

(YOUNG CLAIRE, YOUNG ZOE and YOUNG HEATHER, dressed in black, each come through a bedroom door.)

Boy 1

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE NOW

THIS IS WHAT I SEE

A MILLION CHANCES PASS ME BY

A MILLION CHANCES TO HOLD YOU

TAKE ME BACK, TAKE ME BACK

TO WHERE I USED TO BE

AND HIDE AWAY FROM ALL MY TRUTH

THROUGH THE LIGHT I SEE

OTHER BOYS

AAH . . .

AAH . . .

OOH . . .

OOH . . .

(They are drawn to the school lockers. They take the posters inside it down and remove DEBBIE'S distinctive bag.)

A MILLION LOVE SONGS LATER

HERE I AM TRYING TO TELL YOU THAT I CARE

A MILLION LOVE SONGS LATER

HERE I AM

MILLION

HERE I AM

MILLION

(YOUNG RACHEL is given a white balloon by one of THE BOYS. Underscore continues.)

SCENE EIGHT – CHURCH INTERIOR

YOUNG RACHEL

(Reads off a piece of paper.) You might ask why someone brings a balloon to a funeral. When I was six I was invited to the birthday party of a girl in my infant class. Her name was Debbie Thomas. All she wanted to do was re-enact a pop video she'd seen with a load of white balloons. I told her I couldn't dance. She shoved a balloon in my hand an' said 'anyone can dance. Follow me'. (Beat; it gets harder . . .) Following Debbie Thomas's steps was the best decision I ever made. 'Cause even though it meant I was always in her shadow, even though she'd shout at me for not entering competitions 'cause 'girls like us never win' . . . from that moment on we were always dancing. Me and Debbie Thomas were always, always dancing.