

IN MY SKIN

EPISODE 2

SHOOTING SCRIPT

Written by

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C/o Expectation Entertainment

2

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 1.

2

Close-up on BETHAN as she talks.

BETHAN

No fair play, my parents are really
proud of me. They think all my
poems should be published.

CUT TO:

2A **INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT 0 (FORMERLY SCENE 4B) 2A**

DILWYN slams a can of beer on to one of BETHAN'S handwritten poems, foam sloshing out and soaking it.

CUT TO:

3

OMITTED

3

3A

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 1.

3A

BETHAN

But they're so not creative. My mum
does HR, she's this mix of being
like super strict but really shy.

CUT TO:

4

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY 0

4

TRINA, screaming on the floor as TWO NURSES pin her down.

CUT TO:

4A

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 1.

4A

BETHAN

And my dad's a tax officer, which
is like - ugh. He's really sweet
though...

CUT TO:

4B

OMITTED

4B

4C

EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY 0 (FORMERLY SCENE 3) 4C

DILWYN in his boxer shorts in the garden, pissed, as he hurls an old telly in to a roaring bonfire.

DILWYN
BURN YOU CUNT!

CUT TO:

5

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 1

5

POPPY (O.O.V)
Aw they sound lush.

We pull out to see BETHAN is sat at a picnic bench on the high street, opposite POPPY. LORRAINE CHAPMAN nearby shooting the occasional evil. Other POPULAR GIRLS chatting or on their phones. It's lunch break, KIDS swarm all over the high street.

BETHAN
Yeah.

POPPY
So you gonna write more poems then?

BETHAN
I will yeah. But I'm working on a novel now so...

BETHAN'S not writing a novel.

POPPY
What?

LORRAINE can't hack it, time to break up this love fest.

LORRAINE
Pops I'm gonna walk back to school.

POPPY
Cool babe, see you in a bit.

LORRAINE has been dismissed. She grumpily packs up her bag and trails off as POPPY only has eyes for BETHAN.

POPPY (CONT'D)
That is *incredible*. What's it about?

BETHAN
It's early stages. Just like, the human condition. My godmother's a novelist, so she's been helping me.

POPPY
(So impressed)
Oh my god, what's she written? Like proper books?

BETHAN

Yeah, she's wicked, I'll lend you one. I could come find you tonight and bring it?

POPPY

Oh I'm busy later but maybe next week or something.

BETHAN (V.O)

I can't wait that long.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Cool yeah, I got revision this week anyway so --

LYDIA (O.O.V)

(Yelling)

Oi, dickhead - what you doing?

BETHAN turns to see LYDIA and TRAVIS shouting at her from across the road. LYDIA holding her index finger and thumb in a circle and slamming it against her forehead as if she's wanking off a dick. BETHAN'S embarrassed but covers.

BETHAN

Coming now.

POPPY

(Bemused laugh,
patronising)

That girl is shameless. See you later Beth.

POPPY leans in and gives BETHAN a hug. POPPY has never hugged BETHAN before. Time almost slows as BETHAN is enveloped with the sweet aroma of her hair --

BETHAN (V.O)

Nectar of the Gods.

POPPY pulls away.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Later.

As she crosses the road to LYDIA and TRAVIS she winces.

BETHAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

"Later"? Fuck sake.

LYDIA

What you doing with that old dry puss?

BETHAN

She asked where I got my bag from

LYDIA

Ugh, why, it's gross. You got a grandma's bag.

TRAVIS

I like her bag.

LYDIA

Is it fat if I get chips?

BETHAN quietly roots out her purse --

TRAVIS

It's not fat if you have it with a bottle of water, cos it helps you digest.

LYDIA

Seriously? What you just drink water?

TRAVIS

Yeah that's a known thing. Doesn't get rid of all the calcs obviously, but it helps.

BETHAN only has a lone 20p, she's fast to divert --

BETHAN

Lydia dare you to tell that old woman you've been mugged and you need a fiver...

LYDIA doesn't miss a beat as she pounces on an OLD WOMAN walking past, going way over the top.

LYDIA

Please madam, please help, there's been an attack. Just £5 is all I need, I beg of you --

The WOMAN tuts at them as she walks on. BETHAN and TRAVIS laughing as LYDIA rounds on BETHAN.

TRAVIS

You are unbelievable.

LYDIA

Your turn. Dare you to go in there and tell Tony Chippy you'll give him a BJ for a free chip buttie.

BETHAN

Fuck off.

LYDIA

You fuck off. I did it. Get in
there.

CUT TO:

6

INT. CHIP SHOP - DAY 1

6

BETHAN goes in dragging her heels, LYDIA and TRAVIS trailing after, watching with bated breath. In there is TONY CHIPPY - a greasy thirty-something man with yellowing teeth and loads of shit tattoos.

TONY CHIPPY

Alright?

BETHAN

Alright? Just having a look.

Long beat as BETHAN makes a show of perusing the menu.

TONY CHIPPY

I'll give you a clue - it's chips
in a bag, chips in a bap, or chips
with a fish.

BETHAN

... D'you do pop as well?

TONY points to a shelf full of pop right beside his head.

TONY CHIPPY

What's that, Scotch mist?

BETHAN

Ah yeah, duh...

TONY CHIPPY

... Any time this year love.

TONY sniggers expelling a gust of fag breath. BETHAN looks to LYDIA with pleading eyes - bottling it, LYDIA rolls her eyes, shoving her out the way as she steps up.

LYDIA

How much is a chip buttie?

TONY CHIPPY

£1.80

LYDIA

What about if I give you a blow job
instead?

LYDIA holds TONY'S eye contact, absolutely fearless. TONY is a fucking sleaze bag, he smirks.

TONY CHIPPY

You need to set your rates a bit
higher love.

(Shoveling chips in to a
bag)

Go on, that's on me. But you owe me
yeah...

He winks at her as the three of them run out laughing,
oblivious to just how gross this guy double their age is.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - BENCH - DAY 1

7

BETHAN sits on a bench reading the poetry anthology.

NANA (O.O.V)
Where's my girl?

BETHAN looks up grinning, as NANA approaches, limping and a little breathless. BETHAN jumping up to hug her.

BETHAN
I'm 'yer.

NANA
Christ lemme rest my trotters, I'm
outta puff.

They sit, NANA holding BETHAN'S hand, as she always does.

BETHAN
You alright?

NANA
Well. My dodgy hip's stiffer than a
dead perv's todger, got moths in my
purse and I'm doing double shifts
down the bingo to pay off my
catalogue. But still... Least I'm
beautiful eh?
(Re: the book)
What's this?

BETHAN
My teacher give it to me. It's my
poem that I wrote.

NANA
(Beaming with pride)
You clever little bitch... Ah look
at that now. That's fantastic.
Another string to your bow that is.

BETHAN
Thanks Nan.

NANA
Will you photocopy that for me?

BETHAN
Yeah I will. You ready?

NANA

Hang on, 'fore we go in... I been thinking, and say no if you want. But what if you come and live with me for a bit?

(Off BETHAN'S hesitation)

I don't like the thought of you coming 'yer on your own. And I don't trust your father far as I can throw him.

BETHAN

What about school? It'll be three busses.

NANA

Well - we got schools in the Valleys 'in we?

BETHAN

What, move schools?

NANA

For a bit.

We see a **FLASH IMAGE** in BETHAN'S mind of POPPY leaning in to hug her.

BETHAN

... I can't leave my mother.

NANA

Just think about it.

(Beat)

Right, let's kick this in the dick then.

CUT TO:

8

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - WARD - DAY 1.

8

NURSE DIGBY escorts NANA and BETHAN on to the ward.

NURSE DIGBY
She had a spot of bother with
another patient so we've just moved
her on to a more secure ward for
the time being.

TARRICK, a troubled patient, zooms over to NURSE DIGBY --

TARRICK
(Re: BETHAN and NANA)
What's their names?

NURSE DIGBY
Stand back please, Tarrick.

NURSE DIGBY flashes her lanyard at the entrance to the
visitors rooms.

CUT TO:

8A INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITORS ROOM - DAY BA

TARRICK tries to follow them in, DIGBY turning back.

NURSE DIGBY
Let the door close please.

The door seals. It's a small room, with a window along one side with a view out on to the ward where PATIENTS mill.

NURSE DIGBY (CONT'D)
Don't worry this automatically
locks so no one can get in.

BETHAN glances out of the window and sees TARRICK across the way, staring at her.

NURSE DIGBY (CONT'D)
When you're ready to leave just
ring this and I'll escort you out.

NANA
It's like Prisoner Cell Block H.

NURSE DIGBY
There's a panic button if you need
it.

NANA
Well let's not hope not eh?

DIGBY exits.

NANA (CONT'D)
Frigging hell, she never been put
'yer before have she?

Through the window we spy TRINA striding towards them with purpose, barking orders at other PATIENTS.

TRINA
Out my way. Move.

TRINA arrives at the door, smacking it.

TRINA (CONT'D)
Open this, Beth.

DIGBY flashes her lanyard so the door releases and TRINA can barge in, the door sealing behind her. TRINA calling back --

TRINA (CONT'D)

Get me three cups of tea now.

(To BETHAN)

I got them all waiting on me hand
and foot, they think I'm royalty.

(To Nana)

Wondered when you'd show your face.
Heard I won the lottery have you?

TRINA is hypermanic - grandiose, sharp and over-stimulated.

NANA

Have you love? That's good. Fancy
lending me a tenner then?

(Handing her some grapes)

Chuck a couple of them down your
trap.

BETHAN

Mam, what happened with that other
patient, why'd they move you?

TRINA

I'm a truth speaker. I'm sharing
truths and scaring people.

BETHAN

Ah, right... So how you feeling?

TRINA

I'm wonderful. I'm on top of the
moon. I never knew I was so strong.
When I was a baby I remember every
single little thing. Like being
born, being Jesus. I was Jesus,
Beth.

(Condescending)

Don't worry if you can't keep up.

Suddenly there's a pounding on the glass, BETHAN and NANA
both jumping. It's TARRICK, menacing as he points at TRINA --

TARRICK

Open the door.

TRINA darts straight for the pane of glass, the pair of them
nose to nose, neither really listening to the other.

TRINA

What d'you want? Want me to
make your dreams come true? I
can give you the whole
universe.

TARRICK (CONT'D)

(Repeatedly pounding the
glass)

Open this. Open the door. Go
on. They got a button under
the table - press that...

*

NANA

Beth, stop her will you.

BETHAN gets up, trying to steer TRINA away.

BETHAN

Mam, sit down.

TRINA

(Pushing her off)

I'm a princess. You should be on your knees grovelling at my feet. I could buy you a house or kill you with one look.

TARRICK

(Sweet, coaxing)

Yeah I know you are. I'll praise you, I'll grovel I promise, just open the door. All you gotta do is open the door.

BETHAN

Mam - come away from the window.

NANA

Beth I'm pressing the panic button.

TARRICK loses it, slamming the window and screaming --

TARRICK

OPEN IT!

Just then NURSE DIGBY appears, manoeuvring TARRICK away. After a beat, TRINA turns back smug.

TRINA

Another one of my fans.

CUT TO:

9

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY/LOUNGE - DAY 1

9

BETHAN and NANA let themselves, hands full of carrier bags.

NANA

Dil - you home? Beth is famous --

They enter in to the lounge - just in time to see a glimpse of the TV, DILWYN'S watching porn. He shouts

DILWYN

What you doing barging in?!

They dart out, pulling the door shut, NANA shouting in --

NANA

Cover that filthy dick up you dirty fucker.

BETHAN

Oh my god, what the hell, he's disgusting!

NANA

Wait there.

BETHAN hovers by the stairs, craning to see in without being spotted, as NANA charges in. DILWYN has slammed the TV off, he's clearly drunk and slurring his words.

DILWYN

Why don't you knock?

NANA

What you playing at?

DILWYN

What, why's she home from school now?

NANA

It's 6 o'clock, if you weren't so pissed you might know that.

DILWYN

Ah I didn't know did I, I thought it was early.

NANA

Problem is you never thinks. Help with these bags now.

(MORE)

NANA (CONT'D)

(Beat)

And wash your hands.

BETHAN darts in to the kitchen, followed by NANA and DILWYN.

CUT TO:

10

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 1

10

NANA bustles in with BETHAN in tow.

NANA

That's men for you, Beth - always
tryna have a tug... This place is a
tip.

She starts flinging cupboards open - all bare.

DILWYN

Sorry Beth. Doing my head in, not
having your mother 'yer.

BETHAN (V.O.)

I wish you were dead.

BETHAN

It's fine.

NANA

Not a stitch of grub in 'yer. What
d'you think she eats - air is it?

DILWYN

I dunno, do I? Trina does all that.
Give over, Mam - I got a splitting
headache.

NANA

Stop drinking cider like it's going
out of fashion then. Piss off the
pair of you while I cleans.

CUT TO:

11

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - EVENING DAY 1

11

DILWYN is watching TV. BETHAN sat on the opposite sofa, watching him with contempt in her eyes. The house has been tidied. NANA comes in with steaming plates of corned beef hash on a tray, plonking it down on the coffee table. NANA gestures to a single flower in a chipped vase, winking --

NANA

I whipped that from next door. Go and get your father the red sauce.

BETHAN

He got legs.

NANA

Don't start.

BETHAN trails off reluctantly

NANA (CONT'D)

You been in to see her?

DILWYN

I can't hack hospitals, you knows that.

NANA

They got her caged up. Beth shouldn't be going in on her own - it's not safe.

BETHAN returns with the sauce, doing her best to communicate just how much she hates him in the way she hands it over. They all sit on the sofa side-by-side, leaning forward to eat off the coffee table, telly playing in front of them.

NANA (CONT'D)

There's a reason she's getting a special dinner. Show him that book.

BETHAN

No, it's stupid.

NANA

It's not, get it.

BETHAN leans beside the sofa, pulling the anthology out of her rucksack and handing it to him.

NANA (CONT'D)

They've printed her in a book.

DILWYN

Ah is it?

He reads it, we wait with bated breath for his reaction. After a beat he nods, handing it back --

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Yeah, good that...

It's his approval. And we thaw just a tiny bit towards him, he's not all bad. They carry on spooning food in to their mouths for a bit. Then DILWYN pipes up --

DILWYN (CONT'D)

See that mam, she gets that from me.

NANA

Give over, you couldn't spell your own name til you were 10. My lift'll be 'yer now.

Taking his opportunity --

DILWYN

Don't s'pose you got a tenner have you mam? Only til Monday.

NANA

No I haven't, I'm on the bones of my arse, Dil.

DILWYN

You'll get it back.

NANA gripes but she pulls out her purse and hands it over anyway. She's a soft touch. There's a beep outside.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Who's that, your fancy man is it?

NANA

No that's Bingo Caller Carl, he's a poof.

DILWYN

Don't bring men like that yer.

BETHAN hears little comments like these often, bedding in the lesson that gay = dirty.

NANA

Men like that is how I could come
and clean your pit 'cos you been
too busy blowing money you ain't
got up your nose.

NANA pulls out another £2 from her purse, handing it to
BETHAN and kissing her cheek.

NANA (CONT'D)

Lunch money. Think about what I
said. I got lovely new sheets for
the bed.

CUT TO:

12

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EVENING - NIGHT 1

12

BETHAN places the poetry anthology pride of place by her bed.

GO TO: BETHAN in bed in her pyjamas. Her phone rings.

BETHAN

You're through to Child Line, how
may I help you?

LYDIA OOV

Fanny, where you to?

BETHAN

In bed.

LYDIA OOV

What the fuck, come out.

BETHAN

I can't, my gran's staying.

LYDIA OOV

Oh come on, Trav's being boring.

TRAVIS

No I'm not.

LYDIA OOV

Come out or Trav's gonna get it.

TRAVIS

What, what d'you mean?

BETHAN

(Laughing)
No, Lydia, leave him alone.

LYDIA OOV

Beth - you coming? One, two --

BETHAN

Lydia - I can't!

BETHAN reacts to what sounds like LYDIA dashing her drink in
TRAVIS' face.

INTERCUT WITH:

12A **EXT. HIGH STREET - NIGHT 1**

12A

LYDIA on her phone, she's with TRAVIS sat on a wall, drinking from plastic cups of gin and squash. Intercut with Scene 12.

BETHAN OOV

You're through to Child Line, how may I help you?

LYDIA

Fanny, where you to?

BETHAN OOV

In bed.

LYDIA

What the fuck, come out.

BETHAN OOV

I can't, my gran's staying.

LYDIA

Oh come on, Trav's being boring.

TRAVIS

No I'm not.

LYDIA

Come out or Trav's gonna get it.

TRAVIS

What, what d'you mean?

BETHAN

(Laughing)
No, Lydia, leave him alone.

LYDIA

Beth - you coming? One, two --

BETHAN OOV

Lydia - I can't!

LYDIA dashes her drink in TRAVIS' face.

13

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING - DAY 2

13

The following morning, BETHAN comes downstairs to see the front door wide open, DILWYN passed out on the threshold, his legs out in the garden.

BETHAN

Oh my god... Dad, get up!

Out in the garden the POSTMAN is there.

POSTMAN

He alright? I was about to call an ambulance

BETHAN

He's fine. It's nothing
(Hissing at DILWYN)
Dad! Wake up!

BETHAN absolutely mortified.

CUT TO:

14

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM / CORRIDOR - DAY 2

14

Everyone assembled in English class waiting for MS MORGAN. All rowdy, PRIEST rapping in the background. BETHAN sat with TRAVIS. TRAVIS joke annoyed with her

TRAVIS
I'm not talking to you

BETHAN
Did she actually chuck her drink on you?

TRAVIS
YES!

BETHAN
You gotta tell her no.

TRAVIS
I didn't know she was gonna do it did I?

Just then LYDIA strides in, plonking down beside them.

LYDIA
Fuck you, where were you?

BETHAN
I told you my Gran was round. She wants to leave her flat to me, but she needs to do it before she dies to avoid inheritance tax... AKA I might be getting my own flat.

LYDIA
Boring, shut up. Guess what?

BETHAN
What?

LYDIA
(To TRAVIS)
Have you told her?

TRAVIS
... Lydia copped off with Tony Chippy for a sausage in batter.

They all fall about screaming with laughter.

BETHAN

What the hell! No, that is so disgusting.

Just then BETHAN'S phone starts ringing, an anonymous number.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Hang on.

BETHAN steps outside the class to answer the phone

BETHAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

TRINA (O.O.V)

Beth you gotta get in here right now.

BETHAN

What's the matter?

BETHAN eyes the class making sure she can't be heard as TRINA rants and raves, livid.

TRINA (O.O.V)

I've pissed myself, they won't give me clean knickers. They've confiscated all my underwear like I'm a dog. Get in here, you gotta help me.

BETHAN

Alright, alright - I'm coming.

BETHAN hangs up the phone. Fuck. From within the class LYDIA is calling to her

LYDIA

What you doing?

BETHAN starts to beeline down the corridor just as she crosses with MS MORGAN

MS MORGAN

You're going the wrong way.

BETHAN

Sorry miss, I gotta go - my nan's not well.

INTERCUT WITH:

14A **INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY 2**

14A

TRINA is on the phone. Intercut with 14.

TRINA

Beth you gotta get in here right now.

BETHAN (O.O.V)

What's the matter?

TRINA rants and raves, livid.

TRINA

I've pissed myself, they won't give me clean knickers. They've confiscated all my underwear like I'm a dog. Get in here, you gotta help me.

BETHAN (O.O.V)

Alright, alright - I'm coming.

15

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITORS ROOM - DAY 25

BETHAN sits on the chair as TRINA rails at her, her eyes dark with fury as she paces the room. The grandiosity from yesterday has turned in to rage, at everyone one and thing.

TRINA

I'm not staying here any more with these PACK OF FUCKING CUNTS!

BETHAN

Keep your voice down.

TRINA

Keep my voice down? Full of mad heads. Look at that lunatic out there, he's trying to kill me.

Through the window TARRICK is there, watching everything. He's sinister.

TRINA (CONT'D)

You think I'm mental do you?

BETHAN

(Yes)

No.

TRINA

Don't lie to me. Think I don't see through you? You waste of space. I never wanted you. You stuck me to that horrible, horrible bastard man. I should have dragged you out and slammed you in a bucket.

BEAT. BETHAN is winded by her words.

TRINA (CONT'D)

Truth hurts does it?

BETHAN

(Quietly)

I need to go back to school.

TRINA

You got 10 seconds to get me out of here.

TRINA doesn't shout the numbers, she *screams* them as BETHAN rings the buzzer to be let out.

TRINA (CONT'D)
ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

The door opens and NURSE DIGBY appears, not phased by TRINA

NURSE DIGBY
Still shouting Trina? You'll lose
your voice.

TRINA rounds on BETHAN as she goes to leave.

TRINA
Don't ever come back. I don't ever
want to see you, ever again.

BETHAN
(Done now. Quietly)
I won't. I'm moving away. I'm gonna
live with Nana.

TRINA
What?

BETHAN
I won't be back.

The door slams closed on TRINA as she shouts --

TRINA
GET ME OUT OF HERE!

CUT TO:

16

EXT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - YARD - DAY 2

16

BETHAN arrives back at school at lunch time, still shaken up but emboldened. While her adrenaline lasts she beelines straight for where POPPY sits eating her lunch.

BETHAN

Hey.

POPPY

Where'd you go earlier?

BETHAN

Can we talk a minute?

BETHAN gestures for POPPY to step away from the crowd, LORRAINE CHAPMAN watching. POPPY loves being confided in so she's happy to oblige.

POPPY

You alright?

BETHAN

Yeah, just my nan's not very well.
That's why I had to leave class.

POPPY

Ah babe, I'm sorry.

BETHAN

Yeah. I gotta go and stay with her
for a while, to help her.

POPPY

How long?

BETHAN

Dunno, could be months. So I'm not
gonna be in school for a while and
I know I promised we'd hang out
next week...

POPPY doesn't even remember this, but anyway

POPPY

Oh forget that, family first.

BETHAN

I'm here tonight though. If you're
free?

POPPY

Uh... Yeah alright - wanna go to
the park? Like 6?

And it's like angels in heaven start singing. BETHAN buzzing.

BETHAN

Sounds good babe...

As POPPY heads off, BETHAN looks down the barrel of the lens - smug as you like. MUSIC slams in, KING PRINCESS "*Your Pussy is god and I love it, gonna kiss me real hot make me want it*" -- then BAM! A tuna sandwich slaps with a wet squelch against BETHAN'S cheek, the music cutting abruptly. We pan out to see PRIEST cackling like a hyena.

PRIEST

Tuna fish for a fanny licker! Do-
you-love-licking-fannies-say-yes-or-
no?

Everyone turning to stare, BETHAN scrapes the tuna from her cheek slamming it at him.

BETHAN

Fuck off, Priest!

Just as MRS BLOCKER appears out of no where charging towards them, bellowing the whole way

BLOCKER

*Why on god's green earth is there
fish being flicked from hither to
thither!*

BETHAN

Miss, Priest just hit me with a
fucking sandwich.

BLOCKER rounds on BETHAN, PRIEST silently going "*oooooh you're in trouble*". Everyone staring --

BLOCKER

Do I look like a sailor to you?

BETHAN

What?

BLOCKER

You must think we're navvies atop a
sail boat if you think for one
second you'll go turning the air of
my school blue with your gutter
mouth language.

BETHAN
Sorry it slipped out --

BLOCKER
Save it for the jury. Pair of you.
Detention after school.

BETHAN
Miss I'm the victim. I can't do
detention --

BLOCKER
Two words: "tough" and "titties"

BEAT.

PRIEST
Miss you said "titties"

CUT TO:

16A

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY 2

16A

MS MORGAN is at her desk marking when BETHAN'S head appears round the door. Without looking up --

MS MORGAN

I wondered when you'd show up...

BETHAN

Hiya miss, sorry about earlier.
I'll get the notes off Travis.

MS MORGAN

Alright. But that was the first and
last time you run out on one of my
classes.

BETHAN

I know, I'm sorry. I won't again.

MS MORGAN carries on marking then looks up after a beat.

MS MORGAN

Cough it up then...

BETHAN

D'you know anything about writing a
novel?

MS MORGAN

It takes ages. Why?

BETHAN

No reason.

CUT TO:

17

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY 2

17

Fast cuts: BETHAN on the computer researching "*female authors in their 40s*".

* Locating a book on the shelf.

* Surreptitiously ripping the library log page from the book.

* Slipping the book in to her rucksack.

CUT TO:

18

INT. LLANFYR HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM / CORRIDOR - DAY 2

18

BLOCKER has her feet on the desk. BETHAN and PRIEST are both doing homework, but we see BETHAN has the book she stole in her lap, trying to surreptitiously read it. Meanwhile PRIEST keeps tapping his pencil on the table, rocking on his chair.

PRIEST

Miss, I needs a rubber.

MRS BLOCKER

I said no talking.

PRIEST

Miss - what - I needs a rubber.

MRS BLOCKER

I'm a PE teacher not a stationary cupboard.

PRIEST

Can I have paper then? I'm out of paper. How can I work with no paper

BLOCKER

Stop flapping your gob I'll get it now. Behave and stay put or there'll be hell to pay.

PRIEST

You going for a shit miss?

BETHAN looks at the clock - It's 5pm. As soon as BLOCKER is out PRIEST starts rapping one of his own sick beats.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Slaying my way down town every day
Gettin' so much pussy yeah the
girls like to play
Sucking and rubbing those muffins
yeah, I'm no gay
Fucking and chucking yeah that
should be my middle name. BRUH.

Over this BETHAN sneaks a glance at her phone and sees 9 missed calls from an anonymous number - *what the fuck?* Just then it starts ringing again. BETHAN slips out to take it.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Oh my god what you doing? There's gonna be hell to pay my girl...

BETHAN

Shut up.
(Into phone)
Hello?

The sombre voice of a MAN on the other end.

MAN (O.O.V)

Hello, I'm calling from the Mari Huws Psychiatric Facility. I believe you have a family member in residence here?

BETHAN

Yeah, my mum, Katrina Gwyndaf.

MAN (O.O.V)

I'm sorry to say there's been a patient altercation. Can you come to the hospital?

BETHAN

(Heart starting to pound)
Is she OK?

MAN (O.O.V)

I'd rather not discuss this on the phone, if you can come in to the hospital --

BETHAN

Yeah I will, but is she OK?

MAN (O.O.V)

Uh, Katrina incurred some injuries -
-

BETHAN

What?

MAN (O.O.V)

We did everything we could but, I'm so sorry, she didn't make it... This shouldn't be done on the phone - if you can come in to the hospital --

BETHAN drops the phone from her ear - What. What. *WHAT?* The whole word spins. BETHAN slams in to the classroom grabbing her bag, PRIEST prattling on, "*where you going? Oh my god*" etc. BETHAN pelts down the corridor, past MRS BLOCKER --

MRS BLOCKER

What do you think you're doing?
Don't you dare - if you leave
through that door...

But BETHAN is gone.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 2

19

As BETHAN runs, she calls DILWYN on her phone. As it's ringing we see a **FLASH IMAGE**: TARRICK at the glass partition, demanding TRINA open the door.

DILWYN (O.O.V)

Hello?

BETHAN

Dad, it's mum. You gotta get to the hospital.

DILWYN (O.O.V)

What's the matter?

BETHAN

(A sob choking out)

Dad, just come!

CUT TO:

20

EXT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY 2

20

BETHAN runs towards the hospital, ambulances parked outside.

21

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - DAY 2

21

Lots of STAFF filling the reception area. BETHAN tries to rush past them, a BURLY MALE NURSE halting her.

BURLY MALE NURSE
Visiting hours suspended.

BETHAN
I need to get past, it's my mum.

BURLY MALE NURSE
No visitors.

BETHAN loses it, trying to push past as he holds her back

BETHAN
Move, fucking move, it's my mother!

PARAMEDICS rush past with a PATIENT on a stretcher. BETHAN ccan hardly bear to look but when she does... It's TARRICK.

CUT TO:

22

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - OFFICE - DAY 2

22

BETHAN sits with NURSE DIGBY, a polystyrene cup of weak tea in front of her. Face tear-stained as NURSE DIGBY talks.

NURSE DIGBY

We found a piece of paper in Tarrick's pocket with your number on. I'm guessing Trina's left it lying round and he's picked it up and called you.

BETHAN

Did he hurt her?

NURSE DIGBY

No just himself. On behalf of the hospital - I can only apologise.

CUT TO:

23

INT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - VISITORS ROOM - DAY 23

It's 5.45pm as BETHAN is shown in to where TRINA sits. TRINA'S anger from earlier has left her. BETHAN walks over and clings to her, burying her face in TRINA'S neck.

BETHAN

I'm sorry mam. I'm sorry.

TRINA hugs her back, oblivious to everything.

TRINA

What for?

BETHAN

I won't leave you, not ever.

TRINA

I know you won't. You're my girl.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. MARI HUWS PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - DAY 2

24

As BETHAN goes to leave she sees DILWYN sat in reception. Face pale as a ghost, he's been crying, his hands shaking.

DILWYN

Where is she?

BETHAN

She's fine.

DILWYN

What? What happened then?

BETHAN

Some nutter on the ward. Got my number, called me, said she was dead.

DILWYN

Fuck sake ... What and she's fine is she?

BETHAN

Yeah. No thanks to you. I need to go.

DILWYN is fraying, but he tries to extend an olive branch.

DILWYN

I got the car, I'll give you a lift.

BETHAN

No. I'm going out.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY 2

25

BETHAN walks along the high street, SUDDENLY a hand covers her mouth from behind, BETHAN struggling.

BETHAN
Get off me!

LYDIA
(Pissing herself)
Ah - you shit yourself.

BETHAN
You dick, what is wrong with you?

TRAVIS offers them both a hand pulling them up.

TRAVIS
I told her not to scare you.

LYDIA
Why aren't you answering your phone? We're going to the pub.

BETHAN
What, how?

LYDIA
I can get us served.

TRAVIS
No she can't.

LYDIA
Yes I can, his cousin's just got a job there doing the quiz. I'll make him get us drinks.

BETHAN
Your cousin's like 14?

TRAVIS
Yeah but he's a go-getter. He goes to Stagecoach.

LYDIA
(Pushing them)
So come on let's go.

BETHAN

Right, a 14 year old definitely
can't get you served. And I can't.
My gran's not well --

LYDIA

Literally stop going on about your
gran. You're acting like you wanna
lick her out.

BETHAN

Ugh, minging. No. But I gotta go.

TRAVIS

(Pleading eyes)
Beth - please, she's killing me.

LYDIA

If you go I'm gonna jump in front
of a bus.

BETHAN

(Walking away, laughing)
Love you. I'll text you in a bit

LYDIA

If you walk away - fuck you!

BETHAN keeps walking. Raising a hand to wave goodbye.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. PARK - DAY 2

26

BETHAN striding through the park, trying to look casual despite the stress of the last few hours and her heart pounding in her chest. She spots POPPY sitting on the grass.

BETHAN

Shit sorry I'm late, I thought you'd have other people here.

POPPY

No just me...

POPPY jokes, but it's important to note that POPPY'S jokes always look a lot like flirting.

POPPY (CONT'D)

I'm not good enough am I?

BETHAN

Well... I'll make do.

POPPY

Rude...

(Pulling out a half bottle of rum)

Thought you might want a drink after everything with your nan.

BETHAN

Yeah, ta.

(Taking a sip)

So - wa'gwan?

BETHAN (V.O) (CONT'D)

(Wincing)

What is wrong with me?

But just then POPPY spies LORRAINE CHAPMAN ambling over.

POPPY

I can't believe this.

LORRAINE

Hey.

POPPY

(Not happy)

Lorraine, what you doing?

LORRAINE

You said about meeting at the park?

POPPY is never out and out mean, she's too clever for that, but she's harsh in her dismissal.

POPPY

Yeah - to Beth. We need to talk about homework stuff. Can I call you later something?

LORRAINE

Oh... Yeah, OK. No worries.

It's excruciating for LORRAINE as she has to get up

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Chat later then.

POPPY

(Sotto)

I genuinely don't know what to do, I think she's stalking me.

BETHAN

She's like full bunny boiler.

POPPY

Ah I feel bad, but honestly you should see how often she's texting me.

BETHAN

Don't feel bad! She's probably cutting bits of your hair off to make a shrine or something.

POPPY laughs, music to BETHAN'S ears.

BETHAN (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Have you counted your knickers? I bet she's stealing them off your washing line to sniff at home.

POPPY

No don't - that's actually terrifying.

BETHAN

Be vigilant that's all I'm saying. Keep them knicks locked up.

POPPY

How did I not know how funny you are?

BETHAN

Oh, y'know, I don't like to brag...
Although, talking of bragging...
(pulling out the book)
This is one of the ones my
godmother wrote.

POPPY

Uh, amazing.
(Reading the name)
Annie Forthwright, that's your
godmother?

BETHAN

Yeah. She's wicked.

POPPY

Can I borrow it?

BETHAN

Yeah.

POPPY lies back on her side, arm propping her head up. BETHAN follows suit, feeling awkward but going with it.

POPPY

So how's your nan?

BETHAN

Well, the doctor said she has to go
in to hospital now. So I'm not
going to stay anymore, 'cos she
won't be there. But least I don't
have to miss school...

POPPY

Oh no, so she's gotten worse then?

BETHAN

Yeah...

BETHAN sees a **FLASH IMAGE** of NANA'S hand holding hers. A twinge of guilt, but she takes a swig of rum to wash it away.

POPPY

I'm sorry babe. But at least we get
to hang out.

BETHAN

Yeah. Your lucky day I guess...

POPPY

(Nudging her playfully)
So what's your deal?
(MORE)

POPPY (CONT'D)

You're this like funny, cool, girl -
that's all I know. What are you in
to?

BETHAN

I dunno, just the usual - crochet.

POPPY

Oh right, crochet yeah?

BETHAN

Yeah! I'll crochet you a picture of
Lorraine if you like. For above
your bed.

The pair of them laughing.

POPPY

Yeah amazing that sounds not at all
creepy.

Beat. POPPY leans over and loosens a strand of hair from
behind BETHAN'S ear. BETHAN'S heart leaping in her chest

POPPY (CONT'D)

Do you ever wear your hair down? I
think it'd look lush...

Alice Boman - Skiss 3 plays over as we push into a MONTAGE:

* POPPY lying on her back, BETHAN watching her talk, taking
in every inch of her face.

* POPPY teaching BETHAN how to do a pat-a-cake, tapping their
hands together, trying to get the choreography. The excuse to
touch POPPY electrifying for BETHAN.

* We see POPPY'S head flung back laughing at something
BETHAN'S said, BETHAN so pleased with herself.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. BETHAN'S STREET - NIGHT 2

27

BETHAN walks home, still tingling with joy.

BETHAN (V.O.)
That was incredible. I got
butterflies - what's wrong with me?

Just then BETHAN sees her house, the windows are wide open, music blaring, there are motorbikes in the driveway - what the fuck? NEIGHBOURS' curtains are twitching. BETHAN races in.

CUT TO:

28

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE / HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

28

DILWYN is having a party - coming undone without TRINA there. There are middle aged men, BIKERS, all over the house - all pissed and drugged up. As BETHAN comes in DILWYN is holding court, telling them all some funny story.

DILWYN

Do you remember that twat, Mickey
Fingers. 8 fingers and they all
looked like dicks.

(Off their laughter)

I'll never forget the day, he goes
like this to shake my hand --

BETHAN

Dad, what you doing?

DILWYN is pissed and sippy.

DILWYN

It's Beeeeth. Bethan's yer. That's
my baby that is boys.

DILWYN wraps an arm round her, BETHAN stiffening at his touch, he proffers her a homemade bong.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Have a toke on this...

BETHAN

No thanks.

BETHAN extricates herself from his arm.

DILWYN

Clever she is, gonna go university.

BIKER

He told us 'bout your poem. Good
for you girl.

DILWYN

Go and get that book for 'um.

BETHAN

No I'm going to bed. Can you turn
it down?

BETHAN walks out and DILWYN follows her.

DILWYN

Oi.

BETHAN stops, too close in the hallway. She's never this close to him. He's hushed.

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Thanks for earlier. Going in there.

BETHAN

It's alright.

DILWYN

Have a drink with your dad.

BETHAN

I got school.

BETHAN slips past him, up the stairs.

CUT TO:

29

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT 2

29

BETHAN goes in to her room there's a BIKER in there racking up a line on the anthology. BETHAN snatches it off him.

BETHAN
Get out my room!

She charges down the stairs.

CUT TO:

30

INT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - NIGHT 2

30

BETHAN

Dad there's someone in my room, get everyone out.

A flash in DILWYN'S eyes, his temper rising.

DILWYN

I said we're having a party Beth, Killjoy.

BETHAN

They're ruining our stuff.

DILWYN turns to the boys smirking

DILWYN

You ruining our stuff boys?

Quick as a flash he grabs at NANA'S flower in a vase and hurls it against the wall, shattering it --

DILWYN (CONT'D)

It's just stuff babe, we'll buy new stuff.

There's a loaded moment as DILWYN watches her, we don't know what he'll do next... Then DILWYN starts cackling. BETHAN slams out as we hear him saying

DILWYN (CONT'D)

Can't take a joke that girl.

CUT TO:

31

EXT. BETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

31

BETHAN runs out in to the front garden just as a NEIGHBOUR passes walking their dog. The NEIGHBOUR politely smiles.

NEIGHBOUR
Everything alright?

BETHAN
Yeah, it's my birthday party. Sorry
if we're being a bit loud.

BETHAN calmly walks off in the direction of the shops until the NEIGHBOUR has cleared.

CUT TO:

32

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BETHAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 2

32

BETHAN is clutching a pack of custard creams as she struggles to climb over their back garden fence.

CUT TO:

33

INT. BETHAN'S GARDEN SHED - NIGHT 2

33

Sitting in the shed, freezing and munching on biscuits as the party rages in her house. Then her phone pings, it's POPPY, "*Just checked and all my knickers are gone! [Laughing emojis]*". And then - "*So when can I see you again?*" BETHAN'S looks down the barrel of the lens - her heart going boom.

THE END.