

NORMAL PEOPLE
EPISODE 2

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Based on

NORMAL PEOPLE by Sally Rooney

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Yellow Revisions

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INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

LATE APRIL

MARIANNE and CONNELL are having sex. Really good, intense, mutually satisfying sex. Their bodies are close, their faces pressed close together, eyes locked.

She has her hand around his shoulders, he has his at the back of her neck, gripping her hair tight.

She makes a noise, his breath is heavy.

MARIANNE
I'm gonna cum -

CONNELL
Good -

MARIANNE
Fuck -

CONNELL
Good -

MARIANNE
Oh my God -

CONNELL
Good -

CUT TO:

INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM, DAY, A LITTLE LATER

MARIANNE and CONNELL lie in bed. He's holding her. (As in 38A)

INT. MARIANNE'S LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

THREE WEEKS EARLIER, picking up from Epl Sc38.

MARIANNE is sitting on the sofa. CONNELL is standing, near the closed door.

She is holding her lip, they are staring at each other.

MARIANNE
Yeah. Yeah I'd. Yeah, I'd like
that.

They stare again. He seems to be trying to figure out whether to go or not, but not able to summon the will.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Will anyone else be there?

CONNELL
No.

She chews the inside of her cheek. Shrugs.

MARIANNE
I'll think about it.

He comes next to her on the sofa and kisses her again, his hand in her hair and on her face. She makes a little noise. He moves his hand up her shirt and into her bra. She makes another noise.

He pulls back for a second, kissing her gently.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
(their faces very close)
Are you sure we can't take our
clothes off.

He stops.

CONNELL
No, I. I said I'd take Lorraine to
the shops and. This is.

He shakes his head. Stands up.

MARIANNE
You were tempted though. For a
second.

CONNELL
Not really.

MARIANNE
(smiling)
I tempted you.

He looks at her. Nearly smiles. He looks incredibly confused.

CONNELL
You're such a strange person.

He goes to the door.

Turns back.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
You'll come on Saturday?

She thinks. She nods.

He leaves.

2A INT. CONNELL'S CAR. LATER

2A

CONNELL drives home from Marianne's, deep in thought.

3 INT. MARIANNE'S BATHROOM. AFTERNOON.

3

Saturday. MARIANNE is in the bath.

Tips her head right back, her mouth open. She breathes out, slowly. She sinks under the water, bubbles coming to the surface.

4 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, A LITTLE LATER.

4

MARIANNE is wrapped in a towel, standing in her bedroom. She looks at an outfit she has hung up on the back of her wardrobe door.

5 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, LATER.

5

MARIANNE is dressed. Her hair is towel dried. She sits in front of a mirror, applying eyeliner.

Blinks. Looks at herself.

Takes a face wipe and begins to remove the makeup until her face is clean.

6 INT. HALLWAY, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING, A LITTLE LATER.

6

MARIANNE is taking her coat from the hook and putting it on.

ALAN (O.S.)
Where are you going?

She starts - and turns - ALAN is standing in the doorway to the kitchen, a piece of toast in his hand.

MARIANNE
Out.

ALAN
Yeah, figured that, out where?

She shrugs, pauses a second before replying.

MARIANNE
Why d'you care?

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN
Odd to see you leave the house on a
Saturday evening..

He takes a bite of the toast.

MARIANNE
I'm going for a walk.

ALAN
On your own? Jesus, that's a bit
sad.

MARIANNE
Oh yeah. You're really living it up
in here with your toast, aren't
you?

He grins.

ALAN
Get fucked, Marianne.

She looks at him briefly, and leaves.

7 EXT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. EARLY EVENING, CONTINUOUS. 7

She stands on the doorstep. Smooths her hair back.

Then walks away from the house and down the drive.

8 EXT. CONNELL'S HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER - EARLY EVENING. 8

MARIANNE gets out of a taxi and walks to Connell's front door.

The door opens and CONNELL stands in the doorway. MARIANNE looks at him, a little nervous.

CONNELL
Hey.

MARIANNE
Hey.

He looks over her head, checking to see no one is walking past, then steps aside to let her in.

8A INT. CONNELL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER. 8A

CONNELL and MARIANNE stand apart, a little nervous.

CONNELL
Do you want a drink or anything?

CUT TO:

9 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. EVENING - MOMENTS LATER. 9

CONNELL and MARIANNE are in his bedroom. She sits on the bed, drinking a glass of water.

He stands near the door.

She stops drinking. Holds the glass with two hands like a child would. Looks around his room. He watches her.

She sips her water.

MARIANNE
You have a lot of posters.

CONNELL
You don't?

She shakes her head.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Too cool.

MARIANNE
I don't think cool is the first word that most people would associate with me.

CONNELL
Oh yeah? What would that be?

MARIANNE
I don't know. Annoying. Or obnoxious. Argumentative.

Connell sits on the bed beside her. Half laughs.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Self righteous. Arrogant. Frigid -

CONNELL
Stop it. No one says that about you.

She presses her hands around the glass.

MARIANNE
People do say I'm annoying.

CONNELL
Yeah and so what. I'm sure someone out there is saying that about me.

MARIANNE
They're not. No one finds you
annoying. Shy people aren't
annoying.

CONNELL
You think I'm shy?

MARIANNE
Aren't you?

He's interested and amused. He takes the glass from her hands and puts it on the desk.

CONNELL
Just because I don't give my
opinion on everything all the time.

MARIANNE
You never give an opinion about
anything. Ever.

He lies down on the bed and looks up at the ceiling. She looks at him. Lies down next to him.

CONNELL
You always know what you think. I'm
not like that.

MARIANNE
You must know what you feel though?

CONNELL
No.

He looks at her. Then back at the ceiling.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
I struggle with that actually. I
might look back on something and
think how I felt at the time, but
while it's happening I never have
any idea.

MARIANNE
So how do you know what you want?

He pauses before replying.

CONNELL
I don't. Most of the time I don't
have a clue.

She turns her head and looks at his profile. She's thoughtful and serious.

MARIANNE
And what about now?

He turns his head. Meets her eye. They share a long look.

He kisses her. They put their arms around each other, press their bodies against one another.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Can we take our clothes off now?

He smiles. Tiny, amused shake of the head.

CONNELL
Yeah.

He helps her take off her top. Then goes to unzip her skirt. She shakes her head.

MARIANNE
You as well.

CONNELL
(smiling)
Right. Yeah.

He takes his T-shirt off. They kiss again. He begins unzipping her skirt.

MARIANNE
Can I ask you something.

CONNELL
Yeah.

MARIANNE
It's not really my business.

CONNELL
Okay.

MARIANNE
Do you do this a lot?

CONNELL
(after a pause)
What do you mean - This.

MARIANNE
Coming over to girls' houses after school and sort of. Seducing them or whatever.

She is smiling, but also a little nervous.

CONNELL
Is that what you think I was doing?
Coming over to your house with some grand plan of seducing you? You told me you liked me.

MARIANNE
I do like you. But so do lots of
girls.

He chews his lip.

CONNELL
Right. Well. I've got no idea about
that. I wasn't going to your house
with some ulterior motive I just. I
just liked talking to you.

She nods.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Couldn't I say you were seducing
me?

MARIANNE
I was trying. I just didn't think
it would work.

He laughs.

CONNELL
Well. It did.

He kisses her.

MARIANNE
There are much prettier girls in
school who like you -

He kisses her again, pushing his mouth on hers to stop her talking. She laughs into the kiss and then stops laughing and the kiss lengthens. Her skirt comes off, his trousers too. She has her hand on the back of his neck, his hand is on her lower back. He moves it round to her front, pushing it down into her underwear.

CONNELL
Is this okay?

MARIANNE
Yes.

Marianne is frightened, and the intensity of her fear, and her will to overcome it, expresses itself in a kind of breathlessness somewhere between terror and intense pleasure. He moves his hand and watches her.

CONNELL
Do you like that?

MARIANNE
Yeah.

She rolls her head back against the pillow, crying out. He watches.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Yeah. That feels so good.

He is a little breathless, hot, keeps going.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Do you have a condom?

He nods.

CONNELL
Yeah. Is that what you want?

MARIANNE
Yes.

He opens the bedside drawer and then pauses.

CONNELL
Is this your first time doing this?

MARIANNE
Yeah. Is that okay?

CONNELL
No yeah, it's fine. Just like, if you want to stop or whatever, obviously we can stop.

MARIANNE
I doubt I will want that.

CONNELL
Yeah, but. I mean, if it hurts or anything, we can stop. It won't be awkward, you can just say.

He has to take the plastic off the box of condoms. She watches him.

MARIANNE
Thanks.

He looks at her.

CONNELL
And I think you're very pretty. By the way.

She is surprised and embarrassed to be paid this compliment. She blushes and laughs and covers her face.

MARIANNE
Don't.

He smiles. Holds the condom in its wrapper. He leans across and kisses her again, holding her face with his hand. She moves her hand down to his boxers. He makes a little noise. She looks at him.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Can we...?

He nods. She unclips her bra, he removes his pants, she slides her underwear down - we remain on faces as he puts the condom on.

CONNELL
Are you sure?

She nods.

MARIANNE
Yes. Very.

He kisses her again, and then gently begins to manoeuvre himself inside her. She is breathless, maybe excited, or maybe gasping in discomfort or pain.

CONNELL
Are you okay?

She nods.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Does it hurt?

She shakes her head, lightly.

MARIANNE
A bit. It's fine. It's nice.

He thrusts. She looks up at him, he looks down at her, he's being careful and attentive to her.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Does it feel okay?

He nods.

CONNELL
You're really wet.

She nods.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
It's not hurting?

She shakes her head.

He keeps going, leaning down to kiss her until he cumns with a noise.

He lies there, on top of her, breathing hard. Her mouth is a little open, her eyes wide. She blinks. And keeps moving her hips.

10

INT. KITCHEN, CONNELL'S HOUSE. LATE MORNING.

10

The next day. CONNELL is sitting at the table, eating some cornflakes. He's watching a football match on his phone. The noise of the front door opening and closing. He doesn't look up.

LORRAINE walks in, overnight bag in hand.

CONNELL
Hey.

She sets her bag and keys down and looks at the washing machine.

LORRAINE
I'm not asking.

CONNELL
What?

LORRAINE
Why your bedclothes are in the washing machine. I'm not asking.

He rolls his eyes.

CONNELL
You think the worst of everything.

She fills the kettle.

LORRAINE
Excuse me, I must be the most permissive mother of anyone in your school. As long as you're using protection, you can do what you want.

He doesn't say anything. She takes a mug down from the press, looking at him.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Well?

CONNELL
Well what?

LORRAINE
Is that a yes?

He stands up.

CONNELL
Yes what?

She raises her eyebrows.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Obviously I didn't have unprotected
sex with anyone while you were gone
- Jesus.

He goes to the stairs.

LORRAINE
What's her name then?

He turns and looks at her. Shakes his head. As he turns to
leave the room:

CUT TO:

11 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

11

MARIANNE stands in her bedroom, naked. She stares at herself
in her mirror. She's trying to figure out if she looks
changed or different. She studies her face. Holds her hand to
her neck.

12 EXT. SCHOOL. MORNING.

12

Monday. ERIC and ROB are at the front of the school, CONNELL
has just arrived.

ERIC
The fuck you playing at Waldron?

He looks momentarily terrified at the greeting.

CONNELL
Uh.

ERIC
You had a free house on Saturday
and you didn't tell anyone? The
fuck is up with that?

Connell's relief is palpable.

CONNELL
Yeah. Sorry. I didn't think.

ROB
You didn't think about the
potential to get wrecked in your
free gaff? That is literally
unimaginable to me.

ERIC
In fairness, the potential to get wrecked is literally all you think about -

ROB
I'm proud of that fact -

ERIC
What did you get up to instead?

He shrugs.

CONNELL
Nothing. Studying.

Eric rolls his eyes..

ERIC
Jesus Christ Waldron. I despair.

MARIANNE appears in Connell's eyeline, heading toward the door. As soon as he sees her:

CUT TO:

13 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

13

MARIANNE and CONNELL are kissing. We are close on their mouths, his hands at her face, his thumb almost inside her mouth.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. SCHOOL. MORNING, AS BEFORE.

14

This cut is just a flicker - we only see it for a second before we are back with CONNELL.

He quickly looks away from MARIANNE, back to Eric and Rob.

CONNELL
Yep. I'm the worst.

15 INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING, LATER.

15

MISS NEARY is writing on the blackboard. CONNELL is watching MARIANNE from across the room. She is staring idly out of the window, absentmindedly pushing her hair behind her ear while he looks on.

As if reading his mind, she turns her head just slightly, and something specific about how she moves allows us to

CUT TO:

16 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. EVENING.

16

Flashback. We are close on MARIANNE's face. Flushed and sweaty and close to orgasm, her head rolled back, her mouth a little open.

CUT TO:

17 INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING, AS BEFORE.

17

CONNELL blinks. Looks at the board. At MISS NEARY, who smiles at him.

18 INT. CONNELL'S CAR. AFTERNOON.

18

CONNELL is in his car. He taps on the steering wheel, in an impatient rhythm. He switches the radio on. After a moment, he switches it off again.

19 INT / EXT. DOORWAY. MARIANNE'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER.

19

MARIANNE is standing in the doorway. CONNELL is on her drive. They look at each other.

CONNELL
Is anyone else here?

She shakes her head.

MARIANNE
No. Just me.

20 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, LATER.

20

MARIANNE and CONNELL have just had sex.

They are lying underneath the sheets, breathing hard.

She looks at him. Then away.

She looks over at him again.

MARIANNE
Is it weird? At school?

He looks at her, sharply.

CONNELL
What d'you mean.

MARIANNE
Pretending nothing's happening.

He shakes his head.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
I'm trying really hard to make it
normal. When I look at you - is it
distracting?

He nods.

CONNELL
Yeah, I can notice it.

MARIANNE
But you have people looking at you
all the time.

He doesn't say anything. She gives a delicious laugh.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
You like it.

CONNELL
Ten percent I do like it but ninety
percent it stresses me out.

MARIANNE
Is that how you feel about me in
general?

He gives another little laugh.

CONNELL
Yeah, ninety percent of the time
you wreck my head, but the other
ten percent is ok.

MARIANNE
I like you basically a hundred
percent.

He nods.

CONNELL
Well, that's nice of you. And I was
joking.

Looks at him.

MARIANNE
You know at that football match. I
was watching you play and,
honestly, you looked so beautiful,
I just kept thinking how much I
wanted to watch you have sex. And I
mean not even with me, with
anybody. How good it would feel.

He stares at her.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Is that really weird?

He gives a faint smile.

CONNELL
Yeah. Yeah, that's really weird
Marianne.

She chews her lip.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
But I think I understand.

She smiles. Relief washes over her. They look at one another.

21 INT. MR. KERRIGAN'S CLASSROOM. MORNING.

21

CONNELL is sitting at his desk, RACHEL at the desk next to him, chatting to him. ROB and ERIC sitting nearby.

MARIANNE enters. Passes by Rachel and Connell, and sits by the window.

Connell's eyes flick to her.

CUT TO:

22 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

22

Flashback. We are close on CONNELL's hand on MARIANNE's neck. They're having sex, their faces close, both breathing hard.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MR. KERRIGAN'S CLASSROOM. MORNING - AS BEFORE.

23

CONNELL looks up, his cheeks a little flushed.

ERIC
Can I get your notes?

He nods, passing his notebook.

23A INT. CONNELL'S CAR, BY THE SEA. AFTERNOON.

23A

CONNELL and MARIANNE are having sex in the back seat of his car, their faces close, their arms around one another, feet pressed up against seats.

23B EXT. SEA. AFTERNOON, A LITTLE LATER.

23B

CONNELL and MARIANNE are sitting on a clifftop overlooking the sea. They're both reading, Marianne's head on Connell's stomach, both looking content.

MARIANNE
Do you not want me to be there?

He shakes his head.

CONNELL
Why would I mind?

She looks at him.

MARIANNE
Might be a bit weird for you. Me.
And all your friends in a nightclub
together.

CONNELL
No.

He rubs his head.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Just trying to imagine you selling
raffle tickets for a school event,
that's all.

She shrugs.

MARIANNE
Karen cornered me. Felt a bit.
Churlish to refuse.

CONNELL
(joking)
Isn't that your entire vibe?

She chews the inside of her cheek. He wants her to know he
was joking.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
The whole Debs thing is so lame
anyway. One of those things I don't
get why we still do.

MARIANNE
I mean. Point at any patriarchal
structure in the world and say
that.

He strokes her hair.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Well. I hope you don't find it too
hard trying to resist me.

CONNELL
Don't I always?

MARIANNE
Do you?

CONNELL
Yeah. You've totally fucked my
concentration levels. I don't think
I've learned anything for weeks.

MARIANNE
I think you've learned a lot -

CONNELL
Funny.

MARIANNE
I know.

She picks up her book. He smiles.

23C INT. CONNELL'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

23C

CONNELL is sitting on his bed, writing in a journal.

24 OMITTED

24

25 EXT. CONNELL'S CAR, SCHOOL YARD. LATER. 25

Driving out of the school yard. CONNELL is driving his friends ROB, ERIC, JACK and KIERNAN. They are packed into the tiny car eating bags of crisps and listening to music with the volume turned up. Eric rolls down the window. RACHEL and KAREN are walking by.

ERIC
Looking well, Rachel.

Rachel rolls her eyes, smiling.

ERIC (CONT'D)
And Karen. Well. You have a nice personality.

Karen cheerfully raises her middle finger at the car.

ROB
Very ladylike.

ERIC
Show some respect.

Connell pulls out onto the street.

25A INT. CONNELL'S CAR. MOMENTS LATER.

25A

CONNELL is driving through town.

CONNELL
Roll that window up, will you?

ROB
What're you so pissed off about?

ERIC
He's jealous. Doesn't want anyone talking to Rachel.

JACK
Ohhhh, interesting.

CONNELL
No.

ROB
She's all over you.

JACK
Fuck knows why.

ROB
She probably thinks Waldron is pure sensitive and emotional because he never fucking says anything.

CONNELL
Would you ever think of trying that technique yourself?

ERIC laughs as Connell pulls the car up outside the Chipper/Chinese.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Right. Don't take long in there, I've to get home.

KIERNAN
You're coming to O'Briens later?

ERIC
He better.

CONNELL
Yeah, I'll be there.

Jack, Eric and Kiernan get out whilst Rob and Connell remain in the car. Connell takes out his phone and looks at it. No new messages.

ROB
Here, I didn't know your mam worked in the Sheridans' house.

Connell freezes, keeps looking at his phone, even though the screen has gone blank.

CONNELL
Oh yeah. Last year I think she started there. Where d'you hear that?

ROB
Alan was telling me. You know, the brother. Have you ever been in there yourself? Into the mansion.

CONNELL
A few times, yeah.

ROB
What's it like inside?

CONNELL
Well. Big. Obviously.

ROB
What's Marianne like in her natural habitat?

CONNELL
I wouldn't know. I don't really see her.

ROB
I'd say she thinks of you as her butler, does she?

CONNELL
I doubt that.

ROB
But your mam is her housemaid, isn't she?

CONNELL
She's just a cleaner. She's only there like. Twice, sometimes three times a week. I don't think they interact that much.

ROB
Does Marianne not have a little bell she could ring to get her attention?

The others come back into the car, Connell switching the engine on. Eric tosses a brown paper parcel onto Connell's lap while he reverses out of the parking space.

ERIC
They didn't have spring rolls. Got you a chilli chips.

CONNELL
Sound. Thanks.

MARIANNE and CONNELL are having sex. They're sitting up in his bed, she is on top. Their arms are wrapped around one another, their faces close together, her legs around his back.

She stretches her foot, spreads her toes against his back. She tips her head back - they are both close to orgasm.

MARIANNE
Fuck -

They pull each other closer, she pushes her face into his neck, as she orgasms, pushing her teeth down - not hard - onto his skin.

She is breathless, they keep going, until he cums.

They hold one another, their breath slowing.

He kisses her.

She holds his head, her lips against his forehead.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Connell.

CONNELL
Yeah?

MARIANNE
Is there anyone you have a crush on? In school.

He closes his eyes. Laughs.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
What?

CONNELL
I'm literally still inside you.

She chews her lip.

Climbs off him. Sits up in bed, leaving him lying down in the middle of the sheets.

MARIANNE
What about Rachel?

He looks perplexed.

CONNELL
Why d'you say that.

MARIANNE
She's pretty.

CONNELL
I don't have strong feelings either way.

MARIANNE
She has a nice face.

CONNELL
So do you.

He pulls out the condom from under the sheets, ties it, places it on the floor. He sighs. Looks up at the ceiling.

MARIANNE
What are you thinking about?

CONNELL
College.

She nods. Picks up a glass of water and drinks.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
I don't know why I put Law. I can't remember why I thought that was a good idea.

She shrugs.

MARIANNE
Job prospects.

He nods.

Sits up next to her.

CONNELL
I can't visualise it. I can't see myself with a tie on. Convicting people of crimes. I just couldn't think of what to put.

She takes another sip of water. Passes him the glass.

MARIANNE
You should study English.

He takes a drink.

CONNELL
Do you actually think I should or are you joking?

She wrinkles her nose.

MARIANNE
I actually think you should. It's the only subject you really enjoy. And you spend all your time reading.

He smiles.

CONNELL
Not all my time.

He leans over her to put the glass back on the table. On the way back, she brushes his arm with her fingers. Holds his hand.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Where would I study English?
Galway?

She looks down at their fingers.

MARIANNE
You could come to Trinity.

CONNELL
(grinning)
You're pretty confident you're
gonna get in are you?

She puts a hand on her face, embarrassed.

He nods. Moves his jaw, testing out the idea.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
Then we'd be in college together. I
bet you'd pretend not to know me if
we bumped into each other.

She says nothing at first. He looks at her, nervous his joke hasn't landed.

MARIANNE
I would never pretend not to know
you, Connell.

He swallows. Nods.

CONNELL
Would you not?

MARIANNE
No.

She looks a little sad. He chews his cheek.

CONNELL
Alright. I'll put down English at
Trinity then.

She brightens immediately. He smiles.

MARIANNE
Really?

CONNELL
Yeah. Sure. Who gives a fuck about
job prospects anyway?

She smiles. He smiles back. Excited, happy about the future.

26A INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM, EVENING - LATER.

26A

MARIANNE sits on her bed, thinking of Connell.

27 OMITTED

27

28 INT. KITCHEN, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. EVENING.

28

MARIANNE is sitting at the kitchen island on her laptop. She's working on her CAO form. ALAN sits nearby, watching motor-racing on his phone.

DENISE comes in. Puts the kettle on. Glances at Alan, then at Marianne.

DENISE
(to Marianne)
How's it going?

Marianne nods.

MARIANNE
Yeah, good. Nearly done.

DENISE
Well done. D'you want a tea?

MARIANNE
No thanks.

DENISE
Alan? Tea?

ALAN
No ta.

Denise glances at Alan. Then looks out of the window at the garden.

DENISE
I thought I'd go take a look at Wellington Road next weekend.

MARIANNE
Right.

DENISE
The bathroom needs retiling. You could pick a colour out since you'll be the one looking at it.

Marianne looks at her.

MARIANNE
Yeah? Thanks, I'd like that.

She looks at the application, then pauses.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
Don't want to tempt fate though.
Might not get in.

Denise shakes her head.

DENISE
That's not the attitude Marianne.

MARIANNE
Yeah.

DENISE
Last push.

MARIANNE
Yeah.

She makes her tea.

DENISE
There's the loveliest walk along
the canal, just nearby.

Marianne smiles.

DENISE (CONT'D)
We used to cycle along it to get to
class.

MARIANNE
You cycled?

DENISE
I did.

Alan, who has been keeping half an eye on this exchange,
stands up abruptly.

DENISE (CONT'D)
Alan - ?

ALAN
Going to the pub.

He leaves, irritable.

Denise looks at her. Manages a small smile.

DENISE
Long time ago.

She sips her tea and Marianne turns back to her computer.

28A INT. CARRICKLEA PUB. EVENING, SAME. 28A

The pub is busy. Everyone is nursing a pint or a vodka coke, talking and laughing, packed in together.

ERIC is talking to ALAN and some OLDER LADS at the bar.

RACHEL is squashed up against CONNELL, their arms and legs touching. Connell is laughing at something ROB has just said but he's a little distracted. His phone beeps with a text from Marianne.

ALT - Without text

28B INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON. 28B

Flashback. We are close on CONNELL's face, close to orgasm. His eyes are closed.

CONNELL
Is it okay if I cum in your mouth -

29 OMITTED 29

30 EXT. CARRICKLEA PUB. EVENING - MOMENTS LATER. 30

CONNELL steps outside, slightly grateful for a moment of quiet. He lights a cigarette and checks his phone.

CUT TO:

30A OMITTED 30A

31

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. MORNING, AS BEFORE.

31

CONNELL, ROB, ERIC, KIERNAN and JACK are sitting by the lockers.

ROB
(to Eric)
What about Karen. No one's asked her yet.

KIERNAN
Sure, take her to the Debs.

ERIC
(grinning at Connell)
No thanks, I'm holding out for
Rachel.

JACK
In your dreams mate.

ROB
She's after Waldron taking her,
it's obvious.

Connell rubs his head, uncomfortable.

ERIC
Yeah, I reckon I can swoop in
there, you don't mind do you
Connell -

MARIANNE walks past with her books in her arms. Eric
continues with the joke.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Unless I can persuade the lovely
Marianne Sheridan to be my date of
course.

The boys laugh. Connell looks away. Marianne ignores them.
Rob looks delighted.

ERIC (CONT'D)
How about it Marianne? Fancy coming
to the Debs?

MARIANNE
Um. Nope.

ERIC
You think you're too good for me,
do you?

MARIANNE
Yeah. Pretty much.

ERIC
You serious?

She looks at him. Assesses him.

MARIANNE
I am. I am too good for you.

No one's laughing anymore. Connell looks panicked. Eric looks fucking furious.

ERIC
A man'd want to be fairly desperate
before he'd go near you.

She smiles almost triumphantly and clicks her locker shut.

MARIANNE
Oh really? Okay.

ERIC
Ugly, flat-chested bitch.

Jack raises an eyebrow. Marianne stares at him, defiant. She laughs. Connell stares at the floor.

She looks at Connell briefly. Then walks away.

32 OMITTED

32

32A INT. MR. BAKSHI'S CLASSROOM. MORNING.

32A

MR BAKSHI is writing on the board as students file into the class. CONNELL takes his seat. Marianne sits down, head down. Connell glances at her, trying to catch her eye, but she won't meet it.

MR BAKSHI
Morning all. Can everyone put their Civil War essays on their desks and I can come round and collect those.

Connell looks startled and Mr Bakshi turns and catches his expression.

CONNELL
Uh. I uh. I didn't know those were due today.

His friends look at him in surprise.

MR BAKSHI
You were in class on Monday weren't you?

CONNELL
Yeah. No. Yeah. I mean. I mean I forgot. Sorry. Sir.

MR BAKSHI
You can hand it in tomorrow. Along with today's homework.

CONNELL
Okay. Sorry.

Connell nods. Eric stares at him.

ERIC
(still grinning, shaking his head)
The fuck you up to Waldron?

Connell stares down at his desk, his face getting redder.

33 OMITTED

33

34 INT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE, SUNROOM. AFTERNOON LATER.

34

MARIANNE is in her school uniform reading a book. The doorbell is ringing like somebody is just holding their thumb on it. She is ignoring it.

A few moment later, there's a tap at the window. Connell is standing outside.

35 INT. MARIANNE'S HOUSE, SUNROOM. AFTERNOON, MOMENTS LATER. 35

CONNELL and MARIANNE are standing in her kitchen. She doesn't really look at him. He's anxious.

She doesn't say anything.

CONNELL
Are you alright?

She looks at him.

He studies her. Shrugs. Looks away. She feels anxious suddenly.

MARIANNE
How was your weekend?

He looks awkward, as though he would rather avoid this topic.

CONNELL
It was okay. Went to the pub. Some of them ended up at the ghost. I went home early enough.

MARIANNE
Ended up at the what?

CONNELL
The ghost. The ghost house.

MARIANNE
What is that?

He stares at her.

CONNELL
Behind the school? You know... the abandoned house there?

MARIANNE
Oh.

CONNELL
You've never been there?

She shakes her head.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
That's crazy. We used to hang out there all the time. I thought everyone knew about it.

MARIANNE
Not me obviously.

She looks out of the window.

He chews his thumb. Looks nervous.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)
I want to see it. Can you take me?

CONNELL
Eh, sure.

She shrugs.

MARIANNE
Okay.

CONNELL
Okay.

She looks back at him.

MARIANNE
You sure?

He looks at her.

Nods.

36 INT. CONNELL'S CAR. AFTERNOON, MOMENTS LATER. 36

CONNELL is driving. He taps his fingers nervously on the steering wheel. MARIANNE looks out of the window. She squeezes her fingers one at a time between finger and thumb.

37 EXT. GHOST ESTATE. AFTERNOON, A LITTLE LATER. 37

They pull up in front of some derelict, lone, abandoned house.

They get out of the car.

38 INT. DERELICT HOUSE. AFTERNOON, MOMENTS LATER. 38

CONNELL and MARIANNE are standing in a large living room of the empty house. Discarded cans and bottles cover the floor. The room is bare save for a stained mattress.

He looks over at her.

CONNELL
Are you cold? You look like you're
freezing.

She smiles. Rubs at her nose. He unzips his jacket and puts it over her shoulders. They stay standing close.

MARIANNE
I could lie down there and you
could fuck me. Would you like that?

He looks uncomfortable. Searches her face. Moves his hand under her jumper.

CONNELL
Do you like making me feel
uncomfortable?

MARIANNE
What does that mean? I can't make
you feel anything.

CONNELL
Yeah you can. Do you think there's
any other person I would do this
type of thing with? Seriously? Do
you think anyone else could make me
sneak around after school and all
this?

MARIANNE
What d'you want me to do? Leave you
alone?

He shakes his head. Looks a bit taken aback.

CONNELL
No. If you did that I'd.

She looks at him.

MARIANNE
If I did that, what?

CONNELL
I don't know. You mean, if you just
didn't want to see each other
anymore? I would feel a bit
surprised honestly, because you
seem like you enjoy it.

MARIANNE
And what if I met someone else who
liked me more?

He laughs. She turns away, pissed off and upset, pulling out
of his grasp.

CONNELL
Hey.

He approaches her. Kisses the back of her neck.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
You're making me insecure -

MARIANNE
I'm not making you anything -

CONNELL
Fine, I feel insecure -

MARIANNE
Exactly - you feel - your feelings

CONNELL
I don't know how to -

He looks at her. Frustrated.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
When you're talking about not
wanting to hang out with me
anymore. I thought you liked me.

She closes her eyes, but doesn't turn to face him. He puts his arms around her waist.

MARIANNE
I do like you.

CONNELL
Well, if you met someone else you liked more, I'd be pissed off, okay? Since you ask about it. I wouldn't be happy. Alright?

MARIANNE
You don't mind that I'm a fuck ugly bitch.

He pauses. He presses his face into her hair and sighs.

CONNELL
I'm sorry they said that to you.

MARIANNE
Is that what you think of me?

CONNELL
They don't even think that themselves. If Eric thought he had the slightest chance with you he'd be talking very differently. He just thinks you look down on him.

She shrugs, chewing on her lip.

CONNELL (CONT'D)
You know I would miss you if you didn't want to see me anymore.

She looks up at him.

MARIANNE
Would you miss sleeping with me?

He pulls her closer.

CONNELL
Yeah. A lot.

MARIANNE
Can we go back to my house now?

He nods. They stand together for a few moments longer.

38A INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

38A

Back to Scene 1A. From above we see CONNELL and MARIANNE wrapped around one another, perfectly fitting into each other's bodies. His head is on top of hers - his chin resting on the crown of her head. Both of them have their eyes open.

39 INT. CONNELL'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. NIGHT.

39

CONNELL comes inside, dumps his schoolbag and takes off his jacket.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
(calling out from the
kitchen)
Where've you been?

CONNELL
(heading up the stairs)
Out.

LORRAINE (O.S.)
(calling up)
When am I going to meet her?

He has disappeared up the stairs.

She comes into the hallway, looking a little bemused.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
What about your Leaving Cert?
Remember that little detail?

The noise of the shower comes on upstairs. She shakes her head and goes back into the kitchen.

40 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT, LATER.

40

CONNELL stands in his bedroom in boxers and a T shirt. He looks out of the window at the sky above the trees and rooftops.

41 OMITTED.

41