

CLEAN

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ZAINAB: I'm Zainab, twenty-three, baby of the group. I still lives at home and make my mummollokayashurba - a vegetable soup - just like Gran used to do in Cairo. Occasionally I'll throw money in my little brother's face to get him off my case. He's been brainwashed by our dad that he can have a say in my life, even though he's not even twenty-one. Dad's gone now though, so I teach him the new way. 'Stay out of my way yeh, Mo, don't say anything if you ain't got anything nice to say and take that money there, pay for some tracksuit that fits you, not licks the floor with its bagginess, you tramp. 'Stamp up the stairs. Wear Egyptian gold, some of the bits that didn't get sold to pay for Daddy's debts and get ready - Prada boots, Gucci scarf, skinny jeans - swear they never felt this skinny before tho - fitted silk shirt - all black. Jump into my black BMW M6 Coupe parked outside the maisonette where I'll come back to in the morning and yawn. Roll down the blacked out window to get some air. One last under-scarf check of my thick black hair and keys in. Foot on the pedal. Automatic so no big meddling. Fling scarf off head to thread through belt loops. iPod in. Start to sing. Bring in some new lyrics, bits that sit nicely on my MACced up lips:(*Singing.*)

Twenty-three. Rolling in my BMW coupe yeh don't watch me - (*to someone walking outside of the car*) what the fuck, bruv? Watch where you're going yeh? I can see you got a kid with you. Should be in bed anyhow. And I ain't a girl, I'm a woman yeh. (*Kisses teeth.*)