



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.

*
*
*

LESLEY 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, alot 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 cant 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	*
	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 in 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 whats 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.

29

INT. POSH HOTEL BAR - DAY 16. 13:05

29

*

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 LEANNE joking, but also serious.

LEANNE

(shocked, but amused)

Fuckin' ell!

(beat)

Do you have Tinitus?

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