

# **IN MY SKIN**

EPISODE 204

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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Written by

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*Open the morning after 203.*

BETHAN, NANA and TRINA are sat together on a bench near the front desk, all ashen faced.

**FLASH IMAGE: match cut to the three of them sat eating burgers from 201, laughing as NANA and TRINA tease BETHAN.**

It's a far cry from that now. Throughout the following, TRINA just stares ahead, unblinking, completely shell shocked. After a moment NANA squeezes BETHAN'S hand.

NANA

You alright?

BETHAN

(Hushed)

What sort of stuff will they ask  
me?

NANA

I dunno. I s'pose they'll want you  
to go over everything you've told  
them, but just make it official.

Stamp it and what have you.

BETHAN looks away, clear she feels sick at the thought. NANA tuts to herself softly, a wave of sadness hitting her.

NANA (CONT'D)

Terrible this. Putting a kid  
through this.

BETHAN

(Brave face on)

It's fine.

NANA

If you wanna go, say the word.  
Bugger 'um.

(To TRINA)

In it, Trin? If she wants to go.  
I'll cook my girls breakfast.

Blanket on the settee, snuggle  
down.

TRINA just keeps staring forward, glazed. BETHAN reaches out a hand, squeezing TRINA'S knee --

BETHAN

You okay, mum?

Just then TRINA turns her face to them, suddenly grinning like someone's pressed her "on" button.

TRINA

I'm wonderful. I'm on top of the moon. I never knew I was so strong. When I was a baby I remember every single little thing. Like being born, being Jesus. I was Jesus, Beth...

(Then condescending)  
Don't worry if you can't keep up.

TRINA looks away, starting to hum to herself. We hold tight on BETHAN'S face as the realisation dawns - **TRINA'S gone again.**

Just then the door opens, OFFICER GUNNING stepping out.

OFFICER GUNNING

Okay Bethan, we're ready for you now.

BETHAN

Do you know how long it'll take?

OFFICER GUNNING

Sort of depends on you really.

BETHAN shoots a look to NANA, worrying about TRINA.

BETHAN

Are you gonna be okay with her?

NANA

Aye, go on - I got her.

BETHAN

I'll be quick as I can.

BETHAN gets up like she's heading to the gallows.

2

**INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - MORNING**

2

BETHAN enters the room, an APPROPRIATE ADULT is already sat there.

OFFICER GUNNING

Okay, take a seat. I'm Officer Gunning.

OFFICER GUNNING and BETHAN both settle in to seats.

OFFICER GUNNING (CONT'D)  
And this is Christine.

CHRISTINE  
Hiya.

OFFICER GUNNING  
Christine is an appropriate adult.  
Did an officer explain about  
appropriate adults to you  
yesterday?

BETHAN  
Yeah.

BETHAN is terrified, but she tries to cover it. OFFICER GUNNING is friendly enough, but efficient and spread too thin.

OFFICER  
Good. So Christine's just here to  
make sure you understand everything  
that's going on and that you feel  
comfortable - okay?

BETHAN  
Yeah. I just wanted to check, is it  
essential that I give a statement?  
Like could you do the investigation  
without one?

OFFICER GUNNING  
It's your call. We'll do an  
investigation regardless. But of  
course anything you can tell us is  
gonna be helpful.

BETHAN  
Okay...

OFFICER GUNNING  
Are you happy to proceed?  
(Off her nod)  
So I'm gonna note down everything  
you say here and then I'll ask you  
to sign it. Just so you're clear  
once you have signed it, you can be  
summoned to attend a court hearing -  
-

BETHAN  
This might be stupid, but can you  
do an anonymous statement?

OFFICER GUNNING

It's not stupid. He's your father  
at the end of the day isn't he. But  
no, sadly not in this situation.

BETHAN thinks for a beat, every part of her screaming at her  
to get out of there.

BETHAN

Okay.

OFFICER GUNNING poises her pen, preparing to write.

OFFICER GUNNING

Right. So if you can just tell me  
what exactly happened yesterday?

BETHAN

Yeah. Well. I was at home, with my  
mum.

OFFICER GUNNING

What time would that have been?

BETHAN

About 2? We were in her bedroom,  
and I smelt smoke --

Just then there's a huge crashing sound from out in the  
hallway, followed by TRINA shouting --

TRINA (O.O.V)

Cheer up for god's sake - it might  
never happen!

BETHAN'S blood runs cold - ***oh fuck.***

BETHAN

(To OFFICER GUNNING)

Sorry can I just go out a second?

OFFICER GUNNING

Yeah go on.

BETHAN bolts for the door.

BETHAN heads out of the room with OFFICER GUNNING following,  
to find NANA and another OFFICER trying to settle TRINA, who  
appears to have just thrown a waste paper basket.

NANA  
Come on, Trin - let's go out  
for a bit of air. TRINA  
God alive, why's everyone  
such a bunch of misery guts?

BETHAN darting over to TRINA to intervene --

BETHAN  
Mum, what's going on?

TRINA surprised to see BETHAN --

TRINA  
Oh hiya, Beth. Didn't know you were  
here.

BETHAN  
You need to keep your voice down in  
here, okay?

TRINA  
Why? Gonna arrest me are they?

TRINA gets up close to OFFICER GUNNING, no regard for  
personal space.

TRINA (CONT'D)  
Alright PC Plod. Is it illegal to  
chuck a bin?

OFFICER GUNNING  
If you calm down you won't need to  
find out the hard way will you?

TRINA  
Ooooooh.

BETHAN tries to steer her away.

BETHAN  
I'm so sorry - I'm gonna take her  
home.

TRINA  
Well guess what? It's my bin. I'll  
do what I want with it.

NANA  
Come on we got plenty of bins at  
home.

OFFICER GUNNING  
(To NANA, concerned)  
Is she gonna be okay?

TRINA  
She's fine thanks.

BETHAN  
It's just been a lot of stress.

NANA  
And she's got bipolar.

TRINA  
No she hasn't.

BETHAN  
(To TRINA)  
Come on, we're gonna go.

OFFICER GUNNING watching closely, weighing up if she needs to intervene. TRINA'S temper flaring --

TRINA  
**No she hasn't got bipolar.** Get your facts straight.

TRINA boots the bin, OFFICER GUNNING stern now, attempting to deescalate.

NANA  
Stop it, Trin.

OFFICER  
Eh now, come on. We know you've been through a lot but you're in a police station. You don't want to get yourself in trouble.

TRINA  
No. Sorry. I'll be a good girl.

BETHAN  
Yeah, let's go. Let's go home.

TRINA  
Why you repeating yourself?

BETHAN  
I dunno, sorry.

TRINA  
Don't be sorry, you're fucking lovely.

And with that, TRINA turns and heads for door.

TRINA (CONT'D)  
Ta-ra ya boring bastards.

BETHAN and NANA both on her tail. OFFICER GUNNING follows, concerned --

OFFICER GUNNING  
Are you gonna be okay with her?

NANA  
Aye, we got her.

BETHAN  
I'll call her key worker.

OFFICER GUNNING hands BETHAN a card.

OFFICER GUNNING  
Gimme a call when you wanna finish  
your statement.

BETHAN nods. She's got no intention of coming back.

4

EXT. POLICE STATION - ROAD - MORNING

4

NANA and BETHAN come out to find TRINA striding off merrily down the street.

TRINA  
See you later girls, don't wait up!

BETHAN catches up to her, taking TRINA'S arm.

BETHAN  
Mum slow down, Nana's hip is bad.

TRINA locks eyes with her.

TRINA  
Perry's got a lovely dick.

BETHAN'S jaw hits the floor.

TRINA (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't brag mind. D'you wanna  
be my bridesmaid?

GO TO: a cab pulls up. BETHAN shooting a worried look to NANA.

BETHAN  
Let's get this over with.

But TRINA pounces to the passenger side window which is rolled down, shoving her head in and singing.

TRINA  
*Knock three times on the ceiling if you want me.*

As she raps on roof of his car. The DRIVER just shakes his head, pulling away. TRINA boots the tail light as he goes.

TRINA (CONT'D)  
Yeah fuck off then!

BETHAN looks to NANA the pair of them wracked with worry.

BETHAN  
Jesus Christ.

NANA  
What we gonna do? We can't walk with her like this.

Meanwhile TRINA now has a thumb out in the road, trying to hitchhike.

TRINA  
Where d'you wanna go girls? London?  
New York City?  
(Gesturing to an approaching car)  
STOP THE CAR!

TRINA leans too far out, the driver beeping at her. BETHAN at her wit's end.

BETHAN  
Mum! Stand back!

She comes to a grim realisation about what she needs to do --

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
Watch her a minute.

She walks a little away from them and places a call, a pit of dread in her stomach.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
Cam, something's happened... Might you be able to come and get me?

CAM (O.O.V)  
(Immediately concerned)  
Where are you? What's wrong?

BETHAN swallows back tears, embarrassment, shame.

BETHAN  
I just... I can't really talk now.  
Can you just come?

5 **EXT/INT. POLICE STATION / CAM'S CAR - MORNING**

5

CAM pulls up to the sight of TRINA stood at a phone box, holding the receiver and twatting it over and over against the booth as hard as she can. BETHAN trying to wrestle the phone out of her hands --

BETHAN  
We'll go to Perry's now okay? I'm  
gonna take you now.

TRINA  
Call him and tell him to pop the  
champagne.

Then TRINA spots CAM'S car, darting straight over and opening the door, no recognition of who CAM is.

TRINA (CONT'D)  
Hiya Drive, how much to Heol Y  
Cefn?

BETHAN  
Mum, come on get in the back. Seat  
belt on.

TRINA  
Put the radio on.

BETHAN ushers TRINA in to the back of the car with NANA. Then she sits in the front and locks eyes with CAM, her shame written all over her face. She puts her phone in to a holder with the sat nav already open on a route. TRINA chit chats to NANA --

TRINA (CONT'D)  
Did I tell you I'm reading the  
bible? I've got to about chapter 5.  
It's really good, and I'm not just  
saying that - it genuinely is good.

NANA  
Is it love?

BETHAN  
Can you take us here please?

6

EXT. CAM'S CAR - DAY

6

From the front we hold on BETHAN staring dead ahead as CAM drives, her world imploding. All the while TRINA chatting away in the back, knocking on the window, shaking BETHAN'S seat.

TRINA  
Cheer up, Charlie!

**FLASH IMAGES: we match cut to an image of BETHAN and CAM beside each other in the car a few days ago, laughing, singing along to the radio.**

*Then to them in the same position but now NANA and TRINA are gone and CAM is furious with BETHAN, disgusted by her.*

*CAM*  
*Why the fuck would you put me in  
that situation?*

*TRINA being aggressively pinned to the floor by NURSES as she screams.*

*DILWYN by the bonfire in 203:*

*DILWYN*  
*Back stabbing little bitch*

7

EXT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY

7

They're all out of the car now, BETHAN cold and monosyllabic with CAM, giving her nothing.

BETHAN  
Thanks, you can head off now. I'll  
call you later.

CAM  
(Concerned)  
I don't wanna leave you, I'll come  
in --

BETHAN  
I got it, it's fine.

CAM  
Well I'll wait out here for when  
you've finished then --

BETHAN  
(Cold, annoyed)  
Just go. I said I'll call you  
later.

BETHAN sees the hurt cross CAM'S face, but she turns and walks away. Her and NANA following as TRINA barges in to the building. A sign for Mari Huws Psychiatric Hospital above the door.

TRINA  
Perry! Where are you, silly sod?

8 INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - FAMILY ROOM - DAY 8

Open on TRINA screaming bloody murder as she paces the room.

TRINA  
**Dirty, horrible, liar.** You just wanna break us up.

BETHAN NANA  
No -- Come on now, Trin.

TRINA  
Yeah you do - jealous little cow.  
Can't ever be happy for me can you?  
You're pathetic.

BETHAN  
(Trying to stay calm)  
You need help mum, Perry wants you to get better.

TRINA  
Bollocks.

BETHAN  
I'll bring him in okay?

TRINA  
Yeah I trust you 'bout as far as I can throw you.

BETHAN  
We will, won't we nan?

NANA  
Aye yeah, course we will.

TRINA  
I'm cheating on your son. What do you think about that eh sweetheart?

NANA  
None of my business is it?

TRINA  
That's right. 'Cos I'm a genius.  
I'm Billy Blue Whizz. I'm King  
fucking Tutu.

BETHAN  
I'll bring him in. Just have a  
rest, eat something. Then he'll be  
here.

Finally TRINA seems to take words in.

TRINA  
Hmmm. Alright.  
(Then calling off out of  
the room)  
Who've I gotta suck off for a cuppa  
tea then?

9

**EXT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ENTRANCE - DAY**

9

NANA and BETHAN walk out, both in weary silence. Then NANA  
winces, a jolt of pain firing through her dodgy hip --

NANA  
Hang on, Beth.

She leans herself against a wall, eyes closing as she takes a  
breath.

BETHAN  
You okay?  
(Off her nod)  
You should go home - get your feet  
up. Nothing else we can do today  
now.

NANA  
I'm not leaving without you. Come  
on back with me.

BETHAN  
Nan --

NANA  
Stop being so stubborn and let me  
look after you for once.

BETHAN

Honestly, I'm fine, I just want my own bed tonight. And I need to go and find Perry anyway.

NANA tuts, relenting. Another jolt of pain. Then she looks to BETHAN - finally saying the thing that's been gnawing at her for the last 24 hours.

NANA

What did I do wrong eh? How'd I make him?

BETHAN

(Light)

Well yeah I have been wondering...

But NANA doesn't crack a smile, her eyes pricking with tears.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Nan - it's not you. You didn't do anything, he's just a psycho.

NANA

Aye you can say that again.

Then she levels BETHAN with a look.

NANA (CONT'D)

Did you know about Perry?

BETHAN nods.

BETHAN

Did you?

NANA

No. Well... I didn't **know** know.

(Beat)

Right --

(Leaning in and hugging her)

Loves you my girl.

BETHAN

Love you.

NANA

Get off, I'm gonna call Peg Leg Rodge, see if he's got the moped.

10

**EXT. PARK - EARLY EVENING**

10

BETHAN arrives at a local park to meet PERRY. From afar she watches for a moment as he pushes FFION on the swings. The embodiment of the family she longs for.

Then PERRY spots her, giving a wave. FFION has a bit of her spark back, running over to greet BETHAN.

FFION

Beth, guess what - we're staying in a B&B which means you get a bed and you get a breakfast.

BETHAN

Is it? Have it got a telly?

FFION

Yeah a big one.

PERRY

Hiya love.

PERRY gives BETHAN a hug, holding her for a long second. And suddenly BETHAN feels calmer. Safer.

11

**EXT. PARK - EARLY EVENING**

11

BETHAN and PERRY sit on a bench watching as FFION plays. BETHAN not quite knowing what to say. He seems exhausted.

PERRY

What a sad state of affairs eh?

BETHAN just nods, and then guilt washes over her.

BETHAN

I'm so sorry, Per.

PERRY

(Kind)

Well it's not your fault is it.

***FLASH IMAGE: DILWYN sneering at BETHAN: "I followed you there."***

***DILWYN roaring as he throws the petrol bomb at PERRY'S house.***

BETHAN

(Swallowing it down)

If anything had happened to you  
two...

She trails off. They both know what she means.

FFION  
Get ready everyone - watch this!

FFION runs along the bark floor and does a little jump, getting about 2 inches off the ground but BETHAN and PERRY both clap.

BETHAN  
Wow that was high!  
(To PERRY)  
Do you know how much stuff was lost?

PERRY  
We haven't been allowed back in yet. Structure's not safe they said...  
(Shaking his head, still in shock)  
Mad innit?

BETHAN  
Yeah.

PERRY  
It's her baby clothes I'm gutted about. You know I just kept the odd thing, little booties and that.  
(Beat, sad)  
And Sarah's diaries. That was my wife, she died. Did your mum tell you?

BETHAN shakes her head, her heart breaking for him. FFION has stopped playing and is watching them.

FFION  
Daddy, are you sad?

PERRY  
No. Why don't you do some more big jumps? That'll cheer me up.

FFION  
Okay.

She runs off, hopping along. PERRY exhaling, brave face on.

PERRY  
Well. Only stuff, innit.  
(Then looking at BETHAN)  
This must be awful for you.

BETHAN exhales, light.

BETHAN  
It's pretty shit, yeah.  
(And then)  
She's dying to see you - if you'll  
have time tomorrow? Visiting starts  
from 2.

PERRY looks ahead, not meeting her eye contact.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
I can watch Ffion if you need  
someone...

PERRY turns to her then, sadness in his eyes and BETHAN'S  
heart sinks - she knows what he's going to say.

PERRY  
I'm sorry love. I can't...

BETHAN still for a second as she takes it in.

PERRY (CONT'D)  
I would if I could, you know I  
would...  
(Looking away, fighting  
back tears)  
But Beth - I can't have anything  
happen to my girl.

Just then FFION calls out from the top of the slide.

FION  
Beth, look how cool this is babe -

As she pushes herself down the slide. BETHAN grins at her.

BETHAN  
Go on girl.

Then after a moment.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, course - it's okay.

PERRY  
It's not okay.

BETHAN  
It is, honestly.  
(Getting up, brave face on  
it)  
My mum'll understand.

PERRY gets up too, feeling awful, wanting to explain himself.

PERRY  
If your dad gets out. Or he sends a friend --

BETHAN  
Yeah, I know.

PERRY  
I do love your mum, y'know. I wish I could have helped.

BETHAN puts a hand on his arm, squeezing it reassuringly. Absolving him.

BETHAN  
I know.

Beat.

PERRY  
Look do you need anything - money?

BETHAN  
I'm sorted, don't worry.

BETHAN goes over to FFION.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
I gotta go now, Ffi.

FFION  
Can't you get dinner with us? We're gonna be cheeky and have chips aren't we dad?

BETHAN smiling through her heartbreak.

BETHAN  
That sounds lush. Next time okay?

She leans down and gives FFION a hug.

FFION  
Will you do my hair like yours next time as well?

BETHAN  
Your hair's lovely as it is.

Then BETHAN gets up, throwing a casual hand up, voice bright as she walks away.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
Ta-ra, be good you.

FFION  
Bye babe.

We hold on BETHAN'S face as she walks away from them, walks away from her chance of a happy family.

12 INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING 12

BETHAN sat alone in the lounge, still in her coat. Pin drop silence. Around her the aftermath of DILWYN'S rampage: smashed glass, ornaments and picture frames on the floor, chairs over turned.

She looks apathetic, exhausted, broken. After a long beat she pulls her phone out, we glimpse missed calls from CAM before BETHAN turns it off.

13 INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING 13

BETHAN sweeping up the broken glass. Once again left alone to clear up her parents' mess.

14 EXT. POUND SHOP - MORNING 14

The next day BETHAN is outside the pound shop, perusing a rack of odds and sods. Then she asks a nearby SHOP ASSISTANT.

BETHAN  
Excuse me, do you sell flower seeds?

15 INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - DAY 15

BETHAN makes her way in to the hospital, steeling herself for what she has to do next - break TRINA'S heart.

16 INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - FAMILY ROOM - DAY 16

BETHAN enters to find TRINA stood in the centre of the room alone. Looking intently at the middle distance. Bags under her eyes. Distracted. Her mind overloaded.

BETHAN  
Hiya mum.

TRINA looks at her for a moment. Then she looks away again - like she's listening to something we can't hear. Imagine a tsunami of thoughts and emotions all hitting her body at once, a crescendo of white noise, and all she can do is stand still and try to make sense of it.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
The nurse said you haven't slept a wink, you must be knackered.

TRINA doesn't respond.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
... Mum?

TRINA looks back at her then, somewhere distant in her eyes we see a moment of clarity. Her voice small --

TRINA  
This is really hard, Beth.

BETHAN'S heart aches.

BETHAN  
I know.

TRINA  
I'm being flooded.

BETHAN  
Yeah... Let's sit down.

TRINA follows her, sitting down together. After a moment.

TRINA  
Is Perry at work?

BETHAN  
Probably yeah.

Beat. TRINA fighting through the noise.

TRINA  
Will he come in after?

BETHAN  
I don't think so.

Beat.

TRINA  
Can I phone him?

BETHAN

No mum... He loves you, he thinks  
you're brilliant - you are  
brilliant. But with everything  
that's happened, he's gotta look  
after Ffion...

There's a long beat as TRINA comprehends what she's saying, BETHAN unsure how she'll react, waiting for her to rant and rave. Then TRINA looks to BETHAN, childlike sadness on her face.

TRINA

So have I got to stay with dad  
then?

BETHAN

(Tears filling her eyes)  
**No...** No you haven't. We can move  
out, me and you.

BETHAN reaches in to her pocket and pulls out a packet of flower seeds.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Look what I bought you - these are  
pink roses. Your favourite. Me and  
you are gonna plant these okay? In  
our own garden.

TRINA just keeps staring ahead, emotionless. BETHAN wraps her arms around TRINA'S neck, talking through her tears.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

You don't need them, mum. You've  
got me. I'm never gonna leave you.

17

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH - ENTRANCE - MORNING

17

The next day BETHAN walks in to school. Back in her uniform, no sign of the horror she's been through. She finds TRAVIS at a big metal bin, packet of face wipes in hand as he furiously scrubs at some graffiti that reads, "***Lydia is a slutttttt.***" His eyes go wide at the sight of BETHAN --

TRAVIS

Where the hell have you been?

BETHAN

Fuck. Has she seen that?

TRAVIS nods gravely. Then concerned --

TRAVIS  
Is everything okay? I've been  
calling you.

BETHAN  
(Sighing)  
No it's been a nightmare... I got  
tonsillitis **again**. And then I  
fucked my phone - dropped it in the  
sink.

BETHAN shakes her head like, "what a week." TRAVIS isn't  
convinced, he presses --

TRAVIS  
Cam's been trying to get hold of  
you as well. She's been really  
worried.

BETHAN  
Oh yeah I know, it's fine - I spoke  
to her.  
(She hasn't. Changing the  
subject)  
So where's Lydia now?

HARD CUT TO:

18

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH - PLAYGROUND - MORNING

18

LYDIA'S face pressed in to BETHAN'S jumper as BETHAN hugs  
her.

BETHAN  
Honestly Lyd, most people won't  
even notice.

TRAVIS  
I'm gonna go to Mrs Francis and get  
her to check the CCTV.

LYDIA  
Do not do that.

TRAVIS  
I'm gonn'u - he defaced school  
property. I'm getting him  
suspended.

LYDIA  
What's the point though? And it's  
not even just that... I failed the  
English coursework - I got an F.

BETHAN suddenly remembering --

BETHAN  
Ah fuck, I'm so sorry - I totally forgot.

LYDIA  
(Pointed)  
Well. You're always busy these days 'in you?

BETHAN  
Lyd --

LYDIA  
Whatever, it's not your fault I'm a dumb bitch.

BETHAN TRAVIS  
No you are not. That is not true.

LYDIA  
Yeah I am. Seriously. I genuinely worked really hard. And that's the only subject I might have been able to get a decent grade in. My mother's gonna think I'm a piece of shit --

Just then CAM approaches, a mixture of relief, anger, confusion, but she tries to keep a lid on it all.

CAM  
Beth, can I talk to you a second?

BETHAN  
Uh, yeah --  
(To LYDIA)  
I'll be back now.

LYDIA  
(Waving her off)  
It's fine.

BETHAN follows after CAM, coming to a stop out of ear shot of the others. BETHAN acting like everything's normal.

BETHAN  
God I feel so bad for her.

CAM  
(Quiet intensity)  
What the hell?

BETHAN

She's gutted, there's no way she'll  
get in to uni now so -

CAM cuts her off, anger flashing in her eyes.

CAM

**Stop it...** Do you know how worried  
I've been?

BETHAN looks at the floor, monotone.

BETHAN

Sorry.

CAM

(Exasperated)

You don't have to be sorry - just  
talk to me.

The bell sounds, BETHAN seeing her out.

BETHAN

Yeah I will... Let's meet up after  
school --

CAM

Nah, fuck that.

19

INT. CAM'S CAR - OUTSIDE BETHAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

19

They sit there. BETHAN lost for words. Eventually.

CAM

So you gonna offer me a cuppa tea  
or ...?

20

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - MORNING

20

The pair of them sit on the sofa in silence. BETHAN staring  
ahead at the ketchup stain from 201 on the wall. Feeling so  
ashamed and stupid and worn down. After a long beat, her  
voice is quiet.

BETHAN

I don't think I'm gonna be able to  
come to France anymore.

And then a sob breaks out of BETHAN, her hands going to her  
face to cover it. CAM immediately wraps her arms around  
BETHAN.

CAM  
It's okay.

And BETHAN just weeps, her shoulders heaving. CAM clinging to her tightly.

21

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - MORNING

21

Some time has passed. BETHAN'S face puffy now as she stares ahead. CAM waiting quietly for BETHAN to be ready. After a moment BETHAN exhales, looking at her.

BETHAN  
Uh... Well. What d'you wanna know?

CAM  
What do you wanna tell me?

BETHAN looks away again. Nothing is the answer.

BETHAN  
... My mum's got bipolar.

CAM  
Okay.

CAM tries to probe. Well meaning but way off the mark.

CAM (CONT'D)  
... Is there medication she can take?

BETHAN half smiles to herself at the naivety of the question.

BETHAN  
It's not that sort of thing. I mean, yeah, she does. But it doesn't stop it. And when it gets bad, they lock her up.  
(Voice cracking)  
They pin her down...

BETHAN trails off, trying her hardest not to cry.

BETHAN (CONT'D)  
And my father.  
(Beat, struggling)  
He hurts her.

CAM  
(Quiet, gentle)  
Hurts her how?

BETHAN shakes her head, trying to even fathom how she can answer that. Then she glances at CAM, the horror of it written in her eyes

BETHAN  
He's done some really bad things --

CAM  
Like what?

BETHAN  
Please don't make me talk about this.

CAM  
It's okay.  
(And then gently)  
Who else knows?

BETHAN  
(Quietly)  
No one.

22

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY

22

GO TO: The pair of them are now lying on the sofa, CAM'S arms enveloping BETHAN from behind. One hand smoothing BETHAN'S hair. CAM clearly shell shocked by the information BETHAN has given her. Then she asks --

CAM  
Why didn't you tell me?

BETHAN shrugs but CAM presses gently.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Come on, why?

BETHAN  
(Her voice small)  
... 'cos I'm ashamed.

CAM takes BETHAN'S shoulder, pulling BETHAN on to her back.

CAM  
You don't have to be ashamed.

BETHAN keeps her eyes trained on the wall.

CAM (CONT'D)  
Look at me.

She won't, so CAM pulls herself on top of BETHAN, so she's straddling her torso, forcing BETHAN to look at her.

CAM (CONT'D)  
You do not have to be ashamed.

BETHAN'S eyes prick with tears again. CAM takes BETHAN'S face in her hands, lowering her own face so that they're nose to nose.

CAM (CONT'D)  
You're beautiful. Everything about you is beautiful. **And none of this is your fault...**  
(Quiet)  
You have to let people help you.

And with that CAM has cut right to the core of BETHAN. CAM is cracking her open.

22A

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BETHAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

22A

The following morning, CAM has slept over BETHAN'S for the first time ever. The two of them in bed together in a position reminiscent to BETHAN and TRINA in EP 104 SC 2, but now it's CAM with her arm around BETHAN. BETHAN being taken care of for once. After a moment CAM smirks --

CAM  
I didn't think you'd have a pink bedroom.

BETHAN  
(Smiling, light)  
Obvs, I'm a girlie girl babe.  
(Then serious)  
Thanks for staying.

CAM  
Of course.

23

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC - WARD / COMMUNAL LOUNGE - DAY 23

We follow BETHAN as she walks through the ward. Some hope back in her heart. Everything has gone to shit but CAM still loves her. And that's enough to restore the fight in to BETHAN.

And then she rounds the corner in to the communal lounge to the sight of DILWYN sat on the sofa beside TRINA. His arm draped around her, his feet up on the coffee table.

A box of chocolates and a bunch of flowers from the petrol station sat there. BETHAN stopped in her tracks. He spots BETHAN, and is cheery to TRINA.

DILWYN  
Look Trin, Beth's 'yer.

BETHAN approaches cautiously, not lost on her that she's the one who shopped him to the police.

BETHAN  
I didn't know you were out.

DILWYN  
Yeah just now. Bail pending investigation.  
(Proffering the box)  
D'you want a chocolate?

BETHAN shakes her head, taking a seat as far away from him as she can. Watching him like a hawk. Then DILWYN is hushed to her, like he's speaking man to man.

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
Yeah look, uh, thanks for the other day.

BETHAN just stares back, all she can do not to vomit at the sight of him.

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
You did the right thing. Off my head, I was.

BETHAN  
I didn't do it for you.

DILWYN just swallows it, on best behaviour. He turns to TRINA.

DILWYN  
Anyway, I just been saying haven't I, Trin - time for a fresh start now. We've both made mistakes haven't we?

BETHAN gasps at that - as if it's comparable? TRINA looks to him, her reactions a little delayed from the drugs. She nods. DILWYN holds her eye contact --

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna give up the booze. That's my problem, it's the drink. And you're gonna stop lying.  
(MORE)

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
'Cos that's what sends me off innit  
- being lied to.

TRINA  
Yeah. Sorry, Dil.

Then DILWYN looks to her beaker of tea on the table, light --

DILWYN  
Your tea's gone cold, what you  
like. D'you want another one?  
(Off her nod)  
Beth, d'you want a tea?

Bloody hell, that's the first time he's ever offered that.  
BETHAN shakes her head. He grins at TRINA, his face close to  
hers.

DILWYN (CONT'D)  
You're alright, 'in you? Have you  
better in no time.

He takes the beaker, getting up and swinging out of the room.  
Cock of the walk.

Once he's cleared BETHAN goes and sits next to TRINA, who is  
still just staring. BETHAN takes her hand, voice hushed.

BETHAN  
You okay?

TRINA looks at her then, a sudden clarity in her eyes.

TRINA  
I gotta get away from him, Beth.

These are the words BETHAN'S longed to hear her mother say.  
She holds her eye contact before nodding. Firm.

BETHAN  
Okay. I'm gonna help you.

**END OF EPISODE.**