



# ALMA'S not NORMAL

EPISODE 3

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## SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - AN HOUR LATER - DAY 9. 20:00 1 \*

We OPEN where we left at the end of EPISODE TWO; CAMERA still at the bottom of the corridor.

MUSIC: "DIRTY CASH" by Stevie V.

ALMA enters corridor from the clients room.

She pauses, then walks down corridor towards the CAMERA.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Escorting is easier than I thought it'd be. It's probably a bit like murdering someone. You never imagine you could do it. You don't think '*you're that kind of person*'.

2 INT. HOTEL LIFT - DAY 9. 20:01 2 \*

ALMA gets in the lift and looks at herself in the mirror. She looks down at the wad of cash in her hand.

ALMA (V.O.)  
But, once you've crossed that line... it's alarmingly easy.

At 0.15 seconds into "DIRTY CASH" by Stevie V, ALMA looks up from the cash and back at herself the mirror. She smiles.

TITLES: "ALMAS NOT NORMAL" slams onto the screen.

3 INT. POSH SHOP - BOLTON - DAY 10. 10:10 3 \*

ALMA and LEANNE are in the changing rooms chatting loudly from two separate cubicles. ALMA bobs her head over the top of her cubicle to chat to LEANNE in hers.

ALMA  
He plays for Man. United! He's an athlete, Leanne. And my, oh my, can you tell! He was throwing me all over the place! It was fabulous! And then at the end of it all... he paid me!

ALMA comes out of the cubicle, wearing a crystal beaded turban and an extravagant, floor-length yeti-fake-fur coat.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I feel incredible!

She starts to strut up and down.

LEANNE pokes her head out of the changing room to investigate.

LEANNE  
You look like a chinchilla.

LEANNE then pulls back the rest of her dressing room curtain to reveal a flamboyant outfit.

LEANNE (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

ALMA  
In...credible.  
(beat)  
We're getting that.

LEANNE  
It's too expensive, Alma.

ALMA swings round dramatically.

ALMA  
Leanne, for the first time in my life, I've got money. I can buy what I want, when I want, for who I want... Let's enjoy it!

CUT TO:

4 MONTAGE: CHANGING ROOM CONTINUOUS - DAY 10. 10:15 TO 11:20 4 \*

MUSIC: "FIRST CLASS BITCH" by Confidence Man.

MONTAGE: Choppy-comedy-jump-cuts of LEANNE and ALMA strutting around the shop, trying on the most flamboyant and fabulous/ridiculous outfits, whilst loudly complimenting each other e.g:

LEANNE  
FIT!

ALMA  
FABULOUS!

LEANNE  
FIERCE!

ALMA  
TOO. FUCKING. FABULOUS.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)  
 We're getting that.  
 (backs into changing room,  
 determined)  
 We're getting it all!

5 INT. BOLTON CENTRE - DAY 10. 11:50

5 \*

MUSIC CONTINUES: "FIRST CLASS BITCH" by Confidence Man.

ALMA and LEANNE pile out of the posh shop with hundred's of bags of shopping. ALMA is wearing a new flamboyant pink-fur coat - NB: she'll wear this through the series - and the jeweled turban. LEANNE is wearing a wide-brim, bright-pink hat, a new coat and a bright coloured suit.

They light up a fag and keep walking. Passers by look round, baffled by their outfits. They're oblivious.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
 Right, cocktails!

LEANNE  
 It's not even noon. I've not even had breakfast yet.

ALMA  
 Well, call it brunch then!

A young lad hands ALMA a flyer that reads: 'JOIN ACTING CLASSES NOW!'

\*

ALMA (CONT'D)  
 Ooh look! I must check it out.

ALMA marches into the shop.

END MUSIC: "FIRST CLASS BITCH" by Confidence Man.

6 INT. BOLTON ACTING SCHOOL - DAY 10. 11:55

6 \*

ALMA and LEANNE enter.

IAN, a tired, overweight middle-aged man with a broad Bolton accent, is in the middle of a class. His hands are on LESLEY'S (A down-trodden woman in frumpy clothes) shoulders.

\*

IAN  
 And that's why, you should never  
 say yes, to a sex scene before  
 you've read the full script. Thanks  
 for sharing. Sit down love. If you  
 can.

\*

\*

\*

LESLY sits down. IAN spots ALMA and LEANNE stood by the door.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Can I help?

ALMA  
I saw your sign outside... I want  
to be an actress.

IAN raises his eyebrows.

IAN  
Well... you've come t' right place,  
cocker. Creme de't creme of acting  
training 'ere.

We PAN across an uninspired group of odd bods.

IAN (CONT'D)  
We've had everyone here... Paddy  
McGuinness, that woman on't Halifax  
advert...  
(searches for someone else  
famous, can't think of  
anyone)  
Brian played a dead body in  
"Doctors."

We PAN to BRIAN who does his best 'dead body' impression.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Alright Brian, stop showing off.  
(to Alma)  
It's £100 for five sessions. You  
can start on Sat'deh

ALMA  
Fantastic! WOOHOO!

The class look bemused at ALMA.

7 INT. BAR - COCKTAIL BAR - DAY 10. 13:35

7 \*

ALMA and LEANNE are drinking cocktails. ALMA is swishing her glass around wistfully as she talks. LEANNE looks a bit weary.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I'm not just shagging people, in  
this job, you know.  
(beat)  
I'm more of a... *therapist*, really.

LEANNE

How do you work that out then?

ALMA (V.O.)

I wouldn't say this to Leanne -  
she's surprisingly squeamish about  
the whole thing.

CUT TO:

8 INT. HOTEL ROOM - MANCHESTER - FLASHBACK 11 - NIGHT 8 \*

IMPOTENT CRYER is curled up in a ball on the bed, crying hysterically. ALMA is putting a sock around the smoke alarm with an unlit cigarette in her mouth.

ALMA (V.O.)

But, a lot of the job is just holding old naked men in your arms while they cry at midnight.

IMPOTENT CRYER

I'm an awful man. I can't fuck you,  
I can't fuck my wife, I'm a failure.

ALMA sits back down on the bed crossed legged, lights a cigarette and lets the man cry and hold onto her thigh as she strokes his bald head.

IMPOTENT CRYER makes a sudden wail into her thigh. She keeps hold of him and rubs his, slightly-squishy, back.

ALMA (V.O.)

It's very much like going to bed with a raw chicken.

CUT TO:

9 INT. BAR - COCKTAIL BAR - DAY 10. 13:37 9 \*

Still drinking cocktails, ALMA notices LEANNE looking skeptical.

ALMA

My Madame said it's just the same as being an actress.

LEANNE

Did she now.

ALMA

There's a lot of character work.

CUT TO:

10 INT. POSH HOTEL ROOM - FLASHBACK 12

10 \*

ALMA and DIRTY CLIENT are in a very posh penthouse suite, having sex. As it goes on, DIRTY CLIENT starts to get more vocal.

DIRTY CLIENT  
YOU POOR, DIRTY, LITTLE WHORE! TELL  
ME HOW YOU COPED, YOU DIRTY GIRL!  
YOUR POOR FAMILY! HOW DID THEY  
COPE!

ALMA half in the moment, half searching for something to say back.

ALMA  
Er... we were on family tax  
credits?

DIRTY CLIENT  
Yeah. Yeah. Tell me more.

ALMA  
We ate a lot of spam!

DIRTY CLIENT  
Argh! Yeah! Did you wash?

ALMA  
Er... no, never. Same knickers...  
everyday.

DIRTY CLIENT  
I bet you did, you dirty girl! Did  
you have electricity?

ALMA being pulled out of it with the absurdity.

ALMA  
No, just candles!

DIRTY CLIENT  
Yeah!

ALMA  
Yeah! I was a poor, dirty-girl who  
ate a lot of spam in candle light!

CUT TO:

11 INT. COCKTAIL BAR - DAY 10. 13:39

11 \*

LEANNE looks away unconvinced.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
What's that look?

LEANNE  
I just worry about you... You've  
had a difficult upbringing and a  
bad break up with a toxic cunt and  
now you're a...  
(whispering)  
...prostitute -

ALMA  
What's my childhood got to do with  
it?

LEANNE gives her an eye raise.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Why do people always psychoanalyze  
sex workers and question how  
empowered they are? We don't do it  
to people in any other profession.  
You don't go into a telesales  
office and say 'Oh, Sue on the  
phones, is she empowered or is she  
just selling carpets because she's  
a middle child?'  
(beat)

Money. Money is empowering Leanne.

LEANNE looks unimpressed by this argument. A beat.

CHIRS, LEANNE's new man, enters. LEANNE spots him.

LEANNE  
Oh shit. I forgot to say.

ALMA spots CHRIS.

ALMA  
This is supposed to be our day!

LEANNE waves at him.

LEANNE  
We've had a whole day. I'd like you  
to get to know him.

CHRIS  
Hey, Alma.  
(to Leanne)  
Hey, gorgeous.

ALMA  
(despondent grunt)  
Hi.

SLOW-MOTION on LEANNE and CHRIS as they snog intensely.

ALMA (V.O.)  
She met this dweeb on jury duty.

12	INT. COURT - PM 6	12	*
	PHOTO MONTAGE --		*
	PHOTO IMAGE - PT 1: LEANNE and CHRIS on jury duty		*
	PHOTO IMAGE - PT 2: LEANNE and CHRIS on jury duty spot each other.		*
	PHOTO IMAGE - PT 3: LEANNE and CHRIS are snogging at the back of jury duty		*
	END PHOTO MONTAGE.		

13	INT. BAR - COCKTAIL BAR - DAY 10. 13:40	13	*
	LEANNE and CHRIS are still giggling together. ALMA is looking on disapprovingly.		

ALMA (V.O.)  
She usually finds an excuse to dump a bloke after the first week.

CUT TO:

14	MONTAGE: QUICK-SUCCESSION C/U SHOTS OF LEANNE - FB 13	14	*
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LEANNE  
His chin is too small.

LEANNE looks earnestly.

LEANNE (CONT'D)  
He's got a blog.

LEANNE grimaces.

LEANNE (CONT'D)  
He wanted to cuddle after sex.

LEANNE looks horrified.

CUT TO:

15 INT. BAR - BOLTON - DAY 10. 13:41

15 \*

LEANNE and CHRIS are still canoodling. ALMA is still looking peeved.

ALMA (V.O.)  
But, it's been three weeks now and  
he still seems to be wearing my  
mates face like an oxygen mask.

LEANNE and CHRIS with C/U shots of ALMA.

ALMA (V.O.)  
They've started speaking in "we's"  
instead of "I's."

LEANNE comes up for air.

LEANNE  
We're cooking a stew tonight, if  
you fancy joining us?

ALMA's eyes narrow.

ALMA  
No, thanks.

ALMA looks away, bitter and despondent.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I refuse to become some sort of  
weird pet, in this sickly  
arrangement.

ALMA downs her cocktail.

MUSIC: "NOTHIN' GOIN' ON BUT THE RENT" by Gwen Guthrie.

CUT TO:

16 GVS - MANCHESTER, MUSIC STILL PLAYING - DAY 10/EVE 10. 16 \*

17 INT. POSH HOTEL BAR - EVENING 10. 19:45

17 \*

MUSIC FADES OUT.

ALMA is sat at a posh hotel bar, with a drink waiting for a client to arrive. She notices the posh, velvet cushions.

ALMA  
Oooh, fabulous.

She strokes it, then puts it up to her face and strokes it across her cheek. The BARMAN looks at her oddly.

PHIL - mid 50's, confident, eccentric, attractive, smartly dressed - arrives.

PHIL  
Ruby? I'm Phil.

ALMA, caught off guard, puts the cushion down abruptly.

ALMA  
Oh! Hello! Sorry! Nice cushions.

We're not sure how he'll respond. A beat. He picks a cushion up and strokes it across *his* face too. ALMA is taken aback and amused.

PHIL  
They are nice aren't they. The sort of thing you'd expect in a Parisian brothel.

PHIL sits down confidently as he continues to take in the surroundings.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I've always enjoyed the decor here.  
It's almost arrogant. Cushions at the dinner table, a doorman that looks like a tree...

We PAN to a DOORMAN, dressed in all in green; top-hat, waistcoat, trousers and a stick.

ALMA  
(laughs)  
Yeah. I guess that's the great thing about having money int it. If you decide want to dress someone up like a tree your not mentally ill, you're forward thinking.

PHIL laughs.

PHIL  
Yeah, that's the sort of foolish thing I'd do.

ALMA  
Really?

PHIL  
Yeah, I'm quite an indulgent man.

ALMA  
 (smiles, cheekily)  
 Yeah - I gathered.

PHIL smiles back mischievously. A beat.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
 What's the maddest thing you've  
 ever bought?  
 (beat)  
 Apart from me.

A beat. PHIL thinks for a moment.

PHIL  
 I once spent 40 grand on a painting  
 of a very sad looking dog.

ALMA  
 Fuckin 'ell! Why?!

PHIL  
 (almost sad with the  
 memory of it)  
 It really spoke to me. I had it in  
 my office for a bit, but it was too  
 sad. Couldn't get anything done.  
 Had to put it in the attic.

ALMA  
 I bet the dogs even more sad up  
 there.

PHIL laughs again. Then looks away thoughtfully.

PHIL  
 I bet she is.

A beat. ALMA laughs at PHIL's moroseness, pulling him out of it. He laughs at himself.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
 Lets have champagne.

18 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 10. 22:05

18 \*

ALMA and PHIL are in bed. PHIL is wearing the PVC rabbit masks from the EPISODE 2 Anne Summers scene, (2/4 and 2/8). \*

PHIL  
 Well that was splendid!  
 (beat, looks at Alma)  
 You're really something!

ALMA

You're not so bad yerself, Phil.

PHIL

I wondered... if... perhaps I could book you for every evening this week?

ALMA laughs, she thinks it's a joke.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I mean it.

ALMA

(taken aback)

I mean, yeah! Sure!

PHIL

Can I get your personal number?

ALMA

Err...

PHIL

I don't want to get you in trouble, I just... I think your amazing and I'd love to send you a cheeky text from time to time.

ALMA

Yeah, alright... that'd be nice.

ALMA smiles at PHIL. CAMERA PANS off her, as a MONTAGE sequence 'ALMA & PHIL DATING' begins.

MUSIC TBC: Upbeat, celebratory, romantic feel.

19

INT. POSH HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 11. 21:55

19 \*

CAMERA PANS onto a WIDE SHOT of ALMA and PHIL (on a different day), sat in a different part of the posh Hotel bar. They clink champagne glasses together, as the CAMERA continues PANNING past them and onto:

SLOW-MOTION C/U of ALMA smiling, having a great time, then onto:

SLOW-MOTION C/U of PHIL flirtatiously talking, then onto --

20 INT. HOTEL ROOM, POSH HOTEL - NIGHT 11. 22:55 20 \*

PROFILE MID-SHOT: ALMA and PHIL sat up in bed, post sex. PHIL is smoking a fag with a handcuff still attached to one of his wrists. ALMA`S looking at a brochure from an Art Gallery they've visited. The CAMERA PANS off them and onto:

21 INT. POSH HOTEL BAR - NIGHT 12. 20:25 TO 21:25 21 \*

SLOW-MOTION C/U of a champagne cork popping from a bottle.

SLOW-MOTION C/U of PHIL looking pleased with himself.

C/U of a Lobster Thermidor on a silver tray on the table.

SLOW-MOTION C/U of ALMA drinking champagne and looking excited.

SLOW-MOTION C/Us of ALMA and PHIL eating lobster.

22 INT. HOTEL ROOM, MIDLAND - NIGHT 12. 21:55 22 \*

C/U of mirror with PHIL and ALMA shagging doggy style on the bed in the reflection.

ALMA`S now on top and PHIL falls back on the bed with a sex toy in his mouth.

PHIL  
(muffled)  
WOW!

ALMA`S on top, PHIL falls back on the bed with a blindfold on. \*

MONTAGE ENDS.

23 INT. POSH HOTEL BAR - MANCHESTER - DAY 13. 18:05 23 \*

ALMA is performing a monologue of Lady Bracknell from "*The Importance Of Being Earnest*" for PHIL. \*

ALMA  
A handbag?! To be born, or at any rate bred, in a handbag, whether it has handles or not, seems to me to display a contempt for the ordinary decencies of family life -

PHIL laughs loudly. ALMA looks pleased.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I can't remember the rest.

PHIL  
Well, I should probably book us a trip to the theatre, being as your a budding little actress.

ALMA  
That'd be fab!

ALMA gets a text message from LEANNE saying: "Are we still on for tonight?"

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Shit!  
(beat)  
I'm supposed to have gone to my mates for tea tonight. She's cooking a stroganoff with her new fella.

ALMA scrunches her nose unenthusiastically.

PHIL  
Oh *forget* that! Lets have champagne!

PHIL pours ALMA a glass of champagne. ALMA giggles excitedly.

ALMA  
Yeah, fuck it!

24 EXT. VIV'S HOUSE - DAY 14. 11:05

24 \*

ALMA is walking passed VIV's in an expensive and absurd outfit.

C/U on ALMA's phone as it beeps with a text from PHIL saying "Morning beautiful xx." ALMA smiles and keeps walking.

She spots ANTHONY in the lounge, pauses slightly then sticks her nose in the air and struts passed. \*

A beat. ANTHONY comes to the door and shouts after ALMA. \*

ANTHONY  
Not saying hello, then?

ALMA  
I don't have time for "hellos", Anthony! \*

She wafts her hand backwards dismissively.

ANTHONY  
Bit big for your boots aren't you?

A beat. ANTHONY is weighing her up trying, to work out what's different.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
What with the hat? You goin' to the races or summat?

ALMA  
This is how I dress now. I'm going to much more extravagant and sophisticated places. These hats are very run of the mill there.

ANTHONY looks at her confused, almost amused.

ANTHONY  
(teasing)  
There's nothing run o' the mill about that beast.

ALMA looks perturbed. She starts to walk off.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Who you going to these fancy places with then?

ALMA  
His name's Phil and he's fabulous!

ALMA walks off, nose in the air. ANTHONY looks jealous.

25 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 14. 11:20

25 \*

DAZ, a young man, is leaving as ALMA arrives. He kisses JOAN farewell and walks off.

ALMA  
Whose that then?

JOAN  
Daz.

ALMA  
Daz?! Like the washing powder?

26 INT. HALLWAY - JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 14. 11:21

26 \*

ALMA follows JOAN as she walks through the house talking loudly back to ALMA.

JOAN

He's fabulous! I've had sex three times this morning - before spam!

27 INT. KITCHEN - JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 14. 11:22

27 \*

ALMA grimaces.

JOAN

Don't you try and shame me, Alma.  
My body is an instrument of pleasure. I'm a sexual violin and I need to be played.

ALMA

Urgh. You're not a sexy violin.  
You're a 62 year old grandma, with a fungal nail infection.

JOAN

It's gone!  
(proudly points at her toe)  
Tell you what I did... I had a word with it!

ALMA

What?

JOAN

I spoke to my toe.  
(beat)  
I sat down last Tuesday, put my feet up... and it was looking at me. So I just I said "No more trouble from you". A week later - gone.

ALMA picks up some medication off of the side.

ALMA

Nothing to do with these then?

JOAN pulls a disgruntled face at ALMA.

ALMA (CONT'D)

You free for a family lunch on Friday?

JOAN

No.

ALMA

Why?

JOAN

(points to the loaf)

I've just defrosted a loaf... and  
it needs eating

ALMA rolls her eyes.

ALMA

I'm sure your sad little loaf can  
wait. I'm gonna take us somewhere  
fabulous!ALMA gets a text from PHIL that reads: "*Thinking of you.*  
*Can't wait to see you xx*".

ALMA smiles at her text. JOAN stares at her suspiciously.

JOAN

What are you smiling at? You're not  
back with fuck-lump are you?

ALMA

No. I've met someone much better  
actually. He's classy, he's  
fabulous and he's nothing like  
Anthony. He took me to an art  
gallery.

JOAN looks impressed.

JOAN

So, when do I get to meet him?

ALMA

Never.

(beat)

I don't need you telling him you're  
a sexy violin, who argues with her  
toes.

JOAN looks miffed.

LEANNE is rushing around trying to make sushi. ALMA pokes her  
head round the door tentatively. LEANNE spots her and gives  
her a stoney face.

ALMA

I'm so sorry about the other night.  
I was with Phil and -

LEANNE

I cooked a lovely meal and you just  
didn't turn up. Chris thinks you  
don't like him.

ALMA

I know, sorry. The thing is with  
Phil... He's all encompassing. He's  
not like your average boyfriend.

LEANNE rolls her eyes at ALMA.

LEANNE

Alma, can we chat about this later,  
I've got to make 50 fucking salmon  
rolls by noon because --

(now shouts aggressively  
so Bill can hear)

-- SOMEONE went on a caterers-away-  
day last week and thought it'd be a  
good idea to introduce a sushi  
menu!

BILL pops his head round, angrily.

BILL

(shouts back)

It's the modern world, Leanne. I've  
told you before: "Adapt or die!"

(O.S.)

ADAPT OR DIE, LEANNE!

LEANNE

(shouts, as she  
aggressively slams a raw  
fish against the worktop)

FUCK YOU, BILL! FUCK YOU!

ALMA grimaces. LEANNE shuffles around slamming fish about  
angrily. After a moment, ALMA feels it's safe to keep  
talking.

ALMA

(whispers tentatively, as  
if it may help)

He's bought me a dress for our next  
date you know. He's taking me to  
the theatre, Leanne!

LEANNE rolls her eyes again.

LEANNE

How was your acting class on  
Saturday?

ALMA

Well... I didn't manage to get  
there.

LEANNE drops her fish, annoyed.

LEANNE

What? Why?

ALMA

Phil wanted me to stay over.

LEANNE picks her fish up and slams it down on the counter,  
angrily.

LEANNE

So you just... sacked it. After  
you'd paid for it. Just like you  
sacked me off.

ALMA

What's got your knickers in a  
twist?

LEANNE tries to contain her anger.

LEANNE

I don't know what's going on with  
you anymore! The whole point of  
this job was so you could do good  
things with the money, not just get  
pissed in wine bars with old men -

ALMA

How dare you judge me!  
(beat)  
You're jealous!

LEANNE

Of what Alma?!

ALMA

My money, my freedom. Look at you  
covered in fish guts on minimum  
wage. I'm finally enjoying the  
finer things in life and YOU can't  
handle it!

LEANNE

The finer things in life? Are you mad!!! I've had enough of listening to your deluded waffle. Phil is *not* your boyfriend. Your job is *not* empowering. It's seedy, it's gross and you're fucking mental, Alma!

ALMA is hurt.

ALMA

I can't believe how judgmental you are! I thought of all the people, you would understand?

LEANNE

Why the *FUCK* would *I* understand, Alma?

ALMA

You're *always* shagging about!

LEANNE

So that makes me a prostitute?!

ALMA

I don't like you with a boyfriend. You're a right boring old goat!

A beat. LEANNE throws a raw fish at ALMA's head. Another beat.

ALMA picks up another piece of fish. Before you know it, they're having a furious food fight. BILL walks in and gets a fish thrown at his head.

BILL

WHAT THE - LADIES! STOP THIS NOW,  
LEANNE! PUT THAT FISH DOWN! DO-OWN!  
ALMA, BACK AWAY FROM THE SALMON  
ROLLS!

Everything calms down for a second. A beat.

ALMA throws one last salmon roll and storms off.

ALMA, dressed up to the nines, comes and sits at the table. JOAN is already there looking anxious. JOAN notices ALMA's outfit.

JOAN

You look nice.

ALMA

(gloating)

Thank you! I'm off out with Phil  
after this. He's taking me to the  
theatre.

JOAN looks impressed, goes back to worrying about LIN.

JOAN

I'm not sure about this, Alma. Your  
mum's too odd for a place like  
this.

ALMA

Grandma, it's going to be fine.  
Let's just have a nice time.

LIN and JIM enter. They stand by reception, looking around  
anxiously at the setting, waiting to be seated.

JIM has attempted to smarten up, but still manages to look  
scruffy. LIN is wearing a big silver bubble jacket and  
sporting a "Super Ted" lunchbox as a handbag.

MUSIC AND SLOW-MOTION on LIN and JIM as they awkwardly  
shuffle through the restaurant. People stare as they pass  
them.

ALMA (V.O.)

People always freak out when they  
see Mum and Jim. I think it's 'cos  
they have this look... like two  
aliens that've been plopped here by  
accident.

CUT SLOW-MOTION.

JOAN looks mortified.

JOAN

(under her breath)

Oh, dear.

CUT TO:

EVERYONE is sat at the table, attempting to make sense of the  
menus. ALMA is confidently holding court. Everyone else looks  
anxious.

ALMA

(showing off a bit)

So, it's a small plates menu here -  
which means you pick one plate  
each, then we share 'em all.

LIN

Do they not do *big* plates? I'd  
rather 'av mi own *big* plate.

JIM

It's like Pick 'N Mix.

ALMA

Yeah, exactly.

LIN

I need a fag.

(anxious, looks around)

It's too hot in here.

JOAN

I'm not surprised yer hot in that.

LIN scowls at JOAN, slams her "Super Ted" lunchbox down on  
the table and gets out a large pouch of baccy.

LIN

It's the height of sophistication  
this. Scabby Joe gorrit of the back  
of a John Lewis truck.

JOAN notices LIN's lunchbox.

JOAN

What's *that*!?

LIN

My handbag.

JOAN

It's a *lunchbox*.

LIN

Not everybody thinks in boring  
straight lines, like you, Mum.

A fresh-faced WAITRESS in her 20s, comes bouncing over. Her  
smile fades away at the sight of LIN and JIM and she  
immediately looks anxious.

WAITRESS

Hello - Oh... Sorry...

ALMA (V.O.)  
 And if Mum and Jim are Aliens, I suppose, I'm a sort of Alien Ambassador; translating between two species.

ALMA  
 Don't worry love. We're okay here.

LIN becomes visibly more agitated by the WAITRESS.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
 It's okay, Mum.  
 (to family)  
 What do we all fancy then? I'm gonna get the Spanish omelette.

JOAN  
 I don't eat egg anymore, Alma.  
 (to Waitress)  
 Who wants to eat the unborn child of a depressed hen?

WAITRESS smiles, politely.

LIN  
 (to Waitress)  
 Have you got anything without bits?

WAITRESS looks anxiously to ALMA to translate.

ALMA  
 What do you mean without bits, Mum?

JOAN rolls her eyes and sighs.

JOAN  
 (irritably)  
 Something she can chew - she can't chew, can she?

JIM  
 I can't chew 'owt on 'ere either.

JOAN  
 When you give birth to a little girl, you don't imagine there'll be toothless by 40.

WAITRESS doesn't know what to do.

LIN  
 (shouting)  
 I've had mi teeth done, Mother!

LIN opens her mouth angrily, showing her teeth.

LIN (CONT'D)  
I've got a Hollywood fucking smile  
and it's still not good enough for  
you.

ALMA  
(to Waitress)  
You can come back in a mo if you  
like?

WAITRESS smiles and leaves. ALMA tries to butt in, but can't  
get a word in.

JOAN  
Yeah, you've never worked a day in  
your life and you've got better  
teeth than all of us.

ALMA  
Grandma! Stop!

LIN  
Well the Government want to look  
after me Mother, which is more than  
you ever did.

ALMA  
Everybody just calm the fuck down!

PEOPLE in the resteraunt look round.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I want us to have a nice, family  
meal in a fabulous place. Please!  
Lets not ruin this by being  
ourselves!

A beat. Everyone sulks in silence. But, LIN can't help  
herself.

LIN  
You can never let me off the hook  
can you Mum? It's just like when I  
was seven and you -

JOAN  
Yes, yes, it's all my fault, isn't  
it Lin.

LIN leans in, grabbing her fork, staring at JOAN intensely.  
JOAN knows what's coming.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
 DON`T! Don't you dare.

LIN  
*"They fuck you up your Mum and Dad".*

ALMA  
 No, Mum!

LIN  
*"They may not mean to, but they do".*

SLOW-MOTION on LIN aggressively reciting PHILIP LARKIN, "THIS BE THE VERSE". JOAN is furious.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 A few years back, Mum started this bizarre tradition of calling Grandma up on Mother's Day and reciting Philip Larkin, "This Be The Verse", to her.

LIN  
*"They fill you with the faults they have..."*

\*

ALMA (V.O.)  
 Can you imagine what that was like for my poor Gran... Having to listen... to someone with no teeth, recite poetry.

LIN  
 And add a few extra just for fucking you... MOTHER!

ALMA (V.O.)  
 She only ever recites the first four sentences. She never gets to the bit about compassion.

JOAN stands up and takes her cigarettes out of her bag. The whole resteraunt is now watching.

JOAN  
 (to Alma)  
 I'm not being spoken to like this.  
 It's embarrassing.

Seeing JOAN stand up, LIN stands up.

LIN

No. *I'm* not being spoken to like this. I'm going for a fag.

JOAN

No. *I'm* going for a fag.

MUSIC: "WINTER - FOUR SEASONS" by Vivaldi.

JOAN sprints off from the table, so that she gets to storm off first. LIN isn't far behind her.

SLOW-MOTION: JOAN and LIN race to the smoking area. They jostle at the door like two children.

A beat. ALMA looks back at JIM.

ALMA

How about a creme brulee, Jim? You don't have to chew that.

JIM raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

ALMA's phone beeps. It's a text from RAY-RAY that reads: "PHIL's cancelled. Got a party booking for you instead".

ALMA is shocked and upset. She scrolls through PHIL's text messages. Then to his number. Hovers over it. She looks at JIM, ducks under the table, out of site and calls PHIL.

ALMA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Phil.... It's Alma - Ruby.

PHIL

Oh... Hi.

ALMA

I just wondered why you cancelled tonight?

PHIL

Oh... I just, erm... well... I'm leaving town tonight I... fancied trying something, I mean someone, new...

ALMA

You took my personal number?

PHIL

Yeah.

(beat)

It's... titillation isn't it

ALMA  
Titillation. Right.

A beat.

PHIL  
I paid for my time with you, Ruby.  
I don't think this should become a  
problem.  
(beat)  
Ray wouldn't be happy about that.

ALMA  
Yep. You're right. Don't worry  
about me. I'm off to a party  
anyway.

She comes back up from under the table. Her eyes fill up with tears. What a fool she's been. She looks at her LIN and JOAN through the window, they're still arguing in the smoking area. Everything feels shit. She looks at JIM. He's eating a creme brulee, unsure what to say.

JIM  
Good this.

She gives him a sad smile.

31 INT. ZEE'S CAR - DUSK 16. 21:30

31 \*

ALMA is in the car with two other escorts: CARA, funny, warm with a broad Manchester accent, and SVETLANA, stoic, confident with a thick Eastern European accent.

CARA  
They were clammy little fuckers 'an  
'all.

SVETLANA  
(looks at Alma with an  
intense matter of  
factness)  
Yeah - he was fat, ugly man,  
wearing only boot, with big smelly  
balls.

ALMA grimaces.

CARA  
I couldn't stop laughin' me.

SVETLANA

He nearly caught us laughin' so I pretended to sneeze.

(beat)

Which seemed to turn him on even more.

CARA

It fuckin' did an all din't it.  
Pervert! He were one o' those Richard Gere though...

ALMA

The what's?

SVETLANA

You know the ones. They like the whole Pretty Woman fantasy. Try to get your personal number. Pretend to fall in love for a night or a week or something.

ALMA

Oh my god. That's a *type*?

CARA and SVETLANA look at each other then laugh.

CARA

Of course it fucking is love!

ALMA suddenly understands PHIL.

ZEE

Right ladies, remember... any trouble, call me. Don't drink and drug more than you can handle and look after each other.

32

INT. CLIENT`S HOUSE - NIGHT 16. 21:40

32 \*

The GIRLS enter the living room. Three, thirty-something BLOKES are waiting for them.

CARA

Hiya boys!

A very cute pug jumps up at CARA's feet.

CARA (CONT'D)

Ah, who's this? He's gorgeous!

SVETLANA

You ready for a good time, boys?

ALMA  
 (unsexy, slightly nervous)  
 Hellooo.

CARA and SVETLANA throw ALMA a questioning side-glance at her weird "hello". ALMA gets the hint and changes her body language to more sultry.

BLOKE ONE  
 Yes we are! Can I get you a drink  
 or a line, Ladies?

BLOKE ONE points to a full mini bar and heap of cocaine.

CUT TO:

33 INT. CLIENT`S HOUSE - NIGHT 16. 21:40 TO 22:30 33 \*

MUSIC: "DRANK AND DRUGS" by Lil Kleine and Ronnie Flex or "WAP" or "UP" by Cardi B.

A series of SHOTS with the ESCORTS and CLIENTS drinking, drugging, dancing and getting off with each other.

34 INT. CLIENT`S HOUSE - NIGHT 16. 22:30 34 \*

We land on ALMA, in underwear, dirty dancing (very well). CLIENTS are loving, ALMA's lap dancing. ESCORTS are cheering her on.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BEDROOM - CLIENT`S HOUSE - NIGHT 16. 23:00 35 \*

ALMA is in the room with BLOKE ONE. He is cold and quiet; giving off a subtle but tangible hint of disdain. He hands ALMA money.

BLOKE ONE  
 Clothes off.

ALMA counts her money.

ALMA  
 This is short.

BLOKE ONE  
 That's all I've got.

ALMA  
 (tries to laugh it off)  
 This is not a haggling situation.  
 I'm not a used car.

BLOKE ONE goes in his wallet and gets out a hundred more pounds and throws it down.

BLOKE ONE  
 No, Jonnies though, yeah.

ALMA  
 Sorry, I don't do that.

BLOKE ONE rolls his eyes.

BLOKE ONE  
 Fuckin' ell. What do you do?!

CUT TO:

36 INT. LOUNGE - CLIENT`S HOUSE - NIGHT 16. 23:15 36 \*

ALMA is having sex with client doggy style. She pulls away suddenly.

ALMA  
 Oi! I don't do A-Levels.

BLOKE ONE  
 What if I pay extra?

ALMA  
 No.

BLOKE ONE  
 Fine.

BLOKE ONE carries on having sex with ALMA and slowly starts to push her hands and head down to the ground. Now she is almost restrained, he tries anal again. ALMA breaks free before he gets there. She stands up.

ALMA  
 I said no.

BLOKE ONE stands up and stares at her venomously. ALMA doesn't know what to do. A beat.

She hears CARA shouting from the other room.

CARA (O.S.)  
 Yer cheeky fuckin' twat!

ALMA opens the door to see CARA shouting at the client.

CARA (CONT'D)  
You pay first! That's the fuckin'  
rules.

BLOKE ONE  
You girls are shit. We're not  
paying for this.

SVETLANA comes out of another room and squares up to BLOKE TWO.

SVETLANA  
Fuck you!

BLOKE TWO flares up suddenly, he grabs SVETLANA by the throat.

BLOKE ONE  
Don't fucking speak to me like  
that!

ALMA  
Get the fuck off her!

ALMA kicks him in the dick. A mad flurry of shouting and pushing breaks out. The girls decide to grab their stuff and run.

37 EXT. CLIENT`S HOUSE - NIGHT 16. 23:20

37 \*

ALMA and SVETLANA run out bare foot. ALMA is on the phone to ZEE.

ZEE speeds round the corner.

ALMA  
Quick. They're fuckin' psychos!

38 INT. ZEES CAR - NIGHT 16. 23:21

38 \*

SVETLANA and ALMA jump in the car.

ZEE  
Where's Cara?

SVETLANA  
She's...

They realize they have lost her.

ALMA  
Shit!

They look at each other unsure what to do next. A beat.

Suddenly, we see CARA run into the road, barefoot holding the pug.

CARA  
I've nicked 'is fucking dog!

CARA runs to the car and climbs in with the pug.

SVETLANA  
(laughing)  
Why you do that?

CARA  
Well... I couldn't find mi shoes...  
so I just grabbed his dog!

They all laugh and drive off.

39 INT. ODESSA CAFE - DAY 17. 11:30

39 \*

LEANNE and BILL are sat at a table in the empty cafe, looking knackered, surrounded by sushi. BILL looks fed up as he tries to eat as much of it as he can.

ALMA  
What happened here then?

LEANNE  
Turns out most pensioners are not  
willing to fuck around with raw  
fish.  
(holds up a piece of  
Nigiri with her  
chopsticks)  
Nigiri?

BILL  
(mouthful of sushi)  
Please! We've got loads of the  
fuckers!

ALMA takes the sushi.

LEANNE  
Bill, will you give us a minute?

BILL looks peeved.

BILL  
It's my bloody caf!

LEANNE  
Go on Bill. Start the pots will  
you.

BILL huffs off, muttering to himself with a mouth full of  
sushi.

ALMA  
You were right about Phil.

LEANNE looks sympathetically at ALMA and holds up a piece of  
Maki, in consolation. ALMA takes it, acceptingly/tiredly.

LEANNE  
Oh, dear.

ALMA  
Yeah. Turns out posh men can be  
cunts too.

LEANNE half agrees at this. A beat.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about the other day.

LEANNE  
I'm sorry too.

ALMA  
No, you were right. I need to be a  
bit more real about this job.  
(beat)  
But, it is also positive for me  
Leanne... I've got money and  
freedom and I pick my own hours and  
I go to places I'd never be able to  
go to...

LEANNE  
Yeah, but Alma -

ALMA  
Yes, it's also scary and seedy  
too... And I have realized that  
now.  
(beat)  
But, the judginess makes it harder  
to be honest about it.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

**ALMA (CONT'D)**

You can tell me when you're having a shit day at work, but I don't feel I can ever tell you, 'cos you'll judge me. You can turn round to me and say, "Oh Alma, I've had shit day at work, I've had to make fifty fuckin' salmon rolls" but I can't say "I've had shit day too - A man was insistent on shoving his cock in my ear and now I've got tinnitus"

ALMA looks at LEAANE joking, but also serious.

**LEANNE**

(shocked, but amused)

Fuckin' ell!

(beat)

Do you have Tinnitus?

**ALMA**

(serious, but silly)

There's certainly an unusual buzzing sound sometimes.

They both laugh.

**ALMA (CONT'D)**

See, I'd like to laugh with you about it. You're the only person I've told.

(beat)

And I know what you mean, it's should be a means to an end this job... I'm not gonna get lost in it anymore.

**LEANNE**

Good.

(beat; she eats a salmon roll)

I really like Chris, you know. He makes me laugh... I'd like you to be happy for me.

**ALMA**

I am.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

They share a smile. LEANNE picks up a salmon roll.

**LEANNE**

Salmon roll?

ALMA  
Yeah, go on!

ALMA gets a text from Cara advertising a dog for sale.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Do you wanna buy a dog?

MUSIC (TBC) to END CREDITS.

END OF EPISODE THREE