

SEE-SAW

Pilot Episode

by

Anina Grostern

FADE IN:

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - CORRIDOR - EVENING

A long, looming corridor leads to a closed door. The only light source seeps out from its hinges.

The sound of TRICKLING LIQUID echoes within.

MUSIC CUE: CARMINA BURANA O FORTUNA BY CARL ORFF

We slowly, nervously, approach the door.

The music BUILDS and WE WHOOSH right up to it as it SWINGS OPEN.

And there she is.

Like some sort of satanical goddess framed by the light.

CHELSEA DANIELS (41), an aggressively confident powerhouse of a woman, looking impeccably groomed in her signature red lipstick. She wears an air of almost total composure, if not for the slight unhinged glint in her eye.

She slowly lifts something to her eye line, we can't quite make out what it is.

A whirlwind of emotion dances across Chelsea's face as she processes the result: disbelief, anxiety, dread.

Then finally her face hardens into something else: spiteful, vengeful, satisfaction.

She holds her head high and breaks into a wry smile.

CHELSEA

Bitch is back.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

12 WEEKS EARLIER...

We hear the buzz of 'pre-show prep': The HISS of hair spray, the SIZZLE of a clothes steamer, the CHATTER of the crew.

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Live in five minutes everyone!

DAVID (O.S.)

Five minutes!

CHELSEA (O.S.)

We heard her thank you David.

INT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - CHELSEA'S DRESSING ROOM - MORNING

A bright TV dressing room brims with crew.

A WARDROBE STYLIST steams a black silky blazer diligently. A TECHIE fiddles with a mic. A HAIRSTYLIST sprays some spritz.

DAVID, Chelsea's PA (late 30s, cherub-like, obsequious), carefully posits a black coffee on a dressing table.

Chelsea picks it up and brings it to her red lips. She's sat in front of a large mirror, studying some notes.

CHELSEA
(rehearsing)
Please welcome my esteemed guest,
Nana Jones.
(to David)
Am I interviewing your grandmother?

David laughs way too loudly.

DAVID
(amid laughs)
She's dead!
(pulling back)
It's Nar-na. Like the fruit.

CHELSEA
Good. Wrinkles repulse me.

David laughs again. Then becomes aware of his own wrinkles and stops, lifting his fingers to his crows feet.

CHELSEA
(trying again)
Please welcome, my esteemed guest
Nar-na Jones.

A stressed-out PRODUCER barges in.

PRODUCER
Drinks on stage. What we thinking?
Still? sparkling? G&T?

DAVID
(jumping in)
She doesn't drink! Sparkling.

CHELSEA
(re: David jumping in)
Why am I here?

PRODUCER
Copy that.

The producer turns on her heels.

PRODUCER
(as she leaves)
Four minutes!

The hairstylist stands back and admires Chelsea's hair.

DAVID

You're going to be AMAZING!
(to the room; singsongy)
She's going to be AMAZING.

HAIRSTYLIST

You really are.

Chelsea smiles at herself in the mirror, she knows it. The producer barges back in.

PRODUCER

Oh also there's some work
experience kids here saying they
want to --

Suddenly two WORK EXPERIENCE TEENS burst in the room, the producer startles with a YELP.

WORK EXPERIENCE TEEN 1

Chelsea Daniels! We love you!

WORK EXPERIENCE TEEN 2

We run a podcast!

David springs into action and hurries them out, shooting evils at the producer who follows behind them.

DAVID

'Scuse me! This is a no-groupie-
zone!

PRODUCER

Sorry I don't know how they got --

The door slams behind them.

CHELSEA

(mocking their ecstatic
tone)

A podcast! How original!

Chelsea is being guided into the blazer by the wardrobe stylist who sniggers.

WARDROBE STYLIST

(pally)

Soooo how do you feel? First woman
to take over Talk Business?

CHELSEA

(half joking)

Rich.

4.

WARDROBE STYLIST
(adds an extra syllable)

Slay.

PRODUCER (ON INTERCOM)
Live in three!

On the intercom, we hear the chaotic sounds of David wrestling the microphone away.

DAVID (ON INTERCOM)
THREE MINUTES PEOPLE!!!

PRODUCER(ON INTERCOM)
(to David)
Oi!

INT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - BACKSTAGE - THREE MINUTES LATER

Chelsea does a deep inhale and holds her head high. David, on the other hand, vibrates nervously next to her.

PRODUCER
(whispering)
Hey, I have to ask you. Why Swan Lake?

CHELSEA
Reminds me to suck in.

The producer laughs hesitantly, not sure if she's joking.

The TANNED FLOOR MANAGER on the other side of the stage does a thumbs up to Chelsea.

DAVID
(enthusiastic)
Break your legs!

Chelsea strides out onto stage, to the sound of the Swan Lake Theme, and rapturous applause.

The producer shoots David a look: 'What the fuck?'

INT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - STUDIO STAGE - COUPLE MINUTES LATER

Chelsea wears a winning smile as she perches on a leather swivel chair in front of a round glass table.

CHELSEA
Hello, and welcome to a new season of Talk Business, a show exploring the intersection of business, culture and society.

Chelsea turns to face another camera, professionally.

CHELSEA

Now you might notice that something's a bit different. That's right, this season, I, Chelsea Daniels, will be your new host. Yes, women talk business too.

Opposite Chelsea is NANA JONES (27), an effortlessly cool writer with a naked female torso tattooed on her shoulder.

CHELSEA

And there's not just one of us. Joining me today is the prolific writer, content creator and --
(bit confused)
-- New mother.

She breaks into a charming smile.

CHELSEA

Please welcome my esteemed guest, Nar-na Jones!

INT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - CHELSEA'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

David and the hairstylist watch the show from a TV screen. They high five at Chelsea's correct pronunciation.

INT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - STUDIO STAGE - CONTINUOUS

CHELSEA

So Nana when you're writing your books, your articles, who are you talking to? Who's your audience?

NANA

Beyonce.

Laughter from the audience.

NANA

(earnest)

No if I'm honest I always write for myself first. And then if people like it, that's a blessing.

CHELSEA

(charmingly)

Well this person *loves it*. Now Nana, your writing is so honest and raw, I'm sure our audience is just dying to know how you find the courage to speak so openly?

NANA

So anyone who has read my work knows I'm a bit of a junkie.

Chelsea and Nana share a knowing smile.

CHELSEA
(setting Nana up for
punchline)
Drugs? Alcohol?

NANA
TikTok.

Chelsea and the audience laugh.

CHELSEA
(playing to crowd)
Your poor...thumbs!

The audience loves it.

NANA
No in all seriousness, I used to be
a *total workaholic*. But, since I've
had Kitty, my six-month-year-old,
well --
(smiles sweetly)
-- Everything's different. And
sorry I know that sounds so cringe!
I think I've just realised that
maybe... work *isn't*...everything?

Chelsea laughs politely.

CHELSEA
(jokily, covering
vulnerability)
Isn't it?

NANA
I've actually brought her. Kitty!
You don't mind you?

She beckons into the audience and a flustered grandma rushes over with six-month-old KITTY. Nana takes her onto stage.

CHELSEA
(tries to be motherly,
doesn't suit her)
Aww. How... sweet.
(playing to crowd)
The leaders are getting younger and
younger these days aren't they?
(to Nana)
Childcare issues?

NANA
(sarcastic)
Oh no Kitty begged to come. She
actually thrives in high pressure
environments.

The audience laughs, Chelsea joins but looks uncomfortable. Nana takes out her breast and starts to breastfeed.

CHELSEA
(uncomfortable)
Oh, wow. Lunchtime already?

NANA
So glad I plucked my nips ha!

CHELSEA
(over Nana)
Right, well!

Chelsea turns her attention to the tablet in front of her.

CHELSEA
While you guys... catch up, let's take a look at the questions shall we? Ah perfect, here's one from @girlbossmeg.
(reading the question)
Nana, how do you balance being such a successful mum *and* such a successful writer?

It's not what Chelsea was hoping for.

NANA
Stunning question. If I'm honest, my writing's never been better. She inspires me every day, so I just feed off that.
(laughs)
'Scuse the pun!

CHELSEA
And if we can keep the questions a little more on topic!

Chelsea looks back to the tablet.

CHELSEA
Ah great, another one!
(reading the question)
Nana do you have any tips about getting your baby to feed? My son's struggling and I can't help but think he might be repulsed by my big purple burger nip --
(masking frustration)
Ok people if can we please keep the questions about business or success that would be --

INT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - BACKSTAGE CORRIDOR - AFTER THE SHOW

Chelsea marches through a corridor. She's triggered as hell. David follows two steps behind.

CHELSEA

What the fuck what the fuck!

DAVID

What the nipple sucking fuck!!!

Chelsea stops momentarily.

CHELSEA

David, she took her fucking *tits* out. On Talk Business! On *my* stage! This isn't OnlyFans.

Chelsea carries on walking.

DAVID

(emphatic)

Or PornTube!

CHELSEA

And I'm sorry but *who, who*, has a baby, a *human baby* in their 20s? I thought she was woke!

David hits the wall pathetically in supportive anger.

CHELSEA

Why is it that the minute someone reproduces they think they're a fucking saint? All that 'motherhood inspires me' bullshit. Bet she's doing fuck all with that *thing* hanging off her tit. Probably pops a few Xanax's every night and wishes it would end.

The techie rushes down the corridor, looking flustered.

TECHIE

(politely panicked)

Chelsea?

CHELSEA

(ignoring the techie)

The audience hated her. The child will grow to hate her. Yet somehow, the *trite cunt* is a *FUCKING HERO*.

FLUSTERED TECHIE

(getting louder)

Chelsea? Chelsea! CHELSEA!

CHELSEA

(to techie)

WHAT?!!

FLUSTERED TECHIE
(like he's seen a ghost)
Your mic.

CHELSEA
What?

He gesticulates wildly at her microphone as he mouths:
'EVERYONE CAN HEAR YOU'. Chelsea's eyes widen. Panic.

She rips off her mic and hurls it down the corridor. All
three look at it like a bomb about to explode.

EXT. UK NEWS STUDIOS - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea and David squeeze through an explosion of cameras and
questions. News has travelled fast.

JOURNALIST 1
Anything you'd like to say to the
mums of Britain, Chelsea?

JOURNALIST 2
(lispy)
As a famous female, do you not feel
it favourable to fend for your
fellow femmes?

JOURNALIST 3
CHELSEA! Why are you such a massive
bi --

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CHAUFFEURED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea and David are in the car. David hyperventilates.

CHELSEA
David I need you to be about 95%
less David right now.

David GASPS for breath.

CHELSEA
How did it get out so fast?

DAVID
(voice strained)
You're trending. Aggressively.

Chelsea opens her phone and is attacked by an explosion of
notifications, which pop up around her face.

A news article: 'Chelsea Daniels shames breastfeeding guest.'
A meme of Chelsea photoshopped into a boob costume with the
caption: 'The only tit on stage today'. And a Britain First
Tweet 'Suck on that snowflake #ChelseaForPM'.

10.

CHELSEA
Not the fucking Nazis.

She opens her call app and rings 'Sis'. It goes to voicemail

KATHARINE (ON PHONE)
Hello, this is Katharine O'Connell,
unfort --

Chelsea hangs up.

CHELSEA
Why is she not picking up?!

David lets out a feeble SOB.

INT. UK NEWS HQ - SARA'S OFFICE - LATER

Chelseas sits opposite SARA (50s), the UK News boss with resting 'I hate you' face. She's watching an edited clip of the incident on her laptop.

CHELSEA (ON VIDEO)
Probably pops a few Xanax's every
night and wishes it would end.

Chelsea studies Sara but no sign of any emotion. Chelsea's eye starts to twitch.

CHELSEA (ON VIDEO)
The audience hated her. The child
will grow to hate her. Yet somehow
the *trite cunt* is a *FUCKING HERO*.

Sara breaks into an unexpectedly girlish laugh. Chelsea looks up at her - part confused, part hopeful.

CHELSEA
Sara, this was obviously one *huge*
mistake. I completely respect UK
News, and most importantly I
respect mothers and children and --

SARA
Oh don't fuss. I hate children too.
(a bit reflective)
And mothers.

Chelsea notices a photo frame of Sara with her three kids, looking stony-faced as ever. Weird response.

SARA
(beat)
I do like a trite cunt though.

CHELSEA
Of course, yes. Well I respect
journalism! And business!

But Sara has lost interest. She's now furiously typing.

CHELSEA

And what I'm trying to say is that
I hope we can forget all about it
and just *move on*. Sara?

Chelsea's eye twitching is out of control. Sara looks at her.

SARA

If you're trying to flirt your way
out of this, it certainly won't
work with me.

Chelsea covers her eye.

CHELSEA

Oh no, this just happens when I...
never-mind. Look I just *really want*
to --

SARA

What a bizarre day. Off you trot.

CHELSEA

What? I'm free to go?

SARA

Free to go? Yes, forevermore my
dear.

Chelsea snorts.

CHELSEA

You're joking? You must be joking.

Sara doesn't look up.

CHELSEA

What you're going to let me go...
over a technical error? Look, I
said a few harsh words! At least
I'm not a sex pest like the rest of
the *crustaceans* you hire!

Sara looks up. They both know she's gone too far.

TWO SECURITY GUARDS appear at the door. Chelsea notices them
and leaps up.

CHELSEA

Sara! Please! I've given the last
eleven years of my life to you!

EXT. OUTSIDE UK NEWS HQ - TEN MINUTES LATER

A barefooted Chelsea is manhandled out of the building by the
security guards.

12.

CHELSEA

I know how to walk!!!

They plant her down then head back in.

CHELSEA

Wait wait wait wait wait.

She follows them but the doors slam in her face. She knocks hard. The door opens and two heels are thrown out.

Chelsea retrieves her shoes and angrily puts them on. Two passing youngsters slow down and take a good look.

CHELSEA

WHAT?!! WERE YOU RAISED IN A SKIP?

They giggle and scuttle off... Chelsea huffs loudly. But a gaggle of athleisure clad FIT MUMS with prams nosy over.

FIT MUM 1

Is everything alright love? You seem a bit distressed.

Chelsea fastens her shoes angrily then gets up to leave.

FIT MUM 2

Wait isn't that? Are you--

Fit mum 2 GASPS. Panic flashes across Chelsea's face.

FIT MUM 2

It's the breastfeeding shamer!

More GASPS from the gaggle. Chelsea speed-totters away.

FIT MUM 2 (O.S.)

Yeah run away love. Oh and maybe try pick up a few morals along the way, yeah?

FIT MUM 1 (O.S.)

(unexpectedly emotional)

Breastfeeding is a beautiful thing!
And you know what? Gerald loves it!

A baby starts to cry. Gerald apparently. The gaggle erupts into a chorus of hate. Chelsea picks up pace, looking like a baby giraffe in her unstable mules.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON PUB - ENTRANCE - FEW MINUTES LATER

Chelsea slinks into the empty pub, panting.

A sweet-looking BAR MAID is drying glasses at the bar and doesn't notice her.

Chelseas checks that no one saw her enter, then makes a beeline for a quiet booth.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON PUB - QUIET BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea sits at the deepest end of the booth, with her large handbag on the table in front of her like a barricade.

She raises her phone to her ear.

KATHARINE VOICEMAIL (ON PHONE)

Hello, this is Katharine O'Con --

Chelsea hangs up.

CHELSEA

Jesus!

She takes her laptop out of her bag and opens it. Then speed-types her login and password and presses enter.

But she's met with an ANGRY DING. She presses enter repeatedly but each time: DING, DING, DING. Chelsea scoffs.

CHELSEA

Ohhh but it took you four years to get me a new mouse.

She slams her laptop lid.

Three FINANCE LADS (30s-40s) charge into the pub in a chorus of boozy banter. Chelsea slinks further into the booth.

CHELSEA

I'm gonna die in here aren't I? On fake fucking leather.

Her phone BUZZES. Chelsea lurches for it and answers.

CHELSEA

(on phone)

Where have you been?!!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

KATHARINE (39), cradles a newborn from a hospital bed. Her face tired and her curly hair unwashed.

This is Chelsea's sister and publicist. A bulldozer professionally, but a bit of a goofy softie at heart.

Katharine's phone is on loudspeaker and being held to her ear by PADDY (34), her puppy dog of a househusband.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

14.

KATHARINE
(woozy, drugged up)
Hello gorgeous.

CHELSEA
Why are you talking like that?
What's wrong with you?

KATHARINE
(dreamy)
She came early.

CHELSEA
(dismissing)
What? You're not due for a week.

Paddy fiddles with the phone and turns it into a video call, pointing the camera at Katharine and Mabel.

CHELSEA'S POV

We see the video call from Chelsea's POV with the hospital scene large on screen, and Chelsea's face in the corner.

PADDY (O.S.)
Hi Aunty Chelsea! Meet your angel
niece, Mabel.

Katharine smiles dreamily.

CHELSEA
Ugh. You look like a cheese string!

PADDY (O.S.)
Come on Chels! She's only just
pushed a human-bowling-ball out her
you-know-what.

CHELSEA
Paddy, I don't have time for all
this! I need to speak to my
publicist.

PADDY (O.S.)
(teasing)
Uh oh.

The video goes a bit muddy then FREEZES on Paddy's crotch.

CHELSEA
(demanding)
Hello??

BACK TO SCENE

The video call stops and turns back into a phone call which we see as intercuts between the pub and hospital room.

INTERCUT – PHONE CONVERSATION

Chelsea looks at her phone, willing it to work.

KATHARINE

Babies really stealing your thunder today, aren't they?

Chelsea holds her phone to ear.

CHELSEA

You've seen it?! Look I know it's not great but I'm just going to make a few calls and get a new show. It'll be a doddle!

(convincing herself)

This will all blow over okay? Yeah I could do with a bit more of a filter but the public love me for that! I'll be fine Katharine, I'll be absolutely fine!

Beat.

CHELSEA

(snappy)

Why aren't you saying anything?

Katharine sighs.

KATHARINE

I mean... I dunno Chels... you shamed a young mother... live on air.

Beat. Chelsea considers it.

CHELSEA

FUCK!

The bar maid looks over to her and smiles. Chelsea quickly turns around so she can't be seen.

CHELSEA

(quietly; angrily)

Aren't you supposed to say it'll all be fine? You're my sister for fuck's sake.

KATHARINE

I'm also your publicist.

CHELSEA

(remembering)

Oh god. The book deal.

KATHARINE

So sorry Chels, they just emailed.

CHELSEA

What?! Ok fuck it, I'm emailing them. All of them! They just need to hear it in my words and they'll understand.

Chelsea starts typing out an email on her phone.

KATHARINE

Woah woah woah slow down a minute. Just forget all that, I'm gonna send you an apology. Post it, deactivate your accounts, go home, and don't leave. Like for a while. We just gotta ride it out for a bit. Then we focus on your comeback.

Chelsea isn't listening, as she continues typing.

KATHARINE

Chelsea?

CHELSEA

(not listening)

Yep. Go home... stay low.

KATHARINE

I'm sending you the apology now.

Baby Mabel starts to cry in the background.

KATHARINE

Ahh shit I gotta go. Talk tomorrow?

CHELSEA

Mhmm. Oh and she's pretty. Maisy.

KATHARINE

Mabel.

CHELSEA

Exactly.

KATHARINE

Bye Chels.

END OF PHONE CONVERSATION.

Chelsea continues typing the email.

CHELSEA

(finishing email; a bit desperate)

Given this clear misunderstanding,
and my outstanding ratings thus
far, I hope you will think wisely
about your approach and keep me top
of my mind for opportunities.
Regards.

We hear the email send sound.

Chelsea puts her phone down and exhales. But It immediately
BUZZES. She lurches for it: a reply already?

Chelsea's face drops as she reads the message which we hear
as Katharine's V.O.

KATHARINE (V.O.)

What happened today was completely
unacceptable. I pride myself as an
advocate for women, and today I let
myself down. I am deeply sorry to
anyone who affected and I am
working to change. I take full
responsibility for my actions.

Chelsea scoffs.

CHELSEA

Pathetic.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON PUB - OUTSIDE QUIET BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

The bar maid puts a tequila shot on Chelsea's table.

BAR MAID

One tequila shot for the lady!

Chelsea lifts up from her slouch.

CHELSEA

I didn't order this.

BAR MAID

It's from table eight. Taken quite
a liking to you!

The bar maid points over to the table of finance lads, who
raise their shot glasses to Chelsea.

CHELSEA

(to bar maid)

I don't drink.

(annoyed, to finance
lads)

Haven't for twenty years!

FINANCE LADS

DOWN IT! DOWN IT!

Chelsea looks at the lads with disgust. She picks up her phone: no new emails. She looks back at the lads, a hint of longing in her eye. Time slows. Her eye twitches.

CHELSEA

Fuck it.

Chelsea picks up the tequila shot and swigs it in one.

Chelsea grabs her phone and types out a new apology which we hear in V.O.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

What happened today was completely
acceptable...

While we continue to hear the rewritten apology, we begin a MONTAGE.

A) Chelsea downs another three tequila shots at her booth.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

(drunkly)

I pride myself as an advocate for
women. And everyone should remember
that *instead of jumping on a witch
hunt...*

B) Chelsea sits at the table with the finance lads. They each drink a tequila shot in canon.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

(slurring)

I am deeply sorry... for agreeing
to work with such a corrupt and...
shhhh...

(trying to think of
clever word)

...it news channel.

C) Still at the finance lads table, Chelsea lights the wrong end of the cigarette and tries to smoke it. Everyone around her bursts into laughter, and she does the same.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

I take zero responsibility for my
actions...

D) The finance lads pound the table with their fists as Chelsea dances on top of it, with one of their ties around her head.

CHELSEA (V.O.)

And I'm suing that *delinquent
fucking techie!*

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE PUB - EVENING

Chelsea is stumbling down the street. One arm interlaced with a bald finance lad, one hand holding a half-eaten burger. Her red lipstick has been replaced by a chaos of ketchup.

CHELSEA

You're my best friend.

(enthusiastic)

Oh my god, dyu wanna have a slumber party? I can braid your... head.

He bursts out laughing.

BALD FINANCE LAD

You're hilarious!

Beat.

CHELSEA

(vulnerable)

I'm being serious.

BALD FINANCE LAD

Oh, I mean, I've got a wife and kids to go home to babe.

(beat)

Don't you have any mates you could call up?

CHELSEA

(lying)

Yeah course. Loads of mates. Katharine and David and... Mabel.

BALD CITY SLICKER

Cool, yeah, well get home safe babe. My Uber's here I think.

He leaves. She's so drunk she doesn't notice.

CHELSEA

Phone! Where's my phone!

She fishes her phone out of her pocket.

CHELSEA

Hahaha so many messages! Popular!

She holds it up to her face, recording a video.

CHELSEA

(slurring)

Hi Sara, you smug *witch*. Hope you're having fun feeding your kids to cats. Cause you're a witch aren't you? Witch! WITCH. Bet you planned this whole thing.

You and the smelly mic boy. Mikey
McMike...
 (does blow job gesture)
... 'cause he just looves mics.
 (shouting)
I'm Chelsea fucking Daniels. King
of the --

She bends over and vomits.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Chelsea's once-pristine white carpet tells a story of a night of hedonism.

Chelsea's upturned handbag is surrounded by a detritus of makeup, broken cigarettes and melted chewing gum.

An empty wine bottle lies on a damp patch of wine next to a carcass of a greasy burger and chips.

And a long gloop of ketchup is strewn across all of it, including on Chelsea's phone.

CLOSE UP ON PHONE: The screen bursts with notifications: '42 missed calls from Sis', 'VIRAL VIDEO: Chelsea Daniels loses the plot', 'Read Chelsea Daniels's unhinged email to entire media world' and 'CHELSEA DANIELS OFFICIALLY CANCELLED'. A 6:00 alarm fills the screen and BEEPS aggressively.

Chelsea is star-fished on her bed, in the same clothes as last night. She jolts awake. Her hair is matted and dark makeup has collected under her eyes.

She sits up, then winces and touches her temples.

She sleepily stumbles over to the phone and picks it up to turn off the alarm.

But she spots the wine bottle and is shaken out of her daze.

CHELSEA
 (confused)
Wine?

She notices the burger and chips.

CHELSEA
 (horrified)
Carbs?!!!

The sound of CHATTER emanates from outside. She rushes over to her window and looks down.

OUT OF FIFTH FLOOR WINDOW: a hoard of paparazzi are huddled around her apartment complex's entrance.

She quickly retracts and shuts the curtains. Then catches her reflection in a mirror opposite.

She burrows herself into bed, covers her whole body and face with a duvet. Then SCREAMS.

TEXT OVER BLACK:

THREE WEEKS LATER...

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA - 3 WEEKS LATER - DAY

Chelsea dozes in an upright cocoon of food-stained duvet on the sofa, loosely holding a fork. A ketchup-smearred potato smiley is at her feet amidst a graveyard of takeaway bags.

She's a shell of her former self. Hair unwashed, skin spotty. We hear the chatter of COME DINE WITH ME on the TV.

Chelsea startles awake and surveys the scene. She spots the potato smiley and picks it up with the fork and eats it, as if business as usual. She wipes the ketchup with her foot.

She leans back in her cocoon and picks up the remote.

But something catches her attention. The sound of voices outside. Chelsea presses the mute button and listens.

KATHARINE (O.S.)

Oi! Can you move mate?

Confusion flickers across Chelsea's face. She wrestles out of her cocoon and heads to the window. She peers out.

OUT OF FIFTH FLOOR WINDOW: Katharine makes her way through the remaining three paparazzi, camping out on the pavement.

She has Mabel in a car seat in one hand, a huge gift basket in the other.

Chelsea quickly shuts the curtain. She looks around her flat and her face flushes with panic.

She lurches for the takeaway bags and scoops up as many as she can, then ferries them to small waste paper bin and stuffs them down with her foot.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea looks at herself in the mirror with disgust.

She takes her hair out of its messy bun, and quickly smooths it into a slightly sleeker looking pony.

She spots her red lipstick, considers it, then quickly glides it on. But her face crumples. She looks silly.

She grabs a towel and tries to scrub the lipstick off. But it's not budging. She whimpers as she continues to scrub.

A KNOCK at the door. Chelsea freezes.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Katharine knocks on Chelsea's door. Hard.

Silence.

She knocks again. Harder.

KATHARINE

Chelsea? I know you're in there.
Come on, you can't hide forever!

(bribing)

I've got a surprise guest!

(beat)

She's has terrible chat but she's
got this amazing party trick where
she shits green.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - INSIDE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea leans against the door. She looks vulnerable, lips red raw from the scrubbing.

KATHARINE (O.S.)

Chelsea?

Chelsea contemplates.

CHELSEA

Katharine... I can't.

KATHARINE (O.S.)

Chels! You're there! Oh come on
sis, it's just me.

CHELSEA

I'm... spotty.

(beat)

And fat.

KATHARINE (O.S.)

(bribing)

If it makes you feel any better I
still look six months pregnant. And
I can't laugh without pissing
myself a bit.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The door slowly opens. Chelsea stands there looking like a crumpled piece of paper.

CHELSEA

(feebly)

You do look six months pregnant.

Katharine opens her mouth to snap back but stops herself. Chelsea's face screws up and tears fill her eyes. Katharine takes her in for hug.

KATHARINE

Come here you cow.

Chelsea lets out a LOUD SOB. Like it's her first one ever.

CHELSEA

(re: Mabel, amid sobs)

She's really cute.

Katharine shushes Chelsea like a mother to a child.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - OPEN PLAN LIVING AREA - LATER

The sisters sit side by side on the sofa. It's a bit awkward. Baby Mabel sleeps in the baby car seat on the floor.

KATHARINE

Ooh before I forget.

Katharine hands Chelsea the enormous gift basket.

CHELSEA

What's this?

KATHARINE

David. He was scared the paps would get them so sent it to me.

Chelsea inspects the basket. Through the cellophane we see a framed photo of Chelsea, Oprah and David, a candle in the shape of a thumbs up, and a teddy bear with a t-shirt that says 'I hate children too!!!'

CHELSEA

God. Who let Teddy off his meds?

Katharine snort-laughs. Then pulls an 'ooh' face as if she's just peed a little.

Chelsea starts to unwrap the gift basket, cellophane SQUEAKING. Katharine clears her throat.

KATHARINE

Soooo...it's been three weeks since...the incident.

SQUEAK. Katharine flinches.

KATHARINE

(louder)

So I think it's time to start
working on the comeback plan?

Chelsea remains focused on her squeaky task. Katharine gets up and starts to pace as she launches into it.

KATHARINE

Okay so everyone knows
your...history. So we're gonna
blame this on a relapse. Poor
mental health, lack of judgement,
yada yada. Say you've been in
rehab, done some soul-searching,
got into meditation.

(turns to face Chelsea)

Then BOOM. We'll hit them with the
comeback trifecta.

(counting on fingers)

Charity work. Memoir. Strictly.

(theatrical)

You'll be reborn in lycra! Isn't it
brilliant?

Chelsea finally manages to yank the cellophane off with a loud CRINKLY SQUEAK.

KATHARINE

(frustrated)

Chelsea please!

Chelsea looks at Katharine, puts the basket down and SIGHS.

CHELSEA

Katharine...There is no comeback
plan.

KATHARINE

What do you mean? Course there's a
comeback plan. You just... made a
few mistakes.

CHELSEA

Good people make mistakes.

KATHARINE

(encouraging)

Oh come on, you fucked up! We all
fuck up. I called Mabel a (hushed)
bitch the other day and I meant it.
Look we just need a plan of attack.
A good PR story!

CHELSEA

Katharine. Why aren't you getting
it? I'm damaged goods... Rotten.

KATHARINE

Ahhh for fuck's sake Chelsea! If you want to throw your life away then fine! Just don't come crying to me when you end up dying and getting eaten alive by your cat!!

Baby Mabel starts to cry.

KATHARINE

Can you SHUT UP?!!!

Katharine gasps, she didn't mean to snap at Mabel. She switches into mother mode.

KATHARINE

Sorry darling, come here my sweet angel. I love you. Mummy loves you.

She bundles Mabel into her arms and hurries off into Chelsea's bedroom.

CHELSEA

I don't even have a cat.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Katharine rocks baby Mabel and hums the tune to a folk song. Chelsea watches from the doorway.

CHELSEA

Mum's song?

Katharine looks up to her, and nods. Chelsea's face fills with longing.

Katharine beckons Chelsea over and she obeys.

Chelsea sits down on the edge of the bed. Then takes Katharine's hand, tenderly.

CHELSEA

(softly)

I don't hate children. I just hate... how they changed...her. How they change... everything.

They look at each other, faces full of love and acceptance.

Chelsea leans forward ever so slightly, testing the water for a hug. Katharine enthusiastically accepts and they hold each other tight.

KATHARINE

You'll come up with something. You always do.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Chelsea peers out the window.

OUT OF THE FIFTH FLOOR WINDOW: Katharine barges back through the Paparazzi, holding Baby Mabel in front of her.

KATHARINE

She not in there lads. Time to wrap it up!

Baby Mabel starts to cry a little.

KATHARINE

It's ok sweetie.

The sound has an instant effect on the paps who soften and make room for Katharine.

PAPPARAZZI 1

Sorry love, do you want some help with the lass?

PAPPARAZZI 2

We need more mums like you ya know.

Chelsea shuts the curtains. Then collapses onto her bed.

She fishes out something from underneath her. It's a tiny stuffed dolly. Mabel's probably. She chucks it to the floor.

Then sighs, and picks it back up. She smells the doll, then rolls over into a fetal position, cradling it tight.

Suddenly, she bolts upright. She has an idea. She contemplates for a second. Then lurches out of bed.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - OPEN LIVING SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea holds her phone to her ear, pacing.

CHELSEA

Hello?

(realising it's automated)

Oh. Yes. Yes. Yes. As we continue to hear Chelsea on the phone as V.O., we see her getting her life back together.

MONTAGE

A) Chelsea cleans up her flat, and spritzes the whole place with a luxury scent

CHELSEA (V.O.)

My name? Chelsea Daniels.

B) Chelsea lovingly puts the dolly on her kitchen counter like a prize trophy

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Next week? I'm free.

C) Chelsea does an intense workout: sit ups, shadow boxing and speed runs

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Healthy? I've never been better.

D) Chelsea applies her red lip then smiles at her reflection. She looks shiny and gorgeous again.

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Age? Does it matter?

E) Chelsea barges through the paparazzi confidently

CHELSEA (V.O.)
Am I sure? I'm positive.

F) Chelsea slides into the back of a car. The driver turns around: it's David in a chauffeur outfit. He squeals then leans back to high five her, she obliges reluctantly.

G) David opens the door for Chelsea and she strides out onto the a central London street confidently

END MONTAGE.

INT. PRIVATE MEDICAL CLINIC - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chelsea sits on an operating table in the hospital gown.

DR MELLON (40s), the brassy gynecologist with a cheeky glint in her eye charges into the room, followed by a NURSE (20s).

DR MELLON
Chelsea Daniels?

CHELSEA
Yes, hi.

DR MELLON
I'm Doctor Mellon.
(takes her in)
Well don't you look like your sis?

She looks at her clipboard.

DR MELLON
So I see we have you in for a
rectal exam today?

CHELSEA
What? No I'm--

Dr Mellon looks up from her clipboard with a mischievous smile. Nurse giggles.

DR MELLON

Gotcha!

CHELSEA

Ah. So you're a fun doctor.

DR MELLON

Nah, never actually graduated.

Chelsea recoils.

DR MELLON

Double gotcha! Shoulda seen your face!

Dr Mellon and Nurse both pull 'her face' in unison.

DR MELLON

(in Fagin type voice)

Now let's see that fanny.

INT. HARLEY STREET FERTILITY CLINIC - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chelsea lies supine on the bed with her knees up. Dr Mellon sits on a stool at her feet.

DR MELLON

So Chelsea, we're doing an insemination today.

She looks at her clipboard.

DR MELLON

And I see you've chosen donor 453?
Ooh Swiss. Great choice.

She looks up at Chelsea.

DR MELLON

Now did you read the pamphlet, as the doctor ordered? God I love saying that.

Chelsea lifts her head up to reply.

CHELSEA

Yep. 21% chance. Might take years.

DR MELLON

Full marks! Well let's get this party started shall we?

Chelsea puts her head back down and shuts her eyes.

DR MELLON

I'm going to insert the speculum
okay now love? Just relax for me.

CHELSEA

Mhmm.

Chelsea keeps her eyes shut tight, concentrating on relaxing.
Dr Mellon parts Chelsea's legs and slides in the speculum.

DR MELLON

(to herself)

Wow, you really do look like your
sister.

INT. DAVID'S CAR - AFTER APPOINTMENT - DAY

Chelsea sits quietly in the backseat, David drives up front.

DAVID

You know my sister Lily is pregnant
too! I think you'd really like her
actually. She's a fire sign, like
you! AND she's smoking hot. Oh my
god, she's on fire, literally!

Chelsea leans forward and touches David's shoulder.

CHELSEA

David?

David looks back nervously, expecting to be in trouble.

DAVID

Yeah?

Chelsea smiles at him, her eyes full of love.

CHELSEA

(genuine)

Thank you. Seriously.

David's face lights up, he turns back around and beams.

DAVID

Oh... I mean, it's nothing. I'm
just glad you're... you... again.

(covering his back)

Not that you weren't you before. I
just know it's been hard recently
and GOD I JUST LOVE YOU.

Chelsea leans back and smiles, her face full of warmth.

DAVID

Oh my god we should all go on
holiday together!

South of France maybe? Or Thailand!
I've always wanted to go...

Chelsea shuts her eyes and David's voice becomes further and further away as she drifts off...

DREAM SEQUENCE - EXT. PLAYGROUND - SEE-SAW - CONTINUOUS

An eight-year-old Chelsea bobs up and down on a see-saw. On the other end is a six-year-old Katharine. They giggle.

CHELSEA'S POV - OTHER END OF SEE-SAW

Little Katharine bobs up... and down...Then up... and down.
But this time it's not Katharine but Nana Jones.

NANA JONES
You're pathetic!

As Chelsea continues to bob up and down, the person opposite changes with each plummet.

FIT MUM 1
You're disgusting.

BALD FINANCE LAD
You're all alone.

The bobs get faster and faster. We hear an awful cacophony of hate: demonic laughter, the paparazzi cheering, Katharine humming the folk song.

DR MELLON
You're a little baggy.

DAVID
You're AMAZING!
(beat)
Just kidding, you're GROSS!

SARA (CHELSEA'S BOSS)
(shrill)
YOU'RE PATHETIC!!!

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - OPENING LIVING AREA - EVENING

Chelsea wakes with a start. She's on the sofa and covered in sweat. It was a nightmare.

Her face screws up and she wretches.

She lifts her hands to her mouth and runs to the bathroom.

We hear the sound of vomit splashing the bowl.

INT. CENTRAL LONDON FLAT - CORRIDOR - EVENING

Chelsea stands in the dark corridor in the same position as the first scene. She looks calm and confident.

MUSIC CUE: CARMINA BURANA BY CARL ORFF

She slowly raises something to her eye line. We see what it is this time: a pregnancy test, positive there in red.

A wicked smile spreads across her face.

She calmly gets out her phone and dials a number.

KATHARINE (ON PHONE)

Why are you calling?! It's almost midnight.

CHELSEA

I've taken your advice about the good PR story.

KATHARINE (ON PHONE)

Go on.

CHELSEA

I'm pregnant.

INT. KATHARINE'S HOUSE - NURSERY - SAME TIME

Katharine is comforting baby Mabel in her arms, she's got the phone affixed to her ear with her shoulder.

Beat.

KATHARINE

You're a fucking idiot.

END OF EPISODE.