

*Gwen*

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Several cardboard boxes litter the living room, of a small apartment. A bathtub situated near the centre of the room, a large mirror propped up against one wall. Various other items are spread across the room, a small worn sofa, colourful cushions stacked into a leaning tower. Various large frames and planks of wood, ready to be assembled into shelves.

A thud comes from the hallway off screen.

GWEN (O.S.)

What was that?

Eleanor hops across to the bath in the living room, grabs her foot in pain.

Gwen grabs a cushion from an unstable stack of cushions, knocking them onto the floor. Eleanor sits on it.

ELEANOR

It really hurts.

Gwen bends down and kisses Eleanor on the forehead.

GWEN

I'll grab the rest of the boxes.

She goes to leave but Eleanor pulls at her arm.

ELEANOR

Don't leave me.

GWEN

We have to -

ELEANOR

They're fine! Can we just take a little break?

GWEN

Okay, I'll put the kettle on.

Eleanor grabs a blanket and holds it tight.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Where are the mugs?

Eleanor points to a box wrapped in layers upon layers of sellotape.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Okay. Where are the scissors?

Eleanor points to the box again.

2

INT. 14 IVY LANE, LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

2

Eleanor and Gwen sit propped against the side of the bath. The pair are drinking tea from two oversized bowls.

ELEANOR

We could make this into a table,  
you know. With a glass top.

GWEN

I'm not eating where people sit  
naked. What about making it into a  
plant box?

ELEANOR

Or we could -

Eleanor flaps her hands and knocks Gwen's tea over and Gwen jumps up.

GWEN

For Heaven's sake.

Gwen walks away touching Eleanor's shoulder on the way out. Eleanor sits in silence for a moment, alone. Eleanor gets up, looking through the divider and not seeing Gwen.

3

INT. KITCHEN

3

When she gets to the kitchen Gwen is there, wiping the tea off her jeans.

ELEANOR

I'll make dinner, babe.

GWEN

It's not "making dinner" if you  
just put it in the microwave.

They exchange a look, Gwen smiles cheekily.

GWEN (CONT'D)

We should start unpacking it looks  
like a war zone in here.

Eleanor starts to stab her fork into the ready meal packets. Gwen looks over.

4 INT. LIVING ROOM

4

Eleanor and Gwen are in the bath, sitting across from each other at each end. A plank of wood acts as a tabletop, and on it sit two microwaveable meals in their containers. Eleanor is twirling the remains of her spaghetti around her fork. Gwen's talking but her words are muffled and not understandable. Gwen tidies the trays from the makeshift table and walks towards the kitchen.

GWEN (O.S.)

Elle.

5 INT. KITCHEN.

5

Gwen notices the calendar on the wall. She inspects it, it's only one page, JANUARY. She looks at Eleanor through the divider.

GWEN

Elle, tell me this. Do you just keep reusing the same month?

ELEANOR

What are you talking about?

GWEN

The calendar, there's only one month on it

ELEANOR

It's for the environment!

GWEN

That makes no sense! So, it's always January!

They smile at each other.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Shit

Gwen points to the calendar

ELEANOR

What?

GWEN

Your mother's coming for dinner tonight.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Eleanor scrambles out of the bath, tidying her hair and pushing the stack of pillows into the corner.

7 EXT APARTMENT BLOCK IVY LANE. 7

The doorbell rings. Carol, holding her shopping bags in front of the door to the apartment block. She is a stylish woman in her mid 50s.

Eleanor opens the door, Carol opens her arms for embrace, Eleanor leans forwards into a hug.

CAROL  
I'll make dinner.

ELEANOR  
Thank you

She makes way for Carol to walk in.

8 INT. KITCHEN 8

Carol chops a large pile of vegetables. Eleanor fidgets behind her, constantly moving, fiddling with her wedding ring.

ELEANOR  
I would've made spaghetti but I haven't done a shop.

CAROL  
How's the packing?

Gwen's voice calls from the living room. Eleanor turns and walks away, leaving her mother in the kitchen alone.

ELEANOR  
Coming.

Carol discreetly looks over at Eleanor. She puts down the knife, puts her head in her hands, sighing.

9 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 9

The living room is dusty and dark. A single lamp next to the bath in which Eleanor sits, Carol sits in a camping chair next to it, eating. Two glasses of wine sit between them.

CAROL  
It looks like you're almost done.

Eleanor doesn't reply.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
Eleanor, please talk to me. I'm  
worried about you. We all are.

A clattering sound breaks the silence as Carol puts down her spoon.

CAROL (CONT'D)  
I want you to know that I'm here  
for you. You're not alone in this.

Carol reaches her hand out to touch Eleanor's. Eleanor pulls away.

ELEANOR  
You weren't before!

CAROL  
No, but I'm here now. I know it  
doesn't feel like it but the pain  
will heal.

Eleanor starts to cry, getting choked up.

ELEANOR  
It's not that simple, Mum! You  
don't know what it's like, I love  
her, more than you ever loved-

Carol picks up her wine glass, takes a sip and puts it down.  
They sit in silence for a moment.

CAROL  
I know darling, I know. But, we  
have to move on, we all do. As much  
as it hurts, it'll help us in the  
long term.

ELEANOR  
We?

Eleanor covers her eyes with her hands, slipping down into the bath.

Eleanor starts to rub her face, she goes to get some more water and bubbles to wash more paint from her face.

She's still in the bath but it's now situated in a bathroom. Gwen is sat at the other end. They both look younger and fresher. The bath is now full of water, a thick layer of bubbles reach their chins. Eleanor attempts to scrub dried paint from her hands and nails, flecks floating in the water. Gwen watches her.

ELEANOR

-and then we'll paint the walls. Do you prefer Magnolia or Ivory beige? If I'm being honest I'm more of a honey moon yellow kind of gal.

GWEN

Eleanor -

ELEANOR

-but if you want to go with Lilac White I trust your stylistic choices. I've been hoarding colour samples for days, it's getting a bit obsessive.

GWEN

Elle-

ELEANOR

-and then thinking about furniture. What should we bring from here? I've seen this wonderful side-table at Sue Ryder round the corner it's ornate-

GWEN

Eleanor!

Eleanor looks up, silenced by Gwen's tone.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

Eleanor looks up at Gwen, grinning. She raises her hands to her face covering her eyes for a second.

11

INT 14. IVY LANE. EVENING.

11

When she pulls her hand away, she is back in the living room, in the empty bathtub, alone. She looks down at her hand, a ring on her left ring finger.