

NORMAL PEOPLE
EPISODE 3

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&

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Based on

NORMAL PEOPLE by Sally Rooney

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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.

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.

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, MARIANNE'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. I'm 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 cum. 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 LATER⁴⁷

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.

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 a 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.