



# ALMA'S not NORMAL

EPISODE 5

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## SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 EXT. BOLTON ACTING CLASS - DAY 25. 12:30

1 \*

MUSIC: TBC.

We PAN over BOLTON and land on exterior of BOLTON ACTING CLASS. ALMA comes bouncing up the road and walks into the building.

TITLES: "ALMA'S NOT NORMAL" SLAMS ONTO SCREEN.

2 INT. BOLTON ACTING CLASS - DAY 25. 12:45

2 \*

C/U on ALMA finishing a monologue (TBC). We PAN out and see she's performing with BRIAN. He takes a deep breath before he delivers his line in response. When he finally delivers his line, he does so in a questionable Scottish accent again. The whole CLASS groans with disappointment, including ALMA breaking character.

IAN

For Godsake, Brian! Just take  
Scottish off your C.V! Right,  
now...

(with sudden excited  
energy)

...Big news everyone!

IAN picks up a copy of Bolton News and holds up a feature advert in it that reads: "A Touring Theatre Company are looking for Diverse Talent to join their production."

IAN (CONT'D)

(reads paper)

"A Touring Theatre Company are  
looking for Diverse Talent" -  
(looks at the group)  
- that's you lot - "to join their  
production and go on a national  
tour for six months!"

We PAN across the uninspired GROUP of Boltonians, looking back at IAN, deadpan.

IAN (CONT'D)

(reads paper)

"There's a particular focus on  
BAME" -

Everyone looks at BRIAN, the only person of colour in the class. BRIAN looks uncomfortable.

\*  
\*

\*

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Your time has finally come, Brian!  
 (back to the paper)  
*"And Working Class -*  
 (to the group)  
 - That's all o' yer.  
 (darkly)  
 Especially you, Tina.

Quick PAN over to a rough looking TINA. TINA looks pissed off. IAN is scared for a beat, then backs himself.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Come on Tina, who you kiddin'.  
 You're rough as a dog's bollock.

TINA reluctantly agrees.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 For whatever reason Working Class  
 people are in fashion now. We're  
 like an exotic fruit. So, juice  
 that mother fucker kids!

IAN looks at the CLASS intensely.

ALMA looks back at him with determination.

3 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 26. 14:15

3 \*

ALMA is at the door. JOAN answers looking stern.

JOAN  
 I don't know whether to kill myself  
 or get drunk!

JOAN leaves the door open for ALMA and heads in the house.

4 INT. JOAN HOUSE - DAY 26. 14:16

4 \*

JOAN walks through the house and ALMA follows.

JOAN  
 She's been painting in Rehab and  
 now she thinks she's Van Gough!

They both enter the living room. LIN'S artwork has been hung up all over the walls. JIM is apologetically holding a hammer. LIN, un-arsed, is smoking a cigarette.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
(refers to all the  
paintings)  
Look at my living room!

LIN  
I don't know what you're moaning  
about? The place needed brightening  
up.

JIM tries to place the hammer down delicately on the  
fireplace, but he knocks over a vase and smashes it.

JOAN  
Oh, for God-sake Jim!  
(to Alma)  
Thats the third thing he's broken.  
Look at my porcelain dog -

We quickly PAN over to the porcelain dog missing it's head.

JOAN (CONT'D)  
- decapitated!

JIM  
Sorry!

JIM starts picking up the shattered vase. JOAN looks around  
the room.

JOAN  
It's like an art gallery for the  
paranoid in here.

LIN  
(to Alma)  
How can I possibly flourish as an  
artist in this toxic environment?

JOAN  
(to Line)  
You're not an artist. You're a drug  
addict.

LIN  
See, this is what it's always like -  
you've never supported me.

JOAN  
How dare you - I've always  
supported my children!

ALMA gives a questioning look to the side.

CUT AWAY TO:

5 INT. JOAN'S MARITAL HOME - FLASHBACK 19 - DAY - 1980 5 \*

YOUNG LIN comes bounding in the room. JOAN is on the couch, sloshed on "Blue Nun" and smoking.

YOUNG LIN  
MUM! I need to make an Easter  
bonnet for school.

JOAN  
Oh, love... You don't have the ears  
to pull off a hat.

CUT TO:

6 INT. JOAN HOUSE - DAY - DAY 26. 14:17 6 \*

JOAN and LIN are still squabbling. JIM is still picking up bits of shattered vase.

JOAN  
(sarcastic)  
Have you seen the centre piece your  
Mother's kindly made for me?

JOAN points at a painting, above the fireplace, of a fetus trapped in the womb of a demon, that resembles JOAN.

ALMA  
(disturbed)  
What *is* that?

LIN  
My childhood memoirs.

JOAN  
(to Alma)  
You see how she uses her painting  
as a weapon?

LIN  
Not everything is about *you* Mother.

ALMA  
Right, everyone calm down! The  
social worker will be here any  
minute to assess us.  
(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)  
We need to show that we're a  
normal, loving family.

JOAN  
How long for?

JIM  
OW!

JIM has cut his finger on the shattered vase. He panics as he sees the blood and starts screaming.

JOAN  
CALM DOWN JIM!

LIN  
He's scared of blood.

JIM impulsively wipes his blood on the curtain.

JOAN  
OH JIM, NO!

JIM  
Sorry. Scared of blood.

Theres a knock at the door.

ALMA  
She's here!

Panicked, JIM knocks over JOAN's pride and joy; the sculpture of a penis. It snaps in half. JOAN whales.

JOAN  
MY PENIS!

Crest fallen, JOAN drops to her knees holding the two pieces of the penis against her cheek like its a dying loved one.

ALMA  
I'm sorry Grandma, but we don't have time to mourn your penis right now. Put it away!

ALMA exits.

CUT TO:

JANE takes everything in; LIN's art work all over the walls, the shattered vase, the decapitated porcelain dog, the broken penis sculpture and JIM's huge bandage round his finger.

JANE

Right. So, how's it all going?

ALMA

Yeah. Good. Really good actually.

A beat. We PAN to LIN.

LIN

Shite.

Then to JOAN who tuts and looks away despondently.

8 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - NIGHT 26. 20:10

8 \*

LEANNE and ALMA are enjoying an evening of pampering. They're wearing face-masks and robes and drinking out of ALMA's fluffy flamingo cocktail glasses.

ALMA is sat at her windowsill smoking and reading the newspaper article IAN was holding up in the last acting class. She's circled the phone number and contact name, *Siobhan Wilson*.

LEANNE is on a yoga-mat, following a Tai-Chi "YouTube" class whilst also smoking and occasionally sipping her cocktail.

ALMA

I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna call this Siobhan!

LEANNE

(still moving through her Chi with grace and precision)

Do it, Babe!

ALMA

(into phone)

Hello.

(looks at contact name on newspaper)

Siobhan! Shiv, do people call you? I'm calling about your auditions for the touring theatre company. It says here you're looking for working class actors -

SIOBHAN

Oh, sorry love, all the working  
class slots 'av gone. I'm afraid  
every man and his dog is working  
class now, apparently. Have you got  
'owt else, love?

ALMA

What do you mean?

SIOBHAN

Disability?

ALMA

I don't process dairy well - does  
that count?

SIOBHAN

No, love. Are you Black, Asian,  
Minority Ethnic?

ALMA now desperate.

\*

ALMA

I'm not black, but I am ginger?

SIOBHAN

No, love.

ALMA

Well, according to "Ancestry.com",  
you can trace my family tree, back  
to the foothills Nicaragua.

\*

SIOBHAN

Are you LGBTQ -

ALMA

Well, what is sexuality, Shiv?  
That's up for debate intit?

\*

\*

SIOBHAN

Not on this form it's not. Are you  
Care Experienced?

ALMA

Care Experienced! YES! I've got  
that one! I've been in and out the  
care system from day-dot, Shiv!

LEANNE

WOOHOO!

SIOBHAN

Okay. You'll need a letter of support from Social Services, then we can secure you an audition.

ALMA

Fab! Thank you! Bye!

ALMA puts the phone down.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Woohoo! I knew having a fucked up childhood would pay off.

LEANNE finished her final pose and picks up her glass.

LEANNE

To your fucked up childhood!

They clink glasses.

9 INT. BOLTON SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY 27. 12:55

9 \*

ALMA arrives at the SOCIAL WORKERS desk with her ticket in hand. The SOCIAL WORKER is hiding her head under her desk trying to finish a boiled egg sandwich, unaware ALMA has arrived. After a moment...

ALMA

You know... you can eat that up 'ere, I don't mind.

SOCIAL WORKER suddenly realizing ALMA is there, jumps up, banging her head on the roof of her desk.

FREEZE FRAME on SOCIAL WORKER with egg on her face.

ALMA (V.O.)

You can always spot the social workers. They're always knackered, love a bloody cardigan and look like they drink too much red wine mid-week.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. PARK - BOLTON - FLASHBACK 20 - 1998

10 \*

C/U on YOUNG ALMA's angry little face. We track back to reveal YOUNG ALMA sat at a picnic table, clutching a bag of chips and glaring at BEAKFACE, (social worker with a large nose) who's sat opposite her.

ALMA (V.O.)

I had loads growing up. They liked to take me to the chippy, then write up a report about it afterwards. Like some sort of shit trip-advisor for troubled-kids.

YOUNG ALMA throws a chip at her head. BEAKFACE looks miffed.

CUT TO:

10A CLOSE UP SHOT OF BEAKFACE'S MOUTH - FLASHBACK 21 - 1998 10A \*

BEAKFACE

Alma was in a difficult mood. She would only refer to me as Beakface and threw chips at me throughout the meal. She told me she didn't like me, didn't like her foster parents and wanted to live on her own.

10B EXT. PARK - BOLTON - FLASHBACK 22 - 1998 10B \*

C/U on YOUNG ALMA looking around disappointedly.

ALMA (V.O.)

I always saw myself in a fully furnished Manhattan Apartment. Never really understood what I was doing in Bolton with all these Twatty-Bastards.

CUT TO:

11 INT. SOCIAL SERVICES - TONGUE MOOR - DAY 27. 12:56 11 \*

UNFREEZE SOCIAL WORKER.

SOCIAL WORKER

(finishes off mouth of egg)

Ooh, sorry! Hello! I didn't know you were there! How can I help?

The SOCIAL WORKER tries to listen, but still has one eye on her sandwich.

ALMA

No, worries...

(checks Social Worker's  
badge)

Debbie! So, I'm auditioning for a  
theatre company and I have to prove  
I'm Care Experienced. So, I need to  
get a letter from you guys, to say,  
yeah she was with us and her life  
was shit, put her in your company.

ALMA notices the SOCIAL WORKER has checked out of the conversation and back into her egg sandwich.

SOCIAL WORKER

(with a mouth full of egg,  
trying to look engaged)

Great! Good for you, love. Have you  
got your form?

ALMA hands her a form. The SOCIAL WORKER types the details on her computer, getting egg on her keyboard. ALMA talks at her as she types.

ALMA

I want to be a famous actress,  
Debbie. Loads of people like me  
have become actors, you know: Kathy  
Burke was in Care. Marilyn Monroe  
was an orphan. I could be Bolton's  
very own Marilyn! Pierce Brosnan!  
He was fostered by his  
grandparents! I could be the next  
James Bond!

SOCIAL WORKER eventually looks up from the screen, looking more serious now.

SOCIAL WORKER

We have a lot of information about  
you here. We can actually put in a  
request to have your records posted  
to you, if you like?

ALMA

Oh - Yeah go on then. Anything  
about me is always interesting -  
I'm my favorite subject.

ALMA laughs. SOCIAL WORKER smiles with kind eyes.

CUT TO:

12 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 28. 12:15

12 \*

ALMA is holding up a cut out picture of Julie Walters holding a BAFTA. ALMA chops Julie's head off and replaces it with her own.

ALMA

Sorry Julie, but I've got dreams  
too!

She sticks it on a large-scale vision board on the wall. It's full of inspirational quotes and aspirational collages underneath a sign that reads: "*ALMA'S WORLD DOMINATION PLAN*". ALMA looks proudly at the collage.

ALMA picks up a tin of baked beans from the side and holds it up in the mirror like an Oscar.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I'd like to thank my fans, my  
stylist, the Oscars for this triple  
nom I -

There's a loud knock on the door. She opens it to see a package, with her Social Service Records. She picks it up curiously and notices the Bolton Council logo.

CUT TO:

13 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - BOLTON - DAY 28. 12:30

13 \*

ALMA is sat on the couch staring at her Social Service records, placed in front of her on the coffee table.

ALMA (V.O.)

Given my life to date, I suppose  
it's not surprising how many files  
there are...

ALMA picks up the first file from the records. We CAMERA-spin into a MONTAGE sequence. Each scene starts with a title heading taken from the records. This will come up on the screen as a SFX GRAPHIC in typewriter font.

14 EXT. GARSTANG ESTATE - SHOPS/PUB - FLASHBACK 23 - 1997

14 \*

GRAPHIC: 1997 ALMA IS PUT ON THE "AT RISK REGISTER".

YOUNG ALMA is stood on a wall/derelict car, shouting and playing loudly, barefoot and covered in dirt, with other feral looking KIDS

ALMA (V.O.)  
 All the kids round Garstang were  
 like me. We all had our own key and  
 thought the local drug dealer was  
 our uncle.

The KIDS all spot TONY and start shouting after him.

KIDS  
 TONY! UNCLE TONY!

TONY waves at them and does a LIAM GALLAGHER-esque dance.

TONY  
 A'RIGHT COCKERS!!!

CUT TO:

15

EXT. AUNTY BETTE'S FARMHOUSE - FLASHBACK 24 - 1998

15 \*

GRAPHIC: 1998 ALMA IS PUT IN RESTBITE FOSTER CARE.

C/U on YOUNG ALMA's face.

We PAN out to see YOUNG ALMA looking straight ahead, on a hay bail, with a one legged chicken, limping at her feet. AUNTY BETTE is stood over her, not full shot, to replicate YOUNG ALMA's perspective.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 This is my foster parent Aunty  
 Bette. She wasn't my real Aunt -  
 but the government like to trick  
 you into thinking you're related.  
 (beat)  
 As if you're not confused enough.

AUNTY BETTE is wagging her finger.

AUNTY BETTE  
 (refers to the chicken  
 beside her)

Alma, this is Klaus. He's not had  
 an easy time. He's only got one leg  
 and no friends. I want you to feed  
 him when he's hungry, talk to him  
 when he's lonely, stop the other  
 chickens from bullying him and prop  
 him up when he falls over.

ZOOM IN on YOUNG ALMA staring at KLAUS, her eyes narrow with determination.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 It was a political awakening for  
 me, fighting for the rights of a  
 disabled chicken.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 25 - 1999

16 \*

GRAPHIC: 1999 ALMA IS PLACED IN GRANDMOTHER'S CARE.

C/U on JOAN.

JOAN  
 I don't want her here. You're  
 forcing her on me and it's not  
 fair. She's gonna be just like her  
 Mother, I can tell by the ears.

ZOOM OUT to JOAN talking to SOCIAL WORKER, next to YOUNG ALMA. YOUNG ALMA cups her ears self consciously.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 That didn't last long.

17 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 26 - 2005

17 \*

GRAPHIC: 2005 ALMA IS REMOVED FROM GRANDMOTHER'S CARE

JOAN  
 (to Social Worker)  
 Get 'er bloody out of 'ere!  
 (to Alma)  
 And don't come back! I'm divorcing  
 you!

TEENAGE ALMA  
 Oh, piss off you old crow!

18 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 28. 12:32

18 \*

ALMA sighs.

ALMA  
 Nice one, Gran.

ALMA picks up another file.

19 INT. MAUD'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 27 - 2005

19 \*

GRAPHIC: TEMPORARY FOSTER CARE PLACEMENT

MAUD is eating a roast dinner on the couch, with her creepy-looking dog sat primly on a velvet cushion next to her. She's feeding him pieces of chicken.

TEENAGE ALMA is sat opposite smoking a fag and trying to hide her repulsion.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Then there was Maud and her creepy dog.

MAUD gives the dog another piece of chicken and he licks her on the mouth. MAUD kisses him on the mouth. TEENAGE ALMA grimaces.

TEENAGE ALMA  
Oh Maud, get a room.

MAUD frowns at TEENAGE ALMA.

CUT TO:

20 INT. JAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 28 - 2005

20 \*

GRAPHIC: TEMPORARY FOSTER CARE PLACEMENT

C/U TEENAGE ALMA.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Then, Jan. She liked to have dead deep chats at the most random times.

We track back to reveal ALMA is on the toilet. JAN pokes her head in.

JAN  
Tell me, *who is Alma?* What does your *heart* want?

ALMA (V.O.)  
Her husband had ran off with his secretary that year. I think she was searching for some sort of purpose.  
(beat)  
I wasn't it.

TEENAGE ALMA exits. JAN looks disappointed.

CUT TO:

21 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 28. 12:33

21 \*

ALMA sighs. Lights a fag. Then picks up another file that reads: *"I arrived at the flat at 10.40am to see Alma, looking through the letterbox."*

BEAKFACE (V.O.)  
(over the visual of the  
record)

I arrived at the flat at 10.40am to  
see Alma, looking through the  
letterbox...

CUT TO:

22 EXT. LIN'S FLAT - FLASHBACK 29. 10:40 - 1996

22 \*

GRAPHIC: 1996 VISITATION REPORT

C/U on YOUNG ALMA'S eyes poking through the letterbox.

Camera tracks back to reveal BEAKFACE on her knees on the other side of the door.

BEAKFACE (O.S.)  
Alma said her Mum was sick and  
refused to answer the door.

YOUNG ALMA  
Mum's sick. No visitors today,  
Beakface.

YOUNG ALMA is trying to drink from an empty can of cider on the floor.

CUT TO:

22A CLOSE UP PORTRAIT OF BEAKFACE'S MOUTH - FB 30 - 1996

22A \*

BEAKFACE'S MOUTH

She told me she was thirsty and started trying to drink from an empty can of cider on the floor. It was noted that there was no food in the house for her breakfast. I posted a carton of milk and a packet of peanuts through the letterbox.

CUT TO:

22B EXT. LIN'S FLAT - FLASHBACK 31. 10:41 - 1996

22B \*

BEAKFACE posts the milk and the peanuts through the letterbox.

YOUNG ALMA  
Ta, Beakface.

BEAKFACE  
(to camera)  
Alma shouted at the dog for  
defecating in the living room.

YOUNG ALMA  
Fucks sake, Benjamin!

CUT TO:

23 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 28. 12:35

23 \*

ALMA looks up from the records thoughtfully. Then back down to read: *Alma appeared anxious.*

BEAKFACE (V.O.)  
(over the visual of the  
record)  
Alma appeared anxious.

ALMA looks up irritated.

ALMA (V.O.)  
Of course I was anxious.  
(beat)  
The dog had just shat on the floor.  
I had a guest... and there was no  
cider in the house.

ALMA picks up another file.

CUT TO:

24 C/U SHOT OF UNKNOWN MALE MOUTH - FLASHBACK 32

24 \*

UNKNOWN MALE MOUTH  
Alma is an overactive,  
oversensitive and emotionally  
distressed child.

CUT TO:

25 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 28. 12:35

25 \*

ALMA puts this file down for a beat.

ALMA  
(under her breath)  
Huh, charming.

ALMA picks up another file up and reads it.

CUT TO:

26 "C/U MOUTHS" MONTAGE SEQUENCE - FLASHBACK 33

26 \*

MUSIC: TBC FROM LIBRARY

In a choppy-MONTAGE sequence, we see several C/U shots of various different people's mouths, reading what they have written in ALMA's records:

BEAKFACE'S MOUTH  
Alma was added to the child protection register under the category, gravely at risk.

AUNTY BETTE'S MOUTH  
Alma is confused by bedtime.

UNKNOWN MOUTH  
Alma was rebellious

UNKNOWN MOUTH (CONT'D)  
Alma's behavior was difficult when meeting her mother.

UNKNOWN MOUTH (CONT'D)  
Alma had a frantic quality about her play.

UNKNOWN MOUTH (CONT'D)  
Alma was defiant

JOAN'S MOUTH  
Alma was extremely bossy and demanding on today's visit.

UNKNOWN MOUTH  
Alma was rude

UNKNOWN MOUTH B  
Alma is not making progress academically.

JOAN'S MOUTH

Alma reminds me of her mother. Very vindictive.

MAUD'S MOUTH

Alma is rebellious.

AUNTY BETTE

Alma is defiant.

JAN'S MOUTH

Alma is rude.

UNKNOWN MOUTH C

Alma, 16, is independent living and struggling to manage her finances.

UNKNOWN MOUTH D

Alma is rude, disruptive and verbally abusive in class.

UNKNOWN MOUTH E

Alma refuses to wear correct school uniform.

UNKNOWN MOUTH F

Alma, 17, has secured her first flat with the Homeless Young Person's Housing Scheme.

UNKNOWN MOUTH G

Several teachers have refused to teach Alma.

UNKNOWN MOUTH H

Alma will struggle -

UNKNOWN MOUTH I

Alma is over sensitive.

UNKNOWN MOUTH J

Alma's behaviour -

UNKNOWN MOUTH K

Alma is distressed.

UNKNOWN MOUTH L

Alma's attitude -

UNKNOWN MOUTH M

Alma is an overactive child.

UNKNOWN MOUTH

Alma's life to date, leaves very  
little hope for her future.

\*

UNKNOWN MOUTH (CONT'D)

Alma is -

\*

\*

SEVERAL UNKNOWN MOUTHS  
...rebellious, defiant and rude.

\*

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

27 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 28. 12:36

27

\*

ALMA puts the last file down. We stay with her for a beat.  
She's angry, hurt and shocked.

28 INT. POUND SHOP - DAY 28. 15:15

28

\*

ALMA and LEANNE are in a Pound Shop. ALMA is talking  
manically. LEANNE is listening with slight concern.

ALMA

It's pretty fucking weird having  
your whole life handed to you in a  
mailbag, Leanne. But, I'm actually  
fine. I feel oddly zen about the  
whole thing.

ALMA picks up a funky, colorful spatula.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Ooh, I love that!

She looks at the label. It says £1.29 on it. She storms over  
to the SHOP ASSISTANT (CARL).

ALMA (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

CARL

Errrr? A spatula?

ALMA

It's £1.29.

ALMA stares at him angrily.

CARL

Er, yeah...

ALMA

It's a 99p shop and this spatula is £1.29... do you see where I'm going here?

CARL

Oh yeah... no you're right. Not everything is actually 99p.

ALMA

Well, why THE FUCK -

CARL's eyes widen on "Fuck". ALMA tries to lower her voice and present herself calmly.

ALMA (CONT'D)

- is it called The 99p shop,  
(checks his badge)  
Carl?

CARL

Er... it's just... a kind of round about figure -

ALMA angrily waves the spatula around.

ALMA

No, it's not "a round about figure". It's a lie! Because your selling an idea that doesn't exist. You think, "brilliant, I'm gonna get everything I need for 99p today". You're full of hope and joy, and then you realize..."Aha! This spatula is £1.29! I'm not gonna get what I need for the price I was promised... and I'm being fucked - AGAIN!".

CARL looks scared and confused.

CARL

Er... sorry?

ALMA

Well, sorry isn't always enough is it, Carl.

CARL

(nervous, shocked)  
I'm actually just on Work Experience.

LEANNE slides in behind ALMA quietly and reaches for the spatula. ALMA's angry eyes, still fixed on CARL.

ALMA  
How convenient.

LEANNE  
(loving, mocking,  
diffusing, tone)  
Alright, Karen, I'm just gonna take  
this spatula and pop it down here.

She takes the spatula off ALMA and places it on the counter, guiding ALMA out of the shop, smiling apologetically at CARL.

CARL  
(to Leanne, relieved and  
shook up)  
Thank you.

29 EXT. POUND SHOP - DAY 28. 15:18

29 \*

LEANNE and ALMA come out of the shop.

LEANNE  
I don't think you're fine, Babe.

ALMA calms down and seems anxiously aware of her melt down.

ALMA  
I am completely fine. *THAT* was an  
injustice, Leanne and I can't stand  
by and let injustice happen!

LEANNE looks unconvinced.

30 INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY 28. 18:05

30 \*

ALMA is looking up at the ceiling, irritably, while an oldish, unattractive CLIENT (BREATHING CLIENT) is having sex with her. He's breathing heavily and loudly on her face. A beat. He notices she's pulling her face with repulsion.

BREATHING CLIENT  
What's wrong?

ALMA  
You just keep breathing on me.

BREATHING CLIENT  
Oh.

ALMA

It's just quite intense, hot air on  
my face. Loud and smelly.

BREATHING CLIENT

Right... er...

ALMA

Maybe, just try and breath less...  
or more to the side.

BREATHING CLIENT

Okay...

BREATHING CLIENT goes again, tries not to breath on ALMA.  
It's almost clown like as he holds his breath. After a moment  
he gasps for breath.

BREATHING CLIENT (CONT'D)

I can't breath!

ALMA

You don't have to *hold* your breath.

BREATHING CLIENT

I've lost it now. He's gone.

BREATHING CLIENT, resigned, rolls onto his back and stares at  
the ceiling. ALMA is still staring at the ceiling.

ALMA

Have you thought about going to  
your doctor. It seems like you've  
got some sort of sinus  
obstruction... Could be effecting  
your sleep.

A beat. BREATHING CLIENT sighs.

CUT TO:

31 INT. ZEE'S CAR - DAY 28. 19:15

31 \*

ALMA flops in the car irritably. ZEE looks anxious.

ZEE

Just had Ray-Ray on the phones.  
She's pissed. That guy just left a  
terrible review on the site!

CUT TO:

32 C/UP BREATHING CLIENT`S MOUTH - FLASHBACK 34 - DAY 28 32 \*

BREATHING CLIENT`S MOUTH  
*It was just like having sex with my wife - awful!*

CUT TO:

33 OMITTED 33

34 INT. ZEE`S CAR - DAY 28. 19:16 34 \*

ALMA is pissed off.

ALMA  
 Clients write reviews?! For fucks sake. Is there anybody in the world who doesn't get to write down what they think of me?

ZEE  
 You can't treat clients like that.  
 It's rude.

ALMA  
 His breath was rude! It was like having sex with a pug, that'd been on a long walk.

ZEE sighs at ALMA and drives.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
 (pretends to be in a good mood)  
 Hey! Fancy bobbing to the Whitehorse?

LEANNE  
 Oh, I'd love to. But, I'm with Chris tonight and we're a bit tied up.  
 (to Chris)  
 Aren't we, love?

We CUT to a WIDE of CHRIS lying spread-eagled, naked, except for some y-fronts handcuffed to LEANNE`S bed.

ALMA  
 Oh, fab! Well... enjoy! Bye!

ALMA puts her phone down. They pass VIV's house.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Can you stop here a second?

ZEE stops.

ZEE  
What is it, love?

ALMA looks through the window at ANTHONY sat on the couch  
watching tele. She considers getting out and joining him.

ALMA  
Nothing. Keep going.

They drive off.

CUT TO:

35 MONTAGE SEQUENCE: LONELY ALMA - DAY 28

35 \*

MUSIC: TBC

36 INT. CHIPPY - DAY 28. 20:15

36 \*

ALMA, depressed, is at the counter, ordering her food.

ALMA  
Er... can I have... a sausage,  
chips... and a steak pudding...  
erm... yeah, alright, I'll have a  
cheese pie too... and erm...oh go  
on... I'll have a fish too actually.  
Gravy... Battered sausage? Yeah,  
basically all of it. Chippy tapas.

CUT TO:

37 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - NIGHT 28. 21:45

37 \*

MUSIC: TBC continues.

ALMA enters her cold, messy flat, noticing all her records  
all over the floor. She flops down with her chippy and a  
bottle of cider. She pours a glass of cider into her  
flamboyant, fluffy, flamingo cocktail glass.

She pulls the "ALMA'S WORLD DOMINATION" plan off the wall.

Eventually, she growls with frustration and jumps up. She grabs her cider and downs it.

MUSIC: TBC cuts out.

ALMA  
Fuck this!

CUT TO:

38 INT. WHITEHORSE PUB - NIGHT 28. 22:05

38 \*

ALMA is now in a drinking competition with a MAN FROM BAR, she's just met. PEOPLE are cheering them. ALMA wins.

ALMA  
(to Man From Bar)  
YOU SHOULD'VE OPENED YOUR GULLET!  
(to everyone else)  
SHOTS ON ME!

EVERYONE cheers.

39 INT. WHITEHORSE PUB - NIGHT 28. 22:35

39 \*

ALMA jumps on the table and pulls her top up, flashing her tits.

ALMA  
Girl power!

EVERYONE in the bar cheers. ALMA gets carried away and pulls her trousers down.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
Girl power!

EVERYONE grimaces and turns away.

MAN FROM BAR  
Oh no, purrit away, love! Too far.

CUT TO:

40 INT. WHITEHORSE PUB - NIGHT 28. 22:45

40 \*

MUSIC: "DANCING ON MY OWN" by Robyn or "ONE" by Harry Nilsson.

ALMA is on the dance floor alone, dancing and drinking. This is nihilism. Drunken abandon. Trying to forget and feel free.

41 INT. KEBAB HOUSE - NIGHT 28. 23:10

41 \*

ALMA is haggling with YOUSEFF, the owner of a late-night takeaway, trying to get some free donner meat.

ALMA

All I'm saying is, I don't have any money on me now, 'cos I've been very charitable *myself* this evening... but in the future, I will have money... So, I just need you to temporarily - *temporarily*, Youseff - to lend me a kebab... and I promise, I'll pay it back - *With interest!*

YOUSEFF

No! I'm not discussing this any longer.

YOUSEFF walks off into the kitchen. Drunk, ALMA notices the shop floor is unattended. She notices the container full of lose kebab meat, with catering tongues at the side. Would anyone even notice if she helped herself to a cheeky bit of donner meat?

MUSIC: Something adrenaline pumping.

In a moment of madness, she decides to jump over the counter. She grabs the tongues and takes the lid off of the donner meat container. She dangles pieces of donner meat into her mouth. YOUSEFF enters.

YOUSEFF (CONT'D)

OI!!

ALMA impulsively grabs the whole tray of donner meat and makes a run for it. YOUSEFF chases after her.

CUT TO:

42 OMITTED

42 \*

43 EXT. BOLTON POLICE STATION - DAY 29. 08:50

43 \*

ALMA's stood outside, dressed in her clothes from the previous night.

(Still holding an empty pint glass or something she nicked from the Whitehorse?) We hear a horn beep. She spots the car and heads over.

CUT TO:

43A INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - DAY 29. 08:51

43A \*

ALMA gets in the car with the grumpy, shame of a teenager.

ALMA  
Ta, for picking me up.

We PAN out to reveal it's ANTHONY.

ANTHONY  
(laughing)  
Yer bloody nutter!

ALMA doesn't look him in the eye.

ALMA  
Takes one to know one.

They drive off.

44 INT. JAMIE'S CAR - DAY 29. 09:05

44 \*

They pull up outside ALMA's flat. ANTHONY looks at her, with slight concern.

ANTHONY  
You alright?

She doesn't look up, she just picks at the side of the window screen.

ALMA  
I'm fine. I just couldn't get hold of Leanne. That's the only reason I called you.

ANTHONY  
Well, I'm glad you called. I'm always here for you, yer know.

ALMA looks out the window, her cheeks flush pink with shame at the pity in his voice.

ALMA  
(muttering)  
Ta.

A beat. ALMA smiles. ANTHONY smiles back. Then he goes in for \*  
a kiss. ALMA pulls back.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

A beat. ANTHONY thinks. He smiles that "Cheshire Cat" grin. \*  
Is it loving or is it predatory?

ANTHONY  
Sorry, I just thought...

ALMA  
Well, you thought wrong.

ALMA jumps out the car and slams the door.

45 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 29. 09:07

45 \*

ALMA arrives home to see all the social service records  
scattered across the floor.

CUE SOUND SCAPE: We hear various VO's from the records we  
heard before.

MUSIC: TBC (Replacement for "WALKING ON THIN ICE" by Yoko  
Ono).

As the MUSIC crescendos, ALMA begins to violently trash her  
flat in a cathartic and necessary moment of purging.

SLOW-MOTION: as the MUSIC intensifies again and ALMA smashes  
everything.

SOUND CUE: fades and ALMA stands like a warrior, breathing  
deeply around her obliterated flat for a beat. She then  
calmly gets the bin and sweeping brush and starts to clean  
it up.

Suddenly, there's a loud rapping at the door. ALMA freezes  
unsure what to do. She attempts to tidy up by straightening  
her picture on the wall. The door bangs again. She abandons  
tidying and scuttles to the door.

LEANNNE  
Arrested?! Over kebab meat?! What  
the fuck, Alma?

LEANNNE wafts in the flat.

ALMA

God, nothin' gets passed you does it.

LEANNE

Bill's sister's, mate's, cousin's shagging, her best mate's boyfriend who knows the bobby who arrested you, who apparently actually recognized you from Lesley's baby's christening two years ago -

LEANNE, suddenly notices the flat is trashed.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Fucking hell Alma, what happened here?

ALMA

Just some... feng shui!

A beat. LEANNE notices the records all over the floor.

LEANNE

These your records then?

ALMA grunts despondently.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Maybe, we could have a look at them... together?

ALMA

Why?

A beat. LEANNE thinks about her approach here. She wants to say: "*I think it'd be helpful to share it with someone*". Instead, she decides to go for a joke.

LEANNE

Well, it'd be good to see what led to you becoming a felon.

ALMA smiles.

ALMA

I just... really wanted a kebab.

CUT TO:

46

INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 29. 13:10

46 \*

ALMA and LEANNE are sat on the floor drinking cider out of ALMA's flamingo glasses surrounded by the social service records.

LEANNE

I feel like Davina McCall in "Long Lost Family".

ALMA

Do you know what's mad about these?  
They write some proper dark stuff  
and then add these dead obvious  
asides. Like this one...

ALMA begins to read a file aloud.

ALMA (CONT'D)

"Mental-health social worker -"  
(Alma squints to try and  
read redacted name)  
I think that says, Collin -  
"arrived at Miss Nuthall's and was  
confronted by a bearded man...  
waving a hammer."  
(Alma looks up at Leanne,  
shocked; beat)  
I mean... poor fucking Collin, to  
be fair. Nobody wants *that* job do  
they?

LEANNE

Yeah, he defo got the shit stick at  
work that day.

ALMA continues to read the record aloud.

ALMA

"Collin identified himself -"  
(Alma impersonates a  
terrified Collin)  
"Put the hammer down. It's only  
Collin!" "And found ALMA was being  
cared for in another room by her  
mother's friend."  
(aside to Leanne)  
Cared for's a lose term, he was  
actually teaching me how to get the  
dog drunk.  
(back to reading aloud)  
(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

*"Meanwhile, Collin found Lin in a corner of a room, distressed, screaming and talking to people who were not present in the room..."*

(beat)

*Then, it says... "She was also drunk".*

LEANNE and ALMA snigger at this.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I mean... by the time your screaming at the wall and grappling with the devil, wether your pissed or not, is surely irrelevant!

ALMA and LEANNE laugh at this. LEANNE picks up another file and looks shocked by what she's read.

ALMA (CONT'D)

(holds up another record)

Look at this psychology assessment... they've actually predicted the problems I might have as an adult... listen to this...

*"The level of neglect Alma has suffered, is already presenting itself in Alma's chaotic attachment style and low self esteem. This could cause more problems for Alma later in life...". It's like some sort of shit Mystic Meg.*

ALMA sighs and throws it down.

ALMA (CONT'D)

I've always thought, if I can't be normal then I'll at least be *fabulous*... I'll become a star or something... to make all this shit worth something... but reading these... they just make me feel hopeless... and fucked.

LEANNE

They're bullshit, Alma. They don't take into account any of your actual personality. They don't mention how fun you are - there's no one in the world I'd rather get rat arsed with. They don't mention how kind you are or your fighter spirit.

(MORE)

LEANNE (CONT'D)

They don't mention your defiant fashion sense or the insane amount of joy you get when you buy a new lamp.

ALMA

I do love a new lamp.

LEANNE

And that's all the real stuff. The stuff that makes you great and your life a joy.

LEANNE throws a pile of the records in the air.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Fuck these fucking records.

ALMA

Yeah, you're right. Fuck 'em!

ALMA throws a pile of them in the air. LEANNER throws another pile.

LEANNE

Fuck 'em!

They both throw all the records all over the room. They get carried away, LEANNE opens the window and throws them out of it.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

Yeah, fuck 'em!

ALMA cheers, then realizes they're actually really personal.

ALMA

Shit! They're on Edna's lawn!  
She'll have another coronary if she reads that.

MUSIC: "GIRLS JUST WANNA HAVE FUN" by Cyndi Lauper.

They both dash out of the room to get them.

MUSIC CONTINUES.

ALMA and LEANNE are laughing as they manically run round the garden picking up the records. We hear EDNA shouting in the background.

48

INT. BOLTON ACTING CLASS - DAY 30. 11:35

48 \*

IAN is holding court. ALMA and the rest of the CLASS are clutching a new book and listening intently.

IAN

Now, I know you've got your audition tomorrow, so for today class, were goin' for't look at that book on your laps. It's by a bloke from Russia who came up wi' summat big for actors back int' day. It were called *Affective Memory. Emotional Recall.*

IAN holds up a book and waves it around.

IAN (CONT'D)

Now, what that is, is an actor, using their own life and emotional memories to activate the emotions of their fictional character. So, for example: I might be doin' a scene where I play a widower... now I've never had a wife, bur'I lost a dog. So, warr-I haff-fort do... when I'm in that scene, is remember how that felt, when Ralph died. Those emotions will help me play the grieving dad. D'you get me?

IAN (CONT'D)

(to Lesley)

Lesley, you've talked at great length about your pelvic floor dysfunction - use that discomfort, use that shame.

(to Glen)

Glen, let's be honest, you've pickled that fatty liver with booze since your wife left - use that despair.

C/U on ALMA, as IAN's words resonate with her. She looks down at the "Effective Memory" book on her lap. She's has a look of utter determination.

49

INT. CONTACT THEATRE - MANCHESTER - DAY 31. 12:10

49 \*

ALMA is at her audition in Manchester. She has just delivered her monologue to JERRY (Artistic Director) and two other PANELISTS.

JERRY

That was fantastic. Really smashing performance, Alma!

ALMA

(nervous)

Really?! Ta! I mean, thank you!

JERRY

So, it says on your application, you're a Care Leaver...

ALMA

Yeah... I got my records back recently actually...

JERRY

Really? How was that for you?

ALMA

Well, one social worker described me as overactive, oversensitive and emotionally distressed so not *fab*, to be honest... but I've decided that, it just means, I have a lot of energy, empathy and emotional range... which is perfect for being an actress that intit? I've certainly got alot of 'effective memory' to draw from, anyway.

ALMA is impressed with herself for using 'effective memory' in a sentence. The PANEL look impressed with her too.

JERRY

I'd agree with that... As it happens... I'm a Care Leaver too.

JERRY smiles at her warmly.

ALMA

Are you?! Fucking hell - we're everywhere, aren't we!

JERRY laughs.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Sorry. I didn't mean to swear.

JERRY

Don't worry about it. Getting your records back, to put it bluntly, is a shit show.

JERRY smiles mischievously at his swearing. He takes a beat.

JERRY (CONT'D)

You know, I've always felt us Care Experienced folk have something a bit special. We've navigated extreme circumstances and complex traumas and had to gain skills and wisdom beyond our years from an early age. I think this gives us a huge capacity to love, heal and empathize actually.

(beat)

And I see that in you, Alma.

Taken aback but enjoying the compliment, perhaps too much. She puts her hand on her chest in a feigning humbleness.

ALMA

Thanks - d'you know, I see it in myself. I am very wise!

JERRY laughs, then gestures for ALMA to hold on a second.

The PANELISTS confer amongst themselves for a moment. ALMA's eyes dart from each panelist nervously, as she tries to gauge their body language.

JERRY looks back at ALMA.

JERRY

Look, we don't normally do this, but that audition was truly brilliant... We think you're very impressive... and we'd like to offer you a place.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA

OH MY GOD! REALLY? FUCK! What the fuck?! Sorry! Thank you! NO, FUCK! This is fucking fabulous! Sorry! Thank you! WOOHOO!

The PANEL beam as she jumps in the air with joy.

ALMA walks with confidence and purpose out of the building.

ALMA (V.O.)

I was assessed my whole childhood.  
Every thing I did, everything I  
said, was written down and  
recorded.

Every life-event was ripped apart  
as a selection of negatives.  
And words like "Rebellious",  
"Defiant" and "Rude" followed me  
through files I couldn't rewrite.  
Well it's time to change what those  
words mean.

Rebellious - is a sign of  
creativity!

Defiant - is the sign of a strong  
will!

And *rude*... Well I'm just fucking  
honest are I?! So if anybody  
asks...

Alma Nuthall is proudly...  
*Rebellious, Defiant and Fucking*  
*Rude*.

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MUSIC: "ME, MYSELF AND I" by Joan Armatrading.

ALMA continues to walk to the music. She unlocks her bike and  
cycles off.

MUSIC: "ME, MYSELF AND I" by Joan Armatrading continues  
through to END CREDITS.

END OF EPISODE FIVE