

We establish on the outside of a flat. The sound of a pumping house party filters from the windows. Franny (17) - super nerd extraordinaire and wearing an enormous fur coat is lurking outside the door shivering and nervously glugging a bottle of Sherry. Franny addresses the camera with giddy excitement.

FRANNY

Janine Bennett is having a house party. parents. Which is a fucking big deal... I offered to dissect her rat to get an invite, but nothing... In biology - it wasn't, sort of, pagan.

A waft of laughter comes from the open window. Franny chuckles and shakes her head as if sharing the joke. A beat. A couple of tarted up girls approach the front door. Franny grins and waves enthusiastically.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Hey gals! Whoa! Nice lime jeggings
Victoria! You look like a... Sexy
frog!

They ignore her. As the door begins to close Franny sees an opportunity and quickly tries to sneak in behind them.

INTERCOM/JANINE O.S

Not you Franny.

Franny sheepishly notices an intercom.

FRANNY

Oh hey Janine! Cool! No sweat babe,
Just bustin' the breeze out here
and shootin' up with some sweet
sweet sherry!

Franny takes a large swig of sherry. Silence.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

I think she's gone.

Franny returns to the door step and addresses the camera with feverish urgency.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

I MUST get her sweet ass
to the ball tonight because
Ferdinand Trotter is in there, the
most desirable gent in Christendom
I.E

FRANNY (CONT'D)
 And by sun down I am going to snog
 slash grope slash fingers crossed
 bang him into orbit...

Franny swigs some more sherry.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
 Unlike the other overgrown Orks
 that roam the school, Ferdie is
 quiet and mild mannered and utterly
 charming. This is often reflected
 in his, frankly,
 watercolours. His brooding shell
 collages and wistful fruit-scapes
 to me...

INT. ART ROOM FLASHBACK.

Franny stares in awe at Ferdinand's, frankly, dreadful fruit -
 scapes.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE PARTY.

FRANNY
 In the past few days I've started
 to go to the art room in the lunch
 breaks myself. I'm certainly no
 painter but I'm pretty good with a
 bit of wood, so...

She reveals a miniature coffin.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
 I shall present it to him tonight.
 The perfect romantic gesture.
 Because death is also a symbol for
 an orgasm...

Lizzie's eager smile fades to vulnerability for a second.

FRANNY (CONT'D)
 Just getting in, is the fly in the
 old ointment. I'm not part of the
 social elite, it must be said. But,
 give a shit frankly? My school
 counsellor says it's because I've
 been brought up by a solitary,
 drunken, very slutty Mother -

INT. SCHOOL COUNCILLORS OFFICE FLASHBACK.

Franny sits in front of her school councillor who surveys
 Franny with deep pity.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE PARTY.

FRANNY

- I'm paraphrasing here - and I've spent most of my time alone or with my sadly-quiet-aggressive Chinchilla - Edward. I told my counsellor I've gorged myself on sufficient period dramas to know how to 'discharge my wit' and 'garner popularity'! Haha! But she said, then why do people lock you in the toilet and pour carbonated drinks on your head?

(Her smile fades.)

And I think that was a little harsh.

One more girl approaches the door. She is buzzed in, and just as the door is about to close, Franny leaps towards it and hops in, firing an ecstatic thumbs up to the camera as she goes.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

(Euphorically over her shoulder as she springs through the door)

She's in! Going to be the best party ever!

HARD CUT TO:

2 INT. UNDER STAIRS CUPBOARD.

2

Franny is tear-stained, has mascara running down her face. She is in an under stairs cupboard and putting on a brave face. We can hear the party going on outside.

FRANNY

Oh hey! Just chillin' in an under-stairs broom cupboard?

Da da da da da im loving it!

It's dank. There's a Hoover and a mop and bucket. A sad beat.

FRANNY (CONT'D)

Well... I'm having an absolute blast at the party - I sashayed in, mingled, worked the room. Went down a treeeeat!

2A INT. PARTY. FLASHBACK.

2A

Franny flamboyantly enters the room. Party-goers whisper and giggle and generally look a bit wierded out.

Franny confidently strides over to Janine and a gaggle of

Franny laughs long and hard. Ferdie smiles tensely/politely.

2F INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD. 2F

FRANNY
And then of course... Janine and
the girls descended.

2FA INT. PARTY. 2FA

A group of girls stand looking delightedly disgusted and amused at Franny and her coffin. They point at it and at Ferdie and hoot with laughter. Janine tugs at Franny's fur coat and gives Franny a sarcastic thumbs up. Ferdie looks awkward.

2FB INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD. 2FB

FRANNY
Mocking the coffin, jeering at my
fabulous fur coat...
(Getting upset)
And to top it all off someone threw
an actual hula hoop at me. It sort
of ricocheted off my specs...

INT. PARTY FLASHBACK.

Close up of hula hoop ricocheting in slow motion off Franny's specs.

INT. PARTY.

FRANNY
And then all of a sudden...

2M INT. PARTY. FLASHBACK. 2M

Close up of Franny's wide open mouth as she wails and wails and wails.

2N INT. BACK IN CUPBOARD. 2N

FRANNY
Literally couldn't stop.

INT. PARTY FLASHBACK.

Franny wails like a whale/ocean liner. The girls begin to look a little freaked out. Franny suddenly bolts.

INT. PARTY.

FRANNY

So I bolted. Didn't know where I was going, picked a door and, well, here I am. In this absolutely delightful broom cupboard. And. Yeah.) Da da da da da! I'm lovin' it!

The sound of a gaggle of giggling girls passing outside the door.

JANINE

Like mother like daughter: Franny's a minging, desperate slag who no one fancies...

They laugh uproariously. Franny crumples then gathers herself. Maybe she gives herself a slap.

FRANNY

(Eyeballing the camera with steely determination)

That is IT. Starting right now I am going to create a new Francesca Withersgate. I'm not going to be this horrible lonely husk anymore. I'm sick of being sad and not having a single friend in the entire universe. Including my very own chinchilla - whose very survival rests upon my presence. Well sayonara you lonely old spod! From now on I'll refer to myself as... the Frazzatron! Make contemporary references, drink WKD, send the lads snapchats of my... derriere and show scant if any attention in class, even if that does directly jeopardise my future employment and the ongoing enrichment of my own intellect. Right Franny - sorry the Frazzatron - no time like the present. Time to tear this party a new anus hole!

Franny swings opens the door to reveal Ferdie. Franny looks both shocked and delighted.

EXT. CUPBOARD. LATER.

Franny is exhilarated and panting slightly. She's whispering.

FRANNY

Just wow. That was Ferdie came in search for yon fair maiden, i.e. Me. He said he felt bad because of the wailing noises I had made and the sustained campaign of bullying I've been enduring this past year or four... He said didn't think I was a weirdo, which was strange because I hadn't suggested that I was a weirdo, but nevertheless I correctly interpreted this to mean that he was head over heels in love with me. Ha! And to think I was actually going to my personality?! Lesson of the day Fran babe? Definitely do naaat need to do that...

(VO over the following)

So. I removed me fur...

EXT. CUPBOARD FLASHBACK.

In accordance with her narration, we see Franny 'seductively' removing her furcni 180ml V 1 Ting)

