**Episode 175**

**Outside the Hotel with Bronwyn stood outside the Hotel Doors looking in the reception. At the Entrance and Exit of the Car Park Jason’s driving the Ice Cream Van into the Car Park and other Cars are pipping their horns at him; Gemma and Liam are at the back of the car trying to push the Van. In the Picnic Area with Sean sat down on a bench; his hands bandaged up and he closes his eyes, sighing**

**In the Marketplace with Jordan walking holding a box; Harry’s walking next to him**

Jordan – He is being weird; Dad’s not convinced that—

Harry – Do you know what? Just knock it on the head! Do you think that you’re the only person to imagine no more lying and leaving, then coming back again like some demented yoyo? No; because I’m the idiot doing it; ducking around your family over and over again, if it’s too much hard work, Jordan; then just say!

**Harry walks along the marketplace in front of Jordan and Jordan sighs, following him**

**In the hallways with Bronwyn stood outside a flat; she knocks on the door and the doors opens; Oliver’s stood in front of her**

Oliver – Yes?

Bronwyn – I’d like a word.

**Bronwyn shoves past Oliver, walking into Izzy’s fat and Oliver rolls his eyes, closing the door as Bronwyn walks in**

**In the Ward with Jamie sat up on his bed with a plate of Pasta and Cheese Sauce in front of him; he picks up a fork and drops it on the floor; he sighs**

**In the Reception, Jordan and Harry enter**

Jordan – Look, you know how I feel.

Harry – OK; I’ll talk to your Dad and make sure he—

Jordan – Yeah; I’m sure that’s going to make him think any differently!

Harry – Will you stop moaning you old woman? I know it’s not perfect.

Jordan – Did you just call me an old woman?

**Harry laughs**

Harry – As long as me and you are honest; we’ll be alright, we can’t stay like this forever.

Jordan – Honestly?

Harry – Honestly.

**Jordan exits, walking up the stairs**

**Outside the Hotel with Gemma and Liam stood by Jason’s Ice Cream Van window**

Gemma – Come on; hurry up and move the stupid thing!

**Jason starts the engine and Gemma and Liam clap; Jason parks the Ice Cream Van in the Car Park and turns out again; turning the tune on and driving back out the Car Park**

**In the cafe with Meg, Luna and Elliot sat round a table**

Meg – Right, so Saturday night?

Elliot – Yeah; I’m free then!

Meg – What about you, Luna?

**Luna looks down at the table; daydreaming**

Meg – Luna?!

Luna – Huh? Yeah?

Meg – Saturday Night; me, you and Elliot are going out clubbing; can you make it?

Luna – Yeah—Yeah; sure!

Meg – Good! Now if you don’t mind, I need the loo!

**Meg stands and exits, walking into the Ladies Toilets**

Elliot – Are you feeling okay, Luna? You’ve not joined in the conversation with me and Meg since we got here!

Luna - I’m just feeling under the weather, y’know? Winter and that; I’d rather be sunbathing in the Sun or something.

Elliot – Since when you sunbathe?

**Luna stands up**

Luna – Right, I’d better go; tell Meg to call me later, yeah?

Elliot – But—

Luna – Bye!

**Luna exits and Elliot rolls his eyes, sipping his cup of tea**

**In Liz’s Corridor with Sean; Liz enters, walking out from the living room**

Liz – Thank Heavens! I have a list, come on—!

**Liz leads Sean into the living room where Jordan and Imane are sat on the sofa; Joseph is on the floor crying**

Liz – OK, we need nappies, baby baths, baby shampoo, baby food, Sean; please make it a VERY large pack of nappies—IMANE, SORT HIM OUT, WILL YOU?! We are a foot away from catastrophe, Sean!

Sean – Yeah; alright!

**Imane passes Jordan the phone and he stands; Imane kneels down on the floor, holding Joseph as he cries**

Jordan – *“Three Weeks”*?! That’s fine; but maybe I want to make a formal complaint? Well maybe I want to speak to your—

**Jordan looks at the phone in shock**

Jordan – He hung up!

Imane – No; we need scatter cushions!

Jordan – Well I’m sorry, but—

Imane – No, there’s no time for *“sorry”* and babies; if we’re going to do this, we’ve got to do it properly!

**Sean scoffs slightly**

Jordan – What’s wrong, Dad? Is your hand still hurting?

Imane – Liz, I think I’ll skip lunch, OK?

Liz – Wha—?

**Imane stands, passing Joseph to Liz, exiting and Liz looks at Joseph disgusted**

Liz – O—OK; I see what you mean now; Practice makes PERFECT! Here, your turn, Jordan!

**Liz passes Joseph to Jordan and she turns to Sean**

Liz – Your Son is turning out Toxic waste like he’s on some kind of mission—!

Sean – YES! Yes, OK; I’m aware of that.

Liz – I’m sorry; would you like to eat first before everyone else?

Sean – I’m not concerned about—I’m not concerned about lunch.

Liz – Well what then?!

Sean – I’m just tired; that’s all.

Liz – I’m sorry; but Jordan’s tired aswell!

Jordan – Just have a half hour kip, Dad!

**Jordan places Joseph in his Basket and Liz rolls her eyes, exiting**

Jordan – Look, I can keep on top of stuff and—

Sean – Yeah; I’m sure you can.

**Sean exits, glaring at Jordan madly**

**At the Back of the Ice Cream Van with Jason, Gemma and Liam**

Jason – Man, I’ve just sorted the handbrake out!

Liam – Yeah and you’ve passed your test!

Jason – It’s drives, bruv; it drives!

Gemma – What’s that weird Cheesy smell?

Liam – Get real, Jason! Insurance, Tax amounts—!

Jason – I have got several business deals lined up, yeah? In the Summer we’re going to be cruising the coast on a surfboard, you get me?

Gemma – The Ice Cream’s gone cheesy!

**A Policeman enters; looking at Gemma, Liam and Jason madly; Jason puts his hand on his head and sighs**

**In Izzy’s living room with Bronwyn sat down on a separate sofa to Oliver**

Bronwyn – Why did you accuse my Mum of Child Abuse?

Oliver – I’ve never heard of such nonsense in my life!

Bronwyn – Don’t you dare lie to me, Oliver; my Mum would NEVER lie to me, I know that she’s telling the truth.

Oliver – Shall we get Jeremy Kyle here to get a Lie Detector then?

Bronwyn – The State I’m in isn’t fun and games, Oliver; what you’re doing is making me even more depressed; I want to close my eyes and never wake up, because this whole thing is destroying me; IT’S KILLING ME!

Oliver – Then maybe it’s about time you ended your life

Bronwyn – Wh—What?

**Oliver takes out a bottle of pills; passing them to Bronwyn**

Oliver – Overdose yourself.

**Bronwyn looks at Oliver in shock**

**In the Dirty Duck Pub with Sean stood at the Bar holding a Glass of Orange Juice; Elliot enters and walks over to the Bar next to Sean**

Elliot – Are you away with the fairies or something?

Sean – No; it’s just—Family and that.

Elliot – Families; they’re guaranteed to do your head in now and then, aren’t they?

Sean – I’m a tolerant man, Elliot; I don’t judge people.

Elliot – Yeah, and that’s why blokes like you are decent, Sean.

**Harry enters, walking out from the Staircase, behind the Bar; Sean stares at Harry madly as Harry serves some punters pints of Beer**

**In the Salon crowded with people; Lorna’s stood behind someone sat on a chair; she’s holding some Straightners and Imane enters**

Imane – I’m sorry; I just—I haven’t got one tick off my list all morning! And my timetable says last Thursday for some reason!

Lorna – Breathe, Imane.

Imane – I can’t breathe; I’m still on last Thursday! This whole moving out thing has got completely out of control; I’m so stressed that this morning I really wanted to vomit!

Lorna – And what have you got that you could be vomiting about? All you’ve got to do is pay your landlord!

Imane – And clean, and work out where to put everything, and get a degree in duvet; because I don’t even know if we need detachable sections; do you know if me and Jordan need detachable sections? Do you actually have any idea about top ratings? No! Because neither of us have made a proper couple home before as a matter of fact!

Lorna – No; actually, because I’m still at home with Rory, thanks!

Imane – Me and Jordan need to move into that flat by next week; it’s never going to happen, is it?

Lorna – Your Twelve, Thirty is waiting you know?

Imane – Yes, I know! Look, I paid for scatter cushions; I REALLY need scatter cushions—Lorna, please help me, alright?!

**Imane puts her hand on her head, sighing**

**In the Dirty Duck Pub crowded with people with Harry stood behind the Bar facing Sean**

Harry – I was well out of line; I should’ve apologised as soon as I’d—I’m sorry, Jordan said that—

Sean – Jordan said WHAT?!

Harry – Look, no hard feelings, right?

**Sean exits; slamming the door behind him**

**In the Salon crowded with people; with Lorna stood behind the counter on the phone**

Lorna – Yeah; of course I’ll do it! Just a wax? Alright—

**Imane enters, walking downstairs on her mobile**

Imane – Is there something that you aren’t telling me?! I don’t know; have you gone by bus? Are you just a great big scum or something? Yeah; have you heard of watchdog? No, I said Six Scatter Cushions and a table lamp! Yes, I’ll hold!

**Imane rolls her eyes and Lorna stares at her madly, sighing**

**In Marissa’s Kitchen with Marissa cooking Chilli Con Carni; Bronwyn’s sat down at the table**

Marissa – What happened at the Hotel then?

Bronwyn – I—I just went to see Amy and my Nan.

Marissa – And—?

Bronwyn – And—They’ve finally seen the light; they believe me!

**Marissa turns to Bronwyn smiling**

Marissa – Really? Bronwyn—Bronwyn, that’s great! Maybe I should invite them over for—

Bronwyn – NO, DON’T!

**Bronwyn stands and Marissa looks at her puzzled**

Bronwyn – I mean—No, don’t; they’re busy.

Marissa – Why don’t you go for a rest, Bronwyn? I’ll wake you up when Dinner’s ready, yeah?

Bronwyn – Yeah.

**Bronwyn exits, closing the door behind her and Marissa continues to cook the Chilli Con Carni**

**In Ross’ Corridor Judy enters, closing the door behind her and Court enters holding a Plate with a Cheese Sandwich and a Glass of lemonade**

Court – Her rash has disappeared, and there’s been no more texts from the Wicked Witch of the West; shame really, I had some wicked replies of my own all lined up.

Judy – Good—!

Court – You asked me to do the Sisterly thing; I’m doing the Sisterly thing!

Judy – Court, Emma is off School sick sat on the sofa watching Pretty Woman; that’s not the Sisterly thing, that’s hiding out!

Court – So you’ve never been bullied, have you?

Judy – There’s nothing wrong with her! She doesn’t need a Sandwich and a Glass of Lemonade; she needs growing herself a decent pair!

Court – You’re just one hard lump of metal aren’t you, Judy?

Judy – Alright then; my Mum died; those kinds of things scare me, but I don’t go and put my slippers on, do I?

Court – No, unlike me; I just open another bottle and lose my mind! Judy, it doesn’t matter what WE think; Emma needs a break.

Judy – Oh, is that right?

**The Volume from the TV in the living room goes up and Court rolls her eyes**

**In Bronwyn’s Bedroom with Bronwyn sat down on her bed; she opens her laptop lid in front of her and she goes on facebook; she’s received 81 notifications and she opens them up and looks up beginning to cry**

**In the Ward with Jamie laid down on the bed; Derek enters**

Derek – You’re still not sat up?

Jamie – I have once; but I’m too exhausted now. I’m guessing that she said *“no,”* then?

Derek – What’s that?

Jamie – Sasha; you went over there and she said *“No”*?

Derek – Not exactly.

**Ian enters**

Ian – Very good, Jamie! Attitude and application have been clinically proven to impact positively on the outcome; that and the surgery. Let me have a look at you—

**Ian walks over to Jamie; looking at the bullet wound**

Jamie – So what did she say?

Derek – I didn’t ask her; just make a fist.

Jamie – What?

Derek – I just thought that I’d tell you!

Jamie – Derek, why not?

Derek – Sasha’s been snogging your Doctor; that’s why.

**Jamie looks at Ian madly and punches him across the face; Ian falls to the floor, holding his face**

Derek – Now that was cheating; use your good side next time.

**Derek laughs slightly, looking down at Ian madly**

**In the cafe with Elliot sat down at a table, Meg enters; walking out the Ladies Toilets holding her belly**

Elliot – What took you so long?

Meg – Oh—Oh, god; I don’t feel so—

**Meg leans over and throws up all over the floor nearby her; she looks at Elliot**

Elliot – Let’s get you home, yeah?

**Elliot stands, grabbing Meg’s arm**

Meg – Where—Where’s Luna?

Elliot – She had to go!

**Elliot pulls Meg out the cafe, exiting**

**In the Ward with Derek and Ian stood at Jamie’s bedside**

Ian – Sasha told me that you two were over.

Jamie – You’re fired.

Ian – This is the NHS, Jamie; you can’t fire me; I haven’t broken any rules.

Derek – Oh, yeah? What about abuse of authority then?

Ian – I think you might want to calm it down a bit, Derek; we’d better think about your friend’s blood pressure; in his situation he needs quiet; gentle pace of weeks of life, YEARS maybe! You’re not the only one coming to terms with the reality of your situation, Jamie; if Sasha wants to—Well, let’s put it this way; romantic dinner for two, it doesn’t sound quite so appealing; no disrespect, just a fact!

**Ian exits**

Derek – It’s alright, Jamie; we’ll have him for this—

**Sasha enters holding a Bouquet of Flowers**

Sasha – Jamie?

**Jamie looks away from Sasha and Sasha looks at Derek puzzled**

**In Ross’ Kitchen with Court stood up; Judy’s sat down at the table**

Court – Natasha should be straight in the Headmasters Office!

Judy – Not if I do it this time; I’ll protect Emma as though she’s my own daughter.

Court – But she’s not your Daughter is she? My Mum isn’t dead, Judy; she’s just—Ill. Besides, Katie doesn’t want to see you hauled over the coals, does she? The Girl needs her Mum!

Judy – Get your coat, genius!

**Judy stands and exits**

Court – Wha—? Wait, Judy! WHAT?!

**Court exits, following Judy; sighing**

**In the Ward with Sasha sat down at Jamie’s bedside**

Sasha – I was worried about you.

Jamie – Were you?

Sasha – Yes; I was actually, I phoned the ward so many times; your number was on speed dial; they said you’d be tired after your operation and—Then some stuff came up and I thought that you probably wouldn’t want to see me anyway with the people closest to you being here and everything.

Jamie – Well they were right; I am tired, so if you don’t mind—?

**Jamie closes his eyes and Sasha sighs, standing and she exits; Jamie opens his eyes and Sasha enters, slamming the door open**

Sasha – DO YOU KNOW WHAT?! ACTUALLY, I DO MIND; A LOT!

**Jamie sighs, looking at Sasha madly**

**In Marissa’s Kitchen with Marissa cooking Chilli Con Carni; she gets out some Vegetable Rice from the cupboard; placing them on the Kitchen counter and she turns the radio up louder. In Bronwyn’s bedroom with Bronwyn looking through her facebook timeline; there’s a post by someone saying, *“JUST SEEN DOCTOR HOLMES AND THAT SKANK BRONWYN TOGETHER, LET’S HOPE DOCTOR HOLMES DOESN’T GET AIDS LIKE BRONWYN!”* and there are Fifty Likes; Bronwyn closes her eyes and breaks down in tears, she looks at the bottle of pills standing up and she walks over to her Draws, getting out a notepad and pen, beginning to write on the notepad**

**In the Marketplace with Meg and Elliot walking; Elliot’s keeping Meg balanced by her arm**

Meg – I look like I’m drunk—!  
Elliot – YOU ARE DRUNK! What have you been drinking?

**Meg looks at Elliot and laughs; beginning to snort, pulling out a Bottle of Vodka from her handbag**

Meg – This Baby—This Beauty—This Queen of the Earth, it’s my fourth one of the day!

**Meg laughs louder**

Elliot – Why would you be so stupid?!

Meg – What? That’s not very—That’s out of order, alright?

**Meg walks away from Elliot, wobbling along the Marketplace and Eliot rolls his eyes, following her**

**In the cafe with Court and Judy at down next to each other at a table**

Court – Well, did he say what he was going to be wearing?

Judy – Oh, yeah; because we spend most of our lives talking about outfits, don’t we?

Court – I’m only asking! And you do know that sarcasm doesn’t suit you, right?

Judy – It’s not like we’re going on a date with someone is it?

Court – Well, if we don’t know what he looks like and we don’t know what he’s wearing; how are we going to know that it’s him?!

Judy – Because, Courtney; he’s a Polish Plumber called Jacob, so what are the odds? He’s got to be some great big sweaty geezer carrying a big toolbox; he’s got a surname that sounds like a German Sausage, what do you reckon?

**A Man enters carrying a toolbox and Judy stands, walking over to him; a man stands and he smiles**

Jacob – Judy?!

**Judy turns to the Man**

Jacob – Hello, I’m Natasha’s father; Jacob.

**Jacob smiles and Court begins to laugh; looking at Judy and Jacob**

**In the Ward with Sasha stood at Jamie’s bedside**

Sasha – And I’m supposed to guess am I?! I’m supposed to go all the way home wondering what the HELL it is that I’ve done wrong this time?! Well, I’m not going to do that; you’re sulky, you’re moody—I’m sorry, alright?! I’m sorry that I saw you cover your bed in wee; but it wasn’t my wee was it?! And I wasn’t the one that was up in your face screaming about it, was I? WAS I?!

Jamie – You’re doing a good job about it now.

Sasha – Why don’t you just say what you mean?!

Jamie – Because you never let me get a word in the—

Sasha – Oh, no; the conversation gets too real and actions speak louder! Do you know what you do? You close your eyes and you drop your trousers.

Jamie – What?

Sasha – Yeah; that is exactly what you do; I mean, you did it with Lorna; you did it with Court; not to mention Amy!

Jamie – Well, you want to look up the word *“hypocrite.”*

Sasha – You are screwed up, Jamie; you’re a bad bet every step of the way!

Jamie – Well it’s a good job that I’m not making you an offer, isn’t it? Because you’re a raving nut job. Why now? I mean, I’m sorry, Sasha; that I’m not upbeat enough for you, but that’s just the hole in my head; I’ve never met a woman with so much baggage. You’ve always got something to be mad about, haven’t you? Alex, Lucy, the babies, your friends, your family; I mean, you’ve ALWAYS got something to be stroppy about. Are you aware that three out of four days you’re a raving hormonal nightmare?

Sasha – Yes—! Yes, sometimes maybe; yes I know that! But there has got to be some kind of logical explanation—

**Sasha closes her eyes, sitting down on the end of Jamie’s bed; she then opens her eyes**

Sasha – On why I keep coming back.

**Sasha grabs hold of Jamie’s hand, looking at him sadly**

**In Bronwyn’s Bedroom with Bronwyn sat down at her desk; she starts recording a video post for facebook**

Bronwyn – Hello, I’m Bronwyn! And I—

**Bronwyn puts her hand over her eyes, beginning to cry; she takes her hand away from her face**

Bronwyn – I want to say how you lot have ruined my life; especially Tori. I don’t understand why nobody will listen to me; why everybody hates me so much! But—In a way I do—I do understand why people hate me; because I hate myself now too. So I’ve decided that—That I’m going to be—I’m going to—I just wanted to say Goodbye.

**Bronwyn puts the mouse over the Stop Recording Button**

Bronwyn – So, this is it—Bye.

**Bronwyn stops recording and types in on the post, *“Goodbye. X D.I.H – Die In Hell”***

Marissa – **\*From the Kitchen\*** BRONWYN, DINNER’S READY!

**Bronwyn posts the Video post and stands up panicking**

Marissa – **\*From the Kitchen\*** Bronwyn?!

**Bronwyn picks up the chair and takes it over to the door; putting the top of the chair underneath the handle; she turns to the bed where the pills are**

Marissa – **\*From the Kitchen\*** BRONWYN, WHERE ARE YOU?!

Bronwyn – BEDROOM; I’M JUST—I’M JUST SENDING A JOB APPLICATION OFF!

**Bronwyn picks up a Glass and drops it; it smashes on the floor and she puts her hand on her head, falling to her knees beginning to cry; the door handle starts moving**

Marissa – **\*From behind the door\*** Bronwyn, the door; it’s stuck!

**Bronwyn picks up the bottle of pills and tilts her head back, pouring most of the pills into her mouth; she begins to choke and drops the bottle, falling to her side**

Marissa – **\*From behind the door\*** RIGHT, I’M COMING IN!

**The door slams open and Marissa runs in; pulling Bronwyn to her feet, putting her arms around Bronwyn’s waist and pushing her belly in; she drops Bronwyn on the floor and kneels down in front of her**

Marissa – STICK YOUR FINGERS DOWN YOUR THROAT, BRONWYN!

**Bronwyn shakes her head as she cries and Marissa sticks two fingers down Bronwyn’s throat and she starts gagging; Marissa stands and Bronwyn throws up the pills on the floor and she gets on her hands and knees, crying**

Bronwyn – N—N—NO! NO!!!!!!!!!!

**Bronwyn cries; looking up at Marissa and Marissa begins to cry, looking away from Bronwyn**

**In the Ward with Sasha stood at Jamie’s bedside**

Jamie – Look, I’m trying to tell you that—No offence, but I don’t need a Mum!

Sasha – I don’t want to be your Mum.

Jamie – I know we’ve got a history, and I know that we might’ve once cared for each other, but— Sasha, you do know that I’m in no position to make babies, right?

Sasha – Get over yourself!

Jamie – No, look; I don’t need your pity!

Sasha – I want to do this for you, you stupid man! Why is it that you have to turn everything that’s good into something difficult? I—I—

Jamie – *“Difficult”*? *“Difficult.”* Can we just stop and you look at me, yeah?

Sasha – I like what I see.

Jamie – Well I don’t. You’re Ten minutes in, and you’re already fussing and taking over! Ten Minutes and you’re already doing my head in like I’m some sort of invalid!

Sasha – I’m sorry that you’re lying in a bed and—

Jamie – Right; and what are you going to do now? Go on; feed me my dinner aswell! Because do you know what that does to a bloke, Sasha? I—I just need some peace; I just can’t do with the hassle and you and me; it ALWAYS ends up being hassle. You just need to find some fit bloke that wants to bother, but I—I can’t.

Sasha – Listen, Jamie; I want—

Jamie – NO, I JUST DON’T WANT YOU HERE, SASHA! ALRIGHT?! Just—Thanks and all that; but you’re not what I need right now; so do yourself a favour and walk away and go—PLEASE!

**Sasha exits and Jamie closes his eyes, beginning to cry**

**In the Dirty Duck Pub crowded with people, with Meg, Luna and Elliot sat around a table**

Luna – I thought you said we were going to a club?

Elliot – Well we can’t after the shooting, can we?

Meg – Do people still care about that nonsense?!

Elliot – MEG!

**Oliver, Deborah and Izzy enter; walking to the Bar, Izzy walks over to the table**

Izzy – Right, guys—

Meg – Want a drink, Izzy?

**Meg raises her Glass of Vodka and Izzy shakes her head**

Izzy – No thanks—

Meg – Suit yourself!

**Meg drinks the whole Glass of Vodka and she stands**

Meg – Right, now if you don’t mind—I need the toilet.

**Meg walks into the Ladies Toilets, wobbling and Oliver watches her**

Izzy – Is she feeling okay?

Elliot – Yeah; she’s just a bit drunk—

Izzy – *“A bit”*?!

Oliver – Listen, Deborah; I’m gonna go to the Toilet; get me a pint, yeah?

Deborah – Oh, yeah; sure!

**Deborah smiles at Oliver and Oliver walks over to the Ladies Toilets Door; looking around the Pub and he walks into the Ladies Toilets, exiting**

**In the Dirty Duck Pub’s Ladies Toilets with Meg leaning over the Toilet throwing up; she walks out the cubicle, flushing the chain and Oliver’s stood in front of her**

Oliver – Ah, Meg; Long time no see, right?

Meg – Get out of my way.

Oliver – How come when you speak to me you don’t sound as drunk as you did out there?

Meg – Because—Because I hate you more than anything in this world, Oliver; that’s why.

**Oliver grabs Meg’s arm and Meg pulls herself away from him**

Meg – TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME, PSYCHO!

**Oliver grabs both of Meg’s arm and slams her against one of the Cubicles**

Oliver – Now you listen to me, Little Miss Fiest—

**Meg takes out a Bottle of Vodka from her handbag and smashes it on the sink; pointing it at Oliver, Oliver steps back**

Oliver – Put the Glass down, Meg.

**Oliver walks towards Meg and Meg slashes Oliver’s palm with the sharp side of the glass; running out the Toilets holding her handbag, Oliver looks at his hand in pain; blood pours from a cut on his palm**

**In the Dirty Duck Pub with Luna and Elliot sat down at a table**

Luna – Look, Elliot; yesterday—Me and David; we—

Elliot – You did what, Luna?

Luna – We—Me and David had sex.

**Elliot looks at Luna in shock and Meg walks out the Ladies Toilets over to the table; pulling Luna up by her arm**

Meg – Come on, we’re going!

Luna – No we’re not; I need to finish my drink!

**Oliver enters, walking out the Ladies Toilets and Meg stares at him in horror**

Luna – Meg, are you feeling okay? You look pale!

**Luna looks at Oliver and then turns to Meg**

Luna – Just sit down, yeah?

**Meg sits next to Elliot and Luna sits back down in her seat; grabbing hold of Meg’s arm worried**

**In the cafe with Judy and Court sat down opposite Jacob at a table**

Judy – Listen, I’m not asking you to have a word with your asbo Daughter; I’m TELLING you!

Jacob – Natasha has a strong personality.

Court – The thing is, Jacob is that we don’t want to go up to the School.

Jacob – In Poland the women are strong; her mother is VERY strong! The best thing we can do is forget it this, yes?

Judy – Listen, my friend here’s Sister is hiding at home too scared to show her face in her own classroom!

Jacob – I think that your Sister is maybe a sensitive girl, yes?

Court – You what?!

Jacob – She speaks about my Daughter in the most pathetic way possible. I go now!

Court – No—No, listen, Jacob, alright?

**Court looks at Jacob, sighing**

**In the Salon crowded with people, Imane enters on her mobile and Lorna walks over to her**

Lorna – Can you get off the phone for one second, Imane—?

Imane – Yes; I’d like to make a complaint about the way you’ve—

**Imane looks at her mobile in shock**

Lorna – Right, that’s it! You’re seriously taking the mick now, Imane!

Imane – It’s a Three week wage!

Lorna – It’s just a couple of scatter cushions, Imane!

Imane – It’s Six weeks now; and a table!

**Imane begins to cry, walking upstairs and Lorna rolls her eyes, following her upstairs**

Lorna – Look, what’s the matter? Why are you crying?

Imane – I’m so sorry; you’re such a good friend, Lorna. I just—

**Imane sits down and Lorna sits down nearby her**

Imane – Moodlighting is so important in a small space and—I keep feeling dizzy like I’m going to be sick; I’m so tired!

**Imane continues to cry and Lorna puts her arm over Imane’s shoulder, sighing**

**In Marissa’s Living Room with Bronwyn sat down on the sofa; Marissa enters**

Marissa – Right, I’m getting a Doctor round; a better Doctor than that Doctor Holmes!

Bronwyn – NO! No, you can’t, Mum, you—

Marissa – You need help, Bronwyn!

**Bronwyn stands, beginning to cry**

Bronwyn – No I don’t, Mum; that’ll only just make things worse!

Marissa – No it won’t; I’ll make sure of it! Whatever’s led you to attempting suicide has something to do with that laptop; those Social Networking sites are DISGUSTING; the things your *“friends”* have been sending you are vile!

Bronwyn – Look—Right, I know what to do.

**Bronwyn exits**

Marissa – Bronwyn—?

**There’s a door slam from the corridor and Marissa sighs**

**In the cafe with Judy and Court sat down opposite Jacob at a table**

Court – There’s forms, referrals, lots of cups of coffee, queuing; if we go down to the School then we’ll all be under the microscope! And no, I’m not on about immigration, Jacob; I’m on about the hassle; heaps of paperwork and that, you know? Invoices, VAT registration, none of us need that, do we?

Jacob – I see that they have them in England too; you’re a strong woman. OK, I’ll talk to Natasha.

**Jacob stands and kisses Court’s hand**

Jacob – You could find much better friends than what you’ve got.

Court – I don’t think I’d want to.

**Jacob laughs slightly and exits**

Judy – Not bad for a bad Sister I suppose.

Court – Oh, thank you very much(!)

**Court sips her cup of tea and Judy laughs slightly**

**In the Reception Oliver enters, walking out the Dirty Duck Pub and Bronwyn enters; Oliver smiles at her, laughing slightly**

Oliver – No point in coming back; you’re not going to get sympathy of anyone. You’ve just got to let everything go and do as I say; end it all!

**Meg enters, walking out the Dirty Duck Pub**

Meg – Bronwyn, are you okay? He’s not hassling you, is he?

Oliver – Oh, hello, Meg; you look—Better.

Meg – Thanks. Is he hassling you, Bronwyn?

Bronwyn – You could say that.

Meg – What’s he done?

Bronwyn – Tori stole my Nan’s money and I’ve been blamed for it; Oliver’s helping her make my life HELL and now he’s trying his best to get me to kill myself because I’m vulnerable!

Meg – I should’ve known; evil Doctor Holmes, back to his old ways—!

Oliver – Oh, will someone change the record? You haven’t even been to see me Bronwyn!

Meg – Really? So you’ve got amnesia now; is that what you’re trying to say? You’ve—Got amnesia?

Oliver – No; I’ve not got amnesia, because I didn’t even know Tori took Audrey’s money in fact, and I haven’t even had a conversation to Bronwyn before, so—!

Bronwyn – You liar!

Oliver – She’s depressed, Meg; it’s one of her crazy fantasies.

Bronwyn – Meg—Meg, please listen to me; he’s lying! Everything he says is all lies! He’s in on this thieving with Tori; not—

Oliver – Who’s Tori again? The truth is, Meg; she has a creepy mind I suppose.

Bronwyn – NO I DON’T!

Oliver – Yeah, you do. She even calls me *“Dad”* whenever she sees me.

Bronwyn – No I don’t! And who would want a Dad as twisted as you anyway?!

Oliver – She broke into the Pub yesterday, did you know that? Amy was telling me.

Bronwyn – I—No I didn’t; he’s not telling the truth; the door was open and I wanted to speak to Amy so I—

Oliver – Amy walked downstairs and there she was; it freaked her out! If anything, Meg; you need to keep away from her.

Bronwyn – He’s lying! YOU’VE GOT BELIEVE ME; HE’S LYING!

Meg – Bronwyn—Bronwyn, shush, alright?

Bronwyn – Oh—Oh, no! No, not you too!

**Bronwyn begins to cry**

Meg – Bronwyn—!

Bronwyn – No, not you aswell!

**Bronwyn exits crying and Oliver shakes his head, laughing slightly; Meg turns back to the Doors as they close**

**In the Ward with Derek stood at Jamie’s bedside**

Derek – Sasha comes down here; she held your hand, she does all the feelings bit, and then you tell her that you can’t be bothered! Have both sides of your head been shot or something, Jamie?

Jamie – Yeah; that’s right, Derek; and my leg, my arm; I mean, I can’t even pick up a fork anymore!

Derek – I said it for her sake.

Jamie – Just shut up, will you?

**Jamie sighs sadly; closing his eyes**

**In Liz’s corridor, Sean enters; closing the door behind him**

Sean – JORDAN?! JORDAN ARE—?!

**Liz enters, running out her and Sean’s bedroom**

Liz – No, shut up! Sean, if he doesn’t get to sleep now then he won’t sleep until late, alright?!  
Sean – I want to see my Son.

Liz – If he doesn’t get any sleep then we won’t get any sleep tonight!

Sean – JORDAN?!

Liz – What’s the matter? Where’s the fire?

Sean – JORDAN?!

Liz – WHAT’S THE URGENCY?!

**Liam enters, walking out the Kitchen**

Liam – Has someone died or something?

**Jordan enters, walking out the living room**

Liz – OK, there he is, alright?! Now, what do you want?

Sean – I—

**Imane enters, closing the door behind her**

Imane – Don’t tell me you’ve told them, Jordan?

Jordan – How can I if you’re not—

Imane – Me and Jordan; we’re adopting a baby!

**Liz cheers and hugs Imane; Imane hugs her back, laughing and Sean glares at Jordan madly**

**In the cafe with Bronwyn sat down at a table with her head in her hands**

Meg – Bronwyn?

**Meg sits down next to Bronwyn; putting her handbag down**

Meg – Bronwyn, it’s okay.

**Bronwyn shakes her head**

Meg – Bronwyn, look at me.

**Bronwyn lifts her head up**

Meg – Look at me.

**Bronwyn turns to Meg with tears in her eyes**

Meg – I believe you.

**Bronwyn looks at Meg, smiling slightly**

Meg – It’s OK.

**Bronwyn begins to cry, smiling slightly; grabbing hold of Meg’s hands**

Bronwyn – Thank you.

**Bronwyn continues crying, looking at Meg smiling**

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**Bronwyn – Amy’s Friend**

**Meg – pleme**

**Doctor Oliver Holmes**

**Marissa – Bronwyn’s Mum**

**Elliot – Schlopz**

**Luna – Lickish**

**Jamie – Court’s Brother**

**Sasha – PixelRainbow.**

**Derek – Court’s Brother**

**Judy – Amy’s Mum**

**Court – Courtneighh**

**Sean – Liz’s Husband**

**Jordan – Liz’s Son**

**Imane – enami**

**Lorna – tootielootie**

**Harry – Jordan’s Friend**

**Liz – Judy’s Friend**

**Liam – Liz’s Son**

**Jason – Gemma’s Friend**

**Gemma – Amy’s Cousin**

**Izzy – meepmeow**

**Deborah – Izzy’s Mum**

**Ian Fletcher**

**Jacob – Natasha’s Dad**