

Data Leak

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Actress EMMA MARSHALL, 28, absentmindedly scrolls on her phone whilst she waits for a coffee. She is dressed incognito, her hoody pulled up over her hair. Behind her stands 15 year old schoolgirl KELSEY, also scrolling on her phone.

Kelsey's uniform is smart, her phone is the latest model and her bag is Fendi. She clearly comes from money.

A BARISTA places a coffee on the counter. It has *Emma* written on it in large letters.

BARISTA

Flat white

EMMA

Yep!

KELSEY

Here -

They exchange a look, but Kelsey doesn't move. She stares at Emma in open mouthed awe.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Oh my god. It's you!

Emma smiles warmly. Clearly this happens a lot.

EMMA

Hi.

KELSEY

Sorry, I just, like, totally love you. Can I get a selfie?

EMMA

What's your name?

KELSEY

Kelsey.

Kelsey fumbles to get out her phone. She is clearly a little overwhelmed by this interaction.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

(whilst taking photo)

You're like my favourite actress!

EMMA

That's very kind of you.

KELSEY

I have to watch Pickton Street in secret, mum thinks it's proper trash-bag but you totally make me wanna be an actress -

CAROLINE, Kelsey's extremely glamorous 60 year old mum, interrupts -

CAROLINE
(to Kelsey)
Right, shall we get you to school -

Caroline stops talking when she spots Emma. Who has also fallen silent.

EMMA
(unsurely)
Mum?

Caroline quickly composes herself. She is steely, cold.

CAROLINE
Come on -

She grabs Kelsey, and yanks her towards the exit.

Emma watches them go, and then decisively grabs a napkin off the counter, and scribbles down her number. She sprints out of the coffee shop.

INT. TV STUDIO - MORNING

Emma enters a large white studio space which buzzes with noise and movement as CAST and CREW set up for a day's shoot. She is instantly accosted by make-up artist LYDIA, 32, earth mother type in a multicolored tie dyed patchwork dress. It's hideous.

Lydia gestures to the dress and does a twirl.

LYDIA
Look what I made last night!

EMMA
(shocked for a moment)
Look what you made!

LYDIA
I was thinking of making more,
selling some on Etsy. What do you
think?

EMMA
I think... you definitely should.

Lydia offers a final proud smiles and heads off.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(as a parting comment)
I can't believe you made that
yourself!

Emma's co-star CLAIRE, 27, tall, graceful, a total knockout, sneaks up to her and snidely remarks:

CLAIRE
I can. It looks fucking dreadful -

EMMA
Hey, c'mon it's not that bad...

Claire shoots her an annoyed look.

EMMA (CONT'D)
(changing her tune)
If you like.. that sort of..
shit...

Claire puts one arm around Emma's shoulder and they walk and talk in the direction of a sound stage.

CLAIRE
So, leaving drinks tonight?
(off Emma's slightly
hesitant face)
Don't you dare tell me you aren't
coming.

EMMA
Then I won't, because I love a
party.

Claire heads off, and Emma ambles up to NEIL, 34, her disheveled director who is laser focused on the script in his hand.

EMMA (CONT'D)
You coming to the party, Neil?

Neil doesn't look up from the script.

NEIL
Probably not. Don't like parties.

EMMA
What? You don't like making awkward
small talk with your co-workers for
three hours? Weirdo.

Neil offers her a wry smile.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Would you come if I promised some
top level bants?

NEIL
No.

EMMA

You sure? I have a great anecdote about the time I was stuck in a lift with Tim Henman. Oh, neither of us knew what to do!

NEIL

Get into costume. I need you on set in 10.

EMMA

Got it boss.

She salutes him, and strides off.

INT. EMMA'S DRESSING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Emma walks into her dressing room, and hears the shower running. She goes to investigate.

INT. EMMA'S DRESSING ROOM BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She spies a figure behind the shower curtain.

EMMA

Hello?

The curtain is pulled back to reveal fellow actor PAUL, 54. He is naked. And not shy about it.

Emma instantly shields her eyes.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Fucking hell Paul! What are you doing?

PAUL

Sorry love, my showers on the blink.

EMMA

Again? Tell the facilities manager.

PAUL

Don't be such a prude.

He gets out, grabs a towel and begins to dry himself. Intimately.

PAUL (CONT'D)

When I was living in Sweden, it was wearing the clothes that made you the freak.

EMMA

Then maybe you should go back there. I have to call my agent so could you go do that anywhere else?

PAUL

Sure, darling.

He wraps the towel around the top part of himself, so his bum is very visible as he heads for the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)

See you on set!

EMMA

Yep, see you on set! Where there are lots of witnesses!

She closes the door after him. And locks it. And shudders. We hear a girlish squeal from the corridor.

PAUL (O.S)

Morning.

She pulls out her phone, and makes a video call to Rachel. The very pissed off face of RACHEL, 37, appears on her phone screen.

EMMA

Paul was using my shower again. Why does he think I want to see him dry his saggy old man balls?

Rachel remains stony faced.

RACHEL

You made impoverished children cry.

EMMA

Oh shit, the charity awards -

RACHEL

Where were you? And don't say you forgot.

EMMA

I didn't forget.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MYSTERY BEDROOM - LAST NIGHT

Close up of Emma's face, contracting in pleasure. She is having a hell of an orgasm.

FLASHBACK ENDS

EMMA

I was helping Claire go over her lines. It's her last day so -

(beat)

Let me message Sharon and explain -

She quickly switches to a messaging screen, and at lightning speed composes a text. As she types the text floats out of her phone, and across the screen.

So sorry about last night, my agent Rachel didn't tell me!

She hesitates for a beat. But then hits send.

EMMA (CONT'D)

There, I apologised.

RACHEL

I would be surprised if -

Beeping noise. Message from Charity Sharon.

Again?! I know she is your sister but you really should think about firing her.

Emma tries not to let the guilt show on her face.

EMMA

She said it's fine. So, any news about Cat on a Hot Tin Roof?

RACHEL

No.

EMMA

Oh. Well, I'm sure the producers will be touch soon. Right?

RACHEL

Who knows. If that's everything -

EMMA

Actually. I have to tell you something. I er, I saw mum earlier.

Rachel doesn't say anything for a beat, then:

RACHEL

I have a meeting -

EMMA

Don't you want to know how she is? How she looked? Coz I definitely think she's had work done -

RACHEL

Emma. Stop. That woman is dead to me.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

She died the day she left, so what you're saying makes no sense to me because I don't believe in ghosts. And I also don't believe in second chances. So if you want to start hanging out with her, playing doubles tennis or whatever then... well you're dead to me too.

EMMA

Are you serious?

RACHEL

Yep.

EMMA

Okay. Then I won't.

RACHEL

Right.

(beat)

Bye then.

EMMA

Oh. I love -

Rachel has hung up.

EMMA (CONT'D)

you.

Emma's phone beeps. Message from unknown number:

Please leave me and my family alone.

Then a second message appears.

This is mum by the way.

Emma looks heartbroken.

PRELAP:

CLAIRE (O.S)

(in a cockney accent)

I hate you!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO SET/'KITCHEN' - LATER

Emma is being violently shoved by Claire, who is in character as 'Paula,' a fashionably dressed 20 something.

CLAIRE (AS PAULA)

I hate you Tara. You ratted me out!

Emma is in character as 'Tara,' wearing dungarees with her hair in two braids. Paul is playing their dad 'Gavin.' He is wearing a black polo neck and holding a beer. Everyone is doing put upon cockney accents.

EMMA (AS TARA)

I'm sorry but he had to know about the job!

PAUL (AS GAVIN)

(faux drunkenly)

You are bringing shame on this family!

CLAIRE (AS PAULA)

But it's good money dad. And a great benefit scheme with free dental insurance.

PAUL (AS GAVIN)

I don't care. What are my mates gonna say when they find out my daughter left home to become... an accountant?

CLAIRE (AS PAULA)

Well done?

PAUL (AS GAVIN)

You ain't leaving. Your gonna stay and help me run the pub with your sister.

CLAIRE (AS PAULA)

No. I'm going and you can't stop me.

'Paula' heads for the door, and 'Tara' stops her.

EMMA (AS TARA)

Please, please take me with you - or at least show me how to cash up properly.

CLAIRE (AS PAULA)

Take care of yourself.

She exits, and 'Tara' sheds a tear. It's a suprisingly authentic moment. Emma is clearly very good at this.

NEIL (O.S)

Cut!

We zoom out, and the outer perimeters of the TV set is revealed. There are a variety of CAST and CREW filming, operating lights etc.

Neil is sitting at a monitor.

NEIL (CONT'D)
 And that's a wrap on Claire as
 Paula Porter!

The crew clap enthusiastically.

Claire runs back onto the set and starts gyrating.

CLAIRE
 Oh yeah! I am donezo on this lameo
 show-zo!

The crew clap less enthusiastically. Paul approaches her with
 arms outstretched.

PAUL
 Claire, my favourite fake daughter,
 bring it in for daddy.

Paul envelops her in a bear hug, pressing himself into her
 quite closely. He doesn't let go.

CLAIRE
 Okay, get off before you remind me
 of my real dad.

Emma has her phone out. She has a notification. Kelsey has
 tweeted the photo of her.

The tweet reads: 'I met @RealEmmaMarshall! My fave actress.'

She scrolls through some of the replies, mostly pleasant and
 enthused but then one sticks out:

@KelseyGrant5 if you can call what she does acting.

Emma goes to the tweeters profile. Its a YOUNG MALE TEENAGER,
 who is doing a peace sign at the camera whilst holding a
 takeaway coffee cup.

Emma composes a tweet:

Hey @bargainjim, switch to a recyclable cup k? You're hurting
 the planet.

A makeup brush is suddenly thrust into Emma's face by Lydia,
 who vigorously powders her forehead. Emma doesn't react and
 keeps scrolling on her phone.

LYDIA
 You know you shouldn't spend so
 much time on your phone. Spend more
 time in nature. Like the other day
 I saw a hedgehog stuck in a crisp
 packet, and if I'd been on my phone
 I wouldn't have been able to cry
 about it.

Neil approaches.

NEIL
I need a word about blocking.

INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Neil and Emma are kissing. Passionately.

EMMA
(sexy voice)
Do you like this blocking?

NEIL
Well, that's ruined the moment.
(beat)
Last night was fun. What are you
doing on Sunday?

She traces his lips with her fingers.

EMMA
Getting naked with you.

NEIL
Or how about instead of that, we go
to a National Trust property.
Leighstone Manor is meant have an
amazing display of Victorian pots.

EMMA
And why would we do that?

NEIL
Because that's what people in a
relationship do, they pay too much
money to look around a dead
person's house, they have a cream
tea and then argue about the
correct way to pronounce
(Rhyming with gone)
scone.
(Rhyming with moan)
Scone.

EMMA
Okay. Firstly. It's scow-ney.
Secondly -

Neil sighs, and pushes Emma off his lap.

NEIL
You're still with Frank.

EMMA
You can't just leave someone who
means that much to you.

NEIL

But you can cheat on him?

EMMA

What's your problem? So many men would kill for this kind of relationship. It's very French.

NEIL

Well, we aren't in France, are we? Look, if you aren't taking this seriously then maybe we should call it a day.

Neil gestures for her to leave.

EMMA

No. I'm sorry, I am taking this seriously. I just... I need a little bit more time. Please?

Neil nods. Reluctantly.

INT. CLAIRE'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Claire and Emma are sitting on the sofa, on their phones.

Claire picks up a box from Emma's side dresser, and examines it. It has an image of funnel shaped plastic object.

CLAIRE

What the hell is this?

EMMA

A moon-cup. It goes up your -

Whistle and indicates her vagina.

EMMA (CONT'D)

- when you have your period. The company pay me to plug them on Instagram.

CLAIRE

Yeesh. Looks painful.

EMMA

Oh it is.

Emma picks up the moon-cup and films herself.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(upbeat)

Ceville moon-cup. It'll feel like the entire moon is in your vagina!

She stops recording.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Probably won't use that one.

CLAIRE
Oh! Let me do one!

Before Emma can protest, Claire snatches her phone out of her hand. It rings.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It's Frank.

Without missing a beat Claire accepts the video call. The exceptionally handsome face of FRANK, 26, appears on screen.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hey you sexy bitch! You better be coming to my party tonight!

FRANK
Oh. Hi Claire. I was actually calling to tell Emma that I don't think I can -

CLAIRE
BORING!

With that Claire chucks the phone on the sofa, and reapplies her make up in a nearby mirror.

Emma picks up the phone.

EMMA
Hi.

FRANK
Sorry I have some admin things to do. You don't mind do you?

EMMA
(breezily)
No! No. No. No. Of course not. Bye!

She hangs up.

CLAIRE
Why are the good looking ones so boring? And the boring ones so ugly. And the ugly boring ones so rich?

Emma smiles weakly.

INT. CHIC BAR - LATER

Emma and the Pickton Street CAST and CREW are assembled in a lively bar. A banner hangs which reads: 'Goodbye and Good luck.'

Emma is by the bar waiting for a drink. Across the room she spies Lydia being given an unwanted back massage by Paul. She grimaces.

Claire is nearby, holding court with a group of people. Her phone starts ringing.

CLAIRE

Sorry -

She fishes it out of her purse and answers it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

What! Are you kidding me? No way!

Of course I accept!

She hangs up, then grabs a nearby spoon and bangs it against her glass. Everyone turns and looks at her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Guess what bitches? You are all looking at the star of Sam Townsend's new west end production of Cat on a Hot Tin Roof! BOOM. How do you like those bananas?

No one does anything, and she motions for them to applaud, so they do.

Emma drops her wine glass in shock. The loud SMASH causes everyone to turn and look at her.

EMMA

YAY! Congratulations!

Normal service resumes, and Emma heads in Claire's direction. On her way she spies a half drunk glass of wine Paul has momentarily put down. She picks it up. Paul turns around to find an empty spot where his wine once was.

Emma tries to casually join in a group conversation, which Claire is the centre of.

CLAIRE

- well of course all of Sam's leading ladies end up in Hollywood -

EMMA

(faux casual)

Didn't I tell you I was auditioning for that part?

CLAIRE

Oh. Maybe.

EMMA

Right, It's not a big deal but -

CLAIRE

Cool.

Claire turns back to the group, but Emma grabs her by the shoulder.

EMMA

I actually feel like maybe, it's not cool? Like it's something a friend wouldn't do to another friend.

CLAIRE

Jesus Emma, stop taking it personally, it was a good part so I went for it, and I'm sorry if that upsets you but some of us have aspirations a little higher than this dumb show.

Claire walks off.

Emma heads for the exit, past Paul who now has a fresh glass of wine, and again, just as he puts it down she swipes it from him.

Lydia catches her just before she leaves the room. She hands her her phone.

LYDIA

You left it by the bar.

(beat)

Are you okay?

EMMA

(faux upbeat)

Of course. I am a ray of sunshine!

INT. BATHROOM CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

Emma reaches her hand up between her legs, clearly struggling with her moon-cup.

EMMA

Bloody moon-cup.

(speaking to the moon cup)

I know it's nice in there but you have to come out.

She gives up, and leans her head against the cubicle wall.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Fuck this.

INT. CLAIRE'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Emma slowly pushes open the door, checks no one is inside and picks up a lipstick from the dresser. She writes on the mirror:

Claire is a cunt

She steps back, laughs. And then goes to rub it out with a nearby tissue. But it won't come off.

EMMA

Oh no no no. Fuck you Rimmel long lasting finish!

She starts to panic, licks her finger and scrubs at it. Then she gets the lipstick and adds to it. She has now written *Claire is a country*

The door opens. It's Neil.

NEIL

I thought I saw you come in here. Did you get my picture?

EMMA

No -

She looks at her phone.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(sadly)

Oh. It's your penis.

NEIL

That's the reaction a guy wants!

EMMA

Sorry it's great. You're great.

He kisses her, and she responds eagerly. Then the door opens, and she instinctively shoves him away from her.

He falls over the chair, and onto the floor. Claire enters the room.

CLAIRE

What are you doing in my dressing room?

NEIL

Kissing

EMMA

Brexit

CLAIRE

(to Neil)

Wait, did you say you were kissing?

(to Emma)

Oh Emma. I thought you had a boyfriend.

Neil pulls himself up, and picks up the chair.

EMMA

I do! I thought I'd left my phone in here! He followed me in and tried to kiss me.

NEIL

Yep. That's exactly what happened. See ya guys.

He leaves. Claire looks at the mirror.

CLAIRE

I'm a country?

(proudly)

Yeah, I guess I am.

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - LATER

Emma slouches on Rachel's sofa, indulging in a plate of potato waffles. Rachel is flicking through the television.

EMMA

You remember when you were young, and you thought being a grown up would be easy? Like one day something would just click in your head and you would suddenly be this functional adult who knew how to change a tyre, how VAT worked and how to win friends and influence people -

RACHEL

(distractedly)

What?

EMMA

(changing the subject)

So what exactly did the producers say about my audition?

RACHEL

They said they loved it but they just wanted to go in a different direction.

EMMA

Why can't they just be honest and tell me I suck.

(beat)

Do you think I suck?

RACHEL

Emma. You know how this business works.

(beat)

You should call Frank. He might be worried.

Emma picks up her handbag, and slips on her coat.

EMMA

I doubt it. He's sorting out his ordnance survey maps tonight. Putting them in order of scale.

Rachel thrusts the plate of potato waffles at her.

RACHEL

He means well. Give the rest of these to Clive on your way out.

INT. CLIVE'S OFFICE - LATER

Emma stands at the doorway. Rachel's husband CLIVE, 36, is on the computer fiddling with some website code.

EMMA

I come bearing beige food.

She plonks the waffles down next to him.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What you working on?

CLIVE

Some stupid web-site for some stupid restaurant.

EMMA

Sounds stupid.

CLIVE

You know I wanted to hack the pentagon when I was younger.

EMMA

Hey. There's still time.

CLIVE

So, dare I ask. Have you told Frank?

EMMA

Not yet.

She gestures to the computer.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Isn't there some kind of online quiz I can fill in which will tell me what to do?

He turns to the computer.

CLIVE

Oh yeah sure, it's called 'stop doing this quiz and just tell your boyfriend already. Emma.'

(beat)

Look, whatever you decide will hurt people and there is no way of getting around that, but doing nothing is also really unfair on everyone.

EMMA

I know. I know!

CLIVE

As you can see, my life is kind of dull at the moment, and I could really do with a distraction. So if you could break up with Frank and come mope round here, eat ice cream and watch bad films with us I would really appreciate it.

EMMA

Okay. But only as a favour to you.

She leaves him to it.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Emma slips on her coat, and Rachel approaches her.

RACHEL

Thanks for not getting in contact with mum. I know it might not be fair of me to ask, but I really do appreciate it.

Emma is slightly taken aback by this softness from Rachel.

EMMA

It's no problem.

Rachel offers a tight, but kind, smile. It looks like she might say something else nice.

RACHEL
Well. Goodbye.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Emma begins to stir. Frank is already up and dressed. He sits on the edge of the bed and hands her a coffee

FRANK
Morning, how was the party?

EMMA
It was good, thanks. How was your evening?

FRANK
Productive. You will not believe how many 1:25,000 scale maps I found last night! Think of how many.
(beat)
It was a lot more than that.

EMMA
Right.

FRANK
Not as exciting as your evening I imagine.
(beat)
So, what do you want to do today? I was thinking we could finally clear out the attic.

EMMA
I think we need to talk -

Frank's phone beeps.

FRANK
Hold that thought. I tweeted Martin Lewis earlier for advice about my pension and I think he's replied... oh. Weird. You're trending on twitter.

EMMA
What?

FRANK
Emma Marshall's photo leak -

EMMA
What -

FRANK
Someone's leaked the photos from
your phone

EMMA
WHAT!

FRANK
It's on the Star News website - and
He goes silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)
That's not my penis.

EMMA
What?

Frank turns his phone around, and shows Emma the offending picture.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

He looks disgusted and storms out.

INT. CLIVE'S OFFICE - LATER

Clive is on his computer. Emma stands behind him, peering anxiously over his shoulder. She still has bed hair and is wearing a pajama top and some jogging bottoms.

ON THE SCREEN: Various different gossip and TV websites, with photos of Emma and click bait headlines.

CLIVE
It looks like all your phone data,
photos, e-mails, text messages etc
were uploaded to the dark web this
morning -

EMMA
The dark web?

CLIVE
Yeah, you know the place on the
internet where you go to buy guns,
drugs and limited edition pogs.

EMMA
Fuck. This is bad, this is so so
bad.

CLIVE
It's been indexed as well, so I
could just type in...

He starts typing.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

I don't know... dress...and I get a google search you did on your phone in April 2017 which says -

(reading)

Tom Hardy wife evening dress

He looks at her quizzically.

EMMA

I wanted to see what she looked like dressed up. And if I was prettier.

Without thinking Clive goes to search for something else, and Emma leans over and clicks close on each of the tabs.

CLIVE

You know that's not going to get rid of it right?

Emma angrily paces the room.

EMMA

I don't understand. Who gives a shit about my dumb life? It's not like I'm Mary Berry. I'm no one!

CLIVE

We will fix it. I promise.

EMMA

It's already too late. My life is over. Oh god, I think I'm going to throw up.

Rachel comes in and hands Clive a cup of tea.

RACHEL

Put your head between your legs.

Emma does what she says, sitting on the floor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(to Clive)

Can you work out who did it?

CLIVE

Not easily, it's linked to a few different servers so whoever did it. They're good. Like Sandra Bullock in The Net good.

RACHEL

But she wasn't good in The Net.

CLIVE
No, her hacking skills.

RACHEL
That makes sense.
(to Emma)
How bad is this Emma?

EMMA
Frank saw a picture of Neil's
penis.

RACHEL
As in Neil, your director?

Emma nods.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
You're sleeping with him?! How
long?

EMMA
Six inches.

RACHEL
No! Time wise!

EMMA
Oh. A couple of weeks.

CLIVE
Emma.

EMMA
A couple of months.

CLIVE
(to Rachel)
I'm sorry, she told me to keep it a
secret.

Rachel turns the laptop around to face her.

RACHEL
Show me everything.

CLIVE
(indicating parts of a
internet page)
So you can search for a word and
you get whenever Emma might have
mentioned it -

RACHEL
Oh, so...dress...

She goes to type it.

EMMA

Stop! Don't type in any word okay.

RACHEL

What are you hiding?

EMMA

There might be some messages in there where I blamed you if I forgot to go to an event. Or a birthday party. And one time, the dentist.

RACHEL

Oh, I knew about that. You don't think I talk to people? Also you should hear some of the shit I say about you. I just want to see how this works...

Before Emma can stop her Rachel types a word into the laptop, and then reads.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I knew it! I knew you would contact mum. You just couldn't help yourself.

EMMA

I...

RACHEL

(reading a message in a saccharine tone)

We only have to meet for half an hour, please. I miss you.

Rachel mobile rings. She answers.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No, we don't have a statement at this time.

She hangs up. And looks at Emma with total disgust.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do you remember what she did? Who took care of you? And I ask you to do one thing for me. One thing.

CLIVE

I think you should go.

EMMA

Fine.

Emma heads for the door, wincing slightly as she goes, and holding her lower stomach.

INT. PHARMACY - LATER

Emma, now grimacing in pain, grabs a nearby SHOP ASSISTANT.

EMMA

Excuse me, I have something stuck -

The shop assistant gasps, recognizing her.

SHOP ASSISTANT

It's you! I was just reading about your internet searches.

(whispering loudly)

Are you after something for the constipation.

EMMA

What? No.

Emma backs away from her. Her phone beeps. Still in motion, she pulls it out.

There is a variety of missed calls, tweets and angry e-mail notifications on her screen.

The latest message is from Neil:

My office now

INT. TV STUDIO - LATER

Emma sheepishly walks through the busy set.

Cast and crew move out her way as she passes, shooting her evils, shaking their heads at her, or just whispering and glaring.

Lydia approaches her.

LYDIA

I make these clothes as a means of expression, and I don't care what you and Claire think.

EMMA

I'm sorry -

But Lydia has already gone.

INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - LATER

Neil, a face like thunder, sits behind his desk facing Emma.

NEIL

It's time to let you go.

EMMA

May I ask why?

NEIL

Because my dick is on the internet.

EMMA

Oh come on! No one knows it's yours. It's not like a fingerprint.

NEIL

Okay. How about the messages you and Claire sent each other making fun of the writing on the show. And Lydias dress sense.

EMMA

In my defence, I didn't think anyone would see them.

(beat)

So you going to kill me off then? After the 17 years I have put into this show?

Neil nods.

EMMA (CONT'D)

How?

NEIL

I thought you could drown in poo. Your own, in case you wondered.

He goes back to his computer.

EMMA

(softly)

Please Neil. This is all I know.

He continues to ignore her. She picks up her coat.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Fine.

She heads for the door.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Generic dick.

INT. STUDIO BATHROOM - LATER

Emma is leaning over the sinks in the bathroom, looking at herself in the mirror.

EMMA
(pathetically)
I am a ray of bloody sunshine.

She suddenly grabs at her lower stomach, winching in pain.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Not now!

In desperation, she pulls down her joggers and reaches up between her legs to get moon cup out.

She pulls and pulls, and finally with an almighty roar it comes free, spraying blood all over Emma, the bathroom, and Claire. Who has just walked in. Claire, whose lovely white jumper is now covered in blood, is frozen in horror.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Oh my god, I am so sorry -

Emma desperately grabs tissues and tries to dab Claire clean, but she snatches them from her.

CLAIRE
Don't touch me! I lost the cover of
Grazia magazine because of the
messages I sent you. From now on,
you are my public enemy number one.

And Claire flounces off, throwing the tissues at Emma as she goes. They hit her in the face.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(parting comment)
And you're fat.

INT. EMMA'S DRESSING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Emma is packing up some of her belongings into her bag. She doesn't notice Paul slip in the door, until he is whispering into her ear.

PAUL
You know you could have just come
to me, instead of searching for all
that dirty stuff online.

She lurches away from him.

EMMA
What the fuck is wrong with you?

PAUL
It's just a joke.

EMMA

You know the e-mails no one's found yet? The ones I wrote to the producers complaining about you! But they said that you were just too big a ratings draw to fire. But me, I'm expendable apparently.

PAUL

I'm flattered.

She storms out, pushing past him.

EXT. EMMA'S STREET - DAY

A blood flecked Emma lumbers towards her front door. There is a throng of EAGER PRESS outside. She pauses, but is too late, they have spotted her.

She fights through them.

PRESS HOUND 1

How do you feel about the leak Emma?

PRESS HOUSE 2

Have you been fired from Pickton Street?

PRESS HOUND 3

Why are you covered in blood?

Frank opens the front door. He is carrying a suitcase.

PRESS HOUND 1

Wahey, nice penis.

Frank is shocked momentarily by her blood covered appearance.

EMMA

It's just period blood. Where are you going?

FRANK

Why do you care?

EMMA

Because I love you -

FRANK

Well, I have nothing to say to that. Or you.

(beat)

Although I am expecting a package from Amazon today, so please put it somewhere safe.

He walks past her, and the press keep on snapping photos.

INT. EMMA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Emma, still covered in dried blood, is lying on the couch, starring at the ceiling.

Rachel enters.

RACHEL

I came to see how you are but
clearly you are fine.

Emma struggles up to a seating position.

EMMA

I am so sorry -

RACHEL

I've put out a press release, said
it's an invasion of privacy etc,
but that you deeply regret anyone
you have hurt etc and you are
currently struggling from
exhaustion etc.

EMMA

Thanks -

RACHEL

Also Ceville have fired you. They
said they didn't like the
implication their product was as
big as a planet.

EMMA

The moon is actually a star -

Rachel goes to correct Emma, but thinks better of it. She picks her phone up off the table, and puts down a boxed up new one.

RACHEL

Clive will check your phone, see if
it's been bugged.

Rachel turns on her heel, and heads for the door.

EMMA

So that's it, you are going to hate
me forever?

She stops by the door, and sighs.

RACHEL

I don't hate you. But maybe this arrangement isn't sustainable anymore. Maybe I can't be your sister and your manager.

(beat)

Which one do you want me to be?

EMMA

My sister.

RACHEL

Fine, then I quit. Now we only have to speak at Christmas.

Rachel leaves. The front door slams.

EMMA

(sadly)

Love you.

INT. EMMA'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Emma is in bed watching a video on her laptop.

ON THE SCREEN:

YOUNG EMMA, 8, is standing in front of a camera. She is staring at her feet, and looks exceptionally uncomfortable. Clearly she does not want to be there.

DIRECTOR (O.S)

Okay auditionee number 5. Ready when you are -

YOUNG EMMA

(sulkily)

Family sticks together, through thick and thin.

DIRECTOR (O.S)

Okay thanks. We'll be in touch.

A 30 year old glamorous woman rushes into shot. This is YOUNG CAROLINE, Emma's mum.

YOUNG CAROLINE

(to the director)

Wait. Just let her do it one more time. Please.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Fine. One more time.

Caroline grabs Emma, slightly forcefully and forces her to look at her.

YOUNG CAROLINE
Do you love mummy?

Young Emma nods.

YOUNG CAROLINE (CONT'D)
Then this time sound less like a
moody cow and more like a ray of
sunshine. Okay?

Young Emma nods, clearly terrified of her mother.

Emma pauses the video, clearly ruminating on something. She
picks up her new phone, and calls Clive.

EMMA
(into phone)
I need your help.
(beat)
I need you to search for any e-
mails I sent about Paul Acton being
a big old pervert, and leak them to
Soap Digestive. Be the Sandra
Bullock to my... person who needs
the help of Sandra Bullock.

She hangs up, then opens up her laptop and gets to work,
looking happier with each passing second.

INT. TV STUDIO - LATER

Emma walks onto the set. There is a small crowd gathered
around Paul, who is in some kind of heated argument with
Neil. There are two SECURITY GUARDS loitering nearby.

Emma goes in for a closer look.

PAUL
You can't do this to me, do you
know how long I have been on this
show? I am an institution!

NEIL
Yeah yeah.
(to the security guards)
Escort him out.

The security guards gently guide him away, past many of the
female cast and crew who are all watching and smiling.
He clocks Emma.

PAUL
You arrogant bitch! This is all
your fault!

EMMA
 (heartfelt)
 I know. Isn't it great?

He departs, and normal service resumes. Emma approaches Lydia, who is cleaning her make up brushes by the sink.

EMMA (CONT'D)
 I am so sorry for what I said about you. It was petty. I actually admire you. You know who you are.

Lydia nods. That's the best Emma is going to get for now.

INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - LATER

ON THE SCREEN: 'The Soap Digestive' website, with a photo of Paul and the headline: *Emma Marshall's leaked e-mails reveal 'inappropriate' behaviour on set.*

Neil, looking less smug than previously, looks away from his laptop screen and faces Emma across the desk once more.

NEIL
 Thanks for coming back in. Turns out firing someone after they have accused another cast member of sexual harassment makes us look bad. Who knew?

EMMA
 HR?

NEIL
 Yep HR knew.
 (beat)
 So congrats, you have your job back. If you want it.

EMMA
 Well, everyone here hates me. But I can't imagine anyone else offering me work anytime soon. So I accept.

NEIL
 That's the spirit.

EMMA
 Plus Frank broke up with me, and my agent quit. So, it'll be nice to be busy! Stop me sticking my head in the oven! Ha ha ha!

NEIL
 Yeah... We should also roll the credits on this thing between us.

EMMA

Obviously. It's not like it meant anything. It was just sex.

(beat)

And just so you know, I gave you HPV.

NEIL

Ha. Jokes on you. I already had it.

There is a beat of sexual tension between them.

EMMA

Well, then I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

INT. CLIVE'S OFFICE - LATER

Clive is going through Emma's old phone with her, as excited as a kid on Christmas morning.

CLIVE

Someone got into your phone, despite your very complex pass-code.

He puts 1-2-3-4 into her phone.

CLIVE (CONT'D)

They installed this -

She shows Emma an app on her phone called "SpyHack"

CLIVE (CONT'D)

It meant they had remote access to all your data.

EMMA

How did I not notice this?

CLIVE

Because you have 250 apps on your phone, including 26 photography apps, 4 fitness trackers, and this one that apparently just makes your voice go backwards -

EMMA

Oh yeah, check it out -
(in backwards language)
I am speaking backwards.

She plays it to him, but forwards. He looks impressed.

CLIVE

So our suspect is anyone who could access your phone in the last six months.

(MORE)

CLIVE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Don't worry. I'll keep digging.

EMMA

You are loving this aren't you?

CLIVE

I feel as young as Sandra Bullock did when she made The Net.

EMMA

(coyly)

Clive, did you read my e-mails and stuff?

CLIVE

Course not. None of my business.

EMMA

Okay. But just so you know that when you and Rachel started dating I got jealous of how much time she was spending with you and signed you up for a bunch of spam e-mails.

CLIVE

I know. And I forgive you.

(beat)

As long as you show me how to do that backwards thing.

INT. RACHEL'S SPARE ROOM - LATER

Emma lugs a suitcase onto the bed and Rachel comes in.

EMMA

Thanks for letting me stay, I figured I owed Frank space -

RACHEL

I just re-negotiated your contract with Pickton street. They agreed to give you a pay raise, which is fair all things considered.

Emma lunges at her sister, and hugs her very tightly. Which catches her off guard, but she relents and squeezes her back.

EMMA

So are you my agent again?

RACHEL

Yes. Turns out I have no other clients.

They pull apart.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But if this is going to work you need to be honest with me. I'm not that scary.

EMMA

You are a little bit scary.

RACHEL

Fuck you.

Rachel walks out of the room.

EMMA

(shouting)

Love you!

INT. RACHEL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Emma is scribbling in a notebook, the TV on in the background is at a low level. Rachel and Clive are cuddled up on the sofa.

We see that Emma is making a list with the heading.

Possible Hackers.

It is a long list of names.

ON THE SCREEN: Claire is being interviewed on a talk show. She look as poised as normal.

PRESENTER

So, the Emma Marshall hacking scandal. Is your friendship over?

Clive shoots a concerned look at Emma, who stops writing and looks up.

CLAIRE

I love Emma, but this is a difficult business, and some people can't handle it. It makes them do odd things. Like releasing a bunch of their private data just for the attention.

PRESENTER

So you think she released them herself?

CLAIRE

Like I said, this is a difficult business.

Rachel picks up the remote and changes the channel.

The doorbell goes. Clive looks at her.

RACHEL

It's not for me. Everyone I know is here.

EMMA

I'll get it.

INT/EXT. RACHEL'S HALL/DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Emma opens the door to Caroline, who immediately pulls her in for a hug.

CAROLINE

I think we need to talk.

THE END