INT. LLANFyr HIGH SCHOOL - HEADMISTRESS' OFFICE - MORNING

Direct pick up from Ep 4. BETHAN stood in the doorway. MRS FRANCIS has a sandwich held in front of her mouth, about to take a bite --

BETHAN
Miss, I wanna run for head girl.

MRS FRANCIS
That’s lovely. But the deadline was yesterday. Shut the door.

MRS FRANCIS goes to take a bite.

BETHAN
I know, but I was off sick yesterday --

MRS FRANCIS places the sandwich down on the desk.

MRS FRANCIS
Well, cry me a river... I can’t go moving dates round willy nilly. Else everyone’l want special treatment, won’t they.

BETHAN
It could just be our little secret?

BETHAN gives a cheeky wink, MRS FRANCIS unimpressed.

MRS FRANCIS
Don’t do that... Rules are rules. And anyway - these things are a popularity contest... Not to say you’re not popular... Well let’s not beat round the bush - you’re not popular.

BETHAN
Cheers, miss.

MRS FRANCIS
Oh come on get real. I got the likes of Poppy Crookshank in the running. It’d be David and Goliath.

BETHAN
Popular girls shouldn’t just automatically get it, it’s not fair.
MRS FRANCIS
Perhaps you’ll get yourself a filofax and start adhering to deadlines then.

BETHAN
Who uses a filofax?

MRS FRANCIS
People who are running for head girl. Now if there’s nothing else...

MRS FRANCIS’ eyes drift to her sandwich. BETHAN gets up to walk out in a strop.

BETHAN
This is discrimination.

MRS FRANCIS
No it’s not.

MRS FRANCIS plucks up her sandwich just as BETHAN turns back at the doorway.

BETHAN
Miss can I just say one more thing?

MRS FRANCIS
Good god, what?

BETHAN
This school has been crying out for a change, for the voice of the many. And that’s me... Come on, just do it as an experiment, see if I can make the others work harder...

MRS FRANCIS
That was two things.  
(Thinking for a beat)  
Campaign speech is in a week. Don’t let me down. And don’t embarrass yourself.

BETHAN
I won’t, I promise. Thank you so much.

MRS FRANCIS
Please get out.

CUT TO:
EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GROUNDS - MORNING

BETHAN’S eyes search the yard, landing on TRAVIS sat with a group of NERDS, including PETER, trying to fit in.

PETER
No-one can truly call themselves a film fan if they haven’t watched an Almodovar.

NERD
Oh please, that’s ludicrous.

PETER
I’m not saying you have to like them, but you’ve got to be fluent in their artistic currency. Travis – favourite film?

TRAVIS
Um, well I always really liked Moulin Rouge.

PETER
(Sniggering)
You’ve got to be joking?

TRAVIS
No, that’s a great film. It’s arty.

BETHAN approaches.

BETHAN
Trav – Mrs Blocker asked to see you in her office.

TRAVIS
Why?

BETHAN
She saw you on the CCTV wearing your trainers...

TRAVIS
Ah for god’s sake... I’ll see you in a bit boys.

TRAVIS heads off. BETHAN follows, giving him a nudge.

BETHAN
You’re welcome...
TRAVIS
Ah you dick, I was bricking it.

BETHAN
I had to be cruel to be kind...
Wanna help me make posters?

TRAVIS
What for?

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - MORNING D5

TRAVIS and BETHAN sit at the computers, both tapping away.

TRAVIS
I’m crap with this stuff.

BETHAN
Yeah I can see that...
(Beat)
By the way... I wanted to say sorry about the other day.

TRAVIS
... Just the other day? ‘Cos you’ve been a dick for weeks.

BETHAN
Get off the fence why don’t you?

Beat. They carry on tapping at their computers.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
Will you forgive me if I buy you a Calippo?

TRAVIS
Yeah alright.

BETHAN
Thanks... Just on a completely different topic, can I borrow £1.50?

TRAVIS
(Shaking his head)
You’re a twat
(Re: computer)
What about this?

TRAVIS reveals his poster, BETHAN’S face (badly) superimposed on to Shirley Bassey’s body.

BETHAN
Wow that looks shit.

Just then PETER walks in, talking to another BOY as he goes.

PETER
Coding is the future, that’s just a fact.

(MORE)
PETER (CONT’D)
There won’t be jobs for any of us within 10 years, we’ll just code from our beds --

BETHAN
Peter, please can you help us?

PETER
I’m hardly gonna say yes before I know the terms.

BETHAN
Chill I’m not asking you to sign a contract, just help us with these posters.

TRAVIS
Please, you’re so much better with computers than us.

PETER peers over at the screen, rolling his eyes.

PETER
Oh very droll.

GO TO: As PETER taps away at the computer, we see BETHAN on her phone searching “Tip Top Chip Shop company owner”. Then PETER sits back, smug --

PETER (CONT’D)
Done. Easy.

BETHAN and TRAVIS look at the screen [NB we don’t see it]

BETHAN
Amazing, you’re a legend.

PETER
Don’t think this secures my vote. I’ll remain impartial until I’ve considered all policies.

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR NEAR COMMON ROOM - DAY 5

Close on a poster depicting BETHAN’S face superimposed on to a black and white photograph of Winston Churchill, cigar in her mouth, doing the peace sign. With the slogan, “Winston Churchill would be better, but he’s dead. So vote for Bethan.”

We pull out to reveal a GAGGLE of students, including PRIEST and LORRAINE CHAPMAN looking at it. BETHAN and TRAVIS nearby sticking up more posters. PRIEST rips it down.

PRIEST
Not tryna be rude but you’re fugly.

BETHAN
How is that not rude?

TRAVIS takes the poster from PRIEST, sticking it back up.

TRAVIS
You gonna vote for her?

PRIEST
No I don’t vote for fat baps.

Just then POPPY and her friends walk in, she spots BETHAN and the posters, her face registering “what the fuck?” before she replaces it with a saccharine smile, heading over.

POPPY
Babe - what’s all this?

BETHAN
I’m running for head girl.      TRAVIS
She’s running for head girl.

POPPY
Oh my goodness. Good for you, hun.

BETHAN
Thanks.

POPPY
That’s so funny though because the deadline was last week? Like... You missed it right?

(Off her shrug)
I mean it doesn’t matter to me, I’m just so proud of you. Good luck...

POPPY sashays off. BETHAN curling her lip in disgust.
TRAVIS
She’s a rotten apple.

BETHAN
Alright nan.

LORRAINE interrupts, re: the posters.

LORRAINE
Hey Beth, can I take some of those?
I’ll put them up for you.

BETHAN
Oh, cheers Lorraine.

LORRAINE
... Beat the bitch.

CUT TO:
INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - WARD RECEPTION - DAY 5

BETHAN approaches a YOUNG NURSE, JODIE (25), who she’s not seen before. JODIE is young and cool. BETHAN blushes.

JODIE
You alright, love?

BETHAN
Yeah, I’m looking for Trina?

JODIE
I think she was watching the telly. Come on, I’ll take you there now.

As they walk towards the communal room BETHAN feels anxious. Casting the occasional sideways glance at JODIE.

BETHAN (V.O.)
I dunno what to do with my hands.

JODIE
You her daughter?

BETHAN
(Not wanting to admit it)
Yeah.

JODIE
Yeah, Bethan. She’s been telling me all about you.

BETHAN
Really?

JODIE
Yeah, you’re gonna be a Hollywood star apparently...

BETHAN
Hmmm, yeah not so sure about that.

CUT TO:
INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMUNAL ROOM - DAY 5

JODIE
(Pointing to TRINA)
There she is.

TRINA’S stood with an ELDERLY MAN holding a zimmer frame, placing a hand on his head.

TRINA
(To the ELDERLY MAN)
I’ve healed you. You can sit on the floor now if you want.

ELDERLY MAN
(Smacking her hand away)
Piss off.

JODIE
I’m Jodie by the way - let me know if you need anything.

BETHAN
Thanks.

As JODIE heads off, TRINA spots BETHAN beelining for her.

TRINA
Where you been baby?

TRINA plants a kiss on BETHAN. She’s in an upbeat mood, coherent even though most of what she says is far-fetched.

BETHAN
Just school.

TRINA
I’ve got myself in hot water.

BETHAN
Why?

TRINA surreptitiously nods to a WOMAN in a pink dressing gown who’s struggling to peel an orange.

TRINA
(Gesturing to a woman)
I just told her I’d buy her a Lexus, brand new. I got my mouth writing cheques my arse can’t cash.
BETHAN sits down, TRINA plucking up someone’s forgotten beaker full of mucky old tea. She offers it to BETHAN --

TRINA (CONT’D)
Cuppa tea?

BETHAN
Uh - no thanks.

TRINA
Yeah, it’s back wash.

TRINA plonks the cup down and sits down next to BETHAN, placing herself too close, unaware of personal space. BETHAN wants to try and connect with her --

BETHAN
So how d’you feel?

TRINA
Great, lovely facilities in here.

BETHAN
Yeah but... I dunno I was just wondering how you’re feeling in yourself. Like... can you describe what’s going on in your brain?

TRINA
Oh everything. I can read the bible and enjoy it. I can drink hot or cold tea and enjoy it --

TRINA reaches for the beaker, BETHAN pulling it away.

BETHAN
No don’t have that.
(Beat)
I’ve got some news... I signed up to run in this election thing at school.

TRINA
What like Margaret Thatcher?

BETHAN
Who? No, basically if you get it you become the face of the school. And so now next week I’ve gotta do a speech in front of the whole year and all the teachers --
TRINA
(Horrified)
Why you doing that for?

BETHAN
‘Cos it’s a good opportunity. You get to make loads of decisions.

TRINA
Last time you were in a play you threw up. You were a wreck.

BETHAN
Well... This is different.

TRINA
Ah hang on, I gotta get my brain in the same tune...

TRINA gets up and darts to the wall, standing with her nose to it. Just as JODIE walks in with a small paper cup of meds for TRINA --

JODIE
What you doing, Trin?

TRINA turns around like she wasn’t just staring at a wall, and looks at BETHAN.

TRINA
Ignore Jodie, she’s just a cleaner.

JODIE
(Good natured)
I’m not a cleaner remember,

BETHAN
Mum that’s rude.

I’m one of the nurses.

BETHAN’S face burns with embarrassment.

TRINA
God I’m gasping for a cup of tea.

TRINA plucks up the beaker and swigs it.

CUT TO:
INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 5

NANA is making some dinner as BETHAN sits at the table scribbling in a notebook. NANA hushed to BETHAN --

NANA
What’s he doing up there?

BETHAN
I don’t care. I hope he stays up there... What’s some good policies? What did you want when you were at school?

NANA
All I cared about was necking boys.

BETHAN
Ugh.

NANA
It’s true, Duncan Gibbert - made me weak at the knees.

BETHAN
Stop.

NANA
You don’t need all this bumph. You’re a lovely girl, just get up there and say “I’m beautiful and you best vote for me”.

BETHAN
You smoking crack?

NANA
Not lately, no. Go and tell him dinner’s ready.

BETHAN
He won’t come.

NANA
Right, enough of this.

CUT TO:
INT. BETHAN’S HOUSE – LANDING / DILWYN’S BEDROOM – DAY 5

NANA and BETHAN are stood outside of DILWYN’S bedroom.

NANA
   Dil, I’m coming in.

NANA enters. DILWYN is in bed, back to them, voice subdued.

DILWYN
   Not now mam.

NANA
   Come and have dinner --

DILWYN
   Just get out mam.

CUT TO:
EXT. LYDIA’S HOUSE – DAY 5

BETHAN rings the doorbell. After a beat LYDIA opens it, wearing PJ’s, her hair unwashed.

    BETHAN
    Hey.

LYDIA closes the door in her face. Not dissuaded, BETHAN turns to a hedge, rooting inside where a spare key hangs on a string. She pulls it out and lets herself in.

    CUT TO:
**INT. LYDIA’S HOUSE – LOUNGE – DAY 5**

BETHAN enters. LYDIA keeps her gaze on the screen.

BETHAN
Woah, how many farts you done in here?

LYDIA doesn’t respond as BETHAN sits down beside her. LYDIA’S got a bottle of Yazoo milkshake, BETHAN reaches for it --

LYDIA
Can you not? That’s my last one.
(BETHAN swigs it)
Twat.

BETHAN
What you watching?

LYDIA
Curious Creatures.

BETHAN
Why?

LYDIA
Do you want something?

BETHAN
Yeah... I miss you. I’ve been worried about you.

LYDIA
Well I’m fine – anything else?

BETHAN
Sherene Hammer had sex with JD Jenkins in the graveyard. Like...
On a a grave. Can you imagine that corpse being like...

BETHAN realises she’s putting her foot in it and trails off.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
Well, whatever, it was funny... So how come your mum’s letting you off school?

LYDIA
She’s at a conference.
BETHAN
When you gonna come back?

LYDIA
Dunno. Next week.

BETHAN
Reckon you’ll be there on Wednesday?

LYDIA
Dunno.

BETHAN
Cos I’m doing my speech for head girl.
   (LYDIA shoots her a look)
I need you and Travis there ‘cos I’m shitting myself.

LYDIA
(Sniggering)
That’s suicide.

BETHAN
(That stings BETHAN)
Hmm. Maybe... Will you vote for me?

LYDIA
No. I’m going out soon so...

BETHAN
OK, I’ll go...

There’s a beat and then BETHAN wraps her in a hug, holding LYDIA really tight.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
I’m so sorry about what Tony Chippy did. I know you feel like a piece of shit but you’re not. You’re wicked, and amazing and funny and I love you.

We hold on LYDIA as BETHAN leaves, holding back her emotion.

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - GROUNDS - DAY 6

It’s lunch time, KIDS swarm all over the playground. TRAVIS and BETHAN stood together trying to hand out BETHAN’S leaflets, with a cheery “vote for Bethan”. But the STUDENTS are just batting their hands away. BETHAN getting annoyed.

BETHAN
I printed a hundred of these.

Her gaze falls over to where POPPY stands surrounded by a GAGGLE of STUDENTS, her flyers being snapped up.

POPPY
Free flapjack for anyone who guarantees me their vote.

TRAVIS
The state of her. Corrupt already.

BETHAN
Trav, be honest. No one’s gonna vote for me are they?

TRAVIS
They will --

Just then a poo flies through the air and splats on the floor at their feet. BETHAN and TRAVIS recoiling in horror as PRIEST runs over cackling.

BETHAN
Are you fucking joking? What the fuck?

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Oh my god, is it on me, is it on me?

PRIEST
Haaaaa you just got dog poo’d!

PRIEST runs off as BETHAN looks to TRAVIS --

BETHAN
See, what I mean!

TRAVIS
Come with me.

CUT TO:
West Wing style walk and talk. TRAVIS striding with purpose.

BETHAN
Where we going?

TRAVIS
The pupils aren’t gonna vote for you.

BETHAN
Oh great, thanks. Lovely chat.

TRAVIS
I will, and Lozza Chapman will, but aside from that... Probs not.

BETHAN
Why you freaking me out --

TRAVIS
BUT the teachers also make up 50% of the vote. Get them on side and you might just stand a chance...

They’ve arrived at the staff room, TRAVIS knocks on the door.

BETHAN
Don’t - Trav --

The door swings open, BLOCKER is stood there.

TRAVIS
Avon calling.

BLOCKER
What do you guttersnipes want?

TRAVIS
Bethan is on the campaign trail and she’d love to run the teachers through her policies...

BLOCKER
I’m trying to eat my build ‘em up bagel here.

TRAVIS
It won’t take long.
BLOCKER
Come on then, make it pithy.

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - STAFF ROOM - DAY 6

BETHAN and TRAVIS enter, casting an excited glance at each other. Inside is a shabby, basic room. TEACHERS dotted around on well worn sofas, drinking from chipped mugs - TRAVIS and BETHAN are so impressed.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Wow-wah-wee-wah...

An NS teacher slugs from a can of Lilt.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Fuck me they get pop in yer.

BLOCKER
These pair wanna chew our ears off.

MISS MORGAN is sat eating her lunch, she grins at BETHAN.

MS MORGAN
Come on then, let’s hear it.

BETHAN
I’m running for head girl and I wondered if I could count on your vote?

BLOCKER
That depends dun it? You scratchy our backies, we scratchy yours...

BETHAN
Gross.

TRAVIS
Tell them about your plastic policy.

MS MORGAN
(Re: TRAVIS)
Who’s this, your chief whip?

BETHAN
Basically, I’m gonna pledge to get the canteen to go plastic free.

BLOCKER
BOOOORING. Stole that off every poster in the corridor did you?
BETHAN
Uh no... I called the current suppliers, The Lunch Bunch, to price it up and they’re actually more expensive than one that offers compostable packaging.

TRAVIS
So if we change suppliers we’ll save money, and then Lunch Bunch might also realise they need to up their game.

MS MORGAN
Hmmm, not bad.

BLOCKER
Yeah, you almost lost me, but then you reeled me back in like a little fish on a dish.

CUT TO:
School is finished for the day, BETHAN and TRAVIS are practising her speech. TRAVIS is miming chewing a big piece of gum, getting BETHAN to follow suit --

TRAVIS
Get all the muscles in the face
nice and loose... Now get the
tongue moving.

BETHAN
Cunnilingus.

TRAVIS
Focus. Betty Botter bought some
butter, but she said the butter’s
bitter...

GO TO: TRAVIS is jabbing 4 fingers in to BETHAN’S diaphragm as BETHAN expels breath.

GO TO: TRAVIS pounding BETHAN’S chest, in a high voice.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
You’re voice is up here
(Low voice, hitting her stomach)
I need it down here
(Back to chest)
If it’s up here nobody listens.

GO TO: TRAVIS is stood metres away from BETHAN, calling over.

TRAVIS (CONT’D)
Imagine you’re squeezing from the bottom of a tooth paste tube.

BETHAN
What does that mean?

TRAVIS
Just, be loud.

BETHAN
Okay.
(Pulling out her speech)
My fellow year 11’s.

TRAVIS
Eye contact!
BETHAN looks up from the page.

BETHAN
My fellow year 11’s - my name is Bethan Gwyndaf and I’m here to recruit you.

We fast cut through sections of the speech.

* BETHAN starting to get in to it now --

BETHAN (CONT’D)
I can’t forget the looks on the faces of people who’ve lost hope.

* BETHAN builds to her rousing finish.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
If I can be elected, it's a green light, it says dare to hope. And you and you and you, you have to give people hope.

BETHAN finishes triumphantly, TRAVIS is dumbstruck.

TRAVIS
... Is that the speech from Milk?

BETHAN
(Didn’t think anyone had seen it)
... Have you seen that film then?

TRAVIS
Uh yeah. You know I love American history.

BETHAN
Oh.

TRAVIS
It’s a good speech... It’s just not really you...

BETHAN
Too late now innit? Speeches are tomorrow.

CUT TO:
BETHAN irons her uniform. Practising her speech as she goes.

BETHAN

Hope for a better world, hope for a better tomorrow, hope for a better place to come to if the pressures at home are too great.

DILWYN enters, heading to the fridge and getting out some cans of cider. He’s disheveled looking, his nose still swollen and bruised from the crash. BETHAN shuts up quickly.

BETHAN (CONT’D)

... Alright?

DILWYN

I been listening to your speech...
I could cry when I hear you talk like that. The words you’ve got...

BETHAN

Thanks.

He takes his cans and heads out. Even after all he’s done, a kind word from DILWYN means more to BETHAN than anyone else.

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 7

It's the day of the elections. The hall rammed with STUDENTS and TEACHERS alike. BETHAN looks deathly pale as she enters with TRAVIS, her stomach drops when she sees the crowd.

TRAVIS
Come on, have some water...

He hands her a bottle, BETHAN swigs and passes it back.

MRS FRANCIS
Starting in 5 minutes with the female candidates. Line up.

TRAVIS
This is it. If you get nervous just look at me. I'll flash you a nip.

BETHAN
Please don't.

TRAVIS hugs her. Then BETHAN walks over to the line up as if she's heading towards the gallows. She passes MS MORGAN who squeezes her shoulder.

MS MORGAN
Go on, girl.

BETHAN joins the back of the queue. We pan along the row, taking in a fleet of POPULAR GIRLS, including POPPY, who is laughing, looking effortlessly beautiful. We reach BETHAN at the end, sleeves over her hands, looking sick, the odd girl out. Then BETHAN darts off.

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - TOILET CUBICLE - DAY 7

We hard cut to BETHAN’S vomit hitting the toilet bowl.

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 7

BETHAN returns to the line up.

We see quick flash images of the other 6 CANDIDATES making their speeches. And then POPPY stands in front of the crowd laughing, they’re all cheering so loud she keeps trying to start and can’t.

POPPY
Guys... Guys... Come on. I’ve written a speech, come on!
(The crowd quiets)
First things first, Llanfyrr High school is the best - WHOOP WHOOP!

The crowd starts chanting, “Llanfyrr, Llanfyrr, Llanfyrr!”

POPPY (CONT’D)
Being serious though, it would be an honour to work for you all. And truly, my door would always be open - I want you to come to me with any problems and we’ll fix it together.

GO TO: MRS FRANCIS is back addressing them all.

MRS FRANCIS
Now please welcome to the stage your final candidate, Bethan Gwyndaf...

There’s a polite smattering of applause as BETHAN walks to her spot. An awkward silence descending as BETHAN pulls her speech from her pocket.

BETHAN
Hiya. Sorry.

It’s the wrong way round. She shuffles the pages. The sound of a chair scraping somewhere. BETHAN’S hands shaking.

PRIEST
(Calling out)
Hurry up love.

MS MORGAN
Button it, Priest.

BETHAN
My name is Bethan Gwyndaf and I’m here to recruit you.
PRIEST
(Sniggering)
What the hell.

A little smattering of laughs from the audience.

MS MORGAN
I said shut it!

BETHAN gulps, looking out at the crowd, her mouth dry. Fuck she can’t do this... BETHAN throws down her speech, running off the stage and out in to the audience to leave.

Then we reset, BETHAN still on the stage staring out as a door at the back of the hall swings open. LYDIA slips in. She locks eyes with BETHAN, flicking her a middle finger. BETHAN smirks, breathing a sigh of relief. She shoves her speech in to her pocket.

BETHAN
Right this is the thing – for too long this school has voted in popular kids just because that’s we’ve always done... Well being real – sometimes popular people are two-faced.

We see POPPY bristle, trying to keep a saccharine smile on her face. The AUDIENCE all reacting, “ommm” “hahaha” etc.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
Vote for me and I pledge to fix the toilet seats. You know the deathly ones that look normal but are actually split down the middle? No longer will you lower down for a morning steamer, praying to Jesus that the toilet seat won’t bite you on the bum.

The AUDIENCE laugh, they laugh with BETHAN.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
Dogs bite, toilet seats shouldn’t --

PRIEST
Do dykes bite, dykeeeeeeeey?

BETHAN
Tell you what, Priest, shall I get it all out the way now? I’m not cool, I’m not skinny, and you don’t wanna jizz on me, ummm... anything else?
PRIEST
You got blancmange tits.

BETHAN
Amazing, blancmange tits. Now can we move on?

MRS FRANCIS
Uh! Enough of the jizz and tits talk, thank you.

BETHAN
Next up. I wanna know who the hell came up with the rule that pupils aren’t allowed inside during break times? Swear down it can be pissing down out there –

MRS FRANCIS
Uh!

BETHAN
Bucketing down out there, and we got Blocker with a cattle prod, jabbing us in the guts if we dare to step inside.

The KIDS all laugh. BLOCKER smirks, sotto.

BLOCKER
That’s true, I do.

BETHAN
D’you know what I mean though? We’re out there like soggy rats, getting trench foot, while the teachers are living like it’s club tropicana in the staff room. They got cans of pop in there. So... the empty maths hut round the back. Let’s turn it in to a common room. I’ll run a task force to paint it, whack a couple of computers in, couple of cushions. Job done innit?

Hubbub around the room, “that’s actually quite good” “no that would be wicked, fair play”. Etc.

BETHAN (CONT’D)
Look I’m not gonna wang on. You can do what you’ve always done. Or you can vote for change. AKA me. Right. Peace out, vote with your heads not your dicks... Thanks.
BETHAN leaves the stage to enthusiastic applause.

CUT TO:
BETHAN, TRAVIS and LYDIA all walk home together after the speeches. The first time the three of them have been together in a while. There’s a silence, but each of them smirking slightly. Then BETHAN nudges LYDIA, LYDIA shoves both BETHAN and TRAVIS in return.

TRAVIS

Ow!

After a beat.

BETHAN
So did you like my speech?

LYDIA
No it was rubbish.

BETHAN
Come on admit it, you liked it.

TRAVIS
I liked it.

LYDIA
It was fine. You didn’t embarrass yourself.

LYDIA links arms with the pair of them as they walk away.
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY 8

The following day, BLOCKER is manning the ballot box as STUDENTS hand their votes over. BLOCKER sneaking a peek before slipping each one in.

BLOCKER
No hanky panky now, one vote only please.

BETHAN, LYDIA and TRAVIS all stand waiting to vote.

BETHAN
You gonna vote for me, Miss?

BLOCKER
Now that would be telling.

LYDIA
Ah come on, at least tell us if there’s a front runner?

BLOCKER
It’s tighter than a nun’s clam...

TRAVIS
(Confused)
Is that rude?

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 8

Later that day the male and female CANDIDATES are all lined up on the stage in front of a full school hall behind MRS FRANCIS. BETHAN trembling slightly, trying to steady her breath. FRANCIS taking her sweet time to spit it out --

MRS FRANCIS
The ballot box has been emptied...
The votes counted... We’ve counted them once... We’ve counted them twice... and then thrice again to be certain. And now we’ve gathered you all here today because it is high time we reveal the winners...
But before we do I’d like to run over some notices - the field will be closed tomorrow for new turf to be laid --

PRIEST
Miss! We’re on the edge of our seats here.

MRS FRANCIS
(Sharp)
Uh! Simmer down.
(Beat, sunny again)
Right, without further ado... Your deputy head girl as voted by her teachers and peers, is...

MRS FRANCIS leaves a long pause. A twinkle in her eye, she knows this is a shocker...

MRS FRANCIS (CONT’D)
It’s Poppy Crookshank...

There’s a collective inhalation of shock from the audience. POPPY’S face falters. We see a FLASH IMAGE of...

CUT TO:
INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - HALL - DAY 0

POPPY on stage, screaming in a blind rage.

POPPY
FUUUUUCK!

CUT TO:
MRS FRANCIS
Step forward, Poppy...

PRIEST
That is shocking. Colour me shocked, man...

POPPY’S smile is plastered back on now as she steps forward and shakes MRS FRANCIS’ hand, the audience remember themselves and start to applaud.

POPPY
Thank you guys, this means a lot.

MRS FRANCIS
And now, it brings me great pleasure to reveal Llanfyrr High School’s newly appointed Head Girl...

(going to read the name and then)
Actually it’s worth saying this is a huge responsibility that I trust these shoulders will carry with the diligence required --

BLOCKER
Oh come on...

MRS FRANCIS
It’s BETHAN GWYNDAF!

For a moment there’s utter silence as we hold tight on BETHAN’S face, as she comprehends what she’s just heard. Then the applause explodes in. The AUDIENCE stamping their feet, LORRAINE CHAPMAN punches the sky as she screams --

LORRAINE CHAPMAN
Woohoo!

The other CANDIDATES patting BETHAN on the back. MRS FRANCIS coming towards BETHAN to shake her hand.

GO TO: BETHAN down in the crowd, it’s mayhem as TRAVIS and LYDIA cling to her, the three of them jumping up and down.

MRS BLOCKER barrels over and starts jabbing her fingers in to BETHAN’S rib cage.
MRS BLOCKER
Watch out, cattle prod, careful...
Nah but seriously, time to start
cleaning up your act now eh?

Then MS MORGAN is there, pulling BETHAN in to a hug.

MS MORGAN
Not too bad, kid, not too bad.

And then POPPY approaches, trying so hard to be sweet but we know she’s furious. She hugs BETHAN --

POPPY
Babe – congrats. Such a big achievement for you. How you gonna celebrate?

BETHAN
Oh my mum’s taking me for a posh dinner. And well done you, for getting deputy.

POPPY
Yeah, it actually worked out really well ‘cos I’m so busy doing Duke of Edinburgh now so... Ah bless you, well done.

POPPY pulls BETHAN in to a hug, quietly hissing in her ear --

POPPY (CONT’D)
Don’t think you can call me two-faced and get away with it.
(Pulling away, sunny again)
Right, catch ya later.

POPPY does a little wave as she walks away. LYDIA didn’t hear what POPPY said but she’s got her number --

LYDIA
I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again – she’s a cunt.

CUT TO:
EXT. TONY CHIPPY’S HOUSE – DAY 8

BETHAN holds the phone away from her ear as NANA is screaming down the other end —

NANA
OHNNH MYYYY GOOOD! I can’t believe this! This is it now, you’ve made it. You clever little bitch.

BETHAN
(Laughing) Nan, calm down - nan! I gotta go, I’ll call you later. Love you.

As BETHAN hangs up the phone we reveal LYDIA and TRAVIS stood waiting for her

LYDIA
In your own time. Why we at a scabby house?

BETHAN
Don’t freak out... Tony Chippy lives here.

LYDIA
What the fuck - what you doing?

BETHAN
He’s not getting away it.

LYDIA
Just leave it, it doesn’t matter.

BETHAN takes LYDIA’S hand.

BETHAN
Lydia - it matters. No one hurts you and gets away with it.

BETHAN starts walking down the driveway.

LYDIA
Bethan - I swear - don’t you dare... I’m leaving then...

BETHAN knocks on the door. LYDIA and TRAVIS immediately duck down behind the garden wall. After a beat the door swings open to reveal a WOMAN (30s), fake tanned to the max, in an old Peacocks cotton nightie and slippers. Pag dangling from her lips. A rubber cap on her head with strands of hair pulled through, dye smeared on it - she’s doing her highlights. She’s Cardiff as hell.
SHANDY
What?

BETHAN
Hiya. Are you Tony Chippy’s wife?

SHANDY
Who wants to know?

BETHAN
Uh... Me?

SHANDY
I might be yeah. And wha’?

BETHAN
You need to know something...

BETHAN glances back at the wall, TRAVIS and LYDIA still hid.

SHANDY
Spit it out. I got 3 minutes ‘fore this starts burning an hole in my scalp.

BETHAN
He cheated on you.

SHANDY’S face flashes, squaring up to BETHAN.

SHANDY
What d’you say?

BETHAN
My friend is 16, she’s half his age

SHANDY
You got some big bollocks turning up on my doorstep.

BETHAN
It’s true.

NEIGHBOURS walking past start looking. SHANDY screams in to the house --

SHANDY
Tony Chippy! Get ‘yer now! (To BETHAN) Come on then mouth, if you’re so brave. Say it to his face.

TONY appears in a towel, just out of the shower.
TONY CHIPPY
What’s all this?

Suddenly TRAVIS leaps up from behind the wall, shouting at TONY --

TRAVIS
You’re a sick prick.

SHANDY
(To TONY)
What they doing yer?

TONY CHIPPY
I don’t know do I? Stupid kids.

TRAVIS
If we’re kids – why did you have sex with her?

TRAVIS pulls LYDIA up and TONY’S face changes. Fuck.

SHANDY
Chips – you best look me in the eye right now and tell me they’re lying or I’m gonna fucking nut you.

TONY CHIPPY
Shandy mun, they’re just little shits, whatever they’ve said --

TRAVIS
Liar!

TONY CHIPPY
You’d best run now, before I come and belt you, all three of you, ya little fuckers.

BETHAN
Threaten us all you want. You had sex with a 16 year old girl who was too drunk to consent and I wouldn’t piss on you if you were on fire.

PEOPLE are stopped in the street now, openly gawping.

TONY CHIPPY
(Turning to SHANDY)
Ignore ’um, Shand, little slags, trying to fuck up my life.

And at this, LYDIA finally finds her voice.
LYDIA
Tony...
(He looks at her)
You’re pathetic.
(To SHANDY)
Check his car. He’s got my knickers in there somewhere.

And with that SHANDY pulls off her slipper and starts beating TONY round the head with it.

SHANDY
You dirty - rotten - horrible - bastard.

TONY breaks free from the blows and starts chasing them in his towel.

BETHAN
Run!

He chases them, the THREE of them laughing their heads off, holding hands.

CUT TO:
INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - MAIN HALL - DAY 8

We hard cut to TRINA wailing in to a microphone.

TRINA
Don’t leave me this way, I can’t survive...

BETHAN is standing in the doorway taking in the sight before her. All the PATIENTS from the various wards are gathered for a disco, the lights have been dimmed, the furniture pushed aside. TRINA tearing up the karaoke, singing along tunelessly to The Communards - Don’t Leave Me This Way as all the PATIENTS watch on. The image oddly reminiscent of BETHAN making her speech earlier. BETHAN cringing, under her breath.

BETHAN
Oh Jesus Christ.

TRINA
Ahhhh baby! My heart is full of love and it’s all for you.

JODIE, the cool young nurse appears behind BETHAN, pushing a trolley of blackcurrant squash in beakers.

JODIE
Alright love? I’m on rehydration duty...

BETHAN
Hey.

JODIE
Oh come here...

JODIE reaches across and brushes BETHAN’S cheek.

JODIE (CONT’D)
Eyelash.

BETHAN (V.O.)
Ah god fanny tingle.

BETHAN
Thanks.

JODIE
(Re: TRINA)
She likes the limelight don’t she? She won’t let any of the others have a go.
BETHAN

Sorry.

JODIE

It’s alright, she’s having fun.  
Squash?

GO TO: BETHAN watches on as ALFRED (the Chinese man in a powder blue tux from the pilot) tries to grab the mic off TRINA, TRINA slapping his hands away as she continues singing, repeating the same song on a loop --

TRINA

Don’t leave me this way, I can’t survive...

ALFRED

You sang this 5 times. You shut up now --

ALFRED finally manages to prise the mic from her hands and takes his place. TRINA stomping off annoyed. Over the following ALFRED is in the background singing along to Charlotte Church’s Crazy Chick.

ALFRED (CONT’D)

I think I’m gonna need some therapy, oh babe I hope you got a PHD. Won’t you lay me on your leather couch, I’ve got a lot I need to talk about...

TRINA

Beth - come and dance with me.

BETHAN

Sit down for a minute, mum.

BETHAN glances to where JODIE is talking to another PATIENT, embarrassed. But TRINA won’t be stopped, grabbing at BETHAN’S hands and trying to tug BETHAN to her feet, BETHAN resisting.

BETHAN (CONT’D)

Mum, I don’t want to.

TRINA

Come on, dance with me.

BETHAN glances to JODIE, making eye contact. BETHAN mortified.

BETHAN

Mum - stop.
TRINA succeeds in yanking BETHAN out of her chair, she tries to move BETHAN’S hips from side to side. BETHAN snaps, hissing at her --

BETHAN (CONT’D)
I said no, stop embarrassing yourself.

We see a FLASH IMAGE: from ep 4, sc 4 - DILWYN saying “She was embarrassing herself.”

CUT TO:
INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - COMMUNAL HALL - DAY

A beat as TRINA stares at BETHAN. Then she plucks up the beaker of squash and dashes it at her. It douses BETHAN’S white school shirt, BETHAN gasping in shock. TRINA grabs some serviettes from the table, pressing them to BETHAN’S chest. The heat immediately gone --

TRINA
You alright?

BETHAN
Yeah.

BETHAN slumps down in resignation, TRINA sits beside her. We hold on them for a beat as they watch ALFRED singing.

ALFRED
You got me acting like a whacked out chick.

BETHAN
(Quiet)
Mum. I was voted head girl today.

TRINA looks at her, pride filling her eyes.

TRINA
That’s right, you are my best girl.

They hold each other’s gaze for a second as something dawns on BETHEN. She could almost laugh at the thought --

BETHAN (V.O.)
She’s never gonna understand me is she?

Just then, JODIE plugs her phone in, putting a new song on --

JODIE
That’s enough karaoke for now, too much squabbling.

Dance, Dance, Dance by Lykke Li strikes up. TRINA starts bobbing her head. After a moment she looks to BETHAN.

TRINA
Come on.

This time BETHAN lets herself be pulled up. TRINA sways her hips and BETHAN starts to move her with her. Awkwardly at first.
But then slowly she eases in to it, the whole room begins to fall away as we hold on BETHAN. The elation of the day, the intense highs and lows of the last few months, she lets it all out as she loses herself and dances. She really dances. Truly just existing in her own skin for the first time. The joy and rawness as it all pours out.

And then the lights abruptly turn on, JODIE hollering as she ushers two people in.

    JODIE
    Listen up, these girls are in from the local comp. Volunteering for their Duke of Edinburgh awards.

And from across the room, BETHAN locks eyes with POPPY. We hold on BETHAN, her eyes looking down the barrel of the lens as we see her whole world collapse.

    THE END.