



# ALMA'S not NORMAL

EPISODE 6

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## SHOOTING SCRIPT

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OPENING MONTAGE: THE JOAN AND LIN STORY.

1 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 32. 08:35

1 \*

MUSIC: LIBRARY TBC

LIN and JOAN potter round the kitchen, bickering and making their morning tea. JOAN is wearing a flamboyant kimono and a purple, Silicone Face Wrap.

LIN has a roolly behind her ear and some bright/childlike pajamas on.

LIN

(re: Joan's face wrap)

Urgh. Do you have to wear that round the house?

JOAN

Do you have to start the day with a roolly behind your ear?

They frown at each other. JOAN notices the normal-sized cup, LIN has put out for her tea.

JOAN

I need a bigger cup than that.

JOAN slams an extremely large cup down on the side. C/U on JOAN.

CUT TO:

2 INT. GRANNY ROSE'S - GARSTANG ESTATE - FLASHBACK 35 - 1972 2 \*

MUSIC: LIBRARY TBC

GRAPHICS: 1972

EVERYTHING IS IN BLACK AND WHITE APART FROM TEENAGE JOAN (16YRS) WHO'S IN BRIGHT COLOUR.

We PAN through a grubby council house, loads of KIDS sat on the floor, covered in dirt. TEENAGE JOAN, the only one in colour, enters. She is dolled up, wearing a miniskirt, a bright coloured jacket and brightly colored tights.

GRANNY ROSE, a proper Lancashire lass, pinny on, covered in dirt, is holding a crying, dirty baby. She looks very stressed and unhappy. TEENAGE JOAN hoists up her boobs and lights a fag off the toaster.

ROSE  
 (shouting after Joan)  
 Where the bloody hell d'yeh think  
 you're going dressed like that,  
 Joanie?!

TEENAGE JOAN  
 (shouts back without  
 looking back)  
 Mind your own!

3 EXT. GRANNY ROSE'S DOORSTEP - GARSTANG ESTATE - FB 36 - 1972 \*

TEENAGE JOAN comes out of the door and walks down her cobbled street, ignoring her Mum shout after her from the house.

TEENAGE JOAN turns the corner, to the nice bit of the estate. There's a smart YOUNG MAN (RONNIE) waiting for her. She runs into his arms and gives him a big snog.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. GUINNELL - FLASHBACK 37 - 1972 4 \*

RONNIE and TEENAGE JOAN are getting it on. TEENAGE JOAN, keeps coming up for air to talk about her plans.

TEENAGE JOAN  
 We could hitchhike to Dover, get a  
 Ferry and travel through France.

They keep snogging.

TEENAGE JOAN (CONT'D)  
 (coming up for air)  
 I want to see the world. I want to  
 eat a croissant. Ride a camel! \*

RONNIE  
 (laughing lovingly)  
 You need t' settle down.

TEENAGE JOAN  
 Settle down? I've not even started  
 yet!

RONNIE laughs lovingly at TEENAGE JOAN.

They start snogging passionately again.

CUT TO:

5 INT. RONNIE'S MUM'S HOUSE - NICE CNCL EST. - FB 38 - 1973 5 \*

GRAPHICS: 1973

C/U of JOAN (17yrs) staring down at a crying baby, despondently. RONNIE is in the background, drunk with a can of beer, wearing a suit.

CUT TO:

6 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 32. 08:37 6 \*

LIN and JOAN are sat at the table. JOAN picks up her massive cup.

LIN

'Give you tennis elbow, that cup.

JOAN ignores this and takes a swig of tea. She grimaces at the taste. LIN rolls her eyes.

JOAN

How many sugars?

LIN

Three.

JOAN

I have five. Tastes like dishwater, this.

LIN

(whilst smoking)

Not good for you that.

JOAN

Oh, and you're the expert on health?

LIN

I'm very healthy, I'll have you know. My body's a pissing temple.

JOAN rolls her eyes at LIN. C/U on LIN.

CUT TO:

7 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 39 - 1989 7 \*

GRAPHICS: 1989

MUSIC: LIBRARY TBC

TEENAGE LIN (16), in full 80's Punk get-up, is upstairs smoking a spliff out of her window, looking out at SANDRA who is gardening. JOAN and RONNIE are rowing downstairs. The front door slams and she sees RONNIE leaving.

TEENAGE LIN goes downstairs. She walks in the lounge to see JOAN smoking and watching THATCHER on the tele, looking a bit upset.

JOAN looks up and sees what TEENAGE LIN is wearing.

JOAN  
For Gods sake. What are you  
wearing!

TEENAGE LIN  
Mind your own!

TEENAGE LIN storms out. JOAN follows her, shouting after her angrily. TEENAGE LIN ignores her.

8 EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 40 - 1989

8

\*

TEENAGE LIN is walking down the garden path lighting a fag. JOAN shouts after her at the door. TEENAGE LIN gives her the finger.

TEENAGE LIN walks round the corner and back onto Grastang Estate - the same council estate that JOAN had previously left. RICK (Young male punk) waiting for her. She gives him a big snog.

CUT TO:

9 INT. GARSTANG COUNCIL ESTATE - FLASHBACK 41 - 1989

9

\*

TEENAGE LIN sat on the floor, in the arms of RICK, smoking a bong and showing him her art portfolio. He's smoking and occasionally kissing her next, not really listening to her.

TEENAGE LIN  
A scholarship to art college. Can  
you believe it?  
(looks at one of her  
paintings)  
This is the one they loved the  
most. I can't wait. I'll be wizzing  
round London, doing mi art.

10 INT. LIN'S BEDROM - FLASHBACK 42 - 1989 10 \*

JOAN is shouting at LIN, while she stares out of the window, vacantly watching SANDRA in her garden.

JOAN  
You are NOT going to fucking art college! You need to find a *proper* job, a *proper* career!

CUT TO:

11 EXT. GARSTANG COUNCIL ESTATE - FLASHBACK 43 - 1991 11 \*

GRAPHIC: 1991

MUSIC: LIBRARY TBC

We PAN through Garstang, it's very rough and druggy now, to the door of a dilapidated council flat.

11A INT. DELAPIDATED FLAT - GARSTANG CNCL ESTATE - FB 44 - 1991A \*

LIN is alone on the couch surrounded by baby stuff and drugs, looking terrified and high. ALMA (6 Months) is on the floor.

We see RICK sneak out the front door, holding a bin bag of clothes and a large rucksack on his back.

We zoom in on a terrified, high looking LIN.

CUT TO:

12 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 32. 08:38 12 \*

MUSIC: LIBRARY TBC

Heavy silence across the breakfast table as JOAN and LIN sit staring at each other, resentfully drinking their tea.

PRETITLES AND GRAPHICS: "ALMAS NOT NORMAL".

13 INT. ODESSA CAFE - DAY 32. 14:25 13 \*

ALMA is striding up and down the kitchen excitedly, surrounded by shopping bags.

ALMA

I can't wait! A NATIONAL FUCKING  
TOUR, Leanne! Look out Hull,  
Scunthorpe, Margate... here I come!

LEANNE looks bemused at these places

LEANNE

Where you going?

ALMA

I've bought a few bits.

ALMA points to the many, many bags of shopping she is surrounded by. She turns round abruptly wearing a very flamboyant pair of sunglasses.

ALMA (CONT'D)

These are my, "I'm a star"  
sunglasses, you know, for when I'm  
dealing with the paparazzi.

LEANNE

I think you might need to manage  
your expectations, Babe.

ALMA sticks her tongue out at Leanne.

LEANNE (CONT'D)

I've got some new of mine own  
actually... Chris has asked me to  
move in with him!

ALMA

No way?!

ALMA takes off her flamboyant glasses looking serious.

ALMA (CONT'D)

How you gonna shake that off?

LEANNE

Well, I think I'm gonna do it!

ALMA

What the fuck! You're moving in  
with him?! You've only just met  
him!

LEANNE

Well, I think it's serious.

ALMA

Oh, fucking hell, Leanne. How could you do this to me?!

LEANNE

Well, I'm not *doing it* to you, am I? We're ready for the next step.

ALMA

(slowly works herself up)  
 Oh, God ... You'll be getting married next. You'll be picking furniture... talking about kitchens! Having a baby! Oh, my God, you'll be inviting me to the baby shower - there won't be any gin! I'll have to bring my own booze and talk to your new-Mum mates about the primal power of a water births and how they think they're child might be a genius! I need a lie down.

ALMA lies down on the kitchen floor, spreadeagled like a star fish. She lights a fag.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Goodbye, my wild friend! See you in your late forties!

BILL comes in and sees ALMA on the floor. He looks at LEANNE indignantly. He climbs over ALMA, gets a loaf of bread and leaves.

LEANNE

Don't be ridiculous, Alma.

(beat)

I would never have a baby shower without booze!

(beat)

Anyway, what you talking about... you're the one abandoning me to pursue your dreams! You're gonna have the most wonderful time of your life, Alma. You're finally getting out of here!

ALMA

That's true... I am aren't I!

ALMA gets a text it's from ANTHONY that reads: "I shouldn't have tried to kiss you... but, I want you back. Dinner tonight?"

\*

ALMA looks annoyed. She texts back quickly: "No ta".

LEANNE  
Who's that?

ALMA  
Anthony. \*

LEANNE  
For fucks sake! I tell you what,  
men like him seem to have a sixth  
sense when a girl is moving on! You  
just be careful.

ALMA  
Oh, don't you worry - I'm too busy  
becoming a star! WOOW!

ALMA throws her hands in the air excitedly still in a starfish position on the floor. BILL enters.

BILL  
Star or not, gerr'off mi floor.

14 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 34. 11:10

14 \*

C/U on JOAN talking intensely with a cigarette.

JOAN  
It was the strangest experience of  
my life... but then again, weirdly  
erotic.

We PAN out to see JOAN holding court in her living room with JANE, LIN and JIM. JIM is gripped. JANE looks irritable. LIN is despondent. \*

ALMA  
Oh God, not the alien abduction  
again.

JOAN shoots ALMA a stern look. LIN laughs.

ALMA (CONT'D)  
If aliens were coming all the way  
to earth, why would they come to  
Bolton and abduct you, Grandma?

JOAN  
(dramatic, mysterious)  
You tell me, Alma. You tell me.

JANE

Hmmm, interesting. So, on Lin's progress -

JOAN cuts JANE off obviously and continues with her story.

JOAN

(matter of factly and breezily)

They were stood in the corner of mi bedroom, in the middle of the night just staring at me at first.

LIN rolls her eyes. JANE sighs loudly and looks at her watch. \*

JIM

What did they look like?

JOAN

(giving a matter of fact, aside)

Normal-ish sized heads. Malevolent eyes.

(back to the story, almost showing off now)

And then they told me... they needed to take me.

JIM

Bloody hell!

JOAN

And I don't blame them. I'm an extremely sexual being.

(beat, big reveal)

As were they!

JOAN is now raising her eyebrows dramatically.

ALMA

Okay, could we get off the topic of whether you did or didn't fuck an alien -

JANE

Yes, I'd like that too, actually. I think it's important to say, I'm glad you all feel comfortable now to chat honestly with me... but these weekly visits are actually about tracking Lin's progress...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA

Well, actually I've got some news -

\*

JANE

Well, it's not really a news-sharing forum this.

\*  
\*  
\*

JOAN

Oooh, what's your news?

\*

JANE sighs and checks her watch.

\*

JANE

It's just, I've got another visit after this and pilates at 5 -

\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA

I got in the theatre company. I'm going on a national tour!

JOAN squeals with excitement. JANE looks irritated. LIN is upset.

\*  
\*

JOAN

Oh, Alma! That's fantastic! I knew you'd be a star! Didn't I always say it, Lin?

LIN

No. Never.

(to Alma)

How long for?

ALMA

(apologetically)

Six months.

LIN

(under her breath)

Right... fucking great.

(beat)

And what about me?

ALMA

(taken aback)

Well... you're doing really well at the moment, Mum.

LIN

Am I now?!

(to Jane)

I feel like a battery farm chicken here.

(ref: to Joan and Jim)

Cooped up and listening to these two cluck on with no break.

JANE  
 (passive aggressive/almost  
 under her breath)  
 Yes, it can be draining.

\*  
 \*  
 \*

LIN  
 The most exciting thing that's  
 happened to me this week, is having  
 a buttered crumpet.

\*  
 \*

ALMA (V.O.)  
 It's not easy for Mum, staying  
 clean and getting back on the grid.  
 Take yesterday for example.

MONTAGE - Lin's Day.

MUSIC: LIBRARY TBC

15 INT. LIN'S BEDROOM - JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 33. 08:30

15 \*

C/U of an alarm clock on a bedside table beeping. JOAN'S hand comes into shot and silences it.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 An abrupt eight thirty start.

C/U of JOAN leaning over Lin.

JOAN  
 Cock-a-doodle-fuckin-do! Time to go!

EXTREME C/U of LIN`S eyes reluctantly opening.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 Then about a million buses...

PHOTO: loads of buses all on screen at once in a tiled effect. There's an overwhelming amount of them.

ALMA (V.O.)  
 ...for her weekly injection...

16 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY 33. 10:20

16 \*

C/U on an angsty LIN, bent over with her trousers down. A NURSE is behind her holding a syringe. We hold on the awkwardness and anticipation for a moment. Then...

LIN  
 Hurry up!

ALMA (V.O.)  
Then back home.

17 EXT. JOAN`S HOUSE - DAY 33. 12:10

17 \*

LIVE ACTION SHOT: C/U of Joan's front door closing.

ALMA (V.O.)  
For the daily character  
assassination.

18 INT. JOAN'S KITCHEN - DAY 33. 12:15

18 \*

We INTERCUT between the CAMERA TRACKING into a C/U of JOAN`S mouth, and a C/U TRACKING into LIN looking totally helpless.

JOAN  
You need to straighten your posture  
you. You'll never get a job without  
a straight back. You slump, like  
Granny Rose. She ended up with a  
hunchback. Remember, that big hump?  
You used to put hats on it.

ALMA (V.O.)  
And then at the end of a stressful  
but empty day, what's she got to  
relieve her?

19 LIVE ACTION SHOTS - DAY 33. 12:15

19 \*

3 x C/Us of different items from the shops

\*

Shot 1 - A bottle of vodka. A cross is next to it.

Shot 2 - A 4 pack of lager. A cross is next to it.

Shot 3 - A pack of crumpets. A tick is next to it.

ALMA (V.O.)  
How does someone like my Mum blow  
off steam nowadays?

20 PHOTOS - DAY 33. 12:15

20 \*

4 photos of different types of drugs

\*

ALMA (V.O.)  
Not anymore.

21 INT. JOAN'S KITCHEN - DAY 33. 12:15

21 \*

LIN is looking into CAMERA, resigned. She lifts up a crumpet in front of her, as the CAMERA pulls focus onto it.

ALMA (V.O.)  
I suppose she'll just have to have another fucking crumpet.

MONTAGE ENDS

22 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 34. 11:12

22 \*

JANE checks her watch again.

JANE  
Well a crumpet sounds lovely to me.  
I've not had carbs in six years.

ALMA  
(whispers to Joan)  
No wonder she's always pissed off.

JANE glares at ALMA. Then goes back to LIN whist also packing up her stuff with pointed, meticulous rhythm.

JANE  
I know it's hard Lin but we can't be feeling sorry for ourselves, can we. The longer you keep a clean slate, the more leverage we'll have to get you rehoused in the future.  
Right, I'll be back next week... and as interesting as it is to hear about everybody's colourful lives... I'd like to keep the focus on Lin please. Okay? Bye now.

Everyone warmly waves her off, then the door closes. Beat.  
They look at each other.

JOAN  
She needs to eat a fucking potato,  
her

They all laugh.

23 INT. BOLTON ACTING CLASS - BOLTON - DAY 35. 14:45

23 \*

ALMA and LESLEY, wearing a sequined top with a dog's face on, are midway through a performance to the class.

ALMA's got LESLEY by the scruff of her neck as she gives the final monologue with an overwhelming amount of emotion and anger. LESLEY looks genuinely scared and upset.

ALMA  
 "How could you?! How could you do  
 such an evil thing?!  
 (letting go of LESLEY's top)  
 You disgust me"

The CLASS clap in awe. LESLEY looks a bit pissed off and shook up.

IAN  
 Now, that were beltin'.

LESLEY  
 (under her breath)  
 Ruined mi bloody top.

BRIAN  
 (whispers to Lesley)  
 Y'aright, Lesley?

LESLEY  
 (looks at the now saggy  
 neck line of her top;  
 whispers back)  
 Look... stretched.

IAN  
 She really felt it din't she.

ALMA  
 I did!

\*

LESLEY  
 (pulling saggy neckline  
 again for the class to  
 see)  
 So, did my top.

IAN bats LESLEY off dismissively.

IAN  
 That's why she got in the theatre  
 company and you lot didn't.

ALMA is looking around smugly. LESLEY, is still muttering about her top.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Oh, shurrup Lesley. It's a mingling  
 top anyway.

LESLEY looks hurt.

At that moment, LIN bursts into the acting class, drunk as a skunk.

LIN  
I'm looking for my daughter. She's going to be a star!

ALMA  
*Mum?!* What the fuck are you doing?

LIN  
I just came to tell you, I'm okay with you abandoning me. I'll be fine. I'm glad you're following your dreams.

ALMA gets up and tries to usher LIN out of the room, as she continues to slur on.

LIN (CONT'D)  
(to the Class)  
I should've been a star miself -  
But, *IT'S NOT THAT EASY FOR ALL OF US!* Not, when your Mum, tells the doctors you're a loony-tune just after you give birth. *I had post-partum!* That's all it was.  
I thought Freddy Mercury was talking to me through the television... *But who didn't?!* *It was the 80s!*  
(almost to herself)  
I still think he might 'av been.

\*

ALMA finally manages to shove LIN out of the room.

24

INT. ACTING CLASS - HALLWAY - DAY 35. 14:47

24 \*

ALMA props LIN against the wall.

ALMA  
Mum? What the hell?  
(beat)  
Have you taken anything?

\*

LIN  
No, no, I've just had a bit of gin.  
I needed it, Alma. I needed to take the edge off.

ALMA  
Let's get you home.

24A EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 35. 15:05

24A \*

ALMA props LIN up against JOAN's front door and peeps through the window to see no-one is in.

They spot SANDRA, snooping through the window. LIN blows a raspberry at her. ALMA gets LIN's keys, opens the door and pulls her in the house.

25 INT. LIN'S BEDROOM - DAY 35. 15:10

25 \*

ALMA puts LIN into bed, taking off her shoes off and her earrings out. It's second nature to her - she's clearly done this a lot of times before.

LIN  
Sorry, Alma.

ALMA  
It's okay Mum... But, you can't do this again. We need to stay on track...you will get rehoused eventually. But, if you relapse... And they find out... you'll be screwed.

LIN  
Well, don't leave me then. I can't do it without you, Alma.

LIN starts to fall asleep. ALMA strokes LIN'S head looking sad.

ALMA  
Alright, Mum. I'll stay.

ALMA sighs. Rummages in LIN`S pocket for her gin, sits on the windowsill and takes a big swig.

She gets her phone out to see another text from ANTHONY that reads: "Come on Alma... it's just dinner".

ALMA groans and takes a big swig of gin.

HARD CUT TO:

26 INT. JAMIE`S HOUSE - DAY 36. 08:05

26 \*

C/U on ALMA in bed, looking bedraggled; hair and make-up are everywhere.

ALMA

Urgh. I think I'm allergic to alcohol, you know. It's the sulphates.

We PAN out to reveal she's lying next to ANTHONY. \*

ANTHONY

*Suplhates?!* You had six fishbowls. \*

ALMA

(throwing a stern look)  
This is an allergic reaction,  
Anthony.

Beat. ALMA shakes her head at herself. \*

ALMA (CONT'D)

I've got the appetites of a truck driver but the constitution of a victoria child.

ANTHONY

I think you should drink fishbowls more often, me. You're a right nimfo.

ALMA looks straight ahead, clearly regretful.

ALMA

Urgh. I'm gonna have to get the morning after pill. Urgh the judgy woman at Boots. My insides are actually vibrating now. That's not normal is it?

ANTHONY

Stop moaning.

(beat)

I think you're right not to go on the tour though. Be dead tight on your Mum, wouldn't it?

A beat. ALMA narrows her eyes as she spots his manipulative behaviour. She looks at him amused.

ALMA

You're a cheeky fuck, aren't you.

ANTHONY laughs at being caught out. ALMA then laughs. A beat. \*  
They look ahead at the ceiling.

ANTHONY

I just think... it's time for us to  
give it another go. I'm not with  
Rachel anymore. You're not going  
off gallivanting. And... I want you  
back, Alma. I need you. I don't  
ever want to not have you.

ALMA sighs a relenting sigh and leans her head on Anthony's  
shoulder. A beat, She still feels dreadful.

ALMA

Do you think you can die from a  
hangover?

ANTHONY doesn't say anything.

27 INT. ZUMBA CLASS - BOLTON - DAY 37. 12:10

27 \*

ALMA and LEANNE are in a Zumba Class. LEANNE is very good,  
ALMA is very bad. CHERYL (Zumba instructor) is shouting the  
instructions aggressively, as ALMA flails around.

ALMA

I'm not going, Leanne.

LEANNE

What? WHY?

ALMA

My Mum arrived at my acting class  
pissed out of her head.

LEANNE

Fuck!

ALMA

Well, least she didn't smoke crack  
in the toilet like she did at my  
primary school... but it's not a  
good sign is it?

LEANNE

Doesn't seem it.

CHERYL

Right, ladies! It's sexy-sassy  
time! Alma, there'll be no angry  
crab today, Please?!

ALMA frowns at CHERYL.

ALMA  
She's always picking on me, Cheryl.

LEANNE  
`Cos you're crap. I still think you should go, Alma. This is such a great opportunity for you and -

ALMA  
If I go, my Mum will relapse big time. I can't let that happen, Leanne.

\*

CHERYL  
ALMA! You're flailing!

ALMA gets a text from ANTHONY and tries to hide it from LEANNE.

\*

LEANNE clocks this.

LEANNE  
Who's texting you?

ALMA thinks quickly.

ALMA  
Err. Smear results. All clear.  
Woohoo!

LEANNE looks at her suspiciously for a moment, then jumps towards ALMA and snatches her phone. LEANNE finally gets ALMA's phone and reads the text from ANTHONY.

\*

LEANNE  
You have got to be fucking kidding me?!

ALMA  
Well... these passed couple of weeks have been hard and he's really been there for me.

LEANNE  
Yeah - because he's a narcissistic predator!

ALMA  
That's not all he is!  
(beat)  
He's actually very sweet and charismatic.

LEANNE

So, was Ted Bundy.

ALMA grimaces. LEANNE raises her eyebrows.

CHERYL

Alma! Loosen up! It's like watching  
a fridge learn to dance!

ALMA

Can you stop heckling me Cheryl!  
It's very demoralizing. I'm giving  
my best sassy run forward and you  
keep shouting... "Oh, you're a  
crab. Oh, you're a fridge' And, I'm  
not being funny, but you're not  
that good yourself... since your  
hysterectomy.CHERYL looks pissed off. Everyone looks awkward, but keeps  
going with the Zumba.

28 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 37. 17:10

28 \*

ALMA puts the bag of stuff for the tour at the bottom of her  
wardrobe, hidden away. She gets her "I'm a star" sunglasses.  
Sighs. Then throws them in the bin.

29 INT. VIV'S HOUSE - DAY 37. 19:15

29 \*

We see the back of VIV frying an egg in the kitchen.

VIV

Well, I'm glad you're back.

We pan through to the living room to see ALMA and ANTHONY sat \*  
on the couch. We can hear VIV pottering in the kitchen.

VIV (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(shouting from the  
kitchen)

I never liked Rachel anyway.

ANTHONY

(shouting back to Viv)

Yeah, you did, Mum. You're full of  
shit you.

\*

VIV (O.S.)

(shouting from the  
kitchen)

(MORE)

VIV (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No, I didn't. I'm just a very well mannered person, me.

VIV burps loudly from the kitchen. ALMA smirks, ANTHONY grimaces irritably. ALMA goes to pinch one of Anthony's fags. \*

ANTHONY

Why do you never have you're own cigs?

ALMA

I've quit haven't I.

ALMA takes a cig and lights it.

ANTHONY

Fuck sake.

The doorbell goes. ANTHONY doesn't move. ALMA looks at ANTHONY. It goes again. \*

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Mum! Door!

VIV (O.S.)

I'm frying you a fucking egg!  
(almost to herself, but  
loud enough to hear from  
the kitchen)

Cheeky sod.

ANTHONY

(not looking up from his  
phone)

Alma. Get the door will yer?

ALMA rolls her eyes and goes to the door.

She answers it. It's RACHEL - heavily pregnant, knackered and furious looking. ALMA's face drops.

ALMA

Oh, Rachel...

RACHEL

Don't fuck with me, Alma. I have piles and acid reflux. I can't sleep, I can't shit, I can't fuck. I will kill you.

ALMA

Fair enough.

RACHEL storms in the room, to ANTHONY.

RACHEL

Where the *FUCK* have you been? You knew the pre-natal was today. And you've *STILL* not come round to put the cot up!

ANTHONY

Oh, piss off! I've been dead busy with work.

ALMA narrows her eyes at this - she knows ANTHONY hasn't been busy. ANTHONY and RACHEL start rowing furiously. ALMA finds herself slowly and quietly stepping out of the room.

30 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 38. 11:10

30 \*

LIN, JOAN, ALMA and JANE are in the kitchen sat around the table. JIM is making brews.

ALMA notices JIM is making the brews in plastic cups.

ALMA

What's with the plastic cups?

JOAN

He's not aloud to touch pottery now. Only plastic things.

JIM

It's for the best.  
(to Joan)  
Teas are ready.

JOAN

Okay. Let's do this.

JOAN gets up and accompanies JIM, she locks eyes with JIM intensely. He locks eyes back. With one eye on the cup, guided by JOAN, they start counting together. He slowly passes the cup to JOAN. He doesn't spill a drop.

JOAN AND JIM

One, two, three and pass, two,  
three.

JOAN

(to Jim)  
Fabulous Jim, well done.  
(to Alma)  
We've found the counting helps him  
keep a steady hand.

LIN rolls her eyes and grabs her own tea impatiently.

JANE

So, how've you been?

LIN

Bored. I've done fuck all since you last came round.

ALMA

Well, we tried Zumba, din't we?

CUT TO:

31 INT. ZUMBA CLASS - FLASHBACK 45. 12:05

31 \*

MUSIC: FAST PACED ZUMBA MUSIC.

ALMA, LEANNE and LIN are in CHERYL's Zumba Class. It's moving too fast for LIN. She confused and disorientated and starts growling loudly.

CUT TO:

32 INT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 38. 11:11

32 \*

The meeting continues. LIN as agitated and confrontational.

LIN

(to Jane)

So, have you done *anything* about my housing yet?

JANE

As I've explained before, Lin. This will take time. The board are really supportive of you being independent at some point -

LIN huffs loudly at this.

JANE (CONT'D)

They just need to monitor your wellbeing and progress for little longer.

LIN

(shouts)

*What else do you need to fucking monitor! I'm poked, prodded, plucked, every fucking day.*

JOAN

Do you know, the melodrama of my daughter, is suffocating me!

JOAN melodramatically motions feeling strangled with her hands round her neck.

LIN

*Me?! You?! You've always been a drama queen.*

JOAN

How dare you! I'm wallflower!

LIN

*Oh yeah, course you are. My mother, the wallflower.*

JOAN

I know what you're about to say and don't you start... I did the best I could with the hand I was dealt!

LIN

Fuck this. I've had enough!

LIN gets up to storms out.

ALMA

Mum!

ALMA follows her.

32A EXT. JOAN'S HOUSE - DAY 38. 11:13

32A \*

ALMA follows LIN as she starts to walk down the garden path. JOAN, JANE and JIM join them.

ALMA

Where you going?

LIN

I need to get out of here for a bit. I feel hemmed in.

SANDRA comes outside onto her doorstep and shouts over.

SANDRA

Everything okay, over there?

JOAN

Yes, fine thank you, Sandra!

LIN

She's a nosey fucking bitch her!

SANDRA

Excuse me?!

LIN

It's horrible round here. Fucking Sandra, poking her head out every five seconds. Everybody with the same fucking flower beds, one after the other. Because heaven forbid, you might mix it up a bit and do summat different! They're like a bunch of fucking fascists these lot. Yes that includes, *YOU SANDRA!* Same day, every day -

ALMA

MUM!

JOAN

I'm not listening to this!

LIN now on the lawn, begins to do an angry, shouty impression of neighbours, JULIE and SANDRA.

LIN

BING-BING-BING! "Ooh quick it's my little alarm again... Ooh better get my little socks on my little feet and go downstairs AGAIN... Hello Julie, Hello, Sandra. Fancy a cup of tea, Sandra? Yeah go on, Julie. Eh, it's lunchtime! Fancy another fucking cup of fucking tea, Sandra? Yeah, go on Julie, I'll have another fucking cup of tea! Hang the washing up, Sandra. Do the pots, Julie. Eh, it's 8pm - nearly bedtime now Sandra. Thank fuck for that eh Julie! Yeah, what a relief eh, Sandra! The day is nearly fucking over eh Julie! Yeah, only two hours and forty fucking years to go!"

(beat)

I CAN`T STAND IT HERE, ALMA!

JOAN

(to Alma)

And you're telling me, she's on the mend?

LIN runs off. They watch her run away.

ALMA

Mum, if you go anywhere dodgy now,  
you'll have fucked it up.

SANDRA

Do I need to call the police,  
ladies?

ALMA AND JOAN

Fuck off Sandra!

JANE

We probably do need to inform the  
police she's ran off.

ALMA

No! Please! Just give me an hour.  
We'll bring her back.

JOAN

I bloody won't.

JANE

She's violating her section and if  
she takes drugs, she's back to  
square one.

ALMA

She's just upset, but she's not  
gonna fuck it all up. I promise we  
can get her back. Can't we, Jim?

JIM

Oh... I've got mi slippers on.

JOAN looks annoyed at JIM, sighs then steps in.

JOAN

Fine. I'll go with you.

33

EXT. GARSTANG ESTATE - DAY 38. 11:27

33 \*

ALMA and JOAN enter Garstang. We PAN across the estate and  
see a rabid looking Alsatian barking on a chain.

JOAN

Urgh, I hate it here. Every other  
house has an Alsatian on a chain.

ALMA puts her fag out a plant pot full of fag ends. JOAN  
looks in the plant pot and grimaces.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I was desperate to get out of here  
as a kid.

(beat)

Then your bloody Mother came  
straight back, with you. Ridiculous  
woman.

ROUGH SUE pokes her head out of a window.

ROUGH SUE

Hiya Alma, love! You looking for  
your Mum?

ALMA

Yeah. Do you know where she is?

ROUGH SUE

(commiseratively)

Tea Towel Tracy's, love.

ALMA sighs.

JOAN

Whose that?

ALMA

Tracy. One hand. Wears a Tea Towel  
over her stump. Sells smack on the  
side.

JOAN

Right.

ALMA marches over to one of the houses where there's a dog barking furiously. ALMA knocks on. TEA TOWEL TRACY comes to the door with a tea towel on her other hand and eyes looking sketchy. She shuts the door when she realizes it's ALMA. ALMA shouts through the letter box.

The screen CUTS back and forth between LIN's side of the door and ALMA's. LIN is strapping up, ready for a hit. TEA TOWEL TRACY is in the background.

ALMA is crouched down by the letter box, JOAN is waiting at the gate.

ALMA

Mum. It's time to go.

LIN doesn't answer the door, but shouts back through the letter box.

LIN

I'm not going back, Alma.

ALMA

Please, Mum. You've been doing so well. We're all here to support you. Please don't give up.

LIN

Two days, Alma. Give me two days.

ALMA

If you come back now, they're gonna report you.

LIN

I'm blowing off some steam, Alma.

ALMA

You can't be doing drugs, Mum. You know that.

LIN

It's a Friday night. Everyone blows off steam on a Friday night.

ALMA

Crack and smack are not normal ways to blow off steam, Mum.

LIN

We all have our vices, Alma. You drink too much red wine.

LIN is now cooking up.

ALMA

I've never locked myself in a bathroom and screamed at the wall on red wine, Mum.

LIN stops cooking. A beat. She thinks about coming back. Another beat. She carries on cooking.

LIN

Not yet.

(beat)

I'll be back in a couple of days.

LIN puts the needle in the heroine.

## ALMA

No. Either you come out now... Or me and Grandma are going home and this whole attempt to get you better will have failed.

(beat, no response)

I'm not prepared to help at the expense of mine and Grandma's safety and sanity. Not if you're not willing to do your bit.

(beat, still no response)

Are you gonna come out? Give you five seconds...

LIN has the needle ready. She stops. She considers dropping it and opening the door.

ALMA stares at the door for a moment. Sensing LIN might come out.

## ALMA (CONT'D)

Mum...

(voice breaks)

Mum?

We CUT BACK to LIN to see her out of it, needle by her side. Then we CUT BACK to ALMA.

ALMA heartbroken, looks back at her Grandma who's waiting at the bottom of the path. JOAN looks sad for ALMA.

## JOAN

Come on. Let's go.

A beat. ALMA gently peels herself away.

CUT TO:

34

EXT. BOLTON MOORS - DAY 38. 11:38

34

\*

MUSIC: "BLOODY MOTHER FUCKING ARSEHOLE" by Martha Wainwright FADES IN.

ALMA and JOAN are walking the scenic route home, across the moors. They stop for a break and a fag.

MUSIC: "BLOODY MOTHER FUCKING ARSEHOLE" by Martha Wainwright FADES DOWN, as they start to talk.

## ALMA

She's fucked it 'ant she.

JOAN

Yeah.

ALMA

We came so close. Everything was there. A whole team of people committed to getting her well.

JOAN

I know.

ALMA

It's exhausting.

JOAN

Well, I've been telling you that for years.

ALMA

Alright Grandma, it's not an "*I told you so*" moment.

A beat. JOAN takes a deep drag of her cigarette.

JOAN

As soon as she was born, I knew something was wrong with her.

(beat)

I had that dream just days before. The one about the slug. The one where -

JOAN does a weird birthing movement with her hands.

ALMA

(dismissive)

Yes, yes, I know. You gave birth to a giant, evil slug...

JOAN

It was a message that dream, Alma.

A beat. ALMA decides to ignore this comment and looks out ahead.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I just knew. From the moment she arrived, everything was going to be terrifying.

(beat)

And it was.

ALMA looks at JOAN, slightly taken aback by how dark this comment is. Then straight ahead again. A beat.

ALMA

She's not going to get better is  
she?

JOAN

She might. But, we can't spend our  
days trying to rescue her, Alma.  
She'll just consume us.

A beat. They stare ahead. ALMA looks thoughtfully out.

ALMA

If someone dies, you can go and put  
flowers on their grave and cry and  
whale and everyone gets it. People  
send you commiseration cards and  
you have anniversaries and self  
contained spaces for your grief.  
But, with someone like Mum...  
nobody gets it. Not even me.

(beat)

How do you grieve for the living  
dead?

(beat)

People treat you like you're weak  
for still caring.

JOAN

They treat you like it's your  
fault, you mean.

A beat.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I never wanted to be a Mother. I  
never felt maternal. I never liked  
babies. I wasn't interested in  
children. Motherhood happened to  
me.

(beat)

I would've suited being a man much  
better.

ALMA

Yeah, I think you're probably  
right.

JOAN does a tongue-in-cheek disgruntled pout at ALMA. ALMA  
smiles mischievously. A beat. As JOAN thinks, her face  
softens suddenly.

JOAN

I wish I could've been... better at  
it... kinder... to you both...

(MORE)

JOAN (CONT'D)

If I'd have been in a different place, if I'd have been able to love more, if I'd have had...

A beat. JOAN cries. She can't finish that sentence. ALMA puts her arms around JOAN.

ALMA

You did your best, Grandma.

ALMA puts her hand on JOAN's. JOAN starts to well up.

JOAN

Yeah. Your, Grandad, your Father... they got off Scott-free. They always do, don't they?

A beat. She grips ALMA's hand suddenly, with a maternal urgency and pain, and looks at her intensely.

JOAN (CONT'D)

I want you to have a better life. I want you to get out of this horrible fucking nightmare. This hangover of poverty and trauma that's lingered through the generations of women in our family and taken our dreams from us. I want you to be the one that breaks free.

They look back ahead. A beat.

ALMA

No, pressure then, eh?

ALMA looks at JOAN, mischievously. JOAN smiles back, accepting of her mischief.

MUSIC: "BLOODY MOTHER FUCKING ARSEHOLE" by Martha Wainwright FADES UP (1.41 "I wish I was born a man") as they hold hands and look straight ahead.

C/U of ALMA and JOAN as they hold hands.

A rage builds in JOAN and ALMA's eyes as, they stand stoically, looking out at the moors and the song crescendos to its title line: "You mother fucking arsehole".

\*

35 INT. INCALL APARTMENT - DAY 39. 16:10

35 \*

RAY-RAY is sat at a glass table in an in-call apartment, counting a large pile of cash. ALMA is sat opposite her in her "I'm a star" sunglasses from earlier.

RAY-RAY  
So, you're leaving me?

ALMA  
Well... it's a six month tour, then who knows... could be back here, could be off to Hollywood!

RAY-RAY  
Well, you're always welcome back, Doll.

ALMA  
Ta Ray. It's been dead helpful this job, you know. I've been able to pay for all my acting classes and go to auditions -

RAY-RAY looks at ALMA thoughtfully.

RAY-RAY  
Good for you. I tell my girls all the time; one day your tits will drop, you'll have no work and you'll be fucked. *Invest* your money now. But, they don't listen.

RAY-RAY looks away thoughtfully exasperated for a moment. Then back at ALMA.

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)  
You though. You've done it.

ALMA  
I have ant I. Woohoo!

RAY-RAY, goes over to the fridge and pours two glasses of champagne as she talks.

RAY-RAY  
Everybody has an opinion on sex work.  
(beat)  
It's a feminist issue, apparently.  
And who are these feminists who tell us we're wrong?  
(MORE)

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

Middle class, white women, setting  
the ideals for all of us, based on  
what's been possible for them...  
that's who.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAY-RAY hands ALMA a glass of champagne.

\*

RAY-RAY (CONT'D)

All women are negotiating their own  
terms in a man's world, Alma. At  
least we have the guts to make some  
fucking money out of it. Cheers.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RAY-RAY holds her glass up. They clink glasses.

\*

36 INT. ALMA'S FLAT - DAY 49. 16:35

36 \*

ALMA is with LEANNE, drinking Cherry Lambrini out of flamingo  
cocktail glasses. There's a knock at the door. ALMA checks  
out the window to see it's ANTHONY.

\*

LEANNE

You ready?

ALMA

Yeah.

ALMA shows her a piece of paper and heads to the door. She  
opens it and lets ANTHONY in.

\*

His smile drops when he sees LEANNE. LEANNE races to the  
door, cocktail in hand and blocks it, like a bouncer. ANTHONY  
looks confused, suddenly realizing he's in an ambush.

\*

ANTHONY

What you doin'?

\*

ALMA

I'm going on the tour, Anthony.

\*

ANTHONY

What? Why? This is *her* doing!

\*

ANTHONY looks at LEANNE; sipping cockily from her flamingo  
glass, she sticks her tongue out at him, aggressively.

\*

ALMA

You see, I've been thinking...  
about this bargain-basement offer  
of love you've proposed me. And  
I've decided it's not good enough.

ANTHONY

Well. I know it's been shit before,  
but I'm gonna be a dad now and I  
need you and I'm gonna grow up.

\*

ALMA

The thing is, you won't.

LEANNE

Will you fuck!

ANTHONY

She's been fucking filling your  
head full of shit again 'ant she? I  
love yer, Alma. We've been having a  
good time. I've been dead good  
recently.

\*

ALMA

Yeah... you have. You've nearly  
made me forget how much of a  
fucking cunt you've been.

(beat)

So, I decided to write a few  
examples down.

Alma rolls out the piece of paper in her hands and clears her  
throat.

\*

ANTHONY

This is fucking baffling this. If  
you wanna dump me - just do it in a  
normal way.

ALMA

I'm not normal though am I!

(reads list)

Number 1: you shagged my old, best  
mate behind my back.

LEANNE

I'd never fucking do that to you,  
Babe.

(beat)

Especially, not wi that tit-wank.

ALMA

Ta, love.

(to Anthony)

You gave me chlamydia... *FIVE*  
times!

\*

LEANNE shakes her head, cocktail still in hand.

ALMA (CONT'D)

Number 4: you tried to kiss me last week when I was at my most vulnerable and you'd promised to be my friend.

LEANNE

You missed 3, Babes.

ALMA wafts LEANNE away.

ALMA struggles to read something on the list. LEANNE tries to help. They confer over it for a second, then ALMA ploughs on.

ALMA

Number 5: you did something here... but, I can't read it... Number 6: you whipped my joggers down in front of your friends last year, when you knew I was going commando!

ANTHONY

That were funny though.

\*

ALMA

No, it was humiliating - and it was abuse. Number 6: When we first broke up you posted naked pictures of me all over the internet and sent a video of us having sex to Leanne's Mum.

LEANNE

That was not fucking cool, man!

\*

ANTHONY

I was pissed off.

LEANNE

My Mum wants to rip your fucking cock off!

ANTHONY tries to get out the door. But, LEANNE is stood strong and so he backs off.

\*

ALMA

(to Leanne)

Number... what number am I on?

Flustered, she abandons her list and talks directly at him.

ALMA (CONT'D)

You've smashed up nearly every phone I've ever had!

(MORE)

ALMA (CONT'D)

You threw me down the stairs when I was four months pregnant. Punched me in the face. Pulled my hair out. You shot a lit firework at me on Bonfire night. You dumped me and knocked up a teenage girl. And now you've dumped her. You told me everyday in some way or another that I was unlovable, mad and ugly.

\*

ANTHONY

But, I'm different now.

ALMA

No, you're not. And I deserve more. I don't want to get stuck here with you.

\*

ANTHONY

Alright. Fine. You don't wanna go out with me... fine. Yeah. I know what I am. I can't help it. I've tried. I've really tried not to be a cunt... but... I just am one.

(beat)

Can I go now?

ALMA

Yeah. And I suggest, you go back to the mother of your child and give her and your baby the support and love they fucking deserve.

LEANNE, slowly lets him passed.

LEANNE

Yeah. And don't come back.

ALMA takes a deep breath and presses play on her paused stereo.

MUSIC: "YOU MOTHER FUCKING ARSE HOLE" by Martha Wainwright comes in at 2.23. LEANNE and ALMA whale out "You Bloody Mother Fucking Arse Hole" joyfully, to the track.

\*

As ALMA and LEANNE continue to dance we see flashbacks/OOVs/montage of JOAN and LIN

\*

\*

\*

JOAN

I want to see the world. I want to eat a croissant. Ride a camel!

\*

\*

\*

LIN

A *scholarship* to art college. Can  
you believe it. I'll be wizzing  
round London doing mi art.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Back to present day. LEANNE and ALMA dancing

\*  
\*  
\*

ALMA

I'm going fucking tour!!! WOOOOP!

Pan out to ALMA and LEANNE shacking out.

\*

37 OMITTED

37 \*

38 OMITTED

38 \*

MUSIC: TBC

END CREDITS.

END OF EPSIODE SIX