



# ALMA'S NOT NORMAL

## Pilot Episode Shooting Script

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**PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL**

**Production Office:**

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EXT. BOLTON TOWN CENTRE - PRESENT DAY

ALMA (25 years old, bright ginger hair, wearing a bright pink fur coat, small, loud) is riding a bright blue bicycle up a quiet street in Bolton Town Centre. She's smoking a cigarette and panting for breath with her ginger hair bouncing around clumsily.

Some Scallies at a bus stop laugh as she cycles past.

SCALLIES  
You look like a twat!

ALMA  
Ta!

CUT TO:

INT. JOB CENTRE - BOLTON TOWN CENTRE - PRESENT DAY

We pan across a depressing Job Centre, full of depressed grey looking people. ALMA bursts through the front door panting, sweaty, wearing her bike helmet and pink fur coat.

She sits down in the waiting area, pulling focus as she dramatically takes off her helmet, coat and bag - continually sighing and huffing with relief. The person next to her and the person opposite her both look at her suspiciously. ALMA notices this and sees it as an invitation to chat. Nobody engages.

ALMA  
Too hot. (Sticks tongue out like a cartoon dog) It's my own fault for cycling in fur. FAKE fur, don't worry, I've not killed a ... flamingo.

ALMA laughs, nobody joins in. Everyone averts their eyes. ALMA looks away with a kind 'suit yourself' expression and starts fanning herself.

ALMA spots a water cooler and heads over to it. She realizes there are no cups. She hesitates before sticking her head under the tap and taking a gulp. We see other people look over in horror.

CAROL (40s, thick Bolton accent, knackered looking) enters the waiting area.

CAROL  
Alma Nuthall?

ALMA jumps up, from under the tap. FREEZE on ALMA as she wipes water off her chin.

ALMA VO  
That's me - you can't miss me.  
Stick out like a sore thumb round here.

CUT TO:

3 **TITLE SEQUENCE : ALMA'S NOT NORMAL** 3

4 **INT. JOB CENTRE - BOLTON TOWN CENTRE - CONTINUOUS** 4

ALMA sits down at CAROL's desk, opposite her.

CAROL starts typing on her computer, without looking up at ALMA. She looks up at ALMA about to speak -

ALMA  
I've got to be honest  
(ALMA quickly checks  
CAROL's name badge)  
Carol, I've no qualifications or  
job experience. But I've got  
pizazz, I've got charisma and I  
think outside the box... But I'm  
also capable of being in the box at  
the same time if you know what I  
mean?

CAROL  
Not really no. Why don't you have  
any qualifications?

CUT TO  
FLASHBACK:

5 **INT. SCIENCE ROOM - HIGH SCHOOL - FLASHBACK** 5

We pan through a full science-class, (Teacher is writing on the board, students are wearing goggles and working with Bunsen-Burners) landing on a close-up of TEENAGE ALMA (Ginger moused hair, loads of make-up, no-tie, tight-shirt, goggles on her head) right at the back. She lights a fag on her Bunsen-Burner, ducks under the desk and smokes it.

CUT TO:

6

INT. JOB CENTRE - BOLTON TOWN CENTRE - BACK TO PRESENT DAY 6

ALMA

I were just never much of an academic, Carol.

CUT TO  
FLASHBACK:

6A

EXT. LIN'S COUNCIL HOUSE - DAYTIME - FLASHBACK

6A

Establisher. YOUNG ALMA walks into the house.

CUT TO:

7

INT. LIN'S COUNCIL HOUSE - DAYTIME - FLASHBACK

7

YOUNG ALMA (7yrs old, scruffy, shell suit) enters. There's several passed out adults asleep on the carpet-less floor surrounded by beer and drug paraphernalia and an Alsatian dog barking rabidly in the corner.

ALMA V.O

The truth is, for the first seven years of my life I didn't even go to school.

YOUNG ALMA  
Shut it Benjamin!

Unfazed by this, YOUNG ALMA spots a box of cereal on the breakfast bar.

ALMA VO  
Think Mowgli in a shell-suit.

She confidently drags one of the snoring people by the breakfast bar to use as a step ladder- they don't wake up.

ALMA VO (CONT'D)  
Think the baby from Trainspotting.

She stands on them, grabs her cereal and shares it between her and the dog.

CUT TO:

CAROL  
So what job experience have you got?

ALMA  
(Direct, determined,  
slightly defensive)  
I want to be an actress.

CAROL  
(Slightly exasperated) What job experience do you have?

ALMA  
(Not wanting to go into it/quickly)  
Well, my boyfriend had his own business. I used to help him out.  
(Getting annoyed thinking about it)  
But he recently left me, Carol. For a younger - NOT hotter, thank you - but YOUNGER woman. That ever happen to you?

Smash C/U on a framed picture on CAROL's desk. It's her and a chubby man holding hands at a Star Wars Convention dressed in matching costumes.

CAROL  
(Cracking on)  
No it hasn't, job matches for your skill set are-

ALMA  
Well I can tell you it's shit Carol. He left me, knowing full well that I wouldn't be able to cover the rent.

CAROL  
Right - anyway. Let's get back on track.

ALMA  
Your one looks nice.  
Safe. (Beat) Meaty.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(Looking at the Star Wars costumes they're wearing) See you've got your own weird shit going on and you've found someone who digs it. That's what I need. Someone who embraces my quirks.

\*

CAROL  
I'm sorry that you've had a difficult time, Our plan here is to help you get back on track.

\*

ALMA  
Yes and that's what I want.  
(BEAT)  
I'm just going to throw myself into a career. Forget men - I'm a Career Woman now.

\*

CAROL  
Here we go. I have a job match for you.

\*

ALMA  
Fabulous!

\*

CAROL  
Sandwich Artist at SubNGo.

\*

\*

ALMA  
Sandwich Artist? What am I doing?  
Painting the sandwiches?

CAROL  
No. *Making* the sandwiches, using the till, dealing with customers, that sort of thing.

ALMA looks disgusted.

ALMA  
That's not what I want to do Carol!

CAROL  
You don't have many options love.

ALMA and CAROL stare at each other for a second not sure what to do next. Suddenly ALMA bursts to her feet, full of gumption.

ALMA  
Well actually that's about to  
change. I've just had an audition  
and it felt very promising.

CAROL is printing off the information for the job at SubNGo.

CAROL  
(Back to knackered)  
To stay on JSA you need to be  
actively seeking work Miss Nuthall.  
Shall I put in an expression of  
interest?

CAROL shoves the SubNGo document at ALMA.

ALMA slumps down defeated and takes the document.

ALMA  
Yeah go on then.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. THE JOB CENTRE - MOMENTS LATER

9

ALMA leaves the Job Centre, lights a cigarette and  
thoughtlessly scrunches the SubNGo document into her pocket.  
She unlocks her bike and clammers on, cycling off, fag in  
mouth.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. MUSIC SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

10

At the traffic lights, a huge boom box with flashing lights  
catches her eye in the window of Electrics Shop. The sign  
above it says *"The Party Rocker Max - make every event a  
special occasion"*

CUT TO:

11

INT. MUSIC SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

11

ALMA is wheeling the flashing 'Party Rocker Max' up and down  
the shop as if she's on a catwalk. The shop assistant, ADNAN,  
is by her side telling her its features.

ALMA  
It's very me in't it. I mean, I  
know you don't actually know me-

ALMA taps his arm familiarly.

ADNAN  
No I can see this sort of thing  
works with your... demeanor

ALMA  
I love it  
(Alma quickly checks  
ADNAN's name badge)

*Adnan.*  
It feels fabulous.  
You can't be miserable when you've  
got one of these can you? I'm a  
walking party. How much is it?

ADNAN  
250 pounds. \*

ALMA  
250 quid?! What the fuck?! \*

ADNAN  
Can you keep your voice down.

ALMA  
(Whispers)  
What the fuck, Adnan?!

ANTHONY (Early 30s, short back and sides, Hugo Boss T-shirt and Chinos) enters the shop with a group of rough looking blokes. ALMA, still stood with ADNAN, spots them and panics.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
SHIT!

Camera Slow-Mo on ANTHONY. \*

ALMA VO  
This is the prick who broke my  
heart.

INTO PHOTO MONTAGE:

ALMA VO (CONT'D)  
I met him a bus stop when I was 15.

PHOTO: TEENAGE ALMA and YOUNGER ANTHONY at the bus stop

ALMA (V.O.)  
Thought he'd bring me the moon.

PHOTO: TEENAGE ALMA and YOUNGER ANTHONY snogging at the bus stop

ALMA (V.O.)  
Turned out he could only just spell  
it.

PHOTO: TEENAGE ALMA and YOUNGER ANTHONY at the bus stop with YOUNGER ANTHONY picking his nose and TEENAGE ALMA looking disappointed.

END PHOTO MONTAGE.

ALMA ducks behind a shelf.

ADNAN  
Is everything okay?

ALMA  
(Whispering, crouched on the floor)  
Don't talk to me, Adnan. I'm not  
here!

ADNAN  
What?

ALMA  
(Urgent/whisper) I'm not here.

ADNAN is confused.

ADNAN  
So do you want the Party-Rocker.

ALMA  
Ssssh!

ANTHONY comes over to ADNAN from the other-side of the shelf.  
He cant see ALMA.

ANTHONY  
Hiya mate have you got any decks?

ALMA puts her finger to her lips intensely as a signal to ADNAN. ADNAN looks at her perplexed, then back at ANTHONY.

ADNAN is now reluctantly involved in hiding ALMA.

ADNAN  
Er... Yes, just to the right by the  
window.

ANTHONY  
Nice one

ANTHONY is about to walk off when he sees ALMA crouching down.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
ALMA?! What the fuck are you  
doing?!

ALMA panics and looks around for something at her eye level.

ALMA  
I was just looking at...

ALMA impulsively grabs a packet of Jack Leads.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
These.

ANTHONY  
A Jack?

ALMA stands up collecting herself. She pretends not to notice ANTHONY's mates laughing at her from the other end of the shop.

ALMA  
Yes, for my...

ADNAN  
(Trying to help ALMA) Amp?

ALMA  
Amp. Yeah. I have an Amp now.

ANTHONY  
You're fucking weird you, you know.

ALMA  
Oh piss off. Anyway, you're the one  
who should be hiding.

ANTHONY  
So you were hiding?

ALMA  
Don't change the subject. You owe  
me money!

ADNAN is in the background looking awkward.

ANTHONY  
Fuck off. You're just jealous  
because I'm finally happy.

ALMA  
If happiness is shagging a teenager  
and moving back in with your mum  
then you're welcome to it!

ANTHONY'S MATE  
(Heckling from the other side of the shop) Ah don't worry Alma, Love. Ill shag yeh if you're desperate.

ALMA.  
(Shouting back to his mate) Oh fuck off yeh fat fuck.  
(To Anthony) How am I supposed to pay my rent this month?

ANTHONY  
(Shrugs) Not my problem anymore.

ANTHONY and his mates walk out the shop.

ALMA looks sad for a moment. She looks over at ADNAN who is pretending he didn't hear the argument. Behind his awkwardness, there's sympathy for ALMA. ALMA looks back at the Party Rocker.

ALMA  
Do you do store credit, Adnan?

CUT TO:

12

EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

12 \*

ALMA cycles into shot with the Boom Box balanced precariously. She parks up her bike and walks up the path.

JOAN (Late 50s, dark hair, large nose, attractive, severe looking) answers the door in an outrageously loud leopard print onesie. She takes a comically urgent drag of her cigarette.

Camera Slow-Mo on JOAN.

ALMA (V.O.)  
This is Grandma Joan.

INTO PHOTO MONTAGE

ALMA V.O  
A silk-cut-smoking.

PHOTO: JOAN's red-lipsticked mouth sucking a cigarette tip.

ALMA V.O (CONT'D)  
Vodka-drinking.

PHOTO: JOAN's hand, red-nail varnish, clutching a glass of vodka and coke with the stain of red-lipstick round the rim of the glass.

ALMA V.O (CONT'D)  
Animal-print-loving.

PHOTO: JOAN's animal print handbag

ALMA V.O (CONT'D)  
whirlwind.

PHOTO: Full image of JOAN wearing animal print outfit, posing for camera, with cigarette and drink.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO  
FLASHBACK:

13

INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

13

We pan across JOAN's sparse living-room to see; a joss-stick burning, books like The Joy Of Sex and The Function Of The Orgasm on the bookshelf, one framed picture of herself in the centre of the fireplace.

An 8 year old ALMA is sat on the PVC couch staring at the penis of a large erotic sculpture on the fireplace. ALMA is in her coat and hat with a suitcase at her feet. JOAN (40's, wearing a tight fitted top and zebra-print trousers) is on the other side of the room with a cigarette, looking out of the window in a cloud of smoke.

ALMA V.O  
I went to live with Joan when I was  
eight. She'd just got divorced and  
chucked out the iron.

Switch to 8 year old ALMA's POV; we're staring at the erotic sculpture when JOAN dramatically spins around from the window to face ALMA.

JOAN  
Don't waste your life ironing a  
man's clothes, Alma. His creases  
will drop out, but your wrinkles  
won't.

She carries on smoking and looking into the distance wistfully.

ALMA V.O  
She went to Uni that year and discovered feminism. I say feminism. I mean that in a very 90s way; she said the words 'cock' and 'patriarchy' a lot.

CUT TO:

13A

EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - PRESENT DAY

13A

JOAN  
(Abrupt)  
QUICK! Get in! Fried Spam on the go!

CUT TO:

14

INT. JOAN'S HOUSE

14

JOAN wizzes off, leaving the door ajar. ALMA follows her into the kitchen, sits on the counter and watches JOAN fry spam, fag dangled from her lips.

ALMA  
Just seen Anthony. Shouting at me in the middle of a shop. Can you believe that?

\*

JOAN  
Yes, I can. He's a fuck!  
(Inhales deeply over the pan)  
This spam is fabulous. Aldi's own.  
I wake up craving it. It calls my name from the kitchen cupboard:  
Joan! JOAAAAN!

\*

\*

ALMA rolls her eyes at JOAN.

JOAN catches herself in the mirror, pouts and then sighs. She slaps the bottom of her chin, fiddles with her fringe and stares at herself sadly.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
I'm starting to look like Nicholas Cage.

\*

ALMA  
You're just a bit droopy here.

ALMA gestures at her jowls.

\*

JOAN  
Oh sod off.

ALMA  
But the rest of your skin's dead  
fresh.

JOAN  
(Enthusiastic) Yeah. I know. I'll  
tell you why - I read an article on  
the benefits of steam rooms on your  
skin. (Earnestly) So every morning,  
I've started sticking my head in  
the kettle.

ALMA  
I don't think that's the same.

JOAN  
No I've lost years round my eyes.  
Look.

JOAN brings her face right up to ALMA's so she can get a good  
look at her face. She then jumps back to her spam.

ALMA  
I'm going to see mum today. You  
could always come with me?

JOAN  
Don't start.

JOAN sighs and flips her spam.

ALMA  
She's really struggling Grandma.  
She needs us. And I need -

JOAN  
And what about what I need? Nobody  
thinks about that do they.

ALMA  
Alright. Chill out.

JOAN  
No, no. She stole the best years of  
my life, your mother - and has she  
ever apologized? Has she fuck.

JOAN lights another cigarette off the one she is finishing.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
I don't want to talk about it.  
(BEAT)  
How's her ears?

ALMA  
What?

JOAN  
Her ears get very cold don't they.  
They stick out so much, that's why.

ALMA  
Oh yeah. I think they're fine  
Grandma.

JOAN  
Good. Lets leave it at that then.

ALMA notices a packet of cigarettes on the side.

ALMA  
Can I pinch a fag?

JOAN stares at ALMA, irritated.

JOAN  
80p.

ALMA  
I don't have 80p. I'm skint.

ALMA takes a cigarette and lights it. She pinches another one  
and puts it in her pocket as JOAN takes a mouthful of spam  
out of the pan. She then turns around to ALMA with a stern  
look.

JOAN  
It's about time you got a proper  
job. I've worked all my life.  
Always on my feet. I've got bunions  
the size of my fist.

ALMA  
(Cutting her off)  
I don't want to go into your  
bunions right now.

JOAN gives ALMA a disgruntled look.

JOAN  
Dreaming doesn't get you anywhere.  
That's not going to put spam on the  
table is it?

The reality of JOAN'S words hit home to ALMA. She looks deflated.

CUT TO:

15

EXT. CENTRAL CAFE - LATER THAT DAY

15

ALMA pulls up on her bike outside CENTRAL CAFE and walks round the back, carrying her Boom Box.

CUT TO:

16

INT. CENTRAL CAFE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

16

ALMA enters the kitchen where LEANNE (Early 30s, big build, straight talking, thick Bristolian accent, wearing a catering apron and hat) is whacking a thick piece of beef with a meat mallet. Her Boss, BILL (Older man in managerial clothes) is in the background stock checking.

Camera Slow-Mo of LEANNE

ALMA V.O  
This is LEANNE. She came to Bolton for a fling she met online. She decided to stay because -

CUT TO  
FLASHBACK:

17

INT. PUB - FLASHBACK

17

LEANNE is getting off with two blokes at the same time. ALMA is sat next to her shit-faced. She turns to ALMA and says

LEANNE  
The men round 'ere love me. They find my accent 'exotic'.

CUT TO:

18

INT. CENTRAL CAFE KITCHEN - PRESENT DAY

18

LEANNE puts the mallet-down, wipes her brow and grabs her fags. She hands one to ALMA.

Continue Camera Slow-Mo

ALMA V.O  
She has the mannerisms of a truck  
driver and the rock-n-roll sex  
appeal of Debbie Harry. It's quite  
something. She's never without a  
shag.

End Camera Slow-Mo

LEANNE  
Bill, I'm going for a fag. Can you  
crack on with the mallet - my arms  
are raggin'.

BILL  
You've already had your break.

LEANNE  
Bill! Don't be a dick. I'll be back  
in a minute.

LEANNE and ALMA walk towards the back door.

BILL  
(Shouting after LEANNE) I'm *your*  
boss remember.

LEANNE rolls her eyes at BILL and lights her cigarette.

LEANNE  
I'm glad you're 'ere. I need to  
talk to you.  
(She notices ALMA's boombox)  
What's that?

ALMA  
Can I leave it here? It keeps  
falling off my bike.

LEANNE  
You need to watch your spending  
you. You've got a problem.

ALMA  
No I don't

LEANNE  
Put it next your trampoline.

ALMA  
It's not a *trampoline*. It's a Fit  
Bounce Pro. Very good for getting  
fit. Athletes use them!

ALMA puts the boombox in the corner of the kitchen next to lots of junk including her Fit-Bounce.

LEANNE  
(To ALMA)  
So listen...I need to...\*

ALMA  
(Looking at the Fit Bounce)  
I do need to use it more though,  
don't I?

LEANNE  
Use it more? Use it once.

ALMA  
I should just use it when I pop round.

ALMA gets on the Fit-Bounce and begins to bounce.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
A sort of tone up and chat session.

LEANNE  
What's going on with you? You're in one of your manic moods.

ALMA  
(Still bouncing up and down manically)  
I'm not in a manic mood.  
(Beat. Still bouncing)  
I'm just in a thoughtful mood.  
(Beat. Still bouncing)  
I'm thinking, I'm 25, I've got no job, no boyfriend, a flat I can't afford, a trampoline I don't bounce on and a boombox I don't need.  
(stops bouncing)  
But I'm fine. I'm absolutely fine.

ALMA's phone rings. She mimes to LEANNE it's her audition. LEANNE looks excited for her.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(Faux posh voice)  
Hello! Yes - this is I! Thanks for calling back.  
(Beat)  
Oh right. Okay.  
(Hurt)  
Okay. Thank you fo-

They've hung up. ALMA puts her phone away.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Didn't get it. \*

LEANNE  
That's proper shit.  
(BEAT)  
I'm sorry babe. \*

ALMA  
I'm destined for a life of bunions,  
Leanne.  
(BEAT)  
And I'm fucking skint as well. \*

LEANNE  
Fuck's sake Alma! You need to get  
some money off Anthony to tide you  
over.  
(BEAT)  
He owes you after running off like  
that. \*

ALMA  
(standing up)  
Yeah you're right. I bloody should. \*

LEANNE  
And don't shag him this time.

ALMA  
Oh no - will I fuck. I'm over him.  
He's repulsive to me now.

HARD CUT TO:

19

INT. ANTHONY'S BEDROOM - VIV'S HOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

19

ALMA has just had sex with ANTHONY.

They're both in bed staring at the ceiling.

ALMA  
Well that didn't go according to  
plan, did it? \*

ANTHONY is looking at the ceiling thoughtfully.

ANTHONY  
I think my knob is getting bigger.  
Do you think it is?

ALMA  
Erm... well, have you trimmed your  
pubes?

ANTHONY  
Oh, yeah. Yeah... but it's not  
that. (BEAT)

ANTHONY gets a text from MELANIE. ALMA reads it over his  
shoulder.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
You're gonna have to go in a  
minute.

ALMA  
I need some money Anthony.

ANTHONY and ALMA exchange looks. ANTHONY huffs and gets up,  
leaving his phone on the bed. He goes to the cupboard where  
there is a lot of drugs and rolls of cash. ALMA notices a  
picture of MELANIE and ANTHONY on his screen saver - This  
upsets ALMA. She turns his phone over. ANTHONY throws a roll  
of cash at ALMA.

ANTHONY  
There. 500 quid for your rent. Now  
you need to go.

VIV [ANTHONY'S MUM/OOV]  
Alma Love! I've made you a brew  
down here.

ALMA  
Oh Ta Viv.  
(To ANTHONY)  
How did she know it was me?

ANTHONY  
You're loud aren't you.

CUT TO:

20

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - VIV'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

20

ALMA and VIV are sat on the couch watching tele with cigs,  
brews and biscuits.

BREAD PRESENTER  
(On the Tele)  
Every home is improved by homemade  
bread.  
(MORE)

BREAD PRESENTER (CONT'D)  
And making bread in your own  
kitchen is much more satisfying  
than buying a loaf. So there's no  
excuse. Get Baking!

ALMA  
(To Viv) Have you ever baked bread?

ANTHONY  
(To ALMA)  
You need to go.

VIV  
Have I fuck.  
(Beat)  
I once bought a loaf that wasn't  
sliced though.

ALMA  
(Eyebrow raise)  
Yeah? How was it?

VIV  
Hard work.

VIV automatically gives ALMA half a cigarette. It's clear  
this is second nature to them both.

ANTHONY  
(Raising his voice) Melanie's going  
to come back any minute!

VIV  
(Raising his voice) Let her finish  
her brew!

ANTHONY  
(Shouting) She needs to go!

ANTHONY huffs out the room.

VIV  
Don't you bloody start with that  
temper! (Beat) I'm surprised she  
wants to be anywhere near you after-

ALMA wafts her hand to signal for VIV to stop talking and  
finished her brew.

BREAD PRESENTER (V.O.)  
Whatever you do. Do NOT under-bake  
a sourdough.

VIV  
(At tele) Who gives a fuck, Paul!

ALMA  
(Sadly) I suppose I better go. Bye,  
Viv

VIV  
Bye Love

ALMA exits.

CUT TO:

21

**EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER**

21

ALMA is waiting at the bus stop opposite VIV's House watching them all through the window.

ALMA V.O  
I was 15 when Grandma kicked me out. Viv and Ant took me in. They've been my family ever since.

ALMA sees MELANIE arrive and watches her through the window as she kisses ANTHONY, sits on the couch and watches tele with Viv. VIV gives MELANIE half her cigarette, just as she did with ALMA.

We zoom in on Viv.

ALMA V.O (CONT'D)  
Everything is always like clockwork with Viv. You know where you stand. She gets up at the same time. Sits in the same chair. Eats the same discount biscuits. It's reliable. Comforting.

ALMA's phone rings. 'Mum Not An Emergency Contact' is on the screen.

ALMA V.O (CONT'D)  
My mum is nothing like Viv.

CUT TO  
FLASHBACK:

22

**INT. KITCHEN OF A GRUBBY FLAT - FLASHBACK**

22

We pan through the grubby flat to the kitchen.

21

LIN is attempting to cook a boiled egg for ALMA.

ALMA V.O  
She's a drug addict so she's never  
been too good at the mum stuff. She  
tried once. It was a disaster.

LIN  
(Stressed/Shouting towards  
camera)  
How do you know when it's tcooked?  
It looks the fucking same!

CUT TO:

22A

EXT. BUS STOP - MOMENTS LATER

22A

ALMA answers her phone.

LIN (OOV)  
Alma, it's mum. You still coming?

23

EXT. PRESTWICH HOSPITAL - LATER THAT DAY

23

ALMA walks into the hospital.

CUT TO:

24

INT. MEETING ROOM AT PRESTWICH HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

24

LIN (Now late 40s, vulnerable eyes, bright pink spiky hair, lots of tattoos) and JIM are sat waiting. JIM opening a packet of Rice Crispy Cakes and a support worker is sat quietly in the corner. LIN jumps up as ALMA enters.

LIN  
Oh great! Y'ere!

Camera Slow-Mo on LIN.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Here she is - my mum.  
The Iggy Pop of the Psych Ward.

INTO PHOTO MONTAGE

ALMA (V.O.)  
She sees herself as a punk.

QUICK SERIES OF ARTY PHOTOS WITH COOL LOOKING PUNKS

ALMA (V.O.)  
But it's hard to look like a punk  
when you shop exclusively on Bury  
Market.

PHOTO: LIN is stood outside Bury Market looking odd.

ALMA (V.O.)  
She loves ornament pixies too.

PHOTO: A shelf full of creepy, ornament pixies

END OF MONTAGE

LIN is holding ALMA's hand and smiles at her in a sheepish sad sort of way. JIM is in the background opening the packet of Rice Crispy Cakes.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I sometimes think if she'd  
discovered ornament pixies before  
heroine we could've had a very  
different life.

LIN  
I've got something for you.

LIN picks up one of her huge canvass paintings - featuring a giant terrified eye sitting in a gold fish bowl - and hands it to ALMA.

LIN (CONT'D)  
It's about society.

ALMA  
Right. Yeah. It's definitely...  
bigger than the last one int it.

LIN  
(Serious) A-Nought

\*

ALMA looks at the painting baffled. LIN looks at ALMA with a slightly pained smile. JIM chokes on a Rice Crispy Cake.

LIN (CONT'D)  
Bloody hell Jim! Be quiet making a racket!

JIM  
(Through a cough) We shouldn't get these again Lin. I can't chew them

Camera Slow-Mo on JIM

ALMA (V.O.)  
This is my mum's boyfriend Jim.  
He's a schizophrenic with a heart  
of gold. They met on another ward  
twenty years ago.

INTO PHOTO MONTAGE

ALMA (V.O.)  
He's never taken drugs in his  
life...But they both had no teeth -  
so they got on like a house on  
fire.

PHOTO: LIN and JIM, arms round each-other, smiling for the camera, with their toothless gurns.

ALMA (V.O.)  
It was like watching two elastic  
bands have a conversation.

PHOTO: Close Up of JIM and LIN's toothless mouths looking like elastic bands.

ALMA (V.O.)  
They've had them done on't NHS now

PHOTO: Close up of two smiling mouths with big, fake-teeth that don't fit well.

END OF MONTAGE

ALMA sits down with her painting. LIN is looking agitated. JIM is still struggling with the Rice Crispy Cake.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Jim's still struggling with his.

ALMA  
Here you go. It's all there.

ALMA hands LIN a plastic bag with fags, milkshake and jelly babies.

SUPPORT WORKER  
(To Lin) We'll just have to check  
that before you leave with it.

LIN  
(Snaps/Aggressive at Support Worker) For fucks sake! (Waving the bag of Jelly Babies) I'm not armed and dangerous with a bag of fucking Jelly Babies am I?

ALMA  
Mum, it's alright.

LIN  
It's like a fucking Guinea-Pig farm  
in here. I shouldn't be here.

ALMA V.O  
My mum has drug induced psychosis,  
which means sometimes she likes to  
set things on fire.

CUT TO  
FLASHBACK:

25

EXT. JIMS FLAT - FLASHBACK - 3 MONTHS EARLIER

25

We see JIM's flat up in flames. LIN is sat outside, looking both defiant and anxious.

ALMA V.O  
This time it was Jim's place.

JIM plods up the road towards the flat carrying a Warburtons loaf limply by his side. He sees his flat in flames and LIN looking angry and anxious.

JIM  
(Calm/startled/passive)  
Bloody-hell Lin. What've you done?  
(Beat.)  
I was going to make beans on toast.  
(Lifelessly lifting up the loaf)

They stare at each other bewildered for a moment, the flat still ablaze behind them.

ALMA V.O  
Apparently it's pretty common for women with psychosis. Men attack women. Women attack buildings. I suppose you could read it as mum's way of setting the patriarchy alight.

CUT TO:

25A

INT. MEETING ROOM AT PRESTWICH HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

25A

\*

LIN starts to cough, a lot. It's disturbing and clearly as sign of Crack Pipe use. ALMA pats her back.

\*  
\*

ALMA V.O  
Or maybe she just fucking loves  
fire.

ALMA  
(Even more forced upbeat)  
Bloody-hell, you'd think you'd been  
down the mines.

LIN smiles through her cough.

LIN  
Shall we go for fag?

CUT TO:

26

EXT. PRESTWICH HOSPITAL SMOKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

26

LIN, JIM and ALMA are sitting in the smoking area of the rehab. SUPPORT WORKER is at the side of the bench.

LIN  
I can't stand it in here - they're  
all bloody nutters.

ALMA  
I know mum.

LIN  
And nobody visits.

ALMA  
I'm here aren't I?

LIN  
Oh yeah thanks for your guest  
appearance. I'll see you again in  
2050. Jim's here everyday!

ALMA  
Mum, I was here last week.

LIN  
Well Grandma's bloody not is she.  
It's been years.

BEAT.

ALMA  
Perhaps next time we can use some  
of your Leave and go somewhere  
nicer?

\*

LIN nods despondently. BEAT.

LIN  
Council wont sort us another flat,  
you know. Jim's been sleeping on't  
floor at Scabby Joe's.

JIM  
(Mutters) It's not comfy

LIN  
So, could I come and stay with you  
when they release me?

ALMA  
(Without a beat)  
No.

LIN looks hurt.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(Backtracking)  
It's just, my flats only small and  
I'm skint myself.  
(Beat. Gaining nerve)  
And I'm not being funny Mum but  
you're an arsonist.

LIN  
It was an accident!

ALMA  
You killed the cat.

PATIENT ONE enters the smoking area. He says hello to LIN and lights a cigarette. PATIENT TWO - who resembles Jesus - walks past them all.

PATIENT TWO  
(Broad Boltonian)  
Peace be with yeh.

LIN  
(To PATIENT ONE/Motioning  
to PATIENT TWO)  
Is he new?

PATIENT ONE  
Yeah.  
(With disgust)  
He thinks he's Jesus.

LIN  
Another one?

PATIENT ONE  
Yeah.  
(Dead serious)  
I told him. You're no son of mine.

ALMA and LIN look at each other amused.

CUT TO:

27

INT. THE WHITE HORSE PUB - LATER THAT DAY

27

ALMA walks into the pub dragging her huge painting with her. LEANNE is sat the bar with two pints.

LEANNE  
What the hell is that?

ALMA  
Every time my mum gets sectioned  
she joins art class and makes me  
these expressions of her love-slash-  
psychosis.

ALMA joins LEANNE at the bar, pinches one LEANNE's fags, lights it and puts a pound in a jar that says '*Smokers contribution to future fines*'.

She takes a deep drag and a gulp of beer and sighs loudly with relief.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Ah thank fuck for that!

LEANNE  
Listen I need to talk to you. I  
heard something today. You know  
that Anne, with the lazy eye? \*

ALMA  
Oh yeah - Winky Anne?

LEANNE  
(Change of tone/gossipy) She's  
doing alright you know.  
She's just bought a flat in Bury...  
with a garage!

ALMA  
Bought it?

LEANNE  
Yeah.

ALMA  
With a garage?

LEANNE  
Yeah.

ALMA  
Bought it?

LEANNE  
Yeah. With a garage.

LEANNE (CONT'D)  
You know why don't you?  
(Gossiping/Whispers)  
She's started escorting in  
Manchester.

ALMA  
No way! I'm surprised she gets the  
work with that eye.

LEANNE  
She's had it fixed! I heard she  
earns £250 an hour.

ALMA  
No way! Bloody hell.

LEANNE  
(Looking miffed)  
I know. I'm on £7.50

ALMA  
(Pointing at LEANNE's catering hat  
on the bar) And you've got to wear  
that hat.

LEANNE  
(Looking miffed)  
I know.

ALMA  
If you were an escort, one hour,  
slap a man on the balls, pretend to  
be his mother - £250 you'd be done!

They stare in awe for a beat, thinking on the money, before  
snapping out of it.

LEANNE  
I couldn't do it though.

ALMA  
Me neither. Not with my depressed  
left breast.

LEANNE  
Everyone has one low energy breast  
though. I've got a hair on mine.

ALMA  
Me too. Black. Wirey.

LEANNE  
Yeah. (Beat)

Takes a sip from drink.

LEANNE (CONT'D)  
So listen, I need to tell you  
something and you're not gonna like  
it...

ALMA  
Right. Go on.

LEANNE  
Anne came in the caf yesterday and  
she starts chatting to me and she  
tells me... that apparently...  
Melanie's pregnant... and they're  
keeping it.

ALMA  
What the fuck?

LEANNE  
I know.

We see ALMA slowly process what she's just heard and start to  
well up.

ALMA  
I just don't understand.

LEANNE  
(Leaning in) Listen, Alma, this is  
the best thing that could happen to  
you. You can finally move on.

ALMA  
To where? To what?

A bloke at the bar (GEOFF) looks over and gives ALMA smile.

LEANNE notices this and gives ALMA a suggestive eye-brow to say 'to him?'.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
No.

Beat. ALMA is still processing it all.

LEANNE  
After everything he's done ...  
After what happened with -

ALMA puts her hand up to stop LEANNE talking.

ALMA  
I don't want to talk about that. \*

ALMA looks away sadly. \*

LEANNE  
Shall we get shit-faced? (Pointing to Karaoke sign) It's Karaoke night. \*

ALMA  
No. I should probably go home. Get an early night. \*

HARD CUT TO:

28

INT. THE WHITE HORSE PUB - LATER THAT NIGHT

28

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A) ALMA is on Karaoke, clearly shit-faced, reciting an angry/ almost-rap performance of Spice Girls' Wannabe.

B) ALMA is at the bar having an intense chat with GEOFF about the wirey hair on her left breast. LEANNE is in the background, rolling a fag and being chatted up by a SKINNY LAD.

C) ALMA and LEANNE are leading a Mass-Konga through the pub.

D) ALMA is dancing wildly with GEOFF. LEANNE is in the background snogging SKINNY LAD at the bar.

End of montage.

ALMA and LEANNE are at the bar. LEANNE is snogging skinny lad when she gets called to Karaoke. ALMA cheers.

Still in her work uniform, LEANNE starts to sing Andrea Bocelli's *Time To Say Goodbye*. Wide shot of LEANNE owning the room with her voice - she looks comical but sounds beautiful.

We zoom into ALMA as we see the words of the song resonate with her. It's a silly but somber moment. GEOFF walks over to ALMA and stands next to her at the bar.

ALMA

(Looking straight ahead wistfully)  
It's really over Glen. He's having  
a baby. They're having a family.  
They're a family now. And I'm on my  
own. I'm completely alone, Glen.

\*

Beat. GEOFF doesn't know whether to say anything. He decides he should.

GEOFF

(Awkwardly) It's Geoff.

\*

ALMA

(looking at GEOFF  
confused)

That doesn't suit you at all Glen.

CUT TO:

29

**EXT. THE STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT**

29

ALMA and LEANNE are sat on the curb eating kebabs.

LEANNE

(With a mouth full of Kebab) You  
absolutely smashed that mate.

ALMA

(With a mouth full of Kebab) I know.  
I think it's my raw sexual energy.  
So did you - The grace of a swan,  
as always.

LEANNE

(With a mouth full of Kebab) Ta  
Babes.

GEOFF appears.

GEOFF

Hello Ladies.

He's about to sit down next to them.

\*

32

ALMA

Glen. I'm not going to shag you.

\*

GEOFF

Fair enough.

\*

\*

GEOFF walks off deflated. Beat.

\*

LEANNE

(Pointing with a mouth full of  
Kebab) Eh Look there's Winky-Anne!

\*

We see WINKY ANNE getting out of a sports car and nipping into the shop. She doesn't see them.

ALMA

Bloody hell you're right. God her eye looks great.

\*

LEANNE

Yeah. Good investment that.

They carry on eating their kebabs. Beat.

ALMA

I need my own money me. (BEAT) I'm gonna sort everything out now I'm on my own. I'm gonna get some acting work, sort my family out, get a real job, learn Spanish, I might start tap-dancing -

LEANNE

Maybe just start with a job.

ALMA

Yeah. (BEAT) Doing what?

LEANNE

Well, what skills do you have?

ALMA

(Beat) I can hold a 3 liter bottle of cider under my left tit with no hands.

\*

LEANNE

I don't think that's a transferable skill babe

CUT TO:

30 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING. 30 \*

Hungover and fed up, ALMA takes a deep breath and knocks on JOANS door. JOAN answers.

JOAN  
You look like shit. Come in.

JOAN leaves door ajar and ALMA follows her into kitchen.

CUT TO: \*

30A INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS. 30A \*

JOAN is smoking in the kitchen. \*

JOAN  
(Slight concern) Y'alright?

ALMA  
Not really no. Anthony is having a baby with his fetus of a girlfriend. I cant afford my rent. Mum's a mess and I'm hanging out my arse. So not great, no.

ALMA gets a packet of paracetamol from the kitchen cupboard. \*

JOAN  
(Serious/Thinking) Have you tried Feng Suw-ey?

ALMA  
What?

JOAN  
Feng-Suw-ey. You move your furniture around and it gets rid of the negative vibes. (BEAT) I did it with that cake tin.

JOAN points at the cake tin.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
(Pointing) Used to be over there - it was very oppressive.

ALMA  
(Getting emotional) I don't think moving a fucking cake tin is gonna cut it Grandma. \*

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Looks good though.

BEAT.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Look, I've booked a trip for mum  
today. Gonna use some of her leave  
to take her to Queens Park. (BEAT)  
I would *really* love it if you came  
with me.

JOAN  
No.  
(BEAT)  
And how dare you ask!

ALMA  
Look, please! I think we need to be  
better at trying to be some sort of  
a family. I know that's what I need.  
(BEAT) And I want you to come with  
me today.

JOAN takes notice and gives ALMA a look of resignation.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
And I've bought pasties.

ALMA lifts a plastic bag of Ye Olde Pasties up.

JOAN  
Have you?

ALMA  
Yeah. Ye Olde's as well. But you  
can't have one unless you come with  
me today.

JOAN tuts.

JOAN  
Well that's very manipulative of  
you.

ALMA  
Yeah. I know.

CUT TO:

ALMA and JOAN are walking up a hill towards a bench in the distance where LIN and JIM are waiting with the SUPPORT WORKER. JOAN looks nervous. ALMA gives her a look of encouragement as they get closer.

They arrive at the bench.

SOUND CUE: Lower volume on 'I'M STICKING WITH YOU'

LIN  
(Teasing/Joking) Bloodyhell. You've finally made it - after five years? What 'appened - you get lost?

LIN gives JOAN a cheeky smile. JOAN gives her comically disgruntled look. Both playful.

JOAN  
I've brought you these

JOAN pulls out a pair of ear muffs.

LIN  
(Laughing) What the bloody 'ell are them?! You trying to make me look like a Gobbin or what.

JOAN  
I think you do that quite successfully yourself.

It's tense for a second. But ALMA puts the earmuffs on to break it. She looks ridiculous. They all laugh. JOAN puts her arms round LIN. They have a long hug. \*

ALMA  
Right - who's hungry?

JIM  
Is there 'owt soft in there? Can't do crusts.

SOUND CUE: volume fades back up on 'I'M STICKING WITH YOU' at 0.39min in to track.

They all sit on the bench, side by side.

ALMA breaks the crusts off a pastie and passes JIM the soft middle. She eats his crusts and passes the rest of the pasties and pies down the bench to JOAN and LIN.

They're silent as they eat their pasties and all stare out at the view of Bolton/Moors/Town. ALMA holds her Grandma's hand. Jim holds Lin's. They still don't speak.

As the 'Sticking With You' track changes tempo at 1.21mins ("I'll do anything for you. Anything you want me to") We see a lovely shot of all four of them looking straight ahead eating pasties in silence. This shot plays out until 1.47mins into the track.

CUT TO:

32 OMITTED 32

33 OMITTED 33

34 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - LATER THAT NIGHT 34

ALMA enters her flat. She ignores red letter bills on the side, closes the door and slumps down the door to the floor for a moment.

She jumps up and puts music on loudly and starts moving furniture. Taking down pictures of ANTHONY. She bins everything in a mad flurry of activity.

She puts her hand in her pocket, pulls out the Subway document and stares at it for a second.

We finally see ALMA go to her computer and type something in.

She dials a number into her phone.

ALMA  
(On the phone) Hello there, I'm  
interested in working for your  
company (Beat) I'm a hard worker... \*

We pan out to reveal ALMA has a website for sex workers up on her laptop. She turns the music down.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I'm aware it's sex. I know  
someone who does it. I'm great with  
people. \*

END CREDITS  
ROLL.