NICHOLAS. Don't you think?
LILLY. I don't know.
NICHOLAS. People here are so —
LILLY. What?
NICHOLAS. They just go on and on.
LILLY. Are you ashamed of me?
NICHOLAS. No. Don't be stupid.
LILLY. I'm not being stupid in the least.
NICHOLAS. I'm not saying that.
LILLY. You just want to keep me as your little secret?
NICHOLAS. Kind of.
LILLY. Prick.
NICHOLAS. What?
LILLY. You. You're a prick.
   How are things going with Miss Copley?
NICHOLAS. Are you cross with me?
LILLY. Has she fallen for your overwhelming sexual aura yet Nicholas?
NICHOLAS. Have you got the slightest idea what people would say about you?
LILLY. Nicholas Chatman the Casanova of Nourishment. A million pheromones in every muscle.
NICHOLAS. Shut up.
LILLY. Honestly one fuck and he wishes he'd never met me.
   Your face!
NICHOLAS. I'm going.
LILLY. Go and do your workout. Press those benches baby. Give them a squeeze from me.
NICHOLAS. Are you around later?
LILLY. Might be.
NICHOLAS. Lilly.
LILLY. I'm teasing. I'm sorry. Yes. I'm here later. I'll wait for you.
   And OK.
I won't tell anybody.
NICHOLAS. Thanks. I'm really sorry. I just think. Here. (Kiss her.)
I'll see you later.
LILLY. See you later. (He leaves. She sits. She looks at her apple. She picks a chunk out of it with her fingers. She eats it. She spits it out after a while. A train passes outside the window. She looks up to watch it. Cissy and Tanya enter. Cissy is eating a large chip sandwich.)

Cissy. The amount of flour in this bread is fucking ridiculous.
   Hi.
LILLY. Hi.
TANYA. Hi.
LILLY. Hi.
Cissy. What do you think these chips are made of?
TANYA. Dough, mainly.
Cissy. I shouldn't be having these. I don't even normally have lunch anymore. I just have Skittles. Have you ever had four packets of Skittles in one go. Your brain feels amazing. (The girls smile at this idea. Some time.)
TANYA. I think that's really dangerous. Human beings have to eat.
It's one of the things that we do. Five pieces of fruit and veg a day. Regulated food groups. Thirty minutes exercise three times a week.
I blame the parents.
(The three girls burst out laughing. It takes them a while to recover.)
LILLY. Do you ever think about that?
TANYA. Think about what?
LILLY. Being a parent.
TANYA. All the time.
Cissy. She doesn't just mean about having Anderson's children.
She means about actually properly being a parent.
TANYA. Yeah.
LILLY. Seriously?
TANYA. Seriously. (A beat.)
LILLY. Me too.
Cissy. God.
LILLY. I think I'd be a terrible mother.
TANYA. Don't be silly.
LILLY. My babies would probably all die. Really quickly. I wouldn't know how to feed them. I wouldn't know what to do with them. I'd end up putting them in a cupboard.
TANYA. You wouldn't.
LILLY. I would though.
Cissy. They can't remember anything until they're about five, anyway. You may as well put them in a cupboard. They wouldn't remember you doing it.
TANYA. I'm going to have four.
Cissy. Four?
TANYA. Yep. I’m going to be brilliant. Home-educate them. Take them to lots of sports meetings. In my big car.
CISY. In Anderson’s big car.
TANYA. In Anderson’s big car.
LILLY. He hasn’t got a big car. He comes to school on a bike.
CISY. You don’t know any languages.
TANYA. I’d learn. Loads of languages and teach them all to our children.
You’ve got to admit he’s fucking lovely.
Of course he’s got a car. He just uses his bike to keep fit. And save the world.
(Pause. Cisy eats. Lilly takes a carrot from her bag and eats that.)
LILLY. Would you have Bennett’s children?
CISY. Fuck. Off.
LILLY. Why not?
CISY. Can you imagine? They’d be impossible. (They eat for a while. Lilly looks at her.)
LILLY. What’s he like?
CISY. What do you mean?
LILLY. Bennett.
CISY. What do you mean what’s he like?
LILLY. You know.
CISY. No.
LILLY. In bed.
CISY. Oh Christ.
LILLY. What?
CISY. I’d rather not go into that while I’m having my lunch. (The girls chuckle together. Lilly watches CISY.) I’m not going to have children until I’m about forty-two. I’m going to wait until I can afford to pay for somebody else to look after them. I’ve got too many things I want to do. Too many places I want to go. I can’t wait to leave England is one thing. Go and live abroad.
I’m going to. As soon as I finish here.
LILLY. Where are you going to go?
LILLY. You’re not fat.

CISY. Look at me.
LILLY. You’re not fat. Don’t say it because it’s not true and it makes it look as if you’re really showing off. (Cisy looks at her. A beat.)
CISY. Yeah. (Another beat. CISY grins.) What are you girls getting for Christmas? (Bennett enters.)
BENNETT. I’m getting really bored of Mahon telling me about gay heroes of literary history. She finds me every day. It’s like she waits around corners for me and leaps out.
She makes me summarise articles from The Guardian for her.
CISY. It’s only because she’s too thick to read them herself.
BENNETT. She keeps telling me that I could be a lawyer if I wanted to. I don’t want to be a lawyer. Who wants to be a fucking lawyer for fucksake?
TANYA. Have you ever thought that there might be a reason?
BENNETT. What?
TANYA. That she singles you out for those kinds of suggestions?
BENNETT. What the fuck are you implying Miss Gleason?
TANYA. I’m not implying anything Mr Francis. I’m just asking a question.
BENNETT. Have they put the heating on?
This fucking room.
I need to get outside. I need to go and run around a bit. I need to do PE. I really miss PE. I never thought I’d say that, ever.
TANYA. I don’t miss PE teachers.
BENNETT. That’s because they’re fucking retards.
CISY. Apart from Cheetham.
BENNETT. He’s a retard. He’s a retardus primus.
CISY. He was very sweet to me.
BENNETT. That’s because he wanted to finger you.
CISY. He told me he was really impressed with my GCSE results.
BENNETT. Yes, because he wanted to fucking finger you. I told you.
CISY. Bennett.
BENNETT. Would you have let him?
CISY. Don’t.
BENNETT. I bet you would. Mind you I can’t say I blame him.
People get so het up about inter-generational sexual activity nowadays. It’s ridiculous. We should just all jolly well calm down I think.
What’s the youngest person you’d fuck Tanya? (She looks at him. Glances at CISY. Looks back at him.) Sorry, you go in for the older man, do you not?