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JENNY VALENTINE

THE UNFAMOUS DIARIES OF
Daisy
BREWSTER

THE DRAMA QUEENS

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FUTURE GREAT THEATRE ACTOR AND
AWARD-WINNING STAR OF THE STAGE.

HANDS OFF. OUT OF BOUNDS.
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WEDNESDAY



WHERE DOES THE TIME GO?

Summer was so long ago. Like, about a century.

How is it possible that me and Leo have already been back at school a whole MONTH?

Also, how is it possible that our cousin and my new permanent roommate, Maxxy Bloom, doesn't have to go to school *at all* because she has a personal tutor, to herself, ON SET?

Very possible. That's how.

The special tutor's name is Stella Gold, and



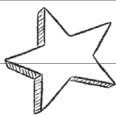


she comes to Maxxy's very own trailer and does lessons when you-know-who isn't busy doing other things like filming or practising her lines with her voice coach or being interviewed by real-life journalists or having her hair and make-up made perfect for a photo shoot.

Yet again.



STELLA
GOLD





Maxxy says that Stella Gold is a SUPERFAN and asked for her autograph the first time they met and brings her treats all the time for no reason and helps her do all her tests and is basically the best tutor on planet Earth.



I call that boasting.

Leo calls it rubbish.

He says there's no way Stella Gold can be a real person, and Maxxy has just invented her to make us jealous.

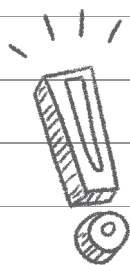
It's working.

I believe her.

I bet Stella Gold, the personal private fangirl tutor, is 100% real and also an absolute dream come true.

Our superstar cousin seems to have that kind of luck.





2.



THURSDAY

When Maxxy arrived WITHOUT WARNING in the summer and I had to get rid of half my stuff and share my entire room, it was a big, horrible, uninvited shock, but at least I knew it wasn't going to last very long.

CORRECTION.



All that has changed.



Uncle Robert has gone back home to Los Angeles WITHOUT HER, and Maxxy has moved in with us properly while she makes her next TV show and gets even more famous

and successful than before.



This is so much worse for so many reasons.



1. I'm stuck sharing my personal private space with Princess Hollywood.
2. All my most treasured possessions are still in the loft and probably never coming down.
3. I have to leave for school at the crack of dawn while she is still lounging around in her pink pyjamas.
4. Chip the dog, AKA Maxxy's emotional-support animal, has got breath and bladder problems and they are mostly happening in my air and on my rug.
5. Leo is 24/7 OUTRAGED and he was pretty bad before.
6. I don't think I can cope with her being





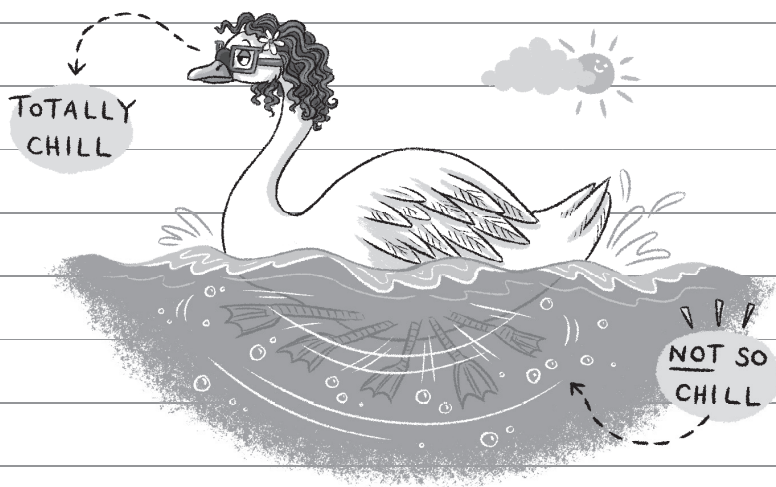
an even bigger celebrity in my humble presence.

7. It feels like it's going to last *FOR EVER*.

I think I'm being very good about it so far.

On the surface, I am staying very still - but in my head, things are working overtime.

I am basically a swan, gliding on a lake while paddling frantically under the water.



Great stage actors need to have poise and dignity, and so I am practising.



It is much, MUCH harder than it looks.



Weirdly, the person doing the most complaining about the new situation is . . .

MAXXY BLOOM.

This is called *irony*, which you have to know a lot about if you're going to be a great actor and a Shakespeare expert and a star of the stage.

Which I am.



Ironically, Maxxy is non-stop always unimpressed with the things we are so kindly letting her share with us, no questions asked, such as:



- ☆ our house (no pool)
- ☆ our weather (no sunshine)
- ☆ our town (no beach)
- ☆ and our menu (not enough sushi).



She calls my bedroom a shoebox and our bathroom cramped and our back garden shabby.

I don't call her anything, due to being swanlike.

I know my bedroom is small and our bathroom is smaller and our garden isn't the best, but that's not the point.



The point is she shouldn't be saying it.

She is a GUEST.

Mum and Dad have always told me to be on my best behaviour when I am visiting. When I'm a guest, I have to say all of my pleases and thank yous and eat everything I'm given even if I hate it, and Dad says that being nice about the curtains or the wallpaper usually helps.

Sometimes (like at Great-aunt Helen's house) this can feel a lot like acting.





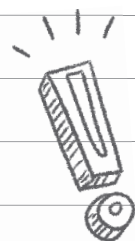
For example, I pretend her pies are delicious and her chairs are comfy and there isn't a funny smell in her downstairs loo.

I can be very convincing.

Maxxy isn't doing ANY guestish acting at all. She isn't smiling or minding her manners or pretending she likes things or handing out compliments.

In fact, she's doing the opposite.

This morning, she was *rude* about my Shakespeare poster, pulled a *face* at the baby photos of me and Leo on the fridge, and *forced* me to sniff the milk before she would allow it anywhere near her precious cornflakes. She also thinks cornflakes are beneath her. She has made that very clear.



If anyone wants to know my opinion, I think she should be way more polite and have much better manners and be about a





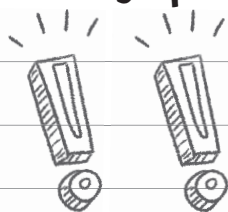
thousand times more grateful that we have let her move in without being invited and given up half our bedrooms and every atom of our privacy, etc.

But nobody is asking me.

In fact, Mum is actually **standing up for her.**

UGH. Unbelievable.

What a TRAITOR.



She says Maxxy isn't a guest because she's 'one of the family'.

She says Maxxy is very busy 'at work'.

She says Maxxy is a girl far from home 'doing her best'.

I have QUESTIONS.



1. If Maxxy is one of the family, then how come she doesn't have to do the same amount of chores as we do? Mine and



Leo's duties are suddenly off the chart.

There's a new rota stuck to the fridge and it is never-ending. Our names are all over it like a rash, but somebody's name is 100% MISSING.



2. If she is spending all of her time 'at work', which sounds like a holiday to me and means acting and signing autographs and getting fan mail and having a personal tutor and doing zero washing-up, WHY is she so unpredictable and MOODY? I don't see anyone else in this house having such a nice life or getting away with being that rude.



3. What exactly does 'doing her best' mean? Does she even know how to fold things and leave them neatly on a chair on her side of my room?





4. Is it physically impossible for her to smile at people who don't work for her and are just trying to reach across her for *their own hairbrush*?

5. Has she noticed that the hot water in this house is not infinite and there is a queue of people who actually really need the loo every time she leaves the bathroom?

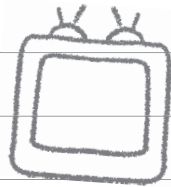


6. Is she capable of eating her perfectly normal and nutritious dinner without telling everyone how *disgusting* she thinks it is?

7. Is Chip the only living thing on this earth that she is kind to?

8. WHEN is that dog going to stop 'having accidents' under my BED?





FRIDAY

Obviously, the big news on everyone's lips in this house is that Maxxy Bloom the Queen of Doom got the **main part** in a TV show about a private detective who also happens to be eleven years old and basically a genius.

Leo says she *must* be a good actor if she can play a *genius*. He seems to think this joke makes **him** a genius instead.

He finds himself so funny.



Oh well. At least somebody does.

The show is called *SHARP-EYE* and it's



going to be even bigger than *MOONBEAMS*,
AKA the show that made my cousin famous
in the first place.

I really desperately want to *hate*
SHARP-EYE because it's the reason she is
here being ironically rude to us and not
thousands of miles away in Hollywood with
Uncle R and her stepmother (who Leo has
started calling *the human stress ball*
known as *Serenity*).

SHARP-EYE is also the reason Mum
is suddenly spending all of her time
babysitting Maxxy on set and none of her
time with us, her actual children, as in
Leo and me (who Leo has started calling
abandoned orphans).

Basically, while our guest with no manners
is busy being fancy and important on and
off camera, Mum is even busier being Maxxy's



chaperone/driver/replacement mother/
general dogsbody and maid.



She calls herself Maxxy's GUARDIAN, and
she is always talking about being on set and
using words like gripper and gaffer and call
sheet and fruit basket.

Dad says Mum is getting paid for enjoying
herself.

Leo says she is STARSTRUCK.



Shock.

Horror.

If she asks for Maxxy's autograph in my
presence, I might just curl up and die.

I honestly can't think about it.

MOONBEAMS is extremely popular and very
rubbish, but I'm sorry to say, I think SHARP-
EYE is going to be really good. Maxxy plays
the actual detective, whose name is Chilli
Pepper. This basically means she is the STAR.



I am beyond dreading that.

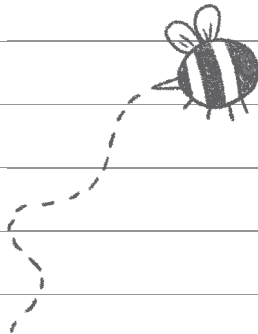


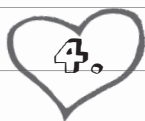
Leo said, 'On the bright side, if her head gets any bigger, she won't be able to get through the door of the house,' and Mum gave him one of her special looks that tell you more than words can ever say.



I don't know what's got into her recently.

She is definitely taking GUARDIANing to a whole new level.





SATURDAY

I think the tenth anniversary drama club production of *Bugsy Malone* might be the best thing that has ever happened to me.

Sometimes I look forward to rehearsals so much, I can't even sleep.

Right now, they are on Tuesdays after school, and Saturday (as in today) and Sunday mornings.

When we get closer to *curtain up*,

AKA SHOWTIME

AKA **OPENING NIGHT**,



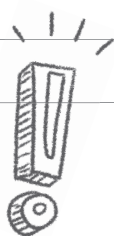


Mrs Dawkins says we will have to rehearse every single hour of every day until we *get it right*.

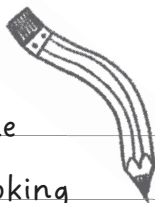
I don't mean to brag, but she says this to other members of the cast more than she says it to me (naming no names, Ruby Taylor/Tallulah, who still hasn't learned her lines and is the only person left wandering around on stage with her script).

~~Miss Black~~ Helen is still our assistant director, and I am still not used to calling her Helen. We have been *breaking out* into study groups with her and going through scenes. We are so busy rehearsing that no one has had any time to ask me a million Maxxy Bloom questions, even if I can tell by their eyes (Ocean, Tilly and Lola) that they are still thinking them.

What a massive relief.



This is the official list of who is in the play. I copied it out and I can't stop looking at it. I have also added my own notes. I will probably end up wearing this page out to nothing just from **staring** at it.



Bugsy Malone - - - - - Olivier Doyle
(a boxer thrust into the gangster limelight)

Fat Sam - - - - - Sam Dale
(the owner of a speakeasy, which is a kind of cocktail bar)

Dandy Dan - - - - - Ocean Smart
(Fat Sam's rival who wants to shut down his business)

Tallulah - - - - - Ruby Taylor
(Fat Sam's girlfriend, who catches Bugsy's eye)

Blousey Brown - - - - Daisy Brewster **(ME)**
(a showgirl who Bugsy is interested in)

Lena Marelli - - - - - Tilly Bracewell
(a showgirl)

Baby Face - - - - - Lola Lyons
(the youngest gangster)

Fizzy - - - - - Jeffrey Liu
(another gangster)

Knuckles - - - - - Manu Askar
(another gangster)





I love my part.

SO much.

A *showgirl*. OOF. It's so glamorous.

I am still pinching myself that I actually got it.

I am living and breathing Blousey Brown, day and night.

For example:



Sometimes when I'm in a situation, I find myself thinking, *What would Blousey Brown do?*

Like when Ocean and Tilly and Lola laughed at my jeans, which used to be Leo's, Daisy (as in me) wanted to tell them I didn't care one tiny measly atom about what they thought, and that second-hand clothes are good for the planet even when they are a bit baggy and faded; but *Blousey* (my alter ego, the other me) made sure I





just put my chin in the air and pretended nothing was happening and ignored them and left with all my dignity in one piece.

Blousey Brown is most definitely a swan.

It's amazing.



It's like acting has given me a superpower and I'm being two different people at the exact same time.

I have asked Maxxy if she ever gets that superpower feeling and she looked at me very strangely, but she didn't say a word. So I'm guessing that's a NO.



What. Ever.

I've got WAY more important things to focus on than what Ocean thinks of my brother's old jeans or what Maxxy thinks of my acting talents.

Like, how there are only FORTY-TWO DAYS LEFT until opening night!



When I focus on *that*, my stomach feels like it is dropping right through a hole in the floor under my feet.

There are holes in the floor on the stage. They are called *trapdoors*, and we are using them in some of the dance numbers to make things more interesting. Mrs Dawkins says it is a health-and-safety *nightmare*, but as long as we all keep our eyes open and our wits about us, it will make the whole show *SING*.



I have my eyes and my wits, and I'm so way beyond excited about all of it.

This is my first *starring role* and I plan to have SO MANY in my long and distinguished career.



I wouldn't say this out loud to anyone on earth because I'd be too embarrassed . . .

But honestly, in my best daydreams, when I am a world-famous and extremely respected





actor, people will look back at this production of *Bugsy Malone* and sigh and say, 'That's DAISY BREWSTER, and that's where it all started.'

And it's not just about me. I swear.

I want good things for everyone.



I am just determined that this play will go down in history as one of drama club's BEST.

