

# **IN MY SKIN**

EPISODE 4

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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BETHAN strides across the grounds towards where POPPY is sat at a bench, laughing at JAMIE DALTON. He's showing off, shaking a can of coke up.

JAMIE

Ready? Watch this...

He cracks the can turning to his FRIENDS, dousing them in the spray. The BOYS laughing and shoving each other.

BETHAN

Poppy...

POPPY

Oh hey babe.

BETHAN

I've gotta say something.

POPPY

Okay...

BETHAN

Don't be with him.

POPPY

Beth...

Just then JAMIE, still oblivious and oafing around next to them pulls his top of over his head, slapping his nipples. BETHAN raises her eyebrows to POPPY.

BETHAN

He's an idiot. He doesn't deserve you. You should be with someone who'll treat you like a queen.

POPPY

... And who's that?

BETHAN

Me.

CUT TO:

2

**INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING - DAY 4**

2

As the sun rises, BETHAN and TRINA are in the exact same position we left them at the end of ep 3. TRINA asleep in BETHAN'S lap. BETHAN pale, she hasn't slept a wink.

CUT TO:

3

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - DAY 4

3

TRINA sits at the table, BETHAN pulling some frozen bread from the freezer to make her toast. TRINA is the most compos mentis we've seen her. She's still medicated and easily confused, but her brain is finally starting to slow down.

BETHAN

Have a bit of toast then you can take your tablets.

TRINA

Thanks love.

BETHAN

You had a good sleep.

TRINA

Yeah.

BETHAN

Do you feel better for it?

TRINA

Yeah I needed it.

(Beat)

You got school.

BETHAN

No - I'm not going in today. I'm gonna stay with you.

TRINA

You can't miss school.

BETHAN

It's nothing special. I'll catch up.

We see a **FLASH IMAGE:** of MS MORGAN singling BETHAN out, "I'm expecting big things from you".

It's interrupted by the sound of DILWYN'S footsteps above as he emerges from his pit.

CUT TO:

4

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING - DAY 4

4

BETHAN talks to DILWYN'S back as he stands at the sink, rolling on deodorant, squeezing a spot etc. He's hungover and looking rough, smelling of stale booze. BETHAN trying to keep her voice down --

BETHAN

What was that?

DILWYN

You've showed your face then?

BETHAN

You marked her wrists.

DILWYN

She kept running away. She was embarrassing herself.

BETHAN

So? You don't just tie her up like a dog.

DILWYN truly can't see what the problem is.

DILWYN

What would you rather, she ran in the road?

BETHAN

I'm gonna call the hospital.

DILWYN

No you're not.

BETHAN

Do that again and I will.

BETHAN turns to walk away, DILWYN quickly turning, shooting a hand out and roughly grabbing her arm. She locks eyes with him. BETHAN scared but she's not backing down.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Go on - what you gonna do?

DILWYN

(After a moment)

... I'm warning you.

He flings her arm down, slamming the bathroom door. BETHAN looks at the flesh on her arms, white marks where his fingers were. Then she hears DILWYN talking to himself, under his breath.

DILWYN (O.O.V) (CONT'D)  
Tell me what to do? No fucking way.

DILWYN is fraying.

CUT TO:

5

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 4

5

Rows of tables and chairs are set up for the exam. MS MORGAN ushering PUPILS towards their seats.

MS MORGAN  
Coats and bags off and take a seat  
please.

PRIEST is sitting backwards on his chair as TRAVIS walks past. PRIEST grabs his rucksack, yanking TRAVIS back.

PRIEST  
Morning, Madam Bummer --

TRAVIS rounds on him, slapping PRIEST'S hand away,  
uncharacteristically pissed off --

TRAVIS  
Get off me.

MS MORGAN heads over. PRIEST cradling his hand, pretending to be hurt.

PRIEST  
The boy struck me, struck me I tell  
you!

MS MORGAN  
Enough, Priest.  
(Re: chair)  
Turn it back.

PRIEST  
You said sit down. You didn't say  
HOW we had to sit down.

MS MORGAN  
Just move, will you.  
(Following after TRAVIS)  
Travis - you seen Bethan?

TRAVIS  
(Stony-faced)  
Nope.

MS MORGAN  
Right... Is she coming?

TRAVIS  
How would I know?

MS MORGAN realises she's touching a nerve. POPPY nearby, observing this conversation.

MS MORGAN  
OK... And Lydia?

TRAVIS  
I'm not their babysitter.

MS MORGAN  
Alright, go on.

Just then LORRAINE approaches POPPY --

LORRAINE  
Hiya Pops, how you been?

POPPY  
Sorry, Lorraine, I'm tryna focus.

CUT TO:



6

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 4

6

TRINA sits at the kitchen table as BETHAN does the dishes. DILWYN enters. He's showered and shaved, put on clean work overalls. He passes TRINA --

DILWYN  
You alright?  
(Off her nod)  
Good.

He makes himself a cup of coffee. BETHAN silently continuing the dishes, loathing being in the same room as him.

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
Nice day. I'm gonna sort the garden  
out. Give you somewhere to sit,  
Trin. Get you a bit of fresh air.

BETHAN is shocked at the effort he's making but tries to keep a neutral face. A reaction would be too much satisfaction for him. Her phone pings beside the sink. It's a text from POPPY, *"where were you? Is everything OK? Can I call? Xx"*

CUT TO:

7

INT/EXT BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN / HALLWAY - DAY 4

7

A little later, DILWYN is out in the garden picking up rubbish, reggae music playing from a radio. TRINA at the dining table, flicking aimlessly through a magazine as BETHAN is laying out TRINA'S pills.

BETHAN

I could paint your nails for you if you like?

TRINA

Yeah, if you want.

BETHAN

Do you want me to?

TRINA

Yeah, that'd be nice --

Just then there's a knock at the door. BETHAN goes to get it.

TRINA (CONT'D)

If it's the milkman tell him I'll pay him next week.

BETHAN glances through the window beside the door and spots... **MS MORGAN** - *WHAT?!* BETHAN shifts herself, dithering as MS MORGAN knocks again. Fuck - she's cornered.

BETHAN dives back in to the kitchen, opening the back door.

BETHAN

Why don't you go out the back, mum?  
Get a bit of air.

TRINA

Is that alright?

BETHAN

Course it's alright. Come on.

The door knocks again as TRINA gets up.

TRINA

Who is it?

BETHAN

Jehovah's Witnesses.

The letterbox opens, MS MORGAN calling through --

MS MORGAN (O.O.V)  
Hello?

TRINA  
They're a bit pushy.

BETHAN  
I know.

BETHAN shuts the back door behind TRINA and races back to the front door.

CUT TO:

8

**EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - DAY 4**

8

BETHAN steps outside, pulling the door closed behind her.

BETHAN  
Hey, what's going on?

MS MORGAN  
Oh there you are. What happened today?

BETHAN  
Sorry - it's nothing, I'm just not very well.

MS MORGAN  
The school didn't have any notice from your parents that you'd be absent?

BETHAN  
Oh really? My mum said she'd call. She must have forgotten.

MS MORGAN  
Both you and Lydia were no shows so I was worried. I got your address from your school file.

That's alarming about LYDIA but BETHAN glosses over it.

BETHAN  
It was Lydia's birthday yesterday, she's probably just hungover.

MS MORGAN  
Sounds like Lydia. Are your mum or dad at home?

BETHAN hyper aware of the sound of the lawnmower and reggae music drifting to the front of the house.

BETHAN  
Why?

MS MORGAN  
I just need to discuss options with them for you re-sitting the exam. It'll affect your GCSE grade if you don't.

BETHAN

They're at work.

MS MORGAN

Ah, OK. When are they back? I could ring your mum later.

BETHAN

My mum has yoga tonight, so not til about 9ish.

MS MORGAN

Bethan - you're A\* star material. I don't want you frittering it away now, alright? I'll just chat to your mum and --

BETHAN

There's no point...  
(Deep breath. This is it.)  
My mother had a breakdown.

CUT TO:

9

**INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 0**

9

PUPILS stare at BETHAN, whispering behind their hands. PRIEST does an impression of a stock mental person, rocking back and forth, hitting himself in the head --

PRIEST

Who am I? Who's this?... It's  
Bethan's mother.

He and the other KIDS all laugh.

CUT TO:

10

**EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN - DAY 4**

10

BETHAN

There's no point... 'Cos I'm coming  
in now anyway so...

MS MORGAN

Oh.

BETHAN

Sorry if this is T.M.I but I had  
diarrhoea this morning. My mum  
thinks it was a dodgy prawn. But  
it's eased off now, so... I was  
gonna come in for the afternoon.

MS MORGAN smells a rat but she's holding her judgement.

MS MORGAN

Ah okay, that doesn't sound fun.

BETHAN

Yeah, gave my toilet a beating...

MS MORGAN

Now *that's* TMI.

BETHAN

(Grinning)

Sorry. Shall I come and find you  
later then and you can tell me what  
I need to do? I really wanna retake  
it. I'd done loads of revision.

MS MORGAN

Alright. Come to my class at  
break... And get an Immodium down  
your neck.

MS MORGAN turns and heads down the garden path.

BETHAN

Yeah I will. See you in a bit.

BETHAN steps back in the house, closing the door behind her  
and resting her head against, closing her eyes for a second.  
The walls are closing in on her.

CUT TO:

11

**EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY 4**

11

BETHAN steps outside in her school uniform. DILWYN setting up the lawnmower now.

TRINA

Ah good, I don't like you missing school.

BETHAN

I'm just going for the afternoon. I forgot I gotta hand some coursework in.

TRINA

Oh yeah don't miss that. You need to do well don't you, for uni.

BETHAN

Yeah. You need a jumper, it's nippy out here.

TRINA

(Smiling)

You're a fuss arse, you.

TRINA is so much calmer, it's encouraging. BETHAN goes to DILWYN.

BETHAN

I need to go to school for a couple of hours. Are you alright til I get back?

DILWYN

Yeah. I'm gonna put some new rose bushes in I think - what d'you reckon, Trin?

TRINA

I'd love to have pink roses out here.

DILWYN clean, sober, working - it's an odd sight.

BETHAN

She needs her tablets again now at 3, I've left them in the kitchen.

DILWYN

Alright.



BETHAN goes to leave. DILWYN calling after her.

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
I'll get us a takeaway after.  
Curry.

BETHAN nods. Registering a glimmer of hope to herself - things look like they're on the up. To TRINA as she heads off.

BETHAN  
Jumper...

And then it's just DILWYN and TRINA in the garden. As soon as the front door slams DILWYN turns to TRINA.

DILWYN  
Fancy going for a drive?

CUT TO:

12

**EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - DAY 4**

12

BETHAN approaches POPPY who is stood with her CREW.

BETHAN

Hey.

POPPY

Babe, where've you been?

POPPY hugs her.

BETHAN

Oh god, long story, it's fine.

POPPY

Can we go somewhere?

CUT TO:

13

**EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - FIELDS - DAY 4**

13

It's a patch of field behind a classroom, this is where the kids come when they want a bit of privacy. POPPY and BETHAN both sit shoulder to shoulder, their backs against the wall.

POPPY  
Is everything OK?

BETHAN  
Oh yeah, totally fine. I spoke to Ms Morgan, I'm gonna resit.

POPPY  
What happened?

BETHAN  
It was so annoying, I just got sick, I had --  
(She can't say diarrhoea to POPPY)  
This like, sickness bug.

POPPY eyes her, being gentle --

POPPY  
Is that true...?

*What the fuck, what does POPPY know?*

BETHAN  
Uh - yeah. I was vomming, it was gross. What d'you mean?

POPPY  
I dunno, I was just worried that maybe things ended a bit weirdly last night...

BETHAN  
I didn't think it was weird.

POPPY locks eyes with her, electricity between them.

POPPY  
The stuff I said about Jamie. I was worried it might have upset you... And maybe that's why you didn't come in?

And we see the full extent of POPPY'S self-obsession, but BETHAN doesn't --

BETHAN

Oh. No. It's cool, I'm happy for you.

POPPY

OK.

Beat. POPPY takes BETHAN'S hand, turning it over, idly tracing along the lines on her palm. It's either incredibly erotic or just teen girls being really comfortable with one another, depending how you look at it.

POPPY (CONT'D)

... Does that tickle?

BETHAN nods, her heart racing.

POPPY (CONT'D)

It's weird with Jamie. It's fun, and he's sweet. And all this head girl stuff is exciting, obviously. But I kinda feel like... now I've got you, do I even need all that? ... Do y'know what I mean? Like if we just did this all day I'd be happy.

BETHAN nods again. Fuck. This is it. *This is it...*

POPPY (CONT'D)

I was thinking after you left last night. What if we hadn't started hanging out? I can't imagine my life without you now...

POPPY holds her eye contact and BETHAN can't wait any longer. She leans her head a couple of inches forward and their lips are nearly touching. BETHAN holds there for a second, POPPY not backing away. BETHAN kisses her. Just for a moment, before she pulls back - tentative, testing the water. Their faces close as they look at one another. And then the bell sounds. *Damn.*

CUT TO:

14

**EXT. BEACH - DAY 4**

14

DILWYN and TRINA sit on some rocks. DILWYN idly chucking the occasional pebble in the water, swigging from a can of beer. He points to a bird.

DILWYN

See that - know what that's called?  
A great black-backed gull.

TRINA

Just looks like a sea gull.

DILWYN

Yeah is it basically, a sea gull in  
a tux...

(Beat)

You glad to be out?

(Off her nod)

Yeah, and me.

DILWYN offers her his can. TRINA looks at it for a second, her brain still slightly slow to process stimuli.

TRINA

... I'm not allowed on my pills.

DILWYN

(Light, relaxed)

A drop won't hurt, will it?

TRINA takes it, tentatively sipping.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Come on, I'll get us an ice-cream.

CUT TO:

15

**EXT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

15

BETHAN stands outside a Victorian semi-detached. She presses the bell. Just then her phone rings, it's NANA. We intercut with 15A as necessary.

BETHAN

Hiya nan.

NANA

Where you to?

BETHAN

At my friend's, why?

NANA

I come to see you and there's no bugger 'yer. I'm stuck on your doorstep.

BETHAN

Ah they won't be long, I think they're just getting a curry.

NANA

What time's your postman come?

BETHAN

I dunno, midday? Why?

NANA

'Cos the post's stuck in the door...

Just then the front door opens. LYDIA'S MUM answers but we don't see her.

BETHAN

I gotta go nan, I won't be long.

(To MUM)

Hey, is Lydia home?

INTERCUT WITH:

15A

**EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - FRONT GARDEN**

15A

Intercut with Scene 15. Nana is on the phone.

BETHAN

Hiya nan.

NANA

Where you to?

BETHAN

At my friend's, why?

NANA

I come to see you and there's no  
bugger 'yer. I'm stuck on your  
doorstep.

BETHAN

Ah they won't be long, I think  
they're just getting a curry.

NANA

What time's your postman come?

BETHAN

I dunno, midday? Why?

NANA

'Cos the post's stuck in the  
door...

BETHAN

I gotta go nan, I won't be long.

CUT TO:

16

**INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / LYDIA'S BEDROOM - DAY 4**

16

BETHAN raps on the door before opening it and coming in. A little bit tentative. TRAVIS and LYDIA on the bed. Clear something's not right.

BETHAN

Hey...

LYDIA

What d'you want?

BETHAN

Why d'you miss the exam?

LYDIA

I only tell things like that to my friends.

BETHAN awkwardly sits on the edge of the bed, trying to figure out what's going on.

BETHAN

So you're alright then?

LYDIA

None of your business.

TRAVIS

She went to see Tony Chippy last night --

LYDIA

This isn't a big deal.

BETHAN

What happened?

TRAVIS

Last thing she remembers is going to see him in the shop.

LYDIA

(Hissing at him, aware of her mum)  
Keep your voice down.

TRAVIS

And then he dropped her off in the village a few hours later.



BETHAN  
So what happened...?

LYDIA  
Well we weren't doing watercolours  
were we.

TRAVIS  
She can't remember. But she didn't  
have any knickers on.

BETHAN  
*What? ... He's old as hell. Why's  
he having sex with a 16 year old?*

LYDIA  
Whatever, just 'cos you're both  
frigid.

TRAVIS pulls a Morning After pill from his bag.

TRAVIS  
Can you just take this?

LYDIA  
Yes I will. Just chill.

TRAVIS  
... No, now, Lydia. It's called the  
Morning After not the afternoon  
after.

LYDIA  
(Sniggering)  
Alright, don't burst a blood  
vessel.

LYDIA is trying her best to hide it, but we can see she's  
rattled.

CUT TO:

17

**EXT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

17

BETHAN and TRAVIS walk down the road. TRAVIS simmering.

BETHAN

Oh my god, what was she thinking?  
He's such a creep --

TRAVIS rounds on her, his anger spilling out now.

TRAVIS

I asked you to come. I said to you -  
she needs someone.

BETHAN

I know but I was with my Gran.

TRAVIS

I thought your dad cut his hand?

BETHAN

Yeah he did. But after that, I was  
with my --

TRAVIS

Ah whatever. You've just left me to  
look after her and I can't do it by  
myself.

BETHAN

I'm sorry --

TRAVIS

I don't care! I don't care if  
you're sorry. It's too fucking late  
now...

TRAVIS walks away. But then he turns back.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I would never let you down.

He walks off leaving BETHAN shell shocked.

CUT TO:

18

**EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - DAY 4**

18

BETHAN gets home, swiping at her eyes - she's been crying.  
NANA is on the doorstep

BETHAN

What, they're still not back?

NANA

Nope, I'm sat 'yer like a spare  
dick.

BETHAN

Have you rung 'um?

NANA

Yeah, no answer.

CUT TO:

19

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 4

19

BETHAN roots through a drawer, pulling out a leaflet for an Indian takeaway. As NANA sits at the table.

NANA

Oh my god - is that a flea? You got bloody fleas in the house!

BETHAN

I know.

She spots TRINA'S pills that she laid out earlier on the counter --

BETHAN (CONT'D)

He haven't give her her tablets...

(Dialing number from  
leaflet)

I'll see if they're at the curry house.

NANA

If they are - tell 'um I want a bhaji.

Someone answers.

BETHAN

Hiya, I just wondered have you had an order placed for Trefyr Rd, 38?... Ah alright. Has anyone come in with an order for Dilwyn or Trina?... No worries. Thanks

BETHAN hangs up, panic creeping in now.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

They're not there.

NANA

Well, it's your father we're talking about. You know where he'll be...

CUT TO:

20

INT. THREE CROWNS PUB - DAY 4

20

BETHAN and NANA enter the run down boozer, approaching the BAR MAN, CLIFF, a rotund older man --

NANA

Watch out, it's the old bill...

CLIFF

(Grinning at her)

Well as I live and breathe. Is this a mirage before me?

NANA

Alright Cliff? Haven't see you since you was stood on that bar jiggling your tits.

CLIFF

These aren't tits - they're love handles.

NANA

Aye call 'um what you like.

CLIFF

This is never little Beth?

NANA

Yeah, that's my girl. Doing her GCSE's soon, gonna go uni 'in you?

BETHAN isn't here for a catch up.

BETHAN

Yeah. Has my dad been in today?

CLIFF

No. My taking's are down.

He cackles as he turns to a younger BAR WOMAN, who's dolled up and serving at the other end.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Elaine, you haven't seen Dilly Gwyndaf have you?

BARWOMAN

Today? No, our takings are down.

A fresh cackle bursting out of CLIFF --

CLIFF

That's what I just said.

BETHAN

Does he drink anywhere else do you know?

CLIFF

Nah. He's barred everywhere else. We're the only ones stupid enough to have him in. Last week I caught him out the back pissing on my flower beds.

NANA

Ah he never? Little sod, anyone would think I dragged him up.

CLIFF

Ah don't matter, done my peonies the world of good.

They laugh, but BETHAN is starting to panic now.

BETHAN

Come on, Nan.

CUT TO:

21

**EXT. THREE CROWNS PUB - DAY 4**

21

As NANA and BETHAN leave.

NANA

What d'you reckon then?

BETHAN

I'm calling the police.

NANA

Hang-a-banger - let's not jump the gun.

BETHAN

Nan - he's a liability, I don't trust him.

NANA

We're not calling the police - they'll lock him up.

CUT TO:

22

INT. DILWYN'S CAR - THE BEACH - EARLY EVENING - DAY 4

22

They're parked up on some cliffs overlooking the water as the sun starts to set. *Jim Reeves - He'll Have To Go* playing on the radio. DILWYN opens another can of beer and offers it to TRINA. TRINA starting to get the feeling that this is wrong - she shouldn't be here.

TRINA

No thanks.

DILWYN

What's the matter?

TRINA

I'm not meant to with my pills.

DILWYN

Well chuck the pills then. They're monging you out. Ask me I think you just needs an holiday. Just me and you for a bit, while you sorts your head out.

TRINA

(Beat)

What about Beth?

DILWYN

My mother can watch her.

TRINA looks out the window, we can see her brain whirring, struggling to piece every thing together.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

(Jovial)

Come on, have a drink, don't make me drink on my own.

TRINA sips from the can.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

There's a caravan park not far from here. I'll go and rent us one for the night.

He starts the engine.

TRINA

No, I don't want to.



DILWYN

Trin - I'm trying to do something nice.

TRINA

I wanna go home. I wanna see Beth.

She opens the door, DILWYN suddenly leaning over and yanking the door shut, hitting the button to lock the doors.

DILWYN

Stop, will you? You'll hurt yourself... We're having a few nights away, me and you.

TRINA

Another time, not now.

The tension in the car is rising, we can feel DILWYN'S temper starting to pulsate.

DILWYN

Fuck sake...

(Beat)

Do you love me?

TRINA

Please, Dil.

DILWYN

I said do you love me?

TRINA

... Not like this.

She tries opening her door again but it won't budge now.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Can I get out please?

DILWYN

No.

TRINA

Please?

DILWYN is even more frightening in this enclosed space.

DILWYN

Come with me now or we're done. Is that what you want?

TRINA is on too many meds to be anything but honest.

TRINA

... Yeah it is.

DILWYN

(Laughing)

Yeah? Fucking yeah?

(Beat. Hissing at her)

I've told you before - the only way  
you'll leave me is in a bodybag.

TRINA

(Starting to cry)

Please just let me out.

DILWYN

Let me give you a very simple  
choice, that maybe even a mad bitch  
like you can follow. 1) Come with  
me now, and we'll have a nice  
holiday and we'll sort this out. Or  
2) I'll drive us both off this  
cliff. Up to you - choose...

CUT TO:

23

INT. MARI HUWS - OFFICE - EARLY EVENING - DAY 4

23

BETHAN and NANA sit in front of NURSE DIGBY.

NURSE DIGBY  
Have you tried calling them?

NANA  
We're not thick are we?

BETHAN  
Both their phones are at home. I  
know he's done something.

NANA  
We don't know that. I think the  
car's run outta petrol. Or he's  
lost track of time.

NURSE DIGBY  
I'll have to call the police and  
ask them to bring her in.

NANA  
I just said this to her - there's  
no need to involve the police. It's  
just bringing trouble to our door --

NURSE DIGBY  
Sorry, Marge is it?  
(Off her nod)  
Trina's on a section 17. If she  
goes AWOL, I have to call the  
police. It's not a choice.

NANA conceding, worry starting to gnaw at her now too.

NANA  
... Fine. Alright, go on.

CUT TO:

24

INT / EXT. DILWYN'S CAR / BEACH - EARLY EVENING - DAY 4

24

TRINA is clawing at the lock on her door trying to get out as DILWYN rolls the car slowly edging it forward.

DILWYN

You gonna come with me?

TRINA scrambles up in her seat, trying to climb in to the back, DILWYN shooting out his left arm, pinning her back in to the seat. Shouting at her --

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Answer me! Or I'll drive us  
straight off - watch me.

TRINA is trembling with fear in the passenger seat.

TRINA

Please, please just let me out.  
Please, Dil.

DILWYN'S eyes wide with rage, spitting as he talks --

DILWYN

D'you see this? Consequences.  
There's consequences for your  
actions. This is what you want  
yeah? This is your choice?

He slams his foot on the accelerator, the car lurching forward with a screech, his left arm still pinning TRINA'S chest, holding her in her seat.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

This is what you want, this is what  
you've asked for?

TRINA'S eyes wide with fear as they speed towards the precipice, and then as if all at once her brain snaps in to gear, she reaches out and yanks the handbrake up. The car spinning out of control and doughnut'ing. DILWYN'S head snapping forward, his face smashing in to the steering wheel.

The car finally comes to a stop, dirt flying around them. The pair of them panting in fear. DILWYN reaching for his nose, blood pouring from it

DILWYN (CONT'D)

You fucking broke my nose.

TRINA takes the opportunity to reach across him, hitting the button to unlock the doors. She opens it and scrambles out. DILWYN reaching for her, clawing at one of her shoes.

TRINA  
Get off me!

TRINA struggles away, the shoe coming off in his hand.

We follow TRINA as she hurries away from the car, limping in one shoe, walking in to the darkness.

And then the sound of the car engine starting up. DILWYN drives slowly past. TRINA tries to hold her nerve, looking forward as he inches the car beside her.

TRINA (CONT'D)  
I thought you were gonna top  
yourself?

He flings her shoe out of the car window.

DILWYN  
I wouldn't give you the  
satisfaction.

And he speeds away.

CUT TO:

25      **INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - EVENING -254**

BETHAN and NANA sit in reception, both pale with worry now.  
NANA'S head racing. After a few beats,

                         NANA  
                 Ah god, Beth... Where the hell are  
                 they?

BETHAN face cracks, her chin wobbling - she's trying to hold  
her tears in. NANA pulls her in to a hug.

                         NANA (CONT'D)  
                 It's alright, it's gonna be  
                 alright. We'll find 'um.

CUT TO:

26

**EXT. DUAL CARRIAGEWAY - NIGHT 4**

26

A terrifying sight as TRINA walks alongside a dual carriageway. She looks tiny and frail compared to the cars whizzing past her, a truck beeping its horn.

CUT TO:

27

**INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT 4** 27

NANA holds BETHAN'S hand, the pair of them nervously awaiting word. Just then NURSE DIGBY heads over to them.

BETHAN

Any news?

NURSE DIGBY

The police just called. They've  
picked up a woman giving Trina's  
name.

NANA

(Visibly relaxing with  
relief)  
Oh thank god.

BETHAN

Where was she?

CUT TO:



28

**INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT 4** 28

TWO POLICE OFFICERS escort TRINA into the hospital. The calm of earlier gone, she's buoyant now. Arms outstretched as she belts out a line from *He'll Have to Go* by Jim Reeves.

TRINA

*And you can tell your friend there  
with you, he'll have to gooooo.*

She barely glances at NANA and BETHAN, she's completely relapsed. BETHAN goes to her.

BETHAN

Mum, are you alright?

TRINA

Me, baby? I'm fantastic - I'm King Tutu. He tried to drive me off a cliff.

BETHAN

*What?*

TRINA

He wanted to kill us both. But now he knows. He can't touch me. I've got angels watching me. I'm gonna be on telly tomorrow with the queen.

NANA

Send her my love.

TRINA

Course I will ya daft bastard. Why aren't you complimenting me?

NANA

What do you want me to say?

TRINA

Thank you very much.

NANA

Thank you very much.

TRINA

You're welcome.

NURSE DIGBY and an N/S NURSE head over, gently trying to usher TRINA away.

NURSE DIGBY

Trina, you understand you broke the  
terms of your leave don't you? If  
you just want to come with us --

But TRINA fires off ahead of her, directing herself to the  
wards. Not even looking back as she demands --

TRINA

I want an ensuite this time.

The actual recording of *Jim Reeves - He'll Have to Go* plays  
over as TRINA smacks the double doors open and strides in.

CUT TO:

29

**EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT 4**

29

BETHAN sits with NANA, waiting for her bus. Both of them quiet. Shaken. Eventually.

BETHAN  
She was getting better. She was  
good today...

NANA takes her hand, nodding. Not much else to say. And then.

NANA  
Go on, get on home.

BETHAN  
No, I'll wait with you.

NANA  
No, go on. Have a bath and get to  
bed.

BETHAN  
(Fighting back tears)  
... She must have been so scared.

NANA  
... I know.

BETHAN stands up, pulling her coat on. And then she locks eyes with NANA.

BETHAN  
I hate him, Nan. I wish he was  
dead.

Deep down NANA knows what DILWYN is, but she won't turn against her boy.

NANA  
Don't say that. He's your father.

BETHAN  
... He just tried to drive my mum  
off a cliff.

BETHAN waits for NANA'S response, desperate for her to back her up, as NANA always does. But she won't.

NANA  
He wouldn't have gone through with  
it.

It's a punch to BETHAN'S stomach. She doesn't know what to say for a beat. Then she kisses NANA on the cheek. Quiet.

BETHAN

Text me when you get in.

And BETHAN walks away. NANA'S just broken a piece of her heart.

CUT TO:

30

**INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/LANDING - NIGHT 4**

30

The house is in darkness. BETHAN tries the light switch a few times - nothing. The electricity is off. She listens to the darkness and she can sense him brooding. He's upstairs.

BETHAN heads up, stopping in front of his bedroom door - she pauses.

CUT TO:

31

**INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - DILWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 0**

31

We hold tight on DILWYN'S feet, swinging mid-air. The sound of a rope creaking under the weight of his lifeless form.

CUT TO:

32

**INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LANDING - NIGHT 4**

32

BETHAN takes a breath and opens the door.

CUT TO:

33

**INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - DILWYN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 4**

33

DILWYN is sat on the bed in the dark. His coat on. His head in his hands. The energy in the room heavy and oppressive.

BETHAN

They've taken her back in.

He doesn't answer. BETHAN goes to walk out but she turns back.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

If you ever touch my mother again -  
I'll kill you.

DILWYN looks at her for the first time, even in the darkness we can see his face purple with bruises and swelling, dried blood all over him. He's quiet, threatening --

DILWYN

Yeah? D'you wanna try...?

BETHAN

I promise you. I'll kill you.

BETHAN shuts the door.

CUT TO:



34

**INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 4**

34

BETHAN stands in the kitchen in the darkness. She goes to pour herself a glass of water and notices her hands shaking. She downs the drink, steadying herself.

Then her phone rings, it's POPPY. BETHAN lights up at the sight of her name.

BETHAN

Hey.

POPPY (O.O.V)

Hey...

BETHAN

Oh my god, my mum just made we watch The Turin Horse with her - have you seen it?

POPPY (O.O.V)

Can we meet?

BETHAN

Now?

POPPY (O.O.V)

Yeah - at the park?

BETHAN glances at the clock, it's 10.30pm.

BETHAN

Uh - alright yeah.

POPPY (O.O.V)

By the benches in 15?

BETHAN

Cool.

CUT TO:

35

**EXT. PARK - NIGHT 4**

35

BETHAN sits on a bench, she's applied some make-up. She spots POPPY walking towards her, calling out --

BETHAN  
What you been doing, dogging?

But POPPY doesn't laugh.

POPPY  
Hey.

She hugs BETHAN stiffly, sitting down beside her. The tension palpable.

BETHAN  
The Turin Horse man - it's two and  
a half motherfucking hours. Black  
and white which is just like -  
why?...  
(Off her silence)  
Are you alright?

POPPY  
(Quiet, not herself)  
Ummm... I dunno.

BETHAN  
(Starting to worry)  
What's wrong?

POPPY  
I've just been with Jamie.

Jealousy knots in BETHAN'S stomach.

BETHAN  
Okay. And...?

POPPY  
I had to tell him about earlier...  
He's really angry.

BETHAN  
(Quiet)  
Why did you have to tell him?

POPPY  
Because he asked me out - like,  
officially - and I said yes. So...  
he deserved to know.

BETHAN

I thought you didn't like him?

POPPY

Of course I like him. And I've just gotta say - I'm so fucked off with you.

BETHAN

With me?

POPPY

Yes. It was selfish - kissing me. And I just feel like - why can't I just have a friend who doesn't fall in love with me?

BETHAN

I didn't say I was in love --

POPPY

This has gotten weird.

BETHAN

How is it weird?

POPPY

Because, Beth - I'm not a lesbian.

BETHAN

Cool that makes two of us. This is mad - I was just mucking about. Why are you making such a big deal --

BETHAN hears the pleading in her own voice and hates it.

POPPY

We just need to stop hanging out.

BETHAN

Okay, Jesus... Well like, for how long?

POPPY

I dunno. A while. Until you can figure out if you can think of me as just a friend.

BETHAN

I do think of you as just a friend. Poppy seriously - I'm not trying to like, marry you. I was having a laugh. I can speak to Jamie and tell him --

POPPY

I'm about to have the biggest opportunity of my life being head girl and I just can't have people like you distracting me.

BETHAN

I said I'd help you. I can help with your speech --

POPPY

You're acting like a stalker. Seriously. Look - I need to go, I've left Jamie across the park.

BETHAN

He's here?

BETHAN'S blood runs cold. She glances over and for the first time in the distance we can see him, watching on.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

What is this, like an ambush?

POPPY

I told you I was with him... I'm not trying to be a bitch, I just wanna do what's best for you. Take care okay?

POPPY walks away and BETHAN feels like her heart is breaking in two.

CUT TO:

36

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 4

36

BETHAN paces the kitchen, her hands shaking, adrenaline coursing through her.

BETHAN  
Fuck... *Fuck.*

She grabs at her phone and tries POPPY'S number - voicemail.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
FUCK!

BETHAN sits at the table, pressing her hands to her face as she starts to sob.

GO TO: BETHAN remains there at the kitchen table. Head resting on her arms. And we stay with her as her tears turn to glassy apathy. That's it. She's got nothing left now. We see short **FLASH IMAGES:**

*POPPY tracing lines on BETHAN'S palm.*

*POPPY pulling BETHAN'S arm around her in bed.*

*BETHAN and POPPY sniggering as LORRAINE walks away in the park. POPPY saying, "she's stalking me".*

*BETHAN and POPPY kissing.*

*POPPY telling BETHAN "I can't have people like you distracting me"...*

GO TO: And then, as dawn sunlight starts to creep through the window, a flea bites BETHAN'S arm - she slaps it. Looking at the red mark. And it's the jolt that shakes BETHAN to her senses. She pulls herself up --

BETHAN (V.O) (CONT'D)  
Fuck this.

CUT TO:

37      INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HEADMISTRESS' OFFICE - DAY 5      37

From behind we see BETHAN stood in the doorway.

BETHAN  
Miss, I wanna run for head girl.

THE END.