

**CHLOE**

EPISODE TWO:  
"Out of Reach"

by

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Shooting Script  
6th April 2021

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

0

*BLACK. A LOW THRUM.**Images from Chloe's profile appear, one after the other.**We land on the photo (002) of CHLOE at the CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL, wearing a dress and her BLUE COAT. Posted on the night she died. Chloe smiles at the camera. Happy.**We come in on the image, slowly, as a HIGH, STRING-LIKE SOUND starts out LOW as we MATCH CUT TO:*

0A

EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT 2 [IMAGINATION]

0A

*CHLOE, in her BLUE COAT and holding the ORANGE CHOCOLATE BOX, stands on the edge of a CLIFF. She smiles into the camera.**The image (002) comes to life then suddenly Chloe is CRYING, tears streaming down her face. Suddenly she is smiling again.**CHLOE picks up HER PHONE. A dial tone RINGS.*

BECKY (V.O.)

(distant)

Hello, Chloe?

CHLOE

Hey Becky.

BECKY

Hey... Why are you calling?

*Chloe stays silent.*

BECKY (V.O.)

Please Chlo.

*Chloe stares straight at us, still silent.*

BECKY (V.O.)

(distant)

*Why did you call? What were you going to say?? Chloe! Chloe!**The HIGH, STRING-LIKE SOUND gets louder until the low THRUM morphs into the sound of a CAR ENGINE as we CUT TO:*

1

INT. TAXI - 5.45PM - DAY 13

1

*The LIGHT of a phone glares onto Becky's face. She's wearing make-up and her hair is styled.**She sits in the back of a taxi with dark tinted windows, wearing a beautiful dress. She listens to a PODCAST: ABROAD IN JAPAN, and flicks through Livia's feed.*

(MORE)

She lands on the photo (027) of CHLOE and LIVIA, with the heartbroken emoji underneath. They look happy, close.

Becky puts her phone away and looks out of the taxi window.

2

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, BAR - 6.05PM - DAY 13

2

Becky enters the member's club bar. She looks around searching for someone. She notices a woman laughing and chatting by the bar. She holds her breath: it's CHLOE.

Becky is rooted to the spot. Chloe turns towards Becky and suddenly she is someone else. Similar hairstyle, perhaps.

Becky walks through the bar and sees LIVIA at a table. Becky puts on a performance, a grin springing onto her face. They embrace. Livia gestures to a COCKTAIL on the table.

LIVIA

Hey! You like rum, don't you?

BECKY

I love it.

LIVIA

I need a few hours with you or I'll murder my children this weekend.

Becky laughs and sits down.

3

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, BAR - 8.45PM - NIGHT 13

3

Becky and Livia sit opposite each other chatting. Becky shows her photos (068) on a NEW PHONE: her SASHA MYLES PHONE.

BECKY

He had this really nice flat in Daikanyama, such a nice area. I probably got more attached to his balcony than to him.

LIVIA

It's so hard to break up with a good balcony...

Becky laughs.

BECKY

Oh, this was our place with Natalia and Alex. There was this incredible spot around the corner that did the most amazing Unagi. I still think about it twice a day.

(MORE)

LIVIA

Okay now I'm salivating. Shall we  
order some food?

She gestures to a waiter. Becky looks at Livia, hesitant.

BECKY

By the way, I've been feeling bad  
about that dinner at yours.

LIVIA

You should not feel bad. You didn't  
do anything.

BECKY

I'm sure me being there made it  
worse. Is your friend okay?

LIVIA

Yeah he's fine.

Livia has no desire to bring the mood down. She reaches for  
the menu excitedly.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

What shall we order? Have you had  
the calamari? They're incredible.

Becky is frustrated. Livia's phone BUZZES. Livia looks down.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Speak of the devil...

She picks up.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

El! How you doing?  
(she listens)  
The news? No...

Becky's pulse quickens, she holds her breath. Livia gets up.  
Becky watches her head out of the noisy bar.

Becky opens a News app on her phone and plays a video (064).

NEWS PRESENTER (V.O.)

Bristol North MP Graham Brannigan  
has resigned after a series of  
allegations that he sent sexually  
explicit messages to a female  
colleague. The messages were said  
to include images of bestiality,  
which the married father of two  
reportedly sent in order to brag  
about "the size of his private  
parts". The recipient said that the  
messages were "unwanted and almost  
certainly inaccurate"...

(MORE)

Becky chuckles to herself, absent-mindedly sipping on her rum cocktail. She makes a face - she doesn't like it.

Livia returns, a GRIN on her face. Becky closes the video.

BECKY

I just saw.

LIVIA

God, this is excellent. Can we please call it "Horse-gate"?

Becky laughs.

BECKY

Is Elliot going for it?

LIVIA

Yeah, I mean, obviously it's not totally a done deal, but Rich's dad has pretty much been grooming him for years. He already met all the Westminster Guys at conference and they're behind him. It's exactly what he needs right now.

BECKY

Well that's great.

LIVIA

I'm going to organise a little evening. Make sure he gets the support. Ah! I should...

Livia starts typing on her phone.

BECKY

Can I help at all?

LIVIA

Oh you're sweet.

BECKY

No, really, it would be great to get a feel for the job.

LIVIA

Oh! Yes, of course. I'm fine on El's stuff, but there's actually a photoshoot for another client coming up which I might need help with... Should be fun.

BECKY

Oh great.

Livia starts typing again. Becky hides her disappointment. Livia stops and looks at Becky with extreme seriousness.

LIVIA

This is my time. I'm done  
apologising for being ambitious.

Becky laughs with surprise. Enjoying this side of Livia.

BECKY

Yes! You deserve this!

LIVIA

I do! No one's going to give me  
what I want. I have to take it.

This resonates with Becky. Livia starts typing again.

BECKY

Let's celebrate.

(re. cocktails)

Do you want another one?

Livia sends off an email then looks up.

LIVIA

Where the hell is that waiter?

She gestures to the waiter again then opens her phone camera.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Okay. Smile...

She takes a photo of Becky, looks at it, deletes it, then takes another one. Becky is thrown.

BECKY

Would you mind not...?

LIVIA

Oh. I... is there a problem?

BECKY

No, sorry to be weird. It's just...  
Well, it's a bit of a crazy story  
actually... I have a stalker.

LIVIA

Oh my god, how exciting. Who?!

BECKY

Just a guy I went on a couple of  
dates with. When I had a profile,  
he'd show up at stuff I was at,  
pretending it was a coincidence.

LIVIA

God, that sounds really scary. What  
is wrong with people?

The waiter approaches and Becky turns to him to order.

4

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - 12.30AM - NIGHT 13

4

Becky lies on the sofa, wearing a comfy hoodie over her dress. She covers McCain-style home chips with oodles of SRIRACHA MAYO and eats them, while typing on a LAPTOP. It has a sticker on it that reads: LANGROVE & CO.

On the left hand of her screen, she works on PHOTOSHOP (065) {Fictional Alternative - Pic-Edit}. On the right hand side, a YOUTUBE TUTORIAL (065) on GRAPHIC DESIGN.

Becky puts the laptop aside closes it, PEELING off the LANGROVE & CO label. Then she picks up her old, smashed BECKY GREEN PHONE with the yellow case.

She checks her online BANK ACCOUNT which is dangerously LOW, so checks her EBAY {Fictional alternative - Appsente/Fafi} page (083) again. Three hours left on a bid for a jacket she's selling.

Becky opens social media and clicks onto Chloe's profile. She scrolls until she lands on: the PHOTO OF ELLIOT AND CHLOE, (084) sitting in their garden. Tagged @elliottfairbourne.

Becky clicks through. The profile is private. Becky inhales with frustration. She googles {Fictional alternative - Netrawl/Search} Elliot (049) and looks through images of him.

A SOUND distracts Becky. She turns to see Pam looking at her with disdain. Becky puts her phone away, embarrassed.

PAM

Can't sleep?

BECKY

Nah.

Pam goes to pour herself a glass of water. A moment of silent comfort between them. Suddenly, the scream of a CHILD comes through the walls from the neighbouring flat. Becky closes her eyes - she knows what this means.

PAM

Sasha?

Becky waits, hoping it will end.

PAM (CONT'D)

Becky, go get your sister.

BECKY

That's the neighbour's baby.

PAM

Go check on Sasha!

Pam starts to panic. She runs through into the bathroom, goes silent. Becky gives in and follows her through into --

5      INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - 12.31PM - NIGHT 5  
13

-- the bathroom. Pam sits on the floor, looking totally disorientated. She touches the side of the bath. Becky kneels in front of her and strokes her tenderly.

BECKY

You're all right, mum.

Pam breathes, coming back to herself. Then she turns to Becky and a harshness comes over her.

PAM

Please don't touch me.

Becky lets go of her, hurt. They sit next to each other on the bathroom floor. Becky looks lost.

6      INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, YOGA STUDIO - 4.15PM - DAY 14 6

In the Yoga studio, rows of beautiful, yoga-bodied women lie in a spinal twist. Becky closes her eyes, breathing slowly.

YOGA TEACHER

Breathe in. Breathe out.

7      INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, YOGA STUDIO - 4.55PM - DAY 14 7

LIVIA and BECKY pack up. A blonde, skinny woman waves to Livia. They exchange fake smiles. Becky clocks this. Once the woman is out of sight, Becky rolls her eyes. Livia laughs.

LIVIA

She's a two-faced bitch...

Becky laughs. Livia glances over at Becky.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

You look great by the way.

BECKY

I feel better. Less... groggy.

LIVIA

What did I say? Have you got your membership yet?

BECKY

No, not yet, but --

LIVIA

Get it! Come on!

They walk through --

8

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, RECEPTION - 4.56PM - DAY 14

8

-- towards RECEPTION.

LIVIA

Oh good it's Daph on reception today, you can't trust that other one as far as you can throw her...

Livia approaches the receptionist, DAPHNE.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Hey Daph. Can I recommend this amazing lady for the membership?

BECKY

Liv, I haven't got my ID...

LIVIA

Don't worry, just get your name down and secure the spot.

(to Daphne)

I'll vouch for her.

DAPHNE

I'd recommend that, we get a flurry of applications around this time.

BECKY

Okay, sure. Sasha Myles.

Daphne smiles at her and types into the computer.

DAPHNE

I'll need to take a deposit. The annual membership is nine hundred and fifty pounds, so that will be two hundred and fifty deposit.

Daphne smiles at her, like this is great news.

BECKY

Great.

She gets out her DEBIT CARD, hiding the name BECKY GREEN as she hands it over, her anxiety rising.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Oh Liv, would you mind filling up my water bottle while I do this?

LIVIA

Sure.

Livia sees the TAG on Becky's top and pulls it off.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Sasha!

(MORE)

Becky feels shame, but Livia smiles warmly and tucks her top in neatly. Almost motherly.

Livia heads back into the studio. Becky types her Pin into the machine.

BECKY

I've been having issues with my bank at the moment so if it doesn't go through, we can do this later...

A moment, and the receipt prints. Becky can't believe it.

DAPHNE

(smiling)

All good.

BECKY

(devastated)

Oh. Great.

Daphne types on her computer. Becky glances back and sees Livia walking out of the studio.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Thanks. Could I get my card back?  
We're in a bit of a hurry.

DAPHNE

Of course, no problem.

Daphne finishes and hands Becky back her debit card, who hides it with her hand as Livia returns.

9

**EXT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, TERRACE - 5.05PM - DAY 14**

9

Becky and Livia sit on the terrace, drinking coffee. Livia types on her phone. She frowns, reading an email.

LIVIA

Fuck...

BECKY

What?

LIVIA

You know that amazing graphic designer I was really excited about? Who was going to do the invites for Elliot's thing, then redo my website...?

BECKY

Yeah?

(MORE)

LIVIA  
She's just pulled out, the little  
ringworm.

BECKY  
(innocent)  
Oh no! Why?

*FLASH TO:*

10 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 12.25AM - NIGHT 13 [MEMORY SC. 2/4]** 10

*Becky in her hoodie and the dress from her night with Livia, composes an email on her Becky Green Phone.*

*FLASHES OF THE MESSAGE: "I hope you don't mind me contacting you", "I did a lot of work for her last year and was never paid", "Freelancers should look out for each other!"*

*Becky presses SEND and smiles, pleased with herself.*

*FLASH TO:*

11 **EXT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, TERRACE - 5.06PM - DAY 14** 11

LIVIA  
I don't know. Workload, time  
management, all the words you use  
to not just say "I don't want to  
work with you". God, I hate this  
shit...

*Becky's performance of sympathy is pitch perfect. Livia seems genuinely quite upset.*

BECKY  
I'm so sorry.

LIVIA  
What am I meant to do? She was  
going to send me the design today.

BECKY  
Don't panic. What is it you need  
done right now? The invite design?

LIVIA  
Yeah.

BECKY  
I can do it. I did all the graphic  
design for the gallery in Tokyo.

LIVIA  
Really?

(MORE)

BECKY

Yeah, of course.

LIVIA

We could try...

Livia checks the time.

BECKY

I can come to yours if you like?

Becky smiles, happy to help.

12

INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, BREAKOUT ROOM - 6.01PM - DAY 14

12

LIVIA and BECKY sit in the family breakout room. The STICKER now missing on Becky's laptop. Livia shows her images (069).

LIVIA

Something like this, simple and classy.

BECKY

Yeah, okay...

LIVIA

Let me send over the info that needs to be on the design.

Livia types. The doorbell RINGS.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Oh shit! El's here already.

Becky tenses. Livia heads towards the front door. Becky listens intensely.

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

No, you have to give a speech.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

I won't, sorry.

Livia and Elliot arrive from the entrance. Livia puts her PHONE down on the coffee table.

LIVIA

You remember Sasha.

Elliot nods. They share a look. Again, he seems hard to read.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

She's helping out with the invites.

(MORE)

ELLIOT

Oh. Thanks.

(to Livia)

Shall we talk in the other room?

Becky suddenly feels embarrassed to be there.

BECKY

No, I'll -- I'll leave you to it.

Becky is about to get up, but Livia grabs her stuff -- laptop, pen and notebook -- and they head out.

LIVIA

Let's go to the study...

Suddenly, Becky realises Livia has left HER PHONE. It's still lit up, unlocked.

Becky stares at it, waiting for Livia and Elliot to be gone.

Then Becky reaches out and presses the HOME SCREEN, just in time. She's in.

She picks up the phone with trepidation. Full of anticipation, she opens up: LIVIA'S THREAD WITH CHLOE.

She reads the last text from Chloe: "Sorry, can't make yoga this morning. Bad night's sleep :("

Becky flicks through, reading. FLASHES OF MESSAGES:

From Chloe: "Lovely to see you last night, love to Phil"

From Livia: "Happy birthday! Xxx"

From Livia: "Sorry to miss you the other night xxx"

Often NO REPLY from Chloe.

Becky keeps flicking and reading. She thinks.

Suddenly, Becky hears the sound of STEPS from the other room. She puts the phone away in a rush. Livia exits.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Sorry, forgot this!

Livia grabs her phone and heads back in. Becky thinks.

BECKY sits, working on her laptop. Suddenly, she hears the sound of Elliot and Livia coming down the stairs. Becky listens but can't hear what they're saying. She heads to the threshold to the entrance and stands still, eavesdropping.

ELLIOT (O.S.)

The house... She's everywhere. You  
know, her things...

LIVIA (O.S.)

Oh El...

ELLIOT (O.S.)

It's comforting but also... Oh I  
don't know. I need to sort through  
it all, I just can't face it...

Becky listens, on tenterhooks. They walk towards the door.

FLASH TO:

14 EXT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 10.22PM - NIGHT 12 [MEMORY] 14  
SC. 1/66A]

Becky watches as Elliot's silhouette moves around the house,  
which looms over Becky with a mysterious presence.

FLASH TO:

15 SCENE OMITTED (ACTION MOVED INTO 15A) 15

15A INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, BREAKOUT ROOM - 6.02PM - DAY 14 15A

The front door SLAMS, pulling BECKY out of it. She rushes  
back to the sofa and picks up her laptop. LIVIA exits.

LIVIA

Heya. How are you getting on?

BECKY

Wanna see?

Livia sits next to Becky and she shows her the design. It's  
really good - simple and classy.

LIVIA

This is great. You're a lifesaver.

BECKY

Oh good.

LIVIA

Plus you just saved me two grand!

Phil enters with EDIE and NOAH.

PHIL

Sorry to interrupt the conference.

(MORE)

LIVIA

Oh hey guys.

BECKY

Hey.

Edie and Noah run outside into the garden, towards a SANDPIT. Noah makes a sound and starts turning round and round in circles. His behaviour is atypical, possibly autistic.

LIVIA

Hello, loves.

Noah calls to her from outside.

NOAH

Mummy, can we make a sandcastle?

LIVIA

Mummy's just working, okay?

NOAH

Daddy, come and make a sandcastle!

Livia and Phil share a look.

LIVIA

We might need some...  
(like a dirty word)  
space.

PHIL

Er, I don't think so mate... Let's go play upstairs.

Phil looks a bit overwhelmed.

LIVIA

I just need twenty minutes, okay?  
I've got to get these invites out.  
I'll do bath time.

PHIL

Sounds good.  
(turning to the kids)  
Come on guys! No rest for the wicked, eh?

Noah stands at the outside threshold, looking at Becky.

NOAH

Lady. Do you want to make a sandcastle?

LIVIA

Oh god, here we go...

Becky looks a bit taken aback. She sees an opportunity, turns to Livia. Smiles, full of positivity.

BECKY

Well, I could hang out with them a bit? Give you guys a breather?

Livia looks like Becky has just offered her a million pounds. Phil and Livia share another look.

LIVIA

Oh my god, that would be amazing, do you mind? Just twenty minutes...

BECKY

Of course. Noah, do you want to hang out?

Noah jumps up and down with excitement. Becky laughs. Livia watches him with fondness.

PHIL

Someone likes you...

LIVIA

Thank you so much... He doesn't take to everyone, you know.

Becky smiles and gets up.

BECKY

Great.

(to Noah)

Let's make a sandcastle!

Squeals of excitement. Becky gets up and heads out.

LIVIA

Oh! Shall I add you to the guest list? Could be fun?

Becky turns and looks at her.

BECKY

Oh! Yeah. Why not? Week on Friday?

Becky hides her satisfaction. She pulls out her SASHA MYLES PHONE and checks her diary. Which is empty, obviously.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Great.

Becky smiles at Livia. Livia heads in.

16

EXT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, TERRACE - 6.15PM - DAY 14

16

BECKY sits by the sandpit, watching the children throw sand around. They are covered in it. NOAH makes a circle in the sand over and over and over again. He looks up at Becky.

NOAH

Are you Mummy's best friend now?

BECKY

Did she say that?

NOAH

No. I just saw it.

BECKY

You're very clever. Don't listen to anyone who says you're not.

Becky smiles a satisfied smile.

17

INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - 6.30PM - DAY 14

17

Livia shows Becky out of her house.

LIVIA

Thanks for your help.

BECKY

It was a pleasure, honestly.

LIVIA

Listen, just one thing... Josh is on the guest list.

Livia looks awkward. Becky's heart sinks.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

He still hasn't replied?

BECKY

No and... I know you like him but he's really not for me.

LIVIA

Okay. It's just... he's got good connections and... he's fun to have at these sorts of things.

BECKY

Oh! Of course. Don't be silly. There's no bad blood or anything.

*FLASH TO:*

18

**INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, MEN'S TOILETS - 4.48PM -**  
**DAY 12 [MEMORY SC. 1/55]**

18

*BECKY pushes JOSH slowly against the wall.*

BECKY

You back off.

*FLASH TO:*

19

**EXT./INT. LIVIA'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - 6.31PM - DAY 14**

19

LIVIA

Oh good. I thought you'd be cool  
with it, but I wanted to check...

BECKY

Thanks for doing that. I'll see you  
Friday.

They hug and Becky heads towards her car. As she turns away  
from Livia, Becky's smile drops.

20

**INT. BECKY'S FLAT, KITCHEN - 5.30PM - DAY 15**

20

Becky opens a PACKAGE from the post and retrieves a DRESS.  
PAM sits on the sofa watching television. She giggles.

PAM

Come sit, nugget. You'll love this.

BECKY

In a minute.

Becky bins the package and goes through the rest of the post.  
She opens an envelope enthusiastically. Inside is an APPROVAL  
FOR A LOAN APPLICATION. £5,000 in Pam's name.

Becky looks relieved. She picks up the DRESS from the side  
and as she heads into her room, she PULLS THE TAG OFF.

21

**INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 6PM - EVENING - DAY 15**

21

Becky is wearing the dress. She looks at her face in the  
mirror as she puts on lipstick. Fear and anticipation.

*FLASH TO:*

21A

**INT. CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL - NIGHT 2**

21A

*[IMAGINATION] Chloe in her BLUE COAT (002). She looks  
straight at us. Her expression ambiguous.*

22

INT. BECKY'S FLAT - 6.10PM - EVENING - DAY 15

22

Becky enters, all dressed up. She sits on the sofa next to Pam, who drinks a cup of tea while looking through a BROCHURE. Next to her is Pam's handbag, Becky eyes it up.

PAM

Where are you going?

Pam takes in Becky's outfit judgmentally.

BECKY

To a party.

Pam looks away. Becky inches her hand towards Pam's bag. She manages to slowly and quietly retrieve Pam's WALLET, and from inside it, her DEBIT CARD. She pockets it.

Becky looks over at her mum, feeling guilty. She hugs her.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Are you going to be okay on your own, Mum?

Pam turns and looks at Becky, a smirk on her face.

PAM

Is it fancy dress this party or what?

Becky feels the sting. She gets up and leaves.

22A

EXT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB - 7.25PM - NIGHT 15

22A

BECKY'S CAR pulls up in front of the member's club. A VALET ATTENDANT opens the door for her. BECKY gets out, hands over her keys and the valet attendant gets in.

She heads towards the front entrance and enters.

23

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, MEMBER'S LOUNGE - 7.30PM - NIGHT 15

23

Becky enters the member's club lounge. WAITERS and CATERERS mill around GUESTS. Many of them snap pictures and type on their phone. Becky adjusts her dress anxiously.

LIVIA catches sight of Becky and makes her way towards her.

LIVIA

At last! There you are! Look at you...

Livia introduces her to a group that includes ELLIOT, surrounded by people. Elliot sees Becky and turns to her.

(MORE)

ELLIOT

Hi. Nice to see you.

He smiles at her gently. Becky is about to say something --

LIVIA

Sasha, this is Tiggy, Elliot's  
wonderful mother.Becky turns to greet TIGGY, mid 60s. Tiggy turns away from  
the POSH WOMAN she was talking to, and puts her hand out.

BECKY

Hi! So nice to meet you.

LIVIA

Tiggy, this is Sasha.

Livia is drawn into another conversation.

TIGGY

Hello, darling. What a strange  
dress. I rather like it.

BECKY

Oh. Thanks. I bought it on Ebay.

Tiggy chuckles gently, assuming a joke.

TIGGY

Well, very nice to meet you.

Tiggy continues her conversation with the POSH WOMAN.

TIGGY (CONT'D)

Listen, it was always a match made  
in hell...

POSH WOMAN

I suppose it was, yes.

Becky stands there, hoping to be included. Tiggy senses Becky  
hovering and turns back to her.

TIGGY

You don't want a drink, dear?

It's a subtle way to get rid of her. Becky turns away, her  
cheeks burning. Feeling incredibly stupid.

TIGGY (CONT'D)

I could do with a ciggie,  
actually...Becky watches Tiggy and the Posh Woman head out. Becky  
nervously tugs on her dress, a flicker of resentment  
appearing in her eyes.

24

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, MEMBER'S LOUNGE - 8PM -  
NIGHT 15

24

Becky sips on a flute of champagne. She looks around, feeling superfluous and unwanted. She watches Livia working the room.

She watches ELLIOT, surrounded by people hanging off his every word. Elliot looks over for a moment. They catch eyes then he looks away again.

Becky watches as: [FANTASY] *the entire CROWD OF GUESTS turns towards her and looks at her with disdain. In the distance, the faint sound of a DOOR BUZZER RINGING.*

Becky banishes the thought, and the crowd are back to ignoring her.

She looks over and notices a WAITRESS struggling to put EMPTY GLASSES onto her tray, balancing on a side table. Becky goes to help. She leans into her Somerset twang.

BECKY

Wait a minute... There you go.

The waitress smiles at her and takes the tray away.

JOSH

Becky Green...

Becky JUMPS and turns around. It's Josh. He grins at her. She's not happy to see him.

BECKY

Hi.

JOSH

We have so much fun, don't we?

Becky looks at him and realises she has to get him on side. She plays nice.

BECKY

Can you please not use that name?  
It's really important to me and I  
thought you didn't judge.

JOSH

So what's going on?

BECKY

I told you, I go by Sasha.

JOSH

I'm pretty sure I have you saved in  
my phone as Helena.

(MORE)

BECKY

Helena was a first draft. Sasha  
sounds better I think.

JOSH

A first draft of what?

BECKY

It's for work... You just get  
better opportunities if you're  
their kind of person.

Josh looks at her. Knowing there's more.

JOSH

You like the thrill of it though,  
right?

She looks at him, a smile forming in the corner of her mouth.

BECKY

Maybe you should try it.

Josh looks at her for a long beat.

LIVIA catches sight of them and waves, then approaches. She  
gives Josh a harsh look.

LIVIA

Hello Josh. Are you pestering her?

JOSH

I resent the accusation.

Josh smiles. Livia rolls her eyes. Turning to Becky, excited.

LIVIA

I forgot to say, Georgia's stopping  
by!

Becky is thrown. Josh picks up on it. Livia turns to Josh.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

You know Georgia Cowan, don't you?

JOSH

A little.

Josh eyes Becky up, enjoying himself.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Wait, so you know Georgia? You're  
so well connected...

LIVIA

Someone you worked with in Tokyo  
put you in touch, wasn't it?

BECKY  
(smiling, covering)  
Yeah, that's right.

JOSH  
(delighted)  
Tokyo? Where did you work in Tokyo?

BECKY  
A gallery.

They're interrupted by ANISH, TARA, PHIL, and RICHARD approaching. Becky turns to them, her nerves on edge. She attempts to style it out, hugging them warmly.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Hey guys.

PHIL ANISH  
Heya. Hey!

Becky glances at the door, looking around anxiously for GEORGIA COWAN.

JOSH  
Sasha. What was the gallery you worked at in Japan? I've travelled there a lot.

BECKY  
It's called Taka Mori.

JOSH  
(impressed)  
Oh. I've actually been there.

Becky notices Richard observing her closely again.

TARA  
I'd love to go to Japan. It sounds so... foreign.

ANISH  
(to Tara)  
Oh my god, I want to take you there at some point. The sushi is out of this world.

JOSH  
I'm sure you're an expert, Sasha.

Becky locks eyes with Josh. Warning not to mess with her. Then --

BECKY  
Josh was just telling me about college. Apparently he was in a musical in senior year!

(MORE)

ANISH  
Wow, what an image.

BECKY  
Which musical was it, Josh?

They share a look. For a beat, Becky doesn't know if he's going to play along. He lets show a hint of a smile.

JOSH  
Thanks for asking. It was... it was Cats. Actually.

The group find this hilarious.

BECKY  
Which part did you play?

JOSH  
Er... One of the cats.

His face is totally deadpan. Becky can't help but laugh.

RICHARD  
Josh. Let's do this.

Richard starts singing slowly, smiling playfully and clicking to the rhythm. He has a good voice, low and soulful.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat...

Josh shakes his head. Everyone in the group laughs.

JOSH  
No, I'm not... It's a no.

LIVIA  
Josh, you're such a weirdo. Come on, you need a drink. So do I.

Livia takes his arm playfully. He goes along with her. Livia glances back at Becky, with a smirk. Becky watches them go.

TARA (O.S.)  
Why was everyone making fun of Josh?

ANISH (O.S.)  
I, er... I don't know. Don't worry about it.

PHIL (O.S.)  
Palace versus Liverpool kicked off an hour ago.

Becky scans the room for GEORGIA COWAN, then turns back to the group, smiling to hide her anxiety.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
If I position myself this way,  
maybe we can watch it on my phone?

Phil opens his phone and finds the match. Anish watches with him, his arm around Tara's shoulders.

Becky scans the room again. She returns to the group to notice RICHARD looking at her. A flicker of dislike. She smiles, covering.

BECKY  
Hey Richard.

Phil and Anish make a NOISE as Crystal Palace score a goal.

RICHARD  
Hey.

She gets a bit closer and speaks softly in the loud room.

BECKY  
Look, I just wanted to say... I'm sorry about the other night. You're right, I shouldn't have been there.

RICHARD  
It's alright. Sorry I kicked off.

He nods at her. Then grabs another glass of wine.

BECKY  
It's fine. Honestly. How are you feeling?

RICHARD  
Eh. You know...

Richard drinks from his glass. Smiling, but his humour covering something darker.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Better when I'm drunk.

Becky looks at him, piercing.

BECKY  
I'm sorry about your friend.

Richard looks at her, taking her in, judging her sincerity. It feels real.

RICHARD  
Thanks.

Suddenly, over Richard's shoulder, Becky sees GEORGIA COWAN, recognisable by her STRIKING BLONDE HAIR. Becky covers, hiding her panic.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It sucks.

BECKY

Yeah, I'm sure...

Becky glances back at Georgia Cowan, who is walking through the room.

RICHARD

You know, when a friend decides it's not worth living...

Georgia Cowan is getting closer to Livia. Becky interrupts.

BECKY

I'm sorry, I actually need to...  
There's someone... I need to get a drink. I'll -- I'll be back.

Richard looks offended. But there's no time to think. Becky heads towards Georgia.

RICHARD (O.S.)

Well fuck you then.

Becky heads through the room, in Georgia Cowan's direction. She reaches Georgia and opens her arms, like she knows her.

BECKY

Georgia!

Georgia puts her arms out too, going with the flow.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm Sasha. Sasha Myles. We met at those drinks at the Academy a few weeks ago, you gave me some advice? I know Mark Peele. I'm sure you won't remember, it was so brief.

GEORGIA

No, no, of course I remember... Are you in Art?

BECKY

I'm in Marketing but I worked for a contemporary gallery in Japan the last few years.

GEORGIA

Oh brilliant, I've been meaning to visit, there's such good work happening there.

BECKY  
Yeah, it's amazing...

Livia approaches them.

LIVIA  
Hello!

Becky introduces them, trying not to panic.

BECKY  
Georgia, Livia. She organised all  
this. Liv, this is Georgia.

GEORGIA  
So nice to meet you.

LIVIA  
So nice. Thanks for coming.

BECKY  
Livia's husband is a really  
talented artist, actually. You  
should see his work.

GEORGIA  
Oh, really?

Becky gives Georgia a look, like "I'm not just saying that".

LIVIA  
He is brilliant, and I have to hear  
him snore every evening so if  
anything I'm biased against him.

BECKY  
I'll send you his stuff.

GEORGIA  
Yes please.

LIVIA  
Did you ever make it to the David  
Sidgwick exhibition?

Becky's heart rate rises.

GEORGIA  
Which one?

LIVIA  
You know, I organised the opening  
last month and Sasha suggested --

But she's interrupted by JOSH --

JOSH  
Ladies! Hi Georgia! How are you?

GEORGIA

Great, great...

JOSH

(turning to Livia)

Sorry to mess with you but my friend Pete Farnham really wants to say hi. Please?

He grabs Livia by the shoulder. Livia looks a bit frazzled.

LIVIA

God, I'm so sorry. This is why I never enjoy my own events!

She hugs Georgia.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

So nice to meet you at last.

GEORGIA

You too. I'd love to see your husband's work.

Becky smiles. Josh gives Becky a little nod as he leaves, escorting Livia. Becky watches them go, calming, then turns back to Georgia and leads her through to another room.

25 INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, MEMBER'S LOUNGE - 8.20PM - 25  
NIGHT 15

BECKY eats a canapé and watches Georgia Cowan head for the cloakroom, on her way out. Phew.

Becky looks around the room. She sees JOSH, sitting on a sofa on the side of the room. She goes and sits next to him.

BECKY

Thanks. For earlier.

JOSH

You maniac.

He smiles at her. The mood between them softening. She smiles back. They sit in silence for a moment as Becky enjoys feeling like she has an ally. Livia interrupts.

LIVIA

You two, I'm keeping an eye on you!

(to Josh)

If you hurt my girl, I will strangle you.

She seems drunk. Josh looks at her, deadpan.

JOSH

I'm terrified of you.

(MORE)

LIVIA

Good. Now go on, scarper.

Josh smiles at Becky, and heads off. Livia sits in his place.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

I do think he likes you...

BECKY

Yeah. Maybe. I dunno.

A silent beat as they look out at the room.

LIVIA

The vibe is excellent.

BECKY

You've done an amazing job.

LIVIA

Listen. I've been thinking... Are you serious about a career change?

BECKY

Er... yeah. Yeah, I think so.

LIVIA

I dunno, I'm just wondering whether you want to do more... I could do with some proper help, basically. Obviously, hold onto your job for now but... If you enjoy it... I do want to expand the company.

Becky is lost for words.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Well. Anyway, it's an idea.

BECKY

I would love that. So much.

LIVIA

(pleased)

Okay. Well. Let's talk about it.

Livia leans her head on Becky's shoulder. Becky tenses ever so slightly - not used to this kind of platonic affection.

She settles into the moment.

BECKY

It's been nice to have a friend... Since I got back. Thanks for taking me in.

LIVIA

Sasha, I hate most people. It's nice to find someone good...

BECKY

Yeah.

They sit in silence.

*FLASH TO:*

*[MEMORY] TEENAGE BECKY lies with her head on TEENAGE CHLOE's stomach.*

*FLASH TO:*

The memory affects Becky. She thinks, focuses and, treading very carefully --

BECKY (CONT'D)

You know, with Alex... I felt like... in the last few months, we weren't as close. I feel bad about it. She should have been able to talk to me.

LIVIA

You can't blame yourself. You didn't know.

This seems very close to home for Livia.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

You know, with Chloe... We saw each other all the time but I don't think we'd been *proper* friends for several years. It's like she was... out of reach.

BECKY

But you seemed so close...

LIVIA

What do you mean?

BECKY

(backtracking)

You know, from what you've said.

LIVIA

We used to be. It was amazing. But then... She retreated, from all of us. I don't know. I think she resented me. She'd tried to be a journalist and it hadn't worked out... Then the kids...

(MORE)

BECKY

The kids?

Livia avoids answering.

LIVIA

It makes me really sad.

BECKY

Me too.

For a moment, they connect - purely and genuinely.

The moment is broken as excitement ripples across the room. Livia looks up. Senior party member JACK GREENBANK, late 60s CLINKS on a glass as he calls for a toast.

Livia gets up and calls out a big: WHOOP!

JACK GREENBANK

Sorry to interrupt you all, but...  
it's time for me to let the  
proverbial cat out of the bag.

ANISH

(heckling)

The horse you mean!

Titters of laughter. Jack nods at him with a smile.

JACK GREENBANK

As some of you already know, I will not be running in the upcoming election. It's time for some young blood. In about three weeks, we'll all be voting for a new candidate. I've known him for many years and I can firmly say that I've never met anyone more inspiring, more hardworking, and with greater integrity than Elliot Fairbourne.

He looks over at Elliot, who smiles humbly.

JACK GREENBANK (CONT'D)

I'll be endorsing him and I do hope you will all join me in doing so.  
To Elliot!

Everyone raises their glasses. Livia starts a chant of "Speech! Speech! Speech!". Soon the whole room is following.

Elliot tries to resist, but Livia pushes him forward. He quietens the room with a soft hand gesture.

(MORE)

ELLIOT

God. Thank you Jack. If you hadn't just been so incredibly nice to me, I would say thanks for turning everyone's fun evening into work.

Everyone laughs.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

No, really. Thank you. You've been a mentor and an inspiration to me.

Jack gives Elliot a solemn, proud nod.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

The timing of all this is very unexpected... But sometimes that's the best way for change to happen. My work on the local council over the last few years has really shaped me. Every day I speak to people struggling through unfathomable challenges with dignity and they inspire me. I know how dire the situation is. I think we've had enough. And I believe in the power of politics to change things for the better.

Everyone listens, enraptured. Elliot looks over and for a moment, he LOCKS EYES with Becky.

*The sound of the room quietens. Becky can only hear Elliot, and the swell of her own breath.*

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

So anyway. One man's boasting about the size of his honorable member is another man's call to duty.

The room laughs, breaking the spell.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I think we have a historic chance here to regain the seat. I'd love to have a chance to fight it on behalf of our party, and Jack, your support means the world. Truly.

Elliot raises a glass.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

To Jack!

People CHEER and start chattering away. Becky hovers, watching Elliot, now surrounded.

(MORE)

JOSH

Oh I see.

Becky turns and sees JOSH.

JOSH (CONT'D)

He's your real target, is he?

BECKY

(defensive)

No.

JOSH

Did I hit a nerve?

Becky rolls her eyes, batting him off. Josh looks over at Elliot and the people surrounding him.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Good luck with that. You'll have to wade through all the vultures to get to him.

BECKY

What the hell are you talking about?

JOSH

(serious now)

You know his wife killed herself, right?

Becky looks at Josh.

*FLASH TO:*

*[IMAGINATION] CLIFFS. The vast landscape.*

*FLASH TO:*

Becky inhales.

BECKY

Shit. Did you know her?

JOSH

I met her a few times.

BECKY

And?

JOSH

I liked her. I was surprised when I heard. Why?

BECKY

(genuine)

I don't know. It's awful.

(MORE)

Becky looks over at ELLIOT. ANISH talks into his ear, prepping him for A SUITED MAN making his way towards them. Elliot looks exhausted and not keen for the interaction. But when the suited man arrives, Elliot puts on a smile.

Elliot glances around for a drink - his glass is EMPTY.

JOSH

Be careful.

Becky looks at Josh.

BECKY

What do you mean?

Josh shrugs playfully.

JOSH

It's always the husband, isn't it?

Becky rolls her eyes, still denying it.

BECKY

I'm going to get a drink.

Josh smiles. Becky heads through the room, grabbing a DRINK on her way. She sees an opening as the SUITED MAN says goodbye to Elliot. Becky touches Elliot on the shoulder.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hey. I'm not going to bother you but I thought you might want this.

She hands him the drink. He looks overtaken with gratitude.

ELLIOT

Oh god. It's like you read my mind.

She makes as if to go, but Elliot leans in.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

How are you enjoying the evening? I hope you're not too bored.

BECKY

Oh no, it's been great. Your friends are the best.

ELLIOT

I don't know about that... I'm sorry about the other evening. That must have been a bit intense.

BECKY

It was fine. I get it, really.

There's a beat. They look at each other.

ELLIOT

We need to keep talking. If we stop  
for a second, someone will jump in.

Becky laughs.

BECKY

Oh. Er. Well that's ideal, because  
I was hoping to get a moment to  
discuss my bid for sanitation...

Elliot laughs, shaking his head.

BECKY (CONT'D)

No, but seriously. Congratulations.  
I'm sure it's... complicated.

ELLIOT

Thanks. Yeah. It's... weird.

Becky smiles at him, understanding. Suddenly, someone taps  
Elliot on the shoulder.

MAN

Fairbourne! Good to see you!  
There's someone I want you to meet!

Elliot greets him then turns to Becky.

ELLIOT

What did I say?

Becky smiles at him and watches him go. She looks around,  
trying to figure out what to do now. She hovers with no one  
to talk to. She looks towards Elliot who is again surrounded.

She glances around and makes eye contact with the GROUP OF  
FRIENDS. Livia WAVES at her to join them. Becky heads over,  
putting her full champagne glass down on the side.

BECKY

What a great speech!

LIVIA

He was *perfect*.

PHIL

Bloody legend. He'll be prime  
minister before we know it.

She glances back at Elliot, who is still surrounded.

Becky nurses a large glass of water, hovering in a corner.  
It's late. She looks over at Elliot - still surrounded.

She scrolls on her SASHA MYLES phone. She opens a post on Livia's social media. A PHOTO (029) of ELLIOT giving his speech earlier. The caption: "So proud". Becky looks up and notices Josh moving through the room and approaches him.

BECKY

Hey.

JOSH

Hey, has the unstoppable force finally met the immoveable object?

BECKY

(disheartened)

Shut up.

JOSH

I'm bored, I'm going to split. Do you want to sneak out the back and go play foosball? I know a good place.

Becky smiles, tempted. She hesitates, but glances towards ELLIOT. He looks worn down by the chit chat.

BECKY

No, sorry...

JOSH

Okay. I'm going to say it again: it's not going to happen.

Becky laughs, still playing coy, but giving in.

BECKY

Dinner's on you if you're wrong.

JOSH

Win-win.

He heads off, leaving the party. Becky watches him go.

She thinks. She looks over at TIGGY, who is chatting to a few people and being distracted by canapés. She's drunk. Again, a flicker of resentment. Becky heads in her direction. Her charming hospitality smile on her face again.

BECKY

Your son gave a wonderful speech.

TIGGY

He did. Shame my bloody cystitis is flaring up, I could hardly concentrate.

Becky laughs, not expecting this. But this is her territory.

BECKY

Oh no. I'm so sorry. Do you want  
some powder for your fizz?

Becky fumbles in her bag and pulls out a CYSTITIS DRINK.

TIGGY

Oh my lord, give it to me now.

Tiggy pours it into her champagne.

BECKY

You don't happen to smoke, do you?

Tiggy smiles, opens her bag and roots around for cigarettes.

Tiggy and Becky smoke outside the member's club.

BECKY

He did such a fantastic job.

TIGGY

Yes. Although he does need to watch  
his posture.

BECKY

That must have been a hard speech  
to give.

TIGGY

Hmm... Chilling. I felt I was there  
again myself.

BECKY

There...?

Tiggy realises Becky doesn't know what she's referring to,  
and shuts down, her previous tipsy warmth dissipating.

TIGGY

The poor boy's been hounded all  
evening. I promised I'd help him  
make a French exit. Do you mind?

She gets her phone out and calls a number.

TIGGY (CONT'D)

Hi there, could I get a taxi as  
soon as possible? For Elliot  
Fairbourne. Berkeley's club.

(she listens)

Twenty minutes? Great. Thank you.

She hangs up and stamps out her cigarette.

TIGGY (CONT'D)  
Alright. Let me go find him.

BECKY  
Sure. Er. Could I borrow another cigarette?

Tiggy smiles tightly, hands her a CIGARETTE, then heads in.

28 EXT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB - 10.35PM - NIGHT 15

28

Becky opens a TAXI door. She ushers A COUPLE in.

WOMAN  
Thank you so much!

Becky smiles at them warmly. The couple get into the taxi. Becky waits, holding the cigarette Tiggy left her. She sees Elliot come out of the main door and lights the cigarette.

ELLIOT  
Oh hi, Sasha. I'm sorry I abandoned you earlier!

BECKY  
Don't worry! You've got much more important people to talk to...

He shakes his head kindly. A genuine moment of chemistry. It hovers in the air. He looks down at her cigarette. She offers it to him to share. He takes a drag.

ELLIOT  
God I always forget how amazing they taste...

BECKY  
How are you?

ELLIOT  
Good, good.

Becky looks at him. Piercing eyes.

BECKY  
How are you, really?

Elliot smiles, appreciates the question.

ELLIOT  
Well... I've just spent all evening hearing what everyone wants out of me if I win the seat. I haven't even started and it already feels like I'm fighting not to compromise.

(MORE)

BECKY

Make sure you do. Fight.

Elliot looks at her, an intensity arising between them. He hands her back his cigarette. Their fingers touch. Elliot checks the time and looks around for his taxi.

ELLIOT

My taxi should be here...

BECKY

Oh. There was one waiting here for a while, it just left.

ELLIOT

Oh. Shit.

BECKY

I'm about to drive home actually.  
Where do you live?

Becky smiles at him.

BECKY and ELLIOT are deep in chat.

BECKY

No, I had a long relationship in Tokyo but... it didn't work out.

ELLIOT

Why not?

BECKY

I think he was cheating... But I don't really know, he ghosted me.

ELLIOT

That's awful.

BECKY

Yeah. Not getting any answers to your questions... that's the really hard thing.

ELLIOT

I know. You fill in the blanks yourself.

BECKY

Maybe I should have seen it coming.  
I think I'm very trusting.

A glint of self-hatred in her eyes, real despite her lying.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Or very stupid.

ELLIOT  
Or you're just... a better person  
than most.

He smiles at her kindly. Becky feels a wave of self-loathing.

BECKY  
I don't think so...

Elliot points to the right.

ELLIOT  
It's just here on the right.

Becky INDICATES. Then suddenly, she BREAKS. She stops in the middle of the road, breathing heavily. Elliot looks shocked.

BECKY  
Oh shit, I'm so sorry... A  
badger...

ELLIOT  
God, are you okay?

BECKY  
That was so scary. I'm so sorry...  
Did you see it?

Elliot turns and looks behind.

30 INT./EXT. BECKY'S CAR / CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 11.10PM - 30  
NIGHT 15

Becky's car enters the driveway of Chloe and Elliot's house. BECKY stops the car. The house looms over them.

ELLIOT  
Are you okay?

BECKY  
Sorry, that really gave me a  
fright. I hate country lanes at  
night... I'm just going to sit here  
for a minute.

She opens the glove compartment and fumbles around.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
I should have a bottle of water  
here somewhere...

She comes up short. A beat.

ELLIOT

Do you want to come in for a glass  
of water?

BECKY

Oh no, no... You must be exhausted,  
I'll be okay.

ELLIOT

No, no, don't worry, come in.

Elliot smiles kindly at as he gets out of the car. Becky gets out on the other side and walks towards the looming house.

They arrive at the front door. It's dark and the EERY SOUNDS of the countryside surround her. Elliot unlocks the front door and enters. Becky hesitates.

31 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - 11.11PM - NIGHT 15 31

Becky follows Elliot through the front door. The house is in darkness, Becky strains to make anything out. Her heart starts to beat a bit louder. Anxiety rises within her.

*FLASH TO:*

32 EXT. CLIFFS - NIGHT 2 [IMAGINATION] 32

*CHLOE stands above the CLIFFS, wearing her BLUE COAT. Suddenly and violently, ELLIOT pushes her --*

*FLASH TO:*

33 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - 11.12PM - NIGHT 15 33

The thought is banished as Elliot flicks a switch and the LIGHTS COME ON. Becky's breath is almost taken away.

The house is beautiful, tasteful, and also somehow homely, inviting. The design and feel of the house all say: CHLOE. On the wall, a PHOTO OF CHLOE stares back at her. Smiling.

Becky takes it in. They walk through into --

34 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN / DINER - CONTINUOUS 34  
11.12PM - NIGHT 15

-- a huge kitchen / diner. Becky looks around. Photos of CHLOE & ELLIOT are dotted around. A PHOTO (085) from their WEDDING. Chloe and Elliot together, looking in love.

Becky looks up to see Elliot watching her. He hands her a glass of water.

(MORE)

ELLIOT

Do you want a cup of tea?

Becky pulls herself together. She nods.

Becky and Elliot sit on the sofa in the kitchen / diner, drinking tea. The moon shines through from the garden. They've been chatting intensely, intimately.

ELLIOT

When did your mum get diagnosed?

BECKY

Three years ago.

She pauses, hesitant.

BECKY (CONT'D)

She's actually okay. But for me it's been... a bad time.

Elliot looks at her, searching. There's an easy intimacy. Like they're feeding off of each other's pain.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Just kind of dark.

ELLIOT

Yeah.

Elliot looks at her. It's intense. He speaks as if he's opening up for the first time.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

The last few months have been the hardest of my life.

Becky takes this in.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I'm grateful for friends right now. I don't know what I would have done without their support.

Elliot sighs. He looks at Becky.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Livia says you lost a friend.

BECKY

Yeah.

ELLIOT

I'm sorry. Were you close?

BECKY

I was the last person she called.

There's an edge of challenge here, but of course Elliot doesn't understand this. He looks at her.

ELLIOT

You... get it. I can't talk about this stuff with most people.

Elliot looks overwhelmed. Becky puts out her hand and touches Elliot's, for comfort.

There's a moment. It looks like Elliot could kiss her. Then he looks away. He suddenly seems quite drunk.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I... I don't think I can. I haven't been with anyone. Since Chloe.

BECKY

Of course, of course.

ELLIOT

I've never been with anyone apart from her.

A silence as this hangs.

BECKY

I should go. I'm so sorry.

Elliot nods, relieved. Becky puts her cup of tea down. She thinks, not wanting to leave.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I finish this and use the loo? It's still a bit of a drive. You can go to bed.

ELLIOT

Oh no, no, I'm sorry. Look... It's late. If you want to stay over... The spare room's done up, it's just through there.

BECKY

No, no, no... It's not too far...

ELLIOT

Are you sure? It's fine, honestly.

Becky hesitates politely.

36 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, SPARE BEDROOM - 12.15AM -** 36  
**NIGHT 15**

Becky lies in bed, eyes wide open, in a beautiful bedroom. She listens for any sounds. Silence. She checks the time.

Becky gets up and walks softly, tentatively, towards the bedroom door. She heads out into --

37 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS -** 37  
**12.16AM - NIGHT 15**

-- the entrance on the ground floor. She takes in the space. Chloe's presence overwhelming once again. Becky looks at the PHOTOS on the sideboard. Chloe's face staring back at her.

She approaches the sideboard and opens the drawers. She rifles through some DOCUMENTS in envelopes addressed to: MR AND MRS FAIRBOURNE. She reads them, then puts them back in.

She notices a pile of ELLIOT'S BUSINESS CARDS. His number on the front. She picks up a card and pockets it. She enters --

38 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/DINER - CONTINUOUS -** 38  
**12.16AM - NIGHT 15**

-- the kitchen/diner. She opens the cupboards. Shelves of TINS. The food Chloe would have cooked with.

She looks around and notices a CAT FLAP heading out into the garden. No sign of a cat.

She sees Elliot's COAT where he left it. She approaches it, finds his WALLET. She opens it. Bank cards, money... Nothing of interest. She puts the wallet back.

39 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, ENTRANCE - 12.20AM - NIGHT 15** 39

Becky comes out into the entrance again. She looks up the stairs. The light of the moon pours through the windows. She pads up the stairs quietly.

40 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LANDING - 12.21AM - NIGHT 15** 40

Becky stands on the landing. Most of the doors are closed. One at the end of the corridor is ajar. She tiptoes through and enters --

41 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS -** 41  
**12.21AM - NIGHT 15**

-- Chloe's OFFICE. Becky is momentarily overwhelmed by Chloe's presence.

Photos, notebooks, a small bowl full of her RINGS. A perfume bottle. Becky picks up the bottle and inhales the scent.

*FLASH TO:*

*[IMAGINATION] ELLIOT inhales the scent of CHLOE's neck as they have sex.*

*FLASH TO:*

Becky puts the perfume bottle back down and looks around the room. A floor to ceiling window looks onto the garden.

On the back of the door hangs a sports bag. She unzips it. Inside, a SWIMMING COSTUME.

*FLASH TO:*

42 EXT. BEACH POOL - DAY [MEMORY]

42

*TEENAGE BECKY treads water in a BEACH POOL. TEENAGE CHLOE swims towards her. She SPLASHES her with WATER.*

TEENAGE BECKY  
(laughing)  
Fuck off!

A SPLASH as Becky PLUNGES underwater and we FLASH TO:

43 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - 12.22AM

43

NIGHT 15  
Becky smiles at the memory. She puts the bag away and looks around. A pile of books and notebooks on a desk.

Becky opens the books and leafs through them. She finds some notes sticking out of the pages. Chloe's handwriting.

Becky smiles. She goes through Chloe's notes. The handwriting sometimes neat, sometimes a mad scribble.

Becky puts the notebook down, and roots through the pile. She finds a leather-bound WEEKLY DIARY and opens it. She reads, like an addict having hit a deep vein.

Small notes on each day. Appointments, reminders, to-do lists... It looks like the minutiae of a boring life. A note to 'Call Dad'.

*FLASH TO:*

44 INT. ANGELA'S CAR - DAY [MEMORY]

44

*TEENAGE BECKY and TEENAGE CHLOE sit in the back of a car, driving down a COASTAL ROAD. A younger ANGELA drives.*

(MORE)

*The two girls are in a moment of shared hilarity, reminiscing loudly and chaotically.*

TEENAGE BECKY  
*And then she was like --*

*Teenage Becky and Teenage Chloe both do the same voice.*

TEENAGE BECKY & TEENAGE CHLOE  
*This might be rock bottom Beckyyyyy.*  
*R-r-r-rooock bottom.*

*They crack up laughing, unable to stop.*

TEENAGE CHLOE  
*Oh my god her face...*

*A sound from the front of the car. Teenage Becky watches as Teenage Chloe's expression changes. She leans forwards and presses on her mum's shoulder. Angela is crying softly.*

TEENAGE CHLOE (CONT'D)  
*It's alright Mum.*

*Teenage Becky looks at Angela, feeling sympathy.*

TEENAGE BECKY  
*Fuck him Ange. You're better off without him.*

*This releases the tension. Angela laughs through her tears.*

ANGELA  
*I know.*

*Teenage Chloe squeezes her mum's shoulder.*

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
(to Becky)  
*Thanks for coming, love.*

TEENAGE CHLOE  
*How long can you stay?*

TEENAGE BECKY  
*Whatever, my mum doesn't give a shit.*

*Angela smiles at Becky kindly, thinking she's exaggerating.*

ANGELA  
*Well we're lucky to have you.*

*Teenage Becky takes in the warmth. Teenage Chloe sits back, letting go of her mum. Then she smiles at Teenage Becky. A look of gratitude and emotion. Teenage Becky smiles back.*

FLASH TO:

45

INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - 12.23AM -  
NIGHT 15

45

Becky turns the page. She reaches the two-page spread for the WEEK before Chloe's death. A few appointments: swimming pool, yoga, dinner at Phil and Livia's.

Culminating on the NIGHT OF HER DEATH. 7.30pm. El's Charity event. After that night, BLANK PAGES.

Becky passes her fingers over Chloe's handwriting, then puts the WEEKLY DIARY to one side.

A SOUND pulls her out of it. She listens. Silence.

46

INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LANDING - 12.24AM - NIGHT 15 46

Becky pads back out onto the landing. She looks left and right. No one. She tiptoes towards the next door along.

Suddenly -- BAM! Becky knocks over a PLANT POT.

Panicking, she looks down at the earth strewn across the floor. She notices some WHITE SPECKS in the earth.

She picks one up and looks at it. It's a SOGGY, DISINTEGRATING PILL. Becky looks at the pill. She crumbles it between her fingers.

Suddenly, another SOUND. She turns and sees ELLIOT, on the threshold to his room.

ELLIOT

Sasha?

His voice is thick and broken -- he's only just woken up.

Elliot approaches and his face becomes clearer. His eyes are heavy with sleep and he seems a little disorientated.

BECKY

Sorry, I went to the bathroom...

Elliot heads towards her, approaching the light switch next to her, and turns the light on.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to wake you up.

ELLIOT

It's okay.

BECKY

Go back to sleep.

Becky reaches out and TURNS THE LIGHT OFF. A moment as they stand next to each other in the darkness. Close.

(MORE)

Elliot doesn't move. Becky touches his arm and they move closer. And suddenly, they're kissing. Becky pulls him through into --

47 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS -  
12.25AM - NIGHT 15

47

-- his bedroom. They melt into each other on the bed and soon are having sex.

*INTERCUT WITH:*

*[IMAGINATION] Elliot and Chloe have sex. Close and connected.*

48 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 12.45AM - NIGHT 15 48

Becky and Elliot lie next to each other.

BECKY

Are you okay?

ELLIOT

I'm a mess...

Elliot looks lost. He searches for his words.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I've been so lonely.

(choking up)

She was so depressed.

He tries to pull himself together, ashamed to be crying.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

God I'm sorry...

BECKY

It's okay.

ELLIOT

This must be so weird for you.

BECKY

I don't mind. Really. You can talk to me.

ELLIOT

I just keep thinking... I -- I should have stopped it.

BECKY

I'm sure you did everything.

(MORE)

ELLIOT

I should have insisted on more therapy, something. I thought the anti-depressants were working.

FLASH TO:

49 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM/LANDING - DAY

49

[IMAGINATION]

*CHLOE sits on the bed, holding her PILLS and a glass of water. She goes to swallow a pill then hesitates and gets up.*

*She walks out onto the landing, looking a little manic, and buries the pill in the earth in the PLANT POT just outside the bedroom door.*

FLASH TO:

50 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 12.46AM - NIGHT 15 50

Becky looks at him.

BECKY

How long had she been depressed for?

ELLIOT

A long time. She'd gotten worse...

The floodgates are open now.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

It was a hard time for her. We'd been... trying to get pregnant.

Becky takes this in.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

For nearly a year, no results. We wanted it so much and it wasn't happening. It was hard. Seeing our friends starting families, Phil and Livia... But we were about to start IVF, I thought she was managing... I completely fucked up.

BECKY

You didn't see it coming.

ELLIOT

That's the thing, I did. She'd been behaving weirdly, for a while. On the night -- the night it happened -- I knew something was really wrong. I just didn't think...

(MORE)

BECKY  
Where were you?

ELLIOT  
Giving a speech. A charity thing.  
She just left. No warning. And then  
she put a weird post up online, it  
got us all panicked. It was tagged  
Brandon Hill, we went running  
around looking for her...

BECKY  
Did you find her?

ELLIOT  
No, eventually I called her parents  
and she'd just arrived there. They  
knew something was wrong too, they  
told me to come right away. I got  
there, we put her to bed, I thought  
it was all going to be okay.

BECKY  
What happened?

ELLIOT  
In the middle of the night, I  
realised she was gone.

He sighs, remembering the moment.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
Her mum and I got in the car and  
drove around for ages looking for  
her. We found her just as she was  
jumping... She wasn't even wearing  
a coat...

Becky inhales.

FLASH TO:

*CHLOE stands on the CLIFFS, numb and cold, wearing only her pyjamas. ANGELA and ELLIOT call out from behind her. She turns and looks at them, then turns back.*

FLASH TO:

This detail seems to break Elliot.

(MORE)

ELLIOT

I thought I could do this. I  
thought I could... do the campaign,  
carry on living my life... They're  
all relying on me, to keep playing  
that part. I can't. I can't do it.

He breaks down. He's clearly in terrible pain and grief.  
Becky is taken aback by what she's unleashed.

She takes him into her arms.

BECKY

I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

As she hugs him, Becky's eyes fill with tears.

53 **INT. WHITE SPACE [IMAGINATION]**

53

*A HIGH, SOFT, SLIGHTLY BROKEN VOICE sings a haunting melody. CHLOE stands with her back to us in a white space. She HUMS. The tune feels ancient.*

*We come in closer and closer as the sound of WAVES gets LOUDER and LOUDER and warps into --*

54 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 11.15AM - DAY 16**

54

-- the sound of a SHOWER coming from another room. Becky wakes up, slowly. Coming to. Remembering where she is.

The morning light floods through the windows. She lies in bed and listens to the sound of Elliot showering.

Becky blinks to banish the intrusive thoughts. Feeling self-hatred and shame wash over her.

She sits up. She looks over and sees ELLIOT'S PHONE. She hesitates, then presses the home button. It asks for a passcode or TOUCH ID.

The background image (050) is a selfie CHLOE and ELLIOT taken in their house. Becky stares at it.

*FLASH TO:*

55 **EXT. BECKY'S BLOCK OF FLATS - DAY [MEMORY]**

55

*TEENAGE BECKY gets out of a car in front of her block of flats. TEENAGE CHLOE helps her carry her suitcase. A YOUNGER JIM, Chloe's dad, is in the driver's seat as the teenage friends say goodbye to each other in front of the flats.*

*Teenage Chloe takes Teenage Becky in her arms. It's a full strength hug. Meaningful and emotional.*

(MORE)

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Thanks mate.

TEENAGE BECKY  
For what?

TEENAGE CHLOE  
You know. For staying with me. It  
was a less shit few weeks than it  
could have been.

*This means a huge amount to Teenage Becky. But she covers.*

TEENAGE BECKY  
Oh my god I was literally in it for  
your Mum's fry-up.

*Teenage Chloe laughs. She looks at Teenage Becky, seeing  
through her bravado.*

TEENAGE CHLOE  
I'll miss you.

TEENAGE BECKY  
Is it going to be okay? With your  
dad?

TEENAGE CHLOE  
It'll be fine. I've just decided...  
to stop feeling the shit stuff.

*Teenage Becky looks over at Younger Jim in the car on the  
other side of the street, and gives him a hard stare.  
Protective. Younger Jim beeps the car horn: hurry up.*

*Teenage Chloe gives Becky a hug.*

TEENAGE BECKY  
Love you.

TEENAGE CHLOE  
Love you.

*Teenage Becky walks with her suitcase towards the block of  
flats. She turns and watches Teenage Chloe get into the car.  
JIM seems to snap at her and Chloe looks away, upset.*

*The car drives off, Becky feels loneliness settling in.*

*TEENAGE BECKY enters her flat to find a YOUNG PAM, doing the  
dishes. Pam ignores her.*

TEENAGE BECKY  
Hey mum.

*Pam doesn't say anything. Gives her the silent treatment.*

TEENAGE BECKY (CONT'D)  
*I'm back, okay?*

*Still nothing from Pam. Hurt, Becky heads into her room.*

57 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM, MID 2000S - DAY [MEMORY] 57

TEENAGE BECKY falls onto her bed and gets her phone out. She scrolls through her messages, bored and alienated.

*She opens up her text thread with CHLOE and writes: "Miss you". She hesitates then deletes it.*

*A PHONE starts to RING in the distance as we FLASH TO:*

58 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 11.16AM - DAY 16 58

A landline is RINGING in the other room. Becky listens. Elliot is still in the shower. Becky thinks.

59 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - 11.16AM - MORNING - DAY 16 59

A landline sits there, RINGING. Becky looks at it, waits. Then she PICKS UP the phone. Waits a moment in silence.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello? Is this Chloe Fairbourne?

Becky is frozen for a moment.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Hello? Chloe Fairbourne?

BECKY  
Speaking.

VOICE (V.O.)  
Hi Chloe, I'm calling from the CHC  
Clinic in Bristol. We tried you on  
your mobile a few times.

BECKY  
Ah yeah, sorry, it's broken.

VOICE (V.O.)  
You missed your appointment this  
morning, 11 am?

BECKY  
Oh god, I'm so sorry!

VOICE (V.O.)  
I have a note from the nurse that  
you might like to reschedule?

BECKY  
Er, yes. Yes, please.

VOICE (V.O.)  
We have a slot in an hour.

Becky hesitates.

60 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 11.17AM - DAY 16 60

Becky gets back into bed just as Elliot comes through from the shower. He sits next to her on the bed.

ELLIOT  
Thanks for listening last night. I  
feel like an idiot.

BECKY  
Please don't.

Elliot looks at her.

ELLIOT  
I haven't felt like this in months.

BECKY  
Like what?

ELLIOT  
Like maybe everything isn't shit...

Becky takes this in. Her heart beats fast. What is she getting herself into? She looks up to see: *[FANTASY] CHLOE standing behind Elliot. Looking at Becky harshly. She shakes her head at Becky slowly. Don't do this.*

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
But I'm a mess. It's too soon.

Relief. And yet - the sting of rejection. *[FANTASY] CHLOE smiles sadly at Becky.*

ELLIOT (CONT'D)  
I know, she's gone, but... I feel  
like I'm cheating.

BECKY  
I totally get it.

ELLIOT  
Thank you.

They look at each other.

61

EXT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 11.45AM - DAY 16

61

Becky walks out of Chloe's house in her beautiful dress from last night, now crumpled. She looks tired.

She reaches her car then turns around and looks at the house. What other secrets does it hold?

Then she takes her BECKY GREEN PHONE out and TAKES A PICTURE.

62

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY WAITING ROOM - 12.28PM - DAY 16

62

Becky waits in a doctor's surgery waiting room, still wearing her DRESS from last night. Nervous, she picks her fingers.

Becky's phone BUZZES. A message from Josh: "You little dropout..." The three dots of doom and then suddenly, a SCHOOL PICTURE (071) of BECKY comes through. A dorky-looking TEENAGE BECKY smiles into the camera.

Becky puts her phone down, her heart racing. Shit.

An EXHAUSTED-LOOKING NURSE walks through.

NURSE

Chloe Fairbourne?

BECKY

Hi.

A beat as she waits to find out if the nurse knows Chloe.

NURSE

This way, Mrs Fairbourne.

Phew. As they walk down the corridor, the NURSE gives her a funny look, taking in her outfit.

63

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY, EXAMINATION ROOM - 12.31PM - DAY 16 63

The NURSE preps a large NEEDLE. Becky stares at it. The nurse glances at the notes on her computer, bored.

NURSE

Any changes since last time?

BECKY

Er, no. Everything still the same.

Becky stares at the needle.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Actually... I was trying to remember how long I'd been getting it for. Do you have that on file?

(MORE)

The nurse sighs. She scrolls through her notes.

NURSE

Erm... Yes, you came here for the first time just over 12 months ago.

BECKY

Yeah, that's right... And it was a different procedure then?

NURSE

No, it's always been the contraceptive injection. Depo-Provera.

Becky is thrown by this information but covers. She smiles at the nurse, who goes back to prepping the needle.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You'll feel a small pinch.

Ouch. Becky curls her nose up in pain as the large needle goes into her arm. Becky smiles at the nurse.

64

INT. JOSH'S FLAT, ENTRANCE/LIVING ROOM - 3.30PM - DAY 16 64

BECKY pummels on Josh's front door, still wearing her dress from the party. JOSH opens the door.

JOSH

What? You were cute.

She looks at him. A long beat of silence. She approaches him, pushing him back into his flat and towards the sofa. She sits on top of him.

BECKY

That's it. No more playing.

JOSH

Okay...

They tussle slightly.

BECKY

It's not funny and I don't like it.

JOSH

Okay...

BECKY

Stop asking questions.

Josh nods. They're close. Becky looks at him, then slowly kisses him. He slowly touches her back and down to her hips. She arches and pushes into him.

65

INT. JOSH'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 5.30PM - DAY 16

65

BECKY lies on Josh's bed. JOSH enters with a bowl of tomato mascarpone pasta covered in grated cheddar cheese.

JOSH

There you go. Dinner.

He hands the bowl to her.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Honestly, I'm impressed.

Becky smiles, a little flattered. She eats the pasta.

JOSH (CONT'D)

So how was he?

Becky shrugs, avoiding the question. She thinks, looking at the spot on her arm where she got the injection.

*FLASH TO:*

*[IMAGINATION] A MAN inhales the scent of CHLOE's neck as they have sex. Not Elliot.*

*FLASH TO:*

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

You've got that look... Your brain whirring.

Becky looks over at Josh.

BECKY

Do you know if his wife slept around?

JOSH

I don't think so. Why?

BECKY

There's something weird about that story... Don't you think? It seems like no one knew what was going on with her.

Josh watches her, intrigued. Becky sighs.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Poor Chloe.

Josh feels the emotion in Becky.

JOSH

Poor Chloe.

They eat their pasta in silence. Becky thinks. Josh observes.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Why are you so interested in her?

BECKY  
What did I say about questions?

Josh nods: "got it". Becky checks the time and gets up.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
I've got to go.

She puts her dress back on and kisses Josh goodbye.

JOSH  
See you soon, Becky Green.

BECKY  
Sasha.

JOSH  
I like Becky.

Becky looks at him. She leaves.

66 **INT./EXT. BECKY'S CAR/BECKY'S BLOCK OF FLATS - 6.31PM - DAY**  
**16**

Becky sits in her car. She opens her bag and pulls out CHLOE'S WEEKLY DIARY. She leafs through it.

Becky gets out of her car in front of her BLOCK OF FLATS. In her party dress, she looks very out of place. The sound of WAVES. She stares out in front of her, thinking.

*FLASH TO:*

67 **INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT 2 [IMAGINATION]** 67

*A low and repetitive BUZZ. Becky lies in her bed fast asleep, after her night with Josh. Her BECKY GREEN 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.

CHLOE (V.O.)  
I need to talk to you. Can you keep a secret?

(MORE)

*BECKY*  
*What is it?*

*Suddenly the LINE GOES DEAD.*

*FLASH TO:*

68 **EXT. BECKY'S BLOCK OF FLATS - 6.32PM - DAY 16**

68

Becky looks out at the sea. She thinks.

She gets out her SASHA MYLES phone and opens up a message to ELLIOT FAIRBOURNE.

She composes a message "**Hey. Thanks for last night... How you feeling this morning? xx**" and sends. Three dots appear on her screen. She waits.

CUT TO BLACK.