

We establish on the outside of a flat. The sound of a pumping house party filters from the windows. Franny (17) - super nerd extraordinaire and wearing an enormous fur coat is lurking outside the door shivering and nervously glugging a bottle of Sherry. Franny addresses the camera with giddy excitement.

## FRANNY

Janine Bennett is having a house party. *Sans* parents. Which is a fucking big deal... I offered to dissect her rat to get an invite, but nothing... In biology - it wasn't, sort of, pagan.

A waft of laughter comes from the open window. Franny chuckles and shakes her head as if sharing the joke. A beat. A couple of tattered up girls approach the front door. Franny grins and waves enthusiastically.

## FRANNY (CONT'D)

Hey gals! Whoa! Nice lime jeggings Victoria! You look like a... Sexy frog!

They ignore her. As the door begins to close Franny sees an opportunity and quickly tries to sneak in behind them.

## INTERCOM/JANINE O.S

Not you Franny .

Franny sheepishly notices an intercom.

## FRANNY

Oh hey Janine! Cool! No sweat babe, Just bustin' the breeze out here and shootin' up with some sweet sweet sherry!

Franny takes a large swig of sherry. Silence.

## FRANNY (CONT'D)

*(Back to camera - grinning tightly)*

I think she's gone.

Franny returns to the door step and addresses the camera with feverish urgency.

## FRANNY (CONT'D)

Cinderella MUST get her sweet ass to the ball tonight because Ferdinand Trotter is in there, the most desirable gent in Christendom I.E The school.

(MORE)

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
 And by sun down I am going to snog  
 slash grope slash fingers crossed  
 bang him into orbit...

Franny swigs some more sherry.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
 Unlike the other overgrown Orks  
 that roam the school, Ferdie is  
 quiet and mild mannered and utterly  
 charming. This is often reflected  
 in his, *frankly, stunning*  
 watercolours. His brooding shell  
 collages and wistful fruit-scapes  
*sing to me...*

INT. ART ROOM FLASHBACK.

Franny stares in awe at Ferdinand's, *frankly, dreadful* fruit-scapes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE PARTY.

FRANNY  
 In the past few days I've started  
 to go to the art room in the lunch  
 breaks myself. I'm certainly no  
 painter but I'm pretty good with a  
 bit of wood, so...

She reveals a miniature coffin.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
 I shall present it to him tonight.  
 The perfect romantic gesture.  
 Because death is also a symbol for  
 an orgasm...

Lizzie's eager smile fades to vulnerability for a second.

FRANNY (CONT'D)  
 Just getting in, is the fly in the  
 old ointment. I'm not part of the  
 social elite, it must be said. But,  
 give a shit *frankly*? My school  
 counsellor says it's because I've  
 been brought up by a solitary,  
 drunken, very slutty Mother -

INT. SCHOOL COUNCILLORS OFFICE FLASHBACK.

Franny sits in front of her school councillor who surveys Franny with deep pity.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE PARTY.

FRANNY

- I'm paraphrasing here - and I've spent most of my time alone or with my sadly-quite-aggressive Chinchilla - Edward. I told my counsellor I've gorged myself on sufficient period dramas to know how to 'discharge my wit' and 'garner popularity'! Haha! But she said, then why do people lock you in the toilet and pour carbonated drinks on your head?

(Her smile fades.)

And I think that was a little harsh.

One more girl approaches the door. She is buzzed in, and just as the door is about to close, Franny leaps towards it and hops in, firing an ecstatic thumbs up to the camera as she goes.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

(Euphorically over her shoulder as she springs through the door)

She's in! Going to be the best party ever!

HARD CUT TO:

2

INT. UNDER STAIRS CUPBOARD.

2

Franny is tear-stained, has mascara running down her face. She is in a an under stairs cupboard and putting on a brave face. We can hear the party going on outside.

FRANNY

Oh hey! Just chillin' in an under-stairs broom cupboard?  
(*MacDonald's style*)  
Da da da da da im loving it!

It's dank. There's a hoover and a mop and bucket. A sad beat.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Well... I'm having an absolute blast at the party - I sashayed in, mingled, worked the room. Went down down a treeeeat!

2A

INT. PARTY. FLASHBACK.

2A

Franny flamboyantly enters the room. Party-goers whisper and giggle and generally look a bit wierded out.

Franny confidently strides over to Janine and a gaggle of girls. Janine and her gang immediately turn their backs.

2B INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD.

2B

FRANNY

With um... The odd exception of course. But Pah! Water, may I introduce you to duck's back....!

(She looks momentarily sad, then recovers)

Anyway located Ferdypops, had a bit of a chin wag. We've actually got a lot in common.... Mainly eczema. Admittedly. So I lied with that.

2C INT. PARTY FLASHBACK.

2C

Franny has Ferdie backed up against a wall and is showing him the backs of her knees.

FRANNY

(Intensely eyeballing him)

You see mine colonises the backs of me knees Ferdie? Eczema loves a sweaty nook! Am I right?

Franny prods him on the chest.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Am I right Ferdie, lad?

Ferdie nods politely.

2D INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD.

2D

FRANNY

It was incredibly erotic! So wham-bam - I just plucked up the courage and -

2E INT. PARTY FLASHBACK.

2E

Franny reveals the miniature coffin to Ferdie - she points at his name engraved into it. Ferdie looks a little bit scared. Awkward pause. Franny suddenly worries the name has freaked him out.

FRANNY

Oh don't worry about the name, I'm not gonna put you in there Ferdie!... I'd ...have to chop you into little pieces to fit you in there! Haha!

Franny laughs long and hard. Ferdie smiles tensely/politely.

2F INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD.

2F

FRANNY  
And then of course... Janine and  
the girls descended.

2FA INT. PARTY.

2FA

A group of girls stand looking delightedly disgusted and amused at Franny and her coffin. They point at it and at Ferdie and hoot with laughter. Janine tugs at Franny's fur coat and gives Franny a sarcastic thumbs up. Ferdie looks awkward.

2FB INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD.

2FB

FRANNY  
Mocking the coffin, jeering at my  
fabulous fur coat...  
(Getting upset)  
And to top it all off someone threw  
an actual hula hoop at me. It sort  
of ricocheted off my specs...

INT. PARTY FLASHBACK.

Close up of hula hoop ricocheting in slow motion off Franny's specs.

INT. PARTY.

FRANNY  
And then all of a sudden...

2M INT. PARTY. FLASHBACK.

2M

Close up of Franny's wide open mouth as she wails and wails and wails.

2N INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD.

2N

FRANNY  
Literally couldn't stop.

INT. PARTY FLASHBACK.

Franny wails like a whale/ocean liner. The girls begin to look a little freaked out. Franny suddenly bolts.

INT. PARTY.

FRANNY

So I bolted. Didn't know where I was going, picked a door and, well, here I am. In this absolutely delightful broom cupboard. And. Yeah. (Beat) Da da da da! I'm lovin' it!

The sound of a gaggle of giggling girls passing outside the door.

JANINE

Like mother like daughter: Franny's a mingling, desperate slag who no one fancies...

They laugh uproariously. Franny crumples then gathers herself. Maybe she gives herself a slap.

FRANNY

(Eyeballing the camera  
with steely  
determination)

That is IT. Starting right now I am going to create a new Francesca Withersgate. I'm not going to be this horrible lonely husk anymore. I'm sick of being sad and not having a single friend in the entire universe. Including my very own chinchilla - whose very survival rests upon my presence. Well sayonara you lonely old spod! From now on I'll refer to myself as... the Frazzatron! Make contemporary references, drink WKD, send the lads snapchats of my... derriere and show scant if any attention in class, even if that does directly jeopardise my future employment and the ongoing enrichment of my own intellect. Right Franny - sorry the Frazzatron - no time like the present. Time to tear this party a new anus hole!

Franny swings opens the door to reveal Ferdie. Franny looks both shocked and delighted.

EXT. CUPBOARD. LATER.

Franny is exhilarated and panting slightly. She's whispering.

## FRANNY

Wow. Just wow. That was *amazing*.  
 Ferdie came in search for yon fair  
 maiden, i.e. Me. He said he felt  
 bad because of the wailing noises I  
 had made and the sustained campaign  
 of bullying I've been enduring this  
 past year or four... He said *he*  
 didn't think I was a weirdo, which  
 was strange because I hadn't  
 suggested that I was a weirdo, but  
 nevertheless I correctly  
 interpreted this to mean that he  
 was head over heels in love with  
 me. Ha! And to think I was actually  
 going to *change* my personality?!  
 Lesson of the day Fran babe?  
 Definitely do naaat need to do  
 that...

(VO over the following)  
 So. I removed me fur...

## EXT. CUPBOARD FLASHBACK.

In accordance with her narration, we see Franny 'seductively' removing her fur coat and flinging it on the floor. Beneath which she is wearing something unbecoming e.g A floral blouse/large fleece.

## EXT. CUPBOARD.

...Leaned in. He leaned back. I put  
 my hand on his arm. He softly,  
 softly, removed my hand. It was  
 like a beautiful ballet...

Close up angle on: a body leaning in, and another retreating;  
 a hand on an arm, another removing it.

## EXT. CUPBOARD.

## FRANNY

Sure he was shy. But who wouldn't  
 be when propositioning Francesca  
 Anne, Edith, Gwendoline,  
 Withersgate? Rigid with nerves the  
 poor wee mite!

## EXT. CUPBOARD FLASHBACK.

Franny lunges Ferdie again and plants a sloppy snog on his unresponsive lips - he remains ice still.

## FRANNY

I'm not going to bite Ferdie! Ha!

Franny kisses him again more urgently. Ferdie raises his hand (like a stop sign) and rears back.

EXT. CUPBOARD.

FRANNY

He said he needed some time. Which I totally understood and I was massively cool with this - he was overwhelmed with passion and couldn't handle the level of lust he was experiencing. I said, 'You want time, you can have all the time you need!' Haha... So.

There's a knock on the inside of the cupboard door and we see a chair is propped up against it. Franny checks her watch.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

So far he's had an hour and a half.  
(To cupboard)  
Are you ready yet Ferdie?

Another knock.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

(To Camera)  
I'll give him another twenty.

Yet another more frantic knock. Franny rolls her eyes then sticks a straw in her bottle of sherry and pops it through the keyhole.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Sup of dry sherry my poppet?  
(Turning back to camera)  
Well Franny . I think its safe to say... You've fucking nailed it!

END.