

CHLOE

EPISODE ONE:
"There is a Light"

by

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INT./EXT. VARIOUS - DAY/NIGHT [IMAGINATION]

0

The quiet clicks of a phone. The faint sound of LAUGHTER.

A STATIC IMAGE (003) appears. A LAUGHING WOMAN, looking to one side: CHLOE. Wearing a gorgeous RED DRESS, holding a glass of Prosecco. She's at a fancy cocktail drinks. The moment seems caught. But it's too perfect, too composed. We come in on the photo slowly until... it comes alive.

An expression of disdain and disinterest comes over Chloe as she glances at us then looks away and continues talking.

It's replaced by another image (004) of Chloe and her friend LIVIA. They sit on a beautiful WHITE SOFA in a stylish interior and smile at the camera, close. The image comes alive and Livia WHISPERS into Chloe's ear. Chloe laughs.

The image is replaced by a photo (005) of Chloe next to her husband ELLIOT, sitting in a garden outside their HOUSE. Chloe wears a BLUE COAT. They both smile into the camera. The image comes alive and they look at each other, in love.

It's replaced by an image (082) of a GROUP OF FRIENDS in a BAR. ELLIOT is in the middle. To his side, LIVIA; RICHARD, ANISH and PHIL.

The image flicks up and is replaced by an image (006) of the group sitting around an outside table in a veranda of a beautiful house. CHLOE, the host, holds a dish.

CLICKING, SCROLLING, LAUGHTER. A distant well-attended party, the whispers of close friends having a good time.

More images (019/075/076/077) of enviable photos of Chloe, her beautiful home, and her friends replace each other, faster and faster.

A DEEP, PULSATING HUM gets LOUDER until we CUT TO:

1

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 2.00AM - NIGHT 1

1

The depressing GLOW of a MOBILE PHONE SCREEN shines onto the tired face of BECKY, messy hair, large faded t-shirt. She takes in the beautiful images with yearning, envy.

Becky scrolls through a SOCIAL MEDIA PAGE. A profile photo (001) and a name: CHLOE FAIRBOURNE. She puts her phone down on a side table, next to an ALARM CLOCK which reads: 2:00 AM.

1A

EXT. BECKY'S FLAT - BOARDWALK - 2.10AM - NIGHT 1

1A

BECKY stands on the boardwalk of a seaside town. Darkness everywhere but for the twinkle of the pier and the town lights in the distance. Her block of flats behind her. She smokes a joint as she scrolls through her phone.

2

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - 3.30AM - NIGHT 1

2

The GLOW and HUM of an open FRIDGE shines out onto a small kitchen in a run-down council flat.

Becky rummages through the less-than-enticing contents of the fridge for something to eat. She opens the freezer and retrieves a FROZEN PIZZA.

3

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 4.15AM - NIGHT 1

3

Becky eats pizza in bed while listening to a PODCAST. Fast-talking political analysis. Her room is small and untidy, cheap lino floor and faded blinds, but it's a teenage-like cocoon, colourful and warm.

She opens up a social media app. Her profile (056) has no posts, no photo, her username a series of numbers. A page from which to lurk.

She scrolls through her feed aimlessly. She clicks through and scrolls on a VINTAGE CLOTHING profile (061).

Then she opens up the internet, reads an article (057) with disinterest. Then, once again, compulsively, she is back on Chloe's profile, scrolling down. She clicks on an image captioned "#TBT".

FLASH TO:

[IMAGINATION] A photo (007) of CHLOE aged about 20, with a YOUNGER ELLIOT, YOUNGER LIVIA and YOUNGER RICHARD. Sitting on a wall, drinking beers.

The photo comes alive and the group turn to each other and laugh. They're having the best time.

FLASH TO:

Becky clicks through to LIVIA's profile (020), scrolls for a bit then goes back to her own feed and scrolls mindlessly.

4

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 7.45AM - DAY 2

4

Becky, dressed for an office job in an inconspicuous dark outfit, brushes her hair in front of a mirror. She looks at her reflection. She looks well-groomed, professional.

5

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - 8AM - DAY 2

5

Becky eats a bowl of cereal. She hears a GRATING SOUND coming from the bathroom. Like a scouring pad against enamel.

BECKY

Mum! The bath's clean!

(MORE)

Becky scrolls on her PHONE. It's old, has a YELLOW CASE and the screen is SMASHED.

PAM (O.S.)
You were up late, nugget.

Becky looks up. Her mother PAM, is at the door to the bathroom. She has a West Country accent, stronger than Becky.

PAM (CONT'D)
Christine said she saw you shopping in Bristol yesterday.

BECKY
Yeah...?

PAM
You said you'd come home straight after work.

BECKY
I didn't finish 'til six, I was running an errand.

PAM
It's a miracle you can even get those jobs, I wouldn't get cocky.

Becky gets up and tidies up the PIZZA BOX. Pam judges her.

PAM (CONT'D)
Good night, was it?

BECKY
I'm not going to talk to you when you're like this.

Becky picks up her bag, knocking over a PHOTO (080) of PAM, TODDLER BECKY, a MAN and a BABY. She puts it back.

PAM
I don't know who else'll have you.

Becky heads for the door.

PAM (CONT'D)
Becky!

Becky SLAMS the door behind her.

Becky stops outside the front door in the darkened stairwell of their block of flats.

She breathes and listens to the WAVES crashing on the shore outside. She turns back in.

7

INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 8.01AM - DAY 2

7

Becky enters and goes straight to Pam, who looks upset and reserved. She hugs her tightly.

BECKY

I'm sorry, Mum. I love you.

Pam looks up at Becky, a look of CONFUSION on her face. Like she's momentarily lost her bearings completely.

PAM

Where are you going...? Becky?

Becky looks at her, recognising this situation.

BECKY

Mum? You okay?

Pam doesn't say anything, still confused.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm going to work. I'll be back afterwards. Okay?

Pam steadies herself, snapping out of it. She nods and kisses Becky on the head. They hold each other, for a moment looking like mother and child.

8

EXT./INT. COASTAL ROAD/ BECKY'S CAR - 8.25AM - DAY 2

8

Becky drives at speed down a coastal road. The inside of her car is covered in crisp packets, drinks cans, clothes.

8A

EXT./INT. BRUNEL WAY/ BECKY'S CAR - 8.40AM - DAY 2

8A

Becky drives into BRISTOL, passing the SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

9

INT. GLASS OFFICE - 9.30AM - DAY 2

9

A slightly erratic, VERY PREGNANT Personal Assistant, CATHY, late 30s, talks to BECKY in a fancy, all-glass office. Becky half-listens while observing the contents of Cathy's desk.

It's neat, with a few signs of the personality of its occupant: hand cream, a women's magazine, a sparkly pencil sharpener pot, a framed photo of Cathy and her husband.

CATHY

I'll do expenses when I'm back, he likes them done a certain way... He has all his appointments in the diary but he tends to get a bit... in the zone, so do remind him. He'll be annoyed if he misses one.

(MORE)

Becky watches as a PA takes off her BEAUTIFUL COAT and hangs it on a coat rack, then sits at the desk in front of them.

CATHY (CONT'D)
Erm... what else? I've shown him how to make payments because he usually won't let temps do it.

Becky looks through a glass partition at MARK PEELE, early 50s, who speaks animatedly on the phone.

CATHY (CONT'D)
But I don't think he'll get the hang of it, so I'm hoping he'll trust you... I'll be busy!

Cathy gestures to her baby bump. Becky smiles at her.

BECKY
Don't worry, they always trust me, it'll be fine.

Cathy smiles - Becky puts her at ease.

CATHY
Well, listen... If it goes well...
There's a permanent position coming up in one of the exec's offices.

BECKY
Oh. Thanks, but... I like to temp.

CATHY
Ah, you one of those with a side hustle?

BECKY
I just like the variety.

CATHY
Fair enough. I'll introduce you.

Becky looks up to see Mark has finished his call.

10 INT. GLASS OFFICE, MARK PEELE'S OFFICE - 9.33AM - DAY 2 10

Mark Peele types at his computer. Becky and Cathy enter but Mark continues typing without looking up. Becky looks over at a DRINKS CABINET in the corner.

When Mark has finished his email and sent it off, he looks up expectantly, silent.

CATHY
This is Becky. She's from the temp agency. She'll be covering for me.

(MORE)

MARK PEELE

Hi. How long are you with us again?

BECKY

Five months.

Becky smiles at him, but he's distracted by an email coming in. Cathy nods at Becky for them to make themselves scarce.

MARK PEELE

Cathy, can you cancel my meeting with John Freeman? I'll need to work late on the Paxton pitch.

CATHY

Sure. You and Maria were going to go to that charity drinks thing with Henry and Georgia Cowan.

MARK PEELE

Let them know I can't make it.

CATHY

No problem. And I'll order flowers for Maria.

Cathy throws Becky a look: "*this is how the job is done*". Mark nods then starts typing an email and they leave.

11 INT. GLASS OFFICE - 9.34AM - DAY 2

11

As they walk back to their desk, Cathy drones on.

CATHY

There's all the information you'll need on his wife Maria in the folder, I'll show you. She often asks you to book stuff. She likes the flowers from West Bouquet...

Becky isn't listening. She glances back towards Mark.

11A EXT. GRAND HALL - EVENING - 8.13PM - DAY 2

11A

BECKY arrives outside a beautiful classical building. She stops in front of the MAN at the door. She's wearing a dress, make-up, and the BEAUTIFUL COAT she eyed up earlier.

BECKY

Maria Peele. Mark's been held up.

MAN

Do head on through, Mrs Peele.

She throws the man a WINNING SMILE. He smiles back and crosses a name off his guest list.

12

INT. GRAND HALL, LOBBY - 8.15PM - EVENING - DAY 2

12

BECKY climbs up the fancy staircase in a grand hall and heads towards the reception room.

12A

INT. GRAND HALL, RECEPTION ROOM - 8.17PM - EVENING - DAY 2

BECKY walks into the reception room with swagger.

The room is packed full of rich and elegant people. Free canapés and drinks circulate. Becky heads towards them.

She eats one canapé and grabs two more, then finishes off a glass of champagne before picking up another. Becky smiles conspiratorially at the waitress, who laughs, surprised.

Becky looks around the room. She hovers, uncertain for a moment. Suddenly feeling like a lemon, with no reason to be there. She gets her phone out and googles {Fictional alternative - Netrawl/Search}: Henry Cowan.

She finds an image (073) then picks him out, standing next to a STRIKING WOMAN WITH BLONDE HAIR.

Back on her phone, she googles {Fictional alternative - Netrawl/Search} Georgia Cowan. She opens the ABOUT SECTION of a website. An image of the woman with blonde hair and a description of her work as an art collector.

Becky puts her phone away and keeps looking around the room. She glances at the door, considering leaving.

Then her eyes are drawn to JOSH, in an elegant suit. She watches him, chatting to a waiter at the bar, making him laugh. The waiter makes a drink and Josh looks around the room, taking it in, just like Becky. They make eye contact.

CALLUM (O.S.)

That's some coat.

Becky turns to see CALLUM, late 30s, trendy, posh, smiling at her. She smiles back.

BECKY

Hi.

CALLUM

Callum.

Callum puts his hand out. Becky shakes it. She amends her accent to be slightly more well-spoken. Something bold and confident about her manner now.

BECKY

Helena.

Callum looks taken by her.

13

INT. GRAND HALL, LOBBY - 8.55PM - NIGHT 2

13

BECKY and CALLUM stand at a drinks table.

CALLUM

And what do you do?

BECKY

Nothing!

Becky is playing a part. Smiley and a bit dumb. Callum seems a little baffled.

CALLUM

Oh. Okay. Er... well, what are your interests?

BECKY

Podcasts and porn, mostly.

Becky smiles at him, amusing herself. Callum leans in, unsure he's heard her in the noisy room.

CALLUM

What?

BECKY

(louder)

Cats and newborns.

He looks confused. Becky smiles at him.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I love cats. And I'm training to become a doula.

CALLUM

A... what?

BECKY

A doula. I help women give birth. Well, I support them emotionally. I'm not a medical professional.

CALLUM

I see.

Callum seems even more baffled.

CALLUM (CONT'D)

So... how did you get involved with the charity?

BECKY

Oh, my good friend Mark Peele is a patron.

(MORE)

CALLUM

Oh! Love Mark. I just saw his wife
Maria walk past, shall we go say
hi?

Becky tenses.

BECKY

Oh. Er. Maybe not. She's not
exactly a fan of me...

She makes a cheeky face, implying dirty business. Callum looks shocked and titillated. JOSH, the man she locked eyes with earlier, interrupts, greeting Callum.

JOSH

Hey Callum.

CALLUM

Josh! Hey!

Josh speaks in an American accent. He looks over at Becky and smiles at her. There's a gentle, deadpan confidence to him. He doesn't rush into speaking, or smile unnecessarily.

JOSH

I'm Josh.

CALLUM

This is Helena.

BECKY

Nice to meet you.

CALLUM

(to Josh)

How are you?

JOSH

Yeah good, you?

CALLUM

Good, but so BUSY. I just started
at the Arnolfini. It's been non,
stop, I'm exhausted. Can't
complain, it's good to be busy...

JOSH

Yep. Always good to be busy.

CALLUM

We should have a proper catch up.
Maybe when things are less busy?

JOSH

Sure.

Becky jumps in. She passes Callum her EMPTY GLASS.

(MORE)

BECKY

Would you pick up another one for
me?

CALLUM

Oh. Yeah, of course.

Callum takes her empty glass, then heads into the reception room to get a drink. A beat. Josh looks at Becky.

JOSH

So... just to clarify... Did he say
he was busy or not?

Becky can't help but laugh.

BECKY

Book a meeting in with him asap.
That was a cry for help.

Josh laughs and smiles at her. A moment of real chemistry. She glances anxiously round the room.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Do you want to get out of here?

14

INT. JOSH'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 12.30AM - NIGHT 2

14

Becky's DRESS lies on the floor of Josh's bedroom. The LABEL is still on. Next to it, the BEAUTIFUL COAT she stole.

BECKY and JOSH have sex. It's primal, great chemistry and an edge of competitiveness. Becky is on top. She grinds harder and harder until she comes. Win.

As soon as she's done, she rolls over. Josh is thrown.

JOSH

Are we... ?

BECKY

Ah. I'm all sorted, thanks. I get a bit sensitive straight after.

JOSH

Oh. Okay.

Josh looks at her in disbelief. Turned on by her attitude.

BECKY

Do you need a hand?

He looks confused. She starts giving him a hand job. His confusion quickly dissipates. He closes his eyes.

15

INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 7.55AM - DAY 3

15

SPLASH -- MILK pours over a bowl of cereal. A SPOON dives in.

Becky eats the cereal, her face a blur of exhaustion. She listens to a PODCAST. Silicon valley bros talking about tech.

She picks up her phone. TWO MISSED CALLS from an UNKNOWN NUMBER. She looks at it, hesitates. She saves the number in her phone as "JOSH".

She clicks her phone off and her REFLECTION stares back at her, the CRACKED screen like scars across her face. She looks away in disgust, a wave of self loathing coming over her.

She opens her phone again, goes to Josh's contact, scrolls down and clicks on: BLOCK THIS CALLER. Then she scrolls through her feed aimlessly again as she eats her cereal.

After a moment, she opens up Chloe's profile. Two new images. She looks at the first:

A QUOTE, against a COLOURED BACKGROUND (079): "To die by your side is such a heavenly way to die". It looks like a picture of a postcard, rather than a design directly uploaded.

Becky sits up. She pulls her headphones off. SILENCE. She stares at her screen. Confused, intrigued, drawn in.

She clicks on the post. It's tagged with a location: Brandon Hill, Bristol. She scrolls down the comments: Gorgeous girl. RIP Chloe. Beautiful soul. Can't believe it.

Becky stops reading. Shocked. She scrolls to the next image, this one tagged: Central Grand Hotel, Bristol.

An image (002) of CHLOE wearing her BLUE COAT, standing in the lobby of a fancy hotel. She holds an ORANGE CHOCOLATE BOX, with a BOW on it. She smiles at the camera. Happy.

PAM (O.S.)

Morning.

Becky looks up to see Pam. She notices Becky's expression.

PAM (CONT'D)

You look like you've seen a ghost.

Becky doesn't respond, her mind whirring. Pam makes a tea.

PAM (CONT'D)

I can't believe how late they kept you. I burnt the fish fingers.

BECKY

It doesn't matter.

Becky ignores Pam, staring at the smiling photo of Chloe.

16

INT. GLASS OFFICE, MARK PEELE'S OFFICE - 10AM - DAY 4

16

Becky stands in Mark Peele's office.

MARK PEELE

You've only been here two weeks...

BECKY

It's just a few hours.

MARK PEELE

The conference day is a big deal.
We can't have anything going wrong.

He looks at her.

MARK PEELE (CONT'D)

Is it someone close?

BECKY

My aunt.

Mark nods, giving in. His tone is sombre but it feels put on.

MARK PEELE

My condolences. Well, of course.
Take the morning.

BECKY

Thank you.

17

EXT. BRISTOL CATHEDRAL - 10.45AM - DAY 5

17

CATHEDRAL BELLS RING. Bristol Cathedral. A crowd of people dressed in black exit from the gates like a swarm of flies. From the other side of the square, Becky WATCHES.

Closest to the coffin are an older couple in their mid 60s, ANGELA and JIM. Jim stares out ahead while Angela looks down at her feet, numb.

Becky holds her breath as she watches them. Then she focuses in on ELLIOT FAIRBOURNE, Chloe's husband. He walks ahead, his eyes glazed over. Silent, still. Becky observes the group around Elliot, picking out the faces we recognise from Chloe's social media.

Just behind Elliot is LIVIA, the woman from Chloe's profile, and her husband PHIL. Livia carries white lilies. ANISH trails Livia. RICHARD follows behind them. Tears in his eyes.

FLASH TO:

[MEMORY] BUZZZ!! A finger rings a door buzzer insistently.

FLASH TO:

(MORE)

-- Becky's phone is RINGING. She looks down and it's MARK PEELE. She lets it ring out then looks back at the crowd.

ELLIOT'S MUM, TIGGY, mid 60s, and his sister BEA, late 20s, open the door of a funeral car. Elliot, still not saying a word, gets in. The mother seems to berate the sister, then they both get in the car with Elliot.

Livia starts shepherding the group and talks to the drivers of the funeral cars. There's a dignity to her presence. Becky's phone RINGS again. She lets it ring out as she watches everyone get into the cars and leave.

The cathedral bells WARP into the opening of The Smiths' song "There is a Light that never goes out". It plays over --

18 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 7.30PM - NIGHT 6**

18

Becky curls up on the sofa next to Pam. Her eyes seem glazed over. Numb. By force of habit, she opens her phone and goes to CHLOE'S PAGE. Refreshes it. No new posts, of course. She looks out of the window. Disconnected.

The song warps into the sound of her phone RINGING. Becky looks down. Unknown number. Becky hesitates, then decides to pick up. Her accent neutral.

BECKY

Er... hello?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Hi, am I talking to Becky Green?

BECKY

Yes, speaking.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

I'm calling from South Avon Police.
Is now a good time?

BECKY

(confused)

Er.. Sure, I... how can I help?

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Our records show you received two
missed calls on the 12th April from
a Chloe Fairbourne. Can I ask you a
few questions?

Becky is completely thrown.

19 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT, STAIRWELL - 7.31PM - NIGHT 6**

19

Becky stands in the stairwell of her block of flats.

(MORE)

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Do you have any idea why she might
have tried to call you?

Becky thinks, totally confused. Processing this revelation.

FLASH TO:

20 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 [MEMORY]

20

Becky lies in her bed fast asleep, having gone home after her night with Josh. Her phone is on the bedside table.

It BUZZES and BUZZES. She wakes up groggily, looks over at the phone, and DECIDES TO IGNORE IT.

21 INT. BECKY'S FLAT - KITCHEN - MORNING - DAY 3 [MEMORY SC. 21
1/15]

Becky saves the unknown number in her phone as "Josh".

FLASH TO:

22 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, STAIRWELL - 7.32PM - NIGHT 6

22

Becky shakes her head.

BECKY
No...I didn't know it was her. It
was the middle of the night and...
I don't have her number anymore.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Okay, well thanks very much for
your help. We'll give you a further
call if there's anything.

BECKY
Wait, but... what happened? Is
there an investigation?

Concern and distress comes through in Becky's voice.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I'm really sorry, we can't discuss
the details with anyone other than
next of kin. But don't worry, it's
due diligence. We're just trying to
piece together her final hours.

BECKY
Okay. Thanks...

(MORE)

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Thanks so much for your help. We'll
call you if there's anything else.

The woman hangs up. Becky stands still in the stairwell.

She gets out her phone and scrolls down to the TWO MISSED CALLS from JOSH. With trepidation, she presses on the name. It rings then goes to voice mail.

CHLOE'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hello, you've reached Chloe
Fairbourne.

Becky's face floods with emotion as she hears Chloe's voice.

CHLOE'S VOICE (V.O.)
Please leave me a message after the
beep. I'll get back to you as soon
as I can. Bye!!

There's a BEEP and Becky hangs up. Silence resonates.

The BUZZ, HUM and BEEPS of a busy office. Becky sits at her desk, packaging a fancy jacket back into a postage bag to return it. She starts scrolling online.

She opens up EBAY (059) {Fictional Alternative - Appsentee/Fafi} and checks an auction she has on the FULL-LENGTH DRESS she wore to the event where she met Josh.

She scrolls through an ARTICLE in a LOCAL NEWSPAPER (058) about Chloe's death. A photo of CHLOE stares back at her.

Becky clicks and types. She looks around. The other PAs are busy working away. She opens up social media and goes to CHLOE'S PROFILE. She scrolls through till she finds a photo of Chloe and LIVIA (009).

Becky clicks onto Livia's profile (profile photo 020). The top image is a PHOTO (027) OF CHLOE AND LIVIA TOGETHER on Chloe's white sofa (slight variation on photo 004). They look so happy, so close. A heartbroken emoji underneath.

FLASH TO:

[IMAGINATION] The photo comes to life. Chloe and Livia look at each other. They smile, love and friendship in their eyes.

FLASH TO:

Becky takes this in. She scrolls.

(MORE)

An image (022) of Livia and her husband PHIL with their two children, NOAH, 5, and EDIE, 4. Outside a nice townhouse. LIVIA'S CAR in the driveway.

A photo (026) of Phil in front of a large, canvas PAINTING. Abstract, fiery colours.

A photo (023) of Livia mid-conversation holding a cocktail. A LOGO over the image: LIVIA FULTON EVENTS. Livia looks like the beautiful, have-it-all, successful business woman. A perfect disciple of the Lean In and Goop churches.

An image (025) appears of a contemporary art gallery. A caption: "Excited for the David Sidgwick opening @Emdenartgallery tomorrow!"

Becky is interrupted by the office phone. She picks up.

BECKY
Hello, Langrove & co?

CATHY (V.O.)
(stressed)
Hi Becky, it's Cathy. Can you put me onto Mark, please?

BECKY
Uh, yeah, sure. Everything okay?

CATHY (V.O.)
Yes, fine, he wants me to make an urgent payment but I only just saw my emails, I'm at the hospital...

BECKY
I can do that.

CATHY (V.O.)
I know, I know. Mark, you know how he is. I think he just wants me to show I'll be there if he needs me.

BECKY
I'll put you through. But tell him I can do it.

CATHY (V.O.)
Thank you. Thank you.

Becky puts the call through to Mark Peele, and watches him talk angrily down the phone. Her eyes narrow with dislike. As she watches him, she picks up Cathy's sparkly PENCIL SHARPENER POT and unscrews the lid.

24

INT. GLASS OFFICE, TOILETS - 4.48PM - DAY 7

24

Becky PEES in the office's corporate toilet cubicle. She finishes and pulls out from underneath her the PLASTIC POT. It contains her own URINE. She looks at it, closes the lid.

25

INT. GLASS OFFICE - 5.30PM - DAY 7

25

Becky smiles at Mark as he walks past her out of the office. All the PAs have left, it's a ghost town.

MARK PEELE

I've left business cards for filing on my desk. See you in the morning.

BECKY

No problem. Have a good evening!

The perfect hospitality tone, her smile intensely charming. As he leaves the room, she puts on her wireless telephone headset and dials a number. It rings and she gets up.

RHONDA (V.O)

Hello, Emden Art Gallery, Rhonda speaking?

BECKY

Hi there!

She picks up Cathy's sparkly PLASTIC POT from under her desk, and walks into --

26

INT. GLASS OFFICE, MARK PEELE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS -

26

5.31PM - DAY 7

-- Mark Peele's empty office.

BECKY

I'm calling on behalf of Livia Fulton. She's got childcare issues and asked me to deal with a few things before the launch tomorrow?

RHONDA (V.O)

Oh of course, how can I help?

BECKY

Do you have the guest list there?

RHONDA (V.O)

Yeah, let me just get it up.

Becky approaches Mark's DRINKS CABINET. An expensive-looking BOTTLE OF AGED BOURBON sits on top.

(MORE)

BECKY

Great. Could you add a name?

Becky unscrews the lid, opens the sparkly PLASTIC POT, and pours the contents into the bourbon.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Sasha Myles.

BECKY walks into a fancy drinks reception in a contemporary art gallery, looking around. She notices ANISH and RICHARD, who she recognises from the funeral, talking in a corner.

Then she catches sight of LIVIA FULTON, talking to an older man (MICHAEL HAPLEY). Becky walks slowly in their direction. Her eyes narrow. As she passes MICHAEL, she turns as if recognising him.

BECKY

Hello! You're here!

Michael doesn't recognise her but is terrified to admit as much. Becky kisses him on the cheek.

MICHAEL

Hello! How are you?

BECKY

Brilliant! And you?

She puts out her hand for Livia.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Sasha Myles. So nice to meet you.

LIVIA

Livia Fulton, a pleasure.

BECKY

I love your dress.

LIVIA

Thank you!

BECKY

The work's beautiful. I wanted to tell my friend to pop by later in the week. Georgia Cowan, she's a collector. Do you know where I can get a leaflet?

Livia looks suddenly very interested. She gets out a leaflet from her bag and hands it to Becky.

LIVIA
Oh, that would be fantastic!

BECKY
Great, thank you.

Becky puts her hand on the man's shoulder.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'm just running to the loo, but
I'll be right back.

She makes her way through the drinks reception. With her back to Livia and Michael, she tunes in to their conversation --

MICHAEL (O.S.)
You know, I can't remember how we met, actually. But she's great.
Sasha Myles, yes.

Becky smiles. Once out of sight of Livia and the older man, instead of going to the toilets, she turns and heads out. As she leaves, she grabs one last canapé.

28 **INT. GLASS OFFICE - 10.15AM - DAY 9**

28

Becky sits at her desk looking at a WEBSITE (062) full of paintings. Livia's husband Phil's website. Becky observes the paintings while listening to a PODCAST. Upper-class British Art Historians discuss Egon Schiele, Lucian Freud and Munch.

She looks at a social media photo (024) of LIVIA sitting on a YOGA MAT in a beautiful, light YOGA STUDIO. It's been tagged: Berkeley Member's Club.

She googles (072) {Fictional alternative - Netrawl/Search} and opens a website for BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB. It's a trendy, modern interior in a gorgeous Georgian country house.

FLASH TO:

[IMAGINATION] The photo (024) of Livia in the Yoga studio comes alive and Livia does a Yoga pose. Meditative music plays. It WARPS into --

29 **INT. BECKY'S BLOCK OF FLATS, STAIRWELL - 7PM - DAY 9**

29

-- the sound of the WAVES crashing on the shore outside Becky's block of flats. She climbs up the stairs, holding a SHOPPING BAG from a LEISUREWEAR shop.

From above, the sounds of a BABY babbling. Becky arrives at her floor, crossing paths with her neighbour, ADITI, late 30s, and her BABY, hanging in a sling.

(MORE)

She nods at Becky as she enters her flat. Becky lingers on the landing watching as Aditi greets her husband in Urdu. A glimpse into her flat. It's warm and pretty, her husband all smiles. The smell of food wafting out. It looks appealing.

The door closes. Becky turns and gets her keys out.

30 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 7.01PM - DAY 9**

30

Becky stands on the threshold as CHRISTINE, her mum's carer, late 30s, nurse's outfit, kisses Pam on the head.

Pam squeezes her hand affectionately, then goes back to watching TV. Christine heads out, stops to chat to Becky.

CHRISTINE

She was bad today.

BECKY

She forgot our address this week.

CHRISTINE

How've you been?

BECKY

Oh, great. It's really good fun.

Christine rolls her eyes, used to Becky's attitude.

CHRISTINE

Early-onset can get worse pretty quickly. You might not want to be leaving her alone so much.

Becky looks away, not enjoying this.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

You'll be okay.

BECKY

Yeah.

CHRISTINE

Okay, see you Saturday.

(to Pam)

I'll see you tomorrow, ducky!

PAM

Bye, love!

Becky closes the door behind Christine.

PAM (CONT'D)

Christine manages to be on time.

(MORE)

BECKY

The government pay her to look
after you.

PAM

Where were you?

BECKY

A date.

PAM

Has the hairbrush gone out of
fashion? You look like Medusa going
through a breakup. No wonder you've
never left home.

Becky puts her stuff down, trying to ignore her. Pam sees
Becky's hurt and softens a little.

PAM (CONT'D)

There's still a few minutes left.

Becky puts the shopping bag from the leisurewear shop down.
She snuggles onto the sofa. Pam continues watching TV and
looks through a CLOTHES/PRETTY THINGS BROCHURE, occasionally
circling an item.

BECKY

Do you know where the old photo
albums went? I can't find them.

PAM

I'll have a look.

Becky puts her head on her mum's lap, childlike. On her phone
she googles {Fictional Alternative - Netrawl/Search} (074):
"japan art gallery". Pam strokes her hair.

31 INT./EXT. BECKY'S CAR/ BECKY'S BLOCK OF FLATS - 7.30AM - 31
DAY 10

BECKY hoovers her car. She clears all the rubbish and puts it
into a bin bag. She piles everything else into the boot,
where the PA's BEAUTIFUL COAT sits atop other jackets, shoes,
water bottles, tools, and other miscellaneous objects.

32 EXT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, RECEPTION - 3.45PM - DAY 10 32

Becky hovers at the entrance of the trendy member's club she
looked at online. She watches the RECEPTIONISTS inside.

One receptionist seems more experienced than the other. She
seems to know most of the members and greets them by name.
The other one seems to be learning how the systems work, with
the more experienced one showing her the ropes.

33

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, RECEPTION - 3.46PM - DAY 10 33

The more experienced receptionist heads in the direction of the toilets, and Becky pounces. She approaches the NEW GIRL.

BECKY

Hi there, can I sign in? For Yoga.

NEW GIRL

Er, yeah, can I get your, er, your name? And your membership number?

BECKY

Maria Peele. 0170956031.

The receptionist looks a little overwhelmed as she gets to grips with the computer system. Becky smiles at her, leans into her Somerset twang, closer to the girl's accent.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(kind)

I'm a bit of a rush, love. Would you mind if I head in now?

NEW GIRL

Oh! Yeah. Of course, that's fine.

Becky smiles at her. The girl smiles back, eager to please.

34

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, YOGA STUDIO - 4.30PM - DAY 10 34

OHMMMM. In the Yoga studio, rows of yoga-bodied women meditate in harmony. A YOGA TEACHER floats around the room.

YOGA TEACHER

Listen to your breath. Now roll down, vertebrae by vertebrae...

Becky rolls onto her back. The TAG pokes out of her top.

35

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, YOGA STUDIO - 4.45PM - DAY 10 35

The class comes to an end. Becky puts her Yoga mat away. Next to her, LIVIA does the same. They share a smile.

LIVIA

Do we... we've met haven't we?

BECKY

Yes. I was thinking that. Where...?

LIVIA

You were at my opening, we only met in passing. Through Michael Hapley.

(MORE)

BECKY

Yes!

Again, she's playing a part. Socialite yoga mum. We sense a slight disdain in her impression.

LIVIA

What was your name?

BECKY

Sasha.

LIVIA

Yes! Sasha. Gorgeous name.

BECKY

Thank you! And I'm so sorry, I've forgotten...?

LIVIA

Livia. I've never seen you here, have you just joined?

BECKY

Oh. Yeah. I've just moved actually, I've been living abroad. Don't tell anyone, but...

She leans in conspiratorially to Livia.

BECKY (CONT'D)

My friend gave me her membership number... I'm thinking of joining but I wanted to check it out first.

Livia laughs.

LIVIA

You criminal...

BECKY

You should have seen me trembling on reception, I can't lie to save my life!

They laugh together.

Becky and Livia leave the club, headed for their cars.

BECKY

Five years in Tokyo. I got back six months ago.

LIVIA

Oh, nice.

BECKY

I was doing marketing for a contemporary art gallery. Yeah, my mum got sick so I came back.

LIVIA

I'm so sorry.

BECKY

Thanks. But yeah, I had to take a bog-standard corporate marketing job while I settled in. And now, I'm kind of... using it as an opportunity to rethink things.

LIVIA

Career-wise, do you mean?

BECKY

Yeah. I think maybe I need something more... more challenging. I've been thinking about Events.

LIVIA

No way? That's what I do!

BECKY

Oh! I thought you worked for the gallery?

LIVIA

No, no, I'm in PR and Events. I organised the opening!

Becky does a genuinely excellent shocked expression.

BECKY

Seriously? Oh that's so funny. Who do you work for?

LIVIA

Myself.

BECKY

Amazing -- I mean, is it amazing?

LIVIA

Well, the parties are fun. But there's also high levels of stress. Clients constantly throwing their toys out of the pram...

BECKY

Weirdly that does actually sound like my dream job description.

Livia laughs, then glances towards her car. Somewhere to go.

(MORE)

LIVIA
Alright well I've got to head.
Lovely to see you.

BECKY
You too!

Livia blows her a kiss. Becky heads towards her car. Ahead of her, Livia starts hers.

A DISTURBING THUDDING SOUND as Livia pulls away. Livia slows the car and comes to a stop. Becky heads towards her.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

LIVIA
I don't know what's going on.

Livia gets out of her car and heads towards the front tyre. It's FLAT.

BECKY
That doesn't look good.

LIVIA
Oh... shit. The child minder leaves in half an hour. Shit, shit, shit...

BECKY
Have you got a spare? Do you need a hand?

LIVIA
Fuck. I don't... Ugh. Let me call Louise and see if she can stay.

BECKY
No, no. Why don't you call the garage now? You get a taxi back to yours and I can wait with the car.

LIVIA
Really? You'd do that?

BECKY
Of course, I was only going to eat tortellini in front of Ru Paul.

Becky smiles. Happy to help.

Becky parks outside a large townhouse, four or five bedrooms. She gets out and approaches the front door. She rings the doorbell, and looks up, taking the building in.

38

INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - 7.35PM - NIGHT 10

38

Livia serves Becky a generous portion of food. They sit around the island in the middle of her beautiful kitchen.

LIVIA

You saved the day. Really.

BECKY

No, no, don't be silly. It was nothing, thanks so much for dinner.

LIVIA

Well it's more than most people would do. I wonder how the hell it happened?

FLASH TO:

39

EXT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB - 3.40PM - DAY 10 [MEMORY]

39

Becky uses a flat-head screwdriver to let the air out of LIVIA'S TYRE.

FLASH TO:

40

INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - 7.35PM - NIGHT 10

40

BECKY

Yeah, so strange. Well anyway, it's all sorted now.

LIVIA

Thanks so much. Okay, food's ready.

Livia gets out her phone and takes a picture of her FOOD.

Becky looks around the room, taking it all in. She notices a collection of FAMILY PHOTOS on a side table. Amongst them is a photo of LIVIA and CHLOE together. Becky stares at the photo, her heart rate raised.

She considers going over when PHIL, Livia's husband, enters.

PHIL

Hello!

Livia looks up from her phone.

LIVIA

Hello love, this is Sasha.

PHIL

Ah, the hero.

(MORE)

He shakes her hand. Becky smiles at him. Phil comes and sits next to them at the kitchen island.

BECKY

Nice to meet you.

LIVIA

I'm so glad you two get to meet.
Sasha's just come back from Tokyo,
she worked for a gallery there.

PHIL

Oh wow, how was that?

BECKY

Great. It's a really exciting
scene, actually. People think of it
as a closed eco-system, but that's
not really true anymore.

LIVIA

Amazing... Oh! And Sash is friends
with Georgia Cowan.

PHIL

Georgia who?

LIVIA

You know, the collector.
(to Becky)
Phil has NO idea who anyone is.

She rolls her eyes. Becky laughs.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

(to Phil)

We should get her to see your work.

BECKY

Oh, are you an artist?

PHIL

Well, not really....

BECKY

What medium?

PHIL

I paint. Oils mostly. Very old-
fashioned.

Phil goes to eat food directly from the dish.

LIVIA

Phil! Get a plate!

Phil shoots a look at Becky that says "Busted!".

(MORE)

BECKY

Can I see your work?

LIVIA

I'll give you his website, but the
real thing is in the other room.

(to Phil)

Love?

Phil looks reluctant. Livia smiles at him, a little pushy.

41

INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - 7.50PM - NIGHT 10

41

BECKY and PHIL stand in front of a PAINTING.

BECKY

It's stunning.

PHIL

Anyway, there you go.

BECKY

No, *really*. The thick impasto...
it's so expressive.

PHIL

Oh, thanks! I've been experimenting
with it a lot recently.

BECKY

Do you ever exhibit?

PHIL

(opening up slightly)

I used to, a bit. When I came out
of the Slade, I got a few good
breaks actually. But then it dried
up and now I'm an architect who
paints on the weekends. Except I
have kids, so weekends aren't
really a thing...

Phil sighs, with gently sad self-awareness.

BECKY

And do you sell them?

PHIL

My stuff isn't trendy.

BECKY

Oh, people need to be told what's
trendy.

Phil laughs. The WAIL of a YOUNG CHILD comes from the stairs.

(MORE)

PHIL

Ah. The beast has awoken.

Becky laughs.

42 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - 8.05PM - NIGHT 10

42

Becky returns to the kitchen. Livia has put the kettle on.

LIVIA

Did you flatter him?

BECKY

(a bit thrown)

Oh. Er --

LIVIA

I don't care whether you *actually*
liked the paintings or not, please
tell me you flattered him!

Becky laughs, unexpectedly and genuinely. Warming to Livia.

BECKY

I did. And it was totally genuine!
He's very talented.

LIVIA

Well I think so... He lost his way
a bit. Bless him, he's terrible at
self-promotion... Tea?

Livia shows her a herbal tea. Becky nods. As Livia makes tea,
Becky slowly makes her way towards the photo of Livia and
Chloe. She looks at Livia, trying to find the right way to
start a conversation.

BECKY

These are so great.

Livia finishes pouring the hot water and walks over. She
looks at the photos. Her two children, NOAH, 5, and EDIE, 4.

BECKY (CONT'D)

They're adorable.

LIVIA

Little monsters.

Becky points to the photo of Chloe nonchalantly --

BECKY

Who's this?

Livia picks up the photo and looks at it.

(MORE)

LIVIA
A very good friend.

There's a pause. Eventually --

LIVIA (CONT'D)
She actually died recently.
Suicide...

Becky inhales, taking this in. Confirmation.

BECKY
Oh. I'm so sorry.

Livia puts the photo down, closing down the conversation. But Becky can't end the conversation here.

BECKY (CONT'D)
How did it happen?

LIVIA
(weirded out)
Er. She was found on the coast, by
the cliffs. Her parents live out
there.

Becky is overwhelmed with real, genuine EMOTION.

FLASH TO:

43 **EXT. BEACH/CLIFFS - DAY 2 [IMAGINATION]**

43

The sound of WAVES crashing. A huge looming cliff by a beach.

The sound of WAVES gets LOUDER and LOUDER and LOUDER until we
FLASH TO:

44 **INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - 8.06PM - NIGHT 10**

44

TEARS fill Becky's eyes. Livia watches her, no longer
bristling but now confused.

LIVIA
Are you okay?

Becky is pulled out of it, looks up. She gathers herself.

BECKY
I... lost a friend that way too.

LIVIA
Oh sweetie. When?

BECKY
Last year.

(MORE)

LIVIA
I'm so sorry.

BECKY
Did you see it coming?

LIVIA
All the signs were there but
somehow...

BECKY
It's only after it's happened that
you realise they were signs.

The silence is loaded, the women experiencing shared emotion.

BECKY (CONT'D)
What kind of signs were they?

Livia looks at her, closing down again.

LIVIA
I'd better go check on Noah. Let's
get you home.

It's a clear excuse to get Becky out of there. Becky looks at Livia, feeling frustrated and rejected.

45 **INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - 8.10PM - NIGHT 10** 45

Becky puts her coat on and heads towards the front door, following Livia. Becky glances at her anxiously.

FLASH TO:

46 **INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 11 [IMAGINATION]** 46

Livia is in the kitchen with Phil, making breakfast.

LIVIA
*Oh god, she was so... wrong.
Everything about her. And she kept
trying to bond. Ew.*

Phil and Livia laugh at Becky, mocking.

FLASH TO:

47 **INT./EXT. LIVIA'S HALLWAY/LIVIA'S HOUSE - 8.10PM-NIGHT 10** 47

Becky blinks, banishing the thought. She glances back at Livia, a flicker of dislike now in her eyes. Livia opens the front door. Becky turns to say goodbye to Livia, polite.

(MORE)

BECKY

Thanks so much for dinner.

LIVIA

It's me who should be thanking you.
Why don't you come to the spa with
me? The one at Berkeley's. On me.

BECKY

Oh, no. Don't be silly...

LIVIA

Go on. It'll help you make up your
mind about membership. I was going
to go Saturday.

BECKY

Saturday? Ah. I'm seeing a friend
on Saturday.

LIVIA

Oh.

BECKY

I'm sorry, that would have been
lovely. Another time?

LIVIA

Sure. Where's your place?

BECKY

Montpelier, just off Cheltenham
road.

LIVIA

Oh lovely. Well, if you fancy a
coffee this week, let me know.

BECKY

Work's a bit busy this week, but
maybe the following?

LIVIA

(more reserved, taking
the hint)

Uh. Maybe. Let's see. Alright, take
care.

Becky smiles at Livia then turns and heads towards her car.

47A

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BATHROOM - 10.30PM - NIGHT 10

47A

Becky takes a late night bath. She looks up at the ceiling,
which stares back at her. Blank.

(MORE)

47A CONTINUED:

47A

CHLOE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached Chloe
Fairbourne. Please leave me a
message after the beep. I'll get
back to you as soon as I can. Bye!!

Becky lowers herself into the water, as low as she can without submerging herself.

[FANTASY] The sound of WAVES from outside becomes the SLOSHING of BATHWATER. DAMP starts to flower and appear on the ceiling, DIRTY WATER leaks in and drips down the walls.

Becky goes under water, then pushes herself up and out.

The music and sound of water WARP into the sound of a phone BUZZING and BUZZING gets louder and we FLASH TO:

48 SCENE OMITTED

48

49 SCENE OMITTED

49

50 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 [IMAGINATION]

50

Becky lies in her bed fast asleep, after her night with Josh. Her phone is on the bedside table. It BUZZES and BUZZES. She wakes up groggily, looks over at the phone. She hesitates for a moment, then PICKS UP.

BECKY

Hello?

CHLOE (V.O.)

Becky? It's Chloe.

Becky sits up straight. In shock.

CHLOE (V.O.)

I'm.... I just wanted to say...

BECKY

What?

CHLOE (V.O.)

(confused)

Wait... Did I still have your
number?

BECKY

I don't know. What were you going
to say? Chloe? Chloe??

Silence. The BUZZ of a dead line. Becky gets distressed as we FLASH TO:

51

INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 7.55AM - DAY 11

51

BECKY, dressed for work, eats cereal. From the other room, the GRATING SOUND of her mum scouring the bath again.

Becky picks up her phone and scrolls. She compulsively opens up Chloe's feed again. Refreshes it. Still no new posts.

Just the QUOTE: "To die by your side is such a heavenly way to die". She goes to her call log. THE TWO MISSED CALLS from JOSH. The time of the calls. One at 01:52. One at 02:45.

Becky thinks. Then goes to her contacts and calls a number. It rings and Livia's voice picks up.

LIVIA (V.O.)

Oh. Hey Sasha.

BECKY

Hey Livia! I'm calling about Saturday... My plan with my friend got rearranged, and you know what? I could really do with a spa day.

52

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, POOL AREA - 4PM - DAY 12

52

The sound of SOOTHING MEDITATION MUSIC plays. Becky and Livia lie by a gorgeous spa pool, in robes.

LIVIA

Anyone on the horizon, or...?

BECKY

No... I've seen a few people since I got back. But I don't know. I'm very picky I think.

LIVIA

Who can I introduce you to...?

BECKY

Oh no, please...

LIVIA

God, you're one of those. Resistant to matchmaking.

BECKY

Well... It's never right, and then it's just awkward.

LIVIA

Ah but that's because I wasn't the matchmaker. Other people are very bad at it.

Becky rolls her eyes playfully.

53

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, RECEPTION - 4.45PM - DAY 12 53

Livia and Becky make their way out of the member's club. Suddenly Becky sees JOSH, the man she had sex with, walking into the entrance. He makes his way towards them and Becky realises with terror that he and Livia know each other.

JOSH

Hello...

LIVIA

Josh! It's been a while.

JOSH

Uhuh. Polly Matthews' birthday a few months ago?

LIVIA

Yes. Those very strange sausage rolls.

JOSH

Yeah, I still have nightmares.

LIVIA

Do you know Sasha?

JOSH

Sasha?

Josh looks at Becky, surprised. He smiles at her, suddenly the one with the power.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Yes. I do know *Sasha*... I was worried, I woke up and you were gone.

Livia looks at Becky, gleefully scolding her.

LIVIA

Sasha! That's very rude!

JOSH

It is. Very rude.

BECKY

I know, I'm sorry. I had an early morning.

JOSH

Oh that's fine, I get it. Why don't I give you my number?

BECKY

Oh. Yeah. Er. Sure.

(MORE)

She gets her phone out and opens a contact. Josh reaches out and takes it from her, putting his number in and saving it as JOSH. He hands his phone back.

JOSH
Give me a call...

BECKY
Great.

JOSH
Lovely to see you, Helena. Sorry,
Sasha!

Josh pretends to be mortified. Becky is thrown. Livia shakes her head in judgement, although laughing slightly.

LIVIA
Josh! For god's sake...

JOSH
I'm so sorry. For some reason, you remind me of my friend Helena.

BECKY
It's fine. We should go.

LIVIA
Sash, I need the loo, do you mind grabbing us a couple of lattes? See you in the car?

She passes Becky her keep cup, throwing her a cheeky look.

BECKY
Er. Yeah, okay.

Livia heads off, leaving Becky alone with Josh. He grins, enjoying himself.

JOSH
So... you like to give false names at parties...?

Becky can feel her anxiety rising, but she acts contrite.

BECKY
Look, I'm really sorry... I was just having fun.

JOSH
Obviously.

BECKY
Okay well, lovely to see you. I'm going to get those coffees...

JOSH

Oh yeah, sure. So which one's your real name?

Josh acts like he was invited along, following Becky. They walk through into --

54 **INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, CAFE - CONTINUOUS - 4.47PM - 54**
DAY 12

-- the member's club cafe. Heart pounding, Becky approaches the counter. She smiles at him, trying to get him on side.

BECKY

Sasha. Can we stop playing games?

JOSH

You're the game player. I'm just trying to keep up.

BECKY

I said I'm sorry.

JOSH

(enjoying himself)

It's just really hard to trust anything you say now.

BARISTA

What can I get you?

BECKY

Two lattes, please. Josh, do you want anything?

JOSH

I'm fine.

Becky gets out her DEBIT CARD and puts it in the machine. The barista starts making coffees.

As Becky finishes paying, Josh puts his finger down on her CARD, giving himself enough time to READ HER NAME.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Becky Green?

He looks confused. Becky GRABS her card from him, starting to panic, feeling fear and shame flush her face. Josh looks around, feeling the eyes of people on him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Okay, okay. I'll see you around.

Josh turns around and heads out. Becky fumbles with her bag, putting her card away. She panics and heads after him.

(MORE)

BARISTA
Your lattes!

Becky follows Josh heading into the MEN'S TOILETS.

55

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, MEN'S TOILETS - 4.48PM - DAY 55
12

Becky pushes her way into the men's toilets. Josh looks up from the urinals, confused and slightly terrified. Becky talks at pace as she heads towards Josh, panicking.

BECKY
That wasn't actually my card, it's
my friend's, I borrowed it. Sorry,
I didn't want you to think --

JOSH
Woah woah woah.

Becky has backed Josh into a corner. He puts his hands out to hold her arms, calming her down, almost like a child.

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's fine.

He holds her gaze for a moment, sensing her vulnerability.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What's going on?

BECKY
Nothing. I told you, I just --

JOSH
I don't believe a word you just
said. Come on. I don't judge.

Becky hesitates, then --

BECKY
I go by Sasha. I like to decide how
people see me.

There's a honesty to what she's saying. Josh nods, accepting. He lets go of her of her arms but he's still cornered in.

JOSH
Can you back off?

Becky doesn't back off. She gets closer, pushing him slowly against the wall. She's in control of herself again, slightly aggressive.

BECKY
You back off.

(MORE)

The energy between them goes from threatening to sexual.
They're almost nose to nose. They could kiss.

Then she steps back. They share a look and he heads out -
leaving her alone in the men's toilets.

56 **INT./EXT. LIVIA'S CAR/ BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, CAR PARK -** 56
4.50PM - DAY 12

BECKY gets into LIVIA's car and passes her a latte.

LIVIA

Thanks.

Livia gets her phone out and opens her MAP APP.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

What's your address?

BECKY

What? It's okay, just drop me by
the museum where you picked me up,
I could do with the walk.

LIVIA

No, no, I'm going to the farm shop
in Montpelier. I've got friends
coming for dinner and I need some
of their beetroot hummus.

BECKY

Oh.

LIVIA

Go on. What's your address?

Becky keeps her poker face.

BECKY

I'm on... I'm on Brennan Street.

LIVIA

Oh perfect!

Becky smiles at Livia: perfect. As Livia types the address
into her phone, she looks over at Becky, an eyebrow raised.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

You really are picky.

Becky rolls her eyes.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

He's hot. And funny.

BECKY

Is he a good friend of yours?

LIVIA

Nah, I see him around. I like him.
You know he's in your field?

BECKY

No?

LIVIA

He's like a creative director and
curator or something, from New
York. He came to London to work for
the Tate then the Harbourside
Gallery here snapped him up.

Livia looks at her.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Don't tell me he's not *perfect* for
you.

Becky shakes her head.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Call him. There's playing hard to
get and then there's just being
annoying.

BECKY

Okay okay, I will.

Livia puts her phone down, the journey loaded, ready to go.
But she doesn't start her car. She smiles at Becky, enjoying
herself hugely.

LIVIA

Call him now. Arrange a date.

BECKY

I don't know...

LIVIA

Come on, we're not leaving till
you've called him.

Becky rolls her eyes, seeing Livia isn't about to back down.
She picks up her phone and scrolls through her contacts.

She reaches the two JOSHES in her contacts. Her finger hovers
between the two. Not knowing which is which.

She glances over at Livia and presses one of them. It goes
straight to voicemail. BEEP --

CHLOE'S VOICE (V.O.)

Hello, you've reached Chloe
Fairbourne.

(MORE)

BECKY
It's gone to voicemail, I'll call
back later.

Becky goes to hang up but Livia doesn't let her. Loving this.

LIVIA
(whispering)
Leave a message you idiot!

CHLOE'S VOICE (V.O)
Please leave me a message after the
beep. I'll get back to you as soon
as I can. Bye!!

There's a BEEP.

BECKY
I... hi. It's me... Call me back.

Real emotion catches in Becky's throat.

BECKY (CONT'D)
When you can.

Livia gives her a weird look, confused by Becky's intensity.
Becky pulls herself together.

BECKY (CONT'D)
See you soon.

LIVIA
(whispering)
Suggest a date!

BECKY
Erm. What about dinner some time
next week? I can do Tuesday or
Wednesday. Okay, speak soon.

She hangs up. Livia laughs.

LIVIA
Oh my GOD, you really need
coaching, don't you?

Becky smiles. Livia starts the car.

57 INT./EXT. LIVIA'S CAR/ BRENNAN STREET - 5.30PM - DAY 12 57

Livia drives down a street. Becky points at a cute FRUIT &
VEG SHOP.

BECKY
Drop me at the shop just here. I
need to pick some veg up.

(MORE)

Livia slows the car and stops it in front of the shop.

LIVIA
Do you want me to wait?

BECKY
No it's fine, I'm just there.

LIVIA
Which one is it?

Livia peers out. Becky improvises.

BECKY
Um, it's that one.

She points at a lovely colourful house.

LIVIA
Oh it's adorable.

As Becky does her coat up, Livia's phone RINGS. Becky glances over. Caller: ELLIOT.

FLASH TO:

[IMAGINATION] The image (005) of CHLOE AND ELLIOT in their garden. The image comes alive and they look at each other, in love.

FLASH TO:

Livia picks up the phone.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
El.

Livia listens to Elliot speaking. Becky can't hear.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Seven thirty, yeah. We'll eat
around eight. Richard and Anish, I
think he's bringing that girlfriend
of his, you know the one we met...

Livia listens, then laughs.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
I know, I know.

Becky's brain whirs. She picks up her bag, and roots around in it quietly. It's full of stuff: hand cream, ibuprofen, make up, sewing kit. She retrieves her HOUSE KEYS and DROPS them under her seat.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm just with a friend. I'll
see you later.
(MORE)

(MORE)

LIVIA (CONT'D)
(she listens)
Great. Bye.

Livia hangs up.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Livia kisses Becky on the cheek.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Hope you had a good time. Isn't
that masseuse amazing?

BECKY
Incredible.

LIVIA
I told you so. See you soon, yeah?
Let me know how it goes with Josh.

Becky gets out of the car and waves bye to Livia, then heads towards the FRUIT OF VEG SHOP, lingering out of sight until Livia has gone.

58 INT./EXT. BECKY'S CAR/BRISTOL STREET - HARBOURSIDE - 6.10PM 8-DAY 12

BECKY walks down a street towards the harbour, processing everything. She arrives at her parked car. She CHECKS her watch. 6.10pm. She pulls out her phone, and calls Livia. It RINGS. RINGS. RINGS. No answer. She calls again.

Becky sits in her car by the harbourside. She checks her phone. Nothing. Then it RINGS. Caller: LIVIA. Becky picks up.

LIVIA (ON PHONE)
Hey, sorry I missed all your calls,
is everything okay?

BECKY
Oh god, I'm so sorry to bother you.

LIVIA (V.O.)
What's wrong?

59 EXT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - 7.35PM - NIGHT 12

59

Becky stands outside Livia's. Livia opens the door.

LIVIA
You poor thing, what a nightmare.

BECKY
It's fine, really. I'm so sorry to
disturb you.

(MORE)

LIVIA
Don't be silly.

BECKY
Do you mind if I use the loo? I'm
dying.

LIVIA
Oh, of course.

She gestures for Becky to come in.

60 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, TOILET - 7.36PM - NIGHT 12

60

Becky washes her hands. She listens to the sound of GUESTS in other room. Another flicker of dislike comes over her face.

61 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - 7.40PM - NIGHT 12

61

Becky comes out of the toilet. Livia comes through from the Kitchen/Diner. She hands BECKY'S KEYS to her.

LIVIA
Here. So we don't forget.

BECKY
Thank you so much.

LIVIA
Do you want to stay for dinner?

BECKY
(polite)
Oh, I don't know. I really don't want to get in the way.

LIVIA
Oh come on. Wine? And let me get you an extra plate...

Livia turns and heads into the kitchen/diner.

62 INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/DINER - 7.41PM - NIGHT 12

62

Becky follows Livia into the Kitchen/Diner. Four GUESTS and Livia's husband PHIL sit around a large table. She recognises three of them from the funeral and the photos she's poured through online. Chloe's closest friends.

In the middle of the table: Chloe's husband, ELLIOT. The group turn to acknowledge Becky.

LIVIA
Everyone, this is Sasha.

(MORE)

BECKY

Hi everybody, I'm so sorry to
intrude on your dinner.

LIVIA

Stop it. We hate apologies. You
know Phil. This is Nish.

ANISH gives her a friendly grin.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

And...

Livia looks over at a young WOMAN in her early 20s,
attractive, in trendy clothes, sitting next to Anish.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

...I'm so sorry, I've forgotten
your name.

ANISH

Tara.

TARA

Tara. Hi!

TARA gives Becky a little wave.

LIVIA

Tara. And this is Elliot...

Becky makes eye contact with Elliot. It lingers for a moment.
There's an intensity. A moment of attraction between them. He
averts his gaze.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

And Richard.

Becky focuses in on RICHARD. He has a drunk smirk on his face
and he nurses a large glass of wine. He gives her a brief,
curious look, and frowns. Becky's heart rate rises. Then he
pours himself more wine.

Livia passes Becky a plate and cutlery. Elliot moves across
to make space for her.

Becky sits between Elliot and Anish. Anish passes her a dish
of delicious-looking healthy-but-fancy food.

ANISH

Help yourself Sasha.

BECKY

Hope it's okay that I've crashed
your party...

Livia hears her from across the table, and calls to her.

(MORE)

LIVIA
Stop it, you're being boring.

Becky goes red, feeling stupid. She gets herself together, faking nonchalance. She notices Elliot's WEDDING RING.

Elliot smiles at Becky, rolling his eyes slightly.

ELLIOT
I suppose you know what Livia's like...

BECKY
I'm getting a sense.

Becky smiles at him. He smiles too, charming but distant. Anish, his arm around Tara, chats to Becky, friendly.

ANISH
So how do you know Liv?

BECKY
We're yoga friends. Rapidly become real life friends.

ANISH
(gently teasing)
I thought yoga friends were a step above real life friends.

BECKY
Oh yeah, definitely. Once you've done the downward dog with someone, there's no going back.

Elliot chuckles. Becky feels this like a stamp of approval.

ANISH
And what do you do? Sorry, that's such a boring question.

BECKY
Oh no, it's fine. I'm figuring it out at the moment... I just got back from Japan, I was working in Marketing for a contemporary art gallery there.

TARA
Wow.

ANISH
You didn't even have a boring answer!

Becky smiles. From the other side of the room, Becky can hear Richard laughing loudly, entertaining Phil and Livia.

BECKY
What about you?

ANISH
We started a social enterprise
banking app. Me and El.

Elliot nods.

ANISH (CONT'D)
I was working in financial services
for this big, depressing company
and getting disillusioned with the
fact that they were all, like,
totally inefficient dinosaurs.

ELLIOT
That also happened to be making the
world a worse place.

ANISH
Yeah. El was working as a tech
lawyer.

ELLIOT
Nish had a brilliant idea and was
mad enough to team up with me.

ANISH
It did seem mad when Elliot said:
"let's leave London and our
guaranteed salaries behind". I'd
have never done it without him.

ELLIOT
Sometimes you need someone else to
see your own brilliance.

Anish smiles, there's a brotherly connection between them.
Tara listens, in awe.

TARA
So inspiring.

BECKY
(to Tara)
And what do you do?

TARA
I'm not sure yet.

Anish puts his arm around her encouragingly.

ANISH
Tara's very multi-talented.

(MORE)

TARA

I'm interested in documentary. But
I might also become a songwriter.

BECKY

Oh. Great. What kind of music?

TARA

Mainly stuff about heartbreak.

Anish smiles at her, then looks at Becky.

ANISH

Elliot's also interested in
Politics.

Becky turns to Elliot, who looks unhappy that the conversation has returned to him.

TARA

Oh really? Me too.

ANISH

He's a local councillor.

TARA

Oh wow! Yeah, I'm not.

BECKY

Do you ever think about standing?

ELLIOT

Oh, uh...

Elliot looks a little uncomfortable with the question.

ANISH

What is it?

Livia interjects from across the table, sensing drama.

LIVIA

What are you lot talking about?

ELLIOT

Nothing, nothing.

LIVIA

What?

ELLIOT

Okay. It's just... it has to stay
between us, yeah?

Everyone nods. Tara does a sign of the cross. Elliot gives in, a little unsure. He takes a breath.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I actually need some advice. Graham Brannigan...

ANISH
(to Tara, whispered)
Our MP.

TARA
(defensive)
I know.

ELLIOT
Well apparently some... unsavoury information has come to light. They're desperately trying to bury it... If it breaks, he's finished.

LIVIA
(exhilarated)
And?

ELLIOT
Rich, your dad doesn't want to stand again. He's asked me if I'd consider it. Apparently there's a lot of support.

Becky notices Richard shaking his head in the corner.

LIVIA
Shit the bed. Are you serious? This is huge.

ELLIOT
It's too soon.

Becky listens, enraptured.

PHIL
Of course, mate.

LIVIA
It's soon, of course.

ANISH
Of course. But...

TARA
Too soon for what?

There's an awkward silence. Richard breaks it.

RICHARD
His wife died.

Another awkward silence.

TARA

Oh wow. That must have been hard.

Livia stares at Tara in disbelief.

ANISH

El... This might actually be what you need.

Elliot looks conflicted. A silence.

TARA

My mum always says that the night is darkest before the dawn.

Livia looks like she could kill her. Anish takes her hand, protective, a little embarrassed.

LIVIA

The timing's not easy. For sure...
But it'll take a while to play out.
And look... If it doesn't feel right, it doesn't feel right.

PHIL

Ah mate, she would have been so proud of you.

ANISH

This is what she would have wanted.

A mumble comes from Richard. Becky looks at him. His manic fun energy has tipped over and now he's really wasted.

LIVIA

Are you okay there?

RICHARD

No. No, not really.

LIVIA

What's the matter?

Richard looks around at them all with contempt.

RICHARD

I mean, look. Can you imagine, when we were younger, this happening?

ANISH

What the fuck are you even--

RICHARD

One of us just died. And we're here eating food and talking about work, as if nothing's changed... It's a fucking joke.

LIVIA

Excuse me?

Livia STARES at Richard, livid. Richard sees Becky and Tara.

RICHARD

And why are they here? Why are we having dinner with two strangers?

ANISH

Shut the fuck up, Rich.

Becky catches Richard's eye. He stares at her. Becky freezes.

RICHARD

Who are you? I *know your face.*

The aggressive energy is overwhelming. Becky's heart pounds.

FLASH TO:

[IMAGINATION] BUZZZZ!! A finger rings a door buzzer loudly and insistently.

FLASH TO:

Livia stares at Richard. Her voice is calm but terrifying.

LIVIA

Rich. Do you think this behaviour is appropriate?

Richard ignores her and turns back to his friends.

RICHARD

Where were we? Why didn't we stop her?

This lands like a bomb. Becky glances at Elliot. His eyes dance with pain that merges into anger. She feels for him.

ELLIOT

(softly)

Fuck you.

Livia stands up, determined to manage the situation. She heads towards Richard, a smile on her face hiding icy fury. She approaches Richard and locks eyes with him.

LIVIA

Richard, that's enough. Your friend has lost his wife. We've all lost her. That is *enough.*

Richard relents. Looking at Livia, saddened.

(MORE)

LIVIA (CONT'D)
You've had too much to drink, and
it's not okay. Can you pull
yourself together?

She gives him a death stare. Livia looks up.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. Sasha. Tara.

BECKY
It's fine, it's fine.

TARA
I think I might go.

LIVIA
No, stay.

This is almost a threat. Livia turns to everyone. The show
must go on. The act must be kept up. She smiles.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Let me clear the plates. I made
pavlova.

The atmosphere shifts, everyone wanting to move on. Becky
looks at Elliot. They share a moment, torment in his eyes.

BECKY
I'm so sorry. About your wife.

ELLIOT
Thank you. Thank you.

Something intense in the moment.

63

INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - 9.30PM - NIGHT 12

63

Livia puts the plates down on the kitchen island and cleans
up. She points Becky towards the dishwasher.

LIVIA
Dishes go in there. Thanks so much.

Becky loads the dishwasher, on edge. Livia tidies up.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry you had to see that.

BECKY
Honestly, it's fine...

LIVIA
You never know which Rich you're
going to get... The fun party
animal or the shit-stirring wanker.

(MORE)

BECKY
It's hard...

LIVIA
Yeah. For all of us. She was a core part of our group.

BECKY
Are you okay?

Livia looks away, thinks.

LIVIA
You know, on the night she died, she posted this quote on her page. It sent chills down my spine reading it and realising...

BECKY
What was the quote?

LIVIA
"To die by your side..."

Livia trails off.

BECKY
"To die by your side...". Is that... ?

LIVIA
The Smiths.

Livia shakes her head, mystified.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
So weird... I mean, I don't think she even listened to them...

Becky takes this in.

BECKY
Who was the "you", do you think?

LIVIA
I have no idea.

BECKY
You think you know someone...

Livia nods, this is what she's feeling.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I was completely blindsided, by my friend.

LIVIA
What was her name?

(MORE)

BECKY

Alex. I lived with her and my other friend Natalia when I was in Tokyo. I thought I knew... who she was, what her life was, and it seems like I was totally wrong.

LIVIA

Yeah...

The emotion is a bit too much for Livia and she shakes her head, snapping out of it. She puts her last plates away. Becky helps her. A beat of comfortable silence as they listen to the sound of the others getting ready to leave.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Alright.

Time to go. Livia pauses for a moment.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Look, if this whole thing blows up and Elliot gets selected... I think I'll be doing his PR and Events.

BECKY

Wow!

LIVIA

There might be some opportunities. If you want to get a sense of what Events is like, you know?

Becky hesitates. Overwhelmed with the ease of the offer.

BECKY

Yeah. That would be amazing.

Livia smiles. From the corridor, the sound of the group.

LIVIA

Come on.

Livia heads out. Becky processes everything, then follows.

BECKY joins the others in Livia's entrance. RICHARD is already out of the door. ANISH and TARA are putting on their coats. Anish is doing up Tara's buttons and making her laugh. PHIL and LIVIA are on the threshold, ready to say goodbye.

Becky hugs Phil then Livia.

LIVIA

See you soon, honey.

ELLIOT joins from the living room. He's behind her, close. He approaches Phil and Livia.

ELLIOT

(to Phil)

Good to see you. Remember what I said about an exhibition?

PHIL

Thank you. Let's talk about it.

Becky heads out of the door. Behind her, Elliot kisses Livia on the cheek.

65 **EXT./INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE/BECKY'S CAR - 9.36PM - NIGHT 12** 65

BECKY heads towards her car. ELLIOT follows behind her. A TAXI waits on the street. Becky slows as she reaches her car. They share a look.

BECKY

It was nice to meet you.

Elliot smiles at her, his expression mysterious.

ELLIOT

It was. Thank you. Good night.

A loaded intimate feeling in the air. Elliot heads towards the taxi. Becky lingers, listening in as Elliot talks to the taxi driver.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Elliot? Going to Lanefield House,
Long Ashton? Great.

Elliot gets into the cab and Becky gets in to her car.

65A **EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - 10.15PM - NIGHT 12** 65A

BECKY drives down a country road.

66 **EXT. ROAD NEAR ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 10.20PM - NIGHT 12** 66

Becky slows then stops on the side of the road by a turning, and turns off her lights. She waits. A TAXI drives out from the turning and past her.

Becky gets out of her car and heads into the turning.

66A **EXT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 10.22PM - NIGHT 12** 66A

BECKY approaches a gate onto a driveway. She stops and looks out at: CHLOE'S HOUSE, large and beautifully designed.

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

She watches at a distance as the lights turn on inside. Large windows across the front of the house, the curtains are open. She watches ELLIOT move around the house, which looms over Becky with an enticing yet mysterious presence.

Becky looks over at the veranda. *[FANTASY] It's suddenly full of the group of friends Becky just met: ANISH, RICHARD, LIVIA and PHIL. CHLOE walks out carrying a dish. It's the image (006) from Chloe's profile, living and breathing.*

CHLOE stops and stands still. As the others chat, Chloe turns to Becky. She gives her a gentle wave and a smile. Inviting.

And suddenly, they are all gone. Becky looks on at the house.

The sound of WAVES CRASHING gets louder until we CUT TO:

67

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - 11.35PM - NIGHT 12

67

Becky closes the door softly behind her. The moon shines onto the table, where a CARDBOARD BOX has been placed. Becky approaches the box. It's full of photo albums, birthday cards, memorabilia. A POST-IT reads: "Found the albums, Mum"

Becky notices PAM on the sofa, staring vacantly ahead of her.

BECKY

Mum?

Pam looks up and sees Becky, a look of confusion on her face.

BECKY (CONT'D)

It's me, mum. Thanks for these.

Becky kisses Pam on the head, holds her. Becky's heart hurts.

68

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 11.55PM - NIGHT 12

68

Becky sits on her bed, with the box next to her. She scrolls through on her PHONE. On Livia's profile: a new post (028). A PAVLOVA. The hint of champagne glasses and people surrounding it. The caption: "Friends" followed by a heart.

Becky puts her phone away and picks out a photo album from the box. She reads the spine: it has "2003" written on it. She opens it up and flicks through the pages quickly, looking at old photos of PAM in her 40s and TEENAGE BECKY, 16.

Finally, Becky stops and pours over the pages more slowly. Photos of TEENAGE BECKY with TEENAGE CHLOE, 16. She looks at a SCHOOL PHOTO of a small secondary school. TEENAGE BECKY, 16, on one row. On another: TEENAGE CHLOE, 16.

(MORE)

68 CONTINUED:

Becky picks up another album and sees something at the bottom of the box: BECKY'S SHOE BOX (a shoebox with "Becky" written on it). She opens it. On top of gig tickets, bracelets, nail polish, is an ALBUM COVER: "The Queen is Dead" by The Smiths.

On the front, a handwritten teenage scrawl: "New school sucks, no one gets me, but who cares, I got you. Chloe xxx"

Becky opens the album cover. Inside, a DISPOSABLE CAMERA PHOTO (067). Teenage Becky and Teenage Chloe in Becky's bedroom, twenty years earlier. They dance by a CD PLAYER.

69 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM, EARLY 2000S - NIGHT [MEMORY] 69

"THERE IS A LIGHT THAT NEVER GOES OUT" plays.

Teenage Becky and Teenage Chloe dance and sing, completely engrossed in the music. They know the lyrics perfectly.

TEENAGE BECKY & CHLOE (SINGING)

Take me out tonight. Oh, take me
anywhere, I don't care I don't
care, I don't care
Driving in your car, I never never
want to go home Because I haven't
got one... Oh, I haven't got one"

The two teenage girls, best of friends, dance together.

TEENAGE BECKY & CHLOE (SINGING) (CONT'D)

And if a double-decker bus
Crashes into us
To die by your side
Is such a heavenly way to die
And if a ten-ton truck
Kills the both of us
To die by your side
Well, the pleasure, the privilege
is mine...
There is a light and it never goes
out...

TEENAGE CHLOE comes close to the camera and makes a face. It FREEZES into an image.

FLASH TO:

70 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 11.56PM - NIGHT 12

70

Becky looks at the photo. Her eyes fill with tears.

CUT TO BLACK.