

TO BE HONEST

"Lifetime on the Hips"

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## TEASER

FADE IN.

INT. THE KINGS THEATRE, PORTSMOUTH, UK - DAY

MUSIC CUE: "GET YOUR FREAK ON" by MISSY ELLIOT (DRIKER REMIX)

A grand Victorian theatre is packed with a lively audience that watch a YOUNG HIP HOP DANCE CREW on stage. Expert synchronized moves, lifts, body pops, acrobatics.

Large speaker stacks frame the stage, DJ decks up stage. A banner reads: WORLD STREET DANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS 2022.

X-factor style, a four-person judging panel sit at a raised trestle table in the auditorium, one of which is TERRY (43) effeminate Simon Cowell type, all in black, superior.

Big finish from the young hip hop dance crew, the crowd cheer in approval. JACKSON (26) Kanye wannabe, black/gold Gucci cap and hoody, storms on stage, smooth hip hop style.

MUSIC ENDS.

JACKSON

(hands-free-mic)

Yo, yo yo, that was next level shit.

Yes! Yes, mmmm you got me...

(fist bumps his heart)

...right here... in my Gucci logo.

A new DJ sets up behind Jackson, GREG (31), aged Charlie Simpson type, headphones on.

FEMALE PROTAGONIST POV: Side stage, she ties the laces on her black dance trainers (sneakers). Looks at Greg on stage, he gives her a reassuring nod, tips his cap.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hold on to your bling caps, it's time to welcome our first parent hip hop crew! Can I get a whoop?

(the crowd whoops)

That's right. Time to find out if your Dad's got groove, and your Mum's a hip popping, mind-blowing MILF.

Mixed crowd reaction with jeers and boos. MANDY (31) brunette Aguilera, graffiti crop top, joggers, swoops on stage.

MANDY

(takes Jackson's mic)

Okay, okay, this is a family show  
Jackson, sit your ass down.

JACKSON

(sits back down)

Whatever, haters gonna hate.

Jackson sits back down. The crowd cheers for Mandy.

MANDY

Right, here goes! First up, a kick ass  
parent crew from my hometown Brighton.  
Introducing J.B.U; Just... Be... You!

Lights low, Mandy back in her seat. The crowd's excitement grows as the silhouettes of six people walk on, all wildly different; tall, short, fat, thin. They create a triangle formation that points towards the judges, most look down.

FEMALE PROTAGONIST POV: Stood in the triangle point, she anxiously scans the crowd. Homemade banners read:

- BEND IT LIKE BEX
- MY MUM'S GOT SKILLZ
- DROP IT LIKE DAD
- J.B.U ARE MY CREW!

She finally looks down, her black dance trainer (sneaker) clad feet held firmly together, her legs shake with nerves.

As the audience quietens, she takes a deep breath in and out.

A loud HEART BEAT BASS thuds through the speakers.

A BRIGHT LIGHT throbs on and off in rhythm.

PRE-LAP: Loud clang of someone stepping on weighing scales.

END TEASER

INT. MWT OFFICE, BRIGHTON, UK - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: 6 MONTHS EARLIER

The same feet, now in odd-socks, stand together on weighing scales with a written sticker that reads "SCALE OF SHAME".

The digital monitor flicks up to read: 17.4 ST (110kg). She takes the same nervous deep breath in and out.

REVEAL: The feet belong to BEX (32), a fat woman in a floral wrap dress and leggings, boobs that still surpass her belly.

Amid her wild curly brown hair, Bex removes her hands from her tired but pretty face... looks down.

BEX

Fuck.

JOY

Should have gone for a poo.

JOY (33), in baggy rainbow tie dye dungarees (overalls) that contrast her plain mousy brown home cut hair, looks through the rails of high-fashion clothes that frame the room.

BEX

I tried.

Bex steps off the weighing scales, slides them back to their hiding space, drapes dramatically onto the chaise lounge in the centre of the room. Joy continues to eye up clothes.

BEX (CONT'D)

That's it. I'm not going.

JOY

You know you're not supposed to weigh yourself before group.

BEX

I need to prepare.

JOY

Prepare to fail, you mean?

Bex reaches to a rail behind her, holds out a garment bag.

BEX

Try this.

Bex remains draped. Joy takes the bag, unzips it, strips down to her mumsy underwear and worn out military boots, tries on the Aztec print high-waste lace-up jumpsuit Bex selected.

BEX

Seriously though, if I have to take one more superior glare from Claire, I'm gonna tear off her clumpy falsies.

JOY

She's not so bad.

BEX

Says "Slimmer of the Year".

JOY

Hardly. Look, you do what makes you feel good. Would not going to group tonight make you feel good?

BEX

No. Ugh, I hate it when you're right.

Joy looks in the full-length mirror with a light bulb frame, and another written sticker that reads "MIRROR OF TRUTH". Earthy tones, vibrant pattern, tie-up fit - Joy glows.

JOY

And, I love it when you're right.

BEX

Wait.

Bex drags herself up, brings over a Chanel handbag (black leather/gold chain) and drapes it over Joy's shoulder. They both look in the mirror... Joy overwhelmed, Bex proud.

JOY

You're wasted here, you know?  
You should...

JOY

start your own fashion line.

BEX

Start my own fashion line,

BEX

I know, I know. But, I like it here.  
I'm surrounded by clothes, and I have  
my own desk. What's not to love?

Bex gestures to a desk at the back, piled with clothes bags, accessories, and shoes.

JOY  
There's a desk under there?

BEX  
Yes, I'm very busy and important.

JOY  
You're very hidden.  
(Joy starts to undress)  
I have to go, I've got to take Charlie  
to his class before group.

BEX  
Keep it. Well, for 24-hours at least.

JOY  
Won't they notice when I walk through?

BEX  
Just walk with a sense of entitlement,  
you'll fit right in.

Joy's phone buzzes with an alarm "COLLECT CHARLIE."

JOY  
Shit. I really have to go, you sure?

BEX  
Just go woman.

Joy gathers her dungarees (overalls). Bex gives Joy a  
boutique paper shopping bag.

JOY  
What did I do to deserve you?

Joy shoves her dungarees into the shopping bag.

BEX  
I don't know, held back my hair and  
listened to me moan about my failed  
love life for the last fifteen years.

JOY  
This is true.

Bex curls back up on the chaise lounge in fetal position. Joy  
opens the door, large logo above reads: MIDDLE WOMAN TALENT.

JOY  
See you later?

BEX  
Yes... I'll be there.

Concerned, Joy resists the urge to hug Bex and leaves.

INT. MWT OFFICE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Joy composes herself, warms up for her 'walk with entitlement' performance on route to the office double doors.

INT. MWT OFFICE - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bex nabs her mobile phone from her handbag on the floor, sticks headphones in, plays the HEART RADIO app.

MUSIC CUE: "BOOM BOOM POW" by THE BLACK EYED PEAS

Synth intro "GOTTA GET GET"; Bex goes to her cluttered desk. Puts on a GUCCI FEDORA HAT, VERSACE SUNGLASSES, drapes a DOLCE & GABBANA SILK SCARF around her, feels better already.

INT. MWT OFFICE - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

First "BOOM, BOOM..." Joy swings open the double doors onto shy intern DAN (19) who splats into the wall. Joy enjoys her big "SLO-MO HAIR BLAST" entrance to an office packed with high-fashion people, present but not working.

In SLOW-MOTION, Joy struts through with a convincing air of superiority, she feels like a rock star, yet in reality she goes completely unnoticed, as Bex predicted.

INT. MWT OFFICE - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bex hangs clothes, boxes up accessories, all the while doing subtle hip pops and dance moves. As Bex hooks a new garment on the rail, she leans, step digs, hooks, hair flicks back. Grabs a new thing, and repeat.

INT. MWT OFFICE - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Slow-motion dramatics continued, Joy strut walks into NATALIE (22) slim young fashionista with a take-out coffee. The coffee slow-mo spills in the air, everyone panics. Joy Rugby "go long" runs out of there before she's spotted.

INT. MWT OFFICE - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bex continues to declutter, match up pairs of shoes, neaten up rails, all with embellished dance moves that work with every single action and object placement.

Like a kid in her Mum's closet, she hooks dresses that will never fit over her head, wears the costume jewellery. Everything's worn or danced with before it's put away.

INT. MWT OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

Joy composes herself, returns to a faux air of superiority.

The receptionist, SUZY (21), size zero hipster, blonde purple dip-dyed hair, is busy on the phone. She eyes Joy up and down suspiciously. Joy panics, presses the lift button repeatedly.

Suzy finishes her call, the lift opens, a MALE MODEL steps out. Suzy distracted, Joy escapes to the lift.

The male model looks back at Joy with a charming smile, while Joy looks at her arse in the lift mirror, and removes a persistent wedgie. The male model's smile turns to a grimace.

Oblivious to being caught in the act, Joy turns back satisfied, "PEOPLE IN THE PLACE, IF YOU WANNA GET DOWN" Joy presses the lift button for the GROUND FLOOR.

INT. MWT OFFICE - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

"DROP THE BEAT NOW" Bex casts aside everything in her hands and bursts into a dance routine. She's rusty, but good.

INT. MWT OFFICE - LIFT - DAY

Joy checks herself out in the lift mirror, a glamorous wall lean, hair flick, then throws out some dance moves.

INT. WARDROBE DEPARTMENT / INT. LIFT - DAY - SPLIT SCREEN

LEFT: On "LET THE BEAT ROCK" Joy does a big finish in the mirror, the lift door opens, Joy acts casual, walks out.

RIGHT: Last energetic chest isolation with fist pumps, before Bex plonks back on the chaise lounge, removes her headphones.

MUSIC ENDS.

INT. MWT OFFICE - WARDROBE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Bex rolls to get a chocolate bar from her bag on the floor, bites, closes her eyes in pleasure. Opens them to see her distant "MIRROR OF SHAME" reflection, a sweaty blob.

Bex wraps the remaining chocolate, leans to put it back, lets out a fart, checks no one heard (even though she's alone).



Hopeful the fart helped, Bex rushes to pull out the "SCALE OF SHAME" - prays quietly to herself, she steps back on.

BEX

Come on, come on, come on.

INT. COMMUNITY SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Bex's odd-sock feet stand firmly together again, this time on the slimming club industrial weighing scales. In the brightly lit hall, the digital monitor reads: 17.6 ST (111kg).

BEX

Double fuck.

CLAIRE (45), slim woman, red dress, sits by the scales. Claire's painted red lips purse as she makes a note, pokes at her blonde updo. Her clumpy false eyelashes frame her inattentive eyes as she hands Bex her slimming club logbook.

CLAIRE

A little gain. Never mind... You'll get your one stone award next week.

VICKY (26) fat chav (loutish broad), bleached hair, dark roots, is behind Bex in the queue to weigh. Vicky strips off her outer layer down to black leggings and a cami top.

VICKY

Should have gone for a poo.

Bex rolls her eyes to herself, feigns a smile for Vicky, gathers her shoes and little black faux leather rucsac from the allotted 'chair for the stuff', then shuffles away.

The COMMUNITY HALL walls are plastered with kids drawings, lined with stacked gym mats. A half-circle of chairs surround a table with diet banners, products, a raffle prize display.

Bex sits at the back, looks at Claire's note: SEE ME AFTER GROUP, shuts it. Name on the cover: "REBECCA AYLING." Bex puts her logbook on the chair next to her, bends to put on her tired Doc Marten's.

Bex comes back up to find LARRY (42), awkward man, grease-slicked hair, in the seat, her logbook now on his lap.

LARRY

Don't mind if I do.

BEX  
Do what, sorry?

LARRY  
Sit here... Rebecca.

BEX  
Bex.

LARRY  
(hands her logbook back)  
That's not what it says on your  
book... are you a double agent?

BEX  
Nope. That's just my full name.

LARRY  
Fair play, fair play.

Bex puts the logbook in her bag, removes her phone to stunt  
any conversation. Bex sends a message to JOY: IF YOU DON'T  
GET HERE SOON, I'M LEAVING! Joy replies: JUST PARKED UP!

Relieved, Bex continues to scroll on her phone with purpose.  
Larry shifts in his seat, picks at his paint-stained joggers,  
tugs his faded 2001 V-Festival tee over his tummy.

LARRY  
It's okay. You'll get used to it.

BEX  
Get used to what?

LARRY  
(opens arms like a preacher)  
This.

BEX  
I'm not new. A year today.

LARRY  
(leans closer)  
Is someone telling porkies?

BEX  
Do you mind?

LARRY  
Oops, sorry. Busy bee. You carry on.

Joy enters behind, like a glorious Aztec jumpsuit giraffe.

JOY  
Sorry, Bex.

LARRY  
Hi Joy, nice outfit.

JOY  
Aw, thanks Larry. You're in my seat.

Larry leaves. Joy sits in the seat, takes off her worn out military boots to reveal rainbow no-show socks.

JOY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Dave had a melt down again... I had to make Charlie's dinner.

BEX  
What's he stressing about now?

JOY  
Don't even go there.  
(puts her shoes under the chair)  
Watch my stuff, I'm gonna take a dump.

BEX  
Seriously, am I the only one who can't poo-on-demand?

JOY  
It's all in the breathing, mate.

BEX  
Whatever.

Joy leaves. Bex returns to her phone, opens a DATING APP. Bex scrolls past photos of men. Clicks on GIGSTERGREG: 29, MANCHESTER. LOVES: LIVE MUSIC > WRITING

INT. GREG'S CAR / INT. COMMUNITY HALL - SPLIT SCREEN - NIGHT

LEFT: Greg, DJ in the teaser, drives his FIAT FIESTA, arm rests on the open window, golden hair flows in the breeze.

RIGHT: Bex scrolls through Greg's dating profile photos. All obscured by sunnies, low light, floppy hair, and headphones. Bex scrolls down to read his full dating profile.

LEFT: Closer look at Greg, cute in a 'probably plays guitar' kind of way. At traffic lights, he carefully sips his coffee.