



# ALMA'S not NORMAL

EPISODE 4

Written by Sophie Willan

## SHOOTING SCRIPT

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MUSIC: "WHITE RABBIT" by Jefferson Airplane.

It's a bright, summers day on JOAN'S street. TWO DRESSED-UP HOUSEWIVES are looking at YOUNG ALMA and JOAN from across the road.

YOUNG ALMA is riding her bicycle up and down the drive while JOAN smokes topless on a deck chair and rubs cooking-oil onto her arms.

SANDRA

Her daughter's a drug addict you know. And she's divorced. Always has men round, of all bloody colors an' all.

SANDRA'S MATE raises her eyebrows.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Worst of all though... She smokes in the kitchen.

SANDRA'S MATE grimaces.

We ZOOM over to YOUNG ALMA and JOAN'S POVs.

JOAN

(to Alma)

What the bloody-hell are them two staring at?

(shouts to Sandra)

Y'alright, there Sandra? Do you need help wi' that?

SANDRA

Wi' what, love?

JOAN

That large stick up your arse. Do you need help with it?

SANDRA and SANDRA'S MATE gasp with offense.

YOUNG ALMA hears a rustle in the bushes - she looks over to see it moving.

A police car pulls up aggressively onto the drive, knocking over a large Buddha Statue. JOAN jumps up angrily. TWO POLICEMEN get out of the vehicle.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Do you pissing mind?!

PAUL - POLICEMAN  
Bloody-hell, Joan. I could get you  
done for indecent exposure if I  
didn't like the view so much.

The POLICEMEN snigger together. JOAN puts her top on.

PAUL - POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Don't put 'em away on our account.

JOAN  
Did your mother never breast feed  
you, Paul?

POLICEMAN's colleague laughs at him. He looks  
embarrassed/angry, but before he can respond -

JOAN (CONT'D)  
She's not here. Now piss off.

PAUL - POLICEMAN  
Well, we've got to check, Joan.  
Might start in your bedroom if you  
want to join me?

The policemen walk in the house sniggering. JOAN follows the  
them angrily.

LIN  
(from the bush)  
Pssst. Alma.

ALMA walks over to the bush to find LIN squatting in it.

LIN (CONT'D)  
Alma, do your Mummy a little favor  
will you? I've left my leopard  
print handbag on the kitchen table.  
Will you grab it for me... don't  
let anyone see you.

ALMA  
That's Grandma's bag.

LIN  
She's lent it to me. Just go get it  
for Mummy will you.

ALMA tip-toes through the house as JOAN continues to argue  
with PAUL - POLICEMAN, as he empties her washing out of the  
machine, all over the floor.

JOAN  
She's not bloody in there is she.

PAUL - POLICEMAN

We've got to check everywhere Joan.

Still sniggering with his colleague, PAUL - POLICEMAN holds up a pair of her knickers.

PAUL - POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Bloody hell! It's like dental floss that!

JOAN

You not getting any at home or something?

ALMA grabs her Grandma's handbag, then spots the storage cupboard under the stairs. She decides to take a bottle of vodka from it. She walks to the bush and gives the handbag and vodka to LIN.

\*  
\*  
\*

LIN

(pleasantly surprised by  
the vodka)

Ace. Ta, Alma.

Just as LIN climbs out of the bush, the POLICE and JOAN come out of the front door. LIN freezes for a second. As the MUSIC rises in the last 14 seconds of the track, LIN grabs ALMA's bicycle and makes a dash for it. The POLICE get in their car and chase after her. JOAN goes and picks up all the shattered pieces of her Buddha Statue.

The MUSIC crescendos, ALMA gives the police-car the finger as it drives off down the street. SANDRA and SANDRA'S MATE, are staring at ALMA in shock. ALMA, still holding up her middle finger, moves it to point to them. SANDRA and SANDRA'S MATE gasp.

FREEZE-FRAME: on YOUNG ALMA holding up her middle finger.

MUSIC: "WHITE RABBIT" crescendos into TITLE SEQUENCE:

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

2

INT. BOLTON ACTING CLASS - DAY 17. 14:15

2

\*

IAN is doing a talk with a list of points on a whiteboard that says: "Talent", "C.V.", "Attitude". He crosses "Talent" off.

IAN

You've got that in spades.

We PAN across the eclectic GROUP of under-confident, underwhelmed Boltonians, landing on ALMA who is on the edge of her seat fully engaged.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 (points to "C.V." on the board)  
 Now, having a good C.V is all part and parcel of being an actor. I would'a never been an extra on Corrie, THREE TIMES --  
 (pleased with himself)  
 -- if I hadn't got mi C.V. in good working order. Now, Brian... You've got a lot of accents on 'ere... Can you do 'em all?

\*

BRIAN  
 (unsure)  
 Yeah. I think so, yeah.

IAN  
 You think so?  
 (beat, unconvinced)  
 Give us yer Scottish then?

BRIAN  
 Now?... Okay ... Er...  
 Eye...Ohhh...eh... Be'uftai...  
 haggis.

IAN  
 No, Brian. That were not good, were it class?

The CLASS mutter and consensus "no, it was bad."

IAN (CONT'D)  
 If anything, it were a bit racist Brian.

Again, the CLASS mutter a consensus "yeah it was a bit racist."

IAN (CONT'D)  
 If any of you have a skill on yer C.V. that you don't ave, gerrit off now.

The CLASS all start to cross out bits of their C.Vs

IAN (CONT'D)

Believe you me... You may think you can Lindy Hop when you've had a few Bevvys at Mondo's, but it's a different story when you're sober in an audition.

(to himself)

You'll regret that for the rest of your life.

ALMA

Should I keep beatboxing on?

ALMA beatboxes for the CLASS.

IAN

No.

IAN points at "*Attitude*" on the whiteboard.

IAN (CONT'D)

Attitude. Change it. All o' yer. You wont ger' anywhere wir'a chip on yer shoulder... Tina -

We PAN over to TINA, rough as fuck, angry looking woman.

IAN (CONT'D)

You can't threaten to beat up the casting director when you don't get a role.

TINA looks disappointed at this.

IAN (CONT'D)

Alma, you've missed a session. And Lesley, you've missed a fuck load.

LESLEY

(voice wobbly with emotion)

Well, mi Mum has cancer Ian and I'm her full time carer -

IAN

No, one cares, Les. Excuses don't wash in this biz.

LESLEY looks upset.

IAN (CONT'D)

(to the class)

If you're to be an actor.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

You do not 'av room for personal drama, like Lesley.

IAN is pointing at LESLEY, she feels uncomfortable as the CLASS all stare at her.

IAN (CONT'D)

Keep the drama on the stage. Why do you think I'm single? I've not had a girlfriend for fifteen years.

IAN looks at the room proudly, then realizes this is an embarrassing brag.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm married to the craft. If you want to be stars...

(beat)

...You need t' streamline your lives.

We ZOOM in on ALMA, these words strike a chord with her.

3

EXT. BOLTON TOWN HALL STEPS - DAY 17. 15:55

3

\*

ALMA, LEANNE and JOAN are sat on the town hall steps, eating pasties.

ALMA

(mouth full of pastie)

If you want to be a star...

(beat)

...You need to streamline your life. That's what Ian says.

JOAN

I could'a been a star.

ALMA

Of what?

JOAN

I don't know, but I've always felt like one.

ALMA and LEANNE nod, understanding this. They keep eating.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I'm just completely bored since retirement. I need a hobby or a pet. There's only so much "Tinder" a girl can do.



ALMA

Well, it's Mum's CPA on Tuesday.  
Come to that if you want something  
to do?

JOAN

Fuck that for a bag of Wotsits.

LEANNE

Whats a CPA?

JOAN

It's pointless meeting you have  
with a revolving door of  
professionals, to discuss Lin's  
*lack* of progress and *limited*  
options.

ALMA

Oh, come on Grandma. She's doing  
the best she's ever done. Two years  
clean. Medicated...

JOAN

It never lasts.

(beat)

The day I refused to be your Mum's  
next of kin, was one of the most  
liberating days of my life. It's  
the closest you can get to  
divorcing a child.

(beat)

She destroyed my life...

ALMA rolls her eyes at JOAN. JOAN takes a big bite of her  
pasty.

JOAN (CONT'D)

(mouth full of pastie)

And my vagina.

ALMA grimaces. LEANNE is unfazed. They eat their pasties.

A beat. They keep eating their pasties until LEANNE remembers  
a piece of gossip that almost makes her choke on a pastry-  
crumb.

LEANNE

Ooh, guess who I saw shouting at  
each other in the street  
yesterday... Anthony and Rachel!

\*

ALMA

Urgh, I don't miss rowing in the street with Anthony. I'm sure it gave me nodules.

\*

LEANNE

Apparently, they've split up proper. She's moved back in with her Mum.

ALMA looks away thoughtfully.

JOAN

She's probably safer there. Look what happened to you when you were pregnant.

ALMA

I don't want to talk about that now, while I'm enjoying a whist pie!

A beat. JOAN is disgruntled at being shut up, but decides to move on.

JOAN

So, how's it going with your fella Leanne?

LEANNE

He's a sexual demon, Joan. Yesterday, he came to pick me up from work after Bill had left, I was doing a deep clean, next minute I was splayed across the chest freezer with my legs in the air!

JOAN AND ALMA

(thoughtfully)

Fabulous.

4

INT. BURY HOSPITAL - MEETING ROOM - DAY 18. 12:00

4

\*

ALMA and LIN enter the CPA meeting to see at least TWELVE PROFESSIONALS sat around a big table with BOB at the helm.

LIN

Do we really need all these fuckin' people?

ALMA (V.O.)

Every CPA meeting starts with Mum kicking off.

BOB puts his hand up to LIN to silence her.

BOB

Let's just go round the room and introduce ourselves.

LIN

I'm Lin, the fish in the fucking bowl.

ALMA (V.O.)

You can understand where she's coming from. They all sit their taking notes and speaking about her in the second person. And the shit they come out with.

SARA

I think Lin could benefit from some breathing exercises for relaxation.

\*

LIN

*Relaxation?! I smoke for that.*

SARA

What about the yarn-bombing course?

\*

LIN

Fuck off.

BOB

Okay... shall we keep going round?

We land on JANE, an arsey, looking bitch.

JANE

I'm the new social worker from t' council.. taking over from -

LIN

Where the fuck is Bev?

JANE

BEV, has had enough Lin. And I tell you now. **I** will not be spoken to the way you spoke to Bev!

LIN

I made one little comment about her weird fuckin' eyebrow -

JANE

(loses her temper)

It wasn't one comment though was it. You wrote a poem. Left it on her window screen.

LIN

She fucked up my Bennys!

JANE

(unexpected burst of anger)

She'd just had her gal-bladder removed!

A beat. EVERYONE looks uncomfortable.

ALMA (V.O.)

It's usually my job to calm my Mum down.

ALMA puts her hand on her Mum's knee to calm her. It doesn't work.

LIN

It's nothing to do wi that. Bev was a dick when she had a gal-bladder, she was a dick when she lost it. Nothin' fuckin' changes wi' Bev.

ALMA (V.O.)

Doesn't always work.

BOB

Okay. Can we just leave Bev's gal-bladder out of this and focus on the good news...

LIN is about to shout. ALMA grabs her hand to calm her down. It seems to work this time.

ALMA

What good news?

BOB

We've just been notified that Lin's section has finally been lifted! We're looking at potentially placing her in a hostel that offers mental health support services -

LIN

No! Jim's in one o' them now and he hates it.

\*  
\*  
\*

BOB

The tribunal don't feel that you're  
ready for independent living quite  
yet, Lin.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LIN

Fucks sake, you burn one little  
flat down and everybody's up in  
arms.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA.

I don't think a hostel will work  
for Mum. She needs somewhere she  
can feel calm and stay clean.

BOB

Well, the other option is living  
with a family member.

A beat. Panic washes over ALMA'S face.

ALMA.

So, this hostel then... what's it  
like?

HARD CUT TO:

5 INT. HOSTEL - PRESTWICH - DAY 19. 12:05

5 \*

ALMA and LIN are in a creepy, grubby looking hostel bedroom,  
being shown around by a SECURITY GUARD who looks like he  
could have severe mental health issues himself. LIN looks  
miserable. ALMA is searching for positives.

LIN

It's a shoebox. A dirty, horrible  
shoebox.

\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA

It could be nice... it's a bit...  
(struggles to find the  
word, end up doing a  
vague mime)  
...but, get a couple of your  
paintings up... or we could paint  
the walls?

\*

SECURITY GUARD

No painting walls. No nails in the  
walls.

LIN

It's like a prison.

ALMA

It's posh round Prestwich now, you know? Leafy.

LIN

People keep saying *leafy*. What does it even fucking mean? If I wanted leafy, I'd live in tree.

ALMA

Well, that might be the next option.

LIN glares at ALMA. LOUISE, an intense looking resident, creeps into the doorway and stares at them for a beat before speaking.

LOUISE

Are you 'ere about the mice? They keep eating mi fucking cornflakes.

ALMA

No, we're just looking round. My mum might be joining you.

LIN

(under her breath)  
Don't think so.

LOUISE

What about the mice? What are you gonna do about the mice?

ALMA

Erm...

ALMA looks at LIN unsure what to say. LIN looks back at her bemused.

LIN

We're not 'ere for the mice. We don't know anything about them.

LOUISE

They're taking over. I can hear them whispering and plotting in the walls.

ALMA

Erm... maybe ask...

She points at the SECURITY GUARD.

LOUISE  
Shush! Listen.

There is a beat as everyone listens. There is no noise. LIN and ALMA catch each other's eye and can't help but smirk.

SECURITY GUARD  
Go to your room, Louise. I've put the traps out last night.

LOUISE scuttles off. ALMA looks out the window, ignoring the dirty yard.

ALMA  
Nice view... if you just look straight ahead and not down. It's actually quite calming.

They hear a loud anguished, scream from another room.

SECURITY GUARD  
That's Dave. You might hear from him sometimes... but you'll rarely see him.

We hear another whale from Dave. Then a loud snap of a mousetrap from another room.

LOUISE (O.S.)  
Shit, missed him!

A mouse scuttles into the room, followed quickly by LOUISE holding a broom trying to bash the mouse to death.

LOUISE (CONT'D)  
I'll get you, you little fucker!  
I'll get you.

LOUISE chases the mouse around the room as ALMA and LIN look bemused.

6 INT. BURY HOSPITAL - DAY 20. 11:10

6

ALMA and LIN have cornered BOB in the corridor. BOB is trying to get away.

BOB  
I know it's not ideal.

LIN  
*Ideal?*  
I'd have a housemate who thinks the mice are plotting against her!

ALMA

To be fair, she'd be the sanest one there. Including security.

\*  
\*  
\*

LIN

I want mi own place, Bob! I've been drug free for over two years. I'm taking my medication. I've started art therapy. I've got a bedtime, I pair my socks, I knit. I'm practically Jessica-fucking-Fletcher, for fucks sake.

\*

ALMA

To be fair, she's doing really well, but that place would send her under straight away. She'd be the sanest one there. Including security.

LIN

I've had mi own flat before.

BOB

Yes, but you lost it, Lin.

(beat)

You've got yourself in a situation Lin, that -

LIN

HOW DARE YOU! IT WASN'T MY FAULT! You've no fuckin' idea what I went through. None of you do! You hit rock bottom and they fuck you while you're down there. No-one is kind or fair to people like me. I'm a bottom feeder, swimming in a sea of cunts.

SLOW-MOTION: as LIN goes off on one. ALMA processes her Mum's rant.

MONTAGE - 1992 - PT 1: LIN'S trouble with the system begins.

\*

MUSIC TRACK: TBC

ALMA (V.O.)

It all went wrong for Mum, when the Government brought in the point scoring system for disability.

PHOTO - 1992 PT 2: the Houses of Parliament.

\*



PHOTO - 1992 - PT 3: an official looking form with boxes for scores/points to be written in. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
She was assessed on whether  
she was fit for work.

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 4: LIN manically smiling at CAMERA with no teeth. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
Not by a doctor...

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 5: a professional, smiling DOCTOR at work. Like it's from a cheesy promotional magazine. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
...but by this bloke.

LIVE ACTION SHOT - 1992 - PT 6: a young, spotty looking PIP ASSESSOR staring anxiously at CAMERA against a white background. He coughs nervously. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
After Mum failed her disability  
assessment...

CUTAWAY - 1992 - PT 7: a red "FAIL" stamp is stamped onto the corner of a form. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
...she found other income streams.

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 8: LIN is leaning against a wall with a couple of other STREET WALKERS. All looking bored and smoking, waiting for a job - like a cluster of Deliveroo drivers outside a Wagamamas. \*

Infront of them, a fellow PROSTITUTE is leaning into a car, chatting to a punter. The other GIRLS are looking at her enviously.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Then Mum's nurse visits got cut.

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 9: a collection of smiling NURSES in uniform. The PHOTO rips down the middle as it turns to black and white. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
And they closed the local clinics.

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 10: a local clinic with boarded up windows. \*

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 11: a doorway with a "CLOSED" sign in it. \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
So, she had to get two buses for  
her anti-psychotic injection.

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 12: the bus number "37" from the front of a bus. \*

PHOTO - 1992 - PT 13: the bus number "66" from the side of a bus. \*

LIVE ACTION SHOT - EITHER - PT 14: C/U of a syringe being flicked so some of the fluid comes out OR, a syringe being inserted hard into human skin. We hear "Argh!" \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
The bus isn't fun at the best of  
times...

7 INT. BUS - FLASHBACK 16 - DAY - 1993 7 \*

WIDE of LIN sat on the back seat of the bus, looking paranoid, unwell and anxious. There are a handful of other people on there. We CUT TO a MIDSOT of LIN, to see the anguish on her face.

ALMA (V.O.)  
... never mind when you're  
adamantly convinced you're trapped  
in an oven at the other side of the  
universe.

The daylight from outside turns red. LIN starts sweating. Condensation starts appearing on the back window. A large oven fan appears behind her head. Her eyes dart around with fear. She can't handle it anymore.

LIN  
IT'S TOO HOT!

We CUT WIDE to REVEAL the bus is completely normal. One of the PENSIONERS looks round at her in disbelief, as a MAN opens the tiny window for her. We hang on the awkwardness for a moment, before...

ALMA (V.O.)  
So, she took her medicinal needs  
into her own hands again...

8 EXT. LIN'S FLAT, ROUGH COUNCIL ESTATE - FB 17 - DAY - 1993 8 \*

Extreme C/U on LIN.

LIN

TRACY!

We CUT WIDE to REVEAL the estate. LIN is sat outside her flat on a deckchair.

ALMA (V.O.)

And she didn't have to go far.

Reveal TEA TOWEL TRACY with a tea towel over her hand, dealing drugs close by. She looks up.

LIN

Giz'a borrow till next Tuesday will you?

ALMA (V.O.)

It's safe to say she got herself in a bit of a pickle from there.

9 EXT. GARSTANG ESTATE - FLASHBACK 18 - DAY - 1995 9 \*

LIN, in her pajamas, with a TV under her arm running down an alleyway. She turns a corner. TWO POLICE OFFICERS are chasing her.

ALMA (V.O.)

She got sent down for six months and lost her council flat in the process.

MONTAGE ENDS - BURY HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 20. 11:13 \*

LIN is finishing up an angry rant. BOB takes a deep breath.

BOB

Lin, can I level with you... over 5,000 people are homeless in Greater Manchester, over 80 thousand are still waiting for social housing. We're living in a Boom and Crisis paradox and you're a known arsonist, Lin.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but in all honesty, it's not likely you'll ever get a flat completely to yourself again.

These words hit LIN and ALMA hard.

ALMA

So, what are her options?

BOB

As I said, at this stage... family  
or hostel.

10 INT. HOSPITAL SMOKING AREA - DAY 20. 11:45

10 \*

ALMA, LIN and GOD sat on the bench smoking.

LIN

I can't stand Bob. Condescending  
twat.

(impression of Bob)

*"You've got yourself in a situation  
here, Lin. We couldn't let you live  
on your own, Lin."*

GOD

(chuckling)

Yeah. He *is* a twat 'an all.

(mimics Bob too)

*"You're not really God, you know."  
"It's important you recognize that  
Alan".* One of my biggest mistakes  
him.

LIN

(agreeing)

Mmmm, prick.

They all sit in silence, looking ahead, before LIN turns  
round to ALMA urgently.

LIN (CONT'D)

I can't stay here Alma! Please!  
Please don't leave me in this  
guinea pig farm! The smells... they  
all blob together and make me feel  
ill. The people... they're all  
nutters!

GOD

Yeah, they are.

ALMA

It's okay Mum. We'll sort something  
out.

ALMA gives LIN a hug and lets out a big sigh.

GOD carries on smoking. JESUS starts waddling over. GOD spots him and groans under his breath.

GOD  
Urgh, that prick`s here again.  
I`m off.

ALMA  
Hiya, Jesus.

JESUS  
Peace be with you!

GOD rolls his eyes and gets up to leave.

GOD  
Never have a son.

GOD walks off. JESUS sits down.

11 EXT. MANCHESTER - DAY 21. 16:45 11 \*

MUSIC: TBC

G.V.`s of Manchester, we ZOOM in on all the reinvigorated glory of the city. All the cranes, all the new tower blocks, all the fancy shops and bars and the "We LOVE MANCHESTER" signs... this is interspersed with shots of homeless people. We see the scale of the homelessness crisis in Manchester.

Then we see ALMA walking through it all.

12 EXT. FANCY FLATS - MANCHESTER - DAY 21. 17:00 12 \*

ALMA arrives at a fancy block of flats. She sees a HOMELESS GUY on the step outside as she goes in.

ALMA  
Sorry, love. I`ve got no cash.

HOMELESS GUY  
No, one bloody does anymore. I`d get miself a chip and pin machine if I had a fucking bank account.

13 INT. PENTHOUSE - FANCY FLATS - DAY 21. 17:10 13 \*

ALMA is with the DEVELOPER CLIENT taking in his gorgeous penthouse. \*

ALMA

Wow! This is a bit fancy intit!  
What do you do then?

DEVELOPER CLIENT

Property developer. I built this  
place.

(points at two buildings  
through the window)

And those two over there... It's  
going to be gorgeous when I've  
done. It'll be just like London.  
Just need to get rid of that  
cluster of druggies and the  
homeless over there.

\*

ALMA hates this guy.

ALMA

Right.

DEVELOPER CLIENT

So, I'd like you to be quite  
assertive with me please. I've been  
quite naughty today.

ALMA

Oh, right okay... So...

ALMA realizes what he wants, starts to slowly get into  
character.

ALMA (CONT'D)

So, you've been quite naughty have  
you?

DEVELOPER CLIENT

Yes, very naughty.

ALMA

Very naughty. Right. So we might  
need to spank you, mightn't we?

DEVELOPER CLIENT

Yes, I think we might.

ALMA

Well you better whip your trouser  
off bettern't you, you naughty -

DEVELOPER CLIENT

Little boy.

ALMA  
(bit creeped, but hides  
it)  
Okay... Yeah... you're a very  
naughty little boy!

ALMA whips his trousers down and he bends over.

DEVELOPER CLIENT  
I have been naughty haven't I?

ALMA  
Yes you have.

ALMA spansks him, tentatively at first. But, she quite enjoys  
it and gets more into it on the second spank.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
You've been a very naughty boy! A  
very, very naughty boy!

DEVELOPER CLIENT  
I have, haven't I?

ALMA is now really going for it. Spanking vigorously on every  
word.

ALMA  
Yes! Building all the big houses  
for the millionaires, not single  
bit of social housing, for any  
other fucker. Very. Naughty. Boy.

DEVELOPER CLIENT starts to look confused at ALMA, whose  
clearly lost herself in the arse-spanking. ALMA suddenly  
catches herself and calms down. She clears her throat.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(more quietly)  
Naughty boy.

14	EXT. FANCY FLATS - DAY 21. 17:10	14	*
	ALMA comes out of the fancy flats and see the same HOMELESS GUY. She takes the money from the property developer out of her bag and gives it to the HOMELESS GUY and walks off.		* *
15	INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 22. 10:05	15	*
	ALMA is putting a wax strip above her lip, she grabs her eyebrow pluckers and starts plucking a hair out of her nipple.		

Suddenly, there's a knock at the door. ALMA rolls her eyes, assuming it's her annoying neighbour, EDNA.

ALMA  
(shouts toward the door)  
I'm not coming to the door, Edna!  
I'm not indulging your intolerance  
again. The music is at medium level  
and I'm being very light footed...  
I'm like a feather up here!

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
It's me!

\*

ALMA freezes.

ANTHONY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Come to the door.

\*

ALMA  
(under her breath)  
Shit!

ALMA starts to flap.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Errr... just, just a second.

She starts manically picking stuff up from off the floor. Panicking she throws a pair of dirty knickers in an old pizza box and searches for somewhere to throw it.

ANTHONY (O.S.)  
Come on Alma!

\*

In a panic, she chucks it out of the window.

EDNA (O.S.)  
What the bloody hell?!

ALMA dashes to the door, then tries to calm down. Takes a breath and opens it, feigning a gracious, relaxed indifference. She's forgotten she's wearing a wax strip across her lip.

ALMA  
Can I help you?

ANTHONY  
Bloody hell. What's that?

\*

ALMA  
What?



ANTHONY

That strip.

\*

ALMA remembers her wax strip.

ALMA

Oh fuck!

She rips it off. It's really painful. She screams. Her face is red and hot.

ANTHONY

Fuckin 'ell!

\*

ALMA

It burns! It burns!

She dashes into the house and sticks her whole head under the tap. ANTHONY follows her, quietly amused.

\*

ALMA collects herself, drenched and irritated.

ALMA (CONT'D)

What you doing here?

ANTHONY doesn't answer the question. He's busy looking at her wall of goals.

\*

ANTHONY

What's all this then?

\*

ALMA

It's my to-do list.

ANTHONY

*"Start tap-dancing, become a global mega-star."* Big to-do list, that.

\*

ALMA

I know about you and Rachel breaking up. If you think for one second that you can just come crawling back -

ANTHONY

Fuck off! I'm not here for that.

\*

ALMA

Good.

ANTHONY

I just can't arsed be with her. She does mi head in.

\*

(beat)

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Whose this Phil bloke you were  
showing off about, anyway?

ALMA

None of your business.

ANTHONY

Aww he's dumped you already?

ALMA flushes slightly.

ALMA

No! I'm just keeping my options  
open.

(beat)

*I'm single and ready to mingle.*

ANTHONY

(teasing)

*Single ready to mingle?* I wouldn't  
use *that* phrase again if I were  
you.

ALMA

(irritated/embarrassed)

What do you want anyway?

ANTHONY

Do you want to grab a pasty?

There's a loud, angry knock at the door. ALMA answers it.  
It's EDNA looking furious, holding the pizza box and  
knickers.

EDNA

Did you just chuck these dirty  
knickers in a pizza box into my  
garden?

ALMA panics. Decides to go defensive.

ALMA

No, I did *not* Edna. And to be quite  
frank with you, I'm insulted by the  
accusation.

EDNA

Well, it came from your window.

ALMA panics again.

ALMA

Goodbye, Edna!

She slams the door. ALMA looks back at ANTHONY, she decides to gaslight the shit out of EDNA.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
(wide eyed)  
She's fucking crazy.

EDNA bangs on the door again. ALMA panics.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Shall we get that pasty then?

16 EXT. PARK - DAY 22. 11:30

16

ALMA and ANTHONY are walking along together and laughing.

ANTHONY  
Oh, my God Alma. You mad head. Why in the pizza box though?

ALMA  
I just panicked. And hiding the knickers in the pizza box felt more polite.

They both laugh. A beat. ANTHONY takes ALMA in.

ANTHONY  
You look good.

ALMA  
Oh, don't start now.

ANTHONY  
What?

ANTHONY laughs, knowingly.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
You always look good anyway.

ALMA looks at him coldly.

ALMA  
I'm serious Anthony. Everything's different now. I'm different.

ANTHONY takes a beat to think about his next move. He decides rejection is the best approach.

ANTHONY  
*Oh fuck off.* As if I'm gonna try it on wi you now.  
(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I've just come out of a  
relationship. Not interested like  
that at all.

\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA weighs him up. He sounds like he's telling the truth.  
She relaxes. Decides to change the subject.

\*  
\*

ALMA

I think it's my nose.

ANTHONY

What?

\*  
\*

ALMA

Why I always look good... I've  
always had an incredibly beautiful  
and disarming nose.

\*  
\*

ALMA sticks her nose in the air proudly.

ANTHONY

(laughs)  
You what?

\*

ALMA begins to explain her nose, poking it occasionally.

ALMA

It goes up at the end here, you  
see... which is a bit silly really.  
But, the silliness relaxes and  
entertains people, whilst also  
being very striking.

ANTHONY

(Boltonian teasing vibe,  
Peter Kay-esque)  
Bloody hell. You've got a lot of  
opinions on your nose haven't you?

\*

ALMA laughs.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Like a bloody QVC demonstration  
that.

\*

ALMA laughs again. Enjoying being on a roll, ANTHONY keeps  
going.

\*

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

What about my nose?

\*

ANTHONY pokes his nose up, playfully.

\*

ALMA

I mean it's alright, but it  
wouldn't sell on QVC.

ANTHONY

Bollocks! My nose would sell better  
than your nose. Look at the  
handsome bastard.

ANTHONY pokes his nose in the air proudly.

ALMA

It's not a patch on this bitch!

They both stick their noses in the air and smile amused. A  
beat.

ANTHONY

I've really missed you, you know.

ALMA

Stop it! Stuff like that! I don't  
know what you're playing at here,  
but I've got enough going on at the  
moment with my Mum and  
everything.... I don't need you  
poking around - with or without  
your fabulous nose.

ANTHONY

I'm not poking around. What's going  
on with your Mum?

ALMA

She's had her section lifted and  
nowhere to go. I might have to let  
her come and live with me.

ANTHONY stops dead in his tracks.

ANTHONY

Alma. Fuck that. You *can't* do that.  
It'll fuck your life up. You'll be  
a full time carer. And she'll have  
all her dodgy mates round all't  
time. Like that woman who nicks  
spoons. She'll be round, robbing  
your cutlery draw. And that  
alcoholic who pretends to be a  
priest - he'll be round to ear fuck  
the shit out of you. You were a  
soft arse wi' me... but least my  
mates only did coke...

(beat)

(MORE)

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

No offence, but your Mum needs to  
live with someone who takes no  
shit. What about your Grandma?  
She's a dragon of a woman.

\*  
\*

ALMA looks thoughtful.

\*

17 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 23. 12:10

17 \*

C/U on JOAN.

JOAN

Absolutely, no way.

We PAN out to see ALMA.

ALMA

I think you'd benefit from the  
company, Grandma. You said you  
wanted a pet.

JOAN

(very earnestly)

I want a Cocker Spaniel, Alma.

(beat)

Why can't she just get another  
flat?

ALMA

It's not that easy anymore.  
And they wont let her live alone,  
without supervision.

JOAN

That's what the district nurse is  
for.

ALMA

That's been cut.

JOAN

Oh, I see. The Government have  
given up, so she's back to being my  
problem?!

ALMA

She's not a problem anymore. She's  
really straightened out. And she's  
got her Benny's sorted too, so she  
wont even pinch your fags.

JOAN

Lovely. I pay my taxes, so your Mum  
and Jim can laze about.

ALMA

Jim's not lazing about, Grandma.  
He's got eight personalities.  
(beat)  
He's knackered.

JOAN

(to Alma)

Why don't you take her then Alma,  
if she's such a ray of fucking  
sunshine?

ALMA

Well... if you don't take her...  
then I'll have to. But, if I take  
her now, everything I've started to  
do to get my life, will be for  
nothing... I won't be able to work  
my job, I won't be able to live a  
normal life and -

JOAN

And what about *my* normal life.

ALMA

You said the other day, you were  
bored and wanted something to do -

JOAN

I meant something like being a top  
CEO or learning to Canoe.

A Beat. ALMA looks confused at canoe.

JOAN (CONT'D)

Not taking in a toothless, drug  
addicted arsonist.

ALMA

Well, what else can we do?  
(beat)  
There's no options. It's me or you.  
I'm sorry to even put you in this  
position... It's just, she deserves  
a second chance... and my flat's  
tiny.

JOAN

My house isn't much bigger.

ALMA

Big enough for the two of you,  
though. She's only small Mum.

JOAN

So, was Napoleon.

18 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 24. 11:30

18 \*

ALMA and JOAN open the front door to find LIN walking up the garden path, with all her stuff. SANDRA is snooping from her garden.

SANDRA

(shouts over the hedge)  
Ooh, I see the whole Motley Crew  
are 'ere.  
(sarcastic, under her  
breath)  
Delightful.

JOAN

Piss off, Sandra.

LIN

Hello!

JOAN notices all the painted canvases that LIN's carrying.

JOAN

What are they? No! You can't bring  
those!

LIN

They're not negotiable these, Mum.

JIM pulls up in a taxi and clambers out holding a bin bag and a kettle.

JIM

(jolly)  
Hellow!

JOAN looks sharply at LIN as she realizes whats happening.

JOAN

(to Lin)  
What's he doing here?

JIM looks confused and looks at LIN.



LIN

Oh yeah, I forgot to say. I told him he could come too.

JOAN

What you talking about? That was never part of the plan!

JIM's face drops, as he realizes what's happened.

LIN

He hates his hostel and he likes the idea of being at yours with his own kettle.

JIM

(holds up a kettle)  
I brought mi own.

ALMA

MUM! You should've asked!

JOAN looks furious.

LIN

You won't even notice he's there. He never speaks do you, Jim?

JIM

Not really, no.

JOAN feeling sorry for JIM, sighs a relenting sigh.

\*

JOAN

Fine! But let's just get a few things straight before you come in. I'm telling you now... I won't be taking any of the usual shit from anyone... You fuck up, Lin and you're out. I will not be harassed by police, I will not be interrogated and analyzed by social workers... I will **not** be held responsible for your actions. Understood?

\*

\*

LIN

And I'd like mi own space. I don't want to have to look at your scaley-dragon-face before noon, if that's okay?

\*

JIM

I just want mi kettle.

JOAN, irritated, lets them in the house and walks in herself.  
ALMA takes a moment before she joins them.

MUSIC: "WHITE RABBIT" by Jefferson Airplane, as we C/U on  
ALMA.

ALMA looks out ahead. Spots SANDRA looking, smiles at her,  
then flips her the bird.

ALMA walks in the house and slams the door.

MUSIC CONTINUES INTO END CREDITS.

END OF EPISODE FOUR