

IN MY SKIN

EPISODE 3

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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1 week later. We open on a black screen. And then we hear...

BETHAN (V.O.)
Today's the day...

MUSIC smashes in, *Billie Eilish - Bad Guy*, playing over a MONTAGE that shows various close-ups of BETHAN as she gets dressed. Played like James Bond putting on a tux, but this is a Welsh comprehensive school uniform.

- * Hand through a shirt sleeve.
- * Fingers doing up the buttons of a baggy shirt.
- * The knot of a school tie being tightened.
- * Hair being straightened.
- * Following a make-up tutorial on YouTube showing how to contour your face.
- * Using a compass to pierce thumb holes in her school jumper sleeves.
- * BETHAN surveys herself in a mirror and damn she looks good.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - ENTRANCE/CARPARK - MORNING DAY 3 2

The music continues over as BETHAN strides in to school. KIDS dotted all over the grounds turning to cast impressed glances at her as she breezes by. BETHAN waving at one KID, pointing at ANOTHER, high-fiving a different STUDENT as she passes.

BETHAN continues on her path to the playground where a GAGGLE of STUDENTS are all gathered around a picnic bench, the same song now playing from a phone, all of them dancing to it. They turn to greet BETHAN who grooves towards them, all surrounding her as she busts out a few perfectly pitched and sweet as hell moves. LYDIA, TRAVIS and PRIEST are all in the crowd clapping her along. And then POPPY appears through the crowd, BETHAN taking her hand and spinning her. We see MS MORGAN and BLOCKER stood watching - BLOCKER bopping her head, MS MORGAN giving an impressed nod... And then a car horn BEEPS. The music cutting abruptly.

CUT TO:

3

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GROUNDS - MORNING - DAY 3

3

BETHAN waves an apology to the beeping car, and walks in to school feeling self-conscious, smoothing her hair down. Then she bumps in to...

LYDIA

What's happened to your face?

CUT TO:

4

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - MORNING - DAY 3

4

BETHAN, LYDIA and TRAVIS all sit at a picnic bench. TRAVIS is pushing a fluffy "*happy birthday*" badge towards LYDIA.

TRAVIS

This cost me £3.99.

LYDIA

D'you want the money for it or something?

TRAVIS

Just stop hating on your birthday.

LYDIA

No. Why should I celebrate that we're all rotting in this shit hole, crawling towards death?

BETHAN

God babe, that's bleak.

LYDIA

But what actually is this hair? You look like Saruman.

TRAVIS

It looks lush. What straighteners did you use?

LYDIA (CONT'D)

The cheeks - full drag queen.

BETHAN

So? I got make-up on. Who cares?

LYDIA

Whatever. I don't wanna do anything tonight. Seriously.

Just then a shadow falls over them.

MRS BLOCKER

Well look what the cat dragged in.

CUT TO:

5

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - BLOCKER'S OFFICE - MORNING - DAY 53

BETHAN has been yanked in to BLOCKER'S office.

BLOCKER

(Re: BETHAN'S make-up)

Asked a mortician for a makeover
did you?

BETHAN

What?

BLOCKER slams a booklet down on the desk, BETHAN jumps.

BLOCKER

School handbook. Given to every
student on their first day so don't
play the-I-ain't-ever-seen-it-
before-ref card with me.

(Plucking at the hole in
BETHAN'S sleeve)

Section 15: no defacing of the
uniform. Section 19: female pupils
are permitted to wear minimal make-
up deemed acceptable by their
teachers. Well... I don't deem.

BETHAN

Miss, seriously, everyone wears
make-up - why you picking on me?

BLOCKER

'Cos you're the one who ran out my
detention... Do you wanna end up in
prison? 'Cos the forecast is black
ice and you're on a slippery slope
in skis...

(Impressed with herself)

That was good that, I'm gonna use
that again.

CUT TO:

6

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - TOILETS - MORNING - DAY 3

6

BETHAN stands in front of the mirror, trying to rub some of her make-up off with a dry wad of tissue. Her eyes burning with humiliation. Then a cubicle door swings open and POPPY emerges. BETHAN freezing.

POPPY

I been looking for you.

BETHAN

Hey.

POPPY

Oh my god your hair looks amazing.

BETHAN

(Laughing it off)

Uh, no, I'm just tying it up.

POPPY

No you can't. Seriously - don't.

(Surveying her)

Yes, love all this... You coming to English?

CUT TO:

7

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 3

7

It's raucous in the class as POPPY and BETHAN head in, linking arms. LORRAINE at a table waiting for POPPY --

POPPY

Ah sorry hun, I said me and Beth would sit together...

LORRAINE

Oh. I've already unpacked my bag...

POPPY

I can help you move your stuff?

LORRAINE

No, it's okay...

As LORRAINE packs up her books and pencil case to move, BETHAN'S eyes seek out LYDIA and TRAVIS --

BETHAN (V.O.)

Oh god, they're tamping.

BETHAN

(To POPPY)

Be back now.

She walks over, being jovial to try and distract them --

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Blocker just tore me a new arse hole. Slammed the handbook on the table. Literally slammed it --

But LYDIA is ignoring her, looking to POPPY with a jealous glint in her eye. She pushes back her chair and goes over --

LYDIA

Poppy.

POPPY

Hey babe.

LYDIA

(Subtly mimicking her)

Hey babe. Just so you know, I was with some of the boys earlier and they were saying stuff about you.

POPPY
(Not especially bothered)
Oh yeah?

LYDIA
Yeah, that you gave Princy Smith a
toothy blowjob.

POPPY
(Not phased)
OK, well, that's not true so...

LYDIA
That's what everyone's saying --

A strapping, Jack-the-lad type butts in, perching on the
corner of POPPY'S desk. At first glance you just know he's
popular and plays on the rugby team.

JAMIE
That's lies. Pops would never give
a toothy blowjob, would you babe?

POPPY
You wish you knew, Jamie.

JAMIE
Yeah fair play, I do actually.

MS MORGAN heads in.

MS MORGAN
Jamie Dalton - what have I said
about rubbing your bum on desks?
Seat please.

BETHAN and LYDIA cross on the way to their seats. *Sotto* --

BETHAN
What was that?

But LYDIA ignores her, shoving past. BETHAN awkwardly sitting
down next to POPPY - torn between two worlds.

MS MORGAN
Exam Eve is upon us. Like Christmas
Eve, except it's not fun.

PRIEST
I got a good feeling about this
one, Miss.

MS MORGAN

You gonna actually read the book
this time, is it, Priest?

PRIEST

Which book is it again?

MS MORGAN

Fantastic. Right it's 11am sharp -
latecomers won't be allowed in. And
lest we forget this contributes to
your overall GCSE grade so, y'know,
pull your fingers out... Right now,
because I'm kind you can have the
hour to prepare.

There's general hubbub as the class open their books.

POPPY

Wanna revise together tonight? I
could come round yours?

We see a **FLASH IMAGE...**

CUT TO:

8

EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY 0

8

DILWYN punches his fist through a window, cutting his
knuckles. He shoves his head through the gap and shouts --

DILWYN
Where's my keys?

CUT TO:

8A

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - LOUNGE - DAY 0

8A

TRINA slamming back pills from a little paper cup, being
watched by an NS NURSE.

CUT TO:

9

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 3

9

BETHAN

Ah I can't - we're having a conservatory built.

POPPY

Come to mine then - my mum can cook.

BETHAN

Cool...

BETHAN starts writing, but we hold on her face - smug.

BETHAN (V.O.)

I better shave my legs.

MS MORGAN passes her, *sotto* to BETHAN.

MS MORGAN

Oi, I'm expecting big things from you tomorrow.

BETHAN

(Grinning at her.)

I aim to impress, Miss.

CUT TO:

10

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY 3

10

PRIEST follows after POPPY and BETHAN as they leave class.

PRIEST
Fanny licker.
(BETHAN ignores him)
Oi, fanny licker! BETHAN!

BETHAN
What, Priest?

PRIEST
Lemme see what I'd look like with a
fringe.

He grabs at her hair trying to put it over his own head.

BETHAN
Ugh get off.

POPPY
D'you wanna not touch her?

PRIEST
Ooooh touchy. Be honest now, Beth.
You got a clit-boner for Popsicle?

BETHAN
What, you're an idiot.

PRIEST is laughing trying to pinch BETHAN'S cheeks.

PRIEST
Come on, tell uncle Priest, you do
don't you?

As BETHAN bats his hands away POPPY rounds on him.

POPPY
Priest.

PRIEST
What?

POPPY
Get your hands off her, you ugly,
dumb, fuck.

PRIEST'S POSSE in the background all chime in, *"oh my god"*
"That's taking the piss" etc. PRIEST squaring up to her.

PRIEST
What did you say?

POPPY
Did I stutter? I said you're an
ugly. Dumb. Fuck.

PRIEST inches towards POPPY, towering over her.

PRIEST
D'you wanna slap, ya stupid slut?
Say it again and see what happens.

BETHAN pushes her way between them, steering POPPY away.

BETHAN
Pops come on, let's just go.

They take a couple of steps and then BETHAN turns back.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
You ugly dumb fuck!

She grabs POPPY'S hand as they run. PRIEST and a MATE in
pursuit. MUSIC PLAYS OVER as they tear through the grounds
and out on to the high street.

CUT TO:

11

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 3

11

They continue with PRIEST and his MATE in pursuit. Then BETHAN pulls POPPY behind a phone box. The MUSIC CUTS. POPPY holds her hand up for a high-five. The pair of them rest their backs against the phone box, catching their breath. BETHAN side-eyeing POPPY.

BETHAN

... Thanks for defending my honour.

POPPY

I gotta protect my gal, y'know?

BETHAN smirks, her gaze landing on a greasy spoon opposite them, through the window she spots... *WHAT THE FUCK?* DILWYN and TRINA eating a cooked breakfast. Everything else in the background blurs as we hold on BETHAN'S face. Her eyes turning directly to camera in shock for a second.

POPPY (CONT'D)

You alright?

And then a meat head appears around the corner --

PRIEST

As if I wouldn't see you, you're not even hid.

BETHAN

Run.

BETHAN and POPPY pelt away, PRIEST on their tails, booting their rucksacks as they go.

PRIEST

RUN LITTLE PIGGIES.

CUT TO:

12

OMITTED

12

13

OMITTED

13

14

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY 3

14

KIDS file past en route to their classes, BETHAN is on the phone to the hospital, angry but keeping her voice down.

BETHAN (INTO PHONE)
My mother's been discharged and no
one even told me...

A gaggle of GIRLS passes by, one of them waving to BETHAN --

MILLY
Beth, I love your hair today.

BETHAN
(Voice hushed, away from
phone)
Thanks, Mill. Find you later.
(Into phone)
Okay well can you tell a nurse to
call me back as soon as they get
this then?

BETHAN hangs up just as TRAVIS appears.

TRAVIS
Oi, quick before she comes, we're
gonna have to sneak off to get her
cake at lunch.

BETHAN
She doesn't wanna do anything.

TRAVIS
Yeah but she always says that.
She'll be devo if we don't get her
a cake.

BETHAN
Will she? She says the same thing
every year, then we force her to
celebrate, then she gets fucked,
pukes, and then starts crying.

TRAVIS
And your point is...?

BETHAN
Maybe this year we listen to her.

TRAVIS

Are you actually serious? I've gotta do something for her so if you don't come it's just me on my own with her again. And babe - I'm not joking she tried to put me in a bin last night.

BETHAN

What?

TRAVIS

I'm serious.

(Off her laugh)

It's not funny I had my new Topman jumper on.

BETHAN

Babe that's bad.

Just then LYDIA rounds the corner.

LYDIA

Priest is livid. He said he's gonna slap you with a used tampon.

BETHAN

Where's he gonna get one of them?

LYDIA

I said he could use one of Trav's.

TRAVIS

Ha ha. And anyway you should be changing to a Moon Cup.

LYDIA starts snoring, just as all their phones beep, LYDIA'S is in her hand, TRAVIS and BETHAN rooting in their pockets. It's a facebook friend request, LYDIA looking to BETHAN --

LYDIA

Is this your mother?

TRAVIS

(Looking at his phone)

Yeah it is, isn't it? Katrina Gwyndaf?

BETHAN glances at her own phone, it's a grainy photo of TRINA that she's clearly just taken and used to set up a profile. For the first time BETHAN is truly lost for words. Beat.

LYDIA

Ugh why's she adding me?

Then the phone is plucked from BETHAN'S hands --

MRS BLOCKER

Don Corleone strikes again.
(Gesturing to TRAVIS and
LYDIA for their phones)
Give.

LYDIA

Oh my days. Why?

BLOCKER

Don't ask thick questions.

LYDIA

It's my birthday!

BLOCKER

A year older and still a burk. You
can get them back at the end of the
day.

(Looking at her watch)

You'd better shake your fannies if
you're gonna make my class...

BLOCKER strides off. LYDIA turning to BETHAN.

LYDIA

That's your mother's fault. Come
on.

BETHAN

See you in there, I need the loo...

CUT TO:

15

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 3

15

BETHAN finds DILWYN in a chirpy mood. Watching the TV, can of cider in one hand, other arm slung around TRINA who's sat beside him. TRINA is calm, but easily confused.

BETHAN

Hiya...

DILWYN

(To TRINA)

See she's home, told you she wouldn't be long.

BETHAN goes to her, sitting on the arm of the sofa beside her

BETHAN

I gotta go back to school now. So they let you out then, mum?

TRINA

Yeah.

BETHAN

(To DILWYN)

What did they say?

DILWYN

They just rung and said I gotta come and get her.

BETHAN

So what happened to saying she's a danger to herself - she's just suddenly better now is she?

DILWYN

Her meds have kicked in.

BETHAN

It just seems a bit soon...

TRINA

They said they're pleased with me.

BETHAN

Alright... You been on facebook haven't you?

TRINA

Yeah. I dunno if I'm doing it right.

BETHAN gently takes the phone from beside TRINA.

BETHAN

I'll show you how to use it later,
how to put your photos up and that.
But don't add anymore people yet,
leave it 'til I get home yeah?

TRINA

Okay love.

BETHAN goes to the Facebook app, deleting the friend requests to TRAVIS and LYDIA. Then deleting the app. Over this, DILWYN gestures to some colour charts on the coffee table.

DILWYN

Pick a colour off there. I'm gonna
paint your room. Whatever colour
you want.

BETHAN

Where's the money coming from?

DILWYN

D'you want it done or not?

CUT TO:

16

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY 3

16

BETHAN is in a hurry. Her trousers hiked up, one foot up on the rim of the bath as she quickly shaves her legs. The door opens and TRINA comes in. She's under a fog of medication, slower than usual, but we see a glimpse of the real TRINA in amongst it.

BETHAN
You alright?

TRINA
Yeah.
(Sitting down on the
toilet)
My legs are like a bush, they don't
let us have razors in there.

BETHAN
Why?

TRINA
Why d'you think?

BETHAN
(Smiling)
Oh yeah, duh.
(Re: TRINA'S legs)
Come on then.

GO TO: TRINA sits on the toilet with her joggers raised as BETHAN shaves her legs. It's a tender beat seeing the pair of them together, completely at ease with one another. Until --

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Bloody hell - these are thick as a
baby's arm.

TRINA
(Laughing)
You cheeky mare. Go on, piss off
back to school.

And for the first time in a long time, it feels like BETHAN'S got her mum back.

CUT TO:

17

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 3

17

BETHAN fires off a text to NANA from TRINA'S phone. *"They've let her home! She's so much better xx" "It's Beth by the way."* An immediate reply from NANA, *"Thank Chris on a bike 4 tha."* Then another, *"Christ*"*

CUT TO:

18

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY 3

18

BETHAN slips into the room, the class underway, no sign of BLOCKER. The STUDENTS all split in to groups around the room doing various activities: some running around cones, POPPY and JAMIE DALTON are both in a group at the box vault, LYDIA and TRAVIS in a group doing forward rolls on the mats. BETHAN joins them.

LYDIA

You been shitting out a brick?

BETHAN

Breeze block actually.

TRAVIS

For real, are your guts alright?

BETHAN

(Hissing)

My IBS is playing up, d'you want
anymore details?

And then a shadow falls over BETHAN. She turns to see BLOCKER towering over her.

BLOCKER

Follow me.

CUT TO:

19 INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - STORAGE CUPBOARD - DAY 3 19

A tiny room full of P.E paraphernalia. Barely space to fit BETHAN and BLOCKER.

BLOCKER

Sit.

BLOCKER gestures to a stack of hockey sticks leaning against a wall, BETHAN awkwardly tries to perch against them, knocking two of them over.

BETHAN

Miss - genuinely I'm not feeling well. I been in the toilets --

BLOCKER

(Holding up a hand)

Truth time.

BLOCKER props one foot up on a crate of balls, resting an elbow on her thigh in a casual stance. Her tone softer.

BLOCKER (CONT'D)

Woman to woman. What's going on yer?

BETHAN

We're in a storage cupboard.

MRS BLOCKER

Alright silly bugger. What's going on with you? 'Cos something ain't right.

Fuck. Does BLOCKER know?

BETHAN

Nothing... I'm fine.

BLOCKER

Lies. Don't get me wrong - you've always been a gobshite. But these antics, waving your phone round like a gun, doing your face up like a hound's bowl of chopped liver... This ain't you.

BETHAN

A hound's bowl of chopped liver?

MRS BLOCKER
I see a lot of myself in you,
y'know?

BETHAN
(Horrified)
Really?

MRS BLOCKER
Let me tell you something that you
probably don't know... I'm a
lesbian.

BETHAN, and indeed everyone who's ever cast an eye on
BLOCKER, knows this.

BETHAN
Oh, no, I knew that.

MRS BLOCKER
Did you? Right. Mrs Blocker, the
other one, Bonnie. We got 17 years
under the belt together. All told -
we have a cracking time. What I'm
saying is - if you're struggling
with your sexuality, it'll fall in
to place.

BETHAN (V.O)
Oh my god.

MRS BLOCKER
The heart wants what it wants.

BETHAN
Yeah cool, but I'm not a lesbian.

MRS BLOCKER
No? You're getting fish chucked at
you. Got the other kids calling you
fanny licker.

BETHAN
Ah, miss, do we have to do this?

MRS BLOCKER
Right, fair play. But when you're
ready - my lugholes are open.

CUT TO:

20

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY 3

20

As BLOCKER and BETHAN walk out of the cupboard, a gaggle of KIDS all scatter - they've been trying to eavesdrop.

PRIEST

Have you two been scissor
sistering?

BLOCKER

Get out, Priest. Rest of you back
to work. Eggs to the keg please.

CUT TO:

21

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - ROOM - DAY 3

21

All of BETHAN'S year are gathered. The HEADMISTRESS is leading an assembly. LYDIA and TRAVIS are sat together, with a know-it-all KID, PETER, separating them from BETHAN.

MRS FRANCIS

The roles of head girl and boy are not to be undertaken lightly. You'll become the faces of our school. Our champions in the community.

PRIEST

What's the point, Poppy's clearly gonna win. Just give it to her now.

Titters and nudges from the FRIENDS sat around POPPY, POPPY rolling her eyes in a faux modest way.

MRS FRANCIS

When I want your input, I'll ask for it. Duties will include...

As MRS FRANCIS lists the duties, LYDIA leans over PETER and slaps BETHAN'S thigh. Speaking in hushed tones.

LYDIA

You coming to the park?

BETHAN

I can't.

LYDIA

Why?

BETHAN

The exam tomorrow.

PETER

Excuse me. Some of us are trying to listen.

LYDIA

Suck my dick, Peter.

PETER calmly raises a hand to get the HEADMISTRESS'S attention. LYDIA frantically pulling it down.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

What you doing?

PETER

I won't be verbally assaulted.

TRAVIS

Just swap seats with Beth then.

PETER

You should have got here earlier if you wanted to pick and choose seats.

HEADMISTRESS

Settle down please... You'll have a week to run your campaign, you'll then make a speech to the whole year before we cast our votes.

LYDIA leans back in to BETHAN.

LYDIA

Don't lie to me - are you gonna see Poppy?

BETHAN

No. I'm revising --

LYDIA

Do you actually give a fuck about me?

BETHAN

Of course I do - what are you on about?

PETER

Have you ever heard of texting? It's a wonderful invention.

LYDIA

Ever heard of not being a cunt?

TRAVIS

Blocker took our phones.

LYDIA

I've never even been round your house. Your mum adding me on facebook, that's the first time I've seen her.

BETHAN

You can come round when the conservatory's finished.

LYDIA

If you don't come tonight - don't
speak to me again.

BETHAN

Lydia, chill. I'll come alright?

PETER shoots his hand up again. LYDIA hissing a threat.

LYDIA

Peter I swear I'm gonna slap you --

HEADMISTRESS

Yes, Peter?

PETER

Miss, just to flag, there's a lot
of chatter going on in my row...

HEADMISTRESS

Bethan Gwyndaf - why am I not
surprised. Hush or get out... Now
names to me by Wednesday at the
latest please.

CUT TO:

22

EXT/INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 3

22

BETHAN arrives home holding some flowers that look like they've been whipped from a grave. She finds the door slightly ajar.

BETHAN

Mam?

CUT TO:

22A **INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 3**

22A

Into the lounge - DILWYN passed out on the sofa. No TRINA.

CUT TO:

23

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - STAIRS / BEDROOM - DAY 3

23

BETHAN heads up the stairs, calling for her --

BETHAN

Mum? I got you some flowers...

But she's not there.

CUT TO:

24

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 3

24

BETHAN dives back in to the lounge.

BETHAN
Dad - mum's gone.

DILWYN
(Grunting awake)
She'll be upstairs.

BETHAN
No, she's not. Ah fucking hell...

BETHAN runs out of the front door.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY 3

25

BETHAN hurries along, panic setting in - for TRINA'S safety,
and at the thought of who might have seen her.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 3

26

BETHAN spots a queue forming at the ATM, she beelines over to find TRINA at the front of it trying to insert receipts from her purse in to the card slot.

MAN IN QUEUE

You need to move, you're holding people up yer.

BETHAN

(Trying to be discreet)

Mum - come on. There's a queue.

TRINA

Hang on a minute, Beth - I need to get my money out.

BETHAN

Come on, we'll do it later.

(To MAN IN QUEUE)

Sorry, she had her wisdom tooth out earlier, they gave her some mad painkillers.

(To TRINA)

Come on, people are waiting.

TRINA almost childlike as she lets BETHAN usher her away, turning back to the queue.

TRINA

Sorry love. Sorry if I was slow.

Everyone watches as they walk away. BETHAN'S face burning.

CUT TO:

27

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE / HALLWAY - DAY 3

27

TRINA sits on the sofa, watching them like she hears their words but can't understand them. BETHAN livid with DILWYN, trying to keep her voice down.

DILWYN

I told you she wouldn't be far.

BETHAN

It's not the point - she could have stepped in front of a bus. Anything could have happened.

DILWYN

Why you making a scene, she's fine.

BETHAN glances at the clock, 6pm. Fuck.

BETHAN

I'm meant to be revising at my friend's.

BETHAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

Having the best night of my life, you prick.

DILWYN

Go on then.

BETHAN (V.O)

Yeah and leave you to kill her?

BETHAN (CONT'D)

(Teenage strop)

It's fine.

She sits down in a huff, pulling out her phone. There's a text from POPPY, *"Did Blocker give your back yet?"* BETHAN replies, *"yeah but my mum just got home and said we're going to the ballet tonight. I completely forgot. She's saying I've got to go. I'm so sorry :-("* An instant reply from POPPY, *"noooooooooo I'm gutted!"*

CUT TO:

28

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3

28

TRINA sat at the kitchen table, BETHAN rooting through the mostly bare cupboards.

BETHAN

Ah fucking hell - that was a flea then.

TRINA

Oh no.

BETHAN

Doesn't matter. What d'you fancy?

TRINA

Sirloin steak with peppercorn sauce.

BETHAN pulling out a dusty old tin.

BETHAN

... What about faggots and peas?

GO TO: BETHAN opens the tin, emptying the congealed, jellied meat in to a pan with a wet squelch. We **FLASH CUT** to an image in her mind's eye...

CUT TO:

29

INT. FANCY DINING ROOM - EVENING 0

29

BETHAN sits around a table with POPPY and her imagined MUM, who looks something like LORELAI GILMORE - the perfect TV mother. There's candle sticks on the table, dishes of food. BETHAN sipping a glass of red wine as she regales them with an anecdote, her voice posh. POPPY and her MUM rapt.

BETHAN

Then after all that, 3 hours later
she opens the oven and the chicken
is rawer than a bald man's head -
she hadn't turned it on!

They all laugh. *Ha ha ha!* MUM dabs at her eyes with a napkin.

CUT TO:

30

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 3

30

The front door knocks.

DILWYN (O.O.V)
Get that!

BETHAN flares her nostrils, under her breath --

BETHAN
Lazy cunt.

CUT TO:

31

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY 3

31

BETHAN opens the door. It's NANA holding up two bags of KFC.

NANA

You hungry?

BETHAN throws her arms round NANA'S neck, ecstatic.

BETHAN

Haven't you got work?

NANA

I told 'um I had the squits. Had to
come and treat my girls didn't I?

CUT TO:

32

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 3

32

In the lounge NANA is dishing up the chicken on to plates. TRINA is holding a pack of cards in her hands, looking at them as if she's confused by what they are.

NANA

Couple of strippers'll sort you out. Bet they don't do grub like this in the hospital do they?

BETHAN

She got out the house earlier - I couldn't find her.

TRINA

Who's "she", the cat's mother?

DILWYN

(To BETHAN)
What you starting for?

NANA

(To DILWYN)

Why weren't you watching her?

DILWYN

I can't be everywhere at once.

NANA

You were pissed.

DILWYN

Ah here we go.

DILWYN grabs a 4 pack of cider off the table, storming out.

NANA

Dinner.

DILWYN

Shove it.

And he's gone.

TRINA

He's a bit arsey.

NANA

Good riddance, more for us.

BETHAN

(Taking her chance)

Nan, if you're gonna be here now for a bit...

(MORE)

BETHAN (CONT'D)
I got a big English exam tomorrow
and I'm meant to be at my
friend's...

NANA
What now?

BETHAN
Yeah revising.

NANA
I come to see you.

BETHAN
I know sorry, it's just an
important one.

NANA
Aye alright, go on then.

BETHAN
Serious? It won't take me long.

NANA
(To TRINA)
You're alright with me in you,
Trin?

TRINA
You used to shoplift clothes from
Primark.

NANA
Don't go telling all my secrets!
(Back to BETHAN)
Bingo Caller Carl's coming at 10
mind, so be back by then.

BETHAN
That's fine, that's loads of time.

TRINA
I don't need a babysitter.

BETHAN hustles, giving TRINA and NANA a kiss.

BETHAN
I'll be back in a bit.

NANA

Oi --

(Flinging her some
chicken)

Drumstick for the road.

CUT TO:

33

EXT. BETHAN'S STREET - DAY 3

33

BETHAN hot foots it down the road, munching on the chicken with one hand as she texts with the other, *"Hattie from next door is gonna take my ticket! On my way!"*

CUT TO:

34

EXT. POPPY'S STREET - EVENING - DAY 3

34

BETHAN stands at the garden wall of one of POPPY'S neighbours, a make up bag in front of her as she puts some eyeliner on. Her phone is on the wall with a webpage open on it, showing an image from Swan Lake.

CUT TO:

35

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - DOORWAY / HALLWAY - EVENING - DAY 3 35

BETHAN rings the bell, quickly fiddling with her hair before the door flies open, POPPY pulling her in to a hug.

POPPY

What ballet is she trying take you to?

BETHAN

Ugh, the new Matthew Bourne one.

POPPY

Sick. Come on...

(Calling out)

Mum we're eating in my room!

We follow BETHAN as she walks behind POPPY, through the hallway and up the stairs, taking in how fancy her house is, the photographs on the wall.

BETHAN (V.O.)

I'm in Poppy's house, I'm in
Poppy's house, I'm in Poppy's
house...

CUT TO:

36

OMITTED

36

37

EXT. HIGH STREET - EVENING - DAY 3

37

TRAVIS and LYDIA are sat on a low wall on the high street. A supermarket birthday cake between them. LYDIA swigging too often from a bottle of Bacardi, then immediately taking a sip from a can of pop to wash away the taste. TRAVIS prattling away, LYDIA clearly disinterested.

TRAVIS

I'm gonna start doing Slimming World. My mum does it and it's actually really good, she's lost 7lbs. Imagine that, it's like 7 bags of sugar. She looks wicked.

LYDIA

You're a very boring man.

TRAVIS

What? My mum's really struggled with her weight, I'm proud of her.

LYDIA

But I don't care though.

TRAVIS swallows down frustration.

TRAVIS

Right. Fine. Let's cut your cake.

He starts rooting in his rucksack, but LYDIA just leans over and takes a fistful of the cake. TRAVIS horrified --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Oh my god, you're feral - you've ruined it now.

LYDIA

I actually hope Beth doesn't come. If she comes now I'm just gonna tell her to fuck off and kill herself.

CUT TO:

38

OMITTED

38

39

OMITTED

39

40

OMITTED

40

41

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY 3

41

They sit at a desk, their school books in front of them. Empty dinner plates pushed to one side. POPPY scribbling as BETHAN surreptitiously takes in her room. Normal teen things but stuff BETHAN would love to have: framed certificates from her Duke of Edinburgh awards; trophies for dancing; loads of bags and shoes. POPPY glances at her, flirty --

POPPY

Excuse me - eyes down, you're supposed to be working.

BETHAN

Sorry, I'm being nosy.

BETHAN points to an open notebook with notes written in.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

POPPY

No don't look at that, it's embarrassing. I've just been trying to write my head girl speech but it's so shit.

BETHAN

You're definitely gonna get it. You'll be wicked at it as well.

POPPY

I know. Are you gonna run?

BETHAN

Uh, no, absolutely not...

POPPY

Oh you should!

BETHAN

As if. I can help you write your speech though if you want? I love stuff like that.

POPPY

Would you actually? Cos I need some jokes. I'm so shit at writing.

BETHAN

No you're not. You're the rare mix of being both popular and brainy.

POPPY looks at her for a second. It's charged with energy.

POPPY

This was a bad idea. I can't focus
with you here.

BETHAN

Sorry. I'll try to be more
invisible.

POPPY

Let's just watch the film - at
least then we'll be subliminally
absorbing the story.

As POPPY searches for the Jane Eyre film on her laptop,
BETHAN glances at her phone. She sees a text from TRAVIS,
"Where are you? I need to go soon and she's wasted."

BETHAN (V.O.)

Oh god I'm dead.

She quickly fires off a text to them both, *"OMG my dad sliced
his hand open. Went right down to the bone [vomit emoji].
We're at A&E. So sorry. Love you xxxxxxxxxxxx"*

POPPY

This is it... Sit on the bed.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Gulp.

CUT TO:

42

EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT - DAY 3

42

LYDIA is pissed and livid. For once TRAVIS is annoyed too.

LYDIA
She looked in my face and she lied.

TRAVIS
I'm actually so fucked off.

LYDIA
I don't care if he cut off his
whole arm - it's my birthday.

TRAVIS
Well if he was a proper amputee
that might be different - but this
is just a cut. Babe, get a plaster.

Just then TONY CHIPPY steps outside of the shop, lighting up
a fag.

LYDIA
Oi, Tony Chippy! It's my birthday.

TONY CHIPPY
Ah look who it is. How old are you
then?

LYDIA
21... What you gonna give me as a
present?

TONY CHIPPY
Depends, what you gonna give me?

TRAVIS
(*Sotto* to LYDIA)
Stop talking to him, he's gross.

A CUSTOMER walks in to the chippy, TONY heading in after
them, calling back to LYDIA as he goes --

TONY CHIPPY
Happy birthday love.

LYDIA
Oh my god, he's gagging for it.

TRAVIS

He makes my skin crawl... Babe I'm
sorry but I need to go. 'Cos of the
exam, my mum wants me in.

LYDIA

(Beat.)

Yeah, cool, go on then. Piss off.
Take your cake as well.

TRAVIS hugs her, she keeps her arms flat by her side.

TRAVIS

You okay getting home?

LYDIA

Just go if you're going.

CUT TO:

43

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

43

POPPY and BETHAN sit side by side on the bed, lights out, film playing on the TV. Their hands rest on the blanket, millimetres from each other. BETHAN completely rigid at the same time as trying to act casual.

BETHAN

Imagine if you got dumped and then
your ex locked you in an attic.
Bertha ya poor cow, get on Tinder
babe.

POPPY laughs.

BETHAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

I really need to fart.

BETHAN glances at the clock, 9.50pm.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

I better go in a minute.

POPPY

5 more minutes. I just wanna show
you this bit ...

BETHAN

Okay...

BETHAN picks up her phone, she's got a text from NANA "*Carl's gonna be here now - you on your way?*" BETHAN quickly types back. "*Yeah I'm walking now - you can go. Thanks Nan, luv u xx*" BETHAN places her phone down --

POPPY

God, it's freezing in here.

POPPY shifts closer to BETHAN, laying her head on her shoulder. BETHAN'S eyes going wide.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Don't fart, don't fart.

CUT TO:

44

EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT 3

44

LYDIA is swigging Bacardi, playing music out loud on her phone. She writes a text to BETHAN, "*I fucking hate you*" then immediately another, "*I'm sorry. You're my best friend, I love you so much xxxxx*". And then she starts calling BETHAN, it gets sent to voicemail. LYDIA smashes her phone down on the wall in a rage, cracking the screen.

LYDIA

FUCK!

Her gaze turns across the road to the chip shop. LYDIA drains the rest of the Bacardi, wincing at how gross it is. Gets up and stumbles across the road, towards the chippy.

CUT TO:

45

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

45

POPPY'S head still rests on BETHAN'S shoulder, her breathing has slowed. BETHAN tries to delicately crane her head to see if she's asleep. She is. BETHAN extricates her arm, shaking it - it's gone numb. POPPY stirring, sleepy --

POPPY

Sorry, I fell asleep.

BETHAN

It's okay. I'm gonna go --

POPPY turns over, pulling BETHAN'S arm around her.

POPPY

Can you hug me? Just 'til I fall
back asleep.

We see a **FLASH IMAGE:** *from sc 22, BETHAN'S front door ajar. BETHAN glances at the clock. 10.15pm. But POPPY is right here...* She spoons POPPY from behind, POPPY snuggling down, pressing herself back against BETHAN.

CUT TO:

46

EXT. STREET BEHIND CHIP SHOP - NIGHT 3

46

TONY CHIPPY helps LYDIA in to his clapped out car. She's black out drunk, stumbling as he grips her arm to hold her up.

CUT TO:

47

INT. POPPY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

47

POPPY and BETHAN are both fast asleep. Suddenly BETHAN jolts awake, her arms still wrapped around POPPY. After a beat her brain kicks in to gear and she looks at the clock - it's midnight. No no no. She edges out of bed. Searching for her shoes. POPPY stirring, they speak in hushed voices --

POPPY

What you doing? Just stay here.

BETHAN

I can't - my mum will go mad if I'm not home.

POPPY

Did I set an alarm?

POPPY squints at her phone and then smirks, turning the screen to BETHAN.

POPPY (CONT'D)

Oh my god... 7, 10 - 13 texts from Jamie Dalton. He needs to get some chill.

BETHAN'S heart rate quickens but she tries to play it cool.

BETHAN

Why's he messaging?

POPPY

(throwaway)

Oh we've been dating. Kind of.

For the second time the background fades, we focus on BETHAN'S face as this news hits her in the gut, sucking the air out of her.

BETHAN

... Oh cool.

POPPY

What d'you think, d'you like him?

It's subtle but POPPY is watching BETHAN'S reaction closely.

BETHAN

Not really no - as in I don't know
him. But he seems cool... Sorry I
gotta go. Thanks for having me.

CUT TO:

48

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT 3

48

As BETHAN rushes home, the score plays loudly. Beating heart, sweaty palms, twisting gut that can only come from heart ache.

BETHAN (V.O.)
What the fuck am I doing?

CUT TO:

49

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - STAIRS/LANDING - NIGHT 3

49

The house is in darkness - maybe everything is okay? BETHAN creeps upstairs. Then a voice speaks out, making BETHAN jump.

TRINA

Hiya babe.

BETHAN

Mam?

As BETHAN'S eyes adjust to the light she sees TRINA sat on the landing floor, her hands are bound tightly with a rope and tied to a radiator... BETHAN quietly furious as she kneels down and starts trying to unpick the knot --

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Mum what's this? What happened?

TRINA

(Calm and childlike)

I kept running away.

CUT TO:

50

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 3

50

BETHAN sits TRINA down on her bed.

BETHAN

Come on, you can sleep in with me.

TRINA looks idly at the red marks on her wrists.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Is it sore?

(Off her nod)

Let's put a bit of cream on it.

BETHAN gets some moisturiser, gently rubbing it on to TRINA'S wrists for a moment. Eventually TRINA says --

TRINA

I'm not well am I, Beth?

BETHAN

No. But you will be.

TRINA

... I'm sorry.

BETHAN

You don't need to be. Come on - lie down.

TRINA rests her head in BETHAN'S lap, BETHAN pulling a blanket over her.

TRINA

You won't let him in will you?

BETHAN

No.

BETHAN strokes TRINA'S hair.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Well... I guess today wasn't the day.

THE END.