Cynthia's phone.

CYNTHIA  
6.53pm Time for another present.

MAGDALENE

My turn my turn...For those  
nights...?

MAGDALENE reveals white plain PJ's the girls giggle  
naughtily. Tracey imitates.

CYNTHIA

It's not very revealing.

TRACEY

I know what's revealing; Ronald  
hides a photography magazine called  
Jesus under his bed, under his bed,  
do you know what kind of magazines  
boys hide under their beds?

Tracey looks at her phone: 2 missed calls from Connor. She  
grabs packets of sauce and lobs them at Cynthia, who has no  
idea they're hitting her.

The MOTHER points Tracey out to her HUSBAND. Both look  
disapproving. Tracey gives them a scornful look. They look  
away

CYNTHIA

Hey you- (waitress) come here.

Waitress approaches.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

First day? Ah, thought so, that's -  
that's admirable. You enjoying it?  
Thrilling. Look, do you see  
anything disturbing about the  
current situation on the table..?  
I'll help you. Our fries are cold,  
because we don't have our burgers.  
Unless you *want* your first and last  
day to be identical in date; 3 fish  
fillet kids burger. Go.

AMY

(whispered to waitress)  
Just two I'm low carb.

CYNTHIA

What was that?

AMY

I'm...low carb.

CYNTHIA

Congratulations sit on the floor  
over there.

AMY

Are you serious?

CYNTHIA

I shouldn't have to think about weight loss on my hen night.

AMY does so with frustration on her face.

TRACEY

Yeah Amy sit your dumbass on the floor blad. Cynthia, Cynthia?

Tracey throws some unused straws and napkins at Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

It's a shame Tracey couldn't come.

MAGDALENE

AMY

Mmmm

Mmmm

TRACEY

Oh, so nonna you lot can see me yeah? Eedjats.

CYNTHIA

I can be there for her but trying to end my marriage before it's started-that kind of jealousy is best kept at a distance? you know?

MAGDALENE

Mmmm prostitutes are generally best kept at a distance, mmm.

CYNTHIA

Ronald is not gay.

CUT TO:

14 INT. LADS BAR. DAY 16

14

The games are in full swing- Aaron and Ronald sweat profusely and arm wrestle while Peter (mid 20's, white, massive jester hat) gather round cheering and booing. Ronald grins, making serious eye contact with Aaron. Aaron wins. They cheer.

RONALD

Argh man.

AARON

Oi don't be a sore loser control that pain-body.

RONALD

You're right...but (*joking*) one more round.

PETER

I think you better save all that energy for the honeymoon Ron.

They all laugh and tease. Ronald and friends say their goodbye's and thank you to the bar staff as they separate and filter out. Aaron starts panicking having not collected the proof for Tracey, he talks to Ron quietly

AARON

How about you and I grab another somewhere else?

RONALD

Nah you're alright. Hope you find some mates.

Ronald walks off. Aaron is shocked.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. LONDON. DAY 16 16

Aaron walks home gutted. He hears sex noises and looks in an alley way, Ronald and PETER making out. Gutted.

AARON

(to himself)

Seriously, that prat?

He gets his phone and starts filming, gutted.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CHILDREN'S RESTAURANT. DAY 16 17

Tracey stands behind Cynthia. Shouting.

TRACEY

Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia, Cynthia!

Disturbed, MOTHER and FATHER are having an unheard "someone should say something" talk.

Tracey receives a Vine from Aaron; Ronald and Peter making out. She slaps it on the table.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

I've done it, there.

Cynthia sees a blank screen.

CYNTHIA

Will we get ice cream at some point? Oh, someone's phone.

TRACEY

Whaddo I have to do for you to hear me?

The mother and father's KID laughs. Tracey turns sharply to him, terrifying:

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Bruv, laugh at me again? Yeah thass what I thought, eat your fuckin' nuggets.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CHILDREN'S RESTAURANT. DAY 16 18

Security guards escort Tracey out. She doesn't fight it. Now numb.

TRACEY

I'm sorry I'm on my period.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

19 INT. CANDICE'S BEDROOM. DAY 17 19

Candice, Aaron and Tracey in bed top and tail; Tracey at the bottom with her feet on their chests, fast asleep. Aaron wired, Candice exhausted.

AARON

I bought him drinks, I let him beat me in black jack, I made him laugh.

CANDICE

Right.

AARON

But like, you know when you actually get on. I was charming, so charming, why did it not work?

CANDICE

It did work, you got the vine-

AARON

No but how could he go for the other guy? I just don't get it. I need to think.

He leaves. Candice kisses her teeth and throws a pillow at Tracey's head. As if from a bad dream she shouts;

TRACEY

Jesus

Her massive movement causes the duvet to uncover the bed, A massive patch of blood is revealed. They stare at it, then look at her. It's clearly her blood. Tracey hesitates.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Jeeze, what did you guys get up to last night?

Candice livid.

CUT TO:

20 INT. CANDICE'S TOILET. DAY 17 20

Candice and Esther outside the bathroom door, Tracey inside, on the toilet seat. She's trying to put a tampon in with great difficulty.

TRACEY  
It's not going in

CANDICE  
Angle it to the back of the wall.

Tracey looks around the bathroom.

TRACEY  
Which one and why would I do that?

ESTHER  
Just spit on it and shove it in like a dick.

TRACEY  
Oh, it's not going in.

CANDICE  
Lie on your back and pretend it's your man's dick.

Tracey does so, she puts her legs on the toilet seat.

TRACEY  
Mmmm, Jay Z, mmm Jay Z come on, yes.

Candice and Esther look at each other.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
It's in!

She comes out of the bathroom.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for that.

Candice hands her fresh sheets.

ESTHER  
You can change the sheets now.

TRACEY  
(whispered)  
Candice. Doesn't the help do that?

CANDICE  
Who's the help?

TRACEY  
(mimed)  
Esther?

Esther scowls, Tracey tries to make herself invisible and exits. Candice rolls her eyes.

CUT TO:

21 INT. RONALD'S BEDROOM. DAY 17.

21

A heavily obese Polish man shapes up Ronald's hair. Around the house hustle and bustle of wedding prep can be heard. Tracey looks to Camera and rolls her eyes.

RONALD  
If you've come for drama you've  
picked the wrong day.

TRACEY  
Why are you doin' this?

RONALD  
I had no choice. My regular  
barber's on holiday.

TRACEY  
Ron, you're not gonna make her  
happy, you know -- (you're gay.)

RONALD  
I *know* relationships are bumpy-  
like the rolls on oompaloompah  
here's stomach. \*

TRACEY  
Oh my god.

RONALD  
He doesn't understand a word.  
Greek. \*

Barber smiles. He pretends to give instructions about his hair.



RONALD (CONT'D)

You're my slave, Eurozonian reject.  
Your family will never be proud of  
you. Now, Oompah, you know, don't  
you? That I can just about tolerate  
one God's mistakes at a time? Why  
is there suddenly two in my house?  
(to Tracey)  
He doesn't know either.

\*  
\*  
\*

TRACEY

You know what--

RONALD

How about I tell you what I know,  
point by point. A) You told me to  
stay away from you, I stayed away  
so you inviting yourself into my  
house, on my wedding day, is  
intriguing.

TRACEY

Get over yourself.

\*

RONALD

Point B) You have lips the  
size of a boat, two boats  
that crashed into each other,  
killing everyone. C) You  
obsess with my love life  
because you can't face the  
mess of your own.

TRACEY (CONT'D)

'least I tried.

\*

TRACEY (CONT'D)

Who told you anythin- you have --  
no--

\*  
\*

She stutters, she fails to respond.

RONALD

Oh that one pinch? You picked the  
first imbecile that blinked at you  
because you're desperate, pitiful  
and lost; tick tick tick, he's the  
definition of a wasteman and it's  
infectious, you'll be the first  
wastewoman.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Tracey has already started leaving.

\*

TRACEY

Fuck your Mum, Ron.

\*  
\*

RONALD

(to barber)  
Make sure she leaves, Grecian ape.

\*  
\*

The barber leaves, shaking his head and smirking. Ronald checks his face and hair in the mirror.

RONALD (CONT'D)  
(into mirror)  
Smoking.

We see the back of Ronald's is hair-shaven unevenly; bald patches across it.

CUT TO:

22 INT. CANDICE'S LIVING ROOM. DAY 17 22

Candice, Aaron and Esther are ready and dressed up for the wedding. Candice and Aaron shout.

AARON  
I'm not upset I'm just confused; I  
look my best, get blown off- iss  
affectin'

CANDICE  
Or maybe there's something you need  
to tell me.

AARON  
I'm not gay. Rejection doesn't have  
a gender, i'ss just rejection.

CANDICE  
All I want is the truth I don't  
care what it is. If you are gay I'm  
willin' to make space for that ya  
get me?

We realise Tracey is on Esther's Gameboy, in Esther's chair, in the background. She summons Esther who pops out of the kitchen hatch.

TRACEY  
Guy it's a bit loud ya know. Esther  
have you hand washed my knickers  
yet.....?

They all stare at her, boiling inwardly. Tracey's baffled.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
....She can't put 'em in the  
machine they get bobbles...What?

CUT TO:

23 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE SQUARE. DAY 17 23

Tracey, with a bin bag, looking up to Esther and Candice

TRACEY  
Cand?

CANDICE

Tracey I love you, we love ya, but  
you're driving everyone crazy. You  
can't stay here.

TRACEY

At least throw me down a non-  
Primark pair of knickers?

Candice closes the window. Mandy calls to Tracey from afar.

MANDY

I still can't believe it. I thought  
he'd have a prison sentence sooner-  
a job. My own son. J'wanna come  
Ikea?

Mandy leaves. Tracey stares at her

CUT TO:

24 INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM/HALLWAY. DAY 17

24

Tracey sits tentatively on the bed, her bags around her.  
Connor shuffles around in a bag in the hall, he's in his  
uniform. The hall's stacked with Ikea boxes. They call to  
each other from adjacent rooms.

TRACEY

Sorry I didn't call back.

CONNOR

I know ya would if ya could...

TRACEY

I'm really proud of ya. Mandy must  
be well happy.

CONNOR

She cried. Then bough' 'alf Ikea.  
Didn't realise how tough it  
actually was for 'er, ya nah?

TRACEY

Can we talk?

CONNOR

(under breath)  
Fuck I love this girl.

He enters the bedroom with a hand behind his back.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Right, before you say anything,  
I've seen the bags, I'd already  
cutted you a key, and I got these.

He reveals a box of sanitary pads.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
The keys are in there.

Tracey's sad. He cuddles her. She lays her head on his chest

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
Dis juss the start.

Her head still on his chest.

TRACEY  
I don't think I love you.

He continues kissing her head and hugging her. Tracey opens her eyes half upset half wondering why she's still in his arms.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Did you hear me?

He let's go as suddenly repulsed. He steps back, scruffles his hair and chuckles.

CONNOR  
I heard the earth crack, yeah....  
You know we can-

He tries to think of something to say, but looks at Tracey's resolved face knows it's over.

CONNOR (CONT'D)  
I need a minute I need to- I dunno  
are you goin' or shall I go?

TRACEY  
It's your house innit...

She puts the sanitary pads down and leaves. He tries to stop himself from crying.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. Uhm. I've had problem  
with this in the past can I just  
confirm--

CONNOR  
I get it, you're leaving me.

TRACEY  
(teary)  
Okay.

CUT TO:

25 EXT. ESTATE PLAYGROUND. DAY 17 25

Tracey mopes along with her bin bag. She plops down on the ground, miserable.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
I got nuffin to say, sorry.

CUT TO:

26 INT. FURNITURE STORE. DAY 17 26

Connor's used every cushion in the store to make a labyrinth around himself. He goes round perfecting the ring of cushions closest to him.

JETHRO  
Connor? Connor?

We see "Tracey" written in biro on his hands. All watch. Jethro shakes his head in disappointment, another EMPLOYEE behind him gapes in astonishment.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. ESTATE PLAYGROUND - DAY 17 27

Tracey is playing a game on her phone, leaning on the swing pillars like she's been there for hours. She hears a voice: Cynthia shouting in Bridezilla mode. She looks up to see MAGDALENE and AMY getting into a white fiat punto; sign on the car: "SMALL LIMOUSINE". Tracey dumps her bag on the floor, runs to the car.

CUT TO:

28 INT. CAR. LONDON DAY 17 28

Tracey reaches the car- she stops MAGDALENE and AMY from getting in and jumps into the back where Cynthia is already seated.

TRACEY  
He's gay. He's gay. He's gay. He's--

CYNTHIA  
(yells)  
Shut up.  
(calm)  
I'm so sick of you. Stop living your life as if it has no knock on effect on anyone else no knock on effect on me.

TRACEY  
I'm sorry? Knock on effect? You're about to marry MY ex boyfriend.

CYNTHIA  
You can drive

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
Hold the gas bruva.

TRACEY (CONT'D)  
He's gay, he's--

CYNTHIA  
(stern/threatening)  
Tracey. Be very careful what you say. Our cycles are synchronised I know you are on your period, I am too. It is not an excuse to act like a psychopath and permanently break family ties because once the blood runs dry, those ties cannot be unbroken.

Beat.

TRACEY  
You're on your period too? The honeymoon? Well. Guess he's got the perfect cover-up for stickin' his dick in your bum tonight.

CYNTHIA  
Argh. Get out of my limousine.

TRACEY  
It's a small, white car, they are different things.

CYNTHIA  
Drive.

29 EXT. CAR. LONDON. DAY 17 29

The car drives steadily down to the community hall; 2 meters away from where it started. Outside, Joy and Groznya (an early 30's Scandinavian woman) stand in colourful attire and head wraps. MAGDALENE and AMY wait patiently in matching dresses. A frustrated Tracey follows to catch them up, depressed and hurt.

CUT TO:

30 INT. CONNOR'S BEDROOM. DAY 17 30

Connor lies on the floor in his boxers. Mandy enters with a manic grin, IKEA catalogue in hand.

MANDY

What you playin' at iss almost 12.

Connor is silent. Mandy suppresses her panic.

MANDY (CONT'D)

D'you wanna go halvsies on a new sofa? Thass bin broken 3 years now....Connor if you're gonna be late you should call em.

CONNOR

The only company I'm currently employed by is loneliness.

MANDY

(blushing grin)

Right. Sacked. Okay.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE SQUARE. DAY 17

31

Connor in his boxers. Mandy chucks all; radio, xbox, phone, out of her window with venom.

MANDY

You're a prison sentence, you're a thorn in my side, in my back, everywhere you're fuckin' acupuncture.

Connor's fury drives him to tears. He empties out a bin bag and picks up two of his poetry books, puts them inside, puts on a hoodie, and abandons the rest of his things.

CONNOR

You fink I don't hate myself? I hate myself.

He walks with his thinly packed bin bag, in his boxers and a hoodie, down the street.

MANDY (O.S.)

(shouting)

You've never met your father, how did you become i'im?

CUT TO:

32 INT. COMMUNITY HALL. DAY 17

32

Wedding hymn music plays. We see Candice and Esther with a distracted Aaron. Tracey walks in. Groznya dances by Joy's side.



TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

I decided to give up, and just let  
be the worst day of my--

Tracey is tapped on the shoulder, it's Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

Get out of my way. And let me be  
seen. For once.

Tracey recognises that she's in the middle of the isle,  
mortified and embarrassed, she sits down. Cynthia walks, Ron  
hobbles. Groznya accompanies Joy with percussion.

JOY

I say therefore to the unmarried  
and the widows; it is good for them  
to abide even as I. But if they  
cannot contain, let them marry, for  
it is better to marry than to burn.  
1st Corinthians Chapter 7 vs 8- 9  
Praise the Lord for some wise words  
you should all tattoo on your  
nether regions.

AARON

I just don't get it.

CANDICE

Oh my days. Iss calm babe. You're  
the only person who cares...she  
said there'd be free food.

ESTHER

's the only reason why I come

JOY

Hey hey shut up Candy.

CANDICE

Who's she tellin' to shut up?

ESTHER

She wants a punch in the gut.

JOY

What God has put together no man  
can put asunder, ehm. Vows:

RONALD

Glory to God in the highest, peace  
to His people on earth hallelujah?

JOY

Hallelujah. Say a few words to your  
apparent wife.

Cynthia double takes then brushes off Joy's weirdly phrased  
statement. Ronald takes the mic. He looks hesitant, and sad.  
As he speaks his head can't help but drift to Aaron.

RONALD

I fell in love the moment you saw me, for who I was. And to love- is to look at yourself through the eye's of another.

AARON

(to himself)

Hold up a minute.

RONALD

And when you do, you lose control of who you want to be, what you want to be seen as, and...it's not so bad; letting go; you won't die, in fact, you might just 'live'. And it won't matter, if people can't handle that it won't matter, they are limiting themselves, let them go. Whenever you interact with people, don't be there primarily as a function or a role, but as the field of conscious Presence.

AARON

Hold...up...

a...what...

he's talkin' to me

He's talkin' like my man, he's talkin' like Tolle, I swear down what the...NO. Get the fuck out.

Candice, Tracey and Aaron mime "field of conscious presence"

CANDICE/TRACEY/AARON

Eckhart Tolle/ Oh  
shit/Ohhhh/he's gonna say it

ESTHER

The weird fella wi' da spirit  
book.

RONALD

You can only lose something that you have, but you cannot lose something that you are.

(genuine depth)

I'm gay. I'm gay. I'm a gay man.  
Cynthia. This is me.

Cynthia bursts into tears.

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)

That's the nicest thing he's ever  
said.

Joy takes Cynthia's hands and assists her away from the  
centre of attention.

JOY

It's okay, it's okay dear.

Joy, hides her joy, and mimes a massive "thank you" to God.  
Cynthia walks back down the isle to Tracey, she tries to spit  
at her- it hits the chair. Tracey's baffled, Cynthia's  
reaches the end of the pews and turns.

CYNTHIA

Hey, hey, hubby- I am not my  
sister, I will be the ruination of  
your entire life.

(to Mother)

Suddenly I'm hungry mother.

Ronald makes his way out. Him and Aaron look at one another.

RONALD

I don't know uhm, how you feel, but  
I know how I do, and I would really  
like to get to know you.

AARON

That's actually made my day, I was  
so--

CANDICE

He's not gay.

RONALD

Oh okay, right I see.

He composes himself walks a few yard away, then goes apeshit.  
He kicks a stack of chairs, he smashes the radio to the floor-  
it hits his foot. He screams in pain.

CUT TO:

33 EXT. ESTATE CENTRE SQUARE. DAY 17

33

Sound: Coel ft Shakka - We're The Losers

Connor smokes by the bins, hiding his legs. Bin bag in hand.  
Tracey picks up her bin bag. And looks at Connor, at his  
trouser-less legs, the embarrassment, pain and anger in his  
face. He shakes his head and walks away coldly. He tries to  
cover his legs with the bin bag.

Beat. Tracey takes off her skirt and follows him, carrying  
it.

We CRANE UP as they walk away. The estate stretches in one  
direction, the open road in the other - and that's where  
Tracey and Connor go.

Tracey and Connor both walking bare legged. Tracey holds her  
skirt in her hands. Connor looks back. Tracey breathes a sigh  
of relief. He waits for her to catch up.

TRACEY

D'you want a fruit pastel?

CONNOR

What flavour?

TRACEY  
Purple, das the only one I don't  
eat, sorry.

CONNOR  
Issit? Thass the only one I like.

TRACEY  
Who only likes purple fruit  
pastels?

CONNOR  
Who only hates 'em?

TRACEY  
Probably loadsa people are like  
that they just don't come forward.

CONNOR  
Yeah.

TRACEY  
Where we goin'?

CONNOR  
You got a passport?

TRACEY  
Nah.

CONNOR  
Cash?

TRACEY  
Nah.

CONNOR  
Probably not far then.

We watch them walk away. Mid-conversation, Tracey turns to  
us:

TRACEY (TO CAMERA)  
You comin' or what?

And they walk on...

Pulling up out and away we can just make out bin bags, bum  
cheeks, and arms flailing in passionate conversation...

34 DELETED

34

END. \*

Oh Ellard!

You great man

Beautiful cuts, beautiful cuts, I know they are beautiful because I don't know what they are.

Have made cuts and kept the Coel in it. Addressed the note I got from execs which I thought was pretty awesome re periods; had a go. Lemme know what you think- not sure if i've hit the line right yet.

## Chewing Gum — Season 1 Episode 6 Notes

One of the ADR's when Tracey is walking away from her mums house could be "I'm gonna live with Candice"

Top of Investigation Gay-Ron

We need to establish harder that Tracey is a nuisance:

When Candice picks up the knickers ADR on her silent but moving lips: "errr"

When Tracey is heading out before Candice gives her the knickers can we ADR a Candice line (while camera on Tracey/Kadiff)

Candice: "You ain't tidied..."

Then Tracy's cutting her off with "I think I will wear these"

Do we have a snappier take of Connor telling Jethro that his mum made up his CV?

This monologue about the heart: fine to cut but must make sense/ the only lines I suggest we keep in "know em but hate to use em" then go straight to the heart ain't concerned.

Peter; save everybody for honeymoon Ron

Stags ADR; yeaaaaah/ayyyyy!!!!!!

When Tracey is hurling chip BOXES

at Cynthia - when the camera is on Cynthia- can we ADR

Tracey "he's gay"

So would be "Cynthia he's gay".

When Candice drops Tracey's bin bag - - do we have a different "CANDICE" one of confusion - not "whatever calm down Candice" which is the tone we currently have.

Break up scene;

When Conor gives Tracey panty- liners : Connor ADR; "you said Candice only had tampons so..."

(As Tracey takes the panty liner box)

Do we need "I've had problems with this in the past? "

Was funny every time we did it in a read but doesn't work (to me) in the context of the scene ... I think when she goes to leave we can leave it on Connor or cut with Tracey walking out.

Cynthia should not whimper- she should "mmhmm" as if she completely understands it's as if he said he's asked did you wash the dishes "



That's it

Thank you to Colin Wright and my housemate Ashley Fraser Davies I have no tech smarts, they helped me put this together very quickly.

Love Michaela