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SF PERUSALS

CITIZENSHIP

by Mark Ravenhill

SAMUEL FRENCH

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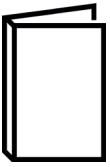
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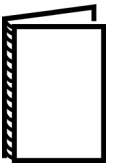
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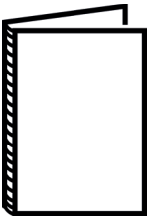
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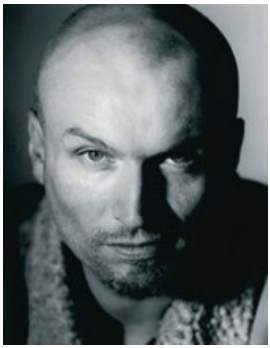
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Mark Ravenhill was born in Haywards Heath, West Sussex in 1966. He studied Drama and English at Bristol University. His first play *Shopping and Fucking* was produced by Out of Joint and the Royal Court Theatre in 1996. Subsequent plays include *Faust Is Dead* and *Handbag* (both Actors Touring Company), *Some Explicit Polaroids* (Out of Joint at the Ambassadors Theatre), *Mother Clap's Molly House* and *Citizenship* (both National Theatre), *Pool (No Water)* (Frantic Assembly at the Lyric Theatre), *The Cut* (Donmar Theatre), *Shoot/Get Treasure/ Repeat* (Paines Plough) and *Over There* (Royal Court). From 2012 to 2014, Mark was playwright in residence for the Royal Shakespeare Company, producing a new version of Brecht's *Galileo* and *Candide* inspired by Voltaire (both Swan Theatre, Stratford-Upon-Avon). Mark's work in music theatre includes a new English version of Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea* with additional material by Michael Nyman (King's Head); *Ten Plagues*, a song cycle for Marc Almond with composer Connor Mitchell (Traverse Theatre) and *Elysium* with composer Rolf Wallin for the Norwegian Opera. Mark is the co-creator of the ITV sitcom *Vicious*.

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CITIZENSHIP

Developed by the NT Shell Connections 2005 programme and premiered in the Cottesloe auditorium of the National Theatre, London, in March 2006, with the following cast:

AMY	Claire-Louise Cordwell
TOM	Sid Mitchell
GARY	Matt Smith
RAY	Robert Boulter
STEPHEN	Andrew Garfield
KERRY	Farzana Dua Elahe
CHANTAL	Andrea Riseborough
ALICIA	Naomi Bentley
DECLERK	Richard Dempsey
MELISSA	Matti Houghton
TAROT READER	Joy Richardson
BABY	Alex Tregear
MARTIN	Javone Prince

Directed by Anna Mackmin
Designed by Jonathan Fensom

CHARACTERS

AMY

TOM

GARY

RAY

STEPHEN

KERRY

CHANTAL

ALICIA

DECLERK

MELISSA

TAROT READER'S DAUGHTER

BABY

MARTIN

Scene One

AMY, TOM.

AMY You got the Nurofen?

TOM Yeah.

AMY Take four.

TOM It says two.

AMY Yeah, but if you're gonna really numb yourself you gotta do four.

TOM I dunno.

AMY Do you want it to hurt?

TOM No.

AMY Then take four. Here.

AMY *passes* **TOM** *vodka. He washes down four Nurofen.*

Now put the ice cube on your ear.

TOM *does this.*

Now you gotta hold it there 'til you can't feel nothing.

TOM Thanks for helping

AMY It's gonna look good.

TOM Yeah?

AMY Yeah, really suit you.

TOM Thass good.

AMY You got a nice face.

TOM I don't like my face.

AMY I think it's nice.

TOM Sometimes I look in the mirror and I wish I was dead.

AMY I got rid of mirrors.

TOM Yeah.

AMY Mum read this Feng Shui thing and it said I wasn't supposed to have them. You numb now?

TOM Almost. You got a nice face.

AMY You don't have to lie.

TOM I'm not. You're fit.

AMY I know I'm plain. But that's OK. I talked to my therapist.

TOM What did she say?

AMY That I have to love myself in case nobody else does.

TOM Your mum loves you.

AMY I suppose. You ready now?

TOM I reckon.

AMY *produces a needle.*

Is that clean?

AMY I put it in Dettol.

TOM Alright.

AMY Let's start.

AMY *moves to push the needle into* **TOM***'s ear but he pulls away.*

I can't do it if you do that.

TOM I know.

AMY You gotta sit still.

TOM Maybe we should leave it. Maybe not today.

AMY I thought you wanted an earring.

TOM I know.

AMY Thass what you been saying for weeks: I wanna earring, I wanna earring.

TOM I know, only—

AMY I'll go careful. Come here. You're a baby.

TOM No.

AMY I'll treat you nice and soft. Like a baby.

TOM Alright.

TOM *comes back.*

AMY Bit more vodka.

TOM *drinks.*

Bit more.

TOM *drinks.*

Bit more.

TOM *drinks.* **AMY** *pushes the needle into his ear.*

TOM Aaaaggggghhh.

AMY Thass it.

TOM It hurts.

AMY Nearly there.

TOM Do it quickly. Do it. Aggghhhh.

AMY Soon be finished.

TOM Right. Right. Is there blood?

AMY What?

TOM Is there blood?

AMY I dunno.

TOM I can feel blood

AMY Maybe a bit.

TOM Shit. Shit. Shit.

AMY It's not much. You're gonna be alright.

TOM Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. *(He faints)*

AMY Tom? Tom! Shit. Shit. *(She drinks a lot of vodka)* Tom – please.

AMY*'s mobile rings. She answers it.*

(into the phone) Kez? No. I'm fucking… I'm having a panic attack… Like I used to, yeah. Tom's dead. He's died… Just now. Shit. I killed him. I've killed Tom. I wanna kill myself. Shit.

TOM *groans.*

He made a noise… Yeah well. He came back to life… I gotta go… Kez – I'm going now. *(She hangs up)*

TOM Whass going on?

AMY You sort of went.

TOM Who's on the phone?

AMY Thass Kerry. She's getting stressed out 'cos she's gotta give the baby back tomorrow.

TOM Baby?

AMY Life Skills.

TOM Oh yeah.

AMY You remember Life Skills? Each of the girls has gotta take it in turns to looks after this baby – plastic baby. It puts you off having a real one. You could have memory loss.

TOM No.

AMY Like Shareen after the overdose. Her mum and dad went to see her in the hospital and she didn't know who they were.

TOM I haven't got memory loss.

AMY Alright.

TOM Fucking stupid idea letting you do that. I should have gone to a fucking professional. Fucking go to somebody who knows what they're fucking doing 'stead of letting you fucking fuck the whole thing up.

AMY I was trying to help.

TOM Yeah, well, you're no help – you're rubbish. You're total rubbish.

AMY Don't give me negative messages.

TOM Trying to kill me with your stupid needle.

AMY I can't be around people who give me negative messages.

TOM I fucking hate you.

AMY No. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. *(She cries.)*

TOM Come on. Don't. No. No.

AMY I can't do anything right. I'm useless.

TOM No.

AMY I am. Thass why I cut myself. 'Cos I'm totally useless. Ughhh.

TOM Hey hey hey. *(He holds* **AMY***.)* Come on. Alright. Alright. Alright. You better?

AMY I dunno.

TOM You're alright. You're a good person. I like you.

AMY Yeah?

TOM I really like you.

AMY Thass good.

TOM You got a nice face.

AMY *kisses* **TOM**.

Oh.

AMY Was that wrong?

TOM I didn't mean you to do that.

AMY Oh. Right. Right.

TOM I didn't wanna kiss you. Only—

AMY Yeah?

TOM I'm not ready for...

AMY You're fifteen.

TOM I know.

AMY You gotta have done...

TOM No.

AMY Why?

TOM It doesn't matter.

AMY Tell me.

TOM I have this dream. And in this dream I'm kissing someone. Real kissing. Tongues and that. But I can't see who I'm kissing. I don't know if it's a woman. Or a man. I try to see the face. But I can't.

AMY Are you gay?

TOM I don't know.

AMY There's bisexuals.

TOM You won't tell anyone?

AMY No. Are you going to decide?

TOM What?

AMY What you are?

TOM I don't know.

AMY Or find out?

TOM I don't know.

AMY Don't waste yourself, Tom. You've got a nice face.

TOM Yeah.

AMY*'s phone bleeps; a text message. She reads it.*

AMY It's Kerry. She says the baby's gone to sleep.

TOM It's not real.

AMY It is to her.

TOM I'm gonna go.

AMY Finish off the vodka.

TOM No. Thanks. Forget what I told you.

AMY You're still bleeding. There's still some—

TOM I got coursework.

TOM *exits.*

AMY *drinks.*

Scene Two

GARY, TOM. *They are smoking a joint.*

TOM Good draw.

GARY Got it off my mum's boyfriend for my birthday. Ten big fat ones for my fifteenth.

TOM Thass cool.

GARY Thass the last. He had a fight with his dealer last night. Dealer come round the house and they had a big barney. An' me mum's ragga CDs got smashed in the ruck.

TOM Shit.

GARY Yeah. She is well gutted.

RAY *and* **STEPHEN** *enter.*

RAY Wass 'appening?

GARY Chilling.

RAY You shag Amy last night? We wanna know. You get jiggy?

STEPHEN Jiggy jiggy.

RAY Is she your bitch? You ride her like your bitch?

TOM Fuck's sake.

GARY *(to* **RAY***)* You got problems.

RAY What?

GARY I'm saying: you got problems.

RAY What you saying? I got problems.

GARY Yeah, you got problems. No respec'.

RAY I respec'.

GARY No respec' for woman.

RAY I respec' woman.

GARY Ride her like a bitch? Didn't he say?

TOM Yeah.

RAY That's what I said.

STEPHEN He said it.

RAY That's what I said. I ride her *and* respec' woman.

STEPHEN Yeah. Ride and respec'.

RAY You chat shit. What are you? What is he?

STEPHEN He is gay.

GARY All I'm saying—

RAY So gay. You are so totally gay, Gary.

GARY Just sayin'—

RAY You are like the most totally gay person anyone knows.

GARY I'm not.

RAY Gay Gary. Thass what you are. Respec'? What are you chattin'? You're chattin' gay. You are fucking wrong, man. Wrong in your head. Wrong in your – your hormones, man.

Totally totally wrong.

GARY Thass not right.

RAY *(to* **TOM***)* Come on, man. Say something. Tell him.

TOM I...

RAY You're always watching. You're never talking. Tell him.

TOM Listen, I wanna—

RAY You fucking tell him.

STEPHEN Tell the battyboy.

RAY You fucking tell him.

TOM You're gay, Gary.

GARY Shit.

TOM Everyone says it. Everyone call you it. Gay Gary.

GARY I know what they say.

TOM You shouldn't talk gay.

STEPHEN Thass right.

TOM 'Cos no one likes a person who talk gay.

GARY You chat shit, Tom.

RAY Listen, he's tellin' you—

GARY Same as them. All of you. Chattin' shit. All day long. Mouths moving but it's just: chat, chat, chat. Shit, shit, shit.

TOM No, no.

GARY Yeah, yeah.

TOM No.

GARY Yeah.

RAY Fight fight fight.

STEPHEN Fight fight fight.

RAY Fight fight fight.

STEPHEN Fight.

TOM *pushes* **GARY.**

RAY Thass it.

STEPHEN Do it back or you're gay.

GARY Fuck's sake.

GARY *pushes* **TOM.**

RAY Fucking insulted you, man. The gay boy insulted you.

STEPHEN Batty hit yer.

RAY Get him.

TOM Listen—

RAY Use your fist.

STEPHEN Fist for the batty boy.

GARY Go on.

TOM Yeah?

GARY Do what they tell you. Do what they want to.

TOM Yeah?

GARY Follow the leader.

TOM Yeah.

TOM *punches* **GARY** *in the stomach.*

RAY Respec' man.

STEPHEN Total respec'.

GARY Fuck you.

GARY *punches* **TOM** *in the stomach very hard.* **TOM** *falls over.*

RAY Nasty.

AMY, KERRY, ALICIA, CHANTAL *enter.* **CHANTAL** *carries the baby doll.*

KERRY You're not carrying her properly.

CHANTAL Leave it, Kez.

KERRY But you're not doing the head right.

CHANTAL It's my baby, Kez.

KERRY I know.

CHANTAL Yesterday it was yours and now it's mine.

KERRY I'm only telling you.

CHANTAL An' I can do whatever I want with it.

AMY She's got withdrawal symptoms.

CHANTAL Over plastic?

KERRY Don't say that. You're not fit.

ALICIA *(of the lads)* Iss the Blazin' Squad. You mellowin'?

RAY Totally chilled, medarlin'.

STEPHEN Totally.

ALICIA Sweet.

RAY Hear Tom was round yours last night.

AMY Thass right.

RAY Gettin' jiggy.

AMY Do what?

RAY Jiggy jiggy jiggy.

STEPHEN Jiggy jiggy jiggy.

AMY You say that?

TOM No.

RAY What? You never?

AMY Thass right.

RAY What? He not fit enough for you?

AMY Iss not that.

RAY You frigid? She frigid, Tom?

TOM No.

RAY Wass wrong with 'em? Why ain't they gettin' jiggy?

ALICIA I dunno.

RAY Thass gay.

TOM What?

RAY Youse two are so gay.

TOM
AMY } *(together)* No.

RAY Oooo – sore.

AMY *(to* **TOM***)* Your ear's started.

TOM Yeah?

AMY You started bleeding again.

ALICIA Shit. There's blood.

KERRY I don't wanna look.

AMY You wanna look after that. You got a hanky?

TOM No.

AMY Chantal?

CHANTAL Here. *(She tucks the* **BABY** *under her arm to find a paper hanky.)*

KERRY You can't do that.

CHANTAL Juss for a moment.

KERRY You got to hold it properly all day long.

CHANTAL Juss while I'm lookin'.

KERRY Give it me. Give it me.

KERRY *takes the* **BABY** *from* **CHANTAL. CHANTAL** *finds the hanky and passes it to* **AMY. AMY** *holds the hanky on* **TOM***'s ear.*

(to the **BABY***)* Alright. Alright.

AMY You wanna hold that there?

RAY She bite you?

STEPHEN Yeah.

RAY While you were doing it?

TOM It'll be alright now.

AMY You sure?

TOM Yeah. *(He continues to hold the hanky on his ear.)*

CHANTAL Give me the baby, Kerry.

KERRY Later.

CHANTAL Now.

KERRY Bit longer.

CHANTAL I gotta have it for Life Skills.

KERRY I know.

CHANTAL So...?

ALICIA Give it, Kez.

KERRY Juss – do the head properly.

CHANTAL Alright.

KERRY *hands* **CHANTAL** *the* **BABY**.

ALICIA Thass it. Come on.

ALICIA, **KERRY**, **CHANTAL** *exit.*

AMY Laters.

AMY *exits.*

RAY How do you do the ear? She do that ear? Was she like eatin' you?

TOM Won't stop bleeding.

RAY What do you do?

TOM It was... We were doing an earring.

RAY Earring? Earring? Earring? Shit, man. In that ear? You was doing an earring in that ear? Shit, man. Thass the gay side. Shit. You was doing an earring in the gay side. Shit.

STEPHEN Shit.

TOM No. No. I'm jokin'. It was—

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