

CHLOE

EPISODE FOUR:
"I Don't Believe in Ghosts"

by

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INT./EXT. - VARIOUS - MEMORY - DAY/NIGHT

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The sound of PAPERS being moved around.

A FLICKER as a static image appears. TEENAGE CHLOE stands on the pier of Becky's seaside town, eating fish and chips. She grins into the camera, happy and goofy.

The image comes alive and Teenage Chloe laughs into the camera. Then scoffs some chips.

The image is replaced by a SELFIE of TEENAGE BECKY and TEENAGE CHLOE making faces. The sea behind them. The image comes alive and the two girls laugh together.

It's replaced by a series of photos of the two friends.

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

1

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 10.30AM - DAY 22

1

BECKY looks at a DISPOSABLE CAMERA PHOTO of TEENAGE BECKY and TEENAGE CHLOE.

After a moment, she drops it onto a pile of similar photos on the floor. She reaches for the BECKY SHOE BOX and opens it. It contains her birth certificate and her BECKY GREEN PHONE with the broken screen.

She places the pile of teenage photos in the shoe box and slams the lid closed.

2

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM - 10.31AM - DAY 22

2

BECKY puts the BECKY shoe box away in her bag. She unpacks some new clothes from the post and places them neatly in the large suitcase. She picks up some old clothes and places them in a cardboard box, with CHARITY SHOP written on it.

The floor is covered in stuff. A large suitcase. Clothes, photos, books, receipts, wires. She sorts through it, putting things into the SUITCASE or the CARDBOARD BOX. Most things end up in the box. She does it ruthlessly.

She comes across one of her mum's BROCHURES. She looks through, seeing the things she's circled. A moment of tenderness. She puts the brochure in the suitcase.

2A

INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BATHROOM - 10.33 DAY 22

2A

BECKY picks up her toothbrush. She looks at a DAMP STAIN on the wall. It looks almost like a face. Two eyes staring.

A LETTERBOX RATTLES. She glances briefly at the bath, not lingering, and is out.

3 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - LATER - 11.30AM - DAY 22 3

Letters on the mat. Becky picks them up. She opens one and sees LOAN REPAYMENT DUE. She stuffs it in her handbag.

She opens another. It's a shiny NEW DEBIT CARD. The name reads: SASHA MYLES LTD.

Becky puts the card in her wallet. She turns around and surveys the room, now empty of all life.

4 INT. DUDLEY MANOR, PAM'S ROOM - 12.30PM - DAY 22 4

BECKY sits in an armchair opposite PAM on the sofa in her new room in Dudley Manor. Becky reads from the menu.

BECKY
Risotto or Boeuf Bourguignon. New York cheesecake for pudding.

PAM
Ooh, I think the beef.

Becky ticks a box on the menu. Pam gets to her feet and takes the menu from Becky.

PAM (CONT'D)
I need to give it to the lady with the glasses.

She heads out. Becky gets up and quickly takes her BECKY SHOE BOX out of her bag. She opens the cupboard door and shoves the box onto the top shelf.

She looks out of the window at the garden. Pam returns.

BECKY
That garden's amazing.

PAM
Better enjoy it before I'm out on the street...

Becky looks away, her eyes glazing over. Pam scoffs.

PAM (CONT'D)
Oh come on. Follow-through's never been your strong point.

Pam settles back into the sofa. She flicks on the TV. She watches, deadpan. Then a little wheezy chuckle.

Becky goes and sits on the sofa next to her and together they watch a daytime TV GAME-SHOW: two contestants hit each other over the head with foam rollers (or something).

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)
It's like you and me.

Becky allows herself a brief smile of resignation. She leans her head on her Mum's shoulder.

5 **INT. DUDLEY MANOR, CORRIDOR - 12.32PM - DAY 22**

5

BECKY walks down the corridor. She spots CHRISTINE approaching and is thrown, surprised to see her.

CHRISTINE
Hi Becky!

BECKY
Oh hi, Christine. Everything okay?

CHRISTINE
All fine, I just thought I'd drop by and see your mum now she's settled in.

BECKY
Oh it's alright. They've got great people here.

CHRISTINE
I know, I know, but it's no trouble. I miss her!

Becky is wary. Christine looks around.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
This place is something, isn't it?
How did you sort it out?

BECKY
A friend helped me out.

CHRISTINE
Oh well, lucky you. Some friend.

An awkward silence.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
So. See you next time?

Becky nods. Christine turns and walks off down the corridor. Becky watches her enter Pam's room.

PAM
Hello, love! I've just made tea!

Becky hears LAUGHTER. She approaches the door and peers in. She sees Christine pottering around the room, looking around as Pam sits on the sofa. They're laughing and smiling.

(MORE)

CHRISTINE
I just saw your Becky in the
corridor.

Christine picks up some of Pam's clothes and starts putting them away in the cupboard.

PAM
She couldn't get out of here quick
enough...

CHRISTINE
Oh, shame. I'm sorry, love.

Becky watches as Christine opens the cupboard and puts Pam's things inside. She notices Becky's SHOE BOX and pulls it out.

She takes the lid off and peers inside nosily. She flicks through the photos of Teenage Becky and Teenage Chloe.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
You've brought lots, haven't you?

A *THRUMMING SOUND* takes over. *Becky's HEARTBEAT pulses and somewhere, behind it all, the sound of a DOOR BUZZER RINGING.*

NURSE 1 (O.S.)
(gentle)
Can I help you?

Becky jumps and turns around. A NURSE peers at her curiously.

BECKY
(flustered)
Oh. Wrong room. I'm that way.

Becky hurries off away from the nurse. After a moment, she turns and watches the nurse walking on. She thinks for a moment, then follows her.

BECKY approaches a reception desk. The NURSE she followed sits behind the desk.

NURSE 1
Hi there, everything okay? Did you
find the right room?

BECKY
Hi, I'm Sasha, Pam Green's
daughter. That was actually my
mum's room... I didn't want to make
a scene...

NURSE 1
What's the matter?

BECKY

I... Er, I was watching the woman who's visiting my mother. She used to be her carer but she was caught stealing and we had to let her go. She took my mum's engagement ring.

Becky sighs.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Do you think you could make sure she isn't allowed in to visit her?

The nurse smiles empathetically back at her.

NURSE 1

I'm so sorry, of course.

Becky smiles back.

7 EXT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 2PM - DAY 22

7

BECKY stands at Elliot's front door, holding a suitcase. She takes a breath and rings the bell. ELLIOT opens the door with a massive grin on his face. He's holding a key.

ELLIOT

No, no. You have to do that again.

He hands her the key. She laughs, takes it and he shuts the door. She puts the key in the lock and opens it.

8 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE - 2PM - DAY 22

8

The front door opens and BECKY enters, wheeling her suitcase.

BECKY

You're an idiot.

ELLIOT

Sorry. I'm excited.

ELLIOT takes her in his arms and kisses her.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

BECKY

Lighter.

Becky looks at him. Behind him, she notices the PHOTO OF CHLOE staring down at her.

9 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, STAIRS & LANDING - 2.01PM - 9
DAY 22

BECKY climbs the stairs slowly, carrying her suitcase. She leaves it on the landing and enters --

10 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - 2.01PM - 10
DAY 22

-- Chloe's office. She tries not to take the space in, as she retrieves Chloe's LEATHERBOUND WEEKLY DIARY from her bag.

She places back where she originally found it, on the pile of books on Chloe's desk, turns around and leaves the room.

11 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS - 11
2.02PM - DAY 22

BECKY enters Chloe & Elliot's bedroom. She looks around. The photos by the bed are gone. BECKY wheels her suitcase into --

12 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 12
2.02PM - DAY 22

-- Chloe's dressing room. She looks around. The dresser is gone. Becky opens the built-in wardrobe. The rails are empty.

ELLIOTT

Hey!

BECKY

Hey.

ELLIOT

I cleared a bit of space.

BECKY

It feels weird. All her stuff...

ELIJAH

Yeah... It feels weird to me too.

x₁ y

BECKY
I'm not moving in

ELITO

ELL101

nd somev

n and kisses her. She looks at him.

13

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, SHARED OFFICE - 2.45PM -
DAY 23

13

A glass-walled, shared office in the member's club. It's sparsely populated with rows of desks, plants and some lockable filing cabinets.

In one corner, BECKY unpacks files into a cabinet. LIVIA is on the phone staring out of the glass box. She's fuming.

LIVIA

(into phone)

I'm on the school website now looking at one of the pictures of my daughter that you just love to flash around to show how *inclusive* you are. And I have to say, right now that word feels very, very hollow to me. My son is A-TYPICAL. But you know...

She winks at Becky.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

...his Emotional IQ is unusually high and --

(she listens)

Well, it was just a little bite.

(she listens)

How much blood?

She looks defeated.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Well. Okay. What time?

Becky's Sasha Myles phone BUZZES. She checks it. An ALERT reads: 'Your account is over its agreed borrowing limit. Please contact us immediately'. She puts her phone away.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Please don't. See you then.

Livia hangs up and puts her head in her hands.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

I've got to see Trunchbull at two tomorrow.

BECKY

Shit.

Livia sighs, overwhelmed. For a moment, there's a flash of emotion, tears brimming. She looks exhausted.

(MORE)

LIVIA

I think we're going to have to look for another school... He's just not managing... It's too exhausting for him pretending to be like everyone else.

BECKY

I know how he feels.

Becky smiles sympathetically at Livia, who returns to typing.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Liv... Sorry to be a pain but... Have you had a chance to pay my invoice yet?

LIVIA

Oh god, I'm so sorry.

BECKY

It's just that with my mum's home and looking for a new place...

LIVIA

God yes, I know... Cash flow's a bit tight at the moment and there's a backlog, but I'll get it sorted, I promise.

Becky isn't reassured.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

You know, while you're looking, you can always stay with me, right?

BECKY

Thanks, it's fine... I'm going to housesit for a friend for a bit.

LIVIA

Oooh, who's the friend?

BECKY

I don't know her that well... It's just while I sort myself out.

Becky feels uncomfortable in the lie, but Livia doesn't pick up on it. Livia glances at her watch.

LIVIA

Oh god, the time.

Livia takes a deep breath.

(MORE)

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Okay. Got to face the mums. Make
sure Noah doesn't cannibalise
another one of the little shits.

BECKY

Go. You can do it. I'll hold the
fort.

LIVIA

Thank you.

BECKY

Can you send me your caterers list?

Livia leans in and writes a password on a post-it.

LIVIA

Here. It's on my desktop. Help
yourself.

She leaves. Becky gets up and slinks round to Livia's side of the desk. Livia's screensaver scrolls through beautiful photos of her kids and Phil.

Becky sits down and suddenly an IMAGE OF CHLOE appears staring straight at her. Becky stares back at her.

Then she SWIPES the mouse and the image disappears. Becky types in the password and Livia's computer opens.

Becky's eyes glint and, almost without thinking, her cursor hovers above Livia's email app.

Becky closes her eyes, takes a breath, and moves the cursor away. She opens a file: CATERERS.xlsx.

The phone on the desk rings.

BECKY

Hello, Livia Fulton Events?

She listens and types on the computer.

14

INT. BERKELEY MEMBER'S CLUB, CAFE - 3.15PM - DAY 23

14

BECKY stands outside the member's club cafe. Preparing herself. She enters the cafe and heads in the direction of JOSH, who sits at a table waiting for her.

They smile at each other awkwardly. Josh's expression is reserved, but his tone is quiet and jolly - hiding his hurt.

JOSH

Look who's back from the dead.

(MORE)

BECKY

Hey. How are you doing?

JOSH

Fine.

BECKY

Thanks so much for sorting the
space out. So I can show you a bit
of what I have in mind --

Josh interrupts with a scoff. He looks at her, expectantly.

JOSH

Right. So... that's how we're doing
this, is it?

Becky gives in.

BECKY

Sorry, it's been busy... I just
don't know that we're...

Josh stares at her, smiling but with an angry energy.

JOSH

I feel like you're confusing me
with someone else.

BECKY

What?

WAITER (O.S.)

Hi there, what I can get you?

A WAITER stands by their table.

JOSH

With someone who falls for your
bullshit.

Becky is embarrassed.

BECKY

(to the waiter)

Just a minute, sorry...

Becky looks at Josh, feeling under attack.

BECKY (CONT'D)

What do you want from me?

JOSH

I don't know...

He looks at her, searching.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
Are you okay?
(annoyed with himself)
I was actually worried about you.

BECKY
I'm fine.

JOSH
I heard you're working full time
for Livia?

BECKY
Yeah.

Josh hesitates. Looking at Becky searchingly.

JOSH
So you're seeing him again?

Becky looks at him.

BECKY
Are you going to be a problem?

Becky really means this question, but she sees suddenly in
Josh's expression that it offends him deeply. He stares at
her, coldly and gets up.

JOSH
Do what you want with the space.

He leaves. Becky watches him go, her heart hurting a bit.

15

INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/DINER - 8.30PM -
NIGHT 23

15

BECKY opens the FRIDGE and looks through its well-stocked
contents. She retrieves a TUB OF FANCY OLIVES and a BOTTLE OF
WINE. She eats an olive and pours herself a generous glass.

Her SASHA MYLES PHONE rings. She looks at it: UNKNOWN NUMBER.
She hesitates, then picks up.

BECKY
Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Is that Ms Pam Green?

BECKY
Sorry?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
This is Reynold's debt collection.

Becky hangs up the phone, shaken. ELLIOT appears behind her.

(MORE)

ELLIOT
No getting drunk without me.

Becky laughs.

BECKY
Catch up then.

Elliot pours himself a big glass too.

ELLIOT
God, I feel like my day was one
long meeting.

He drinks from his glass, finally relaxing.

Becky's SASHA MYLES phone BUZZES again. Her jaw flicks with stress. She switches it off. Elliot notices.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
Everything okay...?

Becky is thrown, the stress taking over. She channels it.

BECKY
Oh. Yeah. I... Livia's been putting off paying my invoice for a while. I've just been trying to work out how to... what to say.

ELLIOT
What, she's not paying you?

BECKY
Yeah, it's fine. Cashflow's an issue which obviously I totally understand...

ELLIOT
That's so typical of her. Do you want me to have a word?

BECKY
Uh. I don't know... I don't want to make a *thing* out of it.

ELLIOT
Okay but you can't run a political campaign and not pay your work force.

BECKY
Yeah.

ELLIOT
I'll cover you in the meantime...
How much do you need?

BECKY

Oh. I... No, I mean --

ELLIOT

Can you put your details in?

He takes out his phone and hands it to her. She hesitates.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

It's nothing, really.

She takes the phone and taps her details in.

BECKY

I'll pay you back. And what I owe
you for Mum's.

ELLIOT

Of course. No rush, but I'll have a
word with her so she hurries up.

Elliot doesn't reply. She hands back his phone.

Her SASHA MYLES phone BUZZES. She looks down. TRANSFER RECEIVED: £3,000 from ELLIOT FAIRBOURNE. Relief floods through her.

BECKY

Thank you so much.

ELLIOT

Okay, now let's get drunk.

She laughs and they kiss.

16

INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - 9PM - NIGHT 23 16

BECKY and ELLIOT are lying on the living room sofa, kissing intensely. Elliot removes her top.

Becky glances towards the windows. The curtains are open. She gets up and goes to close the curtains. When she turns around, Elliot has a strange look on his face.

BECKY

What's wrong?

He shakes his head as though getting rid of a silly thought.

ELLIOT

Oh, it's nothing. It's stupid.

BECKY

What is it?

ELLIOT

No, no, really...

(MORE)

BECKY
(on edge now)
What?

ELLIOT
Uh. I... It's stupid. It's just...
Chloe.

BECKY
Oh.

ELLIOT
We always had the curtains open,
She liked it that way. She said she
wanted to see out.

Becky is thrown. She goes to open them.

BECKY
Oh my god, sorry. Let's have them
open.

ELLIOT
No! No. To be honest, I like them
closed. I just.. when I saw you
closing them, I felt like looking
over my shoulder in case she was
watching. Like, disapproving or
something.

BECKY
I'm sorry.

Becky lies back on the sofa next to Elliot.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Do you think this is too much? Me
coming to stay?

ELLIOT
No, no. I'm sorry. I want you here.

It almost sounds like he's saying "even if she doesn't".
Elliot smiles gently at Becky and lies his head on her chest.
She holds him and looks down at his WEDDING RING.

A HIGH, SOFT, SLIGHTLY BROKEN VOICE sings an ancient tune.
The VOICE splutters as WATER SLOSHES.

BECKY gasps awake. Her breath settles and she starts to hear
TALKING downstairs.

Slowly, she gets up and ties her Kimono robe around her.
She's confused. Still emerging from the darkness of sleep.

She gets up, opens the door a crack and listens.

18 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, HALLWAY/LANDING - MORNING - 18
9.30AM - DAY 24

BECKY peeks over the landing. In the hallway below, she sees Elliot's sister BEA wearing a dark suit. TIGGY arranges her hair in the hallway mirror.

TIGGY

Blobs parked *appallingly*.

BEA

It's fine, we're heading straight out, aren't we?

TIGGY

Elliot will drive us.

BEA

But my car's in front of his.

ELLIOT

You go on ahead?

TIGGY

We *absolutely* go together!

Tiggy turns to Bea.

TIGGY (CONT'D)

Go re-park the car.

Becky leans forward on the banister to get a better look. It CREAKS. She pulls back. Everyone turns and looks up at her.

She smiles awkwardly and comes down the stairs. Tiggy's mouth drops open. Horrified.

BECKY

Hi.

ELLIOT

Tiggy, this is Sasha. You've met before.

TIGGY

I don't remember.

Becky feels the chill. Tiggy remembers alright.

ELLIOT

And this is Blobs. Well, Bea. My little sister. I couldn't say her name when I was little so...

BEA
Blobs it was. Lucky me.

Frosty pause. Tiggy looks at Elliot.

TIGGY
What about Sasha? I'm sure she's
not coming to lay the headstone on
your dead wife's grave.

Tiggy looks at Becky.

TIGGY (CONT'D)
In her Kimono.

Becky feels this like a gut punch. She looks to Elliot, who looks scolded, like a child.

ELLIOT
(quiet, tense)
Mum?

TIGGY
This is a difficult day for me.
(to Becky)
Chloe and I were very close. She
was like the daughter I never had.

BEA
(shocked)
Mum!

TIGGY
Oh don't be sensitive. You know
what I mean. You were always more
like a boy.

Tiggy turns away and takes out her phone. Conversation over. Becky looks over at Elliot.

BECKY
I didn't know it was today. I'm
sorry.

He gives her a reassuring smile that says "don't worry".

ELLIOT
It's okay. I said, yesterday. We'll
be at the graveyard all morning.

Becky frowns, confused.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I'll be back at lunch time.
(to Tiggy)
I'll just grab my car keys.

He leaves. An awkward silence.

(MORE)

TIGGY
I'll wait outside.

She looks at Becky. Then, said with the tone of an insult --

TIGGY (CONT'D)
Wonderful to meet you again.

Tiggy leaves. Bea nods at Becky sympathetically.

BEA
(low voice)
I'm sorry about Mum. Don't take it personally, she's just the worst.

A mischievous glimmer of a smile on Becky's face. She leans in conspiratorially.

BECKY
I just had *mine* put in a home.

Bea can't help but burst out laughing. Elliot emerges and they stop. He looks vulnerable. Like "What's the joke?".

Tiggy calls from outside --

TIGGY (O.S.)
Bea! Go move that wretched car!

Bea rolls her eyes at Becky and heads out. Elliot gives Becky a hug. He looks out at his sister.

ELLIOT
You two aren't going to gang up on me, are you?

BECKY
Don't be silly.

She kisses him. He seems vulnerable. Becky feels for him.

ELLIOT
I'll see you later.

She waves as he leaves. Becky watches through the window by the door. Tiggy and Elliot head towards his car. Tiggy admonishes Elliot as they walk.

BECKY makes a SMOOTHIE in a sleek, fancy SMOOTHIE MACHINE. She pours herself a large glass, then rifles through the pantry. She pulls out a jar of PEANUT BUTTER and a packet of CHEESE STRAWS.

19 CONTINUED:

Becky puts the jar and cheese straws down on the coffee table and sits down on the WHITE SOFA, luxuriating in the space. She takes her SASHA MYLES phone out and snaps a picture. She looks at it.

CUT TO:

Becky lies on the sofa, listening to a TRUE CRIME PODCAST, munching on cheese straws and peanut butter.

PAM'S BROCHURE is open on her lap, her finger rests on a circled item as she puts in an order on the company's website. She types in PAM GREEN and an address.

Becky puts the brochure down, rests the JAR OF PEANUT BUTTER on her chest, takes out a cheese straw and dips it in the jar, taking a big munch.

She catches a glimpse of herself in a mirror and looks away, a bit disgusted with herself. She puts the cheese straws and peanut butter away, feeling uneasy.

She notices a pretty card on the mantle piece. KLIMT, The Kiss. She's drawn to it.

She wipes her fingers on her jeans, pulls her headphones out and goes to pick it up. She flips it over. On the back: "You're my whole world and you know it. C"

Becky looks at it then puts it back on the mantelpiece.

A moment of silence. Then she hears, a CLICK CLICK CLICK sound coming from somewhere upstairs. She listens.

20 **SCENE OMITTED**

20

21 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LANDING - 10.16AM - DAY 24**

21

BECKY arrives on the top landing. She sees the DOOR at the end of the corridor, OPENING and CLOSING in the wind. She walks towards it and enters --

22 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - 10.16AM - DAY 24** 22

-- Chloe's office. BECKY notices the window is slightly ajar. She approaches it and looks out into the garden. There's an outdoor WOODEN HUT. The window into the hut reveals a desk and some papers. Elliot's space.

Becky closes the door, turns around and takes the room in. The dresser has been moved there. She looks at the cupboard. She resists for a moment, then opens the doors and reveals: rails and rails of Chloe's clothes.

(MORE)

She opens the pale chipped chest of drawers. All Chloe's make-up and perfume has been piled in there.

Becky hesitates. She should close the door. But she can't. She reaches out and touches a LEOPARD PRINT FAUX FUR. Then she moves on to a BLACK TRENCH COAT, a CASHMERE OVERCOAT.

Becky comes to an EMPTY HANGER. She pauses.

FLASH TO:

23 INT. CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL - IMAGINATION - NIGHT 2

23

The final image of CHLOE in her BLUE COAT, standing in the lobby of a fancy building. Chloe looks at us, then away.

FLASH TO:

24 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - 10.17AM -
DAY 24

Becky rifles through the rail but there's no blue coat. She frowns, then, frustrated with herself, dismisses the thought.

She goes to close the cupboard, but a DRESS hangs on the inside of the cupboard door. It's a LONG, RED SILK DRESS. Becky looks at it.

25 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, CHLOE'S OFFICE - LATER -
10.20AM - DAY 24

BECKY wears the RED DRESS, looking at her reflection in the dresser mirror. Three times reflected.

She picks up CHLOE'S PERFUME and sprays her WRIST. She smells her wrist and touches it softly.

She shuts her eyes and sprays perfume in the air. The droplets cloud around her. They settle on her hair, her skin.

She opens her eyes, leans in and paints her mouth with RUSSIAN RED LIPSTICK.

She stands back and looks at herself. Eyes focused. Entranced by her reflection.

Becky is pulled out of it by A GUST OF COLD AIR. The HAIRS on her bare arms prickle up.

Becky looks out of the window. She sees Elliot's WOODEN HUT at the bottom of the garden. Suddenly she feels exposed. What if he sees her like this?

She looks for a blind to pull down but there isn't one.

(MORE)

Becky hurriedly takes off the dress.

26 **SCENE OMITTED**

26

27 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - 10.31AM - DAY** 27
24

BECKY, changed back into her own clothes, enters the living room. She sees all the CURTAINS are OPEN. She pauses, then crosses the room and pulls them SHUT.

28 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER - 12PM -** 28
DAY 24

BECKY has nodded off in front of the TV. Slowly, drowsily, she opens her eyes.

She GASPS. Elliot stands in the doorway.

BECKY

Hey.

ELLIOT

Hi.

Elliot seems distracted. Even spooked.

BECKY

What's wrong?

He smells the air, then shakes his head and sits next to her.

ELLIOT

Nothing. I'm sorry.

Becky shifts nervously, rubbing her WRIST where she sprayed Chloe's perfume. She looks at Elliot.

BECKY

It's okay. I'm sorry about earlier.
Your mum... I don't think she's a
fan of me.

ELLIOT

Don't worry. The last time she was
nice to someone was in 1992.

A smile, then a flicker of pain and frustration.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Fucking hell. I just wish she'd let
me live my life.

Becky approaches Elliot and holds him, feeling his pain.

(MORE)

BECKY

I know... Hey, let's forget about
her.

Elliot nods, childlike. He hugs her tightly.

ELLIOT

You get me.

BECKY

How was it?

ELLIOT

Awful. Seeing the headstone in the
ground. Her *grave*. I mean... The
idea that she's under there, in the
ground.

Becky finds herself overwhelmed with emotion.

FLASH TO:

*TEENAGE BECKY stands by a beach pool in her SWIMMING COSTUME.
TEENAGE CHLOE treads water out in the pool.*

TEENAGE CHLOE

(calling out)

Come on. It feels amazing.

*Teenage Becky dips her toe in the water and shakes her head.
Squirming with the cold.*

TEENAGE CHLOE (CONT'D)

Come on! Just do it!

FLASH TO:

BECKY's eyes fill with tears. ELLIOT notices.

ELLIOT

Hey.

BECKY

I'm sorry...

ELLIOT

Now I've upset you!

He takes her in his arms.

(MORE)

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I wanted to talk to you actually.
It made me think about us.

Becky steels herself.

BECKY

Me being here. It's too soon.

Elliot shakes his head.

ELLIOT

No! You don't understand. All I wanted, the whole time, was to get home to you. I was thinking about what you said, everything ends. Well maybe that's a reason to jump on any happiness you can find.

This resonates with Becky hugely, like it's meant for her.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Maybe you don't need to look for somewhere else to stay?

Becky looks at him. Feeling anxious, guilty. Elliot notices.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

What's the matter?

BECKY

Do you think... we should tell Livia?

Elliot winces a little.

ELLIOT

Probably. Yeah. At some point. That's going to be fun.

Becky laughs, that he too can find her this terrifying.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

Okay. Maybe tomorrow, at the exhibition?

BECKY

Yeah?

ELLIOT

She'll be in a good mood.

Elliot takes her in his arms.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

I like having you living here.

BECKY
Let's see how we go.

Becky settles into his embrace, her brain whirring.

FLASH TO:

31 **EXT. BEACH POOL - MEMORY - DAY**

31

Teenage Becky looks down at the water, tentatively, then a burst of speed and she LEAPS into it, calling out with glee.

A SPLASH as she's submerged by water and we FLASH TO:

32 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - 8.30PM - NIGHT 24** 32

BECKY plunges into bathwater. Her face lies under the water, her eyes closed and her hair fanning upwards.

She emerges, sitting up in the bath, luxuriating in her surroundings. Music plays.

33 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 8.40PM - NIGHT 24** 33

BECKY pads across the floor of Elliot's bedroom, now wearing her kimono. She pauses. One curtain is OPEN. That's weird.

She picks up her SASHA MYLES phone. She changes the music.

The phone BUZZES. A message from Elliot: "God you're beautiful". Becky frowns, looks around.

She looks out of the window and sees Elliot sitting at his desk in the WOODEN HUT. He raises a coffee mug. Cheers!

She looks at him. A flicker of a smile. She goes to the window and leans right up to the glass. She undoes the belt on her robe. Lets it slip open.

Her breath MISTS on the glass. Elliot watches from the darkness of the garden.

34 **INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - 8.55PM - NIGHT 24** 34

ELLIOT and BECKY lie entangled together, sweaty and disheveled. Elliot's eyes droop with sleep as he gets close to her, nuzzling into her neck.

ELLIOT
(softly, half asleep)
I love you.

Becky inhales, softly. A long beat.

(MORE)

BECKY
(whispered)
I love you too.

Becky watches as his eyes close and he falls asleep. She watches him breathe slowly.

She looks up at the ceiling, trying to sleep. But she can't.

35 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/DINER - 9.30PM - NIGHT
24 5

BECKY enters the kitchen/diner and goes to the FRIDGE. It's full of lovely food. She picks at something healthy, then closes it. She's about to leave the room when she sees, on the mantelpiece, the KLIMT POSTCARD.

Becky strides over, takes it and tears it into pieces. Then she drops it in the bin.

She glances over towards an open door, leading onto the living room, and freezes. A shiver runs down her spine.

She walks slowly into --

36 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - 9.30PM - NIGHT 36
24

-- the living room. The curtains are OPEN. Black windows and her own reflection stares back at her.

BECKY looks distorted, GHOSTLY. She hurries to the window and pulls them shut again.

37 INT. WHITE SPACE - IMAGINATION 37

A HIGH, SOFT, SLIGHTLY BROKEN VOICE sings an ancient tune.
The VOICE splutters as WATER SLOSHES.

The back of Chloe's head in a white space. Water sloshes around to the level of the back of her neck. The water level rises. She splutters, stops singing, and PLUNGES under water.

Her hair fans out. She turns towards us with her EYES CLOSED.

Suddenly, her EYES OPEN and her MOUTH forms a MUFFLED UNDERWATER SCREAM as we FLASH TO:

38 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - AFTERNOON - 7PM - 38
DAY 25

A hand WIPES the steam off a MIRROR. BECKY is in her underwear putting on makeup. ELLIOT showers behind her.

Elliot comes out of the shower and wraps a towel around his waist. He approaches Becky and embraces her from behind.

ELLIOT

About tonight... Do you want me to talk to Livia, or do you want to have a chance to chat to her first?

BECKY

(nervous)

I think it's probably better if I talk to her first, right?

ELLIOT

I think so. You sure?

BECKY

Yeah. Hair up or down?

ELLIOT

I like it down.

Becky watches him as he crosses the room and goes into the bedroom. She walks into --

39 INT. CHLOE & ELLIOT'S HOUSE, DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 39
7.10PM - DAY 25

-- the dressing room. BECKY opens the built-in wardrobe, which is now full of her own clothes. She pulls out a dress and steps into it.

Becky looks in the mirror on the inside of the wardrobe and ties her hair UP.

Out of a pocket in one of her clothes, she retrieves: Chloe's RUSSIAN RED LIPSTICK. She hesitates, then paints her mouth.

The door opens and ELLIOT enters. He's in his underwear, his hair still wet.

He kisses her. She turns to face the mirror with him behind her, pressing into her. She can't help but smile.

Very gently, Elliot takes the hair band from her bun and lets her hair fall to her shoulders. Then he turns to go.

He leaves. Becky looks at her reflection.

40 INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, FIRST ROOM - EVENING - 7.45PM - 40
DAY 25

A trendy art gallery. The room looks stunning. High ceilings. Massive oil paintings.

There's a cloakroom, and a bar to one side. BECKY talks to a DJ set up behind some decks in the corner.

BECKY

I think we switch playlists around 9pm? Let's wait till it's crowded.

Becky checks the time on her SASHA MYLES PHONE.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Get going in about half an hour?

The DJ nods. Becky approaches LIVIA and PHIL who stand in front of a painting. Livia checks a list. She looks stressed.

LIVIA

Is this the most recent update?

BECKY

What are you worried about?

LIVIA

I don't know, a lot of the Big Dicks haven't RSVPd.

PHIL

The *what*?

LIVIA

Oh you know, Big Dicks. Money to burn on shit art.

Becky holds back a laugh.

PHIL

Wow. Sexist as well as insulting.

LIVIA

Some of the Big Dicks are women, Phil.

BECKY

Don't worry. There's a whole lot of tech guys on there from Elliot. Apparently they love showing off to each other, they'll be fighting over your work.

PHIL

I don't know about that...

Livia looks unconvinced too.

PHIL (CONT'D)

The final room is finished, do you want to come and have a look?

Livia nods. They head through --

41 **INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - 7.46PM - 41**
DAY 25

-- a small corridor, into --

42 **INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, SECOND ROOM - CONTINUOUS -** 42
7.46PM - DAY 25

-- a second room. A smaller, figurative series.

LIVIA
Has Elliot seen it yet?

PHIL
No...

They keep walking through to --

43 **INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, THE CHLOE ROOM - CONTINUOUS -** 43
7.47PM - DAY 25

-- a final room. Dimly lit. The black walls sombre and intense. Becky stops, stunned.

In the centre of the back wall, a HUGE OIL PAINTING of CHLOE.

It's in a loose, painterly, Lucian Freud style. Chloe sits in Phil's studio chair. She wears jeans and a vest, bare feet. Newspaper scrunched on the floor and an empty cup of tea. She looks beautiful but poised, staring calmly out of the canvas.

BECKY turns to look at the other wall. Another painting of Chloe. This one is more abstract. It's similar in composition to the first one but there is a real darkness to it. Her pose is awkward, twisted, her feet screwed up. Her hands clench the arms of the chair, her face...

Becky stares at her face. The FEATURES are gone and in their place are thick, dark smears of paint. A touch of red.

A SIGH interrupts her train of thought.

She turns to see LIVIA, overwhelmed by the images just as she is. Livia turns to PHIL.

LIVIA
It's a lot.

Becky senses Phil's nerves. She smiles gently at him.

BECKY
It's beautiful.

LIVIA
I mean, I have warned him.

Livia turns to leave.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
Shall we get this party started
then?

Phil follows her. Becky takes one last look at CHLOE, then turns to follow them out of the room.

44 INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, FIRST ROOM - 8.45PM - NIGHT 25 44

The party has started. It's packed, hard to move, with cool arty types. BECKY stands in a corner, surveying the room.

She makes eye contact with ELLIOT, who gives her a small, subtle smile while he talks to a man in a suit.

She turns and looks through the heaving crowd.

[FANTASY] For a moment, she sees CHLOE'S FACE amongst the throng. Then she's gone.

Becky shakes it off and looks around. She notices GEORGIA COWAN. She's standing in front of a brooding landscape looking at her program.

Becky glances towards LIVIA, who is at the bar. She makes eye contact with her and nods towards Georgia Cowan.

Becky mimes with hand actions: BIG DICK. Livia snorts champagne from her nose.

Becky walks towards Georgia and whispers.

BECKY
That's my favourite.

She smiles at her and leaves, heading towards Livia.

They look over at Georgia Cowan as she places a sticker next to the painting. They smile at each other.

Becky feels on top of the world.

Suddenly, TIGGY is there, arms thrown wide.

TIGGY
Sasha! What a treat.

Always managing to say nice things as if they were insults.

BECKY
Hi Tiggy. Thanks for coming.

Becky glances nervously at Livia, hoping Tiggy doesn't reveal her situation with Elliot.

TIGGY

I absolutely had to come. Well done you. Aren't you clever?

She spots someone she knows in the crowd.

TIGGY (CONT'D)

Oh, I'd better...

And she's off. Becky looks at Livia and raises her eyebrows.

LIVIA

She's a bitch.

Becky laughs and shakes her head in disbelief.

Livia looks over at PHIL talking to a SMART-LOOKING WOMAN, who fawns over him. Becky watches too.

BECKY

She's eating out of his hand.

LIVIA

Rich women love artists. Honestly, the amount of them willing to take their clothes off, lie on a stained mattress and tell my husband all their secrets is unbelievable.

Becky cackles with laughter.

BECKY

Really??

LIVIA

Yeah! He's like a Catholic priest, he knows everything about everyone. And the annoying thing is he's completely trustworthy, he never tells. I could murder him.

They survey the room.

BECKY

Look at him. He's so happy.

LIVIA

(fond)

Yeah, like a pig in shit.

She looks at Becky.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

You've smashed it.

Becky smiles at her. Her smile fades as she prepares herself.

(MORE)

BECKY

Liv, I --

LIVIA

Oh God! Look which cowboy just rode
into town.

Becky looks across the room. Livia laughs darkly.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

It seems he's got a new horse.

Becky finally sees JOSH, standing in the doorway.

She inhales. Then a flicker of pain on her face as she sees
he's with a pretty DARK-HAIRED WOMAN.

Josh spots Becky and gives her a nod. Distant but friendly.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Let me go and thank him...

Livia heads towards Josh. Becky watches.

45

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, CORRIDOR - 9PM - NIGHT 25

45

BECKY squeezes down the corridor which is heaving with
people. She can see ELLIOT in a serious conversation with
JACK GREENBANK.

Becky joins them just as a PHOTOGRAPHER takes a picture.

FLASH. She raises her hand to block her face, just in time.

ELLIOT

Sasha, you remember Jack, Richard's
dad? Sasha is the creative brains
behind this whole event.

JACK

We were just saying the curation is
really inspired.

BECKY

Oh... well. Phil had a strong
vision. I just made it happen.

Jack Greenbank smiles a bit condescendingly at Becky.

Elliot continues his conversation with Jack.

ELLIOT

(quiet)

Anyway, it's a good place. Really
solid recovery rates.

He squeezes Jack's shoulder. Jack nods, emotional.

(MORE)

JACK

Thank you, really. You know how
grateful I am, don't you?

Becky hovers, feeling on the outside. Through a doorway, she spots a WAITER moving through with glasses of water.

BECKY

Excuse me. I just have to...

She turns and walks away following the waiter into --

46

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, SECOND ROOM - CONTINUOUS -
9.01PM - NIGHT 25

46

-- the second gallery room. BECKY grabs a glass of water and gulps it down. She looks around at the crowded room and approaches an ABSTRACT OIL PAINTING. She stands in front of it and pretends to be engrossed.

She moves on to the next painting and finds herself suddenly beside of JOSH. He looks at her.

The crowd heaves, pushing them closer together. She inhales and they move apart.

She turns and looks at the painting. He looks at it too. Their silence is charged. After a moment --

JOSH

What do you think?

BECKY

I've been trying to work out what
it is.

Josh leans in and reads the sign.

JOSH

Still Life with Fruit Bowl and
Aubergine.

BECKY

(surprised)

Oh.

She gives a flicker of a smile. So does he.

A moment of silence.

Her arm is close to his sleeve. She moves her hand, slowly, slowly, so it grazes the side of his hand.

He moves his hand slightly. Their fingers touch.

The room gives way to the sound of her own BREATH.

(MORE)

DARK HAIR ED WOMAN (O.S.)
There you are!

Becky watches as Josh waves at her. He glances at Becky one last time before turning and joining the DARK-HAIRED WOMAN. Becky watches as she sees Josh and the dark-haired woman pass ELLIOT and JACK GREENBANK in the corridor. Josh and Elliot greet each other briefly. A slight awkwardness, covered up.

Becky looks in the other direction towards the final room.

BECKY slowly walks into the CHLOE ROOM. She looks at the PORTRAIT. Chloe looks down on Becky, cool and composed. Her lovely face unmade up, except for her red lipstick.

A cough pulls her out of it. Becky looks over and sees TIGGY, now standing next to her, looking up at the painting.

Becky smiles politely. Tiggy returns her smile but her eyes burn into her.

TIGGY
I'm not sure that's your colour,
darling.

She throws her one last smile and leaves the room.

Becky looks across the room at the featureless PORTRAIT OF CHLOE. She approaches it. She looks at the SMUDGE OF PAINT where Chloe's face should be.

In her mind, A MUFFLED SCREAM.

LIVIA (O.S.)
(gently)
Hey.

Livia touches her shoulder.

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

Livia puts a steady hand on her back. Becky pulls herself together.

BECKY
I'm fine, just a head rush.

Livia hands Becky a champagne glass.

LIVIA
Drink this.

BECKY

Thanks.

Livia looks around at the pictures of Chloe.

LIVIA

Some women might be threatened by
their husband devoting an entire
room of a gallery to their best
friend...

Becky smiles.

BECKY

Oh Phil... He loves you so much.

LIVIA

Of course he does. Just like he
loves going to the cinema. He gets
to sit there passively while
everything just... happens.

BECKY

Isn't that how it goes when you've
been together a long time?

LIVIA

Not Elliot and Chloe. He *actively*
loved her. He was like one of those
stupid penguins that gives their
mate a pebble and then loves them
forever. Chloe was his penguin.

Silence for a moment. They look at the painting of Chloe.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

(a hint of resentment)
She didn't know what she had...

Becky is struggling. She takes a breath.

BECKY

There's something I've been meaning
to tell you. It's been hard to find
the right moment...

Livia looks at her, frowning. Feeling something bad coming.

LIVIA

What?

Becky hesitates.

BECKY

Elliot... We're seeing each other
again.

Livia looks at her. A thin layer of ice already forming.

(MORE)

BECKY (CONT'D)
It's him I'm staying with.

Livia's eyes deaden and then, very slowly, she turns away and starts to scan the room.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Livia nods a little but her jaw is clenched.

BECKY (CONT'D)
(quiet)
I should have told you earlier.

Becky waits for her to speak. Livia doesn't respond.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Livia?

Livia turns away from her. Becky feels a wave of humiliation.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
There you are!

Becky turns and sees ELLIOT approaching Becky and Livia. PHIL and ANISH on either side.

Livia approaches Elliot and slips her arm around him, pointedly ignoring Becky. Elliot smiles at Becky, she returns his smile awkwardly.

They walk towards the other PORTRAIT OF CHLOE and stand looking at it. Becky stands on the fringe of the group, awkwardly trying to avoid Livia's gaze.

LIVIA
(to Elliot)
Are you alright?

They all look at him, expectantly.

ELLIOT
This is amazing, mate.

Phil smiles at him, relieved.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)
I've got so many photos, but...
this! This is how I remember her.
You've got her so right.

PHIL
Oh, good. That means so much.

ELLIOT
I'd love to...

Elliot places a STICKER by the painting.

PHIL

Oh wow. Mate. Of course. That's
where it belongs.

Elliot turns and looks at the FEATURELESS PORTRAIT OF CHLOE.
Becky and the group take his lead and walk towards it,
settling in front of it.

ELLIOT

It's... yeah...

He trails off, emotional. Everyone looks at him.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

It's beautiful...

Becky looks up at the FEATURELESS PORTRAIT OF CHLOE in front
of them. The smudge stares back at her.

Elliot sighs.

ELLIOT (CONT'D)

We have no idea, really, what was
going on.

PHIL

Yeah.

A beat of emotion as the group take it in.

ELLIOT

You know what I haven't been able
to get out of my mind?

LIVIA

What?

ELLIOT

The Becky Green thing...

Becky freezes.

LIVIA

Oh my god... Same here.

ANISH

What?

ELLIOT

It's like... were they in touch, do
you think?

LIVIA

Surely not.

ANISH
What? What happened?

A beat as Elliot and Livia share a look.

ELLIOT
The last call on her phone. It was
to this girl...

LIVIA
Becky Green. I mean...

ELLIOT
I know, it really makes no sense.

Just then, JOSH appears in the doorway. Their eyes meet. He can see something is wrong with Becky.

ANISH
Who's Becky Green?

Josh hears the name, and frowns, confused. He approaches the group - worried, protective.

ANISH (CONT'D)
Come on, what is it?

Anish seems put out at not being in the loop. Livia glances at Elliot, unsure if the mood is right. He nods at her, giving her permission to tell the tale.

LIVIA
Okay, it was... Chloe's
seventeenth? Was it?

ELLIOT
Yeah.

LIVIA
Her parents were away and we had a proper house party, I'm pretty sure that was the night Rich ended up fingering Molly Price on top of the washing machine, right?

ELLIOT
That's right.

LIVIA
But then at some point... It's like eleven and we're all wasted.

FLASH TO:

48

EXT. CHLOE'S TEENAGE HOUSE, MID 2000S - MEMORY REF. 3/46 - 48
NIGHT

TEENAGE BECKY walks down the driveway towards CHLOE'S TEENAGE HOUSE. The sounds of the house party waft out towards her.

FLASH TO:

49

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, THE CHLOE ROOM - 9.10PM - NIGHT 49
25

LIVIA

And the doorbell rings.

THE SOUND OF A DOOR BUZZER RINGING.

LIVIA (CONT'D)

Chloe was like 'Oh god, It's that weird girl. Do not let her in.'

Becky can feel JOSH'S EYES burning into her. She can't move, frozen to the spot with self-hatred and morbid fascination.

ANISH

Who was she?

LIVIA

(to Elliot)

Did you ever meet her?

ELLIOT

No, Chloe told me about her.

LIVIA

(to Anish)

She was from her old school, Chloe was there for a bit when her dad's business went bankrupt. This girl was her only friend there cause... you know. I mean, that school was so depressing.

ELLIOT

Yeah and... Chlo had a thing for weirdos, didn't she?

LIVIA

Yeah, she was a magnet for that type of person.

ELLIOT

And with this girl... I mean...

LIVIA

She'd kind of... latched on like a limpet and refused to let go.

(MORE)

ELLIOT
Poor girl...

LIVIA
Poor Chloe too! She just didn't
know how to say no...

ANISH
So what happened?

LIVIA
Well, she was outside. Ringing the
bell, over and over.

Livia mimes Becky RINGING the DOOR BUZZER. Her finger
pressing down on it relentlessly.

ELLIOT
Chloe was hiding inside.

LIVIA
Yeah, she was hoping if we just
didn't open, she'd end up going
away...

FLASH TO:

50 EXT. CHLOE'S TEENAGE HOUSE, MID 2000S - MEMORY REF. 3/46 - 50
NIGHT

A finger rings a DOOR BUZZER loudly and insistently. TEENAGE BECKY stands at a front door. She rings without stopping. It's one long BUZZZZZ. It sounds crazed. Aggressive.

TEENAGE BECKY
Chloe!! Chloe!! Let me in!

Suddenly, a LIQUID is hurled at her. She turns and sees Richard has thrown the contents of his BEER GLASS. A lashing of it is on her top. She smells the liquid. It's not beer.

FLASH TO:

51 INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, THE CHLOE ROOM - 9.11PM - NIGHT 51
25

Livia finds the story both embarrassing and a bit funny.

LIVIA
And well, we were a bit drunk and
it got a bit rowdy... We started
chanting her name...

OFF BECKY'S FACE, imagining the scene, we FLASH TO:

52

INT. CHLOE'S TEENAGE HOUSE, MID 2000S - MEMORY REF. 3/46 - 52
NIGHT*The TEENAGERS chant along. A FIGURE behind the glass pane.*

TEENAGERS
Becky Green! Becky Green!

*TEENAGE CHLOE chants and laughs along. It's fun and light.**FLASH TO:*

53

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, THE CHLOE ROOM - 9.11PM - NIGHT 53
25

LIVIA
Becky Green! Becky Green!

The group are hooked on the story.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
God, we were so... We thought it
was funny, we were just stupid
teenagers... But... Oh man... she
really lost her shit. It was scary.

*Elliot shakes his head, remembering. Becky closes her eyes.**FLASH TO:*

54

EXT. CHLOE'S TEENAGE HOUSE, MID 2000S - MEMORY REF. 3/46 - 54
NIGHT*The sound of the DOOR BUZZER deafening. TEENAGE BECKY's anger bubbles over. She stops ringing the door buzzer. She raises a fist and SMASHES it hard on the glass pane of the door.**She holds onto her BLEEDING HAND, fury coming out of her. The sounds from the house quieten. Becky turns around and runs.**FLASH TO:*

55

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, THE CHLOE ROOM - 9.12PM - 55
NIGHT 25*Becky opens her eyes.*

PHIL
Man, that's awful...

LIVIA
I know, I feel really bad. I don't
think we realised... She was
probably not well.

(MORE)

She sees Josh looks at her. On his face: confusion, concern, and a hint of... fear?

He turns and leaves. Becky feels sick.

ANISH
What happened to her?

LIVIA
I don't know... Oh my god, I'm
going to google her.

She gets her phone out.

LIVIA (CONT'D)
I bet she's a serial killer now.
Or, like, a receptionist.

Becky's heart BEATS LOUD in her ears.

The DOOR BUZZER mixes with the sound of a BABY CRYING.

[FANTASY] She looks around and sees DAMP PATCHES forming on the ceiling, starting to flower and spread. DIRTY WATER leaking in and dripping down the walls.

Elliot looks over at Becky, noticing her state, confused.

ELLIOT
Are you okay?

Becky nods, trying to cover.

BECKY
Yeah, I'm just... I'm just going to
get a drink.

Becky forces a smile, then turns and tries to find the exit.

She glances back and sees Livia hunched over her phone, Phil and Anish leaning in. Elliot looks at her, concerned.

LIVIA
Oh, there are like a million Becky
Greens.

Becky exhales, turns and rushes out of the room. She heads into the --

57

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, CORRIDOR - LATER - 10.30PM -
NIGHT 25

57

-- corridor. BECKY looks around, surveying the crowd. Determined to make it through the evening.

She turns left down the corridor towards the main room. She walks slowly through the crowd.

As she approaches the end of the corridor, she sees CHLOE'S PARENTS, ANGELA and JIM.

Becky freezes to the spot. *[FANTASY] Suddenly, they're STARING AT HER.*

ANGELA & JIM

*Becky Green? What's Becky Green
doing here?*

ELLIOT (O.S.)

That's Becky Green?

*She turns and sees Elliot behind her. His face turns to
disgust and we HARD CUT TO:*

58

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, CORRIDOR - 10.31PM - NIGHT 25

58

BECKY snaps out of her imagination. CHLOE'S PARENTS are looking around the room.

Becky turns back down the corridor, away from them.

She walks towards the Second Room. At the other end of the corridor, she sees LIVIA, heading towards her, followed by ELLIOT. They've seen CHLOE'S PARENTS. Becky makes eye contact with Livia and smiles at her.

But as she passes her, Livia ignores her completely.

Elliot stops on his way past her.

ELLIOT

*Are you sure you're okay? I just
need to...*

Becky smiles at him, covering again. Doing a good job of it.

BECKY

Of course, of course, I'm all good.

Elliot squeezes her hand and heads through to the first room. Becky goes into --

59

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, SECOND ROOM - CONTINUOUS -
10.31PM - NIGHT 25

59

-- the gallery's second room.

She stands CLOSE to a SMALL OIL PAINTING, a sea landscape. She huddles next to it, with her back to everyone else in the room, listening hard.

She hears ELLIOT and CHLOE'S PARENTS entering the room.

ELLIOT (O.S.)
They're beautiful, you'll see...

She closes her eyes, fearing they will see her at any moment.

But they walk past her. She breathes a huge sigh of relief. She turns and heads back into --

60

INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS - 10.32PM -
60 NIGHT 25

-- the corridor. She makes her way down the corridor when suddenly she hears a quiet but almost animal-like SOUND.

She turns and sees ANGELA, standing on the threshold of the Chloe room. She teeters and her legs give out.

Becky watches on, glued to the sight.

JIM and ELLIOT hold Angela. LIVIA steps forward in sympathy. Angela pushes Elliot away, and stands up. Collecting herself.

Becky turns and heads out into the first gallery room.

61

INT./EXT. - ENTRANCE/ HARBOURSIDE GALLERY - CONTINUOUS -
61 10.32PM - NIGHT 25

Becky heads towards the FRONT DOOR out onto the street. BECKY takes her heels off and hurries down the street, barefoot.

JOSH (O.S.)
Sasha!

Becky stops and turns around to see JOSH. He jogs towards her and stops in front of her.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You need to get out of this, now.
It's really messed up.

BECKY
It's not what you think --

(MORE)

JOSH

No, no. Don't. I just... I can't
cover for you anymore.

Becky opens her mouth. But what can she say?

She turns and heads down the street, accelerating her pace.

62 EXT. STREET NEAR HARBOURSIDE GALLERY - 10.33PM - NIGHT 25 62

BECKY rushes down the street. She's not wearing a coat and she doesn't have her bag. She slows and roots around in her pocket. She pulls out her SASHA MYLES phone. Nothing else.

Becky approaches her CAR. She tries the car door - locked. She stands next to the car, desperately thinking then goes around to the BOOT. It's not closed properly and it OPENS.

Becky breathes a huge sigh of relief. She opens the boot and climbs into her car from the back.

63 EXT./INT. BECKY'S CAR/STREET NEAR HARBOURSIDE GALLERY - 10.45PM - NIGHT - 25 63

BECKY is motionless. Her head is tipped forward on the steering wheel. It looks like she's dead.

A JOGGER on the street outside runs past. He jogs back and stands jogging alongside the window. Reluctant, even at the sight of a potential corpse, to break the flow.

A horrible GROAN emerges from Becky and she starts to bang her head on the steering wheel.

The jogger jogs on.

Becky goes silent and stares ahead at the jogger disappearing into the distance, her eyes glazing over.

FLASH TO:

64 INT. BECKY'S FLAT, BEDROOM, EARLY 2000S - MEMORY - NIGHT 64

TEENAGE BECKY puts a CD on in the player. TEENAGE CHLOE noses around Becky's bedroom, swigging wine.

She sees a geeky photo of Becky at primary school, all bowl haircut and glasses. She holds it up.

TEENAGE CHLOE

Looking good...

Teenage Becky laughs. She starts to sway in rhythm with the music and does a silly dance up to Teenage Chloe.

(MORE)

She holds out her hand. Teenage Chloe puts the wine down and takes Teenage Becky's hand.

They dance with increasing twirling and hysteria.

Teenage Becky looks up and PAM is standing in the doorway out to the main room, holding a Campari and soda.

She smiles and dances a couple of steps, a little tipsy.

Teenage Becky looks wary. She glances at Teenage Chloe who hasn't seen Pam.

Pam starts to get into it. Eyes shut, a little off the beat.

Teenage Chloe notices her, laughs and dances a few steps in time with her. Pam smiles and holds out her hand.

Teenage Becky watches, unease growing. She goes to the stereo and turns off the music.

PAM
(playful)
Hey. Turn it back on.

TEENAGE BECKY
We've had enough.

Pam looks at Teenage Becky, then she turns and observes Teenage Chloe.

PAM
You're the pretty one.

Teenage Chloe looks uncomfortable. Pam glances at Teenage Becky, with a cruel love.

PAM (CONT'D)
She's my ugly bug. She's always been that way.

TEENAGE BECKY
Shut up.

PAM
They'll abandon you then come scurrying back when it suits them... You see a father can just run a mile when they see who they're dealing with. But your job as a mother is to stick around. However much pain they cause you.

TEENAGE CHLOE
Pam, don't...

PAM
However rotten they are inside.

A twinge of regret on Pam's face. She looks at Teenage Becky, the shadow of an olive branch in her eyes.

Teenage Becky stares at her, rage building, and then SPITS in Pam's face. Teenage Chloe gasps.

Pam steps back and raises her sleeve to wipe the spit from her face.

PAM (CONT'D)
(quiet, to Chloe)
See what I mean?

TEENAGE CHLOE
I should go...

Teenage Becky looks at Teenage Chloe. She looks scared, embarrassed and out of place.

TEENAGE BECKY
Stay, stay... I'm sorry about her.

TEENAGE CHLOE
No, no, I... I think I should go.

Teenage Chloe picks up her stuff and leaves the room.

Tears form in Teenage Becky's eyes. Pam looks at Teenage Becky, feeling for her, and puts her arms out.

PAM
Come here, love...

Teenage Becky retracts even more, feeling the upset boil up inside her. She gets up and runs out of the room.

65 **EXT. SEAFRONT - MEMORY - NIGHT**

65

Teenage Becky runs out of her block of flats onto the sea front. Teenage Chloe is nowhere to be seen.

TEENAGE BECKY
Chloe! Chloe!

Teenage Becky runs onto the promenade. Steps lead down to the beach. She runs onto the sand, out towards the black waves.

She approaches the sea, reaching the water and walking into it. She starts to wade in up to her waist.

Then she plunges UNDERWATER.

Her hair fans out, her eyes are closed. Her voice muffled by the water, Teenage Becky SCREAMS.

(MORE)

She breaks the surface and calmly, slowly, walks back towards the shore. Out of the water, up the sand, the stairs and back into her block of flats.

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

66 EXT./INT. BECKY'S CAR/STREET NEAR HARBOURSIDE GALLERY - 12.30AM - NIGHT 25 66

BECKY sits in silence in her car, staring out ahead of her. Totally still.

She checks the time on her SASHA MYLES phone. 12:30 am.

NINE MISSED CALLS from ELLIOT FAIRBOURNE.

She thinks, then turns her phone off.

She takes a deep breath and gets out of the car.

67 INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY - 12:45AM - NIGHT 25 67

BECKY hesitantly enters the gallery, checking for people. It's empty. A few STAFF wander about gathering glasses.

She heads towards the CLOAKROOM and hands the ATTENDANT a TICKET. The attendant passes Becky her COAT and BAG.

Becky takes it, smiles and is about to head back out when --

PHIL (O.S.)

Sasha?

Becky turns and sees PHIL, looking exhausted and a bit forlorn. He's holding a half empty bottle of Champagne.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Stay for one more drink?

BECKY

Oh. Er... I... need to get home,
it's late.

PHIL

Go on. Please.

He holds out a glass for her. Becky hesitates.

68 INT. HARBOURSIDE GALLERY, THE CHLOE ROOM - 12.45AM - NIGHT 25 68

BECKY and PHIL sit on the sofa in front of the FEATURELESS PORTRAIT OF CHLOE.

(MORE)

PHIL
Elliot was looking for you.

Becky sighs. What deep shit she's in.

BECKY
Livia told you?

PHIL
Of course.

(pause)
And by the way, I'm happy. He's had
a shit time and you make him feel
better. Livia will come around.

BECKY
She's right. I've really messed
this up.

PHIL
No...

BECKY
I go somewhere new, I make new
friends... But it doesn't make a
difference. I wake up every day and
I'm still stuck being me.

Phil looks at her, connecting.

BECKY (CONT'D)
I'm going to leave you all alone.

Phil tuts gently, not understanding how serious Becky is.

PHIL
Don't be silly...

Becky looks up at the portrait of Chloe. The smudged face.
Everything she's been trying to figure out.

BECKY
Why do you think she did it?

Phil exhales at the question, slightly uncomfortable.

Becky waits for an answer, none is forthcoming. She
hesitates, then --

BECKY (CONT'D)
(jokey, offhand)
I have a secret theory that she was
having an affair with Richard.

PHIL
Richard and Chloe? No way.

Phil looks at her strangely. Becky takes this in, thrown.

BECKY
(slightly defensive)
Are you sure?

PHIL
Chloe felt sorry for him. She found
him infuriating, like all of us.
But actually... she understood him.
So he put her on a pedestal.

BECKY
(pushing)
Couldn't it have been their dirty
little secret?

Phil laughs, impatient and bemused.

PHIL
They weren't having an affair.

Becky is shaken by this. She looks away from Phil, covering.
She looks up at the painting of Chloe. Searching for meaning.

PHIL (CONT'D)
I don't know, her *face*...

Becky looks over at Phil. He looks haunted. Phil shakes his
head, a bit drunk.

BECKY
What?

PHIL
Nothing, I just... The night it
happened, she was so calm and
collected. I could never have
guessed...

There's something niggling at him. Becky watches.

PHIL (CONT'D)
But at the last minute... She got
up during the speech to go. Nish
went to check on her, I think Liv
did the same. I saw her... just
before she left...

BECKY
What?

PHIL
She seemed... scared.

Becky inhales.

PHIL (CONT'D)

(unsure)

I suppose that's when she *realised*
what she was about to do. When it
really hit her.

He shakes his head, feeling it.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I wish I'd gone after her.

BECKY

I'm so sorry.

Together, they look up at the painting.

The strange BLANK FACE stares down at Becky.

Slowly, her eyes pick out dark smudges that look a bit like eyes and a frightened FACE starts to form from the thick smears of oil paint. Two eyes and an open, screaming MOUTH.

Becky gets up.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I should go.

Phil nods. Becky lingers for a moment. Phil seems so alone.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Where's Livia?

PHIL

Oh, she left with a guy.

Becky looks stunned.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Don't worry. It happens sometimes.
She always comes back before it's
light.

BECKY

(shocked)

Still, it must feel...

PHIL

(resigned)

Yeah.

He smiles at her, self-deprecatingly.

BECKY

I had no idea.

PHIL

Why would you?

A beat.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for tonight. I
couldn't have done it without you.

BECKY

My pleasure.

She smiles at him and walks away. He smiles and turns away from her. She stops at the threshold, glances back at Phil, sitting in front of the featureless portrait of Chloe.

She turns and leaves, her face falling. A sense of urgency returning.

69

INT./EXT. BECKY'S CAR/STREET NEAR HARBOURSIDE GALLERY -

69

01:00AM - NIGHT 25

BECKY sits in the driving seat in her car. She roots around in her wallet and finds about fifty pounds in cash.

She thinks. She turns her CAR KEY in the ignition.

But she doesn't start the car.

She gets out her SASHA MYLES PHONE and TURNS IT BACK ON.

Another missed call from Elliot.

She opens social media. On her newsfeed, a new post from LIVIA FULTON.

A photo of her and Phil taken earlier that night, looking care free and in love, in front of one of his paintings. Caption: "Love this talented and beautiful human <3".

Becky looks at it.

Then she searches for Chloe's profile and opens:

The image of Chloe wearing her BLUE COAT, holding an ORANGE CHOCOLATE BOX, standing in the lobby of a fancy building.

She checks the tag on the photo.

It reads: CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL, BRISTOL.

She opens a web page. Clicks through.

She reads a page: CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL TEAM. She scrolls through. Names, faces, job titles. Her lips move.

She puts her phone down and starts the car.

70

SCENE OMITTED

70

71

INT. CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL - 01:17AM - NIGHT 25

71

BECKY enters the Central Grand Hotel through a REVOLVING DOOR, now wearing a crumpled black jacket, and walks straight to the reception desk.

STUART, 24, the night security guard, slow and blinky behind thick glasses, looks up.

BECKY

Hi, is it Stuart?

She smiles broadly and without guile. He perks up. She leans into her Somerset twang.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Jerome said you'd help me.

He looks blank.

BECKY (CONT'D)

My name's Sally Griffiths from the security company? It's about some historic CCTV footage.

STUART

Oh.

BECKY

Yeah, we've had an urgent request from the PCU. I came earlier but it was manic and he said to try you on the night shift when it's quieter.

STUART

Oh, he didn't say.

BECKY

God, he's so forgetful.

STUART

(chuckling)

Yeah, he is.

BECKY

Eleventh of April. Seven twenty five pm? It was a big charity do.

STUART

Oh. Yeah, he's supposed to get rid of everything after thirty days but...

BECKY

He forgets?

STUART

Yeah.

(MORE)

Becky rolls her eyes at him, conspiratorially. She moves behind the desk and leans over him. Her dress is low. Stuart clicks around on his computer.

STUART (CONT'D)
Here we are. Seven twenty five pm.

He clicks on the footage. And Becky leans in close, her nose nearly touching the screen. There she is: CHLOE.

BECKY looks at the grainy image.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: CHLOE enters the lobby with ANISH, LIVIA, PHIL and ELLIOT. She seems smily and calm, happy. Wearing her BLUE COAT and holding an ORANGE CHOCOLATE BOX. Chloe smiles as Livia takes a PHOTO of her, then types on her phone, sending it to her. Chloe types on her phone too.

The group make their way to the CLOAK ROOM. Chloe checks in her coat and the chocolate box. She glances around.

BECKY
Can we... jump forward a bit?

Becky leans in and fast forwards the clip. The group enter a door into another room.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Is there another camera in there?

Stuart nods and flips over onto footage inside the LARGE SPEECH ROOM on the other side of the door.

Becky fast forwards the clip again.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: ELLIOT is giving a speech. LIVIA and PHIL sit in the audience. CHLOE sits at the back of the room, near the open door out into the lobby.

At regular intervals, she glances out through the doors. As if waiting for something. Or someone.

ANISH, also sitting near the back next to TARA, notices.

Stuart glances up.

STUART
Oh, here's Jerome.

Becky looks up. Jerome is helping a GUEST with his luggage.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: CHLOE glances back through the door to the lobby again. We ZOOM in on CHLOE'S FACE. She looks composed, a little vacant even.

BECKY glances up. JEROME and the guest head towards the corridor. Becky exhales.

She notices STUART picking up on her energy. She smiles at him, reassuring, friendly, RELAXED.

BECKY

You got long on your shift yet?

STUART

Yeah, I'm on till eight in the morning...

BECKY

Ah mate. Well, I'll leave you alone after this and you can catch a nap.

She winks at him. He smiles and she looks back at the screen.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: CHLOE looks back out through the door. Suddenly she gets up and walks out. Anish watches her go, confused.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Can you flip back?

Stuart flips back over to the LOBBY FOOTAGE.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: Chloe turns and heads for the CLOAKROOM. She gets out her ticket stub for her bag and hands it to the cloakroom attendant.

ANISH enters the lobby from the door to the speech room and heads towards Chloe, looking concerned. Chloe looks calm, a little spaced out even.

He puts his arm around her and talks to her, smiley and upbeat. Becky leans in, trying to lip read or understand what they're saying.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: The cloakroom attendant retrieves the coat and orange chocolate box. Chloe tries to take them but Anish waves him away. The attendant, a bit confused, puts them away again. Anish leads Chloe towards the speech room, as she glances back towards the cloakroom.

Anish and Chloe walk towards the speech room. People start to trickle out of the door, including PHIL, LIVIA and TARA. Chloe heads towards Livia. Anish joins Tara by the door, keeping an eye on Chloe.

Chloe exchanges a few words with Livia. It's hard to read either of their expressions. Livia turns away.

Chloe stands still for a moment. Phil watches her.

She looks up and for a moment the camera catches the look on her face.

ZOOM in on her face. FEAR.

Then suddenly, she heads toward the REVOLVING DOOR. No coat.

PING. Lift doors opening. Becky glances up. JEROME emerges from the corridor.

Becky's eyes gobble up the footage.

SECURITY FOOTAGE: Phil, Livia, and Anish look confused as they realise what she's just done.

BECKY looks up. JEROME heads in their direction, frowning.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Thanks Stuart. You're a star.

She hurries out from behind reception. She walks past Jerome.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Hi Jerome, just getting my coat.

She smiles at him. He looks taken aback at the mention of his name. Becky strides across the lobby. She flips the cloakroom desk and goes inside.

72 INT. CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL - CLOAKROOM - 01:30AM -NIGHT 25 72

BECKY scans the coats like a pro. And then there it is, THE BLUE COAT hanging at the very back.

She grabs it and puts it over her arm.

Through the door, she can see JEROME talking to STUART.

STUART (O.S.)
The lady from the, er... PTU?

Becky, about to leave, pauses. She looks up. On the top shelf, she sees it. THE ORANGE CHOCOLATE BOX.

She reaches up and grabs it. She flips the counter.

73 EXT. CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL - 01:31AM - NIGHT 25 73

BECKY hurries for the REVOLVING DOOR and exits. She runs down the road at speed.

74 EXT./INT. BECKY'S CAR/STREET NEAR CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL - 01:35AM - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT 25 74

BECKY sits in the darkness. She looks through CHLOE'S BLUE COAT, rooting through the pockets. A receipt, a pack of gum.

She picks up the ORANGE CHOCOLATE BOX, undoes the BOW on the front of it, and starts to unwrap it.

She opens the box. Inside: BUNDLES OF CASH.

Becky is taken aback. She puts her hand in and pulls out bundles after bundle of twenty pound notes.

She's interrupted by her SASHA MYLES PHONE ringing.

She looks down: it's ELLIOT FAIRBOURNE. She stares at the phone as it RINGS and RINGS and RINGS. She hesitates.

Then, just as it might be about to ring off, she PICKS UP.

BECKY

Hello?

ELLIOT (V.O.)

(panicked)

Oh my god. Sasha. Where are you?
It's one thirty in the morning.

Becky hears his concern. She improvises.

BECKY

I... I'm so sorry.

ELLIOT (V.O.)

I've been calling and calling.

BECKY

I just... I saw her parents there,
I... I freaked out.

ELLIOT (V.O.)

Where are you now? Why didn't you
call?

BECKY

I'm sorry... I just had to take a
bit of space. I wasn't sure I... I
felt like a bit of an imposter.

Elliot sighs, panic subsiding, frustration emerging.

Becky looks down at the money in the chocolate box.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm coming home now.

Silence from Elliot.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Okay?

There's another long pause.

ELLIOT (V.O.)

(exhausted, reluctant)

It's not really okay, no.

(MORE)

(MORE)

ELLIOT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've lost one person I love. I just
can't deal with losing another.

Becky takes this in.

BECKY
I know. It's okay. I'm in the car
now, I'll be with you in twenty
minutes.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Please don't do that again.

BECKY
I'm sorry.

ELLIOT (V.O.)
Okay. Bye.

BECKY
Bye.

Becky hangs up and for a moment looks out at the water.

Then she turns back to the CHOCOLATE BOX. She pulls out the last bits of cash, and underneath she finds: Chloe's DRIVING LICENCE.

Underneath that: A KEY. Small and silver. A number 28 is written in SHARPIE ON IT. Becky looks at it.

75

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

75

Becky lies in her bed fast asleep, 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? Is that you?

Becky sits up straight.

BECKY
Chloe. So... you did call me?

A beat.

CHLOE (V.O.)
I need your help. They're coming.

Becky inhales.

FLASH TO:

76

EXT./INT. BECKY'S CAR/STREET NEAR CENTRAL GRAND HOTEL -

76

01:37AM - NIGHT 25

BECKY looks out in front of her, her face set with a new determination. She starts the engine and drives off.

CUT TO BLACK