

PROTAGONIST PICTURES

HOW TO BUILD A GIRL

Written by

Caitlin Moran

Directed by

Coky Giedroyc

Cast

Beanie Feldstein

Alfie Allen

Paddy Considine

Chris O'Dowd

Emma Thompson

The wasteland is surrounded by council-housing, with the odd tower-block in the distance - but shot to look bucolic. Shafting sunlight. Clumps of daises, the muted softer colours of Wolverhampton. At certain angles, with your eyes squinting and the sunlight flaring, this could almost pass as beautiful.

Across the wasteland we see the LIBRARY, and ZOOM IN through the window, to find JOHANNA - sixteen, fat, in NHS glasses and an army-coat. She is sitting at a table, writing. There is a huge folder, entitled: "Johanna Morrigan: A Life."

There is an old man, slumped asleep, at the other end of the table.

Johanna is writing, on a page entitled "My Imaginary Boyfriends."

JOHANNA

(whispering)

"Mr Rochester. At the age of 13, *Jane Eyre* taught me a vital lesson about love. If you are poor and ugly, falling for someone handsome and rich who is *already* married can be tough - but, if you wait long enough, both his castle *and* his mad wife will burn down, and he'll go blind - and *then* you can marry him. You just have to play the long game."

She laughs out loud at her own joke. The LIBRARIAN shushes her.

Johanna looks out of the window. Sighs. We see - usual scruffy Wolvo people walking past, in anoraks. She slumps in her chair, pulling her great coat over her. It's so DEAD here.

Then, from the melee of ordinary people, a hot teenage indie boy appears: a classic of his time. Curtain-fringe, big brown eyes, jeans, Ride hoodie. He is lit in a warm, radiant, God-like light.

On Johanna's reaction: extreme sexual interest. Pupils dilate, cheeks flush. Sighing. Music starts up, "Cannonball", by The Breeders - it's sketchy, scratchy intro, like a slow summoning of sexiness.

Out of the window more hot men begin to emerge - a parade of them, all lit in the same, golden, God-light. A fit boy doing wheelies on a BMX. Lovely plump man in a cardigan, wearing nerd-glasses and reading "Moby-Dick." Gorgeous boy licking an ice-cream in a FILTHY way. A man doing a backflip. A topless boy, blowing bubbles.

Another eating a rose - petals going everywhere. A boy, pouring a bottle of water over his head. A boy, peacocking, wearing nothing but speedos. A boy wearing headphones, dancing. Two boys, passing a football back and forth... a ridiculous escalation of Johanna's freewheeling imagination.

A loud ringing bell cuts over the music causing the sexy parade to intermittently flicker.

We zoom to Johanna and see that she is, obscurely, masturbating. Her face is contorted in extreme, sexual concentration but the ringing bell is visibly jamming her flow.

As the music reaches its crescendo, and Johanna is about to reach hers, the ringing gets VERY loud and somewhere above the noise a shrill, 'eh hum' can be heard.

Disturbed, Johanna slits one eye open - the librarian, is pointing from Johanna to the clock. 6pm. Closing time. She panics a little, loses her rhythm and the sex parade evaporates - back to the melee of bleak anoraks we saw before.

Still in a sexy daze, she clumsily zips herself up under the coat, gathers her things and leaves the library in haste.

TITLES: HOW TO BUILD A GIRL

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EXT. OUTSIDE LIBRARY/WASTELAND - DAY

2

Johanna leaves the building, slips her library books into her bag, unties her dog, BIANCA, from the tree.

She strides across the wasteland. Suddenly:

KARL BODEN (O.S.)

Oi!

Johanna doesn't hear.

KARL BODEN (CONT'D)

Oi!

Johanna turns around. A group of five likely-looking townie-boys are twenty feet away. Trouble.

Drops one of her library books - Germaine Greer's "The Female Eunuch", with the classic "naked body on a coat hanger" cover. Yob picks it up. Looks at it.

KARL BODEN (CONT'D)

Here - are you a lezzer?

DAMON YARDLEY

Yeah - a gyppo lezzer? Fat gyppo lezzer?

Johanna starts running - holding her bosoms, so they don't bounce. The yobs, laughing, pick up "The Female Eunuch" and throw it at her. It hits her on the tits.

3 EXT. MORRIGAN ESTATE - DAY 3

Johanna running down Enville Road, towards her house, looking behind her, BIANCA trotting alongside. She gets to her door - sounds of CHAOS and NOISE - breathes a sigh of relief, it's safe here.

4 INT. MORRIGAN HALLWAY - DAY 4

Johanna walks through the doorway - we hear babies crying, dogs barking, someone drumming - as she heads straight up to her room.

5 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - DAY 5

Johanna enters a room of two halves. Krissi's half is army-neat - proper folds on the bed-blankets, seedlings in tiny pots on the window sill, hundreds of cassettes, albums and music papers neatly stacked. A boy's half. A music obsessive's half.

There is a crudely-made divider down the centre, from three internal doors nailed together.

Johanna's half - bright colours, pretty china figurines from junk shops, crocheted pillows and blankets, and the GOD WALL.

GOD WALL: This is a massive collage of everything Johanna loves, and wants: maps of London, pictures of sunsets on mountains, poems, and dozens and dozens of heroes, including: SIGMUND FREUD, EMILY & CHARLOTTE BRONTE, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, SYLVIA PLATH, JO MARCH, MARIA VON TRAPP, DONNA SUMMER, KARL MARX and JOAN OF ARC - all in crudely-made cardboard frames with their names written across the bottom, in "best writing."

Johanna sighs.

JOHANNA

Well, I regret to say that, despite all my best intentions, today has been another dolorous one.

The God Wall animates.

SYLVIA PLATH

Well missy, I've had plenty of those.

MARIA VON TRAPP

Nonsense - there's nothing a
musical number can't cure!

BOUDICCA

Silence, failed nun. Johanna! Don
armour, and dedicate your life to
God!

Johanna's reaction, looking at Joan tied to the stake:
dubious.

JOHANNA

Oh, GOD! How much longer am I going
to have to be here?

She gestures around her room.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

I NEED something to happen! I want
to burn! I want to explode! I want
to have sexual intercourse with
someone who has a car! But how do I
get there from here?

She looks out of the window, at the street. A caption appears
over the shot:

CAPTION: "Nothing ever happens here."

There's a KNOCK at the door. The God Wall freezes. Johanna
opens the door. It's Krissi, Johanna's brother (17, razor
sharp wit).

KRISSI

Come on, repulsive. It's the news.
The *real* news. BONG.

6 INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

6

The family is gathering for *Top of the Pops*.

Krissi is on the floor, putting his Fanzine together, cutting
out pictures of rock stars. Lupin, 6, is sitting in a wash
basket with half a dozen puppies. The puppies have socks as
hats with silver foil on their tails. Fancy dress for dogs.
He has Michael Jackson The Puppy, (black body, white face),
and is making it dance to the music.

PAT (dad, 36, legend in his own lifetime, in love with the
world) comes in, holding a cup of tea.

PAT

Would the people in the cheaper
seats, clap your hands? And the
rest of you, if you'll just rattle
your jewelry.

Everyone claps. He sits down at the drum-kit, and starts softly playing. Johanna nods at the TV.

JOHANNA

Who are these?

KRISSI

(excited. He loves the band.)

Happy Mondays. I'm putting them on the cover.

He gestures to the pages of his fanzine. Johanna looks non-plussed.

KRISSI (CONT'D)

Do you know nothing of popular culture, Johanna?

JOHANNA

Popular culture knows nothing about me. I feel more of a kinship with the 19th century. I would fain wear a bonnet.

Pat does a comedy rim-shot.

PAT

Nice one, love. I hear you. We're all of us in exile. Fuck me, I could do better than this lot. They all look like brickies. Where's a nice poofy space-man when you need one? I miss Bowie.

Angie (mum, 36, depressed) walks into the room - carrying two babies, which she breast feeds as she walks.

JOHANNA

How you feeling, mum?

ANGIE

I'm becoming evil.

PAT

Arrrr - nice one, bab.

Johanna gets up - takes one baby off her, gives the other to Pat, who holds it, whilst continuing to play the drums.

ANGIE

I'd kill for twenty minutes sleep.
I'd kill the last panda on earth.
I'd shoot it in the face then
cuddle up on it's furry corpse for
a bit of shut-eye.

PAT

Still got those sexy eyes, love.

Angie leans against the wall, wincing.

JOHANNA

Still can't sit down, huh?

ANGIE

It looks like the Joker's smile
down there.

On TV the Happy Mondays are doing "Kinky Afro", all in
anoraks, looking sinister.

PAT

TEK YOUR COAT OFF. YOU WON'T FEEL
THE BENEFIT, COCKER.

His baby is startled - starts crying.

ANGIE

Pat! It took half a tit to get him
off!

KRISSI

This is Ecstasy-Funk, Dad.

PAT

It's insulting to a pro, is what it
is. I can't stand watching amateurs
take over from proper jazzers.
They've crossed the cultural picket-
line. SCABS! SCABS!

On the TV, a new show has started - "Today in the Midlands."
Presenter, Alan 'Wilko' Wilkinson, is introducing the
program. Johanna tries to sit nearer the TV.

WILKO

(inaudible)
Hello and welcome to - Today in the
Midlands.

JOHANNA

Dad, shhhhh, I'm trying to hear!

PAT

I just want to get back in the
game, love. Back on top. Then the
DSS can stuff its assessment up its
arse, and we will be out of here.
Seventeen years is long enough in
this shit-pit. FOR I AM THE BASTARD
SON OF BRENDAN BEHAN - AND, ONE
DAY, THESE FUCKERS WILL BOW DOWN TO
ME.

As Pat gives this - obviously regular - speech, Krissi and Lupin mouth along. Johanna moves closer to the TV, trying to hear. Pat keeps talking.

WILKO

(inaudible)

To kick off today's program, I am excited to be announcing our Young Midlands Poet of the Year, finalists. They are.. Lee Veltman, Kerry Parry, Johanna Morrigan -

Johanna suddenly SCREAMS and claps a hand to her mouth.

KRISSI

Ovulate *quietly*.

JOHANNA

No! No - I've BEEN CHOSEN!!!!

ANGIE

What?

JOHANNA

Listen, listen.

She turns the TV up to hear PRESENTER Alan "Wilko" Wilkinson -

WILKO

- so congratulations to all the finalist, who we'll be seeing in this very studio next week, competing to become the Young Midlands Poet of the Year!

The names of the winners flash up - Lee Veltman, 17, Trysull. Kerry Parry, 18, Whitmore Reans. Johanna Morrigan, 16, Warstones Estate.'

JOHANNA

TOMORROW HAS COME!

LUPIN

You're going to be on telly?

KRISSI

From your *writing*?

JOHANNA

I am the best writer in Wolverhampton. Mrs Belling said so.

KRISSI

Mrs Belling? She said *I* was the best writer in Wolverhampton.

Krissi makes a "drinky drinky" motion.

ANGIE
Birmingham? That's going to be at
least a tenner in petrol.

Angie looks worried.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Krissi, turn the fire off.

Krissi turns it off. Johanna is still ecstatic.

JOHANNA
What am I going to wear!?!?

PAT
Don't you worry bab - a man down
the Red Lion owes me a favour. I'll
sort you.

There's a ring at the doorbell.

PAT (CONT'D)
That's my bloke from Stoke.

He gets off the drum-kit, and, still holding the baby, picks
up Michael Jackson.

LUPIN
I thought we were keeping Michael
Jackson The Dog!!!!

He clings to Pat's leg.

PAT
Nah, kid. Hounds for pounds. Come
on, mate - you're Out of My Life
now. Johanna!

Johanna takes the weeping Lupin off Pat's leg. Pat leaves the
room.

ANGIE
Pat, if you sell the baby, make
sure you get at least fifty quid.
That babygro's from Marks.

7

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCHOOL/SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

7

Johanna and Krissi enter their playground. Krissi is selling
his fanzine to pupils, doing a brisk trade - as Johanna
talks.

KRISSI
Yes - Happy Monday on the cover,
think-piece about Riot Grrrl
inside. It's a collective movement.
(MORE)

KRISSI (CONT'D)

That's why there's no "I" in the "grrrl" of "Riot Grrrl". Think about it.

A kid buys one - 50p. Krissi pockets it.

JOHANNA

This is my turning-point, Krissi. This is it. I'm going to get out of here. AND everyone wants to have sex with people who are on TV. That's just a fact. It's like a compelling advert. And it widens your customer base, outside the local area - which is good, as I don't think I have any potential amoratas, or swains, here.

Johanna and Krissi surveys the playground, reviewing potential sex-mates.

KRISSI

I mean, for a tenner, I'd probably have a go on Andy Bibby. He's got a certain... piratical swagger.

We see a typically scruffy Midlands teenage boy, no more than 5'1.

JOHANNA

Andy Bibby farts on his own hands, then throws them at people, shouting "Turtle Power!"

KRISSI

John Kellog has... a good bag?

We see John Kellog - grungy boy, with a vintage British Airways hold-all.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

John Kellog has an "Uncle-Daddy," Krissi. His family tree is all *trunk*.

Krissi makes a gagging face.

8

INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

8

Mrs Belling (53, a fan of both literature, and Dubonnet & lemonade) is in the final flourish of a speech about Chaucer. The rest of the classroom are ignoring her - but Johanna is drinking in every word.

On the blackboard behind is written "taketh," "maketh", "quente" etc.

MRS BELLING

...and so Chaucer was one of the first poets to use the five-stress line - a decasyllabic cousin to the iambic pentameter; the man who helped standardise Middle English; a daring satirist; a proto-feminist, and *not* - as surmised by Lee Bacon -

She holds up a single piece of paper, on which a single line is written -

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)

"Just shit at spelling."

The bell rings. Everyone else leaves. Johanna hangs back. Mrs Belling is sitting at her desk. She sighs. Long day.

JOHANNA

Did you like the essay, Mrs B?

MRS BELLING

Mrs Belling. It's your best yet, Johanna! It was a very entertaining

-

She flicks through the massive pile of paper.

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)

- 33 pages. You're very... generous with your words. Very... *sexual*.

JOHANNA

Artistic expression is the greatest preventative for melancholy and morbidity, Mrs B. My memoir already runs to 300 pages.

MRS BELLING

Mrs Belling. You're only sixteen, Johanna - do you have many... *memoir-ies*?

JOHANNA

Oh, I am blessed with a rich internal life, Mrs B! I've just written about all the things I *imagine* I'll do! My only problem is... I don't know the end yet.

MRS BELLING

I'm an English teacher. You need to share that problem with the Philosophy Department. Johanna - may I give you some advice?

JOHANNA
Canon away full power, Mrs B!

MRS BELLING
Mrs Belling. Just... reign it in a bit. I need five pages of GCSE-compliant coursework, not -

She touches the essay.

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)
War & Penis.

JOHANNA
I like to give everything 200%!

MRS BELLING
Your belief in a 200% is why you're also on course to fail GCSE maths, Johanna. Pull back. Knuckle down.

She gets up, and leaves.

9 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 9

Johanna looks in through the glass of the Sixth Form Common Room: all the cool kids are hanging out. Grebos, ravers, goths etc, reading *Melody Maker*, *The Face*, *NME* and *D&ME*.

Krissi is at the stereo, selling his fanzine. Centre of attention.

Johanna sighs. She cannot go in there. She is not cool.

10 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 10

Pat is in ironed jeans and a black puffa-jacket, brand new. He looks at his watch, impatiently and shouts upstairs...

PAT
Get a shift on babba - it's time for your starring role! Birmingham New Road'll be a circus of cunts by six...

Johanna comes down the stairs, reluctantly. She is dressed identically to Pat - ironed black jeans and a black puffa-jacket. The jacket barely does up across the bosom. She's trying to do up the zip.

Angie comes out into the hallway.

PAT (CONT'D)
(looking at Johanna, proud)
9 pounds for the lot. Danny Buddhamere's done us proud.

JOHANNA
We look like a fat Bros.

PAT
(unconcerned)
Nice one.

JOHANNA
(despairing)
The jacket's too tight. I don't
think it's made for women.

The zip is wedged under her bosoms - making them stick out,
like a shelf.

ANGIE
(dry, explanatorily)
You've inherited the Finlayson
womens' breasts, Johanna. We can't
be contained by a catalogue bra.

Pat heads towards the door, jangling his car-keys.

PAT
Come on!

Johanna shoots a "help me!" look at Angie. Angie shrugs.

11 INT. TV STUDIOS - NIGHT

11

Johanna and Pat are standing next to some of the other
finalists. They are all cool looking teenagers - she looks
uneasy. A sound-man is going round, putting mic's on all the
teens.

PAT
We played this show, you know. Back
in '78. They didn't like the lyrics
- "Fuck me baby/Til my bladder
bursts" - so we just did it
instrumental. Classy. That was our
last ever performance.

He nods to one of the passing floor-crew. He nods back.
Johanna is actually vibrating from nerves.

On the studio floor, a boy cool-looking 17 year old is
reading his poem - in an American accent.

LEE VELTMAN
*"I only have three true friends/The
moon/My fist/And a gun."*

He looks like a rock-star. His poem is bleak and cool.

A sound-man approaches Johanna, with a mic - surveys Johanna's bosom, and wildly distorted jacket. Impossible to put a mic on.

SOUNDMAN

Do you want to take off your coat,
love?

Johanna tries to unzip the jacket - but it's jammed.

FEMALE RUNNER

One minute!

Johanna looks at the sound-man - panicked.

JOHANNA

I'll stack them - like Tupperware.

Johanna pushes one bosom on top of the other, and the sound-man yanks the zip up. As he does so, one bosom pops out the top. She and the sound-man look at it, aghast. She burps - loudly.

LEE VELTMAN

*"And in my Chevrolet/I blew them
all away/And now I live life on the
run.*

Applause. The cool teen comes over to join them. He's lost the American accent now. Broad Brummie:

LEE VELTMAN (CONT'D)

Cor, it's dead sweaty out there.

Johanna looks panicked. Pat sees her panic- leans in for some advice:

PAT

(suddenly urgent)
I'm gonna give you some advice,
love. Key wisdom. Don't forget
this. If things ever get lairy -
turn the conversation to jazz. It
confuses people. Get on the hot,
bad jazzers - Coltrane. Mingus.

This advice clearly confuses Johanna, too - but she nods.

FEMALE RUNNER

You're on!

Johanna desperately, unsuccessfully, tries to punch the tit back down as the sound-man pins the mic on.

FEMALE RUNNER (CONT'D)

Go! Go!

12 INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

12

Johanna steps onto set and is greeted by Wilko.

She's so panicky she can't hear anything. We can't hear anything - like Benjamin underwater in *The Graduate*. We just see Wilko's mouth opening and closing:

WILKO

... Johanna Morrigan, from the Warstones Estate, in Wolverhampton! Her poem was inspired by her family's *unusual* business - breeding Border Collie dogs! Take it away with tonight's last "Poem About Friendship", Johanna!

Johanna stares at the poem for a moment. Total silence.

13 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

13

She starts - insanely nervous, fluffing lines everywhere.

JOHANNA

"My Best Friend. By Johanna Morrigan. My father sells your babies/You howl when you're alone/We do not know who your parents are/And all you want to do is "bone".

Wilko looks nervous.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

For my best friend is Bianca - my dog!/Despite her mental health seeming fragile/And when it comes to scaring off assailants, or yobs/She has proven less than agile/You cannot hug me with your paws/I know Bianca/I've tried/Dog anatomy lacks rotator cuffs/You can't open your forelegs that wide/But Bianca, I know you can always hug me ... hug me *with your eyes*... Sorry, sorry - I'm so nervous.

Pat is standing off-camera, watching in horror. Puts his head in his hands.

WILKO

Don't worry - knowing one million people are watching you *is* nerve-racking!

JOHANNA

I'm just... mad anyway, to be honest, Alan. That's what everyone says. Just a mad lonely teenager, and her dog.

14 INT. MORRIGAN FRONT ROOM - NIGHT 14

Whole family, including Bianca and the puppies, in front of the TV - agonised watching her.

15 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 15

JOHANNA

But we're like... Shaggy, and Scooby Doo. Best friends forever, against the world!

Wilko still says nothing. Johanna starts to gabble

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Ri ruv my rog! Revverybody ruvs my rog.

Another pause. Johanna now out of her mind with panic.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Scooby Dooby Do! Scooby Dooby Dooo!

There's a pause.

Wilko collects himself, and then turns to the camera, opening an envelope.

WILKO

And so to the winner - Lee Veltman, from Trysull.

16 INT. VW VAN - NIGHT 16

Johanna sits slumped, horrified. Pat is clearly wrestling with how to break the silence. With what advice to give. Finally:

PAT

(almost kindly)
The thing is, Johanna - your name's "Morrigan." Not "Twat."

JOHANNA

(whispering)
Morrigan - not twat. Morrigan - not twat.

17 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 17

Johanna lying in bed, wide awake, staring up at the ceiling. Sleepless. Biting her fist.

JOHANNA
(whispering)
Morrigan - not Twat. Morrigan - not
Twat.

18 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE - DAY 18

Johanna, Krissi and Lupin are walking to school. Johanna drags behind, miserable and panicked looking.

JOHANNA
Oh god. Oh god.

19 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - THE NEXT DAY 19

Krissi and Johanna hover by the school gates, too scared to go in. Johanna - black circles under her eyes - terrified.

KRISSI
Okay - we're going to keep a tight
formation, and you're going to
remember Krissi's Crisis Mantra.

JOHANNA
"Everyone can suck a big bag of
dicks."

KRISSI
Good girl. Come on.

Krissi puts his hood up. They walk forward. No-one seems to notice them.

JOHANNA
Maybe no-one saw it?

Then, one by one, the kids in the playground turn around and see her - stare. Finally - AN EXPLOSION OF LAUGHTER.

KIDS
Scooby Dooby Dooooooo!

Krissi, angrily, drags Johanna into school.

KRISSI
Fuck them all.

WHOLE PLAYGROUND
Scooby Dooby Dooooooo!

20

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY

20

Johanna, Krissi and Lupin come up the road. A group of four or five yobs are following behind them, throwing things at them.

KARL BODEN

You want Scooby Snacks? Here's your Scooby Snacks!

The gravel hits their back.

They draw level with the house - Pat is on the doorstep, with Bianca. Sees what's happening. Stares at the kids.

PAT

Is that Karl Boden?

He is Karl Boden.

PAT (CONT'D)

Karl Boden! I fucked your mum. '72. Send her my regards.

This statement scares and discombobulates the gang. They melt away. Pat looks at Johanna - pity.

PAT (CONT'D)

Come inside, babba. Your tea's ready. Your mum's garnishing the toast with beans.

A smart-looking car pulls up outside the house. No-one notices. A woman gets out of the smart-looking car - approaches Pat.

SMART WOMAN

Pat Morrigan - you have puppies for sale?

PAT

Famous pups - as immortalised in poetry on Midlands Today, yes!

He does the thumbs-up to Johanna. Johanna does them back.

The woman brings out her ID.

SMART WOMAN

I'm from the DSS - we're investigating allegations you've been illegally claiming disability benefit whilst breeding Border Collie dogs.

Johanna looks incredibly guilty.

PAT
Not me, love.

Bianca barks. At her call, dozens of puppies start streaming out of the house. Pat stares the SMART WOMAN in the eye.

PAT (CONT'D)
Rats, though. Big rat problem here.

She stares at him. The jig is up.

21 INT/EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY 21

Two men are loading the Morrigan's television into a van, while the family watch on, unhappy. Pat is signing documents, looking pissed off. Angie is leaning comatose-like, in the doorframe.

LUPIN
They're taking our mother!

ANGIE
I'm happy to go instead.

Everyone glares at Johanna.

JOHANNA
I'm so sorry.

22 INT. MORRIGAN DINING-ROOM - DAY 22

Everyone sitting around the table. There is very, very little food on the table. Everyone furious with Johanna. It's very quiet. Angie comes in with a big dish of sausages.

ANGIE
Eat up. What there *is*. Lupin - only one slice of bread. ONE SAUSAGE, Krissi. I don't own a frigging sausage tree.

Johanna looks at everyone, for a minute. Absolutely sick with guilt.

JOHANNA
I'm not hungry, thanks.

She leaves the room. Krissi spears her sausage from the serving plate.

KRISSI
Where God closes a door for Johanna, he opens a sausage for me.

23

INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - DAY

23

Johanna is lying under the bed, staring up at the mattress.

JOHANNA

I shall feast only on my misery.

Johanna takes a pot of jam and a spoon and starts eating it, awkwardly, under the bed. Spoon sideways into her mouth.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

...and jam. This is my *thinking* jam. I need the jam, to think.

She stares up at the underside of the bed.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

What have I done? What have I done?
I've brought ruin upon our family.
I think I'm dying.

FREUD

You are not dying, Johanna. This is called "anxiety". Cortisol is streaming through your body, leading to physical symptoms of fear.

JOHANNA

Will jam make it better?

FREUD

No. Jam will not make it better. I'm afraid you must just accept it. Anxiety is part of the human condition.

JOHANNA

The thing is, I don't think my main problem *is* anxiety, Mr Freud. I just need money. Money for the family. Bitch gotta pay rent.

DONNA SUMMER

(singing, with full orchestration)

"She works hard for the money! She works hard for the money!"

The rest of the God Wall nods.

JOHANNA

But I am, now, a failed artist. And when you're a failed artist, there's only one thing you can do.
You have to die.

GOD WALL

GASP! No! You have so much to live for!

SYLVIA PLATH

I've got some good tips on how to do it.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Not now, Sylvia Plath.

Krissi busts into the room. The God Wall becomes silent.

KRISSI

Whatcha doing?

JOHANNA

Working out how to die.

KRISSI

Fair enough.

JOHANNA

Ask me why.

KRISSI

I know why. I would want to die, if I had shamed myself, and plunged my family into poverty. It's fair enough. I would have advised it myself.

JOHANNA

Maybe I could make the ultimate sacrifice - cut my hair off, like Jo March, and sell it.

KRISSI

Yeah - not sure Cash Convertors have a Hair Department, Johanna.

He sighs. Chucks her a copy of *D&ME*.

KRISSI (CONT'D)

Stop moping. Try this. They're looking for writers.

Under the bed, Johanna reads out the advert.

JOHANNA

"Live and breathe music? Know your KLF from your EMF? Worked out what Don McClean's "American Pie" actually means? *D&ME* are hiring hip young gunslingers. Show us what you've got." I am none of those things. *You* should do this.

Krissi is sticking his fanzine together. He waves a copy at her.

KRISSI

I'm not a corporate sell-out whore.
Those guys only write about what
they think is cool. I write about
what I love. It just happens that
everything I love *is* cool.

Johanna's not listening. She scrambles out from under the bed, reading a review in D&ME.

JOHANNA

Ha - a *ten year old* could be a rock
critic! I just need some modern
rock, to critique.

She goes over to Krissi's side of the room - hundreds and hundreds of cool albums by cool bands. There are intricate trip-wires, and a bell. She tries to take a KLF record, and a bell rings.

KRISSI

TOUCH THAT AND DIE!

Back on her side of the room, Johanna looks at her tiny collection of cassettes. Crowded House, ABBA, the soundtrack to "The Muppet Movie." Nigel Kennedy's "The Four Seasons." It's not a cool collection. She takes a cassette out:

MUSIC: Tomorrow, OST, "ANNIE".

Krissi laughs.

KRISSI (CONT'D)

My God.

JOHANNA

This is a *classic*.

Johanna marches over to Krissi's side of the room, and takes his typewriter.

KRISSI

Hey!

JOHANNA

Emily and Charlotte Bronte shared
quills.

KRISSI

I want it back by five. And you're
so Anne.

JOHANNA

Don't start that again.

She starts typing.

24 EXT. STREET - DAY 24

Johanna walks to the post-box, accompanied by Bianca - kisses the envelope. Sprays BodyShop "Dewberry Essence" onto it. Posts it. Hugs the post-box. Music is SOARING.

25 INT. SCHOOL GYM - DAY 25

Music: "Tomorrow", continuous.

It's PE. Johanna is in her gym shorts and gym t-shirt, standing in a queue to perform on the springboard. She's messing around.

When it's her turn, she jumps onto the springboard, then does a roly-poly, as everyone else has. Stands up - and the whole class are applauding her, and dying laughing. Why? She looks behind her - her sanitary towel has fallen out, and is lying on the floor, staring at her.

26 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 26

Johanna in her school shirt and knickers, scrubbing her skirt with a toothbrush. It's not working. She adds some toothpaste to the mix. Looks really fucked off.

LUPIN (O.S.)

Are you dying?

Johanna jumps a mile - pulls back the shower-curtain. Lupin is in the bath, looking at the blood.

JOHANNA

No. This is a period, Lupin. It is why women have been oppressed throughout history. Until the twin-tub was invented, we were too busy scrubbing to agitate for the vote.

Lupin looks terrified.

LUPIN

Will I get a period?

Johanna shrugs. Fuck it.

JOHANNA

Yes.

Lupin: terrified.

ANGIE (O.S.)

JOHANNA!

- 27 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 27
- Music: "Tomorrow".
- Angie holding out the phone to Johanna. She takes it, listens to what someone is saying -
- Johanna reaction: OH MY GOD! AMAZING NEWS! She mouths to Krissi, "interview", he shrugs. She points to herself, miming, "sell-out corporate whore" - he gives her the thumbs-up.
- MUSIC: slam-cut from "tomorrow" to "Hobo Humpin' Slobobabe" - Whale.
- 28 EXT. WOLVERHAMPTON TOWN CENTRE - DAY 28
- Johanna, rucksack on back, RUNNING, super-fast through the town centre. Kinetic, exciting.
- 29 EXT. WOLVERHAMPTON TRAIN STATION - DAY 29
- Johanna, running flat out. Hurry, hurry, she's late.
- 30 INT. TRAIN - DAY 30
- The good people of Wolverhampton fill the carriage - women passing around a bottle of cherry brandy. A couple of old fellas with Wolves scarves on and thermos flask. Indian family cracking out six thousands Tupperware containers, having lunch.
- Johanna looks at her reflection in the train window, and pinches her cheeks, to try and look beautiful for London. Rehearsing "grown-up" expressions.
- 31 INT. LONDON STATION - DAY 31
- Johanna gets off the train - taking in the hugeness of London. London - all hard lines, monochrome, and massive scale. Business men and glamorous women. Hustle.
- 32 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY 32
- Johanna passes buskers in mariachi outfits are playing the accordion, and singing. She applauds wildly - this is AMAZING! We pull back to see passersby bored/annoyed by the buskers, because they are Londoners. Johanna - loving everything - keeps clapping.

33 EXT. D&ME BUILDING - DAY 33

The MUSIC comes to an end as we find Johanna outside the CP UK skyscraper. Vast edifice. And then, at the bottom of the tower - a girl.

34 INT. LIFT - DAY 34

Full of guys in suits. Johanna stands amongst them, a foot shorter than everyone else.

35 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 35

Johanna comes along. MUFFLED MUSIC is audible from the end of the corridor. There's a glass door plastered with POSTERS and STICKERS. A sign reads '**DISC & MUSIC ECHO**'. Another reads 'WHOEVER YOU ARE - FUCK OFF.' A U2 7" nailed to the door.

Johanna peers through the glass at a lot of MEN. AGAIN. Cigarette smoke, talking, laughing. Scary looking adults in black leather jackets. Standing with their legs apart, like Lord Flashheart. MEN.

36 INT. D&ME - DAY 36

Johanna walks in. The men ignore her for a minute - and then DERBY (28) looks up.

DERBY

Just 17 is on the 23rd floor, love.

JOHANNA

Thank you. But no. I am - I am Johanna Morrigan? I have... an interview? For the job? "hot young gunslinger"?

DERBY looks her up and down - joined by the others.

DERBY

Fucking hell.

ANDY ROCK

I know.

KENNY

The kid manifests!

DERBY

There goes a tenner.

He hands over ten pounds to ANDY ROCK, who kisses it, and puts it in his pocket.

DERBY (CONT'D)

We didn't think you were... real,
love.

JOHANNA

What?

DERBY

Sixteen-year-old girl reviewing the
soundtrack to *Annie*. We thought it
was the dicks at *NME*, winding us
up. Well, live and learn.

JOHANNA

I am very much corporeal.

DERBY

So I see.

He sighs, and turns away.

JOHANNA

But - but did you think my writing
was... good?

DERBY

Yeah. Funny. Made us laugh. But
it's not really -

He gestures around the room.

DERBY (CONT'D)

...us.

PAUSE.

JOHANNA

So - I go?

DERBY

I guess. Here - you've come a long
way. Have a free t-shirt.

He hands her a t-shirt. It says "Fast Piss Blues - Come" on
it. It's too small.

JOHANNA

Thank you?

She backs out of the room - completely humiliated.

37

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

37

Johanna is staring at herself in the mirror, gripping the
sink tightly, having a full-on panic attack. She splashes
water onto her face, to cool down - realises, too late, it's
fucking up her eyeliner, which runs down her face.

JOHANNA

I was right the first time. I am
not cool. I should just die.

She crawls under the counter-top, and sits behind the bin.
Sighs. Stares up at the underside of the countertop. A big
girl stuck in a small space again.

BJORK (O.S.)

Do you know what cool people are,
Johanna?

Johanna looks up - sees that a poster of Bjork on the wall
has animated. Bjork is standing in front of an amazing
waterfall, in Iceland. Snow blows out of the poster, filling
the room.

BJORK (CONT'D)

"Cool" like the people in that
room? Cool people are the worst.
They don't dance, they wear
uncomfortable little trousers, and
they are constantly misquoting
Kerouac. Have you read *On The Road*,
Johanna?

JOHANNA

No.

BJORK

Don't bother. It's a very long book
about a man getting a lift. Do you
know what a good book is?

JOHANNA

No.

BJORK

Little House on The Prairie. She
makes her own knickers, and her dad
shoots a bear. *That's* a story.
Come on. Give your face a rinse,
draw your eyes back on, and *dance*
back into that office.

JOHANNA

I'm too scared.

BJORK

Scared? Darling, rooms like that
need girls like you.

JOHANNA

To... to eat?

BJORK

To replace the men, when they die.
Cool men die very young, Johanna.

(MORE)

BJORK (CONT'D)

They wear sunglasses indoors and fall down lift-shafts, or get blanked by Martin Amis, and die of shame. It is sad.

She does a "sad" face. She does not think this is sad at all.

JOHANNA

What if I mess it up? What if I... miss my future?

BJORK

No teenage girl can ever mess up her life! It's impossible. This is why you are magic. Off you go. And if all else fails - fake it till you make it.

Johanna licks tears off her face. Bjork puts on a huge rabbit's head mask, and dances.

38

INT. D&ME OFFICE - DAY

38

Johanna enters, looking more determined.

Kenny looks up when Johanna comes in.

KENNY

Hair Weekly is downstairs, love.

They all laugh.

JOHANNA

Look - I might not know much about your -

She looks at the posters, pinned to the notice-board

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

- your Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, or your Sultans of Ping FC, or your Fire Drill Next Tuesday -

It's a poster for a fire-drill, next Tuesday -

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

- but if you think I am funny, and I can write, then they can't be harder to learn about than the Periodic Table - and I got 98% on that test. I only failed on "KR." Krypton is my Kryptonite. I - I could improvise - like the hot, bad jazzers - Coltrane, Mingus.

Pat's advice seems to be working - they look confused, but intrigued.

RICH (O.S.)
Give her the Manic Street
Preachers.

The D&ME staff part, and we see, sitting behind them, TONY RICH - 22, super sexy, clever, dangerous vibe. The papers star writer. He's sitting in his own special area - it's roped off with "POLICE INCIDENT - DO NOT CROSS" tape and some bits of barbed wire. This is a big entrance.

DERBY
You're doing the Manics, Tony.

RICH
I've just scalped Morrissey -

He gestures to the computer screen, and his review.

RICH (CONT'D)
- and I am exhausted from the kill.
I need to rest in the shade.
Besides, you didn't tell me the
Manics were in Birmingham. I'm not
really feeling - *regional* right
now.

There's a pause. He looks to Derby and nods.

RICH (CONT'D)
Try her.

DERBY
Fuck it. Yeah. Trial run. Johanna,
you get to make first contact with
the demented Welshmen. Man the
barricades for us. Woman the
barricades for us. *Person* the
barricades for us.

He looks around for help. Women are difficult...

JOHANNA
LEAPIN' LIZARDS!!!!

She runs around, kissing everyone.

PRICEY
Are you, in fact being, Annie right
now?

JOHANNA
Yes, sir!

DERBY
Enjoy the munificent 10p per word.

JOHANNA

I will!

She holds out her hand.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

"I will!" Two words! Twenty pence!

Bamboozled by her energy, he mutely hands her twenty pence.

Bucked, Johanna curtsies to Tony Rich - he's too hot to kiss.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

I am much obliged to you, sir.

RICH

(in a sexy way)

I'll remember that.

39

INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - DAY

39

Johanna is looking through her wardrobe - it's a pitiful collection. Her school uniform, her army coat, a tatty dress, some horrible jogging bottoms, and the very tiny "Hot Piss Blues - Come" t-shirt, hanging pathetically from a wire hanger. Krissi is lying on his bed, reading Tolstoy.

JOHANNA

I have nothing to wear.

KRISSI

That's not factually correct.

JOHANNA

Nothing to wear *for who I need to be*. The best item of clothing I own is my hair.

She strokes it, looking in the mirror. It is very long, shiny and lustrous. She pulls it forward, so it covers her body down to her hips.

KRISSI

You look like Captain Caveman.

JOHANNA

Krissi ...

KRISSI

Yes?

JOHANNA

I need to apply for a bank loan.

Minutes later:

Krissi is smashing a piggy-bank with "Running Away Fund" written on it. The coins spill out

KRISSI

I've been saving that for three years.

Johanna is counting the money

JOHANNA

This is nine pounds forty-eight.

KRISSI

The fanzine has a lot of overheads. Revolutionary independence is costly.

JOHANNA

That's okay. I can *totally* transform myself for nine pounds forty-eight.

40 INT. CHURCH HALL - DAY 40

MUSIC: Bikini Kill: Rebel Girl

Johanna, fighting old women over garments - she goes for some trousers and loses. She goes after a waistcoat and gets elbowed out. She spies a black frock coat and blouse - success.

She goes into a makeshift fitting room - we see her feet under the curtain.

41 EXT/INT. HAIR DRESSERS - DAY 41

Johanna selects a pot of "Cherry Red" hair-dye from the shelf.

37aa INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY 37aa

Johanna, looking at the cosmetics shelf, confused, she grabs one of everything.

42 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY 42

Track up from Johanna's school shoes as she walks into the school.

43 INT. SCHOOL - DAY 43

Johanna is handing over completed home-work to a lazy-looking girl.

44 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY 44

Track down to a pair of battered but fabulous Doc Martin boots as Johanna leaves.

45 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 45

Carnage - the basin is covered in red hair-dye. Johanna is drying her hair, the towel soaked red.

Angie comes into the bathroom, carrying a plate with fried egg and chips on it, and a Georgette Heyer novel. Pulls down jeans, sits down on the toilet, starts eating egg and chips and reading her novel, whilst peeing.

ANGIE

(weakly)

Out. This is my "me time." I've got

-

She looks at her watch.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

- approximately six and a half minutes before something starts screaming for me. And if this -

She gestures to the dye everywhere.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

- isn't all gone soon, I will... I will...

She closes her eyes, and grinds to a halt.

JOHANNA

Mum? Mum?

There's a snore. She has fallen asleep mid-sentence. Johanna gently covers her with a towel, steals a chip, and tip-toes out.

46 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - DAY 46

Johanna is kneeling on the floor. Picks up a brown lipstick - starts putting it on.

The GOD WALL animates - Elizabeth Taylor clearly distressed by Johanna's choice of lipstick.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Earth-mouth? You are not a worm.

Under Taylor's guidance, Johanna starts plucking her eyebrows. It's painful. She puts the tweezers down, crying -

BOUDICCA

Coward! Pain is facing down the
Roman army! Not removing a single
hair.

Johanna starts plucking again, then applying eyeliner. She
doesn't know how to do it. Looks like she's going to give in.

MARIA VON TRAPP

(pointing to Cleopatra).
Observe the world's greatest
eyeline!

A drawing of Cleopatra - with heavy eyeliner - awakens.
Johanna looks at it, carefully, and then starts applying
eyeliner, looking exactly like Cleopatra. Awesome.

We see her with her back to us, looking in the mirror.

47 INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

47

Johanna walks in. Top hat, cherry-red hair, black velvet
frock-coat, frilly blouse, shorts, tights, Doc Marten boots,
winged black eyeliner, white foundation. She is made. TA-
DAH!!!!!!

Family reaction: shock and confusion.

KRISSI

Good God, it's the Child-Catcher.

Lupin cries.

JOHANNA

No. Johanna Morrigan is dead. This -
this is the *legendary* Dolly Wilde.

48 INT. VW VAN - NIGHT

48

Pat driving, Johanna beside him. Pat's demo plays - "Dropping
Bombs", but a new rave-y version. Pat is dancing to it.
Johanna dancing with him, gleefully. Neither of them really
know "rave moves."

PAT

You like this one? I've done it
rave-style. I'm "on one" now, love.
I'm BACK! Next Live Aid, I'm
getting the Phil Collins slot. Both
of them. Three. Fuck it. I'll do
Africa, too.

JOHANNA

DAY-O!

The demo finishes - Pat puts in another tape: Dire Straits, "Brothers In Arms."

Pat pulls over, into a lay-by, and they look down, across the valley, over the deserted industrial landscape.

PAT

Look at that. The Midlands. "The Workshop of the World." Or it used to be...

They look down the valley: silent, dark. Empty factories.

PAT (CONT'D)

When I was your age, that valley was on fire. Foundries, forges, ironworks. The potteries. The whole place glowed. Sheets of sparks, fifty foot high. The fires never went out. Ten hours a day, shoveling coal. All of this was for men.

He looks down into the valley - empty now.

PAT (CONT'D)

If you want to come home a hero, either become a boxer, a footballer, or a pop-star. That's your only way. Obviously, I chose pop-star...

(small, poignant pause)

But you, you've got your writing, bab! You found a new way.

JOHANNA

I know! I could work my way up to the Sunday papers!

PAT

No - for me. Get me in the paper.

He takes out the tape from the tape-deck, and gives it to her - like it's the most important thing in the world.

PAT (CONT'D)

I know what I'd do, this time. First time around, I was a twat. I'm ready for it, now. All the songs are ready. They're all killers. I'd make it.

JOHANNA

I can't yet. I fear I am too junior.

PAT

Say no more. I'll leave it with you. You know best, love. You'll know the right time.

49 EXT. OUTSIDE EDWARD'S NUMBER 8, BIRMINGHAM - NIGHT 49

Pat pulls up across from the VENUE. A queue outside. Van looks incongruous - side-door nailed on, Scooby Doo graffiti.

PAT

Hold up. You've got a plus one, eh?

JOHANNA

Err, yeah. But -

50 INT. EDWARD'S NUMBER 8 CORRIDOR - NIGHT 50

Johanna walks into the corridor - Pat follows behind.

PAT

I love a bit of guest-list. They probably remember me here, anyway. I supported Ducks Deluxe in '74.

They approach the guest-list ape.

PAT (CONT'D)

Johanna Morrigan, plus one, cock.

The guest-list ape looks non-plussed.

JOHANNA

Actually, it's Dolly Wilde now. I named myself after Oscar Wilde's depressive lesbian niece, who committed suicide!

PAT

(not really listening)
Arrrr, lovely. Nice one, kid.

The ape gives them both passes, and lets them through.

51 INT. EDWARD'S NUMBER 8 - NIGHT 51

Pat goes over to the bar.

PAT

What's your expenses like, then?

JOHANNA

I -

PAT
 (to the barman)
 Pint a Guinness and a whisky
 chaser, please. Ah, would that we
 were in Dublin. That's the only
 place to get a proper pint.

BAR-MAN
 (tetchy)
 You gonna make do, mate?

Johanna goes down the front of the gig. Takes out her
 notepad - carefully writes:

JOHANNA (V.O.)
 April 8th, 1993, Manic Street
 Preachers, Edward's Number 8,
 Digbeth, Birmingham, West Midlands,
 United Kingdom, The World, Milky
 Way, The Galaxy.

Looks around at the other gig-goers - smoking, drinking,
 laughing. Manic Street Preachers come on stage.

JAMES DEAN BRADFIELD
 Good evening.

JOHANNA
 DAY-O!

Audience member nearby stare at her.

NICKY WIRE
 We come from urban hell - and we
 destroy rock'n'roll

The band launch into "You Love Us" - the audience immediately
 start moshing. Johanna is totally startled.

JOHANNA
 What are you *doing*???

Her hat starts to come off - clamping it onto her head, her
 notebook gets crushed. The hat falls to the floor.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
 This is deranged!

She tries to fight her way out of the moshpit. Can't. Is
 stuck.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
 "Edward's Number 8. Bath Moles.
 Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush. Derby
 Warehouse. Windsor Old Trout. King
 Tut's Wah Wah Hut. Dudley JB's."

Decides to go with it. Attempts to mosh, but her tits move around too much. Holds onto them with her hands, and bounces.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

"For when the house is too small,
and your bones itch to dance, and
you pretend the dry ice is getting
you high, and it doesn't feel right
until your clothes cling to you
with sweat."

Gradually, she gets into it. The volume. The viscerality. Eyes shining, hair flying.

This is amazing. She gets it. She gets it, now - why people love music. What being young is about.

JOHANNA (V.O.)

"These are the places you come
where you can dance, and scream,
and be with your kind, and where
everything is possible."

The boy next to her is hot. She looks at him for thirty seconds. He stares back - clearly fascinated by her appearance. Johanna finally leans in to him.

JOHANNA

Are you delirious?

The music is too loud.

BOY 1

What?

JOHANNA

Want to get off with me?

He still can't hear her. She points at her mouth, and winks. He gets it.

He shrugs. Johanna takes her chewing gum out of her mouth, he takes his out of his mouth, they put it on the ends of their fingers, and get off with each other passionately for thirty seconds. Then Johanna's hat falls off, and someone knocks his pint, and they shrug at each other, and go back to moshing again. THIS IS BEING YOUNG.

JOHANNA

At 9pm last night, rock'n'roll
meant nothing to me. By midnight,
it was the most important thing in
the world.

Paper in typewriter. The desk is covered with Manic Street Preachers flyers and records, and she is playing them as she types.

53 INT. NEWSAGENTS - DAY

53

Johanna comes in to buy the *D&ME*. Picks it up, flicks through the pages - and yes! There it is! Her review! Headlined: "MANICS: BIRMINGHAM NEW STREET PREACHING". And, at the end, her byline: "Dolly Wilde."

She stares at it - the whole world whirling.

MR SANGHERA

You gonna buy that?

He points to the sign behind him: "Sanghera & Son, Newsagents."

MR SANGHERA (CONT'D)

I'm a newsagents - not a library.

Johanna brandishes the paper at him.

JOHANNA

Look, Mr S - I'm a *byline*.

She punches the air - levitating.

MR SANGHERA

I'm hearing the word "buy", and I'm liking it. I've got your dad's bill here - 27.48

JOHANNA

Dad has a bill here?

Thinking...

54 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SHOP - DAY

54

Johanna walks out - carrying 20 copies of the *D&ME* and a multi-pack of crisps, munching.

JOHANNA

Charge them to the account, Mr S!
I'm a rock critic now! I come from urban hell, and I describe rock'n'roll.

55 INT. GIG - NIGHT

55

Johanna being ticked off the guest-list - being given an "AAA" pass, which she sticks on the inside of her coat.

She walks into the gig like she knows what she's doing, now.
Starts taking notes.

- 56 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - DAY 56
Johanna, surrounded by the Jiffy bags, and piles and piles of CDs and records, playing them, and dancing.
- 57 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE. DAY. 57
Two men carry the television back into the house.
- 58 INT. REHEARSAL ROOM - NIGHT 58
Johanna coming into the rehearsal room - meeting the band. Sweet, Scottish lads wearing t-shirts: 'All Rock'n'Roll is Homosexual'. They start playing their guitars for her. She looks enchanted.
- 59 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAWN 59
Huge tour-bus pulls up outside the house - Johanna stumbles out armed with a handful of t-shirts and shaking maracas. The Scottish band wave out of the window, and drive away.
- 60 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - DAWN 60
Johanna creeps in - soaked in sweat - undresses, puts a t-shirt on Krissi's bed, and tries to get into her bed. Lupin is lying right across the middle of it, hugging a MASSIVE stuffed dog. She squeezes in, right at the edge - so as not to wake him up.

Pause.

The ALARM goes off. Krissi wakes up, gets out of bed, shakes her.
- KRISSE
Wake up, Fucko. School.
- 61 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 61
Krissi and Johanna walking past the Sixth Form Common Room she has previously been forbidden from. She looks in. Krissi grabs her hand, opens the door. They enter.
- 62 INT. SIXTH FORM ROOM - DAY 62
Johanna enters. Everyone staring for a moment.

KRISSI

This is - Dolly Wilde! From *D&ME!*
MY SISTER! I taught her everything
she knows!

They come over - clapping her on the back. Pleased and surprised, she starts getting tapes and records out of her bag, handing them out. The crowd is so intense, Krissi gets pushed away - Johanna doesn't notice.

63 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - EVENING 63

Johanna carries takeaway bags up the street and into the house.

64 INT. FRONT ROOM - EVENING 64

The whole family gathered around with take-away bags, eating Chinese. The doorbell goes. Angie goes to get it and comes back in.

ANGIE

Johanna - are these twats for you?

A band walks in, totally incongruous in this domestic environment. Shades. Pointy boots. Glittery blouses.

MANAGER

You the girl from the *D&ME?*

JOHANNA

I am she.

MANAGER

These are the Strange Cages - from Bilston?

ANGIE

I'm so sorry about that.

Everyone stares at them. The band start coming in - setting up their gear.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Pat? Deal with this.

Pat starts helping them lug in their gear.

PAT

You'll get better separation if you put the bass by the door.

ANGIE

That's *not* what I meant.
This isn't the frigging
Commitments!

Lupin picks up a saxophone - starts honking on it.

MANAGER

First up, this song is about
unrequited love. It's called
"Annabella - My Bloodied Heart."

The manager steps aside. The band start playing - a huge My
Bloody Valentine-esque wall of sound. The dog starts barking.

ANGIE

Your bloodied heart would have
better chance with Annabella if you
gave your hair a wash, love.

PAT

Boys -you wanna step this up a
notch - you're dragging.

He pushes the drummer off the kit, takes over - starts doing
really splashy rolls on the toms. The lead singer's really
going for it.

LEAD SINGER

"See the cracks, they start to
show."

Angie rolls her eyes, and sits down to eat. Puts the telly on
- ignoring the band. Johanna dances positively at them, until
she's all the way out of the room. Shrugs. Not her problem
now.

65

INT. HALLWAY. DAY.

65

Johanna is putting on her coat.

KRISSI

Where are you going? What are we
supposed to do with that lot?

JOHANNA

Dolly Wilde's on the move, like
Aslan.

KRISSI

It's *Johanna Morrigan's* turn to
clean out the deep-fat fryer.

JOHANNA

I feel that would be a waste of my
talents - though I am envious of
the spare time of the unemployed.
This bitch be paying rent, Krissi.

She runs out of the front door, slamming it.

He shouts after her.

KRISSI

You're not frigging ... Superman,
you know. You're just a girl in a
hat, typing "jangly."

66

INT. D&ME OFFICE - NIGHT

66

Johanna is perched on a desk in the corner with Tony Rich,
being very flirty. She's beginning to enjoy her new persona -
there's a new swagger to her. The *D&ME* crew are splayed out
around the office, getting pissed.

TONY RICH

Drink?

JOHANNA

No thank you, sir. I am high on
mere *life*.

Andy Rock has head in his hands, on the adjoining desk. Very
drunk.

ANDY ROCK

I OD'd on life, once. Someone blew
life *right* up my arse - like Stevie
Nicks.

Rich turns his back to block him out, leaning into Johanna.

TONY RICH

So - how is life in the world of
the hot child genius? I am loving
the new look, by the way, very...
wild, Miss Wilde.

JOHANNA

Thank you, sir. Life is,
frustrating.

TONY RICH

I hate to hear about a woman being
frustrated.

JOHANNA

I don't seem to be progressing as I
thought I would. I want bigger
things.

TONY RICH

In my experience, the world
welcomes women who ask for big
things.

His body-language is very much that of someone who thinks he
is the "big thing."

JOHANNA

So I should just ... ask?

TONY RICH

Ask, and it will be given.

Johanna swivels off the desk, and strides over to Kenny. Rich looks a bit peeved. He thought this was all flirting.

JOHANNA

(completely earnest)
Kenny. Sir. May I ask a question?

KENNY

Fire away.

JOHANNA

Can I write a feature, please?

KENNY

A feature?

JOHANNA

I've done 18 live reviews, 6 lead reviews, edited the letters page, reviewed the singles, and claimed 47.50 In expenses. I know everything about music now. I want to interview someone. Let me interview someone! I like bands! They're friendly!

TONY RICH

To you, my darling, of course they are.

A couple of the staff start laughing.

KENNY

Talk to Derby about features...

He gestures to Derby.

JOHANNA

(shouting over to Derby)
Sir - I think I'm ready to take on more responsibilities, and stretch myself.

Derby looks at her.

DERBY

(leering)

I very much see part of my job as helping young women stretch their... responsibilities. Sit here and tell me more about it.

Derby pats his lap.

JOHANNA

Sir?

Derby is still patting his lap. Johanna stares at him for a minute - then goes over to him, coyly. Wait - what? She's going to sit on his lap? She starts to lower herself, sexily - then lands on his lap with a massive THUMP.

Derby's reaction: pain.

Johanna starts to bounce up and down on his lap. Derby is in considerable discomfort.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Sit here?

She bounces harder. It's clearly hurting Derby.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

This was a good idea. This is fun!

She looks around the table.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Does anyone else want a go? This is awesome!

She's slamming down onto Derby. All the other men are cheering.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

I mean, it's not as good as 'a chair' like all you guys have - but it's definitely second-best. Maybe we could wrestle, too?

She starts wrestling him.

DERBY

Jesus! You've got the feature, ok? You can do John Kite, in Dublin.

Johanna gives two last bounces.

JOHANNA

They're my thank-you bounces.

Johanna is in the window-seat. Next to her is ED EDWARDS - harassed-looking PR Man - trying to run her through the schedule. But Johanna is terrified of flying.

ED
 ...So, the gig's at 10pm. We'll do
 the interview first, in the pub...

JOHANNA
 Are *all* planes this small?

ED
 Here's his clippings, and some
 photos. You've heard the new
 record, yes?

The plane starts to taxi. Ed buckles his seatbelt. Johanna
 grabs his arm.

JOHANNA
 Is this turbulence?

ED
 We haven't taken off yet.

JOHANNA
 They say flying is the safest mode
 of transport - but surely that's
 walking?

The plane takes off. Johanna is pinned back in her seat.
 Terrified. Holding her breasts for comfort. Ed continues,
 oblivious.

ED
 Then, *after* the show...

Suddenly, BLINDING SUNLIGHT floods the cabin. Johanna
 suppresses a scream.

JOHANNA
 Oh God - what's *that*?

ED
 Eh? We've just gone above the
 clouds.

Johanna turns to look out of the window - her suddenly
 expression one of JOY AND WONDER. We get a dazzling shot of
 the world above the clouds.

CAPTION: "The Best Day Ever."

Johanna is at a table, fiddling with her Dictaphone. There is
 a commotion at the door - she looks up and sees JOHN KITE.
 24, working class, Welsh, dressed like a thrift-shop
 gentleman in a fur coat - think a young Richard Burton.

Kite is arguing with a man by the door. The man looks annoying. Kite looks calm.

ANNOYING MAN

I smoke *at least* eighty a day.

Kite pops his cuffs, and lights a cigarette

KITE

But then, whose counting?

Ed approaches Kite. Kite continues his argument.

KITE (CONT'D)

You smell like you smoke less than fifty a day to me, my friend.

ED

John. D&ME is here.

KITE

You are borderline odorless, for an obsessive.

ED

John. D&ME. This is Dolly Wilde.

Kite looks up. Sees Johanna. Suddenly beams.

KITE

Alright - Duchess.

He goes over, and shakes her hand.

KITE (CONT'D)

It is a pleasure to meet you. Shall we brutalise ourselves, with gin?

They sit down at the table.

JOHANNA

I would just like... some pop, please.

Ed gets her a Coke.

KITE

Cigarette?

JOHANNA

No thank you.

Kite puts out one fag, and immediately lights another.

KITE

I applaud you, Dolly. I applaud your brightness.

(MORE)

KITE (CONT'D)

The thing is, when you start smoking, you think you've bought a fun baby dragon. You think you've charmed a fabulous beast, that will impress your enemies, and friends. Then, 20 years later, you wake up with your lungs full of cinder, and the bed on fire, and you realise the dragon grew up - *and burned your fucking house down.*

He coughs, and clinks his gin-glass against Johanna's Coke.

Johanna beams and presses "Record" on her cassette-player.

JOHANNA

So! The interview!

KITE

The interview.

JOHANNA

My first question is this: if you had to murder someone evil, how would you do it?

KITE

Well, I -

JOHANNA

What's your worst song?

KITE

Haha, that is quite the -

JOHANNA

Which is the best Beatle?

KITE

Well now that is the key -

JOHANNA

What would you spend a pound on in a sweetshop?

Kite laughs, clearly charmed.

KITE

Darling. Have you ever done an interview before?

Johanna leans across the table, conspiratorially.

JOHANNA

No. I will be honest with you - I've never done an *anything* before. I'm quite new.

(MORE)

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

I went on a plane today! For the first time! Do you know how amazing it is?

KITE

Tell me.

JOHANNA

Today I learned an astounding thing - that it's always sunny above the clouds! However awful it is on Earth, if you go high enough, it's always summer! Isn't that *amazing*? It's now my Number One existential metaphor.

Kite puts out his cigarette.

KITE

Ed! We're finished here.

JOHANNA

But... I have other questions!

KITE

Darling, I'm not going to sit here bollocking on about me when you are both as mad as Jesus, and *new* to *abroad*. Come on - we're going out.

He stands up, and takes her hand. Grabs a bottle of gin from behind the bar, throws a tenner down.

KITE (CONT'D)

We're taking this, to go.

BARTENDER

It's more than a tenner.

KITE

Keep the change.

BARTENDER

But it's more!

KITE

You're very welcome.

They walk out of the pub. Ed sighs as he goes to settle up.

69

EXT. DUBLIN STREETS - DAY

69

Johanna and Kite walking along - Kite swigging from the bottle, Johanna hopping with joy.

KITE

Welcome - to the world.

He casts his arm out, like he invented it.

Kite takes his Walkman out of his pocket, snaps the cheap headphones in half - give one half to her, one half to himself. Presses play:

MUSIC: Sweet Thing, Waterboys.

Her face lights up - he beams at her.

They walk - Kite pointing out buildings to her. He takes Johanna's rucksack - it's very heavy - she shamefacedly takes out a massive hardback copy of *Ulysses*. He is delighted - starts reading aloud from it as they walk. Her joining in on sentences she knows.

Music dips.

KITE (CONT'D)

He grabs her by the arm, and pulls her into a pub.

KITE (CONT'D)

This was James Joyce's favourite pub. We *have* to go in.

Johanna looks up at the sign: "Moran's."

JOHANNA

Are you sure? In *Ulysses*, it's Davy Byrne's.

KITE

Ten points to you. But if *Ulysses'* shoes hurt as much as mine do right now, he'd have fucking loved it.

70 INT. TOILET - EVENING

70

Johanna is washing her hands. She looks at herself in the mirror - smiling. So happy.

JOHANNA

This is the happiest you've ever been. This is your best day ever. This is what you look like when you're making a friend. Remember it.

She closes and opens her eyes, like she's taking a photo.

The door crashes open - it's Kite. He starts washing his hands.

KITE

Someone drank all the soap in the mens'.

(MORE)

KITE (CONT'D)

Baby, I've put Guns'n'Roses on the jukebox, and you really can't waste any more time pissing, you know.

He puts his hand under hand-dryer. Then realises there is a spare one, next to it. Puts one hand under each dryer - stands there with his legs apart, laughing in triumph.

KITE (CONT'D)

I AM AS A GOD!!!!!!!

71 INT. VENUE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 71

Johanna and Kite rush down the corridor.

72 INT. VENUE - NIGHT 72

Kite and Johanna hustle through to backstage, where Ed is having a fit. Someone pushes him towards the stage. Kite puts a laminate around Johanna's neck.

Kite - still holding Johanna's hand - walks onstage, into the blinding light.

Johanna looks at the audience - the bowl of light, the cheering.

KITE

This is the Duchess - she's with the band.

Johanna waves to the audience.

KITE (CONT'D)

I am reliably informed by *Melody Maker* that I break hearts in two, so - safety goggles on.

Kite starts to play. Johanna has clearly never heard anything he's done before. She's knocked sideways: this boozy man sings like an angel. She starts crying, doesn't even realise. Licking the tears off her face.

At one point Kite looks across, and sees her crying. It seems to throw him for a second, but then she smiles, and he smiles back then returns to his sad, beautiful song.

73 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 73

Johanna looking around - it's swish - as the sound of pissing comes from the bathroom. Kite comes out holding a bog-roll - fingering the thickness.

KITE

Classy. I'm having this.

He stuffs it into his pocket, lights a fag, pours a drink from the mini-bar, gives Johanna a Coke. Gets two ash-trays off the side - puts one on the bed, the other in his pocket.

KITE (CONT'D)

Hotel tax.

Johanna looks confused.

KITE (CONT'D)

For the honour of my company.

JOHANNA

I do have a proper question now.

KITE

Hit me.

JOHANNA

Why are your songs so sad?

Kite sighs.

KITE

Oh baby, that's a big one.

He sits heavily on the bed - takes off his shoes with effort. The socks have holes in.

KITE (CONT'D)

Well. You see, I was born in a cross-fire hurricane.

Johanna dutifully writes this down.

KITE (CONT'D)

Haha baby no - it's a quote.
"Jumpin' Jack Flash."

Blank stare.

KITE (CONT'D)

By the Stones? Have you never listened to the Stones?

JOHANNA

I've got "The Best of" reserved at the library. But there's six other reservations ahead of me.

John stares at her for a second.

KITE

And yet you can quote *Ulysses*.

JOHANNA

Well, no-one had reserved *that* at the library.

KITE

I bet. Well. Like you, baby, I'm a scratcher. I was born in Blackwood, in the South Wales Valleys, in a cross-fire drizzle. My mother had my three sisters, and then she got... ill.

He rubs his head.

KITE (CONT'D)

We'd go and visit her in hospital, but she... she didn't want to touch us. It made her cry. When we said goodbye, she'd press the tips of her fingers to her mouth, then press it on our mouths, and say, 'This is John's kiss'.

Johanna understands.

KITE (CONT'D)

And the little ones - they just wanted their mum. When she... decided to die, I'd go into her wardrobe, and put on her coat, and then I'd hug them. So they could smell her.

He touches the fur coat he's wearing. Ah. It's his mother's.

KITE (CONT'D)

I read that's what you do with puppies. You put them in a cardboard box, with a blanket that smells of their mother. And they looked like puppies, Dutch.

JOHANNA

And your dad?

John just raises his miniature of gin.

KITE

This is all off the record, of course. We are off-road, now. And off-balance, too - this is far too much about *me*. *You*. Tell me one true thing about *you*. Whose eyes do you have? Whose *wonder*?

Johanna thinks for a minute - slightly thrown. Then she starts, slowly ...

JOHANNA

I used to think, that anyone who didn't have my mother - my eyes are hers - or my father - he's the one who loves the world - was so unlucky, they might as well just lie down and die. But then she had the Unexpected Twins. When mom and dad brought them home, it was like they'd been in a war they wouldn't talk about. And now she's just... angry, all the time, and I miss her, even though she's *there*. I guess I write because... that's like putting a wish into a bottle, isn't it?

John sighs.

KITE

I think we are both in the business of putting wishes in bottles. That's the whole business we're in, darling.

He gestures to the hotel-room, his guitars, laminates. There's a beat. They sit in comfortable silence.

74

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

74

Kite is in the bath, snuggled under his fur coat. He has an ashtray balanced on top, and is smoking.

Through the door, we see Johanna in the bed, and cut between, as necessary.

KITE

Nuts?

He throws her mini-bar nuts from his pocket. She catches them and starts eating.

KITE (CONT'D)

I love a bath.

JOHANNA

Me too! I just don't understand showers. They're depressing. It's like standing in the rain on purpose. But I love doors. They make the outside stop.

They talk on, into the night... Johanna's face alive, John loving how fast and odd she is.

75 INT. PLANE - DAY 75
 Johanna getting on the plane, sitting in her seat, in a daze.

76 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY 76
 Johanna, staring at her house, in a trance-like state.
 Johanna rings on the doorbell with her head - her hands full.
 Pat answers, in too-small pink dressing gown.

PAT
 You alright?

JOHANNA
 I am irreversibly in love. It's
 like being on fire.

PAT
 Arrrrr, nice one. I've got a gammon
 on the go if you wanna slice?

Johanna passes Pat the thing she has carried back with her
 from Dublin - a pint of Guinness, wrapped in clingfilm.

JOHANNA
 I brought you a proper pint! From
 Dublin! Like you always wanted!

Pat looks at her, takes off the clingfilm, takes a sip.

PAT
 Christ, that's flat.

77 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 77
 Johanna is constructing a shrine to John Kite in a big
 cardboard box. She's filled it with glossy PR 8x10 shots of
 Kite, and three of his cigarette-stubs sit in the centre. His
 album is glued to the turntable.

She puts the empty packet of nuts onto her table, next to the
 typewriter. Touches them, reverently.

JOHANNA
 (sighing)
 John's nuts.

She stares at the paper in her typewriter.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
 I don't know what to write!

The God Wall animates.

EMILY BRONTE

(on a very wuthering moor,
in comically pissing
rain)

The ecstatic torture of love!

KARL MARX

The socio-economic conditions that
lead to the dominance of working-
class rock 'n' roll! All hail the
proletariat!

JO MARCH

Just... write from the heart,
Johanna, into the bank-balance.

Johanna nods, and starts typing, whilst speaking out loud.

JOHANNA

"John Kite interview, Dublin. By
Dolly Wilde. Some people aren't
just people, but a place - a whole
world. Sometimes, you find someone
you could just... live inside for
the rest of your life.

She stops again. Sighs. Stares at a picture of him as we go
into a dream sequence....

78

INT. VENUE - NIGHT

78

Dream sequence

John Kite is on stage - pinned in the spotlight - performing.
A gospel choir behind him. Johanna at the side of the stage.
Kite holds his hands out to her. The room is silent -
reverent.

She walks to the centre stage, where Kite looks at her with
utter love. Pulls her close. Inhales the top of her head. She
looks up. He starts to kiss her - the most perfect kiss ever
kissed.

The audience start throwing flowers at the stage - as they
hit the spotlight, they burst into a thousand petals.

JOHANNA

You - are the whole world.

She looks out into the audience - they hold their hands out
to her.

KITE

Jump, baby. Let yourself go. We
want you.

She leaps into the crowd. As she crowd-surfs, they all touch her, lovingly, stroking her face, her legs, her breasts. She looks orgasmic.

All, save one - as she turns to her left, there is a thunder-faced KRISSI, staring at her.

KRISSI

Johanna.

JOHANNA

Go away.

She tries to lose herself in the crowd's touch again. Turns to her right - another Krissi.

KRISSI

JOHANNA.

JOHANNA

Go away.

Overhead, the PA comes into life.

KRISSI

(on PA)

JOHANNA! LET ME IN. JOHANNA!

79

INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

79

Johanna is draped on her chair, masturbating, with a dreamy look on her face. Krissi is banging on the door.

KRISSI (O.S)

Let me in! I've just had a flirty twenty minutes with John Kellog and his bag on the 512, and I need to share.

Johanna snaps out of her dream, jumps up, and lets him in.

JOHANNA

I was - working.

Krissi looks around the room - hundreds of pictures of John Kite.

KRISSI

On how to skin him, and wear him as a coat?

JOHANNA

Listen. I've finished it!

She picks up her sheaves of paper, and starts to read her interview with John Kite out loud.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

"John Kite in Dublin. He is not a beautiful boy, nor a tall one. But when the wind blows in on the street corner, you can see his heart beat under his shirt, and when conversation accelerates, you can hear his mind chime, like a clock..."

80 INT. D&ME OFFICE - DAY

80

Kenny is reading Johanna feature out loud to Tony Rich. His tone is very different to hers. Sneering.

KENNY

"...He is bright, bright, bright, like the lantern above a pub door in November - he makes you want to come in, and never leave. When he smiles, it's like someone plugging in a Wurlitzer. The dance-floor floods with jivers. "

Kenny stops reading - puts the papers down.

KENNY (CONT'D)

And this, Tony, is why we don't employ little girls to write our newspaper.

TONY RICH

(shrugs)
Fair appraisal. However, I've never been in an organisation that *wasn't* improved by hiring jailbait.

KENNY

Not if they're filing me... The Diary of Anne Wank.

He spikes it. On a literal spike. She's done.

81 INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

81

Johanna is sitting on the stairs, staring at the phone. She's clearly been here some while.

PAT

What you doing, bab?

JOHANNA

Waiting for a phone call that determines my entire future.

PAT
How long you been waiting?

JOHANNA
Since 10am.

PAT
Yeah. I know the feeling. I've been waiting for mine since 1978. Keep at it, cocker.

Johanna keeps staring at the phone. It doesn't ring.

JOHANNA
Why won't you *call*???? *TELL ME*
WHAT'S HAPPENING!!!!

82 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

82

Hours later.

Johanna is now lying upside-down on the stairs, head tilted back so she can see the phone.

JOHANNA
Ring. *Ring*.

A cushion hits her on the face.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
OW!

She looks around to see - Angie, pinned to the sofa under the sleeping twins, smiles at her - gestures that she should put it under her head.

Johanna - does this, then goes back to staring at the phone.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Ring. *Ring*. Oh, God - have I done something wrong?

83 EXT. STREET - DAY

83

Johanna walks to school slowly, dragging her feet.

84 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

84

Johanna is surreptitiously flicking through *D&ME* under her desk, looking for her feature. Nothing. Mrs Belling is trawling through GSCE revision on the chalkboard. The bell rings - everyone goes to leave. Johanna starts to trail out, slowly. Mrs Belling approaches her.

MRS BELLING

Johanna - I'm just wondering where
your essay is?

Johanna rifles in her satchel - pulls out a single, dog-eared
sheet.

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)

Is this - all?

JOHANNA

Kinda lost my mojo, Mrs B. I'm
doubting my authorial voice.

MRS BELLING

I don't need your authorial voice,
Johanna - I just need five thousand
words on *Anna Karenina* by Friday.

JOHANNA

I can give you the headline:
"Unhappy girl throws herself under
a train. Fair enough."

MRS BELLING

Johanna: as things stand, you're
heading towards a future stacking
Cheddar on the cheese-counter of
Safeways.

JOHANNA

You're kind of crushing my already-
faltering zest for life, Mrs B.

MRS BELLING

Yes. I'm the cold light of day,
Johanna. A hope smasher. A *teacher*.

Mrs Belling starts walking out of the room.

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)

Edam. Roquefort. Wensleydale. Brie.
Friday, Johanna. And it's *Mrs*
Belling.

She looks at Johanna. Johanna slinks out of the room.

85

EXT. GIG - NIGHT

85

Johanna walks up to the guest-list holder, at the door.

JOHANNA

Dolly Wilde.

He looks down the list.

VINCE THE DOORMAN

No, love.

JOHANNA

I should be. Try Johanna Morrigan?

VINCE THE DOORMAN

Neither of you are on here, love.

JOHANNA

Don't you know who I thought I was
six weeks ago?

He looks at her - sympathy - laughs. Lets her in.

VINCE THE DOORMAN

Funny. You should be a writer.

She winces.

86 INT. GIG - NIGHT

86

Very small gig - maybe twenty people watching a palpably shit band. Like Afro-Celt Sound-system - men dressed as Celtic soothsayers doing hip-hop dancing, as people play pan-pipes behind them.

Johanna at the back - exhaustedly writing notes. Defeated.

87 EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

87

Pissing rain. Johanna running for the bus - but it leaves before she can get to it.

JOHANNA

No! No! No!

She slumps in the bus-stop. Hunched. Miserable. She starts crying. There is a poster for John Kite's new single. She stares at it. It animates. She cries uncontrollably.

KITE

You've hit rock bottom? Amazing.
Details NOW, please!

JOHANNA

I was so close! I had the perfect life. I had friends. I was almost out of here. But now it's gone. I'm sixteen, and I'm over.

KITE

Balls.

JOHANNA

I am. It's just a simple fact.

KITE

Nah. It's a simple fact you can't be.

JOHANNA

What?

KITE

You can't be over. You don't have that option, do you? It's a simple fact. You, darling, do not have that liberty.

Johanna looks around - at Wolvo, and the rain, and her life.

KITE (CONT'D)

Besides, you cannot deny physics, darling. You are the unstoppable force. So - don't stop.

Johanna thinks. Becomes resolute.

JOHANNA

You're right.

KITE

Come on, baby. Let me walk you home.

MUSIC: "Headlights on the Parade", Blue Nile.

Kite steps out of the poster, glowing golden like a Ready Brek advert, and manifests around her, a golden bubble.

88 EXT. WOLVERHAMPTON - STREET - NIGHT 88

Johanna walks down the road toward home - her Kite keeping her safe.

89 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - NIGHT 89

Johanna reaches her front door, John Kite with her.

Johanna, soaked but hopeful, puts the key in the door. When she turns back to him, he's gone.

90 INT. D&ME OFFICE - DAY 90

Johanna power walks down the office corridor.

It's Friday - there's a festal mood. People are drinking, smoking, lounging. Andy Rock is by the stereo putting on records, playing them for thirty seconds - then when they got booted, chucking them in the bin.

Johanna walks in - there is general embarrassed consternation. She has an air of absolute determination about her. A new sharpness to how she's dressed: knee-high boots, cravat. Hair in a HUGE Victorian up-do, with things pinned onto it. She's gone up a level, in that rain. Picks up a beer on the way, straight into Tony Rich's corner. Sits down.

Rich lights a fag.

JOHANNA

I've hit the glass ceiling. I am an unstoppable force. And yet I am being stopped. Why?

RICH

What you don't understand yet is that - this is war.

JOHANNA

War?

RICH

There's only fifteen, twenty bands out there who really matter. The ones who can change people's lives.

JOHANNA

So?

RICH

So our job here is to... remove the parasites. Napalm them from their huts. Clear the way. Baby...

He puts his head close to her. Johanna moves closer to him.

RICH (CONT'D)

That John Kite feature...

He winces.

RICH (CONT'D)

Kenny wasn't impressed. You just sounded... like an excited teenage girl.

JOHANNA

But I am an excited teenage girl!

RICH

Fan - or hack. Decide.

Rich sighs. Johanna thinks.

JOHANNA

So if I want to get ahead - I've got to get a hate?

He points at a teetering pile of records, in a box marked "NEW RELEASES", contemptuously. Hundreds and hundreds of them.

RICH
Only a handful should survive.

He points at her, like the Kitchener poster.

RICH (CONT'D)
"We need *you*."

91 INT. TRAIN - NIGHT 91

MUSIC: "Flowered Up", Weekender.

Johanna looks at her notebook, where she's been writing notes for a new review. Looks at the CD she's reviewing - a picture of a band called THE HALLOWS. Typical rock 'n' roll.

NOTEBOOK: words like 'GREAT!' 'CATHEDRAL OF SOUND' etc.

She stares at her reflection in the window for a moment. Then she CROSSES OUT what she's written so far and starts writing.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
"With seemingly both their hair and their musical ability stolen from simple gibbons, life outside the zoo looks bleak for The Hallows."

Smiles. This is it. Music really kicks in.

92 INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY 92

A FLIGHT CASE says 'The Hallows' on it.

The FOUR MEMBERS of the band - all Goths - gather around reading Dolly's review. Their faces slowly crumble.

DRUMMER
(reading)
"...in summation, this is rock 'n' roll, guys - not a Clown Hair Competition. The best I can say is - and this is from a place of love - I sincerely wish you baldness."

One throws it into the bin in fury. Another looks gutted - the drummer puts his arm around him.

93 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 93

Johanna typing away at a review, reading out loud.

JOHANNA

It is a truth, universally
acknowledged, that Paul Simon looks
like a toe someone drew a face on.

94 INT. D&ME OFFICE - DAY 94
Kenny is reading Johanna's review as it comes out of the fax -
laughing.

95 INT. RECORD COMPANY OFFICE - DAY 95
A press officer SLAMS the paper down on the table.

PRESS OFFICER
WHO IS THIS BITCH DOLLY WILDE?

96 INT. D&ME OFFICE - DAY 96
LOADS OF LETTERS ARRIVING ON KENNY'S DESK for DOLLY WILDE.
Copy of the *D&ME* with a small picture of Johanna on the
cover: "DOLLY GOES WILDE ON THE SINGLES."

97 EXT. MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY 97
Johanna and Pat career into the driveway in a brand new van.
Krissi, Angie and the twins are at the door - cheering!

98 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 98
Johanna pinning up more of her negative reviews on the wall -
there's so many, they're starting to crowd out the Gods.

MARIA VON TRAPP
What happened to raindrops on
roses, and whiskers on kittens,
Johanna?

JOHANNA
They don't pay the rent.

She pins a new review over her mouth - leaving her to
protest, muffled. Sylvia Plath laughs.

99 EXT. OUTSIDE A GIG - DAY 99
Six D&ME fans see Johanna approaching gig - run up to her,
asking for her autograph. They are dressed like her - top
hats, frock coats. Dolly Fans.

100 INT. GIG - NIGHT 100

A Sick Joy esque, thrashy, indie band are playing.

Johanna waltzes in past the doorman - Five hot boys come over to talk to her, ask for autographs. Johanna is beaming. She's made it!

101 EXT. OUTSIDE GIG - NIGHT 101

Johanna pressing a hot boy up against a wall - kissing him hard. He finally breaks free.

HOT BOY
Do you want to -

JOHANNA
Yes.

HOT BOY
But I didn't -

JOHANNA
Yes. Now. Absolutely.

She takes him by the hand, and leads him away.

The MUSIC ENDS

102 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 102

Krissi and Johanna are in bed - on either side of the partition wall. Johanna - in a theatrical whisper - mid-flow.

JOHANNA
.... and so, you don't need to worry about that hymen any more, Krissi! It's gone! I've literally taken one for the team! The Team of Sex! I am post-virginity! And turns out - I'm really good at it!

FLASHBACK:

103 INT. ON BED - NIGHT 103

Hot groupie boy bursts out of wardrobe, naked, banging his fists on his chest, a la Kong, as Johanna lies on the bed, eating crisps, and smiling appreciatively.

104 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

She does a special knock on the partition door - then lifts up a photo of David Bowie. There is a hole underneath it. We see Krissi's angry eye appear at it.

JOHANNA

Everyone wants a piece of Dolly Wilde. And God wisely made enough to go around. So I am entering my inevitable period of intense sexual experimentation.

Krissi puts his hands over his ears. And gets back into bed.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

As it turns out, I'm very broad-minded. I've done it with someone from West Bromwich.

105 INT. ON BED - NIGHT 105

West Brom poster on the wall above the bed Johanna is lying in. He's wearing a West Brom top.

106 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 106

JOHANNA

I've done it with a freaky foot guy.

107 INT. ON BED - NIGHT 107

Johanna sitting on edge of bed, as a man takes off her Doc Martens, and sniffs them, erotically.

108 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 108

JOHANNA

I did it with a man who faints every time he sees a nipple.

109 INT. ON BED - NIGHT 109

Johanna, back to us, takes off her bra. The man walking towards us hits the deck, hard.

110 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 110

JOHANNA

So, as you can tell, my sexual tastes are admirably varied.

(MORE)

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
 My genitals are basically the
 United Nations. And just last night

-

FLASHBACK:

111 INT. ON BED - NIGHT

111

Al is kneeling on the bed, with his back to us. Johanna is kneeling, facing us. Al is undoing his jeans. Johanna looks excited.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
 - I encountered something that I
 didn't think was possible.

Al undoes his jeans, and his penis comes out with a definite "THUMP" sound.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
 A penis that was *too big!*

Johanna's face - alarm. Followed by cheerful resolve.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
 Luckily, I'm a quick learner -

Johanna lies down, and Al climbs on top. They start having sex. She gets up, and turns over, onto all fours.

JOHANNA (V.O.)
 Turns out - in "doggy", you can
 essentially keep... crawling away
 from the penis.

Al roars, and comes.

112 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

112

On his side of the partition, Krissi gets out of bed.

JOHANNA
 (her eye still peering
 through the hole)
 Kris? Kris? You can share some of
your sexual experiences, such as
 they may be. Tell me about John
 Kellogg's anaemia!

Krissi flicks a v-sign.

KRISSE
 You, need to be more repressed.

He walks out, slamming the door.

Johanna sighs and turns to the God Wall.

JOHANNA

So, anyway, between us girls, in all of this, the only thing I haven't learned yet is this: how does a man make you come? It hasn't happened yet.

Donna Summer and Elizabeth Taylor are laughing. All the men look a bit uncomfortable.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

You asked the big question!
HAHAHAH!

CHARLOTTE BRONTE

Well, we managed without.

EMILY BRONTE

I just walked across a moor, wuthering.

DONNA SUMMER

You've got to love to love you, baby.

Johanna looks confused. Elizabeth Taylor translates.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

You just have to have a little fiddle with yourself, darling.

SYLVIA PLATH

And then you don't feel so bad!

Maria Von Trapp nods enthusiastically.

Johanna looks relieved.

JOHANNA

That's exactly what I did!

She puts her two wanking fingers up, and does "gun fingers" at them. They cheer.

113 INT. HALLWAY - DAY /EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY 113

Johanna comes down the stairs, Bianca behind her.

JOHANNA

Jeeves - these boots need a lift to the station.

PAT

Darlin', I would love to - but there's been a development.

Johanna surreptitiously slips Pat's record into a box marked "NEW RELEASES".

RICH
The usual?

He pours Johanna a drink. She gives him eye-contact as they clink glasses.

JOHANNA
To evil.

RICH
To evil.

There is a record playing. It comes to an end.

PRICEY
Votes on this? Keep?

Three staffers raise their hands.

PRICEY (CONT'D)
Majority vote. It lives.

He takes the record off the turn-table, and throws it into a box marked "REVIEW/SURVIVORS". Puts another record on. A horrible racket. There are immediate protests.

ANDY ROCK
Fuck no.

KENNY
This is ear-rape.

RICH
Kill!

The rest of the staff join in with "Kill! Kill! Kill!" Pricey takes the record off the turn-table, and hands an air-rifle to Rich.

PRICEY
Do your duty.

Pricey throws the record off the roof, and Rich shoots it, like a clay-pigeon.

KENNY
Next!

Pricey reaches into the box, brings out Pat's record. Puts it on the turntable.

It starts with him singing - quite a sweet voice. Johanna's face - dad! I love dad!

Then the rest of the track kicks in. It's not bad - very jazzy.

ANDY ROCK
It's not bad ...

Tony Rich has found the publicity picture of Pat, and is handing it round, laughing.

KENNY
Christ on the cross - it's like Bob from Twin Peaks joined Genesis.

JOHANNA
Does it matter what someone looks like?

KENNY
Says the woman who, last week, described Tori Amos as having "both the hair, and future, of a mammoth."
What's the band called?

Johanna looks at the record sleeve, reluctantly. She knows.

JOHANNA
"Mayonnaise"

Everyone laughs in disbelief.

KENNY
Bloody hell.

PRICEY
I have to say, I think Mayonnaise does have some talent.

Everyone looks at Rich.

RICH
But who would, right now, go to their desk and write, "I love Mayonnaise"?

Everyone is shaking their heads.

Johanna's face: wrestling with her conscience. Then, like everyone else, she shakes her head.

RICH (CONT'D)
Kill it.

EVERYONE
Kill it! Kill it!

Johanna looks sad. Rich takes the record off the turntable, walks to the drop point. Is about to shoot it - then offers the rifle to Johanna.

RICH

Time for your first blood, darling.

Johanna obviously doesn't want to, but the entire office is shouting "KILL IT! KILL IT!" She takes the rifle. Rich throws the record.

RICH (CONT'D)

(whispering, to Johanna)
Big moment.

She hits the record. It explodes. Everyone cheers. For a second, she looks sad - then turns around to her audience, blows down the barrel of the rifle, like a sharp-shooter, bows.

115 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 115

Dolly struts down the street, flanked by the D&ME crew. She looks AMAZING - thigh-high boots, long white cape, and a short, floaty white dress. Hair HUGE.

116 EXT. D&ME AWARDS RED CARPET - NIGHT 116

Venue. Red carpet. A small scrum of fans and paps on the other side of the rope.

Dolly appears on the red carpet. Big entrance.

Music: HERE COMES THE HOT-STEPPER by Ini Kamoze.

The D&ME crew walk behind her, squadding her - she is their Queen.

She has fans, lining the red carpet - many dressed like her.

Johanna bows to them. Signs their autograph books, legs, arms, breasts, faces.

117 INT. D&ME AWARDS - NIGHT 117

Usual award-ceremony bollocks - tables, booze, smoking. Each table has a band on it. A band Johanna has slagged off. There is a hostile vibe. Lots of people doing v-signs at her.

Johanna is gracious about it. Tony Rich flanks her.

JOHANNA

Thank you. Thank you. Your hate is delicious.

She mimes eating it. Yum yum. A waiter, with a tray of champagne, passes by.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Champagne! I've always felt I would
be a *genius* at champagne.

She takes one, knocks it back in one.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Oh! I was right!

She takes another. Tony Rich looks on, approvingly.

118 INT. D&ME AWARDS - LATER

118

Johanna is sitting at the table, quite drunk, being "legendary" with the staff.

AWARDS HOST
And now to the most hotly contested
award of the night - Arsehole of
the Year!

AUDIENCE
YAH!

AWARDS HOST
And in a year packed with
contenders, the winner proves that
feminism really is making advances -
as it's D&ME's very own *Enfant
Terrible* - the woman who suggested
the world would be a better place
if Eddie Vedder from Pearl Jam
"ripped off another idea from Kurt
Cobain's career, and shot himself" -
Dolly Wilde!

The spot-light falls on Johanna. She is in the middle of snorting a "line" of champagne off the table. She looks up, confused.

Onstage, the host is gesturing "Come on! Come up here!" Behind her, a screen reads: "Arsehole of The Year: DOLLY WILDE". Johanna gets up on stage, in a daze.

BAND MEMBER
(heckling)
Sit on my face!

JOHANNA
Sit on your own goddamn face - I'm
too busy!

Laughter. She brandishes her award. Standing in the spotlight. Leveling up. The audience applauds. She bows, looking up, sees Johan Kite on the balcony.

119 INT. D&ME AWARDS - BALCONY - NIGHT

119

As Johanna approaches Kite, we see her old self - sweet, thrilled to see him.

Then she recovers her new, evil swagger, and puts a cigarette in her mouth.

JOHANNA
Got a light, dude?

KITE
You smoking now, Duchess? It's just, most people tend to smoke them the other way round.

He leans over, gently takes the cigarette out of her mouth, puts it in the right way. Lights it.

JOHANNA
Aren't you going to congratulate me on my award? I am Arsehole of the Year!

KITE
Do you wish me to congratulate you on that?

JOHANNA
I am the best at a thing!

KITE
Then I wholeheartedly congratulate you on your peerless evil.

JOHANNA
You think it's... ignoble.

KITE
I am a massive fan of your bullshit. You are smashing it, hog-wash wise.

JOHANNA
There is no greater rule than "Bitch gotta pay rent."

KITE
I have always preferred, in the end, "Say one true thing."

Johanna stares at him for a minute. Drunk. High. Blinks. Fuck it.

JOHANNA

Okay. I am in love with you.

KITE

What?

JOHANNA

You want "one true thing"? I am in love with you.

KITE

Johanna -

JOHANNA

And my award-winning "review" of this situation is: now we should kiss.

She leans in towards Kite - he is morally agonised.

She pins him to the wall with her arms - he kisses her nose, ducks under, steps to the side.

KITE

I'm not that man, Dutch. This isn't my way.

ED grabs him by the arm, and hustles him away.

Johanna stands frozen - utterly hurt and humiliated.

As they walk, they pass Tony Rich, who has been watching the whole scene with interest.

RICH

(gesturing to Johanna)

Has St. Winifred's School Choir had too much pop?

KITE

Ach - you must never forget, it takes ten times the effort to get anywhere from a bad post-code. It's a miracle when anyone from a bad post-code gets anywhere, son.

Tony Rich is like "blah blah blah." Kite grabs him by the arm, hard.

KITE (CONT'D)

And you must be respectful of miracles.

RICH

Oh, I'll be respectful.

He does not look like he'll be respectful. Kite, reluctantly, leaves.

We see Johanna, drunkenly crying in the corner. Rich approaches.

120 INT. RICH'S FLAT - NIGHT 120

Johanna and Rich having sex. He's showing off - lots of performative pinning of her hands above her head.

RICH
You like this?

Johanna thinks - then flips him over, so she's on top.

JOHANNA
I don't want to be your mother. Or
your sister. I want to be your
lover.

Rich: slightly startled. Then.

RICH
You're being Madonna.

Johanna nods.

RICH (CONT'D)
Awlright!

121 INT. RICH'S FLAT - MORNING 121

Rich is asleep, in the bed. Johanna lies next to him, awake, staring at Kite's tour laminate.

She gets out of bed, and goes into Rich's kitchen. There is a typewriter there. She puts paper in. Gets a cigarette. Carefully puts it in her mouth the *right* way round. Remembers Kite correcting her.

JOHANNA
"One true thing." Okay. "I'll write
one true thing."

We see what Johanna is typing:

"The real John Kite - he finally opens up over his heart-breaking childhood, his mother's suicide, and the origins of *that* iconic coat. By the journalist who knows him best - Dolly Wilde."

Tony Rich comes into the kitchen - kisses the top of Johanna's head, reads what she's typing.

TONY RICH
Fuck. Exclusive? You've got a front
cover.

Johanna smiles.

122 EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY 122

Johanna pulling up outside the school in a cab, straight from London.

She advents into the playground, still carrying her award. Huge hair. Top Bitch Sashay. Love-bites. Smoking a fag.

123 INT. SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM - DAY 123

Johanna is standing in-front of her open locker. She stuffs her top hat in and pulls out a half zipped backpack - her school clothes jumbled inside. She slams the locker door closed. A group of girls look on, impressed, as she struts out.

124 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY 124

Krissi is walking down the corridor.

Johanna emerges from the toilets, holding her Arsehole of the Year award, half in her school uniform, half Dolly Wilde.

Krissi looks at her, takes in the award, but ignores her.

Finally.

JOHANNA

Ask me.

KRISSI

No.

JOHANNA

Ask me.

KRISSI

No.

Johanna pauses for a minute. Then it bursts out.

JOHANNA

Please! Be happy for me! I won a thing! And, by the way, I made a man who went to university AT CAMBRIDGE, ejaculate into my comprehensively-educated genitals.

KRISSI

Conspunkulations. Want to ask me about my date with John Kellog and his bag?

Johanna: uncomprehending.

KRISSI (CONT'D)

After I promised on our mother's life that I would never, ever tell anyone, we drove fifteen miles out into the countryside, blocked out all the windows with towels, and kissed!

The door to the Sixth Form Common Room is flung open by a goth, who screams when he sees Johanna.

GOTH

Our dark queen!

Johanna bows low. He grabs her hands, and drags her into the room. Everyone greets her like a hero.

EVERYONE

WOOOOOO!

Krissi is left standing there - being completely ignored.

The door slams in his face.

125 INT. SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

125

Johanna sitting at her desk - smiling in a dreamy, "I had sex all night" way. Chewing on her pen in a sexy, blow-job way. There are Taming of the Shrew revision points on the blackboard.

JOHANNA

(to herself)

I'm too... sexual for this room.

MRS BELLING

JOHANNA!

Johanna jerks up.

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)

Enough. This whole "delinquency" phase - it's just not working, Johanna. You've got to choose.

JOHANNA

You're right.

She stands up.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

So - I resign.

MRS BELLING

No! Johanna -

Johanna struts out. The whole room in uproar. Mrs Belling runs after her.

126 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

126

Johanna is swishing away, down the corridor.

MRS BELLING

Johanna!

JOHANNA

No offense, but Patti Smith didn't keep getting hassled to take the gerbil home at weekends. I'm going to get my kicks while I'm still young. My future turned up early. I'm not going to keep it waiting.

MRS BELLING

Johanna, I taught another sixteen-year-old who thought their future had turned up early, and left school to follow it. Your father.

Johanna stops walking for a minute.

MRS BELLING (CONT'D)

The future can be awfully short, Johanna.

JOHANNA

I haven't got anywhere else to go.

She walks down the corridor, out of the building - leaves the doors swinging.

Mrs Belling makes to shout at her - then stops. Looks through the window at the classroom - everyone acting like lunatics. Thirty kids who are going nowhere.

MRS BELLING

Ah, why not?

She lies down on the bench in the corridor, pulls out a Dubonnet miniature and drinks.

127 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - DAY

127

Lupin is in the front garden. He has obviously been told to look after the twins, who are in a double buggy. He has his hand on the handle, reluctantly, and is clearly doing the bare minimum. We can hear, from the house, A WORLD-ENDING ROW.

128 INT. FRONT ROOM - DAY

128

Family war council. Pat, Krissi and Angie are sitting on the sofa. Angie is going apeshit at Johanna.

ANGIE

What is this? What is going on? Six months ago, you were a happy, quiet girl actually being useful around the house. Now I've got *him* -

She gestures to Pat.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

- telling me you've cock-blocked his career -

PAT

I never said -

ANGIE

- *him* -

She gestures to Krissi

ANGIE (CONT'D)

- in tears -

KRISSI

To be clear, they were intellectually-justified tears of rage -

ANGIE

- saying you've treated him like a... a...

KRISSI

- indolent hobbyist -

ANGIE

- and now your teacher on the phone saying you've "resigned". So my question to you, Johanna, is: when did you lose your fucking mind?

JOHANNA

Hmmmm. Let me think. I guess it was around the time I stopped being your daughter, and became your rent. The same time, I like to think, you all became absolutely disqualified from criticising me.

PAT

We're your parents. We can always criticise you.

JOHANNA

Not if you -

She points to Angie, with her cane.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

- aren't actually doing any parenting of me, and you -

She points to Pat with her cane.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

- are selling cars I bought, in order to fund Springtime For Hitler: A Jazz Odyssey.

Pause. She holds her hand up to her ear.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Oh my God! And there's *still* no-one saying "Sorry Johanna," or "Well done, Johanna," or "Things must have been hard for you, Johanna," or "Thank you, Johanna." Do you think all this is normal? Do you think *I'm* normal? Well it's not! None of this is normal!

She lights a fag. Smokes angrily.

PAT

Now, now - I *invested* that money, in our future ...

JOHANNA

It's not our future! You're not the future! Don't you understand? Here's what happened when I played them your record dad - because I have tried, *so hard*, to help you: They *shot* it, Dad. They laughed at it, first, obviously - and then they threw it off the roof and *shot* it.

Pat shrugs, cold. Johanna is becoming furious now.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? I'm the future! I'm paying for everything! I'M THE DADDY NOW!

ANGIE

Johanna, just to get things clear, how much do we owe you for crucifying your dad just then? What's your usual word-rate?

She takes twenty quid out of her pocket, and gives it to Johanna.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Will this cover it?

Johanna looks at the money in her hand for a minute. Trying to stay icy-calm.

JOHANNA
Well, mum, the good news is that, for this kind of money, you get a *whole lot more copy!* So here's my review of this family. Dad: deluded, draining family of cash. Krissi: jealous sexually-repressed Salieri envying the Mozart with the big hair. Mum: overly-pregnant woman spirals into emotional unavailability due to undiagnosed post-natal depression. ONE STAR, Morrigan family - I give you all ONE STAR. I quit school, I quit this family, and I quit this whole life. I'm gone! I'm going solo! Let's see how you manage without me, Ringo, Ringo and Ringo. Fuck you all.

She leaves. Pat and Angie horrified. Krissi disgusted.

129 EXT. VICARAGE - DAY

129

A cab pulls into the beautiful long gravel drive of a Victorian vicarage.

Johanna steps out of a cab, in full pomp: - ruff, feathers in her hair, red Victorian hunting-dress. Looks *amazing*.

Rich is waiting at the front door, looks her up and down lasciviously.

RICH
Full mental jacket, I like it.

130 INT. VICARAGE. HALLWAY - DAY

130

Johanna and Rich walk through - Johanna dazzled.

JOHANNA
The only people I know who live in houses this big are in care. Are you billionaires?

RICH
No, we're not billionaires. Just
lucky.

They pass through the house into the garden - Johanna touching everything as she passes. Marveling.

131 EXT. TERRACE - DAY

131

Huge, beautiful garden. Terrace with big table, where afternoon drinking is happening. Sprawled around it are the D&ME crew and some women - posh, thin, hot, in swimming gear: EMILIA, NATASHA and SASHA. There's a hot tub on the verandah.

Everyone has been drinking for a while.

RICH
Look who's come to join our happy
tribe!

KENNY
It's the Arsehole of the Year!

The women look Johanna up and down. They decide to be patronisingly protective of her.

EMILIA
You can't say that!

JOHANNA
(cheerfully)
No - I am! I worked *hard* for it,
ma'am! I *toiled*.

She curtsies.

RICH
Emilia, Natasha, Sasha - this is
Dolly Wilde. She's trouble.

Johanna: thinking.

JOHANNA
Yes. I am trouble.

KENNY
Come and join us, trouble. A double
for the trouble!

He pours her a drink. They all raise their glasses.

ANDY ROCK
To trouble!

KENNY

So, Dolly Wilde. We've been having a little chat before you got here, and we'd like to make you an offer. How would you like to be a full time staff member of D&ME? Nineteen grand a year. The youngest person ever to join the staff.

Cheering. Rich takes her hand.

ANDY ROCK

The King and Queen!

Johanna: thinking. Then: delighted.

JOHANNA

I accept!

Rich leans over for a kiss - gets off with her for so long, everyone else is uncomfortable.

132 EXT. TERRACE - EVENING

132

Later. Darker. Drunker. Everyone is in the hot-tub except Johanna, who is sitting, fully clothed, on the side. Andy Rock is commandeering the stereo. Takes off Primal Scream and puts on something experimental, and unlistenable.

ANDY ROCK

I'm taking you all on a journey - through *sound*.

Kenny throws an empty bottle at him.

KENNY

I've told you before. *No* journeys through sound.

Derby goes over and puts on *Human Nature* by Bjork. Everyone cheers. Andy Rock sulks.

Tony is being very "handsy" with Johanna - drunkenly pawing at her.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Come on, Rich!

Rich sighs.

RICH

Okay, so, never have I ever... given a wank.

PRICEY

Liar!

Rich gasps in mock outrage.

PRICEY (CONT'D)
Two words - Rupert. Osborne.

RICH
I was the wankee - not the wanker.
I wouldn't wank-off a *day-boy*. So -
never have I ever given a wank.

Everybody else does a shot.

PRICEY
Your turn, Dolly. Go on.

Johanna thinks.

JOHANNA
Never have I ever... gone on
holiday?

RICH
Never gone on holiday? Why would
you never go on holiday?

JOHANNA
Because we were poor?

Johanna can see she's killing the mood.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Forget that one, forget that one!
I've got a better one. Never have I
ever... kissed a girl.

Lots of whooping. She's back. Everyone else does a shot.

RICH
Do you want to kiss a girl?

Johanna doesn't really care, but she can see it would turn
him on, so:

JOHANNA
Yes?

Rich nods at Emilia. Johanna turns to her.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)
Hi.

Johanna starts kissing Emilia. All the others clapping and
cheering. Rich super turned-on.

Johanna finishes the kiss. Accepts the applause.

RICH
Have you ever kissed two people at
the same time?

JOHANNA
No.

RICH
Do you want to?

JOHANNA
Okay?

Rich and Emilia lean forward, and both take it in turns to
kiss Johanna. At first, Johanna is startled. Rich kisses her
neck.

RICH
Baby, you've got to get in here.
Everything's happening in here now.

JOHANNA
Okay! I'll improvise! Back in a mo!
A sex-mo!

She kisses Rich and Emilia, then leaves.

133 INT. BATHROOM / EXT. TERRACE -NIGHT

133

The scene will be intercut.

Johanna enters - she's got two carrier bags, and tears holes
in them to make a bikini - one as pants, one as a bra.

As she cheerfully spritzes her bum with perfume, and starts
applying more eyeliner, she overhears everyone, outside.

DERBY
I still don't see why we're giving
her a staff job. Just because Rich
likes fucking some bit of rough...
It took me four years to get on the
staff.

KENNY
She's good for circulation.

DERBY
Not if she sits on you.

Laughter.

Johanna's face: they're talking about her.

PRICEY
Would you do her?

DERBY

I'd have to lay out terms and conditions in advance. I would fuck her, but I wouldn't let her suck me off. Too chatty. She might bite.

ANDY ROCK

Oh, I like her.

RICH

What can I say? Me too.

Johanna smiles, fondly.

RICH(CONTD.) (CONT'D)

Mental girls from council estates - that's my thing. Finding something in the dirt, helping it grow. It's *Pygmalion*.

Johanna freezes - applying eyeliner.

DERBY

Yeah - just like *Pygmalion* - but with a real pig.

Everyone laughs.

ANDY ROCK

Do you know what the big kicker is on all this? Do you know who *Pygmalion's* dad is? *Mayonnaise*.

A pause, then: hysterical laughter.

DERBY

Mayonnaise? AHAHAHA!

KENNY

Tony - Tony - are you going to hold the mayo tonight?

RICH

I might have mayo - on the side. I like to offer a comprehensive education.

Johanna's face: reeling from all this.

134

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

134

Johanna adverts toward them in her bikini made of bin-bags. At the sight of her, they stifle their laughter. Rich puts his arms out to her.

JOHANNA

Educate me?

Shocked silence.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

EDUCATE ME? Let's get one thing straight, right now. I was born dirty. I was imagining having sex with magical lions before you could even talk. I am a Lady Sex Pirate - a Swashfuckler - a Lustketeer. Where I come from, you make your own amusement. You rinse every last drop out of every last day - because there *isn't* anything else. And you know what? That actually makes me better than you. I've been chased and humiliated and been utterly alone - and I *still* got up, put on my lipstick, and wrote every one of you motherfuckers off the page.

DERBY

(quoting, sarcastically)
"John Kite isn't a person, but a whole world..."

JOHANNA

At least I meant that! None of you mean *anything* you write. You think something means less when you write it down. It means more! IT MEANS MORE. You're just little boys, smashing things up. I'm sixteen and three quarters, and I'm too old for this. Tony, I'm not *your bit of rough*. You were *my bit of posh*. And you are all *nothing* on the shoes of my father. I AM THE BASTARD SON OF BRENDAN BEHAN, AND, ONE DAY, YOU WILL ALL BOW DOWN TO ME.

She exits the terrace, leaving everyone stunned.

125a INT/EXT. CAB - OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - MORNING

125a

A cab pulls up. Johanna is puffy eyed, snotty and weepy - she has clearly been bawling all the way home.

CAB DRIVER

Is this home, love.

Johanna looks out the window at her house - dread on her face.

JOHANNA

Yeah. Thanks. Sorry for all the -

She gestures to the back seat, it is covered in tissues.

CAB DRIVER

Don't worry, I'll sort it - you're not the first crying girl I've picked up on Mr Rich's account.

Nodding and sniffing, she gets out the car.

135 EXT. OUTSIDE MORRIGAN HOUSE - MORNING 135

Johanna approaches the house - it's silent. Outside the front door is all of Pat's music equipment - drum kit, keyboards, mixing desk - stacked up, ready to go to the charity shop.

136 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING 136

Johanna walks through the hallway. Pat can be seen in the kitchen, staring blankly into his cup of tea. Johanna winces.

Krissi comes down the stairs, carrying his mattress.

JOHANNA

Where are you going?

KRISSI

Away from you.

He drags it into the side room.

JOHANNA

Krissi - I -

He slams the door in her face.

137 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - MORNING 137

Johanna walks in - Krissi's stuff is gone. He's completely removed himself from his side of the room.

Johanna swigging more booze, smoking - very pissed now. Staring at her God Wall - all her pictures of heroes are covered with her reviews where she's being horrible. Headlines like "HELLO & FUCK OFF," and "THE PEASANTS ARE REVOLTING". Pictures of Tony Rich. Her "Arsehole Of The Year" award on the table.

And on the floor, the copy of D&ME with John Kite on the cover: 'JOHN KITE AND HIS DARK, DARK DEMONS - BY DOLLY WILDE.'

Johanna takes off her top hat, cape, boots. She sits on the floor, hugging her knees, staring at the D&ME. This is the girl she's built. And it is, clearly, crushing her.

The phone is ringing downstairs. Angie comes up the stairs. Opens the door.

ANGIE

A "John Kite" keeps calling you. He had a message for you: his worst song is 'Alison.' The best Beatle is Paul. In a sweetshop, he would spend a pound on pineapple rock. "I apologise to Johanna for not ending the interview there. I should not have burdened her with my friendship."

JOHANNA

Oh God, oh God. Mum? What do I do?

Angie steps forward - opens her mouth, to give advice - but the cry of a baby stops her.

The baby keeps wailing. Angie shrugs.

ANGIE

Sorry.

She leaves.

Johanna throws the magazine aside - then, staring up at her God Wall.

JOHANNA

Hello? Hello? Anyone?

The God Wall stays mute. She's killed her muses. She puts her head in her hands, and groans. Starts hyperventilating.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

ARGH! ARGH!

Bites her knuckles. Hard. Then again: harder.

Sees a protractor on the floor. Thinks for a minute. Idly tests its sharpness on her thumb.

She hovers it over her arm.

Close-up on her face as she cuts into her arm - pain. Surprise at the pain. And then - cutting again, without looking.

We don't see anything. But when Johanna looks down at it, she registers shock, then "Oh fuck what have I done". She sees the blood, swoons, bumping the desk, looks okay - then the Arsehole of the Year award falls off the table, hits her square on the head. She goes out cold.

Bianca runs in. Licks her face. Then sits down and starts howling.

ANGIE (O.S)

Johanna? Johanna! JOHANNA?!?!?!?

138 INT. HOSPITAL CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

138

Music: "Family Coach", by The Lilac Time.

Close on Johanna's face - smudged eyeliner, glitter still on her face. Pulling back, we see her head is bandaged, and her arm has a huge dressing on it. She's in a bad state.

Pulling back further, we see she's on The Children's Ward - bright pictures of pixies on the wall.

She just stares, blankly.

Nurses fussing over her - she sees, across the ward, sick kids on drips. A dawning look of "What have I done?"

A magician, accompanied by a fairy assistant, approaches the bed, and does close hand magic "at" her. She is mortified. This really is rock bottom. A nurse passes by.

JOHANNA

I find close-hand magic very stressful. Can I smoke - ?

Nurse shakes her head.

139 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

139

Pat and Angie are standing, scared and exhausted. Krissi sits to the side holding the twins with Lupin curled asleep on a chair.

ANGIE

(to Pat)
We've screwed this up.

Angie looks through the glass panel in the door, at Johanna, sitting there, in bed. She looks very, very young.

PAT

What do we do, bab?

Angie has no idea. The nurse comes over to the door - tells them to come in. Angie shakes her head. Pat goes in alone.

140 INT. HOSPITAL CHILDRENS' WARD - DAY

140

Johanna looks up. Watches him sit. He is beyond mortified. Starts automatically rolling a ciggie - then realises where he is. Stops.

Johanna looks away. Doesn't know what to say.

Pat: thinking. Finally works out what he's going to say. Opens his mouth. Johanna looks to him. Expects a big speech.

PAT
Remember you're a Womble.

Johanna stares at him: what?

Pat is out of his depth. He kisses her on the forehead. Gives her that roll-up.

PAT (CONT'D)
I'll get your mam.

Pat goes out.

141 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY 141

Pat, pats Angie on the arm.

PAT
Went pretty well. Your turn.

Angie doesn't move.

PAT (CONT'D)
Come on love.

Angie takes a deep breath. Enters the room.

142 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY 142

Angie sits down next to Johanna. Huge silence. Eventually:

JOHANNA
Mum, please talk to me.

Angie looks at her - so sad. Finally:

ANGIE
I don't *want* to talk to you.

Johanna starts crying.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
I don't want... you to feel like I feel, Johanna.

Starts crying.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
You are my magic, happy girl. You *used* to be. Happy girls shouldn't talk to sad, old, scared women. You might... catch it.

Johanna tries a smile.

JOHANNA

Too late...

Angie comes over, hugs her awkwardly at first, and then climbs into the bed and hugs her properly: a mother with her little girl.

Through the window, Krissi, Pat, Lupin and the twins look in - see things are better. Angie whispers in her ear:

ANGIE

Bab, don't hurt yourself. The bastard world will do that anyway.

Angie kisses the top of her head.

The rest of the family come into the room. Krissi sits next to her - gestures if it's okay to look at the cuts and gently peels the dressing back.

KRISSI

"U2"?

Johanna: confusion.

JOHANNA

What?

Krissi pushes her arm towards her. She looks.

KRISSI

"U2". You've written what looks like "U2" on your arm.

Johanna looks - horrified.

JOHANNA

No, I didn't mean to! It's a typo. They were just meant to be bold, agonised slashes!

KRISSI

You look like you tried to kill yourself - *for Bono*.

Johanna starts sticking the dressing back down, breaking into her first smile for weeks.

There are toys in the corner of the room - including a small, plastic drum-kit. Pat climbs behind it, and starts drumming.

PAT

And now, let's take the bastards into a jazz break ...

Goes off on one, beaming at Johanna.

143 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSE'S BEDROOM - DAY

143

Music: "Only Love Can Break Your Heart".

Johanna is in her room - arm bandaged - attending her God Wall. She takes down her bad reviews, her pictures of Tony Rich, her pictures of herself. She heaps them all into a metal bin and - with a fag and a can of Elnett - she sets fire to the lot.

There is a satisfyingly large blaze.

As it burns, she turns to admire her Heroes, restored.

JOHANNA

Awake, wall of Gods. Speak! Feel!
Breathe! LIVE!

They all animate - a babble of voices, back in the room. Johanna beams.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

Honey! What did we miss? What month
is it?

JOHANNA

I became evil! But it's July now,
and I'm over it.

Elizabeth Taylor nods.

Krissi enters the room, dragging his mattress. Flops it onto the empty frame.

KRISSE

I'm applying for the job of flat-
mate.

Johanna: beaming.

JOHANNA

Well, I'm applying for the job of
trainee writer on... whatever it's
called. Your mag.

She hands Krissi a sheaf of papers. He lies on the bed, looking through them. Looks up.

KRISSE

Okay. You're hired.

JOHANNA

My word-rate -

He pulls her onto the bed, and monkey-scrubs her.

144 INT. HALLWAY - DAY

144

Johanna is on the phone. She's looking at a notepad.

JOHANNA

Hello? Hello - is that Rob Allan?
Lead singer of The Hallows? It's
Dolly Wilde here.

She holds the phone away from her ear, as a string of expletives come out of it.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

Yes. Yes. Yes, I know. You are
absolutely within your rights to
call me a -

She listens

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

"Goblin's penis." Actually, that's
why I'm calling. I wanted to
apologise to you for the review.
Calling you -

She consults her notepad

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

- "a shit-wizard; a weasel in a
waistcoat making musical limescale"
was wrong, and I apologise. And to
your mother. She did not give birth
to Satan.

She puts the phone down. Ticks something off the list. We see she has the names of fifty-seven bands on there. Nine have been ticked off.

Out of the corner of her eye, she sees Pat and Angie through the kitchen - dancing to a song on the radio. Johanna smiles - love!

145 EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY

145

Johanna and Krissi are selling his fanzine. John Kite is on the cover, under the headline "The REAL John Kite story."

Doing a roaring trade. John Kellog comes over to buy one. Krissi deals with him. As soon as he leaves:

JOHANNA

So! What's happening with him?

KRISSI

We broke up. But -

Holds up the bag.

KRISSI (CONT'D)
I got custody.

146 INT. JOHANNA AND KRISSI'S BEDROOM - DAY 146

Johanna at her typewriter. She has a sheaf of neatly-stacked papers by the typewriter - adds the last one to it. The title of the piece: "Too Old For The Children's Ward, Too Young For The Adult Ward - Why Sixteen Is The Worst Age To Self-Harm."

We go close-up on the piece of paper - and when we pull back out again, it's in Johanna's hands as she -

147 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "THE FACE" MAGAZINE - DAY 147

Stands outside, girding her nerves. She pushes the door.

148 INT. "THE FACE" OFFICE - DAY 148

Johanna sits on a chair, nervous. The glass door opposite her says EDITOR. Staring through glass. AGAIN. But the door opens and a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN appears. She's beautifully dressed: AMANDA WATSON, the EDITOR. She smiles.

AMANDA
Johanna? God you're young. Come in.

149 INT. AMANDA'S OFFICE 149

Johanna takes a seat opposite Amanda, across the desk.

Amanda picks up a sheaf of A4: JOHANNA'S PIECE.

AMANDA
I didn't think it was possible to laugh so much given the subject matter. And cry. And laugh again. We were passing it around the office like drugs, or a baby. *This* is what you should be writing. Do you know what you look like tearing apart pop records in the music press? An Olympic swimmer in a bathtub. But *this* - *this*, we'd like to run in the next issue.

JOHANNA
Why, thank you very much, Ma'am.

AMANDA
...and then start you with a monthly column.
(MORE)

AMANDA (CONT'D)

A monthly letter, from you, telling us what you're up to. "Building A Girl", by Dolly Wilde. Would you like that job?

JOHANNA

Ma'am, I am more obligated than I can express.

AMANDA

Are you, in fact, pretending to be Elvis right now?

Johanna thinks.

JOHANNA

No. I think this *is* me, now. For now.

150 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FACE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 150

Johanna comes out. Stands for a minute. Then punches the air. YES! YES! She celebrates for thirty seconds - then pulls out the laminate round her neck, and looks at it. Starts walking.

151 EXT. HOTEL - DAY 151

Johanna looks down at the laminate again - then up at the hotel. This is it.

She sits on the kerb, outside, to wait.

Later:

Still waiting.

Much later:

Still waiting.

Finally, a car pulls up, and John Kite and Ed get out. Johanna stands up.

JOHANNA

John? Mr Kite? Sir?

Kite stops - sees Johanna. Very conflicted emotions.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

I promise I won't take more than one minute. I will talk extra-extra-fast.

Kite motions for Ed to leave. Walks to Johanna.

KITE

I should never talk to you again.

JOHANNA

I know. I know. I am so sorry. I have two things for you.

She hands him a big envelope.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

This is the first.

Kite opens it - pulls out Krissi's fanzine. Opens it where a book-mark is placed. Starts reading - a look of confusion, first, and then wonder on his face.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

That's the original piece - that I wrote about you. The one they wouldn't print. That's how I *really* feel.

KITE

(taking it in)
It's very beautiful.

JOHANNA

The other piece was... a terrible, terrible mistake. I was... showing off, in front of big boys.

KITE

You sold me, babe.

JOHANNA

I know. I know. That's why the second thing I want to give you is *this*.

She hands him the second package. He opens it up. Absolute shock and bemusement. Picks it up. We see - Johanna's hair. Her severed pony-tail.

KITE

A - *tail*?

JOHANNA

It's my hair.

Johanna takes off her top hat - her hair has, indeed, been shorn. She now has a bob.

JOHANNA (CONT'D)

I tried to think of what would be the ultimate sacrifice - the thing I would be most upset about if I lost it. My hair is my one beauty.

KITE
Your - *hair*?

JOHANNA
I took something of you. I'm giving
you something of me.

John Kite has started laughing. Johanna - confused, relieved.
He puts his hand out.

KITE
Come. Come with me.

Johanna takes his hand, and they walk across the road, to the
park.

152 EXT. REGENT'S PARK - DAY

152

It's a dazzlingly beautiful day - late August, roses in
bloom. Kite walks across the park with her.

KITE
Do you know what you are, darling?
You are an *enthusiast*, Dutch. This -

He holds up the fanzine with his interview in it.

KITE (CONT'D)
- is beautiful, but it's not really
about me. It's about how in love
with world you are. I have never
met anyone more in love with the
world than you. Don't stop. That's
your thing.

Johanna pulls her top hat over her eyes.

JOHANNA
This is my Embarrassment Booth. I'm
sorry I tried to kiss you.

KITE
Look, darling, we probably will
kiss, one day. That's just
statistics, baby. You're a you, and
I'm a me. How will we not end up
terribly, terribly in love? It's
just the age thing now, babe. Too
young.

Johanna pushes her hat up, indignant.

JOHANNA
I'm *nearly seventeen*.

KITE
Not you, Dutch - me. I'm far too
young for you. Hopeless.

He's being so noble here. This is NOT a "I am a man-child"
speech. He's *really* saying she *is* too young.

KITE (CONT'D)
Love is a big old beast. And you're
going to be far too busy for it
right now.

JOHANNA
I am! I've got a job with The Face -
I'm going to move down to London
when I'm 18 and... go to gay clubs,
and... buy a piano.

KITE
See! And you need to go out there
and have some adventures, and I - I
would like to audition for the role
of your confidant. I would like -

He holds out his hand to her. It's shaking a bit -

KITE (CONT'D)
- the *honour*, of being your friend.

Johanna looks at his hand for a long time. Eventually she
takes it and looks up at him. Smiles. He smiles back.

153 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

153

Walking down the street, toward a pub.

JOHANNA
You should write a song about me.

KITE
No.

JOHANNA
You will. I'm incredibly inspiring.

KITE
Nothing rhymes with "Johanna."

JOHANNA
Nothing rhymes with "Layla." Or
"Prudence." Or "Sharona."

He kisses the top of her head.

KITE
Come on. Let's go and fuck up the
next ten years.

JOHANNA

I have school on Monday.

KITE

Then we'll fuck it up - after
3.30pm.

Kite opens the door of a pub - walks in. Johanna stops - and addresses the camera directly.

JOHANNA

So - what do you do when you build yourself - only to realise you built yourself with the wrong things? You rip it up and start again - build up and tear down, endlessly, repetitively, unceasingly. Invent invent invent! What will, eventually, be you? One day, you'll find the tiny, right piece of grit you can pearl around, until nature kicks in, and your shell will just quietly fill with magic. One day, you will marvel over what you did. Marvel how you tried to keep the loud, drunken, fucking, laughing, cutting, panicking, unbearably present secret of yourself - when really, you were about as secret as the moon. And as luminous, under all those clothes. And how, like all the best quests, you did it all for a girl: you.

CREDITS