

IN MY SKIN

EPISODE 201

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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C/o Expectation Entertainment.

It's lunch time, KIDS swarming the corridors. BETHAN, LYDIA and TRAVIS are tittering about outside of a class room.

BETHAN

I dared you to go in - that means
you **have** to go in.

TRAVIS

No - why me?

BETHAN

Lyd - tell him.

LYDIA

You gotta stop being such a pussy.
Your face is morphing in to an
actual labia majora.

BETHAN

Trav, they've got free crisps and
biscuits - I swear.

TRAVIS shoots her a look - he's interested. They chant --

LYDIA & BETHAN

Do it, do it, do it...

TRAVIS

God, you're such little... **sods**.

TRAVIS turns and flounces to the door, a hand written sign stuck to it reads, "**debate club**." He opens it --

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Hiya miss, just wondered - are we
allowed to come in?

MS MORGAN

Who's "we"?

BETHAN and LYDIA appear behind him in the doorway.

MS MORGAN (CONT'D)

Oh but of course - it's Tweedle
Dee, Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Plum.

LYDIA

Who's the plum?

MS MORGAN

Come in. Sit down. Shut up.

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

A hush falls as TRAVIS, BETHAN and LYDIA all file in and awkwardly sit down. A gang of NERDISH looking STUDENTS dotted around. PETER is sat upfront opposite a GIRL we haven't seen before, CAM. BETHAN spots a table with some biscuits, sweets and crisps laid out on it, she shoves TRAVIS too hard, making eyes at the food. PETER disgusted by them --

PETER

As I was saying before we were
rudely interrupted --

BETHAN

Relax Pete.

LYDIA

Yeah take the pole out yer bum.

MS MORGAN

How is that shutting up?

PETER

... There should be a means based system in place before people are allowed to breed. If you're on X amount of salary - you can have two children. If you're on this much you can have three --

CAM sniggers. BETHAN'S eyes flick to her.

PETER (CONT'D)

Something funny?

CAM

No it's not funny, it's eugenics mate.

PETER

(To MORGAN, exasperated)
Speaker, I've actually got time left on the clock.

CAM

Sorry - go on.

BETHAN leans her head back, showing off for LYDIA as she dangles a jelly snake in. CAM scribbles down notes. She's the new girl. She's clever, grounded in herself, comfortable in her own skin. It doesn't matter what she's wearing or how she looks, there's just something inexplicably cool about her.

PETER

My point is - as long as we allow people to spawn children they can't afford, and let the state prop them up. The rest of society is held back --

Crunch, crunch, crunch - PETER'S head whips around to BETHAN, who is now working through a fistful of crisps.

BETHAN

Sorry, not tryna hold you back.

LYDIA suppresses a giggle. MS MORGAN shakes her head.

MS MORGAN

Okay Cam, 60 seconds for the opposer.

CAM takes a breath, preparing to decimate him. BETHAN falls still, rapt as she watches her.

CAM

Okay. The proposer suggests a salary based child cap to relieve financial stresses on the state. But how do we enforce that? If a family breaks the cap, do we lock the parents up? Prison costs something like £40,000 per person, per year. So that's 80k for mum and dad. Currently family allowance is £20 a week for your first child, and £13 a week for every child thereafter - I haven't got my abacus on me but that's like - a lot cheaper. Or do you think we should start sterilising women once they've hit their cap? ... In a nutshell: the motion proposed is impossible to enforce, immoral, and puts the state in the position of playing God and women have had enough of white men in suits policing their wombs. Thanks.

MS MORGAN smirks, impressed. Then --

MS MORGAN

Proposer - any counter points?

PETER

Uh, yes. The suggestion that prison and sterilisation are the only courses of action is absolutely ludicrous and sensationalist --

He shifts in his chair, his trousers squeaking --

BETHAN

Oh my god, Pete did you fart?

Some NERDS giggle. CAM doesn't - damn.

PETER

Grow up.

MS MORGAN

(to BETHAN)

Come on, you've always got a lot to say for yourself. Should there be a salary based child cap?

BETHAN can feel CAM watching her. This is her chance to be impressive.

BETHAN (V.O)

If there was a salary based child cap I wouldn't exist.

But instead BETHAN tries to be funny --

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Uh - if you can't buy your kid nice trainers, don't have a kid innit.

MS MORGAN and CAM both looks disappointed.

MS MORGAN

Very astute. Thanks for that.
Right, out. I want my lunch.

End of school. BETHAN, LYDIA and TRAVIS hover near the gates as PUPILS all head home. BETHAN hoping if she hangs on long enough that CAM will walk past. POPPY nearby talking to one of her FRIENDS.

BETHAN

So we going out tonight then?

TRAVIS
I can't tonight.

LYDIA
No you know my mother's cut
me off.

BETHAN
Just take money out her purse.

LYDIA
She'd shave my head if she caught
me doing that.

Finally CAM passes, BETHAN lighting up, cocksure.

BETHAN
Mate, Cam. That was wicked earlier.

CAM
Sorry?

BETHAN
Your argument to Peter, you had him
sweating. I was watching like -
this is wicked.

TRAVIS
Yeah well done.

We see that POPPY is watching BETHAN.

CAM
Thanks.

BETHAN
We're going to the park if you
wanna come?

LYDIA
No we're not.

CAM
I gotta get home. See you.

CAM heads off, BETHAN tries to mask her disappointment. POPPY
has clocked it.

LYDIA
Why you rimming Cam for? Your
tongue is so deep in her sphincter.

Before BETHAN can reply, MS MORGAN calls over, about to get
in her car.

MS MORGAN

Bethan - your mother still hasn't signed the forms for the trip.

BETHAN

I'll ask her tonight.

LYDIA

Miss, we allowed to drink at the open day?

MS MORGAN

(Ignoring her)

I need it tomorrow or you can't come.

BETHAN

I know, sorry - she's been working.

Just a hint of something in MS MORGAN'S eyes - does she think BETHAN'S lying?

MS MORGAN

You're head girl, you should be there.

BETHAN

(Joking, cheeky)

Chill woman - I'll do it.

Beat as MS MORGAN gives her a death stare, not impressed.

MS MORGAN

Watch it.

She gets in her car. TRAVIS looks to BETHAN worried.

TRAVIS

Are you mental? What's with this big dick energy?

BETHAN just grins at him, full of herself.

A few minutes later. BETHAN walks along the high street, a couple of glances behind her as if to check none of her school friends are nearby - we assume she's heading to the hospital but then we hear --

TRINA (O.O.V)

Whit-woo!

BETHAN turns to see TRINA grinning at her from a side alley, she's in a bingo uniform, hands full of bin bags.

TRINA (CONT'D)
Thought you'd pulled then didn't ya?

BETHAN
As if. Alright?

TRINA
Yeah. G's an hand.

BETHAN goes and lifts the lid of a big wheelie bin so TRINA can dump the bags in. This isn't a TRINA we've seen before. She's relaxed, her eyes bright and clear.

TRINA (CONT'D)
So what ya doing?

BETHAN
Come to see you. I need you to sign the forms for my trip.

She hands them over, TRINA slipping them in to the apron around her waist.

TRINA
Okay love. Come in and see Nana.

TRINA leads BETHAN in to a windowless, beige room. Hideously patterned carpets and bonkettes, aggressively fully lit. The room is hushed - all eyes on BINGO CALLER CARL up on stage, in the middle of reading a poem he's written on a scrap of paper. He's a Valleys man with a healthy dose of pizzazz. TRINA leads BETHAN to where NANA is stood at the back of the room holding a tray of empty glasses as she watches.

BINGO CALLER CARL
Outside our doors the weather might
be grey,
But in here we know we'll have a
lovely day.

NANA spots BETHAN, doing a stage whisper --

NANA
Hiya my girl, alright?

BINGO CALLER CARL
Excited you stand to buy your bingo
books,
Greeting each other with hiyas and
cheeky looks.
We all cross our fingers and pray
to the Lord,
Let it be my name that adorns the
winners board...
(Chuckling the bit of
paper)
Right - that's the end of that.

The AUDIENCE, mostly made up of grim faced PENSIONERS, clap.
NANA whooping.

BINGO CALLER CARL (CONT'D)
Right - time for the Cashpot! Eyes
down for a full house please.

NANA
(To BETHAN)
I tell you what - he've got a gift.
You should read each other's poems.

BETHAN
(Never)
Yeah maybe.

NANA
You haven't given me a kiss.

BETHAN leans in to kiss her cheek. Just then TRINA whips a £20 note from the apron around her waist.

TRINA
Oi, oi. Gwen Evans won on the link.

NANA
(Inhaling noisily)
And she gave you some? She must
like you, Gwen's a stingy old boot.

TRINA
Dinner's on me, girls.

BETHAN
(Throwing head back) Yeeeeees. NANA
Now we're talking.

NANA slams her tray of empties at another BINGO WORKER who's passing, winding the poor sod.

NANA (CONT'D)
Perry, sort these for me babe.

PERRY
(Good natured)
Watch me kidneys, Marg.

BETHAN
Nan, careful!

NANA
Perry this is my girl, she's going
uni.

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EXT. CAERPHILLY MOUNTAIN - BURGER TRUCK - DAY

6

TRINA, NANA and BETHAN stand waiting for their burgers. TRINA spots a box on the counter with hot pink rubber wrist bands in. She plucks one up --

TRINA
Oh my god we gotta get these...

7

EXT. CAERPHILLY MOUNTAIN - BENCH - DAY

7

BETHAN, NANA and TRINA all sit on a bench, burgers in one hand, matching bracelets on the wrist of their other hands. NANA looking at her bracelet, over the moon with it --

NANA
"I'm a Burger Babe". In that
fabulous, Beth?

BETHAN
Yeah.

TRINA
Look at us matching. We could be in
a band couldn't we?

NANA
(Singing)
We are the burger babes!

BETHAN shakes her head, good-naturedly. TRINA joining in with NANA, "**we are the burger babes!**" Both of them poking her.

BETHAN
The pair of you, you're not even
funny.

NANA
I think we're side-splittin'.

BETHAN puts her burger down and starts scrolling through her phone. NANA remembering something --

NANA (CONT'D)
Oh Trin, did you 'yer - it kicked off today between Roger Huws and Doreen Pinkett - you know Doreen --

TRINA
Wears a wig?

NANA
Yeah. Well. Roger found one of her spare wigs in the staff room, puts it on, and he flounces round going "oh look at me - I'm Doreen." Well Doreen only walks in and catches him. She was tamping. Had him by the throat, called him a bastard troll doll.

TRINA
A troll doll?

NANA
Yeah cos he's so short, looks like he'd fit on the end of a pencil.

BETHAN is hovering over a photo CAM has posted of a coffee next to a blueberry muffin, caption: "**Bluebs Muffs til I Die.**" NANA prods her nearly making BETHAN like the photo.

NANA (CONT'D)
Beth. Troll doll, Beth --

BETHAN
(Huffy)
Nan - careful.

NANA
You've barely touched your Monster Burger.

BETHAN
You can have it if you want.

NANA
(Winking, cheeky)
Not like you to skip a meal babe...

BETHAN

(Pompous, arsey)

You can't say that. D'you know how many teenage girls have got eating disorders?

Then they're interrupted by TRINA'S phone ringing. TRINA snaps to, answering.

NANA

Who's that, Dilly is it?

TRINA

Hiya Dil.

DILWYN (O.O.V)

(Gruff, annoyed)

Where are you?

It's subtle but there's a shift in TRINA, she's placating. BETHAN watches it, it makes her sick.

TRINA

I'm just with your mum, I won't be long.

DILWYN (O.O.V)

Come on, Trin - I haven't had dinner.

TRINA

Ah you must be starving. We're leaving now --

DILWYN hangs up. TRINA hopping up.

TRINA (CONT'D)

I'll get him a burger.

BETHAN

You know he could make his own dinner don't you?

NANA

He been working all day, mun.

BETHAN

So's she.

NANA

(Rolling her eyes)

Strewth aye Gordon Bennett.

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

TRINA and BETHAN come in.

TRINA
We're back.

We follow them in to the lounge. DILWYN is watching the telly, drinking a can of beer, pissed off.

TRINA (CONT'D)
Sorry love - I got you food.

DILWYN
Why am I rushing home for if you're not even 'yer?

BETHAN flops sideways on the armchair, her legs resting over the arm, straight on her phone.

TRINA
Sorry I wanted to get your mum dinner. She's been on her feet all day.

TRINA lays the burger down on the coffee table and goes to the kitchen. Talking as she goes.

TRINA (CONT'D)
I'll get the sauce now. Work alright?

DILWYN doesn't answer her, his eyes landing on BETHAN instead. He's paint flecked, plaster dust in his hair. He breathes loudly through his nose. Then lets out a soft burp.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Disgusting, revolting, sick prick.

DILWYN
Get your shoes off the chair.

BETHAN
They're not touching the chair.

TRINA returns with a plate, sauce and another can.

DILWYN
(Getting annoyed)
Get um off.

TRINA
Get them down, Beth.

BETHAN
Seriously - they're like one mile from the chair.

DILWYN
Push me now - see what happens.

TRINA shoots BETHAN a look, trying to wordlessly beg BETHAN not to start, but she keeps her voice light.

TRINA
Come on love, down.

Beat. BETHAN begrudgingly relents, slamming her feet down on to the floor. DILWYN smug.

DILWYN
Not so hard was it?

DILWYN leans forward and starts eating, perking up.

DILWYN (CONT'D)
Right, programme on monkeys I wanna watch now. Meant to be good.

TRINA
Oh good.

TRINA sits beside him, opening the can of beer and handing it to him. BETHAN watches the wordless act of servitude - it disgusts her. She tuts. DILWYN'S head snaps round.

DILWYN
Problem?

BETHAN stares at her phone, itching to say something.

BETHAN
Nope.

DILWYN
Say it if you've got something to say.

TRINA reaches for the remote.

TRINA
Ignore her, she's in a mood. What channel's this on then?

But DILWYN won't take his eyes off BETHAN.

DILWYN
Oi.

She looks up, letting her voice get too angry.

BETHAN

What?

DILWYN

You ignorant little --

BETHAN

Ah piss off.

DILWYN jumping up.

DILWYN (O.O.V)

What did you just say?

BETHAN

(Locking eyes with him)

Lazy fuck.

She gets up and bolts out of the room, just as DILWYN grabs the tomato sauce bottle and slams it at the wall where she'd just been sat. It explodes on impact.

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INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/STAIRS - DAY

9

BETHAN fires up the stairs.

TRINA (O.O.V)

Dil - stop! Just ignore her.

DILWYN (O.O.V)

You gonna let her speak to me like that?

10

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

10

Into her room. Muffled shouts coming from downstairs. BETHAN slams her hand on to a speaker, music blaring. She puts her two middle fingers up to no-one, silently raging.

11

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

11

BETHAN is up early in her school uniform, sat at the kitchen table watching the oven. TRINA comes in, dressed for work.

TRINA

You're up early.

BETHAN just shrugs. TRINA reaches for the oven door, opening it to peak inside.

TRINA (CONT'D)
What's this?

BETHAN
Don't do that! You'll make um go flat.

TRINA
They're already flat babe.

BETHAN
What?
(Going to the oven)
Ah what the hell.

TRINA plucks up a bag of plain flour from the side.

TRINA
You musta needed self-raising --

BETHAN
Well I can see that can't I.

BETHAN grabs her coat and bag, stomping out.

TRINA
What they meant to be?

BETHAN shouts the word in frustration, sounding unintentionally ridiculous --

BETHAN
Muffins-ah!

12

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

12

BETHAN sits on the stairs pulling her shoes on. TRINA comes out holding the forms for BETHAN'S trip.

TRINA
Forms.
(Then handing her £2)
Just buy some muffins. Bob's your uncle and fanny's your crotch.

BETHAN
(Sullen)
Ta.

TRINA
D'you ever smile anymore?

BETHAN does a sarcy grin, going straight back to neutral. TRINA suddenly pounces on her, forcing her in to a hug and planting kisses on her cheeks.

TRINA (CONT'D)
Oh god you're gorgeous, I could eat
you! Gimme those cheeks!

BETHAN laughs despite herself, struggling to push TRINA off.

BETHAN
Stop it ya perv.

BETHAN heads out the front door, casually throwing back --

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Love you.

13

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - PLAYGROUND - MORNING

13

BETHAN, TRAVIS and LYDIA are on a picnic bench. PRIEST is attempting to do the caterpillar on the floor beside them.

PRIEST
You watching?

LYDIA
You're gonna break a rib

With an eye on CAM, BETHAN pulls some muffins out her bag.

BETHAN
Oh I nearly forgot, I got blueberry
muffins if you want one?

TRAVIS
Lush. LYDIA
Have you spat in 'um?

BETHAN turns around, trying to catch CAM'S eye --

BETHAN
Anyone want a blueberry muffin?

LORRAINE reaches out a hand to take one.

LORRAINE
Oh stunning yeah please --

PRIEST slaps her hand out the way, slamming a fist in.

PRIEST
Gi's a taste of your muff, Beth.
(Pulling a blueberry out)
(MORE)

PRIEST (CONT'D)
Lyds - this looks like your clit
dun it?

LYDIA
Looks more like your micro dick,
Priest.

PRIEST
Ha! As if - I got a fat sweaty
Frankfurter.

TRAVIS
Ugh why's it sweating?

LYDIA
You wanna get some Lynx sprayed on
that babes.

PRIEST
(Caught off guard)
It's not B.O. is it. It's wet, from
all the pussies --

LYDIA
Ahhhhh gutted, Priest's dick
smells like Lozza Chapman's pits!

PRIEST annoyed. In retaliation, he slams the rest of his
muffin at the back of CAM'S head. She turns around --

CAM
What the fuck?

PRIEST
Shut up.

14

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

14

Later, BETHAN and TRAVIS walk to class, he side eyes her.

TRAVIS
Why you chewing a wasp for?

BETHAN
I'm not.

TRAVIS
If you fancy Cam --

BETHAN
What?

TRAVIS

Just ask her if she's a lesbian.

Just then LORRAINE appears, stopping in front of them, causing them to halt. Her voice a flat, sad monotone.

LORRAINE

Hey.

TRAVIS

... Alright Lorraine?

LORRAINE

No. I feel a bit blue to be honest.

BETHAN and TRAVIS' eyes briefly meet - what the hell?

BETHAN

What's the matter?

LORRAINE

D'you think I smell of B.O?

BETHAN

Why you asking that?

LORRAINE

I heard what Lydia said. And now everyone's saying "BO BO like Lo Lo" to Priest.

TRAVIS and BETHAN try not to smirk.

BETHAN

I wouldn't worry, just ignore 'um.

LORRAINE

But do I though? I'm asking you 'cos I know you'll be honest.

BETHAN had no intention of being honest.

BETHAN

I dunno like... Maybe sometimes. Like, after PE or something?

LORRAINE stares at the floor, taking it in for a second.

LORRAINE

Thank you. I appreciate that.

(And then)

Cam is a lesbian by the way.

BETHAN
(Thrilled)
How d'you know?

LORRAINE
I asked if she was a virgin.

TRAVIS and BETHAN both splutter.

TRAVIS
What out the blue you just asked if
she was a virgin?

LORRAINE
(Shrugging)
Yeah.

LORRAINE
(Leaning in, smirking)
She's not. And she's got an ex
called *Chelsea* so...

BETHAN reeling. **YES.** Then LORRAINE questions --

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Chelsea's a girl's name innit?

TRAVIS

15

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - MS MORGAN'S CLASS - DAY

15

LYDIA, TRAVIS, BETHAN and CAM all sit in a row, an empty seat between BETHAN and CAM. Throughout the following BETHAN writes her phone number on piece of paper that she then folds and fiddles with. Her eyes occasionally drifting to CAM.

MS MORGAN
So Atticus shoots the rabid dog.
But is it just a dog being shot, or
does it symbolise something more?

BETHAN

The CLASS laugh. MORGAN annoyed, she's had a tit-full today.

MS MORGAN
Just button it for once.

PRIEST

Oooo touchy. You on the blob miss?

MS MORGAN

Because it has rabies, it's a threat to the community. So in shooting the dog...

CAM

It symbolises that Atticus is trying to protect the community from danger - both rabies and racism.

MS MORGAN

Yes.

BETHAN jokes to CAM, doing a silly voice --

BETHAN

Noice, nailed it.

MS MORGAN

(Sharp)

Bethan.

BETHAN

Miss I'm just saying she nailed it!

MS MORGAN

Try saying nothing.

BETHAN

Nothing.

The CLASS laugh. BETHAN is a God. MS MORGAN grits her teeth.

MS MORGAN

The other element is that Atticus gets to impress his kids.

BETHAN takes the plunge, sliding the piece of paper across to CAM. CAM just looks at it and looks back to her notebook. BETHAN thinking she hasn't realised it's a note for her.

MS MORGAN (CONT'D)

Before they thought their dad was just an old fart. But now they know he's the best shot in the county.

BETHAN

(Hissing, making eyes at the note)

Cam...

CAM slides the paper back, annoyed.

CAM
I'm trying to listen.

LYDIA
(Whispering)
Ha, reject-a-mondo babe.

MS MORGAN
(Shouting)
Bethan! I'm not gonna tell you
again.

BETHAN
Alright, relax.

MS MORGAN
(Snapping)
Get out.

BETHAN tries to backtrack but MS MORGAN is furious.

BETHAN
Sorry, sorry, sorry, I'm listening.

MS MORGAN
Pack up your stuff, and get out.

The whole class silent as BETHAN has to pack up her pencil case and books. She pockets the note too. The sound of PRIEST sniggering. It's **excruciating**. As she walks out MS MORGAN says in disgust --

MS MORGAN (CONT'D)
Head girl, everybody.

As she shuts the door BETHAN locks eyes with POPPY, utterly humiliated.

BETHAN, LYDIA and TRAVIS are in a carpark behind the shops in the village, sitting on a low slung wall. Nearby a WOMAN stands at the boot of her car unloading a trolley full of carrier bags. BETHAN'S adrenaline is pumping from her public humiliation earlier, her energy chaotic as she swigs from a bottle of Cinzano with fervour.

TRAVIS
Are you okay? I've never seen Ms
Morgan like that before.

BETHAN
Whatever, who gives a fuck. Dare me
to down this?

LYDIA
Uh no, you're not having it all ya
pig.

BETHAN gestures at the WOMAN, hushed.

BETHAN
Shall I nick her trolley?

GO TO: The WOMAN slams her boot and turns to see BETHAN sprinting with the trolley, LYDIA and TRAVIS watching aghast.

WOMAN

17

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREETS - DAY

17

MONTAGE: music over as they take it in turns to push each other in the trolley. Swigging from the booze as they go.

* Then BETHAN standing up at the front of the trolley trying to be like Rose in Titanic with arms spread.

BETHAN
I'm flying, Jack.

LYDIA purposely ramming the trolley over a bump, BETHAN collapsing back in the trolley and banging her head.

HARD CUT TO:

18

EXT. CHIP SHOP - DAY

18

BETHAN sat in the trolley holding the now empty bottle of Cinzano up over her mouth, TRAVIS and LYDIA on a wall beside her. Moment of silence, they've run out of stuff to do.

BETHAN
What time is it?

TRAVIS looks at his watch.

5.15pm. TRAVIS

BETHAN
Are you fucking kidding me?

TRAVIS
I might go home.

BETHAN
Uggg, go on then. You're so boring.
(To LYDIA)
Got any more money? I'll try and
get us served.

LYDIA
No I told you my mother's cut me
off. I'm gonna go as well, make her
cook for me.

BETHAN
Oh my god so you're both just
leaving me. It's 5pm like.

LYDIA
What's the point if we're out of
booze?

BETHAN is acting like LYDIA usually does. Desperate not to be alone, looking for oblivion. She sits up, she's had an idea.

BETHAN
We should huff deodorant.

TRAVIS
What?

BETHAN
I got some in my bag.

LYDIA
Uh - amazing.

BETHAN reaches in to her rucksack, pulling out a can.

TRAVIS
How do you even do it?

LYDIA
Oh my god, do you live under a rock
or what?

And just as BETHAN goes to demonstrate she hears --

TRINA (O.O.V)
What you doing in a trolley?

BETHAN'S blood runs cold. She turns to see TRINA has just exited the chip shop carrying a carrier bag of food. TRINA is in her bingo uniform, name tag on. BETHAN'S heart pounds as she tries to think quickly.

BETHAN
Nothing. Just sitting.

TRINA spots the empty bottle of Cinzano but chooses to ignore it. She looks to TRAVIS and LYDIA, light --

TRINA
She behaving herself?

TRAVIS
Yeah.

TRINA reaches in to the carrier and hands BETHAN a bag of steaming chips. BETHAN has no idea what to say.

TRINA
I was just gonna drop these home
for you and dad. You can share 'um.

TRAVIS & LYDIA
Thank you.

TRINA
Right - don't be late home you.

BETHAN
Alright.

TRINA turns and heads off around a corner. BETHAN clambering out of the trolley before LYDIA and TRAVIS can say anything.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Hang on. I'll go ask her for money.

As she walks away she hears LYDIA hissing to TRAVIS.

LYDIA
What the fuck, her mother works in
the bingo?

BETHAN approaches as TRINA is unlocking the car. She's drunk and spoiling for a fight. Voice hushed.

BETHAN
Why you walking round dressed like
that for?

TRINA

(Laughing it off)

You want me to get changed do you?
I only get half hour break, and
I've gotta sort your father's tea --

BETHAN

Fine, but don't talk to my friends
then.

It's a mean teenager comment, but it stings harder here
because we can hear DILWYN in BETHAN'S voice.

TRINA

Oh I'm sorry. Too good for me now
are you?

(Off her shrug)

Well you won't come asking for more
money then will ya? If you're too
good for money from the bingo.

BETHAN

Don't be a dick.

TRINA

What did you say?

BETHAN

You deaf? Don't. Be. A. Dick.

She's gone too far. Proper anger flashing in TRINA'S eyes.

TRINA

Get in the car.

BETHAN

(Scoffing)

No.

TRINA

You're not speaking to me like
that. Get in the car - you're
grounded.

TRINA'S never grounded BETHAN in her life, she's never needed
to. BETHAN sneers at her --

BETHAN

What you suddenly wanna act like a
mother now is it? Jog on, Trin.

BETHAN turns to walk away. TRINA grabs her arm.

TRINA
I said get in the car.

BETHAN locks eyes with her and then spits out --

BETHAN
I hate you.

TRINA stares back, we see a little piece of her heart break.
TRINA lets go of her. BETHAN trying to back track.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry mum.

TRINA turns to the car, voice quiet.

TRINA
Don't be late.

BETHAN
Ah come on, I was joking --

TRINA
(Can't look at her)
No you weren't.

TRINA gets in to the car. BETHAN rolling her eyes, trying so hard to ignore the guilt gnawing at her stomach.

BETHAN
Whatever.

She glances back to where LYDIA and TRAVIS are, then walks off in the opposite direction.

20

EXT. HIGH STREET - EARLY EVENING

20

BETHAN stomps along, furious at the injustices of her day.
Going over in her head what she should have said to people.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Get out? Gladly. Your class is bunk
anyway love.

Just then the Burger Babe bracelet on her wrist catches her eye. She grabs it, ripping it off.

BETHAN
Piece of shit.

She chuck's it at a drain in the road. The moment the bracelet drops in BETHAN immediately regrets it. Tutting to herself, sighing.

She goes over and leans down, trying to reach it - she can't. She goes down on to her knees, trying to jam her hand in, the flesh going white as she tries to force it in --

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Fuck sake.

CAM (O.O.V)
Are you okay?

BETHAN yanks her hand out, looking guilty as her head whips around.

BETHAN (V.O)
Oh my god no no no no no no.

CAM
Why's your hand in a drain?

CAM has a carrier bag in her hand, she's just come out one of the shops. BETHAN'S mouth gold fishing. And then --

BETHAN
... I dropped my bracelet.

GO TO: CAM is using a pencil from her school bag to fish inside. BETHAN watching on, pissed, shocked, bit in awe. CAM hooks the bracelet.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
This is like Jenga.

CAM
D'you mean Operation?

BETHAN
Oh yeah.

She delicately pulls the pencil out with the bracelet on the end. CAM stares at the hot pink rubber --

CAM
Definitely thought this was gonna be gold or something.

BETHAN blushes a bit, smiling. Totally flustered as she takes the bracelet from CAM.

BETHAN
Thank you.
(Re: bracelet)
It's a family heirloom.

They stand, awkwardly just sort of looking at each other.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry about earlier --

CAM
You got done.

BETHAN
Yeah...
(Trying to think of
something to say)
So. Have you got any hobbies?

BETHAN winces at herself. CAM smirks.

CAM
Ummmm.

BETHAN
Don't worry, that's stupid.

CAM
It's not stupid.

BETHAN
Sorry. I feel a bit... Being honest
- I'm quite drunk.

CAM
(Laughing, not unkind)
I can tell.

There's a silence. BETHAN willing herself to be cool --

BETHAN
Are you. What you doing now?

CAM
I was just gonna drive home.

BETHAN
(So impressed)
You can drive?

CAM
Yeah, passed with two minors.

BETHAN
Woah... I could show you around?
Like if you don't know the area.

CAM
Uh. Yeah alright.

BETHAN is ecstatic, trying to suppress her grin.

BETHAN

Cool.

21

INT. MONTAGE

21

MONTAGE: Music Over, Lapsley - Womxn.

* They drive around the lake at Roath Park.

BETHAN

Swan bit my nipple there. I swear.

CAM laughs. BETHAN is **thrilled.**

* The Magic Roundabout at Splott.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

This is where you come to pick up a
prostitute.

* Coryton roundabout.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Biggest roundabout in the UK.

CAM

Is this all just roundabouts?

* BETHAN returning to the car with a big of Miss Millies
chicken.

22

INT. CAM'S CAR - WENALLT CARPARK - NIGHT

22

They're parked up atop Wenallt Hill. No street lights up here, the night is inky black, the stars above them bright. We can just make out the shape of trees surrounding them and a few other cars dotted around. Empty boxes of fried chicken on the dash. Music playing from an iPod shuffle that CAM has plugged in. Moment of quiet as they both look out the window, touch awkward. And then CAM starts to smirk.

BETHAN

What?

CAM

Nothing, it's just funny. That
we're sat in a carpark for doggers.

Headlights flash in the darkness.

BETHAN

See that, two flashes - that means
you wank I watch.

CAM

No it doesn't.

BETHAN

It does. Don't turn the music down,
you'll hear balls slapping.

CAM

(Laughing)

You're sick.

BETHAN

(Gesturing to the iPod)
Shouldn't this be in a museum?

CAM

Yeah alongside your family
heirloom. And actually this is full
of bangers I'll have you know.
Every song on here holds a piece of
my heart.

BETHAN just smiles, nodding. Beat.

BETHAN

So how come you moved here?

CAM

We've moved a few times. My mum's a
manager of a gym, she opens their
new branches.

BETHAN

So you've been to loads of schools?

CAM

This is my third high school.

BETHAN

Have you ever been to London?

CAM

Visited, we haven't lived there.
Have you?

BETHAN

No but I want to... Is it hard,
moving around?

CAM

Umm. I dunno. I don't mind. See new places. Meet new people. I quite like my mum y'know as well.

BETHAN

Is she mega fit?

CAM

Yeah. She runs marathons.

BETHAN

Is she a MILF?

CAM

Objectively speaking - yeah.

BETHAN

Would I fancy her?

CAM

Dunno. Dunno what your type is.

BETHAN

(Smirking. And then.)

So will you go back to Manchester for uni?

CAM

Nah - not doing uni.

BETHAN

But you're like, big brain central.

CAM

Cool, very cool.

(And then)

Nah I thought about it but... My mum always says, "I'm gonna teach you how to think, not tell you what to think." And with uni it's like, we all pay thousands of pounds to go and have our brains coded in the exact same way. Like - we start out as individuals, and then they rub all the spark off, have us all regurgitating the exact same lessons on the exact same subjects. Turning us in to sheep, basically. And they charge us for it. It's a scam.

There's a beat. BETHAN locks eyes with her. Her voice quiet.

BETHAN

Well, your mum did a good job 'cos,
I like the way you think.

Sizzle, sizzle. Then CAM smirks --

CAM

Well, I am big brain central after
all... What are you gonna do?

FLASH IMAGE: From the pilot, BETHAN leading TRINA in to the reception of the mental hospital in the dead of night.

BETHAN

I dunno. Not sure yet. So what will
you do if you don't go to uni?

CAM

I'm gonna go to Marseille.

BETHAN

Woah. Really?

CAM

Yeah, my dad's from there.

BETHAN

Is he?! Can you speak French?

CAM

I can actually yeah.

BETHAN

Say something then?

CAM

Ummm... Je suis dans une voiture
avec une meuf qui est
insupportable... Mais je l'aime
bien quand même.

She said: "**I'm in a car with a girl who's obnoxious... But I like her anyway.**" BETHAN'S head might fall off, that's how impressed she is.

BETHAN

Oh my god. That is so...
(She wants to say sexy)
Cool. What did you say?

CAM

It's a secret. Say something in
Welsh.

BETHAN

(Without missing a beat)

Ydy dvd fi yn dy dŷ di? [uh-dee dvd
vee uhn duh dee dee]

CAM

What the hell? What's that mean?

BETHAN

Is my dvd in your house?

CAM

Wow. That really means a lot. Thank
you for saying that.

They smile at each other, both falling quiet. It's time,
BETHAN needs to kiss her but she's bricking it.

CAM (CONT'D)

You still wasted?

BETHAN

No.

This is it. This is it. She needs to do it... But she just
can't. She glances at the clock.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

I should probably go home. My mum's
gonna kill me.

CAM

Aren't you gonna kiss me?

BETHAN

(Gulping, taken-aback)

What?

CAM

I thought that's why you pretended
to wanna show me around.

BETHAN tries to quip back, playing for time.

BETHAN

Uhhh, rate yourself...

Silence. CAM holds her eye contact. BETHAN'S heart pounding.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Um. Okay.

Not smooth, but she leans in. They kiss. It's fireworks.

And then when they pull apart they both pause for a second. They both feel it, that wasn't a run of the mill kiss, it was a **this is someone special** kiss. And then --

CAM
We better go.

She turns the key in the ignition and the engine splutters. She tries again - splutters.

CAM (CONT'D)
Fuuuuuuuck.

BETHAN
What?

CAM
We had the music on - battery's flat.

CAM keeps trying to turn the ignition, it splutters out.

BETHAN
Oh shit. Okay...

CAM
We need jump leads.

BETHAN
Have we got those?

CAM
Obviously not.

BETHAN
Alright sarky.

CAM
Well why would I say we need them if I had them?

BETHAN thinks. She really wants to be the hero.

BETHAN
I'll ask one of the doggers.

CAM
No way - that's mental.

BETHAN
They're just having a wank, they're not murderers.

Before CAM can protest BETHAN is up out of the car.

23

EXT. WENALLT CARPARK - NIGHT

23

BETHAN stands looking at the cars, very much shitting herself but wanting to save the day. CAM comes up behind her.

CAM

Let's just walk until we have
signal --

BETHAN

Don't worry, it'll be fine.
(Calling out timidly)
Hello - can anyone help us?

No response.

BETHAN (CONT'D)
I'll knock on a window.

CAM

(Under her breath)
Oh my god.

BETHAN starts walking towards a car, CAM following. But as she approaches, something inside catches her eye. A MAN and a WOMAN, their faces close to each, speaking softly. And then as they shift slightly -- **WE SEE IT'S TRINA, LEANING IN TO KISS...**

FLASH IMAGE: NANA slamming the tray in to the stomach of PERRY at the bingo.

BETHAN steps back as if she's been hit. CAM hisses --

CAM (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

BETHAN
Yeah this is mad. Let's just walk.

24

EXT. COUNTRYLANE - NIGHT

24

As BETHAN and CAM walk in the darkness we hold on BETHAN'S face - what the fuck has she just seen? And then CAM reaches out a hand and takes hers. BETHAN glancing down at their hands entwined. Then she looks down the barrel of the lens - ***YES!***

END OF EPISODE.