

Fight For It

by

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1 INT. KITCHEN, MORNING

LUCY COLEMAN (35), a primary school teach with a tomboyish demeanour, animated personality and a heart of gold, rushes around the living room.

LUCY

Babe, have you seen my keys?!

She lifts a pile of coursework on the coffee table to no avail, then grabs another pile and shoves it into a messenger bag. She gently pulls a paper out from underneath a sleeping cat.

LUCY (cont'd)

Babe? JEN!

She rushes out into the hallway. Her fiance JEN BAILEY (38) beautiful but cocky, with a grin like she knows exactly when the world is going to end, stands in the kitchen door way in her underwear. She dangles Lucy's house keys in one hand and holds her lunch bag in the other.

JEN

Looking for something?

Lucy rolls her eyes, walks up the hallway and kisses her deeply. Jen pulls back, puts her hand on Lucy's chest and pushes her away.

JEN (cont'd)

Get going, or you're going to be late.

LUCY

Alright Mum!

JEN

That's gross. Go on. Set a good example.

Lucy gives her one more kiss, grabs her keys and lunch and flings her messenger bag over her shoulder.

LUCY

I'm gonna be out late tonight, I've got a one on one with Mikey, but I'll be back about seven-ish if you still want to go out?

JEN

Please. I think I'll need it if  
(MORE)

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JEN (cont'd)  
 today's anything like yesterday's  
 shift.

Lucy opens the door but pauses, eyes her up and bites her  
 lip.

LUCY  
 God, you're so fucking sexy. Ugh. I  
 love you.

JEN  
 I love you too baby. See you about  
 seven?

LUCY  
 Yup!

Lucy heads out the door.

2 INT. CAR, MORNING

LUCY driving to school, mostly obeying traffic laws. She  
 blasts Hayley Kiyoko and sings along enthusiastically. She  
 slows for a lollipop lady - her engine stalls. She swears,  
 restarts the engine. It turns over a few times before it  
 starts again. The car behind honks their horn. She gets it  
 going again, pulls into WHITE STYLES GRAMMAR SCHOOL and conks  
 just as she's driving into a parking space.

3 EXT. SCHOOL CAR PARK, MORNING

LUCY breathes a deep sigh, checks her car clock - 08:36 -  
 mutters under her breath and grabs her things, juggling them  
 in her arms. A few pupils wave as she haphazardly crosses the  
 car park. She attempts to wave back and drops a folder. A  
 pupil rushes forward and grabs it for her.

LUCY  
 Thanks Sophie, you're a star.

SOPHIE  
 You're welcome Miss Coleman!

She juggles her way into the school.

4 INT. CLASSROOM, MID-MORNING

LUCY sits with her phone hidden in a book, playing Candy  
 Crush. Her year 5 pupils (aged 10-11) are sitting a mock  
 exam. A timer on the interactive whiteboard behind her desk

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counts down from 45 minutes, with 27 minutes left.

The children are well behaved and focused - until a Facebook message alert loudly rings out throughout the classroom.

LUCY

Uh oh. Sorry guys, my bad.

The class giggle and murmur between themselves.

LUCY (cont'd)

No, come on. Focus please.

They quieten down. She silences her phone, waits for them to settle down, then checks her message. It reads: "JEN: Hello gorgeous! Hope your day is going well. I'm excited for tonight!"

She tilts an eyebrow and tries to hide a grin, then replies:

"Hello beautiful. All is well. I am too! Crabtree or the Dolphin tonight? Love you"

She flicks through her diary on the table before her. Today is April 11th, confirmed by the flip calendar on her desk. A few notable dates are shown as she flicks through

- May 14th/15th are circled in red with exclamation marks surrounding the words KS1/KS2 ENGLISH PAPERS

- May 18th is FINAL FITTING

- June 13th is circled with 7th Anniversary (Copper) written inside, along with anniversary present ideas.

She settles on 18th August, clearly marked WEDDING DAY!!!! The entire week's double page is scrawled with notes, ideas, names and scribblings.

Her phone lights up again, this time reading: "JEN: Crabtree I think. Lets get wankered. Love you so much."

5 INT. PUB, NIGHT

6 EXT. PUB EXTERIOR, NIGHT

LUCY and JEN, both absolutely trashed, laugh as they stumble out of the pub. A taxi driver across the road flashes his lights, an enquiry, but Jen shakes her head and grabs Lucy's hand.

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She pulls her off to the right, down an alley to the side of the pub. Jen pushes Lucy up against the wall of the pub and kisses her. Lucy giggles against her lips and kisses back, putting her hands in Jen's back pockets and pulling her closer. They stop to breathe, foreheads pressed together in a loving embrace. Jen kisses Lucy's nose.

JEN

(slurring)

I fucking love you. I can't wait to be your wife.

LUCY

(slurring)

I'm gonna marry the shit out of you.

They giggle together, share a brief kiss, then Lucy clutches Jen's hand and pulls her towards the mouth of the alleyway.

LUCY (cont'd)

(slurring)

C'mon! The sooner we get back, the sooner we...

She wiggles her eyebrows at Jen, who snorts.

JEN

Lets gooooo!

Jen rushes forward, trailing Lucy behind her. Out of the alleyway, across the pavement, toward the road... Lucy stops instinctively, but Jen continues forward, loosening her grip on Lucy's hand.

A horn sounds. Brakes squeal. Lucy realises, too late, that headlights illuminate them both.

Jen screams.

7 INT. AMBULANCE, NIGHT

SIRENS sound as the ambulance careers around corners. LUCY, quickly sobering up, stares vacantly ahead in shock as PARAMEDIC works on JEN. She looks down at her bloodied jacket and balks.

8 EXT. A&E, NIGHT

PARAMEDIC and waiting EMERGENCY CREW unload unconscious JEN (CONTINUED)

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bloodied JEN from the ambulance and onto a gurney. LUCY tries to follow but staff usher her away.

9 INT. RESUSCITATION WARD EXTERNAL CORRIDOR, NIGHT

LUCY sits, vacantly staring ahead. Jen's Mother SHELLEY (62), the spitting image of Jen but older, advances on her, asking questions, In her state of shock Lucy can barely acknowledge her, let alone respond. A Doctor advances on them with regret written all over his face. Shelley breaks, sobbing hysterically. Lucy watches in a daze as if watching a scene from Casualty - as if all of this is happening to somebody else and she's safe behind the glass screen, not a participant in this misery, but an onlooker. The Doctor crouches next to her seat and directly addresses her, a hand around her wrist. His mouth moves but the sounds don't form words.

Shelley's scream pierces through the fog.

10 INT. FUNERAL HOME, DAY

A gaunt and pale LUCY sits with a sobbing SHELLEY and Jen's Father, ANDY (63). The FUNERAL DIRECTOR comforts SHELLEY and offers her a tissue. Lucy isn't really there. She drifts and watches a bumblebee repeatedly fly into the glass window behind the funeral director. The world continues to pass by without her.

11 INT. CREMATORIUM, MORNING.

LUCY and the congregation stand as the pallbearers carry JEN's coffin past. Lucy can't look at it. Her breathing accelerates, and the person next to her reaches out and takes her hand. She bites her lip so hard that a tiny bead of blood appears, but she will not cry. She can't. This isn't happening. Not to her.

Not to Jen.

12 INT. LUCY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY, AFTERNOON.

LUCY, still in her funeral clothes, cat carrier in hand, pushes through the front door. A few weeks worth of letters and leaflets litter the floor. She closes the door gently.

The world, unwelcome, begins to drift back into focus.

This was their home. Their life. Jen's laugh echoes around

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the walls.

A hazy, half formed Jen from that night - the figment of Lucy's imagination - walks across the hallway, spraying perfume on herself.

Figment Jen turns as figment Lucy exits the kitchen and walks towards her. She says something unintelligible - their voices sound as though they're underwater. Figment Lucy stands before Figment Jen, eyes closed and head up, and figment Jen sprays her with the perfume. Figment Lucy turns, figment Jen sprays more perfume and then taps her on the butt. They both laugh.

Then figment Jen is pushing figment Lucy up against the wall and kissing her.

FIGMENT JEN

(almost unintelligible)  
...love you... can't wait... wife...

Real Lucy's entire body is tensed, pressed back against the front door. Her eyes well up. Her fists clench but she can't bring herself to move. She knows what's coming.

Figment Jen pulls figment Lucy up the hallway by her hand.

Figment Jen stops, eyes wide and mouth open her mouth a perfect 'O' as she screams soundlessly directly opposite real Lucy. Staring her in the eyes.

The car horn wails.

Lucy crouches to put the cat carrier down, hyperventilating, and collapses onto the entrance mat. The emotions, the memories, the presence that she's managed to keep at bay for weeks hits her all at once.

MONTAGE:

1. Jen's mouth as she giggles, biting her lip.
  2. Jen's hand in hers as she slides a ring onto her finger.
  3. Jen silhouetted against the early morning light in the kitchen, cooking her breakfast.
  4. Jen dancing at a festival, head to toe in neon clothing and face paint.
  5. Jen's shadow behind a shower curtain and hears her singing
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faintly.

6. Jen sleeping softly, facing Lucy. She half opens one eye, sees Lucy watching her and smiles.

MONTAGE END.

Lucy sobs quietly into her hands. The cat meows. She opens the carrier and lets him out. He rubs himself under her hand. She begins to calm.

13 INT. BAR, NIGHT

TITLE: 1 YEAR, 5 MONTHS LATER.

LUCY sits at a table, several empty pint glasses in front of her. MARY (33), a 9 'til wine gym administrator with a penchant for last minute holidays, tall dark and handsome strangers and an absurdly large collection of novelty shot glasses makes her way over to the table from the bar, juggling two pint glasses and a bottle of Hooch. KELLIE (36) one of Lucy's oldest friends, a surfer girl, wannabe vegan and anti-plastic aficionado laughs as Mary tries (and fails) to discreetly eye up a guy a few tables across from them.

KELLIE

Go on Mary, climb him like a tree!

LUCY

(with humour)

Oh God, don't encourage her.

MARY

Hey! I'm not that bad. Anyway, after the week I've had I think I deserve a different kind of work out. Wish me luck.

She rises and crosses over to his table. The remaining two laugh together. Lucy notices a pretty girl eying her up from the bar. Kellie notices and nudges her gently.

KELLIE

How are you doing on that front?

Lucy rolls her eyes and begins fiddling with a beer mat in front of her.

KELLIE (cont'd)

Come on. You can't be celibate for the rest of your life, babe. You know she

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KELLIE (cont'd)  
wouldn't want that for you.

LUCY  
I know. I just...

KELLIE  
Don't want to let go of her yet. I get it.

LUCY  
  
(exasperated)  
I'm trying. I'm nearly there. I just... Everyone keeps telling me it'll get easier, but it's bullshit. It doesn't get easier at all. I used to wake up in the morning and for a few seconds, none of this had happened. I'd wait for her to cuddle up to me in her sleep, or yank the covers off of me. Then I'd roll over, and she'd be gone. She's gone, and she's not coming back. I know that. But if I move on, am I being selfish? I don't want to replace her. I don't want to forget her.

KELLIE  
Luce. You're never going to forget her. We both know that. You won't ever replace her, either. You know damn well she'd be pissed at you for not living your life. Think of it this way - you've got to live for both of you now.

The truth is a little too much for Lucy - she knows Kellie is right, but doesn't want to admit it. She nods curtly but looks around the pub indignantly.

KELLIE (cont'd)  
Listen. I know you don't want to talk about it but I think you need to make a change. Get out of that house. Have you looked at agents yet?

LUCY  
Don't. Not tonight.

KELLIE  
Luce...

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Lucy rises, downs the last of her pint and heads towards the bar.

KELLIE (cont'd)

Come on...

LUCY

Fuck it.

Montage:

1. Lucy playing drinking games with Mary, Mary's hot guy and their friends. Kellie sits with them but doesn't play, and just watches Lucy closely.

2. Lucy looking at photograph of her and Jen on her phone. Mary takes her phone away and puts a cocktail in her open hand.

3. The girl from the bar continues to eye Lucy up. Mary twigs and gestures for the girl to come over. Lucy, drunk, protests quietly but stops when the girl comes over.

4. More drinking games. Kellie is on water now. Mary snogging the guy at the table, Lucy and the girl still playing with the guy's friends.

5. The girl grabs Lucy's hand and drags her up towards the dance floor. Lucy stumbling a little. The bartender catches Kellie's eye and tilts his head towards her, asking if Kellie is looking after her.

6. The blonde grabs Lucy's hand and drags her towards the toilets. Mary and others cheering her on. Kellie rolls her eyes. This is NOT what she meant.

7. The girl pulls Lucy into a bathroom cubicle and kisses her.

8. Tequila! Lucy licks the salt off the girl's neck, takes her shot and then takes the lime out of her mouth.

9. More dancing.

14 EXT. BAR EXTERIOR, NIGHT.

KELLIE escorts MARY and LUCY outside and piles Mary into a waiting taxi. The girl trails behind them. Lucy gestures for her to get in the taxi, so she does. Kellie pulls Lucy aside.

LUCY

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(slurring)

Happy now?

KELLIE

You know this isn't what I meant.

LUCY

I'm moving on.

Kellie sighs, but helps her into the taxi regardless.

15 INT. LUCY'S BEDROOM, EARLY MORNING.

LUCY lays awake, unable to sleep. The girl laying next to her snores softly, picturesque in the moonlight. Lucy tries to rise as gently as she can, but the alcohol clearly hasn't left her system. She knocks a glass to the floor, swears and chucks a shirt on it, then tiptoes out of the door. The blonde sleeps on.

16 INT. LUCY'S LIVING ROOM, EARLY MORNING.

Lucy slumps into the sofa and drunkenly dials Jen's number. It's turned off and goes straight to voicemail.

JEN (O.S)

What's up? It's Jen. If you desperately need me, text me or Lucy, or leave a message and I probably won't get back to you.

VOICEMAIL (O.S)

Please leave a message after the tone. Press the hash key to send your message.

She ends the call as she begins to cry. Her phone beeps. She slumps, head in her hands, and wipes away a tear. She takes a deep breath, composes herself and dials the phone number again. It goes straight to voicemail again. It goes straight to voicemail again.

JEN (O.S)

What's up? It's Jen. If you desperately need me, text me or Lucy, or leave a message and I probably won't get back to you.

VOICEMAIL (O.S)

Please leave a message after the tone. Press the hash key to send your

(MORE)

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VOICEMAIL (O.S) (cont'd)  
message.

LUCY

(voice breaking)  
Jen. I miss you. I love you. I'm  
sorry.

She hangs up.

17 INT. HEAD TEACHER'S OFFICE, MORNING

LUCY, uncomfortable in her fluff and fripperies, sits opposite the desk of SACRED HEART PRIMARY SCHOOL's headteacher in a sumptuous but humble oak-decorated office. Mr EDWARD DRAKE is a formidable man in his early fifties, skinny but strong, and with stern features to boot. Every word he speaks is certain, every sentence a statement.

EDWARD DRAKE  
With all due respect, Miss...

He unabashedly looks down at her papers before meeting her gaze again.

EDWARD DRAKE (cont'd)  
...Coleman. Ordinarily, when hiring, I favour practicing Catholics above other applicants. You understand my reasoning. Faith is the mortar of Sacred Heart Primary.

Lucy nods and makes to stand.

LUCY  
I see. Well, thank you for the opportunity-

EDWARD DRAKE  
Please be seated.

She sits.

EDWARD DRAKE (cont'd)  
Ordinarily. However, the circumstances of you arriving at our doorstep are out of the ordinary. You come with stellar recommendations from your last three establishments and assurances that, should I turn you away based on your lack of faith, I would be doing  
(MORE)

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EDWARD DRAKE (cont'd)  
so at my own detriment.

LUCY  
Respectfully, Mr Drake, I agree. I don't think it's necessary for a Drama teacher to preach to the children - no offence. I connect with the children, and they connect with me, and they learn to express themselves with the skills that I teach them. It's as simple as that. Again, respectfully, I don't believe faith has to have a presence in a drama classroom.

Edward Drake stands, slowly, and indicates that she should do the same.

EDWARD DRAKE  
Please, follow me.

She stands cautiously. He holds the door open for her and she follows.

18 INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE, MORNING

EDWARD's secretary GINA begins typing with intent as they enter.

GINA  
Are you out for long, Mr Drake? You have an appointment at 10:45.

EDWARD DRAKE  
We shan't be long.

This time, Lucy reaches the door first and holds it open for him. He looks a little put out but continues through.

EDWARD DRAKE (cont'd)  
Thank you.

19 INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR, MORNING.

They step into a well lit, stone paved corridor. Large windows open out onto beautifully well-kept playing fields, with a small orchard directly opposite Edward's office door. He leads her out into the sunshine to a small stone bench. He gestures for her to be seated, and he sits next to her.

LUCY

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This is beautiful.

EDWARD DRAKE

It is.

(beat)

You see, Miss Coleman I have a...  
dilemma, one that goes beyond faith.

He eyes the engagement ring that she is nervously fiddling with. She notices and stops.

EDWARD DRAKE (cont'd)

I understand that you have recently  
suffered a bereavement. I'm sorry for  
your loss.

Lucy's demeanor changes. Her posture becomes defensive.

LUCY

(hushed)

Thank you. Yes, I did. But it won't  
affect my work.

EDWARD DRAKE

You see, one of your previous  
employers let slip that you and your  
late partner engaged in an...  
alternate lifestyle.

Lucy shuffles uncomfortably in her seat - she'd been waiting for this.

EDWARD DRAKE (cont'd)

My concern is not for the children,  
Miss Coleman. It's for the parents,  
and for yourself. The vast majority of  
our student populace are practicing  
Catholics, as are their families. A  
few will no doubt raise concerns that  
I have hired a non-Catholic teacher. I  
can justify these concerns with your  
excellent reputation and educational  
credits. What I cannot justify,  
however, is if these parents feel that  
their children are being exposed to  
your alternative lifestyle. I trust  
that you understand my implication.

LUCY

I do.

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EDWARD DRAKE

Please understand that this isn't a personal prejudice. I have a nephew who also favours an alternate lifestyle, and I love him as I love all of my nieces and nephews. However, as the face of the school, I have to safeguard Sacred Heart against controversy.

(beat)

With that in mind, I'd like to offer you the position. So long as we are in agreement that your sexuality will not affect your teachings, and that the values you instil in our students shall be the same values that Sacred Heart has followed for decades - I think you'll fit in well here.

He stands, and she does the same. He extends a hand forward to her. She goes to shake it, but hesitates.

LUCY

Thank you, but... may I have some time before I make my decision?

EDWARD DRAKE

Of course. Gina will give you my personal contact number. Take the evening to ruminate, and contact me tomorrow morning. I do hope you will join us, Miss Coleman.

They shake hands.

20 INT. PUB, EVENING

LUCY, MARY and KELLIE sit around a pub table. Mary picks at a plate of chips before her. Kellie clutches a mojito, and Lucy nurses a pint.

LUCY

Why do I feel like I'm selling out?

KELLIE

Because you are.

Lucy groans.

MARY

Ignore her, she's chatting shit.

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MARY (cont'd)

You're not selling out babe, you're just taking a decent job that's gonna put food on the table and beer in your hand.

LUCY

I know, but I've basically agreed to pretend not to be who I am in case a bunch of bible bashing parents get offended. That's a big decision. Like, how gay is my personality? Do I need to buy some turtlenecks?

KELLIE

God, no. Never.

Lucy sighs and slumps dramatically across the table. Mary throws a chip in her general direction and then pats Lucy's hair absentmindedly.

LUCY

Am I making the right decision?

KELLIE

I can't answer that for you. You know that. Honestly, I think you'd be crazy not to take it. If you turn it down, you're gonna regret it later along the line, trust me.

MARY

You know she's right.

LUCY

(with a groan)

I know.

KELLIE

Stick with it, even if it's just for a few months. It's a good accolade to have.

Mary gently tugs on a strand of Lucy's hair. She lifts her head and nods in agreement.

MARY

Now make that bloody phone call so we can celebrate!