

We Should've Done Titanic

Cast

KELLY: Bubbly cheerleader (17-18)

PIERRE: French accent and cockiness (17-18)

FRANKIE: Miserable Emo (17-18)

ROXIE: Cynical and 8½ months pregnant (17-18)

Setting: A drama classroom with a sofa and two chairs, as well as assorted objects such as lamps, tables, magazines strewn about.

Scene 1

Frankie, Roxie and Pierre are on stage. Roxie, heavily pregnant, is sitting on a chair on the right of stage, eating from a packet of cookies. Pierre, French, is sitting on the sofa, and Frankie, an Emo, is sitting on the armrest. Enter Kelly in a cheerleading outfit.

Kelly: Sorry, I'm late. [Pierre pushes Frankie off armrest] Cheerleading ran over. Hi babe! [sits next Pierre, kissing him on the cheek, draping her legs over him] So what have I missed?

Pierre: [quickly] Nothing.

Kelly: O...K...then [5 second awkward pause, Frankie and Pierre exchange looks] Do we actually have a play?

[pause]

Pierre/Frankie/Roxie: No.

[Pause]

Kelly: [sudden, shrilly] OH MY GOD!

Roxie: [to Frankie, mockingly] Oh my God!

Kelly: [staring, open mouthed at Roxie] Did you just - oh my God, do you think we should do Titanic too?!

Roxie: [flat] Yes.

Kelly: Oh my God, wouldn't that be so much fun, can you imagine-

Frankie: It's got to be original!

Roxie: Aw, and I was so looking forward to watching her [Kelly] drown.

Kelly: [ignoring Roxie] Ok, then, if you want to be all whatever!

[turning to Pierre] Oh my God, it was so funny in cheerleading, this -
[to Roxie] Oh, I'm really sorry you didn't get in at tryouts the other day. It was a tough decision. You were really close.

Roxie: [flat] How close.

Kelly: 23rd.

Roxie: [sarcastically] Ooooh! 23rd!

Kelly: So if, like, one person from the squad and the other 23 rejects from tryouts all come down with, like, crabs, or acne or scurvy or something, I will definitely call you.

Roxie: Scurvy?

Kelly: Yeah!

Roxie: Could happen.

Kelly: Yeah, exactly, I'm so glad you understand. [turns to Pierre, whilst Roxie mimes killing Kelly] My parents are away next weekend, and I was thinking we could - [whispers dirty things to Pierre]

Frankie: Cheerleading?

Roxie: I had a bet going on with the college nurse that I could cheerlead whilst rocking a nine month bun.

Frankie: How dumb do you have to be to make a stupid bet like that?

Roxie: Yeah, well, I don't really like talking about it in my fragile state.

[Kelly stops whispering]

Pierre: Ooh la la! [flat] Maybe we should come up with an idea.

Kelly: But -

Pierre: Now. [pause] We should do the life cycle of a frog, cycling up a big hill in France with a baguette in his hands.

Roxie: You just got the French in one sentence. I would offer you a cookie, but...I don't want to.

Frankie: Its got to be not stupid!

Pierre: I am offended. [goes to sulk in a corner] Jesus fucking Christ!

Kelly: Oh, Pierre, come back. She didn't mean it, did you?

Frankie: Didn't I?

Kelly: No, now tell him you didn't mean it otherwise...I'll get all the other cheerleaders to make your life miserable!

Frankie: My life is already miserable.

Kelly: Oh, yeah... Well - just come back, babe! [Pierre returns, incredibly annoyed, Kelly whispers sweet nothings in his ear]

Pierre: She can regain my trust by singing the La Marseillaise. [to Kelly] The French National Anthem.

Frankie: Sod off.

Kelly: [to Pierre] That's a pretty crappy national anthem. But at least France has you to make up for it. Although I have you now!

Roxie: [breaks, practically screaming] Just because you have a new boyfriend doesn't mean that the world has suddenly turned in to a giant, pink, fat-free, marshmallow. The Bring It On films still and always will suck; Lady Cutalot, here, still can't decide what to do with her fucking hair and I haven't taken a dump since Wednesday. Why don't we just do Romeo and Juliet if you two are going to be sucking each other's faces off.

Frankie: ITS GOT TO BE BLOODY ORGINIGAL!

Kelly: But I wanna be Juliet, like, the most famous Shakespeare girl there is, with all the pretty clothes and - *oh my God*, can I give you a makeover?! Then maybe I can make you look good enough to get a boyfriend! Not one as hot as Pierre [Pierre responds with exaggerated movements], or as funny as Pierre, or as French as Pierre - but maybe someone on the chess team? Do we *have* a chess team?

[Frankie glares at Kelly then storms off, exit right]

Pierre: I have to, as you say, walk the dog. [runs off after Frankie, exit right]

Roxie: Oh well done, you angered the emo.

Kelly: [not listening] I was only trying to help. GOD! [storms off, exit left]

Roxie: [looks around stage] Why do I get the feeling I'm not supposed to be here. [baby kicks] Ow! Ok. I can take a hint. [kick] OW! Stop it! I'm leaving the room now! [kick] Mummy *will* play Cliff Richard songs to you for the rest of your life if you don't stop kicking. [pause] That's what I thought. [goes off stage]

[Blackout]

Scene 2

*No one is on stage, although the sofa and chairs are still there.
Pierre enters.*

Pierre: [claps] Okay, now we can hold our open auditions. You will all come down and audition for the part of 'priest'.

Enter Frankie and Kelly who sit on the sofa, Pierre in-between them like judges. Roxie enters with a clip board.

Roxie: [mumbling] That's right, make the pregnant girl do all the standing up. [she stands centre stage] Who would like to audition for the role of Priest? If no one puts a hand up then I will have to chose someone at random - and when I say random, I mean the people who looks like they would shit themselves if I chose them. Ah, you. Come. [Roxie picks someone from the audience and places him next to her, backs to the audience] What is your name? [doesn't give the audience member long enough to answer] Fabulous. Now, act priestly.

Kelly: Can you hum a colour for me?

Pierre: What is your favourite type of cheese?

Frankie: What is your opinion on death?

Roxie takes the audience member goes back to the audience. An actress has been placed in the audience to be an auditioner.

Roxie: Right. Next!

[Actress frantically jumps up and down, arm in the air]

Roxie: Ah, yes, the girl with the boobs, come up. [Actress comes onto stage] What is your name? Who cares. Right, act priestly.

Roxie moves to the side again as the actress sings a song.

Frankie: Too happy. Go. [Actress sits down]

Roxie: Right, anyone else want to audition. [A women in a priest costume has been placed in the audience who raises her arm up] Oh, wow, ok, sure, up you come. [the women comes onto stage] Right, so act priestly. [woman just stands there]

Kelly: YOU'VE GOT IT!

Frankie: Yeah, whatever. [woman sits down back in audience]

Pierre: That brought a tear to my eye. [Roxie sits down on chair]

Roxie: Now we have to invent a story with a priest in it.

Pierre: [stands up] Confession!

Frankie: No. [Pierre sits down]

Kelly: [stands up] A priest dance off!

Frankie: No. [Kelly sits down]

Pierre: [stands up] Baptism!

Frankie: No. [Pierre sits down]

Kelly: [stands up] Priest - The Musical!

Roxie: Hell no. [Kelly sits down]

Pierre: [stands up] God!

Frankie: No. [Pierre sits down]

Kelly: [stands up] Priest vs. Pope! A fight to the death!

Frankie: No!

[Kelly and Pierre start embracing]

Roxie: How about a priest, two Jews, and a cake walk into a bar -

Frankie: No. Funeral?

Roxie: No, you Emo freak. [pause] How about gay - [notices Kelly/Pierre, screams] OI!!! [Kelly and Pierre jump apart] Kelly! You're not concentrating! Stop being distracted by Pierre and his cheesy baguettes.

Pierre: I go to toilet now.

Kelly: No. No, you don't need to go to the toilet, I promise I'll concentrate, no more distractions. We need an idea.

[pause]

Roxie: How about marriage?

[Kelly screams with excitement]

Roxie: And I've gone deaf.

Kelly: ME AND PIERRE CAN GET MARRIED!

Pierre: People are staring at us. [hinting to audience]

Frankie: We can do it about a marriage, a couple on their wedding day and night, but everything will be really wrong. It'll symbolise the death of the institution of marriage and that its clichéd and that romance is dead.

Roxie: Romance IS dead! Men killed it and made women clean it up.

Kelly: But I still get to wear a wedding dress, right?

Frankie: [moans] And now I have a genuine reason to kill myself.

[Blackout]

Scene 3

Kelly and Pierre are sitting on the sofa.

Kelly: I can't believe what Roxie said earlier! I mean, the Bring It On films are not crap!

Pierre: Non, no way.

Kelly: And you're not a new boyfriend - we've been together for nearly a year - a year in three weeks!

Pierre: Ah yes, I have it written down in my diary!

Kelly: Do you write my name in hearts in your diary too?

Pierre: ...Yes.

Kelly: Pierre?

Pierre: Oui?

Kelly: Do you think we'll be together forever?

Pierre: Of course!

Kelly: But I thought you didn't believe in marriage after your parents got divorced?

Pierre: Well...no. But with you, mon petit fleur, I know it would be

different. We would be together forever.

Kelly: No - happy endings like that only happen on The OC and Jeremy Kyle. But at least we're getting married now, in the play. That's kinda nice.

Pierre: Yes... [realisation] Yes, it is good that we are getting married.

Kelly: Dammit, I'm late again! I'm supposed to be holding the second lot of tryouts for the squad - we've cut it down to the final ten, but they're all rubbish. So I guess me being five minutes late won't make them any worse. [enter Frankie] Oh, hey Frankie. [turns back to Pierre] But I'll see you later?

Pierre: Yes. Definitely. [exit Kelly - leaving behind pom-poms]

Pierre: Well, that was awkward, wasn't it?

Frankie: No.

Pierre: I thought it was, let me explain. I must retire from my post as your love guru.

Frankie: [in Kelly style] What?! [normal] Good. You were crap anyway.

Pierre: Look, you should be upset by this, and the fact that my poached eggs were over cooked, did you know that poached eggs -

Frankie: Stop changing the subject, you annoying, blonde, French, twating face of shitness, who's breath smells of shitness as well.

Pierre: My and Kelly's relationship is moving forward and she would be awfully upset if she ever found out. It is not me, it's you.

Frankie: Don't you mean "its not you, its me"

Pierre: No. [pause] It's okay, I know you're upset.

Frankie: I'm not fucking upset, I never get upset its just every morning the coffee tastes like dirt, the apples are powdery, my trousers always get wet, my parents are never in, I miss the bus and I like the bus because Brian catches the bus and he stops me playing music at ridiculous volumes on the bus and he talks to me like I'm a human being on the bus. I'm in love with him.

Pierre: Who can resist Brian's charm. [pause] I give you last tip.

Frankie: [sulking] What?

Pierre: You must give your man lots of sexy time at all costs, no matter whenever or wherever he asks for it.

Frankie: I already knew that, you French twat. It's the same for every man. Even Brian in the chess team is obsessed with checkmating my pawn.

Pierre: Naughty chess club. [pause] I know manoeuvre that will get you any man, woman or chess player. [Pierre grabs Frankie and starts to dance a sing] And for the finale! [Pierre and Frankie are about to embrace when Kelly enters - she picks up her pom-poms before seeing Pierre and Frankie.]

Kelly: Pierre!

[Pierre drops Frankie behind the sofa, Kelly stands there in shock. Roxie enters eating a huge bar of chocolate. Her eyes go from Kelly, to Pierre then to Frankie]

Roxie: [points] HAR HAR! [Roxie exits right]

Pierre: [making his way over to Kelly quickly] I can explain!

[Kelly throws her pom-poms on the ground and runs off stage-left, leaving Pierre to pick up her pom-poms and look on after her]

[Blackout]

Frankie: [still behind sofa] I'm fine, by the way.

Scene 4

The stage is split in two with Pierre and Frankie on the left side and Kelly on the right side. Pierre, changing into a suit, and Frankie, are sitting on chairs. Kelly is trying to get into her wedding dress.

Kelly: [to the curtain behind her] I hate him, I hate him, I hate him, I hate him!

[Kelly freezes]

Pierre: She loves me really. Frankie, you're a girl -

Frankie: Oh well done.

Pierre: What would you have me do to win Kelly back?

Frankie: Jump off a cliff and die.

Pierre: Jump off a cliff and die, very useful, but really you ought to

tell me what to do or I will never speak to you. [pause] Ever again.
[pause]

Frankie: Good, alright, just kill yourself.

Pierre: Ooooooh, she speaks! Maybe I should take Kelly out to dinner with romantic candles -

Frankie: Then stick it up your arse.

Pierre: Well, if you are going to be like that I will talk to real people who respect and understand and respect me. [goes into audience, talking to them] Well, what should I do? [Improvisation. Goes back onto stage] I am back. Did you miss me?

Frankie: No.

Pierre: What?

Frankie: No!

Pierre: What?

Frankie: NO!

Pierre: I heard you the first time. So if you are not going to speak then I will speak as you. [pretends to be Frankie] INSERT IMPROVISATION HERE.

Frankie: Ha ha no.

Pierre: She will take me back.

[Frankie gets up and leaves as Pierre freezes. Kelly unfreezes]

Kelly: [to the curtain behind her] I'm not taking him back! [enter Roxie] No matter how hot he is, or how French he is or anything! I can't. I won't. I'll just have to become that crazy old spinster lady who lives on the corner of the road with loads of cats. But I don't like cats!

Roxie: Diddums.

Kelly: Roxie, can you help me with my dress please?

Roxie: How about no. [Kelly glares as Roxie reluctantly gets up and begins to zip her up. The zip goes all the way up but Roxie has a better idea and puts back down half way]

Kelly: Well, then I'll just have to be boyfriendless, lonely loser. Like you! Its not so bad, is it? [Roxie pokes Kelly pretending it's the zipper] OUCH!

Roxie: Sorry, your back hair got caught in the zip. [Kelly ignores her] It won't go up. [pretends to try to do up the zipper whilst trying not to laugh]

Kelly: That's impossible - I just tried it on earlier and it fit fine. Is there something stuck in the zipper?

Roxie: Aside from your arse, no.

Kelly: Are you calling me fat?

Roxie: No, no, I'm not calling you fat...obese people are calling you fat.

Kelly: Don't be stupid - I don't get fat. Although impossible things have happened before...

Roxie: Like your boyfriend cheating on you with an emo.

Kelly: Yes! [tries to stop herself from crying] You know, I don't think our relationship was working anyway - I mean, we had all those trust issues. Like, you know last month, when I had that huge house party? [Roxie remains silent] Come on, you must do, everyone was there.

Roxie: Oh, my invitation to the world's dumbest party must have been lost in the mail along with my 'I-Could-Care-Less' magazine subscription and Hogwarts letter.

Kelly: Oh. Well. Anyway! That night, in bed, when he asked me what I was thinking about, I lied and said "I love you" when what I was actually thinking about was that I just don't get it - I mean, his hands and feet are so big. [pauses] And, you know, there's the whole trust issue of him cheating on me.

Roxie: Can this 'Please-Pity-Me' speech wait until I'm in a coma. Or dead. [pretends to struggle some more with the dress] My God, are you dealing with his by eating a bag of crisps like there's gold at the bottom of the packet?

Kelly: No, I deal with it by breaking things. His things.

Roxie: Kelly, I think we might actually have something in common.

Kelly: [spins around, crying into Roxie's shoulder] I can't do this!

Roxie: [pushed Kelly away] I'm sorry, did I you could hug me? No. Don't touch me. Think of the baby, I don't want it coming out deformed because YOU hugged me.

Kelly: Don't be stupid - I would just make it come out with great

hair! But I'm serious - I don't think I can do this! [sits down]

Roxie: And the dress agrees with you.

Kelly: I can't finish the play!

Roxie: You hardly started it. You were supposed to kiss him when he said he loved you but instead you kicked him in the bollocks. Took every ounce of me not to cheer.

Kelly: Well, he deserved it. And I hate him. And I don't think I can do this!

Roxie: Why not? It's the wedding scene. If Britney Spears can do it, so can you. You know all the lines, right?

Kelly: Yes, but, I just don't know if I can get married after my heart has just been broken. I mean, how can Pierre love me if he'd cheat on me? With an emo! And how can I love him after doing that? And how can I get married if love doesn't work anymore?

Roxie: [putting hands on Kelly's shoulders] I have four words for you, Barbie; Its. Only. A. Play.

Kelly: That's easy for you to say, you're not even in the play - you're just backstage, prompting. You don't have to marry the person who cheated on you!

Roxie: I'm pregnant. I haven't seen my feet in weeks because I'm wearing a fat suit I can't take off. I am reminded every day that I slept with Pierre.

Kelly: WHAT?!

Roxie: Well, not that this isn't fun, but - [she 'runs' out of the changing room. The girls switch so Frankie ends up in Kelly's room and Roxie in Pierre's. Pierre is trying to eat a cheese baguette in a seductive manner]

Roxie: Whoops, sorry, wrong changing room... hang on. I'm in here. That means... [pause as we see Frankie enter Kelly's changing room] Frankie's in there. Ooooooooh. [starts to giggle] Wow, I'm hungry. [Roxie grabs Pierre's baguette and takes an huge bite out of it then hands it back to Pierre who stares at it in shock. Roxie sits down.]

[pause]

Roxie: How could you do that to me?

Pierre: [relaxed] Do what?

Roxie: Oh give the accent up. Everyone knows you're from Bexhill.

Pierre: [rolls eyes, accent is back to English] Fine, whatever.

Roxie: Most people, when they're told they're gonna be a dad, would either say "no, I don't want anything to do with it" or "I'll do whatever I can to help" but noooooo. I get stuck with the sperm of a coward who outran a car when I told him.

Pierre: Well, can you blame me? I had a cheerleader girlfriend and a French accent to keep up! Besides, you've upset me as well. I want everyone to understand I am French, being French, living French and doing French.

Roxie: [to her stomach] This is your daddy. Why is he so fake? Why does he want to be French so much? Please don't come out German.

Pierre: Germans are gay.

Roxie: Let's cut the sweet talk; do you want to a part of the baby's life?

Pierre: No. I just want my old life back.

Roxie: Wow. Way to take responsibility for your actions. Fine. Be a French dickhead. I can't wait to tell stories to the baby about how much of an asshole their daddy is and how much pain and suffering he put mummy through and they will grow up hating you. Have fun living with that.

[Pierre and Roxie freeze as Frankie, on Kelly's side, walks forward so that Kelly can see her]

Kelly: Not now. I've just found out that my boyfriend is a man whore. You know the bitch with the belly... guess who the father is? And if you say Pierre I will have to scream as I don't want to hear his name anymore when he's done this to me! So not only has he cheated on me with an emo, he's cheated on me with some slut who's now going to have his baby. As I'm sure you understand, I'm going through a lot right now, and so I can't focus all my attention on screaming at you for being as much as a whore as my soon to be ex-boyfriend who's name I'm trying not to say as it will make me cry. So therefore I'm going to give you five seconds to run. 5 - 4 - 3 -

Frankie: Pierre didn't cheat on you with me.

Kelly: Right. So, what exactly was that I walked in on then? Because it didn't look like a game of Scrabble!

Frankie: Pierre... Pierre has been teaching me.

Kelly: Teaching you what? Tonsil tennis? Because you look pretty practiced at that already.

Frankie: He's been teaching me how to get boys.

Kelly: [finding this highly amusing] You? Boys? [Frankie is not laughing, Kelly stops laughing] Oh, you're being serious.

Frankie: Brian. Brian from the chess team.

Kelly: So we *do* have a chess team. Oh my God, I was right. And I thought you'd go so well with someone from a chess team...has it worked?

Frankie: Not exactly...not yet, anyways. I'm working on it. We were working on it.

Kelly: Were?

Frankie: Pierre's not teaching me any more. What you saw, that was the last one. He called it off.

Kelly: Why?

Frankie: [shrugs] He felt guilty, I suppose. He really loves you.

Kelly: Awww! I mean - damn it, don't tell him I said that. [mockingly] Ha, yeah he loves me enough to cheat on me nine months ago and knock up that...tart!

Frankie: Nine months is a long time. You'd been together all of, what, nine WEEKS at that point. [Kelly starts to re-do her make-up and hair in the mirror]

Kelly: Your point? We were still together.

Frankie: You are SO materialistic. You only care about aesthetics, not what people are actually like. You think that new shoes will make you happy when all they'll really do is rip your feet apart the first time you wear them. The whole world is like that, no one gives a damn what someone has to say if they don't have the right haircut or the right make-up, or they're a bit short & a bit fat because they don't their idea of how a person should be. No one cares what someone's like inside, and it's what's inside that counts.

Kelly: Yeah, it would be nice if it was what was on the inside that counts, wouldn't it? So then when people did mean things like cheat on you, it would hurt *even more*, as you put yourself out there, and they did it anyway. But luckily enough, the world isn't like that. Life's a bitch. So you just have to be the bigger bitch, and beat it at it's own game by winning. And if that just happens to include new shoes...?

Frankie: But did you think about how maybe he wouldn't have done it if you had put yourself out there as real? Besides, why do you even care, you only went out with him because he's good-looking. If you'd spent

five minutes talking to him, getting to know him first, you might've realised what he was going to be like.

Kelly: You know, I think he's been teaching you a bit too much - you sound just like him. Of course, it must be *my* fault that *he* cheated on *me*.

Frankie: Well maybe if you stopped being so selfish -

Kelly: Ok, you'll understand if I'm not in the mood for your little morality speech right now, as half of my life has fallen apart in the past half an hour and now you're telling me the other half, which I thought I had to get me through this, is also a load of crap. But y'know, actually, my thoughts are a little busy right now, what with my boyfriend having cheated on me nearly nine months ago with some slag, and soon there'll be a child to prove it, so no "I was giving her lessons" will get him out of it, and I don't even have time to make a voodoo doll of my cheating bastard of a French ex-boyfriend because guess what? I have to go on stage and get married to him, and act like I'm in love with him, and when irony's done being as big of a bitch as life and Roxie, I have to go on and act all that in front of loads of people in the dress that showed off my curves perfectly yesterday, but won't even do up now. In short: I'm not having a good day. So unless you've got something of my life to give back, then somewhat shockingly, I don't really want to hear it right now.

Frankie: [zips up Kelly's dress] Here - you've still got your looks. That's the life you care about back, isn't it? [exits]

Kelly: [quietly] No.

[Fades out]

Scene 5

There is an awkward atmosphere as Kelly and Pierre are discussing their broken relationship, standing at the front of the stage as Frankie and Roxie are moving props behind them. Roxie is clearly struggling and constantly throwing dirty looks at the couple.

Pierre: So you know about the situation with Frankie?

Kelly: Yeah. Little bit, yeah.

Roxie: [to Frankie] They're not going to help us with set changes, are they?

Frankie: No. But maybe it's safer that way - if we ask them to help move things, they'll probably move them by throwing them at each other.

Roxie: Or you.

Frankie: Why me?

Pierre: Well, you must understand that I didn't do it to hurt you.

Kelly: No - you just did it to please her.

Pierre: No, you know what I am like with saying 'no', I just can't do it.

Kelly: Yes you can, you just said it then!

Pierre: No, not *that* kind of no.

Kelly: Oh really? Well what kind of a 'no' is Roxie then, because to me she's more of a 'ho' than a 'no'.

Pierre: Shit. So you know about her as well, then you should also know...that she isn't actually pregnant, it's just a jumper shoved up her top!

Kelly: What do you want me to say, Pierre? [Sarcastically] Oh, ok then, so everything's just going to go straight back to normal and we'll pretend that nothing's wrong and by next week it will be like we've just forgotten all about it, it never happened, and we're all living happily ever after, having learned a valuable lesson.

Pierre: Actually, that would be great.

Kelly: It would be, wouldn't it! But that doesn't happen in real life. Not like on Saved by the Bell! [sits down on the sofa] [Quietly] I liked Saved by the Bell.

[Pierre follows and sits next to Kelly, slowly edging nearer to her on the sofa as she moves away, whilst Frankie and Roxie are talking]

Frankie: [to Roxie, quietly] What's Saved by the Bell?

Roxie: Some shitty 90's American teen show. [shrugs] Kelly's mum's American, I think. So watching other teenagers act like idiots makes her feel more at home. Kelly's the only one who gets those references - except maybe Pierre, if she made him watch it with her during "happier times".

Pierre: [awkwardly, quickly] Anyway, how have you been? Cause I've been missing you loads and without our extra rehearsals, my character development seems to have stopped which will lead to a bad grade which will lead to me not -

Kelly: Do you even care, like, at all?

[Roxie and Frankie loiter by the sofa, needing to move it but not wanting to disturb Kelly and Pierre.]

Pierre: Of course I do! How could you even ask me that?

Kelly: Hmm, I wonder - maybe because Roxie's sporting a big bump instead of just a scowl, and you just said you missed me and didn't want to fail drama because of it in the same breath?

Pierre: But apart from that. [Kelly ignores him] Kelly, I love you.

Kelly: [nearly in tears] You know, I don't know what's worse - the fact that I want to hear you say that, or that I want to believe it, even though I know that I've heard it all before - from you, from Steven, from crappy sitcoms...

Pierre: But Kelly, you don't understand - it was a mistake. A really stupid mistake. And if I don't get a good grade in drama from doing well in the play, I won't get into drama school, and so I won't be able to make a living out of acting French, all because of a stupid little mistake! You don't want that, do you?

[Roxie and Frankie pick up the sofa with Kelly and Pierre still on it, and begin to move it off-stage. Whilst they do this, Kelly and Pierre carry on their conversation]

Kelly: Argh! I'm sorry - do I even know you anymore?

Pierre: Did I ever know you?

Kelly: I don't know.

Pierre: I do. So maybe we're meant for each other.

[Blackout]

Scene 6

It's the second half of the group's play. The set is split in two horizontally with large stand-up boards; the side facing the audience is 'backstage' the side not facing the audience is on-stage, for the play that Kelly and Pierre are performing, which the audience can't see, behind the boards.

Backstage. Pierre is humming and making odd noises. Kelly is chanting. Roxie is sat on a chair with a clipboard. Frankie is lying on the floor.

[Roxie walks over to Pierre and whacks him round the back of the head with her clipboard]

Roxie: Shut up! I am in no bloody mood to hear you speak French. [goes back to her seat]

Pierre: [walking over to Kelly] Kelly...

Kelly: Don't invade my bubble! [Pierre jumps away] No one can invade my bubble. No one. Not French ex-boyfriends, not pregnant bitches and definitely not emos. [long pause] ...Isn't someone supposed to be on stage right now? This has been a really long interval...

Roxie: Right. [stands up, speaking heavily sarcastic] Everyone here psyched for some fun because I know I as sure as heck am. [points to Kelly and Pierre] You, you. On. Now. [Pierre and Kelly go on stage, Roxie goes back to her seat]

Pierre: [prompting Kelly] Fall over the chair! [Kelly falls over] No, that's your line!

Kelly: Oh! Fall over the chair!

Pierre: Go over there!

Kelly: Go over there!

Pierre: No, that's the stage direction!

Kelly: Save the cheerleader, save the world.

Pierre: [goes on stage] Hey, that's my line!

Kelly: Sorry, were you saving me, or sleeping with someone else?

Frankie: Roxie?

Roxie: No.

Frankie: Do you think boys find you attractive? [Roxie glares at her] Point taken. But before *that* happened?

Roxie: [shrugs] I went through a phase of 'wow, I'd do me' but I think getting pregnant has changed all that.

Frankie: I've mainly just lacked confidence. I could just go out there and parade myself and then maybe boys will notice me and fall in love with me. [Roxie isn't paying attention] But I have more respect for myself than that. I don't go around pretending to be something I'm not just to fit in.

Roxie: Whatever helps you sleep at night.

Kelly: [badly acted] When will my fiancé come back from his business meeting? I do hope he is not having an affair.

Roxie: My God, I think she's actually gotten worse.

Frankie: Why do you hate Kelly so much? Is this all about her not letting you on the cheerleading squad?!

Roxie: [hostilely] There's always gonna be tension between me and Kelly. It's not that every time she opens her mouth I want an anvil to drop on her head, it's more to do with the fact I don't want her to be alive anymore.

[Frankie's phone goes off, Pierre goes 'on stage'.]

Roxie: WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT MOBILE PHONES! Did you see what I did to that man in the third row?!

Frankie: I did. And don't worry, he got to the hospital ok. [answers her phone] Hello? Brian? [pause, banging can be heard from 'on stage'] Really? [pause] Seriously? [pause, more noises hint that Kelly and Pierre are fighting 'on stage'] This isn't a joke? [pause] Yes, sure, I'd love to. [pause] Thanks. [pause] Bye.

Frankie: You'll never guess what! Brian just- [hears the banging from on-stage] Are they fighting?

Roxie: [going through script on her clipboard] ...That's not in the script! Ow! [she holds her stomach in pain, Pierre comes 'backstage', also in pain and Kelly follows laughing]

Kelly: That was so much fun!

Pierre: Sacre bleu, she actually hit me! You weren't supposed to hit me.

Kelly: Method acting, darling!

Pierre: I can't work under these conditions.

Roxie: Well, you're gonna have to. [shoves Pierre on stage]

Frankie: [grabs Kelly before she can go on stage] Brian just phoned me! And he asked me out!

Roxie: Stop talking! [Roxie shoves Kelly on stage. Kelly faints on stage. Pierre carries her backstage and puts her gently on the floor. Roxie's phone goes off]

Frankie: But I thought you said no-

Roxie: SHUT UP! [answers phone] What!?! [pause] Oh you so did not just say that! [hangs up] The priest has been arrested for sexual assault. Oi, emo! You're on as priest. I'll prompt. [walks over Kelly]

Pierre: [to a still unconscious Kelly] I'm sorry! I love you! Kelly, I don't think I can live without you by my side! [lies down next to her]

Roxie: [pokes her head from 'on stage'] Why are you two ladies on the floor?

Frankie: ['on stage'] I don't wanna know.

Roxie: [to Pierre] Look, you're clearly not unconscious, you drag her on.

Pierre: But she's unconscious - she can't act!

Roxie: Just move her mouth, it's not like anyone can tell the difference.

Pierre: Kelly's a good actress!

Roxie: Oh please, she's the worse thing to happen to theatre since Andrew Lloyd Webber. [laughs] I love Family Guy. [pause] MOVE IT! [Pierre picks Kelly up and takes her 'on stage']

Roxie: [prompting, whispering] Do you...

Frankie: Do you...

Roxie: Phil McCrack...

Frankie: Phil McCrack...

Roxie: Take Amanda Hugankiss...

Frankie: Take Amanda Hugankiss...

Roxie: To be your lawfully wedded wife.

Frankie: To be your lawfully wedded wife?

Pierre: I do, and so does she. [in a high pitched, Kelly, voice] Yeah, I do.

[Kelly wakes up]

Kelly: [drowsily] I do what?

Roxie: I now pronounce you...

Frankie: I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may kiss the bride, but not in front of me.

[loud kissing noises. Frankie helps Kelly backstage. Roxie and Pierre remain onstage]

Pierre: Oh my God!

Frankie: So...how do you think the play's going?

Roxie: Look at his legs.

Kelly: Well the bits where I was conscious...you know how Pierre's all French? And you know how he rolls his 'r's? Well, he did that in my mouth! I kinda miss him...

Pierre: Look at his legs! He's never gonna walk...

Frankie: I got a phone call from Brian...he asked me out.

Roxie: Again.

Pierre: Again!

Kelly: That was sweet of him.

Frankie: Yeah. It's all thanks to Pierre, you know. He did a really nice thing, helping me out.

Kelly: Yeah, I guess he did. [thoughtfully] It's kinda weird; he wasn't teaching you sports or anything, it's not like you're his friend, or someone who could help *him* with anything - you're an emo! And he didn't have anything to gain from it...wow, that was nice.

Pierre: Work Goddammit, work!

[Roxie comes backstage]

Roxie: It's the wedding night! [to Kelly] You! Shag Pierre. Now.

[Kelly goes on stage]

Pierre: [husky voice] You know what time it is!

Kelly: [flatly] Oh, how can I resist.

Pierre: [sexy moans] Uh!

Kelly: [sexy moans] Uh!

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Roxie: [contractions, screaming in pain] Uh!

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Roxie: Uh! [grabs Frankie's hand]

Frankie: [also screams in pain] Uh!

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Roxie: Uh!

Frankie: Uh!

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Roxie: Uh!

Frankie: Let's go. [Frankie helps Roxie exit right]

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Pierre: Uh!

Kelly: Uh!

Pierre: [whispering] What's my line?

Kelly: [whispering] I don't know!

Pierre: Do we keep with the 'uh uh uh'?

Kelly: Or is it 'uh uh uh'?

Pierre: I don't know, let's ask. Can I have a prompt?

[silence]

Kelly: Anyone back there?

Pierre: I need a prompt!

[Kelly and Pierre return backstage, their hair ruffled up]

Kelly: No one's here!

Pierre: I guess it's just you and me.

Kelly: So... [awkward pause]

Pierre: How do you think the play is going?

Kelly: [awkwardly] Yeah, it's going good, very well.

Pierre: Our last scene together reminded me of old times. [looks off into the distance, fantasising]

Kelly: You can stop picturing me naked now.

Pierre: But I can never stop picturing you naked. Right now I see everything.

[Kelly covers her chest with her hands]

Kelly: I noticed that what you did for Frankie - it was, well, it was really nice of you.

Pierre: So we can get back together?

Kelly: And I was thinking about it...that I can maybe even forgive you for Roxie.

Pierre: Yes! [pumps his arm in triumph]

Kelly: But we can't get back together.

Pierre: Why not? I didn't cheat after Roxie - I realised I made a mistake, and I changed, I didn't do it again. What more can I do, Kelly? I've told you I'm sorry, and that I love you - I am a better man now.

Kelly: But you're going to be a father. There's going to be a child. I can't take you away from that. I'm not *that* selfish. [Frankie enters]

Pierre: At least give me one last kiss - a kiss goodbye.

[Kelly nods, as Pierre closes his eyes, leaning forward to kiss Kelly, when at the last second Frankie pulls Kelly away, pushing her on stage, leaving Pierre, still with his eyes closed, to fall]

Pierre: What the hell?

Frankie: There was no one on stage! And we've got to finish this Goddamn play.

Pierre: Okay, but I have one last fantasy left. [He fantasises. Frankie pulls him on stage]

[the sound of scarce clapping can be heard]

[Roxie enters backstage, carrying a black baby]

Roxie: This is gonna be awkward. [Pierre, Frankie and Kelly come backstage] Pierre, I have a surprise for you. I'll give you some hints; it just came out of my vagina and its not scented candles.

Pierre: Is it the baby?

Roxie: [sarcastically] No, it's some child I got free in Vogue. Of course it's the baby!

Pierre: Can I see him?

Roxie: To be honest, I don't think you should.

[Pierre takes the baby. Pause]

Pierre: Don't you think he looks just like me? [holds the baby to his face to show the audience]

Kelly/Frankie: No.

Frankie: It looks a little...erm...

Kelly: Black.

Pierre: [gives the baby back to Roxie] So it's not mine then?

Roxie: No.

[Kelly and Pierre high five]

Kelly: This means we *can* get back together!

Pierre: Yes!

Kelly: So happy endings can happen!

Roxie: But I don't know who the father of my baby is.

Frankie: And I'm still emo.

Kelly: Okay, let me rephrase that. Happy endings can happen - if you're blonde!

Frankie: We should've done Titanic...