

The easel life

"Making Marks"

written by

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MAKING MARKS

INT. EVE. KATE'S BEDROOM. WE SEE KATE, MIXED RACE, ALTERNATIVE (DYED HAIR, GREEN OR PURPLE), AGED NINETEEN. SHE IS GATHERING TOGETHER ART MATERIALS AND PUTTING THEM IN A SHOPPER BAG 'AGAINST ANIMAL TESTING' ON IT. SHE STANDS UP AND LOOKS IN THE MIRROR AND SMOOTHS DOWN HER CLOTHES BEFORE RUSHING OUT. SHE'S LATE. SHE PASSES HER DAD IN THE HALLWAY.

KATE'S DAD

Where you off in such a hurry?

KATE

Life drawing. It's wednesday.

KATE'S DAD

Oh yeah. Tell tristan I might see him
in the pub.

KATE LEAVES, SLAMMING THE DOOR, WITHOUT ANSWERING.

INT. EVENING. NORTHERN CITY CENTRE. AN OLD INDUSTRIAL BUILDING, FORMER MESTER'S WORKSHOP. AN ART'S COLLECTIVE THAT HOUSES EXHIBITIONS AND A WEEKLY LIFE DRAWING CLASS. THE FIRST ROOM, ON THE FIRST FLOOR, IS THE EXHIBITION SPACE WITH A SOFA AND REFRESHMENT AREA AT ONE END. THE SECOND ROOM, DOWN A SHORT STAIRCASE, IS WHERE THE LIFE DRAWING SESSION TAKES PLACE. IT'S WEDNESDAY EVENING, 7PM, AND PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO ARRIVE. SIMON RUNS THE SESSION, A GAY MAN IN HIS FIFTIES WITH LONG HAIR TIED BACK IN A PONY TAIL. HE'S FLUSTERED AND SEEMS OVERWHELMED BY THE TASK OF ARRANGING CHAIRS IN A CIRCLE.

SIMON

Evening Noah.

NOAH, MID TWENTIES, ZAMBIAN, NODS AND PUTS A SACHEL ON ONE OF THE CHAIRS, THEN LEAVES. SIMON SHAKES HIS HEAD AND CONTINUES ARRANGING CHAIRS. JAMES ENTERS, EARLY TWENTIES, NERDY, HE TAKES OFF HIS COAT AND IS WEARING AN ARTIST'S APRON UNDERNEATH. HE BEGINS HELPING SIMON WITH THE CHAIRS.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Better make sure the sketch padders
use that sofa

POINTS TO A BATTERED OLD SOFA.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Last week they took up all the chairs
so the boarders had nowhere to lean.

JAMES

I'll keep them in line for you. I can
be, like, the official life drawing
bouncer.

SIMON LOOKS AT JAMES WITH DISBELIEF. THEY ARRANGE A CIRCLE OF
CHAIRS AROUND THE OUTER EDGE OF THE ROOM WITH A ROW OF CHAIRS
IN FRONT FOR PEOPLE TO LEAN THEIR BOARDS ON. SHAUN ENTERS,
MID FIFTIES, UNHEALTHY LOOKING, THE 'VETERAN' OF THE GROUP.

SHAUN

Evening

SIMON

Oh, evening Shaun, and how are you
today?

SHAUN

Not bad, Simon, not bad, getting there
you know, back on the mend after my...

SIMON (CONT'D)

After you were in a coma, yeah, we
know

SIMON LOOKS AT JAMES AND ROLLS HIS EYES. PEOPLE ARE ENTERING AND SITTING DOWN WITH THEIR BOARDS. ONE MAN IS SETTING UP AN EASEL, TWO YOUNG WOMEN SIT ON THE CHAIRS AND TAKE OUT SKETCHPADS.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Er, could you sit on the sofa please,
the chairs are for people with boards
to lean them up against the chairs in
front, see?

SIMON POINTS TO SHAUN WHO RAISES A SMILE AT THE WOMEN. THE WOMEN LOOK ANNOYED AND MOVE TO THE SOFA. ULRICH ENTERS, AGED IN HIS LATE SIXTIES, HE WEARS JOGGING BOTTOMS AND A FLEECE AND LOOKS LIKE HE SLEEPS ROUGH. HE SITS DOWN WITHOUT A WORD AND STARES INTO THE SPACE IN FRONT OF HIM. TRISTAN ENTERS, MID TWENTIES, MESSY HAIR. 'ARTY'. HE SITS NEXT TO SHAUN.

TRISTAN

What you using?

SHAUN

Ee, I don't know, I got some of these
new watercolour pencils, might give
them a go. What about you?

TRISTAN

Charcoal. To start with anyway, might
mix it up a bit for the longer poses,
try something different, do something
like Noah does, I've been thinking
more about capturing the moment.

SHAUN

You know some take their life drawings home and work on them after, to make a proper picture, to sell and stuff, but that's not why we're here, is it?

TRISTAN

No?

SHAUN

I mean, don't get me wrong, that's all fine, but we're supposed to be studying here, becoming better at drawing the human figure, that's what this is supposed to be, not somewhere you come to knock out some pretty pictures then go home, tart em up and stick em on ebay.

TRISTAN LOOKS OVER AT SHAUN'S WATERCOLOUR PENCILS, THEN DOWN AT THE SMALL STUB OF CHARCOAL IN HIS HAND.

TRISTAN

Yeah, yeah, man, too right.

ELIZABETH ENTERS. DORKY, SPIRITUAL. SHE SITS NEXT TO JAMES.

SIMON

Evening elizabeth, you're looking lovely as always.

ELIZABETH

Thank you, Simon, just a little something I threw on.

ELIZABETH HOLDS UP A BIG SILVER NECKLACE SHE'S WEARING.

SIMON

Oh, very nice, is that a new piece you made?

ELIZABETH

My latest, yes.

KATE ENTERS, SHE HURRIES TO THE BACK OF THE ROOM AND SITS UP ON A HIGH STOOL.

SHAUN (TO JAMES)

I mean, take Kate there, sits at the back on that stool every week. Is she studying our model's form or is she drawing something weird she can flog online next week? Suppose we'll never know cause we never see what she does. You noticed that? How she turns her paper over so none of us can see her drawings in the break?

LASTLY, EMERALD ENTERS, AGED TWENTY, WITH DREAD-LOCKED HAIR AND PIERCINGS, SHE GOES INTO THE TOILET AND EMERGES WEARING A KIMONO ROBE.

TRISTAN

Kate? She's only just found the courage to come in here, never mind letting anyone see her work. She used to sit outside and daren't even come in, so this is progress.

SHAUN

Yeah, sitting outside waiting for you.

TRISTAN

No, no, she wanted to come in, she just...she thought everyone would laugh at her. Says she can't draw.

SHAUN

None of us can draw!

SIMON

Right, if we're all here.

EMERALD STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM AND SIMON HOLDS UP A STOPWATCH. THERE IS A SECOND'S PAUSE AND NOAH NOISILY RE-ENTERS. HE GOES TO THE SEAT HE'D LEFT HIS BAG ON AND BEGINS TAKING OUT PENS.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If we are all here now!

SIMON LOOKS AT EMERALD.

SIMON (CONT'D)

When you're ready emerald.

EMERALD HOLDS HER HEAD UP IN AN ELEGANT POSE, LETS HER ROBE FALL TO THE FLOOR AND WE HEAR THE SOFT SOUND OF MARKS ON PAPER.

INT. THE EXHIBITION SPACE. EVE. IT'S HALFWAY THROUGH THE SESSION AND IT'S TEA BREAK TIME. SIMON IS BEHIND AN OLD TABLE POURING TEA FROM A BIG METAL TEAPOT. THE ARTISTS ARE SLOWLY LINING UP FOR TEA

TRISTAN

So what you working on at the moment?

SHAUN

Ah well, since I was in a coma, you know, it's been hard, but I'm getting back into it.

TRISTAN

Yeah, so you still doing comics?

SHAUN

Aye, I still do comics, like, but it's not what it was, you know, that game, it's all different these days. All digital.

TRISTAN

Yeah, yeah, suppose so

SHAUN

Ere, did I tell you about my coma? Massive heart attack, right, put me in a coma for weeks. Well, obviously I can't remember a thing about it, but they said I should have died, you know, imagine being told that, 'you should have died', like I was supposed to die and I've let everyone down by being alive.

TRISTAN

Yeah, yeah, you have mentioned it.

THEY GET TO THE FRONT OF THE QUEUE AND PICK UP MUGS OF TEA.

SIMON

Tea this side, coffee this side,
biscuits there, help yourself.

KATE APPROACHES THE TABLE.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Oh, you want a weak one, don't you?

HE POURS HALF A CUP OF TEA FROM THE TEAPOT.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Go down to where the lav is, love, and
there's a pot of hot water, you can
top up your tea down there.

KATE TAKES THE TEA WITHOUT A WORD AND WALKS DOWN THE SMALL STAIRCASE INTO THE LIFE DRAWING SPACE AND TO THE TOILET AT THE BACK. THE DOOR IS CLOSED. KATE POURS HOT WATER INTO HER MUG AND WATCHES THE TOILET DOOR. SHE CAN SEE THE SHADOW OF SOMEONE MOVING ABOUT THROUGH THE CRACK AND SHE CAN HEAR SHUFFLING AROUND. SHE TURNS AND LOOKS INTO THE LIFE DRAWING SPACE AND SEES ULRICH SITTING AND STARING INTO SPACE. SHE LOOKS BACK AT THE DOOR AND IT OPENS, REVEALING EMERALD. SHE'S ELEGANT AND BEAUTIFUL, BUT GOOFY AND BRASH WHEN SHE SPEAKS.

EMERALD

I'll never get used to going for a wee
when I'm nuddy except for this flimsy
thing, and you lot are all here.
Taking my clothes off in there I'm
fine, but going for a pee is always
going to feel off.

KATE SMILES SHYLY.

KATE

I was sent for hot water.

EMERALD

Ah, the holy grail of the extra hot
water, you found it!

THEY WALK BACK INTO THE LIFE DRAWING SPACE WHERE EVERYONE IS
WALKING AROUND THE CIRCLE AND LOOKING AT EACH OTHERS' WORK.

KATE

What's it like?

EMERALD

What's what like?

KATE

Posing. Being the model. What's it
like?

EMERALD SHRUGS

EMERALD

It's alright. Fifteen quid an hour to
just stand there, or lay there for the
longer ones. Easy money.

KATE

Yeah, but, don't you feel...weird, I
mean don't you feel like everyone's
looking at you?

EMERALD

Everyone is looking at me, that's
kinda the point.

KATE

I don't know if I could do it.

EMERALD

But you're thinking about it, aren't you?

KATE

Yeah, I mean no, I don't know, maybe. I've always been self conscious. I'm dumpy, not tall and elegant like you. And my legs, I don't know if I could show my legs.

EMERALD

There's nothing wrong with your legs. Look, I know what you're saying. First time I did it, yeah, I felt a bit weird, and then I realised everyone was looking at me like I was a vase or something. The thing I was really worried about was moving, it's harder than you think to stand still for ten minutes, and you have to commit to that pose once you're in it. So you have to decide on a pose you know you can hold. That's why we all lay down for the long ones. Sometimes I've nodded off.

KATE

Yeah. But anyway, my dad would never agree to it.

EMERALD

What business is it of his? He's not
the one taking his clothes off, is he?

KATE

He's (Mexican), everything is his
business.

EMERALD

So don't tell him.

KATE

No, I can't risk that, he'd find out.
He does the trad session in The White
Horse, and Tristan...

EMERALD

Come on, Tristan's not going to tell
him...is he?

THEY BOTH TURN AROUND AND SEE TRISTAN ENTERING THE LIFE
DRAWING SPACE WITH SHAUN. TRISTAN LOOKS OVER AND SMILES AT
KATE.

EMERALD (CONT'D)

I'd have thought that would be more of
a problem for you, not your dad, at
least your dad won't actually see you
taking your clothes off in front of
everyone.

SIMON WALKS THROUGH WITH A BIG SILVER TEAPOT IN HIS HAND.

SIMON

One minute everyone! If you could take
your seats.

EMERALD

Right, best get me kit off again.

EMERALD STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. SIMON RE-ENTERS FROM THE TOILET AREA WITH A CHAIR. HE PUTS THE CHAIR DOWN NEXT TO EMERALD AND SHE SITS ON IT. SIMON HOLDS UP HIS STOPWATCH.

SIMON

When you're ready emerald.

EMERALD HOLDS HER HEAD UP ELEGANTLY AND LETS HER ROBE FALL.

INT. EVENING. THE LIFE DRAWING SESSION IS ENDING. SIMON HOLDS UP HIS STOPWATCH.

SIMON

If you could make your last marks now
please.

SIMON HOLDS HIS POSITION AS THE ARTISTS FRANTICALLY SHADE AND FINISH THEIR DRAWINGS.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And that's it. Thank you Emerald. Same
time next week, folks, and a few of us
will be in the White Lion...

JAMES

The White Horse.

SIMON

Yes, thank you James, the White Horse,
the pub round the corner, if anyone
wants to join us.

WE SEE KATE LOOK AROUND AND TURN OVER HER DRAWINGS SO NO ONE CAN SEE THEM.

TRISTAN (TO SHAUN)

You coming to the pub?

SHAUN

Nah, got to catch my bus, besides, I'm not really supposed to drink, you know after...

TRISTAN

After you were in a coma, yes, of course. What about you, Noah?

NOAH IS SPRAYING HIS ARTWORK SO IT DOESN'T SMUDGE. HE'S SERIOUS AND SPEAKS INTENTLY.

NOAH

Oh yes, yes, I'll be over for one or two.

JAMES

I'll walk with you.

EXT. EVENING. JAMES AND KATE ARE WALKING TO THE PUB.

JAMES

What happened to Tristan? Thought he was walking round to the pub with us.

KATE

It's complicated.

JAMES

Walking to the pub is complicated?

KATE

I mean, me and him, it's...See, he won't walk round with you AND me.

JAMES

Why not?

KATE

Because it's complicated.

JAMES

Right, yeah, that clears that up then.

And where's Noah?

KATE

He'll be in there already, bet ya, bet he's bagged the best seat like he does in life drawing. Probably left a bag in here at lunchtime so he can sit by the heater or something.

INT. EVENING. THE WHITE HORSE PUB. ELIZABETH IS SITTING WITH NOAH AND SIMON. SHE PATS THE SPACE NEXT TO HER FOR KATE TO SIT DOWN. KATE IS HOLDING A PINT. SHE SITS NEXT TO ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH

So, emerald said you want to model.

KATE

No, I, no, I was just asking what it's like, I was just curious.

ELIZABETH

That's how it starts. That's how it gets you.

KATE

I can't actually do it, my dad wouldn't approve. I was just asking that's all.

CUT TO. NOAH IS HALF WAY DOWN HIS PINT AND SEEMS LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON IN THE PUB. HE'S SMILING AND LAUGHING AT SOMETHING JAMES HAS SAID.

NOAH

So, you entering anything into the exhibition?

JAMES

Ah, the great exhibition. Yeah, probably will, why not? Probably be shit, but yeah, probably will. You must be, all those great works you produce.

NOAH IS SERIOUS AGAIN AS HE TALKS ABOUT ART.

NOAH

Oh yes, well, I'll be putting a few in, yes, just got to decide which

NOAH (TURNS TO KATE)
(CONT'D)

What about you kate? You gonna do it?

KATE IS UNEASY WITH THE ATTENTION BEING ON HER AND BLUSHES.

KATE

What? No, I'm not going to actually do it.

NOAH

Why not? we're all doing it.

KATE

You are?

NOAH

Of course. We all want to get in on it.

KATE

You do?

NOAH

Yeah. I can't wait to show mine. I know you like to hide yours away all the time, but I'm sure once you pluck up the courage to show us all what you've got...

NOAH POINTS A FINGER AT KATE AND NARROWS HIS EYES AT HER

NOAH (CONT'D)

I bet you're really good.

KATE LOOKS HORRIFIED. ELIZABETH GRINS.

ELIZABETH

He's talking about the exhibition, the end of year exhibition, not...

NOAH

Not what? What else would I be talking about?

KATE

Oh, the exhibition. Oh, I don't know, really not sure I am good enough to exhibit.

ELIZABETH (WHISPERS)

And I say you are. You're beautiful, I think you'd be good at it and it would really help with your...you know, your self esteem.

KATE

Yeah?

ELIZABETH

Helped me with mine, and I'm a total dork.

KATE

I'm not sure, my legs, I'm not sure if anyone wants to see that.

ELIZABETH

There is nothing wrong with your legs.

INT. EVENING. KATE'S BEDROOM AT HER MUM AND DAD'S HOUSE. KATE SITS ON THE EDGE OF THE BED AND LOOKS INTO A LONG MIRROR. SHE IS WEARING A T SHIRT AND UNDERWEAR. SHE UNCROSSES HER LEGS AND WE SEE SCARS, EVIDENCE OF SELF HARM, ON HER THIGHS. SHE STARES AT HERSELF IN THOUGHT.

KATE'S DAD (O.S.)

Kate! Your dinner's ready.

KATE

Coming dad.

KATE QUICKLY PULLS ON A PAIR OF JEANS. CUT TO KATE'S DAD ON THE STAIRCASE STARING AT KATE'S BEDROOM DOOR WITH A CONCERNED LOOK.

INT. EVENING. THE LIFE DRAWING CLASS A WEEK LATER. SIMON AND JAMES ARE ARRANGING THE CHAIRS. NOAH HURRIES IN, LEAVES HIS BAG ON A CHAIR AND HURRIES OUT AGAIN. ULRICH ENTERS AND SITS BY A HEATER, WARMING HIS HANDS.

SIMON (WHISPERS TO JAMES)

Here he is. I'm sure he just comes in here for a warm and a cup of tea. Has anybody actually seen him draw?

KATE ENTERS AND GOES STRAIGHT TO THE TOILET. OTHER ARTISTS ENTER. ELIZABETH AND EMERALD ENTER, CHATTING. TRISTAN AND SHAUN ENTER.

SHAUN

You do much at the weekend?

TRISTAN

Oh well, you know.

SHAUN

Not really, no, that's why I asked.

TRISTAN SMILES AND CARRIES ON FUMBLING IN HIS BAG FOR A PENCIL.

SHAUN (CONT'D)

It was my neighbour's birthday at the weekend. Well, they has this get together, and you know I'm not supposed to drink, on account of me...

TRISTAN

You having a massive heart attack and being in a coma, yeah.

SHAUN

Right, well, I'm not supposed to over do it, you know, cause of the medication. So, anyway, I has a few drinks. I mean, I was alright, I walked home and everything. I was a bit sqiffy, but I was alright. They only told me the next day, me neighbours, they considered phoning me to see if I was dead!

KATE ENTERS FROM THE TOILET. WE SEE HER GO OVER AND WHISPER SOMETHING TO TRISTAN. HE IMMEDIATELY COLLECTS HIS ART MATERIALS TOGETHER AND LEAVES WITHOUT A WORD.

SHAUN (TO JAMES) (CONT'D)

Someone's a bit sensitive today.

SIMON

Alright, we'll just give Noah a minute, and then we'll start.

ELIZABETH AND EMERALD ARE CLIPPING PAPER TO THEIR BOARDS AND CHOOSING ART MATERIALS TO USE. NOAH ENTERS NOISILY AND SITS DOWN IN HIS PRE SAVED SEAT.

NOAH (TO SHAUN)

Where's Tristan?

SHAUN

Search me. I told him I almost died at the weekend and he buggered off.

SIMON

If we're all here. well, most of us, some of us have flounced off.

WE SEE A CLOSE UP OF KATE'S FACE. SHE CLOSES HER EYES AND BREATHEES DEEPLY.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Ok, when you're ready, we'll start.

KATE WALKS BACK INTO THE CIRCLE. INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM, WEARING A THIN BATH ROBE. SHE HOLDS HER HEAD UP AS SHE'S SEEN EMERALD DO AND AVOIDS THE EYES OF THE ARTISTS. SIMON HOLDS UP HIS STOP WATCH.

SIMON (CONT'D)

First of five two minute poses
starting now.

KATE BLUSHES SLIGHTLY AND DROPS HER ROBE.

INT. THE WHITE HORSE PUB. EVE. IT'S AFTER LIFE DRAWING AND THE ARTISTS ARE SITTING AROUND A TABLE. KATE IS SITTING NEXT TO JAMES.

KATE

So, was it weird?

ELIZABETH

Not at all.

JAMES

Yeah, it was weird, I don't like it.

ELIZABETH

Was it weird for you?

KATE

A bit. At first. I couldn't look at anybody, I mean, I know I shouldn't anyway, but I was trying so hard to avoid eye contact with any of you.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

But then it was fine, then after a while it was ok.

EMERALD.

One time we had this one who just stood there, slumped like a piece of dough, and she just turned around for each pose, but stayed the same, just slumped.

ELIZABETH

And then there was the one who sniffed all the way through.

EMERALD

See, they only ask the good ones to come back.

EMERALD PUTS HER HAND UNDER HER CHIN TO FRAME HER FACE IN A POSE.

KATE

What about men? Don't you ever get a man?

EMERALD

Yeah, we've had a couple, not many though.

KATE

Why's that?

EMERALD

Dunno, maybe they are actually more self conscious.

ELIZABETH

Think they worry about the old...

ELIZABETH MAKES AN ACTION WITH HER ARM AND FIST TO SHOW A HARD ON.

EMERALD

Anyway, I can't get on with doing a man, I just can't make it work like I can with a woman, I just prefer doing a woman.

SIMON AND JAMES SHARE A GLANCE.

ELIZABETH

You miss the tits, don't you?

EMERALD

Simple as.

KATE

What about you, James, would you do it?

JAMES

God, no, no one wants to see my puny body.

EMERALD

Yes, we do, James! We all want a bit of that!

JAMES

No one wants a bit of this, that's the problem.

EMERALD LIGHTLY SLAPS JAMES'S FACE PLAYFULLY.

EMERALD

Aw, poor James

ELIZABETH (TO KATE)

Oh, so what did your dad say, was he
ok with it?

KATE

Yeah, he was ok.

ELIZABETH

Talk of the devil.

KATE LOOKS UP QUICKLY IN A PANIC, BUT IT'S TRISTAN WHO WALKS
IN. HE STANDS NEAR THEIR TABLE AND KATE GETS UP. THEY WALK
OUTSIDE TOGETHER.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What is it with them two?

EMERALD

Fucked if I know.

ELIZABETH

Remember when she used to wait outside
for him and she wouldn't come in? She
was really shy and she used to just
sit up on the sofa by the tea table
and wait for him, like his little
puppy.

EMERALD

Yeah, thank god, she got over that.
So, hey, I saw that new piece you made
this week, big fuck off silver fish on
a hook. Amazing.

ELIZABETH

Aw, thanks.

EMERALD

You still got a workshop up here?

ELIZABETH

Yeah, still renting space above life drawing. I like it, you know, and they give it me cheap, so

ELIZABETH SHRUGS.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Suckers.

SIMON

I am sitting right here you know, I can always suggest to the collective that we charge you full price. (to James) she thinks because we've all seen her pussy she can wrap us round her finger.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WHITE HORSE PUB. TRISTAN AND KATE STAND FACING EACH OTHER.

TRISTAN

I'm sorry, ok? But I just couldn't handle it.

KATE

But why?

TRISTAN

Because. Your dad, you know, I know
your dad, and...

KATE

What does that have to do with it?
What my dad thinks is between me and
him.

TRISTAN

Yeah, and me. Look, you know he'd kill
me if he thought I'd let you...

KATE

Let me? Since when did I have to ask
your permission?

TRISTAN

We've got history, we...

KATE

We what? We what, Tristan?

THEY LOOK AT EACH FOR A MOMENT.

KATE (CONT'D)

My dad's fine with it.

TRISTAN

He is?

KATE

Yeah, so why can't you be?

TRISTAN

Didn't it bother you? Your legs,
everyone seeing...

KATE

Did it bother you when you first saw them?

TRISTAN

No, no of course not, but that was...that was different.

KATE STANDS BACK SLIGHTLY AND LOOKS AT HIM.

KATE

You're embarrassed.

TRISTAN

No, no, I...

KATE

Yes, yes, that's it, you're embarrassed about my legs, about what I've done. You're embarrassed about me cutting myself. This is supposed to be helping me, this is empowering, giving em confidence, and you can't support me because you're embarrassed that you've known all along about my legs and now you think they'll all know that you knew, and...this isn't yours, it's mine!

KATE WALKS AWAY AND BACK INTO THE PUB.

TRISTAN

Kate! Kate, hold on!

INT. THE WHITE HORSE PUB. KATE WALKS STRAIGHT UP TO WHERE
SIMON IS SITTING AT THE TABLE WITH EVERYONE ELSE.

KATE

When can I do it again?

SIMON

You what, love?

KATE

When can I model again.

SIMON

Whenever you want, love, you were
great. Really great. I'll check the
rota for the next few weeks and we'll
book you in. Love to have you back any
time.

KATE

So can I do it next week, can I have
the next one as well?

SIMON

Well, we usually like to alternate

SIMON LOOKS OVER AT EMERALD AND ELIZABETH. THEY BOTH NOD AT
HIM.

SIMON (CONT'D)

But I suppose we could.

KATE

Good, that's settled then.

INT. EVE. IT'S A WEEK LATER AND SIMON AND JAMES ARE SETTING UP THE LIFE DRAWING SESSION. THEY ARRANGE THE CHAIRS. NOAH WALKS IN AND PUTS HIS BAG ON A CHAIR THEN LEAVES. SIMON ROLLS HIS EYES AT JAMES. ULRIVCH ENTERS AND SITS BY THE HEATER.

SIMON

Evening Ulrich, cold out there, is it?

ULRICH NODS AND SAYS NOTHING, WARMING HIS HANDS AT THE HEATER. ELIZABETH AND EMERALD ENTER AND SIT TOGETHER. SHAUN ENTERS AND SITS NEXT TO JAMES.

SHAUN

You had a good week?

JAMES

Yeah, not bad. Had three job interviews this week, one for Tesco, one for the bingo hall, and one for Asda.

SHAUN

Bingo, you mean calling out the numbers on them coloured balls?

JAMES

Yep.

SHAUN

You could have a lot of fun with that, I reckon, all them daft names they have, like, 'legs eleven', you could make some of your own up, like, mess with them and go 'it's a fix, number six'.

JAMES LAUGHS SLIGHTLY.

JAMES.

Yeah. I got the bingo caller and Asda,
so...

SHAUN

No contest, right?

JAMES

Yep, I accepted the position at Asda
today.

SHAUN STARES AT JAMES WHILE HE FUMBLES WITH SHARPENING A
PENCIL.

JAMES.

So, is it true you used to illustrate
comics?

SHAUN

Oh aye, did that for years, I still
keep me hand in now, but it's not the
same these days, that racket, and
anyway, I can't work as much at the
moment on account of me being ill.
Here, did you know I was in a coma?

KATE ENTERS AND WALKS STRAIGHT INTO THE TOILET. NOAH COMES
BACK IN AND SITS DOWN. SIMON LOOKS AT HIM IN DISBELIEF.

SIMON

Well, welcome back, Noah, and on time
too. If we're all here.

SIMON LOOKS AROUND, AND EVERYONE ELSE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.
TRISTAN IS NOTICED BY HIS ABSENCE.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Just a quick reminder some of us go to the pub after and you're all welcome to join us, that's the pub round the corner, the white lion.

JAMES AND SHAUN

The white horse!

SIMON

Yes, thank you, the white horse.

KATE WALKS INTO THE ROOM IN A THIN BATH ROBE. SHE STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM AND HOLDS HER HEAD UP. SIMON HOLDS UP HIS STOP WATCH.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Five two minute poses, three five minutes, two ten minute poses and then we'll break for tea and coffee. When you're ready, kate. We'll start now.

KATE DROPS HER ROBE, NOT BLUSHING. WE HEAR THE SOFT SOUND OF MARKS ON PAPER.

EXT. EVE. OUTSIDE THE LIFE DRAWING BUILDING. TRISTAN STANDS AND WAITS. WE SEE HIM THINKING, AGITATED, ANNOYED.

INT. EVE. INSIDE THE LIFE DRAWING BUILDING. WE SEE KATE. SHE'S SITTING ON A CHAIR NOW, IN A CROSS-LEGGED POSE. WE SEE THE MARKS ON HER LEGS. THE DRAWERS GLANCE UP EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUT CONCENTRATE ON THEIR WORK. NOAH HOLDS UP A PENCIL TO GAUGE PROPORTIONS, THEN CARRIES ON SKETCHING. ULRICH SITS AND STARES INTO SPACE. SIMON IS SCROLLING THROUGH HIS PHONE.

EXT. EVE. OUTSIDE THE LIFE DRAWING BUILDING. WE SEE TRISTAN, ANGER AND DISCOMFORT BUILDING IN HIM. HE'S LEANING AGAINST THE WALL. HE SUDDENLY STANDS UP STRAIGHT, LIKE HE'S HAD ENOUGH OF WAITING, HE'S DECIDING WHETHER TO DO SOMETHING OR NOT. WE SEE HIM MOVE QUICKLY. CUT TO FEET ON THE STEPS LEADING UP TO LIFE DRAWING.

INT. EVE. INSIDE THE LIFE DRAWING SESSION. WE HEAR THE DOOR BANG OPEN AND EVERYONE LOOKS AROUND. THEN FOOTSTEPS AS SOMEONE APPROACHES THE LIFE DRAWING SPACE. IN BURSTS KATE'S DAD. KATE'S DAD LOOKS CONFUSED AND UPSET. KATE TRIES TO HIDE HER BODY WITH HER ARMS AND PULLS THE ROBE BACK AROUND HER.

KATE

Dad!

