

THIS PERFECT PICTURE

Written by

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Shell is currently in battle with her ex partner over their daughter ROSE (6). An abusive relationship, he's managed to have Rose taken off her. He's powerful, manipulative, with money. A deadly mix. Frankie has contacts with her high end job. A life that Shell has never been exposed too, but which is soon to become her only option.

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INT. KITCHEN - DAY

SHELL leans on the kitchen side, cradling what can only be a now cold cuppa. Her eyes heavy, clothes worn a few days.

Her best friend FRANKIE sits at the table, brew in hand. Not sure of her next move towards a fragile Shell. She's dressed smartly, she holds and conducts herself in a way that let's us know she's in a high profile career, but right now she needs to be nothing but a friend.

FRANKIE:
Have you eaten?

A beat.

FRANKIE: (CONT'D)
I'll make us a sandwich-

SHELL:
(quietly)
I don't want a fuckin' sandwich.
(beat)
I thought he'd already taken everything. I underestimated him. Now she's paying for it, for my choices.

FRANKIE:
He won't hurt her.

Shell laughs slightly.

FRANKIE: (CONT'D)
His own daughter.

SHELL:
It's not about her. As long as he wins. Nothing else matters. The one person I have who can help, won't.

FRANKIE:
I can't come anywhere near it. You know that.

SHELL:
Social's already chosen their side. What hope have I got - ey? This picture - this perfect picture he's painted of me. The poor, broken, mentally unstable Mother.

(MORE)

SHELL: (CONT'D)

I'd say you couldn't write it, but
you can. Too easily

FRANKIE:

(changing tactic)

So, that's it then. He wins, again.
Rose-

SHELL:

Don't-

FRANKIE:

Rose sat there playing, in that big
old fancy bedroom he no doubt will
have had all done up, new toys,
clothes, whilst he is filling her
head with SHITE about her Mother.
Who she loves, who she will miss
and who she will ask for. And
you've given up.

SHELL:

You've no idea! You don't even have
a kid so you don't know - you'll
never know!!

A beat. The comment clearly hitting Frankie.

SHELL: (CONT'D)

Sorry-

FRANKIE:

I know someone.

SHELL:

What?

FRANKIE:

Someone who can help get Rose back.
Someone who can deal with him.

SHELL:

What d'ya mean "deal" with-

FRANKIE:

My line of work, you meet a lot of
people. People who I keep out of
prison.

SHELL:

Which is where i'll end up by the
sounds of it.

FRANKIE:

Won't come to that. All off record -
they don't even exist. But you'll
need money.

SHELL:

You think I've got money.

FRANKIE:

He does. Your his wife. Use your
imagination.

Shell stands thinking, clogs turning away.

FRANKIE: (CONT'D)

I'll make us that sandwich.

END.