

# BUCKET

Episode Three - Matrimoni um

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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'Human beings cannot bear very much reality' - TS Eliot.

FADE IN:

1 INT. SPORTS/EVENTS HALL BACKSTAGE - DAY/NIGHT. DAY 5 1 \*

MIM and FRAN creep along the backstage corridor of the arena. Mim is looking 'inconspicuous' in a mackintosh and dark glasses, Fran is looking anxious amidst the no entry signs.

They reach double doors. Mim takes off the glasses.

MIM

Be ready.

Unfastening her mackintosh, Mim slips inside.

Fran hovers by the doors. We/she hears inside: EVENT MUSIC: BBC TEST MATCH SONG-SOUL LIMBO/GRANDSTAND THEME followed by the HORRIFIED GASP OF AN AUDIENCE - then a CHEER

Mim bursts back through the doors, naked underneath a foil space-blanket.

MIM (CONT'D)

Go, go, go!

Fran and Mim run away down the corridor.

2 EXT. SPORTS HALL - DAY/NIGHT. DAY 5 2 \*

MIM and FRAN hide down the back of the hall. MIM, still in SPACE BLANKET makes a tick in her BUCKET LIST NOTEBOOK.

MIM

Well I always wanted to do that.  
Streak at a major sporting event.

FRAN looks at her.

FRAN

It was Crufts, mum.  
(beat)  
You ran naked across Heelwork

3 EXT. PAT'S HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT. DAY 5

3 \*

FRAN takes bags from the boot. MIM is cheerfully humming 'Here Comes The Bride' or similar.

FRAN  
Why are you so excited?

MIM  
It's a special occasion.

FRAN  
But you don't believe in marriage.

Mim laughs, 'of course not'.

MIM  
No, I am a bird of paradise not to be caged by the tricks and traps of convention-

FRAN  
Or responsibility.

MIM  
But other people's weddings can be life affirming.

FRAN  
Can they?

MIM  
Free food, free booze, free lovin' if you're lucky.

Fran grimaces, puts the bag back in the boot.

FRAN  
I'm not keen on parties. Can't we just send apologies and see Stonehenge instead?

\*  
\*  
\*

MIM  
You're such a foji (said fo-jee).

Fran mutters her necessary correction.

FRAN  
It's fogey. And since when does a Love of English Heritage make me a-

MIM  
Foji, dear. A fearer of joining in.

FRAN  
Oh. But Mum-

MIM

But Franny. This could be the last wedding I ever go to. At this rate, I'll be going down the aisle before you.

(pause for drama)

In a wooden box.

Fran sighs, picks up the bag. They walk to the door.

FRAN

Mum, are you going to tell Pat that you're, y' know, going to die.

MIM

No. And you mustn't either. It's Gemma's wedding. It's not about me.

FRAN

Very noble of you.

Fran rings the bell.

MIM

You know how Pat likes everything to be just-so.

FRAN

Perfect, ordered, calm.

MIM

Exactly. And that's why she needs me here.

(beat)

I'm going to raise hell!

Before Fran can express her concern, PAT opens the door.

FRAN

We're here!

PAT

Get stuffing.

4

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. DAY 5

4 \*

Amidst the clutter of night-before-the-wedding prep, FRAN and MIM stuff sugared almonds into organza bags like slaves.

PAT

12 to a bag, no more no less.

A NSE NERVOUS NANA passes a pile of ORGANZA BAGS. Pat is a2 16,0 123eF

PAT (CONT'D)

The seam isn't straight Val. I think you'd better do it again.

NSE NANA returns to sit with 2 or 3 other LADIES at sewing machines in Pat's pre-wedding sweatshop. \*

\*  
\*

PAT (CONT'D)

Organza first, then linens. We're building the fairy tale, ladies, one favour bag at a time.

MIM

Sounds like a busy night, Pat.

PAT

Night? This is the culmination of months, dare I say a lifetime's, work for Gemma's special day. Yes it's exhausting. But what mother wouldn't dedicate herself to her only child's happiness?

Fran turns to look at Mim, who has stopped working to flick through a wedding magazine and eat the almonds.

FRAN

Lots of people coming Pat?

PAT

Everyone said yes. Gemma's fiance Paul has a big family of course but we got all the Rotary - and a CBE.

MIM

Lots of prezzies then.

PAT

We don't think about that.  
(sudden worry)  
What did you get?

MIM

Well, I was going to name a star-

PAT

Oh? How thoughtful.

MIM

After myself.

Fran smiles at Pat.

FRAN

Don't worry, we got something off the gift list. Unusual to request a loo seat but-

PAT

It's mahogany, Fran. Oh and I meant to ask, what happened with your little promotion?

FRAN

I'm taking some time off work actually. Spending it with mum.

PAT

Really?

\*  
\*

Mim pulls out her BUCKET LIST NOTEBOOK.

\*

MIM

I told you about my bucket list on my birthday Pat.

PAT

Did you? Every brain cell is on the wedding I'm afraid.

MIM

We're going to do it all. Swim with sharks, ride a Harley down Route 66. How's that for mother-daughter bonding?

\*  
\*

Pat smiles, hint of patronizing.

PAT

Sounds very lively. I took Gemma shoe shopping with high tea at the Ritz.

FRAN

Oh wow. I'd love that Mum, tea at the Ritz?

MIM

I'm barred.

Pat folds her napkins perfectly.

PAT

Well with all your plans, I'm surprised you made the detour.

\*

MIM

Oh no Pat, there's plenty I can do at a wedding with my bucket...

Pat smiles back, strangely unprovoked. PHONE RING. Pat snaps off an earring to answer, gets up.

PAT

The caterers!  
(to phone)  
(MORE)

PAT (CONT'D)

Hello. Are you chewing? If one of my amuse bouche is missing, there'll be merry hell...

MIM

Don't forget, mine's a halal meal Pat.

Mim sniggers as Pat's goes. Fran casts a disapproving look.

FRAN

Okay, what are you planning?

(off Mim's look)

'Raise hell', 'plenty I can do at a wedding with my bucket'. What is on your list exactly?

\*  
\*

Mim flicks the pages of her notebook.

MIM

Well now, when the vicar asks for any known impediment I'm going to give him one.

FRAN

Please don't.

MIM

I won't really stop the wedding, what I'm waiting for is the reception.

\*

FRAN

Why?

MIM

I didn't get to do all my tricks at Pat's wedding, so this is the perfect occasion. A room full of tables seating the great and good..

FRAN

Whatever it is, don't do it.

MIM

I may be a little out of practice, but it's all about the wrist action and the sudden surprise-

Fran grabs her wrists, to stop her gesturing as Pat returns.

FRAN

I forbid you.

PAT

Crisis averted! 28 pounds of smoked salmon has been liberated from the back up freezer.

FRAN

Can I stuff any more for you Pat?

Mim mouths 'creep' at her, flicks through her MAGAZINE. \*

MIM

This sounds good, whale humping in Iceland. \*

PAT

Did I say, fiance Paul has booked the most magnificent honeymoon. European tour. 5 star. \*

MIM

What d'you think, Franny, next up on our road trip? \*

FRAN

Europe? Well yeah I'd love that. \*

Mim, mouthful of almonds, holds up a MAGAZINE. \*

MIM

Or surgical safari to South Africa, see a giraffe, get your buzzies hoiked. Two for one. \*

Fran ignores her, she hands Pat a pile of stuffed bags. \*

FRAN

There you are Pat. \*

PAT

I think you've earned a little drink. \*

(stops Mim) \*

Uh-uh. Not you. Finish your favours. Go on Fran, go join the girls in the kitchen- \*

FRAN

No, really, I'm fine here-

PAT

Now don't be shy, they'll all be very happy to see you.

5 INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT. DAY 5

5 \*

FRAN enters to a CHORUS OF CHEERS THAT TURN INTO DISAPPOINTED GROANS.

BRONA

We thought you were the stripper.



BRONA and BETH (30s/40s married mums off the leash) have turned a kitchen counter into a cocktail station.

BETH  
We're just teasing, Gemma.

\*

GEMMA brings Fran over to join them. She's nervous.

GEMMA  
Fran. You've not met Brona and Beth have you? They're my first cousins. But like big sisters really.

BRONA  
Old maids of honour.

GEMMA  
This is Fran, my second cousin. She's like the olden days.

FRAN  
Think she means I *like* the olden days.

GEMMA  
It's kinda both though isn't it?

Brona and Beth pass out shot glasses.

BRONA  
Come and have a shot to catch up. To your last night of freedom, Gem-Gem.

BETH  
And my first out night in like literally ten zillion years!

BRONA  
Bottoms up, girls.

Beth and Brona cackle, down shots, then lean in to Gemma.

BETH  
Seriously though Gemma, you do not want to get pregnant for at least a year. Because that. Is. It.

BRONA  
Life over. Hit me.

Beth fills all the shot glasses. Gemma giggles nervously.

GEMMA  
But you do love your kids though?

\*

BETH & BRONA  
 (quickfire)  
 Course I love them/my whole world/I  
 would kill for my kids/kill.

Fran looks over at nervous Gemma - is she okay?

FRAN  
 How are you doing Gemma? Nervous?

GEMMA  
 Yes. But Mum got me a book and  
 we're doing the night before part  
 now, cos it's the night before.

Gemma holds up a book - 'HOW TO DO A WEDDING BY THE BOOK'.  
 Beth takes the book pretends to read it.

BETH  
 Time for games to relax you.

She smiles at Brona who chucks the book aside.

BRONA  
 Drinking games, to relax you more!  
 I have never? \*  
 (pours shots) \*  
 I have never - had a foursome? \*  
 Drink!

Beth and Brona slam their shots. Beth looks to the bottle. \*

BETH \*  
 We're gonna need a bigger booze.

6 INT. PAT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. DAY 5 6 \*

PAT and MIM are at either end of a newly sewn table cloth.

MIM  
 But it's my party trick, whipping  
 it off in one go.

Pat speaks calmly as one might to a child-guest.

PAT  
 Put it down please. No-one's  
 interested.

MIM  
 Your husband might be. He was  
 always excited by what I could tug.  
 Where is he?

Pat won't be riled.

PAT

Over the road. All of the menfolk are staying in a separate house tonight.

MIM

Shame. He'd love this.

Mim pulls a tablecloth off a table, with a flourish. Pat barely raises an eyebrow from her sewing.

MIM (CONT'D)

Now, for the tricky part.

She re-lays the table cloth and puts a BAG OF SUGARED ALMONDS and an UGLY LLADRO statuette on it. She lifts the corners of the cloth like a matador, Pat sighs and, gently, stops her.

PAT

I know what you're trying to do. I shall not be riled. Now, ribbons, bags, tie.

But Mim grabs TWO ALMONDS and holds them up like nipples.

MIM

Psst, Val, look -  
(tweaks the 'nipples')  
Pat, Pat, you might need to turn the heating up. Brrr. Look.

Pat doesn't look up. Mim flicks the almonds away, what next?

7 INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT. DAY 5

7 \*

After much raucous screeching, GEMMA, BRONA and BETH all drink. Fran doesn't. They all look at her, incredulous.

BRONA

WHAT? You have never had sex in a windmill?

BETH

A wind tunnel? A Wind sock? \*

GEMMA

Wait, you haven't touched your shots all game. OMG Fran, have you never? \*

They look at each other with shocked gasps. \*

FRAN

Go on, get it out, laughter, judgement, can't say anything my mother hasn't.

After a thoughtful beat, Brona and Beth raise their glasses.

BRONA  
That is actually awesome.

FRAN  
Okay, she's never said that.

BETH  
You must be a special soul, Fran.

BRONA  
Wish I'd waited.  
(wistful sigh)  
I could be living the dream now,  
curating my own gallery in Denmark.  
But I defined myself by my  
sexuality, ran out of choices.

BETH  
And you never get it back. It's a  
precious sacred part of you.

Gemma looks confused.

GEMMA  
I thought it went if you just rode  
a horse.

BRONA  
Integrity and self respect. Body  
and mind - impenetrable cocoon.

BETH  
That was the title of her A Level  
art piece.

They put arms round Fran, a drunken sorority.

FRAN  
It's not that I don't want to-

BRONA  
You'll know when the time's right.

BETH  
Don't waste it. Don't give it away  
because they take it for granted  
and then they ruin it. Ruin. It.

Beth looks at Gemma who pales.

GEMMA  
But you did it with your husbands  
before you got married, right?



PAT

Plenty to keep you out of trouble here, Mim, don't you worry.

Pat smirks and chucks a pile of napkins at her.

9

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/HALLWAY - DAY. DAY 6

9 \*

FRAN sits at a beautifully laid table. PAT busying around. BETH and BRONA enter, fist bump Fran.

BRONA

Breakfast of champions. This brain box cleaned out the quiz machine.

BETH

Triv-tastic, what was it you knew? \*

FRAN

Plantagenet kings, capitals of Europe, oxbow lake formation.

PAT

Where's Gemma?

BETH

Just on the loo, Aunty Pat.

BRONA

(whisper aside)  
Chucking up into it.

BETH AND BRONA

She'll be fine.

PAT

Help yourself to breakfast girls. I have 400 vol-au-vents arriving and a skin tight schedule to keep. Fran, please, would you-

She clicks her fingers for Fran to pass her IPAD.

FRAN

Very strong spreadsheet work here.

PAT

Yes. Fail to plan and you -

FRAN/PAT

Plan to fail!

PAT

It's Gemma's day, no time for unknown unknowns.

FRAN

Ah yes. Any sign of my Mum?

PAT

She's in disgrace. She tried to break in to the men's house last night.

FRAN

Oh no.

PAT

The cat flap wasn't big enough, thankfully. \*

FRAN

I'm sorry, Pat. I apologise for everything my mother has done. And might do. \*

PAT

No need to do that Fran. There are no problems today. \*

Pat moves across to snip at large bunches of RED FLOWERS.

FRAN

They're lovely. Bright.

PAT

Yes, I wanted a splash of red. Gemma's wedding colours are muted.

FRAN

That's going to be quite a bouquet.

PAT

These are for table centre-pieces.

FRAN

Sort of decoy bouquets then, like Saddam Hussein's many lookalikes.

PAT

It's good you have a sense of humour, isn't it?

A worried looking GEMMA enters, bleating-

GEMMA

Where's Dad?

PAT

Out of the way. Daddy's doing 9 holes with the vicar. Now your bouquet, Fran-?

She gestures for her to pass the RED BOUQUET.

FRAN

Woah. What's in this, weights?



MIM

My party trick. Yes, it needs work-

FRAN

That's what you're planning? I thought it was some unspeakable behaviour at the reception.

Mim tuts, affronted. Then after a beat-

MIM

Obviously that too. Weddings are the place for sexy fun.

FRAN

No. They're not. This is a nice day for a normal family. Pat's gone to a lot of effort to show her beloved daughter just how much she cares.

MIM

You're my beloved daughter. I care.

She takes Fran's face in her hands. From the vice like grip-

FRAN

Okay Mum. Sorry.

Mim nods and stares at her, it's love, it's scrutiny, then-

MIM

Time for a wax I think.

And Fran wriggles free, turns to call out to Pat.

FRAN

What else can I do, Pat? I'm all yours.

10

INT. PAT'S HOUSE - CONSERVATORY - DAY. DAY 6

10 \*

Beauty stations are womanned by BRONA and BETH. FRAN enters, MIM turns round, revealing her face striped like a tiger with shades of make-up.

MIM

It's called contouring!

BETH

Just need to blend it in a bit.

GEMMA enters, anxious BRONA pops open a bottle of prosecco.

BRONA

Here she is. Bubbles for the princess. It's five o'clock somewhere right.

FRAN

Singapore.

BRONA/BETH

Legend!

MIM

Tell you what is legendary, the perm I gave your mother for her wedding. Would you like one Gemma?

Gemma looks like she's going to cry.

GEMMA

No thanks.

BETH

Got your extensions upstairs, hun.

BRONA

Franster you can finish the tan

FRAN

What? No, come on, just nerves.  
Shall I get your Mum?

GEMMA

Nooooooooooooo!

FRAN

Okay, okay.

GEMMA

You've got to help me Fran.

FRAN

Me? Well I - What about your fiance  
Paul. Maybe you should talk to him?

GEMMA

It's bad luck! (sob) Fran you've got  
to help me pleaseeeee.

Fran sits down - head in hand like 'The Thinker' only with  
her forefinger over her top lip - ruminating.

11 INT. PAT'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/ HALLWAY - DAY. DAY 6 11 \*

MIM is dressed in her wedding outfit, studying a TABLE PLAN  
that is propped up. \*

PAT'S morning-outfit-heels click across the floor. She picks  
up Mim's dangerous looking feather accessory from the table  
and tuts. Mim turns to her.

MIM

Pat, who am I sitting with? Can't  
seem to find my name.

PAT

No. Well. That's because it's not  
there.

MIM

What?

Avoiding eye contact, Pat strokes the feather accessory.

PAT

Didn't you read your invitation?  
You're coming to the evening do.

Mim staggers backwards in disbelief.

MIM

Evening do?!

PAT

That's right.



PAT (CONT'D)

But it's Fran I feel sorry for.  
(in for the kill)  
Just as well that poor creature  
will never marry. Who would walk  
her down the aisle, eh Mim?

MIM

(choked, desperate)  
I was a single mother!

PAT

And that was no one's fault but  
your own.

She lets Mim go. Mim scuttles off, meets FRAN in the hallway.

FRAN

Everything okay?

MIM

Everything's fine.  
Except your face.

Fran has a MOUSTACHE/GOATEE smear from the BRONZER.

FRAN

Pat? We might have a problem.

PAT

Here. And if that doesn't work try  
swarfega.

She points her to a mirror with a wet wipe, then sorts cake  
toppers. Fran dabs at the perma-tan tache, cautiously...

FRAN

Actually, it's Gemma. She's  
a bit upset.

PAT

What am I supposed to do about  
that? I've a cake to box up.

FRAN

Mm. I think, maybe, she doesn't  
want to go through with it-

PAT

Too late for that now.

FRAN

Mm. Can't you do something-

PAT

I've done everything! Everything!  
Everything is planned and perfect,  
do you understand?

Yes but- FRAN

FRAN

Come on Mum, you said you didn't believe in all this fairy tale bullsh\*t.

MIM

Well no, if you want a happy ending, go get a massage.  
(swipes a lladro)  
I'm taking this.

Mim puts it in her BAG, packing up. But Fran ponders.

FRAN

I think she's been dreading this wedding for ages.

MIM

Pat's been planning it for longer.

FRAN

I wish we could do something.

MIM

I already put prawns in her curtains. But perhaps-

\*

An idea hits. Mim pulls out her BUCKET LIST NOTEBOOK.

FRAN

What?

MIM

At least I can get one bucket dream out of this sh\*t-wreck. Look-

FRAN

Eat sushi off a naked sumo?

MIM

Stop a wedding with an impediment!

FRAN

Woah. That's quite a big thing.

MIM

I'm dying! I want to do big things. And Gemma doesn't want to get married, so it's win-win.

FRAN

Maybe we could text Gemma, or have a quiet word outside.

Mim implores Fran.

MIM

Fran. So, I didn't give you domestic bliss, okay I could have baked more cookies, remembered the odd birthday-

FRAN

Even one would have been nice. \*

MIM

But I gave you freedom didn't I? Don't deny it. To yourself, to me, or to Gemma.

Fran is stirred, she reaches for her car keys. \*

MIM (CONT'D) \*

So come on Franny, get us to the church in time to ruin everything! \*

13 EXT. QUIET COUNTRY ROAD/ CAR - DAY. DAY 6 13 \*

The CAR drives down a quiet road in a thrilling dash.

The car slows down, sputters a bit, and then stops. \*

FRAN gets out, runs down the road, then also stops.

FRAN

I don't know where I'm going.

14 INT. STATIONARY CAR - DAY/NIGHT. DAY 6 14 \*

MIM bangs her fists on a window - Graduate style.

MIM

GEMMA!

She sits back, revealing it was the windscreen. FRAN and Mim are stuck in their broken down car.

FRAN

It's too late.

MIM

Oh well.

Mim shrugs, opens up the travel sweets.

FRAN

Oh well? Didn't you always say marriage was a life sentence?

MIM

She only needs to serve half of it and then she'll get the duplex.



Fran shakes her head, incredulous at Mim's volte-face.

FRAN

You know I heard what Pat said. She has no right to judge you, she's the monster. And you know what?

MIM

What?

FRAN

I get it Mum. You never married, you don't believe in the tricks and

FRAN  
That's lucky.

Mim turns to Fran.

MIM  
You know, we're not all that different you and I.

FRAN  
Really?

MIM  
Well, I'm not a pedantic virgin-

FRAN  
And I don't wear my bra on my head-

MIM  
But we're not fakes. We're true to ourselves. \*

FRAN  
Yeah. \*

Fran nods, Mim gives her a maternal knee squeeze. \*

MIM  
So don't worry. It'll happen for you, Franny. \*

FRAN  
Love? Or herpes. \*

MIM  
Never too late for either. \*

FRAN  
Great news. \*

ORANGE LIGHTS of an AA van off-screen. \*

MIM  
What I'm saying is, I get it too. You are who you are.

She pats Fran's knee and gets out. Fran has a moment to reflect on the affirmation. \*

MIM returns. Wearing a HI-VIS VEST with TWO OILY HANDPRINTS across her bosom/waving a pair of Y-FRONTs/pulling hair from her teeth. \*

MIM (CONT'D)  
And I am who I am. \*



Pat sits up, a new motivation.

PAT  
Grandchildren?!

MIM  
Start calling on the honeymoon.

PAT  
Yes. Yes!

Pat pulls her PHONE from her PURSE.

MIM  
Set a notification thingy.

PAT  
I could get an ovulation app, time  
my calls precisely.

Pat and Mim's rapprochement begins.

ACROSS THE ROOM: Fran picks at the buffet when GEMMA enters, drunk, excited, bounds over to her.

GEMMA  
Fran!

She hugs her, then sees the bronzer tache as she pulls back.

GEMMA (CONT'D)  
Woah! Wait is that why you've  
never, you're *transitionaling*?

FRAN  
What? No it's your fake tan.

GEMMA  
Oh! Sorry! But you know it's fine  
whatever cos Paul and I have  
decided to be very open minded- if  
you are a she-male.

FRAN  
No, really-

But Gemma hugs her again, then sways drunkenly.

GEMMA  
And I really need to thank you  
Fran.

FRAN  
Thank me? We nearly stopped your  
wed- (thinks again) Thank me?!

GEMMA

Yes. You told me to talk to my fiancé Paul. Sorry, HUSBAND!

(screams again, drunk)

I'm MARRIED!

(deadly serious, drunk)

But I took your advice right, told him just how unhappy I was.

Fran looks confused.

FRAN

But if you were unhappy...?

GEMMA

About the honeymoon!

FRAN

What?

Gemma leans in, explaining it like it was a death sentence.

GEMMA

I couldn't do it. A boring trip around Europe. I was dreading it. I hate old things. No offence.

FRAN

None taken.

GEMMA

Soooo, now we're going on a two week all-in to the MALDIVES, like NORMAL people! Woo-hoo!

FRAN

Congratulations. I'm really happy for you, Gem.

Gem hugs Fran again.

GEMMA

Wait. I wanna give you something, Franny. Lemme get rid of this. Fuck these weights, right?

(shouts)

Oi!!

BETH and BRONA appear as summoned, see the bouquet, push Gemma into position, whistle for GUESTS to come through.

\*  
\*

BETH

All the single ladies!

\*  
\*

BRONA

Bouquet time, girls.

\*  
\*

As they herd the group, they nudge Fran.

\*

BETH

We saved this bit for you, Franny.

\*  
\*

With a whoop/grunt of effort Gemma launches the WEIGHTED BOUQUET across the room!

It's heading straight for MIM, now on her feet, excited to catch. PAT sees, she cannot have this. She leaps up.

MIM

Never too late!

PAT

Not her! NOooooooooo.

Pat dives in front of Mim and the bouquet SMACKS her in the face. She falls to the floor with a SCREAM. Gemma turns -

GEMMA

Mum?!

The GIRLS/NSE NANAS form a circle around floored Pat.

BETH

She's down.

BRONA

She's a sprayer.

PAT

My nose! My Aquascutum!

Mim retreats. Pat, clutching a blood soaked napkin over her nose, is helped to her feet by Beth and Brona. They are also sprayed with blood. They lead her out.

BETH

Easy now Aunty Pat.

\*

BRONA

Head back, careful.

\*

Blood spattered but buoyant, Gemma bounds back to Fran, with an ENVELOPE and an open BOTTLE OF FIZZ.

GEMMA

For you.

FRAN

The Europe trip? Wow! Gemma, I don't know what to say. Thank you.

GEMMA

You'll appreciate it right? I dunno, my book said it's romantic Paris, Venice.

FRAN

Amazing.

\*  
\*

GEMMA

Who are you gonna take?

\*  
\*

FRAN

My mum.

GEMMA

Aw. Yeah. Course.

Fran gestures to the BLOOD SPATTER on her white dress.

FRAN

I hope that comes out.

Gemma cackles, she got her own back on her mother after all.

\*

GEMMA

Mum wanted 'a splash of red'.

She swigs straight from a BOTTLE.

\*

ACROSS THE ROOM: Mim, alone idly plays with the tablecloth. Then she gets an idea...

She gets up, tugs and... IT WORKS! Wow. But - no one saw.

\*

Fran comes over.

\*

MIM

I did it Franny!

FRAN

Did what?

MIM

What do you mean, what? The table cloth trick. My life's ambition!

FRAN

Yeah. Mum, look a grand tour of Europe, That's something real for the bucket list, huh?

Mim doesn't care.

\*

MIM

Fuck you. Just because no one saw, doesn't mean it didn't happen.

\*

FRAN

Sure. I believe you Mum.

MIM

Only one thing left for it then - I'm going to streak again.

Fran bundles Mim up in the tablecloth to stop her.

\*