

IN MY SKIN

EPISODE 4

SHOOTING SCRIPT

Written by

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C/o Expectation Entertainment

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 compositis 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 shits 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 Imodium 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 takings 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, steadyng 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)

Ummmm... 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 --

POPPIY

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 --

POPPIY

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?

POPPIY

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?

POPPIY 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.