

IN MY SKIN

EPISODE 5

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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C/o Expectation Entertainment

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HEADMISTRESS' OFFICE - MORNING D5

Direct pick up from Ep 4. BETHAN stood in the doorway. MRS FRANCIS has a sandwich held in front of her mouth, about to take a bite --

BETHAN

Miss, I wanna run for head girl.

MRS FRANCIS

That's lovely. But the deadline was yesterday. Shut the door.

MRS FRANCIS goes to take a bite.

BETHAN

I know, but I was off sick yesterday --

MRS FRANCIS places the sandwich down on the desk.

MRS FRANCIS

Well, cry me a river... I can't go moving dates round willy nilly. Else everyone'll want special treatment, won't they.

BETHAN

It could just be our little secret?

BETHAN gives a cheeky wink, MRS FRANCIS unimpressed.

MRS FRANCIS

Don't do that... Rules are rules. And anyway - these things are a popularity contest... Not to say you're not popular... Well let's not beat round the bush - you're not popular.

BETHAN

Cheers, miss.

MRS FRANCIS

Oh come on get real. I got the likes of Poppy Crookshank in the running. It'd be David and Goliath.

BETHAN

Popular girls shouldn't just automatically get it, it's not fair.

MRS FRANCIS
Perhaps you'll get yourself a
filofax and start adhering to
deadlines then.

BETHAN
Who uses a filofax?

MRS FRANCIS
People who are running for head
girl. Now if there's nothing
else...

MRS FRANCIS' eyes drift to her sandwich. BETHAN gets up to
walk out in a strop.

BETHAN
This is discrimination.

MRS FRANCIS
No it's not.

MRS FRANCIS plucks up her sandwich just as BETHAN turns back
at the doorway.

BETHAN
Miss can I just say one more thing?

MRS FRANCIS
Good god, what?

BETHAN
This school has been crying out for
a change, for the voice of the
many. And that's me... Come on,
just do it as an experiment, see if
I can make the others work
harder...

MRS FRANCIS
That was two things.
(Thinking for a beat)
Campaign speech is in a week. Don't
let me down. And don't embarrass
yourself.

BETHAN
I won't, I promise. Thank you so
much.

MRS FRANCIS
Please get out.

CUT TO:

2

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GROUNDS - MORNING D5

2

BETHAN'S eyes search the yard, landing on TRAVIS sat with a group of NERDS, including PETER, trying to fit in.

PETER

No-one can truly call themselves a film fan if they haven't watched an Almodovar.

NERD

Oh please, that's ludicrous.

PETER

I'm not saying you have to *like* them, but you've got to be fluent in their artistic currency. Travis - favourite film?

TRAVIS

Um, well I always really liked Moulin Rouge.

PETER

(Sniggering)

You've got to be joking?

TRAVIS

No, that's a great film. It's arty.

BETHAN approaches.

BETHAN

Trav - Mrs Blocker asked to see you in her office.

TRAVIS

Why?

BETHAN

She saw you on the CCTV wearing your trainers...

TRAVIS

Ah for god's sake... I'll see you in a bit boys.

TRAVIS heads off. BETHAN follows, giving him a nudge.

BETHAN

You're welcome...

TRAVIS

Ah you dick, I was bricking it.

BETHAN

I had to be cruel to be kind...
Wanna help me make posters?

TRAVIS

What for?

CUT TO:

3

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - MORNING D5

3

TRAVIS and BETHAN sit at the computers, both tapping away.

TRAVIS
I'm crap with this stuff.

BETHAN
Yeah I can see that...
(Beat)
By the way... I wanted to say sorry
about the other day.

TRAVIS
... Just the other day? 'Cos you've
been a dick for weeks.

BETHAN
Get off the fence why don't you?

Beat. They carry on tapping at their computers.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Will you forgive me if I buy you a
Calippo?

TRAVIS
Yeah alright.

BETHAN
Thanks... Just on a completely
different topic, can I borrow
£1.50?

TRAVIS
(Shaking his head)
You're a twat
(Re: computer)
What about this?

TRAVIS reveals his poster, BETHAN'S face (badly) superimposed
on to Shirley Bassey's body.

BETHAN
Wow that looks shit.

Just then PETER walks in, talking to another BOY as he goes.

PETER
Coding is the future, that's just a
fact.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

There won't be jobs for any of us
within 10 years, we'll just code
from our beds --

BETHAN

Peter, please can you help us?

PETER

I'm hardly gonna say yes before I
know the terms.

BETHAN

Chill I'm not asking you to sign a
contract, just help us with these
posters.

TRAVIS

Please, you're so much better with
computers than us.

PETER peers over at the screen, rolling his eyes.

PETER

Oh very droll.

GO TO: As PETER taps away at the computer, we see BETHAN on
her phone searching "*Tip Top Chip Shop company owner*". Then
PETER sits back, smug --

PETER (CONT'D)

Done. Easy.

BETHAN and TRAVIS look at the screen [NB we don't see it]

BETHAN

Amazing, you're a legend.

PETER

Don't think this secures my vote.
I'll remain impartial until I've
considered all policies.

CUT TO:

4

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR NEAR COMMON ROOM - DAY 5

Close on a poster depicting BETHAN'S face superimposed on to a black and white photograph of Winston Churchill, cigar in her mouth, doing the peace sign. With the slogan, "Winston Churchill would be better, but he's dead. So vote for Bethan."

We pull out to reveal a GAGGLE of students, including PRIEST and LORRAINE CHAPMAN looking at it. BETHAN and TRAVIS nearby sticking up more posters. PRIEST rips it down.

PRIEST

Not tryna be rude but you're fugly.

BETHAN

How is that not rude?

TRAVIS takes the poster from PRIEST, sticking it back up.

TRAVIS

You gonna vote for her?

PRIEST

No I don't vote for fat baps.

Just then POPPY and her friends walk in, she spots BETHAN and the posters, her face registering "*what the fuck?*" before she replaces it with a saccharine smile, heading over.

POPPY

Babe - what's all this?

BETHAN

I'm running for head girl.

TRAVIS

She's running for head girl.

POPPY

Oh my goodness. Good for you, hun.

BETHAN

Thanks.

POPPY

That's so funny though because the deadline was last week? Like... You missed it right?

(Off her shrug)

I mean it doesn't matter to me, I'm just so proud of you. Good luck...

POPPY sashays off. BETHAN curling her lip in disgust.

TRAVIS
She's a rotten apple.

BETHAN
Alright nan.

LORRAINE interrupts, re: the posters.

LORRAINE
Hey Beth, can I take some of those?
I'll put them up for you.

BETHAN
Oh, cheers Lorraine.

LORRAINE
... Beat the bitch.

CUT TO:

5

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - WARD RECEPTION - DAY 5

BETHAN approaches a YOUNG NURSE, JODIE (25), who she's not seen before. JODIE is young and cool. BETHAN blushes.

JODIE
You alright, love?

BETHAN
Yeah, I'm looking for Trina?

JODIE
I think she was watching the telly.
Come on, I'll take you there now.

As they walk towards the communal room BETHAN feels anxious.
Casting the occasional sideways glance at JODIE.

BETHAN (V.O.)
I dunno what to do with my hands.

JODIE
You her daughter?

BETHAN
(Not wanting to admit it)
Yeah.

JODIE
Yeah, Bethan. She's been telling me
all about you.

BETHAN
Really?

JODIE
Yeah, you're gonna be a Hollywood
star apparently...

BETHAN
Hmmm, yeah not so sure about that.

CUT TO:

6

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMUNAL ROOM - DAY 5 6

JODIE
(Pointing to TRINA)
There she is.

TRINA'S stood with an ELDERLY MAN holding a zimmer frame,
placing a hand on his head.

TRINA
(To the ELDERLY MAN)
I've healed you. You can sit on the
floor now if you want.

ELDERLY MAN
(Smacking her hand away)
Piss off.

JODIE
I'm Jodie by the way - let me know
if you need anything.

BETHAN
Thanks.

As JODIE heads off, TRINA spots BETHAN beelining for her.

TRINA
Where you been baby?

TRINA plants a kiss on BETHAN. She's in an upbeat mood,
coherent even though most of what she says is far-fetched.

BETHAN
Just school.

TRINA
I've got myself in hot water.

BETHAN
Why?

TRINA surreptitiously nods to a WOMAN in a pink dressing gown
who's struggling to peel an orange.

TRINA
(Gesturing to a woman)
I just told her I'd buy her a
Lexus, brand new. I got my mouth
writing cheques my arse can't cash.

BETHAN sits down, TRINA plucking up someone's forgotten beaker full of manky old tea. She offers it to BETHAN --

TRINA (CONT'D)
Cuppa tea?

BETHAN
Uh - no thanks.

TRINA
Yeah, it's back wash.

TRINA plonks the cup down and sits down next to BETHAN, placing herself too close, unaware of personal space. BETHAN wants to try and connect with her --

BETHAN
So how d'you feel?

TRINA
Great, lovely facilities in here.

BETHAN
Yeah but... I dunno I was just wondering how you're feeling in yourself. Like... can you describe what's going on in your brain?

TRINA
Oh everything. I can read the bible and enjoy it. I can drink hot or cold tea and enjoy it --

TRINA reaches for the beaker, BETHAN pulling it away.

BETHAN
No don't have that.
(Beat)
I've got some news... I signed up to run in this election thing at school.

TRINA
What like Margaret Thatcher?

BETHAN
Who? No, basically if you get it you become the face of the school. And so now next week I've gotta do a speech in front of the whole year and all the teachers --

TRINA
(Horrified)
Why you doing that for?

BETHAN
'Cos it's a good opportunity. You
get to make loads of decisions.

TRINA
Last time you were in a play you
threw up. You were a wreck.

BETHAN
Well... This is different.

TRINA
Ah hang on, I gotta get my brain in
the same tune...

TRINA gets up and darts to the wall, standing with her nose
to it. Just as JODIE walks in with a small paper cup of meds
for TRINA --

JODIE
What you doing, Trin?

TRINA turns around like she wasn't just staring at a wall,
and looks at BETHAN.

TRINA
Ignore Jodie, she's just a cleaner.

JODIE	BETHAN
(Good natured)	Mum that's rude.
I'm not a cleaner remember,	
I'm one of the nurses.	

BETHAN'S face burns with embarrassment.

TRINA
God I'm gasping for a cup of tea.

TRINA plucks up the beaker and swigs it.

CUT TO:

7

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 5

7

NANA is making some dinner as BETHAN sits at the table scribbling in a notebook. NANA hushed to BETHAN --

NANA

What's he doing up there?

BETHAN

I don't care. I hope he stays up there... What's some good policies? What did you want when you were at school?

NANA

All I cared about was necking boys.

BETHAN

Ugh.

NANA

It's true, Duncan Gibbert - made me weak at the knees.

BETHAN

Stop.

NANA

You don't need all this bumph. You're a lovely girl, just get up there and say "I'm beautiful and you best vote for me".

BETHAN

You smoking crack?

NANA

Not lately, no. Go and tell him dinner's ready.

BETHAN

He won't come.

NANA

Right, enough of this.

CUT TO:

8

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LANDING / DILWYN'S BEDROOM - DAY 5

8

NANA and BETHAN are stood outside of DILWYN'S bedroom.

NANA

Dil, I'm coming in.

NANA enters. DILWYN is in bed, back to them, voice subdued.

DILWYN

Not now mam.

NANA

Come and have dinner --

DILWYN

Just get out mam.

CUT TO:

9

EXT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - DAY 5

9

BETHAN rings the doorbell. After a beat LYDIA opens it, wearing PJ's, her hair unwashed.

BETHAN

Hey.

LYDIA closes the door in her face. Not dissuaded, BETHAN turns to a hedge, rooting inside where a spare key hangs on a string. She pulls it out and lets herself in.

CUT TO:

10

INT. LYDIA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY 5

10

BETHAN enters. LYDIA keeps her gaze on the screen.

BETHAN

Woah, how many farts you done in here?

LYDIA doesn't respond as BETHAN sits down beside her. LYDIA'S got a bottle of Yazoo milkshake, BETHAN reaches for it --

LYDIA

Can you not? That's my last one.
(BETHAN swigs it)
Twat.

BETHAN

What you watching?

LYDIA

Curious Creatures.

BETHAN

Why?

LYDIA

Do you want something?

BETHAN

Yeah... I miss you. I've been worried about you.

LYDIA

Well I'm fine - anything else?

BETHAN

Sherene Hammer had sex with JD Jenkins in the graveyard. Like... On a a grave. Can you imagine that corpse being like...

BETHAN realises she's putting her foot in it and trails off.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Well, whatever, it was funny... So how come your mum's letting you off school?

LYDIA

She's at a conference.

BETHAN
When you gonna come back?

LYDIA
Dunno. Next week.

BETHAN
Reckon you'll be there on
Wednesday?

LYDIA
Dunno.

BETHAN
Cos I'm doing my speech for head
girl.

(LYDIA shoots her a look)
I need you and Travis there 'cos
I'm shitting myself.

LYDIA
(Sniggering)
That's suicide.

BETHAN
(That stings BETHAN)
Hmm. Maybe... Will you vote for me?

LYDIA
No. I'm going out soon so...

BETHAN
OK, I'll go...

There's a beat and then BETHAN wraps her in a hug, holding
LYDIA really tight.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry about what Tony Chippy
did. I know you feel like a piece
of shit but you're not. You're
wicked, and amazing and funny and I
love you.

We hold on LYDIA as BETHAN leaves, holding back her emotion.

CUT TO:

11

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GROUNDS - DAY 6

11

It's lunch time, KIDS swarm all over the playground. TRAVIS and BETHAN stood together trying to hand out BETHAN'S leaflets, with a cheery "vote for Bethan". But the STUDENTS are just batting their hands away. BETHAN getting annoyed.

BETHAN

I printed a hundred of these.

Her gaze falls over to where POPPY stands surrounded by a GAGGLE of STUDENTS, her flyers being snapped up.

POPPY

Free flapjack for anyone who guarantees me their vote.

TRAVIS

The state of her. Corrupt already.

BETHAN

Trav, be honest. No one's gonna vote for me are they?

TRAVIS

They will --

Just then a poo flies through the air and splats on the floor at their feet. BETHAN and TRAVIS recoiling in horror as PRIEST runs over cackling.

BETHAN

Are you fucking joking? What the fuck?

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Oh my god, is it on me, is it on me?

PRIEST

Haaaaa you just got dog poo'd!

PRIEST runs off as BETHAN looks to TRAVIS --

BETHAN

See, what I mean!

TRAVIS

Come with me.

CUT TO:

12 INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR / STAFF ROOM - DAY 6 12

West Wing style walk and talk. TRAVIS striding with purpose.

BETHAN
Where we going?

TRAVIS
The pupils aren't gonna vote for you.

BETHAN
Oh great, thanks. Lovely chat.

TRAVIS
I will, and Lozza Chapman will, but aside from that... Probs not.

BETHAN
Why you freaking me out --

TRAVIS
BUT the teachers also make up 50% of the vote. Get them on side and you might just stand a chance...

They've arrived at the staff room, TRAVIS knocks on the door.

BETHAN
Don't - Trav --

The door swings open, BLOCKER is stood there.

TRAVIS
Avon calling.

BLOCKER
What do you guttersnipes want?

TRAVIS
Bethan is on the campaign trail and she'd love to run the teachers through her policies...

BLOCKER
I'm trying to eat my build 'em up bagel here.

TRAVIS
It won't take long.

BLOCKER

Come on then, make it pithy.

CUT TO:

13

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - STAFF ROOM - DAY 6

13

BETHAN and TRAVIS enter, casting an excited glance at each other. Inside is a shabby, basic room. TEACHERS dotted around on well worn sofas, drinking from chipped mugs - TRAVIS and BETHAN are so impressed.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Wow-wah-wee-wah...

An NS teacher slugs from a can of Lilt.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Fuck me they get pop in yer.

BLOCKER
These pair wanna chew our ears off.

MISS MORGAN is sat eating her lunch, she grins at BETHAN.

MS MORGAN
Come on then, let's hear it.

BETHAN
I'm running for head girl and I wondered if I could count on your vote?

BLOCKER
That depends dun it? You scratchy our backies, we scratchy yours...

BETHAN
Gross.

TRAVIS
Tell them about your plastic policy.

MS MORGAN
(Re: TRAVIS)
Who's this, your chief whip?

BETHAN
Basically, I'm gonna pledge to get the canteen to go plastic free.

BLOCKER
BOOOORING. Stole that off every poster in the corridor did you?

BETHAN

Uh no... I called the current suppliers, The Lunch Bunch, to price it up and they're actually more expensive than one that offers compostable packaging.

TRAVIS

So if we change suppliers we'll save money, and then Lunch Bunch might also realise they need to up their game.

MS MORGAN

Hmmm, not bad.

BLOCKER

Yeah, you almost lost me, but then you reeled me back in like a little fish on a dish.

CUT TO:

14

EXT. PARK - DAY 6

14

School is finished for the day, BETHAN and TRAVIS are practising her speech. TRAVIS is miming chewing a big piece of gum, getting BETHAN to follow suit --

TRAVIS
Get all the muscles in the face
nice and loose... Now get the
tongue moving.

BETHAN
Cunnilingus.

TRAVIS
Focus. Betty Botter bought some
butter, but she said the butter's
bitter...

GO TO: TRAVIS is jabbing 4 fingers in to BETHAN'S diaphragm as BETHAN expels breath.

GO TO: TRAVIS pounding BETHAN'S chest, in a high voice.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You're voice is up here
(Low voice, hitting her
stomach)
I need it down here
(Back to chest)
If it's up here nobody listens.

GO TO: TRAVIS is stood metres away from BETHAN, calling over.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Imagine you're squeezing from the
bottom of a tooth paste tube.

BETHAN
What does that mean?

TRAVIS
Just, be loud.

BETHAN
Okay.
(Pulling out her speech)
My fellow year 11's.

TRAVIS
Eye contact!

BETHAN looks up from the page.

BETHAN
My fellow year 11's - my name is
Bethan Gwyndaf and I'm here to
recruit you.

We fast cut through sections of the speech.

* BETHAN starting to get in to it now --

BETHAN (CONT'D)
I can't forget the looks on the
faces of people who've lost hope.

* BETHAN builds to her rousing finish.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
If I can be elected, it's a green
light, it says dare to hope. And
you and you and you, you have to
give people hope.

BETHAN finishes triumphantly, TRAVIS is dumbstruck.

TRAVIS
... Is that the speech from Milk?

BETHAN
(Didn't think anyone had
seen it)
... Have you seen that film then?

TRAVIS
Uh yeah. You know I love American
history.

BETHAN
Oh.

TRAVIS
It's a good speech... It's just not
really you...

BETHAN
Too late now innit? Speeches are
tomorrow.

CUT TO:

15

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING - DAY 6

15

BETHAN irons her uniform. Practising her speech as she goes.

BETHAN

Hope for a better world, hope for a
better tomorrow, hope for a better
place to come to if the pressures
at home are too great.

DILWYN enters, heading to the fridge and getting out some
cans of cider. He's disheveled looking, his nose still
swollen and bruised from the crash. BETHAN shuts up quickly.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

... Alright?

DILWYN

I been listening to your speech...
I could cry when I hear you talk
like that. The words you've got...

BETHAN

Thanks.

He takes his cans and heads out. Even after all he's done, a
kind word from DILWYN means more to BETHAN than anyone else.

CUT TO:

16

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 7

16

It's the day of the elections. The hall rammed with STUDENTS and TEACHERS alike. BETHAN looks deathly pale as she enters with TRAVIS, her stomach drops when she sees the crowd.

TRAVIS

Come on, have some water...

He hands her a bottle, BETHAN swigs and passes it back.

MRS FRANCIS

Starting in 5 minutes with the female candidates. Line up.

TRAVIS

This is it. If you get nervous just look at me. I'll flash you a nip.

BETHAN

Please don't.

TRAVIS hugs her. Then BETHAN walks over to the line up as if she's heading towards the gallows. She passes MS MORGAN who squeezes her shoulder.

MS MORGAN

Go on, girl.

BETHAN joins the back of the queue. We pan along the row, taking in a fleet of POPULAR GIRLS, including POPPY, who is laughing, looking effortlessly beautiful. We reach BETHAN at the end, sleeves over her hands, looking sick, the odd girl out. Then BETHAN darts off.

CUT TO:

17

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - TOILET CUBICLE - DAY 7

17

We hard cut to BETHAN'S vomit hitting the toilet bowl.

CUT TO:

18

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 7

18

BETHAN returns to the line up.

We see quick flash images of the other 6 CANDIDATES making their speeches. And then POPPY stands in front of the crowd laughing, they're all cheering so loud she keeps trying to start and can't.

POPPY

Guys... Guys... Come on. I've written a speech, come on!

(The crowd quiets)

First things first, Llanfyr High school is the best - WHOOP WHOOP!

The crowd starts chanting, "*Llanfyr, Llanfyr, Llanfyr!*"

POPPY (CONT'D)

Being serious though, it would be an honour to work for you all. And truly, my door would always be open - I want you to come to me with any problems and we'll fix it together.

GO TO: MRS FRANCIS is back addressing them all.

MRS FRANCIS

Now please welcome to the stage your final candidate, Bethan Gwyndaf...

There's a polite smattering of applause as BETHAN walks to her spot. An awkward silence descending as BETHAN pulls her speech from her pocket.

BETHAN

Hiya. Sorry.

It's the wrong way round. She shuffles the pages. The sound of a chair scraping somewhere. BETHAN'S hands shaking.

PRIEST

(Calling out)

Hurry up love.

MS MORGAN

Button it, Priest.

BETHAN

My name is Bethan Gwyndaf and I'm here to recruit you.

PRIEST
(Sniggering)
What the hell.

A little smattering of laughs from the audience.

MS MORGAN
I said shut it!

BETHAN gulps, looking out at the crowd, her mouth dry. Fuck she can't do this... BETHAN throws down her speech, running off the stage and out in to the audience to leave.

Then we reset, BETHAN still on the stage staring out as a door at the back of the hall swings open. LYDIA slips in. She locks eyes with BETHAN, flicking her a middle finger. BETHAN smirks, breathing a sigh of relief. She shoves her speech in to her pocket.

BETHAN
Right this is the thing - for too long this school has voted in popular kids just because that's we've always done... Well being real - sometimes popular people are two-faced.

We see POPPY bristle, trying to keep a saccharine smile on her face. The AUDIENCE all reacting, "ommm" "hahaha" etc.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Vote for me and I pledge to fix the toilet seats. You know the deathly ones that look normal but are actually split down the middle? No longer will you lower down for a morning steamer, praying to Jesus that the toilet seat won't bite you on the bum.

The AUDIENCE laugh, they laugh *with* BETHAN.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Dogs bite, toilet seats shouldn't --

PRIEST
Do dykes bite, dykeeeeeeeey?

BETHAN
Tell you what, Priest, shall I get it all out the way now? I'm not cool, I'm not skinny, and you don't wanna jizz on me, ummm... anything else?

PRIEST

You got blancmange tits.

BETHAN

Amazing, blancmange tits. Now can we move on?

MRS FRANCIS

Uh! Enough of the jizz and tits talk, thank you.

BETHAN

Next up. I wanna know who the hell came up with the rule that pupils aren't allowed inside during break times? Swear down it can be pissing down out there -

MRS FRANCIS

Uh!

BETHAN

Bucketing down out there, and we got Blocker with a cattle prod, jabbing us in the guts if we dare to step inside.

The KIDS all laugh. BLOCKER smirks, *sotto*.

BLOCKER

That's true, I do.

BETHAN

D'you know what I mean though? We're out there like soggy rats, getting trench foot, while the teachers are living like it's club tropicana in the staff room. They got cans of pop in there. So... the empty maths hut round the back. Let's turn it in to a common room. I'll run a task force to paint it, whack a couple of computers in, couple of cushions. Job done innit?

Hubbub around the room, *"that's actually quite good" "no that would be wicked, fair play"*. Etc.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Look I'm not gonna wang on. You can do what you've always done. Or you can vote for change. AKA me. Right. Peace out, vote with your heads not your dicks... Thanks.

BETHAN leaves the stage to enthusiastic applause.

CUT TO:

18A

EXT. HIGH STREET - LATE AFTERNOON DAY 7

18A

BETHAN, TRAVIS and LYDIA all walk home together after the speeches. The first time the three of them have been together in a while. There's a silence, but each of them smirking slightly. Then BETHAN nudges LYDIA, LYDIA shoves both BETHAN and TRAVIS in return.

TRAVIS

Ow!

After a beat.

BETHAN

So did you like my speech?

LYDIA

No it was rubbish.

BETHAN

Come on admit it, you liked it.

TRAVIS

I liked it.

LYDIA

It was fine. You didn't embarrass yourself.

LYDIA links arms with the pair of them as they walk away.

19

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY 8

19

The following day, BLOCKER is manning the ballot box as STUDENTS hand their votes over. BLOCKER sneaking a peek before slipping each one in.

BLOCKER

No hanky panky now, one vote only
please.

BETHAN, LYDIA and TRAVIS all stand waiting to vote.

BETHAN

You gonna vote for me, Miss?

BLOCKER

Now that would be telling.

LYDIA

Ah come on, at least tell us if
there's a front runner?

BLOCKER

It's tighter than a nun's clam...

TRAVIS

(Confused)

Is that rude?

CUT TO:

20

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 8

20

Later that day the male and female CANDIDATES are all lined up on the stage in front of a full school hall behind MRS FRANCIS. BETHAN trembling slightly, trying to steady her breath. FRANCIS taking her sweet time to spit it out --

MRS FRANCIS

The ballot box has been emptied...
The votes counted... We've counted
them once... We've counted them
twice... and then thrice again to
be certain. And now we've gathered
you all here today because it is
high time we reveal the winners...
But before we do I'd like to run
over some notices - the field will
be closed tomorrow for new turf to
be laid --

PRIEST

Miss! We're on the edge of our
seats here.

MRS FRANCIS

(Sharp)
Uh! Simmer down.
(Beat, sunny again)
Right, without further ado... Your
deputy head girl as voted by her
teachers and peers, is...

MRS FRANCIS leaves a long pause. A twinkle in her eye, she
knows this is a shocker...

MRS FRANCIS (CONT'D)

It's Poppy Crookshank...

There's a collective inhalation of shock from the audience.
POPPY'S face falters. We see a **FLASH IMAGE** of...

CUT TO:

21 INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 0

21

POPPY on stage, screaming in a blind rage.

 POPPY
 FUUUUUCK!

CUT TO:

22

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 8

22

MRS FRANCIS
Step forward, Poppy...

PRIEST
That is shocking. Colour me
shocked, man...

POPPY'S smile is plastered back on now as she steps forward and shakes MRS FRANCIS' hand, the audience remember themselves and start to applaud.

POPPY
Thank you guys, this means a lot.

MRS FRANCIS
And now, it brings me *great*
pleasure to reveal Llanfyr High
School's newly appointed Head
Girl...
(going to read the name
and then)
Actually it's worth saying this is
a huge responsibility that I trust
these shoulders will carry with the
diligence required --

BLOCKER
Oh come on...

MRS FRANCIS
It's BETHAN GWYNDAF!

For a moment there's utter silence as we hold tight on BETHAN'S face, as she comprehends what she's just heard. Then the applause explodes in. The AUDIENCE stamping their feet, LORRAINE CHAPMAN punches the sky as she screams --

LORRAINE CHAPMAN
Woohoo!

The other CANDIDATES patting BETHAN on the back. MRS FRANCIS coming towards BETHAN to shake her hand.

GO TO: BETHAN down in the crowd, it's mayhem as TRAVIS and LYDIA cling to her, the three of them jumping up and down.

MRS BLOCKER barrels over and starts jabbing her fingers in to BETHAN'S rib cage.

MRS BLOCKER

Watch out, cattle prod, careful...
Nah but seriously, time to start
cleaning up your act now eh?

Then MS MORGAN is there, pulling BETHAN in to a hug.

MS MORGAN

Not too bad, kid, not too bad.

And then POPPY approaches, trying so hard to be sweet but we
know she's furious. She hugs BETHAN --

POPPY

Babe - congrats. Such a big
achievement for you. How you gonna
celebrate?

BETHAN

Oh my mum's taking me for a posh
dinner. And well done you, for
getting deputy.

POPPY

Yeah, it actually worked out really
well 'cos I'm so busy doing Duke of
Edinburgh now so... Ah bless you,
well done.

POPPY pulls BETHAN in to a hug, quietly hissing in her ear --

POPPY (CONT'D)

Don't think you can call me two-
faced and get away with it.

(Pulling away, sunny
again)

Right, catch ya later.

POPPY does a little wave as she walks away. LYDIA didn't hear
what POPPY said but she's got her number --

LYDIA

I've said it before and I'll say it
again - she's a cunt.

CUT TO:

23

EXT. TONY CHIPPY'S HOUSE - DAY 8

23

BETHAN holds the phone away from her ear as NANA is screaming down the other end --

NANA OHHHH MYYYY GOOOOD! I can't believe this! This is it now, you've made it. You clever little bitch.	BETHAN (Laughing) Nan, calm down - nan! I gotta go, I'll call you later. Love you.
--	--

As BETHAN hangs up the phone we reveal LYDIA and TRAVIS stood waiting for her

LYDIA
In your own time. Why we at a scabby house?

BETHAN
Don't freak out... Tony Chippy lives here.

LYDIA
What the fuck - what you doing?

BETHAN
He's not getting away it.

LYDIA
Just leave it, it doesn't matter.

BETHAN takes LYDIA'S hand.

BETHAN
Lydia - it matters. No one hurts you and gets away with it.

BETHAN starts walking down the driveway.

LYDIA
Bethan - I swear - don't you dare... I'm leaving then...

BETHAN knocks on the door. LYDIA and TRAVIS immediately duck down behind the garden wall. After a beat the door swings open to reveal a WOMAN (30s), fake tanned to the max, in an old Peacocks cotton nightie and slippers. Fag dangling from her lips. A rubber cap on her head with strands of hair pulled through, dye smeared on it - she's doing her highlights. She's Cardiff as hell.

SHANDY

What?

BETHAN

Hiya. Are you Tony Chippy's wife?

SHANDY

Who wants to know?

BETHAN

Uh... Me?

SHANDY

I might be yeah. And wha'?

BETHAN

You need to know something...

BETHAN glances back at the wall, TRAVIS and LYDIA still hid.

SHANDY

Spit it out. I got 3 minutes 'fore this starts burning an hole in my scalp.

BETHAN

He cheated on you.

SHANDY'S face flashes, squaring up to BETHAN.

SHANDY

What d'you say?

BETHAN

My friend is 16, she's half his age

SHANDY

You got some big bollocks turning up on my doorstep.

BETHAN

It's true.

NEIGHBOURS walking past start looking. SHANDY screams in to the house --

SHANDY

Tony Chippy! Get 'yer now!

(To BETHAN)

Come on then mouth, if you're so brave. Say it to his face.

TONY appears in a towel, just out of the shower.

TONY CHIPPY
What's all this?

Suddenly TRAVIS leaps up from behind the wall, shouting at TONY --

TRAVIS
You're a sick prick.

SHANDY
(To TONY)
What they doing yer?

TONY CHIPPY
I don't know do I? Stupid kids.

TRAVIS
If we're kids - why did you have sex with her?

TRAVIS pulls LYDIA up and TONY'S face changes. *Fuck.*

SHANDY
Chips - you best look me in the eye right now and tell me they're lying or I'm gonna fucking nut you.

TONY CHIPPY
Shandy mun, they're just little shits, whatever they've said --

TRAVIS
Liar!

TONY CHIPPY
You'd best run now, before I come and belt you, all three of you, ya little fuckers.

BETHAN
Threaten us all you want. You had sex with a 16 year old girl who was too drunk to consent and I wouldn't piss on you if you were on fire.

PEOPLE are stopped in the street now, openly gawping.

TONY CHIPPY
(Turning to SHANDY)
Ignore 'um, Shand, little slags, trying to fuck up my life.

And at this, LYDIA finally finds her voice.

LYDIA

Tony...

(He looks at her)

You're pathetic.

(To SHANDY)

Check his car. He's got my knickers
in there somewhere.

And with that SHANDY pulls off her slipper and starts beating
TONY round the head with it.

SHANDY

You dirty - rotten - horrible -
bastard.

TONY breaks free from the blows and starts chasing them in
his towel.

BETHAN

Run!

He chases them, the THREE of them laughing their heads off,
holding hands.

CUT TO:

24

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MAIN HALL - DAY 8

24

We hard cut to TRINA wailing in to a microphone.

TRINA

*Don't leave me this way, I can't
survive...*

BETHAN is standing in the doorway taking in the sight before her. All the PATIENTS from the various wards are gathered for a disco, the lights have been dimmed, the furniture pushed aside. TRINA tearing up the karaoke, singing along tunelessly to *The Communards - Don't Leave Me This Way* as all the PATIENTS watch on. The image oddly reminiscent of BETHAN making her speech earlier. BETHAN cringing, under her breath.

BETHAN

Oh Jesus Christ.

TRINA

*Ahhhh baby! My heart is full of
love and it's all for you.*

JODIE, the cool young nurse appears behind BETHAN, pushing a trolley of blackcurrant squash in beakers.

JODIE

Alright love? I'm on rehydration
duty...

BETHAN

Hey.

JODIE

Oh come here...

JODIE reaches across and brushes BETHAN'S cheek.

JODIE (CONT'D)

Eyelash.

BETHAN (V.O.)

Ah god fanny tingle.

BETHAN

Thanks.

JODIE

(Re: TRINA)

She likes the limelight don't she?
She won't let any of the others
have a go.

BETHAN

Sorry.

JODIE

It's alright, she's having fun.
Squash?

GO TO: BETHAN watches on as ALFRED (the Chinese man in a powder blue tux from the pilot) tries to grab the mic off TRINA, TRINA slapping his hands away as she continues singing, repeating the same song on a loop --

TRINA

*Don't leave me this way, I can't
survive...*

ALFRED

You sang this 5 times. You shut up
now --

ALFRED finally manages to prize the mic from her hands and takes his place. TRINA stomping off annoyed. Over the following ALFRED is in the background singing along to *Charlotte Church's Crazy Chick*.

ALFRED (CONT'D)

*I think I'm gonna need some
therapy, oh babe I hope you got a
PHD. Won't you lay me on your
leather couch, I've got a lot I
need to talk about...*

TRINA

Beth - come and dance with me.

BETHAN

Sit down for a minute, mum.

BETHAN glances to where JODIE is talking to another PATIENT, embarrassed. But TRINA won't be stopped, grabbing at BETHAN'S hands and trying to tug BETHAN to her feet, BETHAN resisting.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Mum, I don't want to.

TRINA

Come on, dance with me.

BETHAN glances to JODIE, making eye contact. BETHAN mortified.

BETHAN

Mum - stop.

TRINA succeeds in yanking BETHAN out of her chair, she tries to move BETHAN'S hips from side to side. BETHAN snaps, hissing at her --

BETHAN (CONT'D)

I said no, stop embarrassing yourself.

We see a **FLASH IMAGE:** *from ep 4, sc 4 - DILWYN saying "She was embarrassing herself."*

CUT TO:

25

OMITTED

25

26

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMUNAL HALL - DAY 26

A beat as TRINA stares at BETHAN. Then she plucks up the beaker of squash and dashes it at her. It douses BETHAN'S white school shirt, BETHAN gasping in shock. TRINA grabs some serviettes from the table, pressing them to BETHAN'S chest. The heat immediately gone --

TRINA
You alright?

BETHAN
Yeah.

BETHAN slumps down in resignation, TRINA sits beside her. We hold on them for a beat as they watch ALFRED singing.

ALFRED
*You got me acting like a whacked
out chick.*

BETHAN
(Quiet)
Mum. I was voted head girl today.

TRINA looks at her, pride filling her eyes.

TRINA
That's right, you are my best girl.

They hold each other's gaze for a second as something dawns on BETHAN. She could almost laugh at the thought --

BETHAN (V.O.)
She's never gonna understand me is
she?

Just then, JODIE plugs her phone in, putting a new song on --

JODIE
That's enough karaoke for now, too
much squabbling.

Dance, Dance, Dance by Lykke Li strikes up. TRINA starts bobbing her head. After a moment she looks to BETHAN.

TRINA
Come on.

This time BETHAN lets herself be pulled up. TRINA sways her hips and BETHAN starts to move her with her. Awkwardly at first.

But then slowly she eases in to it, the whole room begins to fall away as we hold on BETHAN. The elation of the day, the intense highs and lows of the last few months, she lets it all out as she loses herself and dances. She really dances. Truly just existing in her own skin for the first time. The joy and rawness as it all pours out.

And then the lights abruptly turn on, JODIE hollering as she ushers two people in.

JODIE

Listen up, these girls are in from
the local comp. Volunteering for
their Duke of Edinburgh awards.

And from across the room, BETHAN locks eyes with POPPY. We hold on BETHAN, her eyes looking down the barrel of the lens as we see her whole world collapse.

THE END.