

**NORMAL PEOPLE**  
**EPISODE 3**

by  
Sally Rooney

&

Alice Birch

Based on

NORMAL PEOPLE by Sally Rooney

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Element Pictures  
21 Mespil Road,  
Dublin 4,  
Ireland  
+ 353 1 6185032

**EL  
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PICTURES

AUGUST.

MARIANNE is lying on a deck chair in her garden. She has sunglasses on, a bottle of sun lotion on the green grass beside her. She has a book in her hand.

With the glasses on her face she appears inexpressive.

The patio doors slide open and ALAN comes out. He's on the phone, talking loudly. He gestures to her.

ALAN

Someone in your year got six hundred!

She pours a little sun lotion out into her hand.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah go on, sorry? Who?

She smooths the lotion out over her arms.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Here, Marianne - it's Waldron!  
Lorraine's young lad, he's after getting six hundred points.

Marianne doesn't react. She just lies back down to face the sun.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Nah, she got a five ninety. I'd say she's raging now someone did better than her. Are you raging, Marianne?

She says nothing. Picks up her book.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Is Waldron there with you is he?  
Put him on.

MARIANNE

Why're you calling him Waldron like he's your friend? You hardly know him.

ALAN

I know him well.

Alan paces around the patio waiting for Connell to get on the line. Marianne sighs. Turns the page.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
How are you now? Fair play,  
congratulations. Yeah. She did  
well, yeah. Not as well as  
yourself! Five ninety she got.

There is a pause as Alan listens to what Connell says. He's surprised.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Yeah, she's right here...Sure. No  
bother.

He approaches Marianne.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Here, he wants to talk to you.

Marianne looks up at him. Alan's eyes widen dramatically. He jerks the phone towards her.

ALAN (CONT'D)  
Say hello.

She looks at the phone. Pushes the sunglasses up onto her forehead.

ALAN hands MARIANNE the phone. She holds it for just a moment. Closes her eyes.

CONNELL  
(through phone)  
Hello? Marianne?

She opens her eyes. And hangs up the call.

Alan stares at her. A hollow laugh.

ALAN  
The fuck?

MARIANNE  
I didn't want to speak to him.

ALAN  
He wanted to speak to you.

MARIANNE  
Yeah, I know -

ALAN  
So why were you so fucking rude?

MARIANNE  
Ask him yourself.

ALAN

What does that mean?

MARIANNE

Ask your friend Waldron why we're not speaking anymore. Call him back now if you want and Ask him why I don't want to talk to him.

She stares at him, defiant.

2 OMITTED 2

3 OMITTED 3

4 OMITTED 4

5 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. EVENING. 5

PREVIOUS MAY

MARIANNE is wearing a black strappy dress. She looks at herself in the mirror, feeling uncomfortable but sort excited. New.

6 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. EVENING, MOMENTS LATER. 6

MARIANNE is sitting in front of a mirror applying makeup. She puts mascara on. Eyeliner. Lipstick. Her face looks different. Grown up and childlike at the same time. She widens her eyes at her reflection.

7 INT. KITCHEN, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. EVENING, A LITTLE LATER. 7

MARIANNE enters the kitchen, and pours herself a glass of water. She's wearing heels. DENISE and ALAN look at her. Denise has a glass of wine. Alan looks troubled.

ALAN

What are you doing?

DENISE

Alan.

MARIANNE

I'm going out. It's the fundraiser for the Debs. I'm on the committee.

ALAN

No one's gonna ask you to the Debs, what's the point?

MARIANNE

Maybe I'll go on my own.

Denise anxious to mediate tries to move the conversation on.

DENISE

What are you doing at this fundraiser?

MARIANNE

Selling raffle tickets.

ALAN

You're gonna find some way to humiliate me -

MARIANNE

I'm literally just going out -

ALAN

I know people there -

DENISE

You've certainly gone all out, Marianne.

Marianne looks to the hallway. Lights are flashing from a taxi on the driveway.

MARIANNE

The taxi's here, I'll see you later.

DENISE

What time will you be home?

MARIANNE

(leaving)

I don't know. I think they want me to cash up after the raffle - Bye.

She leaves, shutting the door behind her.

8

INT. NIGHTCLUB, ENTRANCE AREA. NIGHT.

8

The club is almost empty. A YOUNG WOMAN is sweeping up near the bar. Some chairs are still stacked. KAREN, LISA and RACHEL are sitting on stools counting money from a cashbox and marking raffle tickets.

MARIANNE has just walked in. She stands in front of them. They look at her.

MARIANNE

Hi.

LISA

Wow. Don't you scrub up well.

KAREN

You look gorgeous.

Rachel stares at her. Seems to be hiding a smirk. Marianne rubs her arm awkwardly.

RACHEL

Haven't you gone all out.

MARIANNE

That's exactly what my mother said.

Karen laughs. Rachel shoots Karen a look, which she ignores.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Would anyone like a drink?

KAREN

I'll have a vodka coke. If you're sure?

She nods, walks to the bar, clutching her purse. The BARMAN (late 20s) glances down at her dress before making eye contact. She is unnerved.

MARIANNE

Uh. Can I have a vodka and coke please?

He nods and starts making it.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

And um. And a gin and tonic as well.

He nods.

9 OMITTED 9

10 INT. NIGHTCLUB, ENTRANCE AREA. NIGHT, LATER. 10

The dance floor is crowded now. People are milling around with drinks. MARIANNE is putting the raffle tickets into a box. RACHEL sits on the edge of the desk, sipping a drink and looking bored. LISA is counting cash whilst KAREN checks names off a list.

LISA  
Where're the lads?

RACHEL  
If they don't show up I will  
actually murder Connell. He told me  
yesterday they were definitely  
coming.

Marianne looks at her phone in her lap and composes a quick  
text message:

*Lively discussion here on the subject of your absence. Are  
you planning to come at all?*

KAREN  
(shrugging)  
They're always late. Some totally  
essential pre party bullshit.

LISA  
They'll be absolutely binned by the  
time they get here.

Connell replies:

*Yeah jack just got sick everywhere so we had to put him in a  
taxi, on our way soon though. How are you getting on  
socialising with people.*

KAREN  
Alright. I'm getting another drink.  
Anyone want anything? Marianne?

MARIANNE  
Uh. Yeah. Why not. Thanks.

Rachel raises her eyebrows.

10A INT. NIGHTCLUB, ENTRANCE AREA. NIGHT, LATER.

10A

ERIC, KIERNAN, ROB and CONNELL arrive, varying degrees of  
drunk. Connell is looking at MARIANNE who stands back a bit.  
RACHEL notices this.

ROB is kissing LISA and Eric is greeting KAREN when he stops  
and sees Marianne.

ERIC  
(to Marianne)  
Look at you.

She stares back and then looks away. All the boys are looking  
at her, except for Connell who now looks away.

ROB  
Great dress. Very sexy.

Rachel laughs and leans across to say something to Connell. He turns his face away, doesn't respond. Marianne sips her drink and KAREN grabs her hand.

KAREN

Come on, let's go and dance.

Rachel looks at Karen, clearly hurt, but Karen doesn't clock it. She pulls Marianne onto the dance floor.

11 INT. NIGHTCLUB, BAR. NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER. 11

MARIANNE and KAREN dance together. Marianne closes her eyes, moves her arms, manages to forget about being watched and just dances. She opens her eyes and looks up. Connell is standing with the others, near the bar. Watching her. The others are all talking, messing around, but he is staring at her. She looks back. Keeps dancing.

Karen leans across, breaking it for a moment, but Connell keeps watching and Marianne flicks her eyes to him every so often.

Marianne nods her head. She looks back at Connell over her shoulder. Tosses her hair.

KAREN

He has been watching you the whole time.

Marianne looks at him, then back at Karen. She doesn't say anything. Her breath is a little shallow.

Marianne doesn't say anything. She just dances, feeling Connell's eyes on her.

12 INT. NIGHTCLUB, BAR. NIGHT, LATER. 12

KAREN and MARIANNE come off the dance floor, laughing. They join RACHEL, who's standing with ROB, ERIC and CONNELL at the bar.

Marianne ends up standing next to Connell. They are right next to one another, side by side, arms touching, hands almost touching.

Connell moves his fingers, just a fraction, it looks like he's about to hold her hand.

Rachel is looking at them, looking specifically at their hands. Her eyes flick back up to their faces.

RACHEL

Are you gonna get back to selling some tickets then or what?



Marianne holds back a laugh. She smiles. Nods.

MARIANNE

Okay.

ERIC

I think these lads might want to  
buy some, what d'you reckon?

He waves and two guys, PAT and BRENDAN head over. They're in their mid or late twenties, but greet ERIC as a friend, nodding to and greeting the others. Connell looks away, uncomfortable.

PAT

How are things, man? Who's your  
friend here?

Pat is nodding at Marianne who looks back at him coldly.

ERIC

That's Marianne Sheridan. You'd  
know her brother, Alan.

BRENDAN

Oh right. Yeah.

Pat looks Marianne up and down. Rob mumbles something in Eric's ear and they both smile, looking at Marianne.

PAT

Haven't seen you around before.

ROB

Yeah, she keeps to herself.

PAT

Let me get you a drink then.  
What're you having?

MARIANNE

I'm fine, thanks.

He slips an arm around her shoulders. Squeezes. His fingers rub her bare arm. Brendan starts laugh and Eric and Rob join in. Connell clenches his jaw, rubs the back of his neck.

PAT

Nice dress.

She tries to shrug him off, but he holds on tighter.

MARIANNE

Can you let go of me?

PAT

Very low cut there, isn't it?

He moves his hand down from her shoulder and squeezes her breast openly, whilst everyone looks on. The dress threatens to slip down further, she jerks away, shoving him off and pulling her dress up to her collarbone. Her eyes are filling with tears. Eric, Rob and Rachel try to laugh it off. Connell is frozen.

Without looking around, Marianne walks out the door and lets it slam.

13

EXT. NIGHTCLUB. NIGHT.

13

MARIANNE bursts out of the nightclub into the carpark, tears stinging her eyes. She stumbles and leans her back against the wall, sinking to a seated position on the floor, hugging her knees to her chest. She wipes her eyes crossly.

The door bangs open and KAREN rushes out. CONNELL, ERIC and RACHEL follow. Karen comes straight to her, the other three hang back. She takes her hand.

KAREN

Are you okay?

MARIANNE

I'm fine. I'm sorry.

ERIC

Here, look, it was just a bit of fun. Pat's actually a sound enough guy if you get to know him.

RACHEL

It was funny...

Karen turns around, furious.

KAREN

Why're you out here if you think it was so funny? Why don't you go and pal around with Pat if you think it's so funny to molest young girls?

ERIC

How is Marianne young exactly?

RACHEL

We were all laughing a minute ago.

CONNELL

No we weren't.

Everyone looks at Connell. He looks at Marianne, meeting her eyes.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

RACHEL

Oh you want to kiss her better now  
do you?

Connell pauses, touches a hand to his brow.

CONNELL

Rachel, would you ever fuck off?

Karen and Eric exchange a look, eyes wide. Rachel looks at him for a second and walks back into the club. The door shuts behind her. Connell continues rubbing his brow.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

D'you want to go home? I'm driving.  
I can drop you.

She nods her head. Karen helps her up from the floor. Connell puts his hand in his pockets. Marianne squeezes Karen's hand.

MARIANNE

Thank you for being so nice.

She follows Connell. Karen watches her go.

14

INT. CONNELL'S CAR. NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER.

14

They shut the doors. Connell looks over at her.

CONNELL

Are you okay?

She shrugs.

MARIANNE

I feel like an idiot.

CONNELL

You didn't do anything.

She shrugs again.

MARIANNE

It really hurt. What he did.

He looks down. He's kneading the steering wheel with his hands.

CONNELL

Sorry...D'you want to come back to  
mine for a bit?

MARIANNE

Is Lorraine not there?

He shrugs.

CONNELL  
She's probably in bed.

MARIANNE  
What if she's still up?

CONNELL  
She's pretty relaxed about this stuff. Like, I really don't think she would care.

MARIANNE  
You seem to care. About her knowing.

He doesn't say anything.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)  
She seems like a really good parent.

CONNELL  
Yeah. I think so.

MARIANNE  
She must be proud of you. You've turned out so well as a human being.

CONNELL  
How have I turned out well?

MARIANNE  
What do you mean? Everyone likes you. You're nice. D'you know how rare that is? You're a nice person.

He frowns a little. She can't figure out what his expression means. She looks out of the window. He starts the car. They drive off in silence.

15 INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

15

MARIANNE and CONNELL lie in bed together. She's wearing one of his T-shirts. He kisses her forehead and smooths her hair back tenderly.

MARIANNE  
You went out with Rachel before, didn't you?

CONNELL  
Not really.

MARIANNE

Did you sleep with her?

CONNELL

Do I have to tell you that?

She doesn't say anything. He pauses.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

I did once, yeah. Last year. But.  
It was not like. The kind of thing  
where feelings would be involved.

She smiles, wryly.

MARIANNE

And what about me? Would you say  
your feelings are involved?

CONNELL

Obviously.

MARIANNE

Obviously? Who is it obvious to?

CONNELL

To you I would hope.

He kisses her neck. Pulls her closer. Her smile fades. She  
chews her lip, her eyes scan quickly.

MARIANNE

Connell?

CONNELL

Marianne.

MARIANNE

You would never hit a girl, would  
you?

CONNELL

God no. Of course not. Why would  
you ask that?

MARIANNE

I don't know.

She rolls over onto her back. Stares at the ceiling.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

My Dad used to hit my Mum.

He doesn't say anything.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

It's okay.

CONNELL

Jesus. I'm sorry. I didn't know that.

He chews his lip now.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

Did he ever hit you?

She pauses for a just a beat too long.

MARIANNE

No.

He sits up on his elbow to look down at her.

CONNELL

I would never hurt you. Okay?  
Never.

She nods and says nothing, her eyes filling with tears now.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

You make me really happy.

She nods again. Tears rolling down her cheeks.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

I love you. I do. I'm not just  
saying that Marianne, I really do.

She nods again. Tears keep rolling.

16

INT. CONNELL'S BEDROOM. MORNING.

16

MARIANNE is pulling her dress on that she wore the night before. CONNELL sits up in bed, rubbing his eyes.

MARIANNE

Shit shit shit.

CONNELL

Sorry.

MARIANNE

It's not your fault. I thought I'd  
set an alarm.

She puts her jacket and heels on whilst he gets up and pulls on a T-shirt and a pair of sweatpants. She looks at her phone - missed calls from her Mum.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Shit.

CONNELL

D'you want me to run you home?

MARIANNE

No, she'd recognise your car.

She opens the door.

17 INT. CONNELL'S HALLWAY - MORNING, MOMENTS LATER. 17

MARIANNE and CONNELL are coming down the stairs as LORRAINE comes in the front door, carrying shopping bags. Marianne is mortified.

LORRAINE

Hello sweetheart.

MARIANNE

Hi. Sorry. Hi. Sorry to intrude -  
I'm just. I was just going. Bye.  
Sorry.

She reaches the hallway and gives Lorraine another embarrassed look.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

Really sorry.

Then she disappears, closing the door behind her. Lorraine presses her lips together like she's trying not to laugh.

LORRAINE

You can help me with the groceries  
then.

She hands Connell one of the bags. He follows her into the kitchen.

18 OMITTED 18

19 OMITTED 19

20 INT. CONNELL'S KITCHEN. MORNING, CONTINUOUS. 20

CONNELL follows LORRAINE into the kitchen and puts the bag on the counter. He and Lorraine begin to unpack it.

CONNELL

What's so funny?

She looks at him.

LORRAINE

Did you think I didn't know?

He closes his eyes. Opens them. Shrugs.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Well I knew someone was coming over  
here in the afternoons. And I do  
work in her house.



CONNELL

Look. You're hardly gonna tell  
anyone are you?

She looks at him.

LORRAINE

Why shouldn't I tell anyone?

CONNELL

Because that could cause a fair bit  
of annoyance for me.

(beat)

And for Marianne.

LORRAINE

Oh Jesus. I don't want to know.

He continues to linger.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I won't be gossiping about your sex  
life Connell, you've no worries  
there.

20A INT. HALLWAY, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. SAME. 20A

MARIANNE has just walked into the hallway. She shuts the door behind her. DENISE is in the kitchen. She looks at Marianne.

21 INT. KITCHEN, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER. 21

DENISE is sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of tea. MARIANNE has just walked in. She's still wearing the dress, she's taken the heels off.

She looks at her Mother.

DENISE  
Where've you been?

Marianne looks at her, trying to assess what to say.

MARIANNE  
The Debs Fundraiser.

DENISE  
I'm talking about after that,  
Marianne.

MARIANNE  
I stayed at Karen's.

Denise takes a sharp inhale. Presses her lips together.

DENISE  
I will not be lied to.

MARIANNE  
I'm not lying.

DENISE  
Karen. You stayed with Karen.

Marianne nods.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
And where does Karen live.

MARIANNE  
Maryborough Road.

DENISE  
And if I call Karen's Mother,  
she'll confirm that will she?

Marianne shrugs.

MARIANNE  
I don't know. She wasn't there.

Denise pinches her nose.

DENISE  
Were you drinking?

MARIANNE  
No. Not really.

DENISE  
Not really?

MARIANNE  
I had, like, two drinks - I never  
go out, I never do anything - I  
study and I go to school - why are  
you giving me such a hard time -

DENISE  
Do not give me attitude Marianne -

MARIANNE  
Alan goes out all night. Alan  
drinks and does what he wants and  
gives out attitude and -

DENISE  
This is not about your brother -  
this is about you and your  
behaviour.

There is a pause.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
I don't want to be lied to. I don't  
want to sit up worrying about you  
all night. I called you. Several  
times.

MARIANNE  
My phone died.

DENISE  
Don't lie.

Marianne drops her head.

MARIANNE  
I'm sorry.

22

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR, LOCKERS. MORNING.

22

CONNELL arrives with his bag on his back. ROB and ERIC are  
there with Lisa and Karen. Eric and Rob cheer when they see  
Connell. Eric slings an arm around his shoulder.

ERIC  
You have been ignoring me all  
fucking weekend - did you get the  
ride the other night or what?

CONNELL

Funny.

ROB

I heard you looked very cosy  
heading off together.

ERIC

Whole school is talking about it.

Connell feels his whole head getting red and his heart  
beginning to race.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Did anything happen? Be honest.

CONNELL

Obviously not.

ROB

I wouldn't hold it against you.  
She's not a bad looking girl. When  
she makes a massive fucking effort.

RACHEL

Yeah, she's just mentally deranged.

Rachel leaves with Lisa. Connell is looking for something in  
his locker, face hidden by the door. We see he's panicking.

KAREN

You're all being so nasty. What has  
she ever done to you?

ERIC

The question is, what's she done to  
Waldron? Look at him hiding in his  
locker there. Come on, spit it out.  
Did you shift her?

He takes a breath, his mouth feels dry.

CONNELL

No.

KAREN

Well, I feel sorry for her.

ERIC

Me too. I think you should make it  
up to her, Connell. I think you  
should ask her to the Debs.

They all laugh. Connell closes his locker and walks away from  
them, carrying his bag limply.

23 INT. SCHOOL TOILETS. MORNING, MOMENTS LATER. 23

CONNELL locks himself in a cubicle. He is sweating, heart racing, trying not to hyperventilate.

24 EXT. GREEN. AFTERNOON. 24

CONNELL and his friends are sitting on the green, eating lunch. RACHEL is a little off to the side. Connell moves over to her.

CONNELL

Hey.

She looks away from him.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry about the other night.

RACHEL

You telling me to fuck off you mean?

He looks anxious.

CONNELL

Yeah. I'm. Look, I'm sorry about that.

RACHEL

I'm sure Marianne was delighted. She's obviously in love with you.

CONNELL

I don't know about that. I mean. That's her business, it's nothing to do with me.

RACHEL

So you're saying there's nothing going on there?

CONNELL

Are you serious? Cop on. Of course there isn't.

RACHEL

Didn't look that way.

He looks away.

CONNELL

I felt sorry for her.

RACHEL

Why? She doesn't need anyone to  
feel sorry for her, she's fine.

He doesn't say anything.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You acted like a complete weirdo.

CONNELL

I'm sorry.

She sighs, softening a bit.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

Rachel.

RACHEL

Yeah?

CONNELL

Can I ask you something?

She looks at him.

RACHEL

Yeah?

25 OMITTED 25

25A INT. LIVING ROOM, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. - AFTERNOON 25A  
MARIANNE is studying. The doorbell rings - she smiles.

25B INT. CORRIDOR, MARRIANNE'S HOUSE. - CONTINUOUS 25B  
Marianne is walking to the door to greet Connell. She looks  
excited, happy.

CONNELL

(Pre-Lap)

So I um. So. I asked. I asked  
Rachel to the Debs. It's, like. Not  
a big deal. I just thought you  
should know. So. Yeah.

CUT TO:

25C INT. LIVING ROOM, MARIANNE'S HOUSE. MOMENTS LATER. 25C  
MARIANNE and CONNELL sit on opposite ends of the sofa.  
Connell is looking down at his hands, feeling incredibly  
awkward. Marianne is looking at him, confused.

CONNELL

So I um. So. I asked. I asked Rachel to the Debs. It's, like. Not a big deal. I just thought you should know. So. Yeah.

She stares at him. He avoids her gaze for a moment, then meets it. Smiles, tries to look normal, casual. It takes her a moment before she can speak.

MARIANNE

Are you sleeping with her?

CONNELL

No.

(attempting a joke)

When would I have the time?

MARIANNE

Do you want to?

CONNELL

I'm not hugely gone on the idea. I don't feel like I'm that insatiable really, I do already have you.

She stares at him, hard.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

That was a joke.

MARIANNE

Yeah. I didn't get it.

CONNELL

You're pissed off with me.

MARIANNE

I don't really care. I just think if you still have a thing for her you should tell me.

CONNELL

Yeah, and I would tell you, if I did. You're saying that's what the issue is, but I honestly don't think that's what it is.

She looks at him. She laughs.

MARIANNE

What do you think the issue is then, Connell? D'you reckon you can name it? You up for it? Go on, have a go, what's the issue with us?

He looks at her with a dejected, shamefaced expression. She shakes her head. Stands up.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

I think you should go.

He nods, slow.

He stands up and leaves the room. She turns around. She waits for the click of the door. And then covers her face with her hands.

26

INT. CONNELL'S CAR. AFTERNOON, SAME.

26

CONNELL is driving with LORRAINE in the passenger seat beside him. She looks over at him suspiciously.

LORRAINE

Are you alright?

CONNELL

Yeah.

LORRAINE

You've got a look on you.

For several seconds, he says nothing. When he speaks it's as though unprompted by Lorraine's remark.

CONNELL

I asked Rachel to the Debs.

LORRAINE

What?



CONNELL

I asked Rachel Moran to go to the  
Debs with me.

They're driving past a garage. Lorraine taps the window.

LORRAINE

Pull in here.

CONNELL

What?

She taps the window, harder.

LORRAINE

Pull in.

He hits the indicator, checks the mirror, pulls into the  
garage forecourt and stops the car.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Who is Marianne going to the Debs  
with?

CONNELL

I don't know.

LORRAINE

So maybe no will ask her. And she  
just won't go.

CONNELL

Yeah, maybe. I don't know.

Lorraine covers her mouth with her hand. Connell watches her  
anxiously.

LORRAINE

And you don't think maybe you  
should have asked her? Seeing as  
how you fuck her every day after  
school.

CONNELL

Oh that is vile language to use.

He looks out of the window.

LORRAINE

Well, feel free to explain it in  
your words, Connell. What exactly  
is the arrangement? Marianne comes  
over to our house, you have sex  
with her, and she's not allowed  
tell anyone, is that it?

CONNELL

What does that mean? Allowed?

LORRAINE

Do you talk to her in school? In front of your friends, are you nice to her, do you talk to her?

He says nothing.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Would you say hello to her, even?

CONNELL

I doubt she cares if I say hello to her or not...

CONNELL (CONT'D)

I doubt she cares if I say hello to her or not.

LORRAINE

You're fucking her -

CONNELL

Can you stop saying that -

LORRAINE

You're fucking her and you won't say hello to her in public.

CONNELL

It's not like that. You're twisting it.

She stares straight ahead.

LORRAINE

What are you afraid of? What people will say if they found out you liked her?

He doesn't respond.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Well, I'll tell you what I think about you, shall I? I think you're a disgrace. I'm ashamed of you.

He looks at her pleadingly.

CONNELL

Mam.

He looks down. She shakes her head, furious.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

Where're you going?

LORRAINE

I'll get the bus home.

CONNELL

What are you talking about? Act normal, will you?

LORRAINE

If I stay in the car, I'm only going to say things I'll regret.

She opens the passenger door.

CONNELL

Mam!

She slams the door shut. He tightens his hands on the wheel.

27	OMITTED	27
28	OMITTED	28
29	OMITTED	29

30

INT. CLASSROOM. MORNING.

30

CONNELL sits watching the door whilst MISS NEARY calls the roll.

MISS NEARY  
Liam Quinn.

LIAM  
Here.

MISS NEARY  
Hannah Quigley.

HANNAH

Here.

MISS NEARY

Marianne Sheridan.

No response. She looks up at Marianne's usual desk and marks an X.

31 OMITTED 31

32 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. MORNING. 32

MARIANNE is lying in bed. Books are on her side table. She looks a little pale, tired, blank expression.

She lies back and listens to the sounds of Denise and Alan leaving the house. Radio being switched off, keys being picked up, the front door being clicked open.

ALAN (O.S.)

(sarcastic)

Bye Marianne.

And then the slam of the front door, feet on gravel and car doors being opened, closed, engines on and a car rolling away.

It's quiet. Birdsong. She closes her eyes for a moment. Then opens them.

33 OMITTED 33

34 OMITTED 34

34A INT. BALCONY, SCHOOL. - AFTERNOON 34A

Students mill around. CONNELL is standing alone. He takes his phone out of his pocket, looks at it for a moment, then starts to type a text.

35 INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, SAME. 35

MARIANNE sits at her desk making notes from an Economics textbook. On her phone, a text arrives from Connell. We see that this is the latest in a long stream of unanswered texts.

*Hey. People in school getting worried about you. I hope you're not sick or anything. Let me know.*

She goes back to her book. A few seconds later, another message.

*i know you're annoyed with me. Im not trying to harass you. Just worried.*

She folds her arms on the desk and puts her head down on her arms.

36 EXT. GREEN. LUNCH. 36

CONNELL and his friends are sitting out on the green together. RACHEL lies near him. His friends are all talking, but he is completely withdrawn, unable to listen or interact.

ALT - He checks his phone

37 INT. MARIANNE'S KITCHEN. AFTERNOON. 37

MARIANNE walks into the kitchen. LORRAINE is kneeling, cleaning the oven. Lorraine straightens when she sees her, wiping her forehead.

LORRAINE  
Hello sweetheart.

Marianne smiles a hello.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
I hear you've been out of school.  
Is everything okay?

MARIANNE  
I'm fine. I'm just not going back to school. I feel like I get a lot more done if I stay home and study.

LORRAINE

Suit yourself.

MARIANNE

Yeah. That's not exactly my Mum's attitude.

Marianne goes to fill the kettle.

LORRAINE

My son tells me you're ignoring his messages.

Marianne pauses. She feels her heart race for a moment.

MARIANNE

Well. I am I suppose.

LORRAINE

Good for you. He doesn't deserve you.

Marianne feels a wave of relief. Followed by something more complicated.

MARIANNE

He didn't do anything that bad. I mean. Compared to most people in school he was actually pretty nice to me.

Lorraine stands up and pulls off her rubber gloves. She puts her arms around Marianne and embraces her tightly.

MARIANNE (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'm fine. Don't worry about me.

Lorraine holds onto her.

38 INT. MISS NEARY'S ROOM. MORNING. 38

The class, including CONNELL, take down notes from the board.

39 OMITTED 39

40 OMITTED 40

41 INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON. 41

CONNELL and RACHEL are having sex. It looks a little awkward, disconnected. Rachel looks at him, but he looks over her head. She moves a little, as though he is in the wrong position. He tries to readjust.

He cums. She doesn't.



Connell rolls off her and she pulls her underwear back on.

They lie on their backs, next to one another, their breath quick.

41A INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM. A LITTLE LATER. 41A

RACHEL is sitting up in bed. CONNELL is sitting at the end of the bed, his breath a little ragged, his hand on his head. He looks lost.

RACHEL  
Are you okay?

He nods.

CONNELL  
Yeah. Fine.

41AA OMITTED 41AA

41B EXT. RACHEL'S STREET. AFTERNOON, LATER. 41B

CONNELL walks back from Rachel's house to his own, looking stressed.

42 INT. CONNELL'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 42

CONNELL and LORRAINE are watching television together.

Connell is drinking a can. Perhaps one empty on the table.

CONNELL  
She won't reply to any of my texts.

She nods, slow. Looks at him.

CONNELL (CONT'D)  
Have you seen her? Is she alright?

Lorraine pauses. She doesn't want to talk about it.

LORRAINE  
I see her sometimes.

CONNELL  
And?

LORRAINE  
You hurt her feelings.

CONNELL  
Yeah, but this. This is a bit far,  
this is an overreaction.

Lorraine shrugs.

CONNELL (CONT'D)  
No?

LORRAINE  
Marianne is a very vulnerable  
person. And you did something  
exploitative. And you hurt her.

He looks down. Chews his cheek. Twists his hands.

CONNELL  
You know. Could you just. Try being  
on my side?

She looks at him.

LORRAINE  
I don't want to be on your side on  
this one Connell.

He matches her gaze.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
I don't think it's a bad thing that  
you're feeling bad about this.

He looks at her. Nods, upset.

CONNELL  
Fine.

Tears build. He leaves the room. Lorraine looks after him.  
She feels guilty.

LORRAINE  
Connell.

A door slams.

43 OMITTED

43

44 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR. MORNING, LATER.

44

JUNE.

The corridor is full of sixth year students in their  
uniforms, checking and rechecking notes.

CONNELL looks up at the clock.

A door opens at the end of the corridor and everyone looks up. It's MARIANNE, dressed in her own clothes. Connell is totally overwhelmed by seeing her. He can't speak.

Karen smiles at her. Marianne smiles serenely back. She doesn't look at Connell.

The door of the exam hall opens and an elderly EXAMINER regards them through her glasses.

EXAMINER

You can take your seats now.

45 INT. EXAM HALL. MORNING, LATER. 45

The sixth years hunch over their desks.

45A EXT. COUNTRYSIDE, CARRICKLEA. MORNING. 45A

A still shot of the fields in the morning.

46 INT. CONNELL'S HALLWAY. AFTERNOON. 46

EARLY AUGUST

CONNELL is dressed in a tuxedo. He stands in front of LORRAINE. He looks absolutely miserable.

LORRAINE

Well. Have fun.

He looks at her.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Don't poison yourself.

Nods.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Look after yourself.

Nods again.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
It's just one night sweetheart.

CONNELL  
Yeah.

LORRAINE  
You'll have fun when you're there.

He looks over her shoulder.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
What are you worried about?

CONNELL  
I just really don't want to go. I  
want to go back to bed, Mam, I  
really don't want to go.

She holds his shoulders. Strokes his cheek.

LORRAINE  
Sometimes we have to do things we  
don't want to.

He looks miserable.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)  
You'll be fine. You look so  
handsome.

He sighs. She kisses his cheek.

47 INT. LIVING ROOM, RACHEL'S HOUSE. AFTERNOON, A LITTLE LATER. 47

CONNELL is standing in the living room, with framed family photographs displayed. He's holding a plastic wrapped bouquet of flowers.

RACHEL is in an ornate, floor-length ball gown. Her hair is styled elaborately and she's wearing a full face of makeup.

Her parents, BILL and FIONA are beaming.

Connell swallows.

CONNELL  
You look well.

Fiona smiles. Rachel raises an eyebrow.

RACHEL  
Thanks.

She indicates the flowers.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Are those for me?

He remembers he's holding the flowers.

CONNELL

Yeah.

She takes them and looks at them neutrally.

RACHEL

You've met my parents then.

CONNELL

Right.

RACHEL

Did Connell tell you he's going to Trinity.

They look at him expectantly.

CONNELL

If I get the grades.

FIONA

Well, isn't that nice. What are you going to study?

CONNELL

English

A small silence.

BILL

Teaching is it?

CONNELL

Hm?

BILL

You're going into teaching?

He stares.

CONNELL

Uh. I don't know. I haven't really thought about it.

48

EXT. RACHEL'S GARDEN. LATE AFTERNOON, LATER.

48

FIONA and Rachel's sister KAYLEIGH are taking photos of CONNELL and RACHEL, who are standing together next to the flowerbed. Rachel keeps rearranging the two of them into various poses. Connell tries to maintain a smile.

49 INT. TAXI. EVENING. 49

CONNELL and RACHEL sit in the back seat. She smooths out her dress. Takes his hand.

49A EXT. HOTEL, EVENING. 49A

CONNELL and RACHEL and a few other students in formal wear enter the hotel

50 INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM. EVENING, LATER. 50

CONNELL and RACHEL have just arrived. Their friends all gather around them, the boys in tuxedos, the girls in full length dresses.

LISA  
You look stunning.

RACHEL  
My hair is being really annoying.

KAREN  
It looks perfect.

ERIC  
How are you, Waldron? Ready for a big night?

He looks at him. His face is blank.

CONNELL  
Yeah. Sure.

51 INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM. NIGHT, LATER. 51

Empty soup bowls are being removed by the wait staff and being replaced with main courses - big slices of meat with potatoes and vegetables.

ERIC refills Connell's wine glass.

ERIC  
Here. Get that in you.

CUT TO:

52 INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM. NIGHT, LATER. 52

Dessert bowls are being taken away. LISA tries to stand up from the table, stumbles, and falls over. Everyone laughs and applauds as she tries to get to her feet.

CUT TO:

53

INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM. NIGHT, LATER.

53

The tables have been moved to create a dance floor. Flashing lights, loud music - like a wedding.

CONNELL, ERIC and ROB have taken off their jackets and are sitting at the side of the dance floor nursing pints. Rob is surreptitiously showing Eric and Connell his phone, displaying a naked photograph of Lisa. Eric is laughing, using his fingers to zoom in on Lisa's breasts. Connell sits there, looking miserable.

CONNELL

Bit fucked up showing that to  
people isn't it?

Rob sighs loudly, locks his phone and puts it away.

ROB

You've gone really fucking gay  
lately Waldron.

Connell doesn't respond. Just empties his glass and puts it down under his chair. Then without saying anything further, he gets up and walks off.

54

EXT. HOTEL SMOKING AREA. NIGHT, LATER.

54

CONNELL is lighting a cigarette. He stares through the windows inside, the room lit up, people dancing and laughing.

ERIC comes and stands next to him. Lights a cigarette. They stand in silence for a moment, watching the party.

ERIC

Shame Marianne didn't come in the  
end.

Connell says nothing.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What was going on there.

Connell regards him silently for a few seconds.

CONNELL

What do you mean?

ERIC

With herself and yourself.

CONNELL

I don't know what you're on about.

ERIC

Do you think we don't know you were  
riding her? Sure everyone knows.

Connell inhales.

CONNELL

Right.

ERIC

How long was that going on for?

CONNELL

I don't know. A while.

ERIC

And what's the story there? You were just doing it for the laugh or what?

CONNELL

You know me.

Connell stubs out his cigarette and goes back inside.

55 INT. HOTEL FUNCTION ROOM. NIGHT, MOMENTS LATER. 55

CONNELL walks across the dance floor, picks his jacket up off his seat almost without pausing, and walks out the door.

56 EXT. STREET. NIGHT, LATER. 56

CONNELL is walking towards home. He's nearly there. His phone is ringing - Rachel. He rejects the call.

He goes to his contacts instead and pauses on Marianne's name. He hits call.

It rings out until he reaches her voicemail, with her recorded name.

VOICEMAIL

(through phone)

This is the voicemail service of:  
Marianne Sheridan. Please leave a  
message after the tone.

The tone sounds. He pauses for a moment. Sits down by a tree.

CONNELL

Hey. It's me again. I know it's late to be calling - I'm sorry. Maybe you've blocked my number. I'm not trying to force you to talk to me. I just. I want to say sorry I was such a prick. I don't know. Maybe you'd rather I left you alone and.

(MORE)



CONNELL (CONT'D)

I just don't want you to think I went off and forgot about what happened with us, like I don't think about it or I don't care. I do really care. And I feel bad. All the time.

His eyes are filling with tears now. He wipes them away.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

I really miss you. Really badly. It's so lonely without you. I can't talk to anyone the way I would talk to you.

He wipes his nose.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

In the future when I look back on my life or whatever, or or if someone asks me who was the first girl I ever loved, it will always be you. And I know I fucked up. I fucked it all up. I'm just.

He takes a breath.

CONNELL (CONT'D)

I'm just calling to say I miss you. And I love you. And I wish that we could talk.

He pulls the phone away from his ear.

Hits hang up.

Drops his head and sobs.

57

INT. MARIANNE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT SAME.

57

Marianne sleeps. (ALT END)

Her phone beeps. She looks down at it.

*One new voice message.*

She stands at the window, looking out.

Picks up her phone and dials her voicemail.

VOICEMAIL

You have one new message. Message received at -

She hits a number on her phone.

CONNELL  
(through phone)  
Hey. It's -

She hits seven.

VOICEMAIL  
Message deleted.

She hangs up. Puts the phone down. Takes a deep breath.