

ESCAPE by ANTONY WIELAND

Tracy is being pursued by her school enemies. She finds comfort in a nearby field.

TRACY.

(Running into view)

That was a close shave. Lucky I found that short cut across the field. *(Sits down)*

What a relief! *(Looks down)* Oh no! I've snagged my tights. It must have been those brambles. There'll be hell to pay when I get home. Mum always makes sure I take pride in my uniform so I can just see her face when I tell her I've been chased by a load of school bullies, namely little Charlotte and enormous Cassandra. *(Giggles)*

Laurel and Hardy we call them. *(Hears noise)*

Who's there?... Is that you lot?... Listen, I'm not scared. *(To herself)* Petrified more like. *(Calls out)*

Oh, I don't care what you do. I'm going to do whatever I like and you can't stop me. Just because I swore at Miss Ann 'Ponsy' Griffiths you think you can make me apologise. Well, I won't, so there. I refuse to apologise to a prefect. She doesn't deserve to be one anyway. Is that clear?... *(Hears footsteps running away)*

Hey, come back. I haven't finished with you yet!

(Feels a bit shaken) Wow! I didn't think I had it in me to be so forceful. I'm quite pleased with myself now. I better get back. I've got Geography next.

(Worried)

Hey, wait a minute. I'm going to have to sit next to them in class. What am I going to do? *(Suddenly)*

I know what I can do, absolutely nothing. I don't need to do anything. They're the ones who are going to have to make it up with me. I'm not running away anymore...

(Looks down)

The only one I'm scared of is my Mum with these tights.

I better skip Geography and buy myself a new pair... and a sandwich. They made me miss my lunch and I'm starving. *(Exits)*