

Dedicated To

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Final Draft

**INT. PSYCHOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY**

A TEACHER (40, brunette hair pinned back, wearing a pair of black trousers and polkadot blouse, old mascara lines her eyes and her fingers are stained yellow from cigarettes) is stood at the front of the class.

LIBBIE (16, brunette, scruffy hair) is wearing her school uniform with a loose tie and high skirt. She has her phone in her lap and is typing away.

She, also, has a small wire sticking out of her sleeve as she leans on her hand. The small earphone plays music. Her pockets are brimming with old papers and random pieces of stationary.

TEACHER  
Okay, what did we cover in the  
last lesson?  
(beat)  
Anyone?

Silence covers the classroom. The TEACHER'S eyes slowly roll as she looks down at her seating plan of the room.

TEACHER  
Joseph?

JOSEPH (O.S)  
Erm... Mental health?

TEACHER  
Not quite. Anyone else?

She looks down again.

TEACHER  
Libbie?

Libbie continues to type on her phone.

TEACHER  
Libbie!

Libbie's head shoots up in shock.

LIBBIE  
What?

TEACHER  
Off your phone, now.

LIBBIE  
I'm not on my-

TEACHER  
Yes you are. Enough.

Libbie slowly slides her phone into her blazer pocket.

TEACHER  
Now. What did we cover last  
lesson?

LIBBIE  
I don't know.

TEACHER  
(to the rest of the class)  
Do any of you listen? This won't  
be acceptable around exam time.  
You all need to pull your socks  
up and start concentrating.

TEXT MESSAGE CHIME.

The teacher walks up to Libbie's desk and, with a sigh, holds  
out her hand.

TEACHER  
Give it to me.

LIBBIE  
What?

TEACHER  
Your phone.

LIBBIE  
What phone?

TEACHER  
Libbie!

LIBBIE  
Nope.

Libbie looks around awkwardly, very aware of the prying eyes  
and ears. Her eyes focus on the group of students in the  
back, chuckling between one another. BRAD (17, blonde hair,  
blue eyes, scruffy uniform), CHARLIE (16, brunette, chewing  
gum), LIAM (17, blonde, short, stocky) and ALEX (16, brunette  
wearing glasses) all sit passing notes to each other.

BRAD  
She is such a freak.

CHARLIE  
Probably texting her girlfriend.

The group erupts into laughter.

TEACHER  
Enough! I won't tolerate comments  
like that.

Libbie faces the front of the class, keeping her eyes on the  
board. Tears slowly creep down her face, she wipes them away  
before any one can see.

TEACHER

Libbie.

Libbie's head snaps up. She stands as her teacher holds out her hand, the same way as before.

OOO'S and AHHH'S can be heard from the group at the back.

ALEX (O.S)

Guys, give it up now.

Libbie smirks slightly.

LIBBIE

Can't you just leave me alone?

TEACHER

Excuse me?

LIBBIE

You heard.

TEACHER

Out. To isolation. Now.

#### **EXT. SCHOOL GATES - AFTERNOON**

MADDY (16, mousy hair pulled into two plaits) is sat with her back against the railings of the school gates. Her uniform is close to perfect with her tie pulling her collar together and her blazer only showing a few pens in her top pocket. She is plugging her earphones into her phone as Libbie rounds the corner and taps her.

MADDY

Hey.

LIBBIE

Hey.

MADDY

Quite the show you put on in psychology.

LIBBIE

No show about it. She was being an ass.

MADDY

You shouldn't have been on your phone.

LIBBIE

I wasn't on my phone!

MADDY  
Jesus, Libbie. I could see you  
from the row behind.

LIBBIE  
Fine, whatever. I just can't be  
assed with school any more.

MADDY  
(sarcastic cringe)  
Let's get that Friday feeling.

Libbie pulls her face and rolls her eyes. The two start  
walking down the hill as Libbie takes one of the earbuds  
hanging from Maddy's neck and places it into her own ear;  
sharing.

LIBBIE  
You're a loser.

MADDIE  
(winking)  
We are losers.

Libbie scoffs.

LIBBIE  
Got any plans for tonight?

MADDY  
Are you kidding? It's our monthly  
bitch sesh at the roller rink.

LIBBIE  
Oh yeah.

MADDY  
You forgot?

LIBBIE  
No, I just. I don't know if we  
need it.

MADDY  
Well, it's tradition now. You  
used to love it.

LIBBIE  
What's that supposed to mean.

MADDY  
Y'know. Come on, it'll be fun.  
(mocking)  
Alex is going.

LIBBIE  
Why would I care if Alex is  
going?

MADDY  
Well, I don't know.  
(chuckling)

LIBBIE  
Oh shut up. Can I bring Brandon?

MADDY  
Do you have to?

LIBBIE  
What's wrong with him?

MADDY  
Love is in the air with that one.

LIBBIE  
Oh shut up.

MADDIE  
So, you'll come then?

They reach Maddy's front garden.

MADDY  
See you later.

Libbie is already slipping her earphones into her ears and puts little effort into her backwards wave as she walks away.

#### **EXT. TRIPP GARDEN - LATER**

Libbie rounds onto her front pathway up to her house, still listening to her music. She reaches the front door and ventures inside. She opens the door into the open-plan kitchen/living.

#### **INT. TRIPP LOUNGE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

The room's walls are adorned with various family pictures. Libbie's school photos are displayed on the fireplace and window sills. She continues straight through, past the stairs in the lounge and into the kitchen where she flicks the kettle on.

It is only as her music cuts out, turning to the next song that she hears:

CAROL (O.S.)  
LIBBIE!

Libbie turns quickly to her mother, CAROL (45, relaxed clothes, hair pinned up in a clip) shouting to her. Carol gestures for Libbie to remove her headphones and beckons her over.

LIBBIE

What?

CAROL

Come here.

It is only now that Libbie realises that her father is sat with his back to her on the couch. As she rounds the corner to sit in the armchair, MARK (50, full suit but wearing slippers) looks at her with disapproving eyes while he shakes his head.

Libbie sits in silence with her hands on her knees. The room is full of deep sighing from Carol and Mark as Libbie sits perched on the end of the armchair. She taps her feet and purses her lips, awaiting what her parents are going to say.

With the silence becoming unbearably long, Libbie finally caves.

LIBBIE

What?! What is it?

CAROL

Well, we've had a call from school.

LIBBIE

Oh. I thought it was gonna be something worse than that.

CAROL

Worse than you being in isolation for half of the day?

LIBBIE

It wasn't a big deal, really. I just got caught texting.

MARK

Who were you texting?

LIBBIE

Not important.

MARK

Libbie, you're impossible.

LIBBIE

Impossible?

CAROL

All we're saying love is... What happened?

LIBBIE

Just my teacher being an asshole.

CAROL  
Libbie!

MARK  
No. Not what happened today. What happened to you?

LIBBIE  
What?

MARK  
You used to be so good in school and now you're acting out. It's not the first time either.

CAROL  
Your grades are suffering too.

LIBBIE  
Oh, gimme a break.

CAROL  
We're just worried. You've put so much into doing well the past couple of years and we would hate for that to fall apart now.

LIBBIE  
It's not gonna fall apart. Lots going on y'know?

Carol and Mark look to each other, their eyebrows dropping - changing from angry to sympathetic. Carol nods for Mark to continue speaking, Mark shakes his head.

CAROL  
We have given you the benefit of the doubt for months now, though.

Libbie stands up.

LIBBIE  
Are we done? I'm going out later.

MARK  
Going where?

LIBBIE  
Monthly skating.

CAROL  
No.

LIBBIE  
No?

CAROL  
You're not going.

MARK

You expect to be rewarded after  
your day at school?

LIBBIE

Well, I've already told Maddy I'm  
going now.

CAROL

Well, tell her you're not going  
anymore.

LIBBIE

No.

Libbie starts walking up the stairs and does not look back.  
After a few seconds she SLAMS her bedroom door shut.

#### **INT. LIBBIE'S BEDROOM - LATER**

Libbie is laid in bed as she flicks through the book she is  
reading. The room is a deep burgundy red with bookshelves  
everywhere and school books covering her small, wooden desk.  
The dimmed lighting makes the room warm and cosy.

Libbie stops reading and puts her book into her lap. She  
pauses for a second, listening intently. Silence covers the  
room, and the rest of the house, like a blanket.

She pulls her duvet back quickly and reveals that she is  
fully clothed. She has blue jeans on, black converse and a  
black hoodie. She opens her bedside table and grabs her  
illuminous leg warmers from the drawer. She jumps out of bed,  
carelessly throws the duvet back into place and shoves her  
clothes into a handbag.

She opens her rickety window, the paint splitting more than  
it already has as she pushes the frame up. She takes a deep  
breath and steps out onto the smaller roof.

SMASH CUT TO:

#### **INT. ROLLER RINK - EVENING**

The rink is alive with 1980s disco music and neon lights  
flash through the space. The skaters wear leg warmers and  
glow-in-the-dark jewellery. Maddy and Libbie are hand in hand  
rolling around the rink.

LIBBIE

I just can't stand them.

MADDY

I think they mean well. It's  
gonna be hard for everyone.

LIBBIE

You don't have to be so neutral  
all the time.

MADDY

I'm not, I'm just saying. You can  
chat shit about them but your mum  
was the one taking us both to  
swimming classes and your dad  
never forgets to have cherry coke  
in for me.

LIBBIE

Well, I'm just saying. Be on my  
side.

MADDY

So what you gonna do about it?

LIBBIE

What can I do?

MADDY

We could plan something. Show  
them what they're missing.

LIBBIE

What do you mean?

MADDY

A date night. When we were at  
swimming, they would always be  
going out to dinner and stuff.  
They clearly used to love it.

LIBBIE

Yeahhhh. They've just forgotten  
what it's like to actually have  
some time together.

MADDY

Exactly.

LIBBIE

Okay so, roses, a nice meal, some  
chocolate covered strawberries  
for dessert.

MADDY

Very romantic. They'll love it.

Alex turns up wearing braces holding up her high waisted-  
shorts and long socks combo. She is skating towards the  
girls, intersecting them and breaking apart their hands.

ALEX

Heyyyyyyy.

MADDY  
Hi, Alex!

Alex turns to Libbie. Maddy looks over Alex's shoulder doing  
kissy faces to Libbie.

ALEX  
How's things?

Maddie mouths "GO ON" to Libbie, encouraging her.

LIBBIE  
Good, thanks.

ALEX  
So psychology...  
(chuckling)

MADDY  
Yeah. She was being dramatic.

LIBBIE  
I was only texting!

ALEX  
Who were you texting?

MADDY  
Hmmm, yeah Libbie. Who were you  
texting?

LIBBIE  
(laughing awkwardly)  
You guys are hilarious.

ALEX  
Well, you're just keeping things  
interesting, right Libbie?

LIBBIE  
Right.

MADDY  
Didn't appreciate the comments  
from your friends though.

ALEX  
Oh yeah. Sorry about that.

LIBBIE  
Oh no, it's okay!

MADDY  
No it's not. Talk to them.

ALEX  
Already done.

LIBBIE  
(to Maddie)  
See?

Alex winks and skates off, circling around in front of them before leaving gracefully.

Maddy starts to chuckle to herself.

LIBBIE  
Shut up.

MADDY  
Why do you do this to yourself?

LIBBIE  
Wh-

BRANDON (17, tall, brunette) stumbles over to the two girls, clearly very bad at skating. He throws himself into Libbie as she falters under his weight.

BRANDON  
Oops, sorry babe.

He quickly pecks her on the cheek.

MADDY  
I'll leave you two to catch up.

She skates off and gives Libbie a big THUMBS UP behind Brandon, clearly very sarcastic.

BRANDON  
I hate roller skating.

LIBBIE  
You didn't have to come.

BRANDON  
No, I didn't mean that. It's been  
a while since we hung out  
anyways.

Brandon skates Libbie over to one of the sides of the rink and stands blocking her in with his arms. She can't get away.

LIBBIE  
Come on, let's keep skating.

Libbie tries to ignore him, moving her face away from him until he grabs her chin and makes her look into his eyes.

LIBBIE  
Bran...

BRANDON  
Lib...

Silence as Libbie continues to avoid eye contact.

BRANDON  
Have I done something wrong?  
You've been like this a lot  
since-

LIBBIE  
Since?

BRANDON  
Well, y'know, your parents.

LIBBIE  
They never get along. Big deal.  
Leave it.

BRANDON  
Well, we are nothing like your  
parents, Lib.  
(beat)  
We love each other, right?

LIBBIE  
Ye-

BRANDON  
That's all that matters, then.

LIBBIE  
I know, just let me breathe a  
bit.

Brandon lets her out of his little prison and she circles  
round him.

BRANDON  
Okay, I'm gonna go find Alex.

LIBBIE  
Oh, okay. Cool.

BRANDON  
We on for tomorrow?

LIBBIE  
Tomorrow?

BRANDON  
Yeah, you were coming to mine.

LIBBIE  
Oh, I can't now. Something came  
up.

BRANDON  
What you doing?

LIBBIE  
Just something for my parents.  
(MORE)

LIBBIE (CONT'D)  
Maddy's helping me so maybe I'll  
have some free time.

BRANDON  
Okay, just let me know. See ya  
soon.

He kisses her on the forehead and skates off as Maddy takes  
the free space next to Libbie.

MADDY  
That looked... awkward.

LIBBIE  
(panicked)  
Well mission: date night is on  
for tomorrow then because I just  
told him I was busy doing that.

MADDY  
Okay... need help?

**INT. LIBBIE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

CAROL (O.S.)  
Libbie! We're leaving. We won't  
be long. Can you do the dishes?

Libbie is lying on her bed, her phone next to her on speaker  
phone showing MADDY on the screen.

LIBBIE  
(shouting)  
Yeah! Have fun.

MADDY  
(from phone)  
Have fun? They're only food  
shopping.

LIBBIE  
Yeah, you know Mum though, she  
loves it. Dad? Not so much.

MADDY (O.S.)  
Okay. Are they gone?

LIBBIE  
Yeah. I just heard the front  
door.

MADDY (O.S.)  
Okay, I'm coming in.

**INT. TRIPP KITCHEN/LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Libbie and Maddie are stood in the kitchen, both have their hands on their hips and are staring at the mound of date night items on the kitchen counter. Heart-shaped chocolate boxes, red roses and various candles litter the worktop.

LIBBIE  
Is it too much?

MADDY  
Never too much for luuuurve.

A montage of Maddy decorating the room with romantic items and Libbie cooking a spaghetti bolognese.

Maddy pours red wine into a crystal glass.

Libbie stirs the mince of the spaghetti bolognese.

Maddy places the cutlery by the placemats.

Libbie sprinkles spices and grinds salt over her pan.

Maddy sprinkles paper love hearts around the plates and over the floor.

Libbie puts two plates down with a CLUNK.

Maddy lights some candles on the dinner table.

Libbie pours the spaghetti bolognese onto the plates.

Each girls puts one plate down onto the placemats each and stands back with their hands on their hips - proud.

LIBBIE  
Looks great.

MADDY  
Yeah. Nice cooking.

LIBBIE  
Nice decorating.

MADDY  
Okay. I'm gonna go. Let me know how it goes.

**INT. TRIPP KITCHEN/LOUNGE - LATER**

Libbie is pacing, nervously waiting for her parents when she hears KEYS JINGLING in the door. She straightens her back and fiddles with her thumbs down by her waist.

Carol and Mark walk in holding various shopping bags, struggling under the weight and barely speaking. They look up at Libbie and around at the scene in front of them and then to each other.

CAROL  
Libbie?

MARK  
What is going on?

LIBBIE  
Surprise! I cooked you dinner!

LIBBIE  
You two just don't get to spend  
any nice time together anymore.

CAROL  
Well, isn't this just the cutest,  
Mark?

MARK  
Yeah...It- It's lovely.

Silence.

CAROL  
Thank you, Libbie.

LIBBIE  
That's okay.  
(Gesturing outwards with her  
hands)  
Enjoy.

Libbie runs up the stairs and pretends to shut her bedroom door. She returns to the landing and perches on the top step.

CAROL (O.S.)  
Well, this is nice.

MARK (O.S.)  
Yeah, I suppose.

The two sit down rather awkwardly and slowly pick up their cutlery, poking at the food. FORKS SCRAPE the plates and the two take SMALL SLURPS of wine from their glasses.

CAROL  
She probably just felt like doing  
something nice.

MARK  
She is lovely. And I know she  
means well but-

CAROL  
Can't we just enjoy that she did  
something nice?

MARK  
I know. But it's a bit bloody  
obvious, Carol.

CAROL

You're always like this. Stop seeing the worst in people.

MARK

Okay. Fine, I'll stop. How did she even do all of this? We weren't out for too long.

CAROL

Well, she is kind of amazing.

MARK

I know. At least we did something right.

CAROL

I found it hard when my parents divorced, she's just dealing with it.

Silence ensues as they eat some more. The two avoid eye contact and clear their throats every-so-often.

MARK

We should tell her, y'know.

Libbie's eyebrows raise slightly as she pulls her head up after staring down at her phone. She listens closely, aiming her ear downstairs.

#### **INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN - DAY**

The room is alive with secondary school students, chatting in depth as they all enjoy their lunch. Boys are slapping and running from each other as they get told to sit down by teachers.

Older girls shove younger students out the way to make room for their huge friendship groups on the canteen tables. In the back corner, Libbie, Maddy and Alex sit talking. Alex is munching away as Maddy is listening intently to Libbie.

MADDY

Well, what do you think they were on about?

LIBBIE

I don't know.

The Bullies from Libbie's psychology class sit next to the three girls.

BRAD

(elbowing Alex)

Hey Alex! Long time no see!

CHARLIE  
Yeah, remember when we were  
friends.

The group all put their bottom lips out, faking that they are  
sad. They wipe their eyes.

ALEX  
Okay, guys. Give it up.

LIAM  
Give it up?

CHARLIE  
Alex, why are you with these  
losers?

BRAD  
(fake gasp)  
Don't talk about her girlfriend  
like that, Charlie!

ALEX  
Yeah, so what if she is my  
girlfriend?

What?	BRAD	What?	CHARLIE
What?	ALEX	What?	LIBBIE

Libbie shoots Alex a warning look with her eyes narrowing.  
The three boys looks at her and Libbie's face goes back to  
normal.

LIBBIE  
I've got a boyfriend anyway.

The boys begin to chuckle.

MADDY  
Do you all have nothing better to  
do?

LIAM  
Not really.

The boys leave.

MADDY  
Okay, I'm off to talk to Mr  
Gallagher.

LIBBIE  
Of course you are.

MADDY  
Shut up, see ya losers.

Alex moves up to sit across from Libbie.

ALEX  
Soooo...

LIBBIE  
Soooo..?

ALEX  
I've been thinking.

LIBBIE  
Oh no.

ALEX  
Nothing bad. We've been texting  
for a while now.

LIBBIE  
Yeah?

ALEX  
You cou-

LIBBIE  
Don't say break up with Brandon.  
You know I can't.

ALEX  
Yeah, I know, I know.  
(beat)  
I was thinking... a date.

LIBBIE  
A date?

ALEX  
Yeah, you know. Those things  
people go on when they like  
someone.

LIBBIE  
Yeah I know. Just depends where.  
What if someone sees us.

ALEX  
Cinema? If anyone sees us it's a  
friend date. Otherwise, the  
lights are off.

Alex winks with her last word.

ALEX  
Yes?

LIBBIE  
Ugh, yes.

**INT. TRIPP MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Libbie sits in her parents' bedroom, surrounded by empty cardboard boxes with various words in black marker on them:

**CLOTHES**  
**CHARITY SHOP**  
**BOOKS**

The decor is minimalist. Carol and Mark only have a few pieces of furniture: two bedside tables, a bed, a chest of drawers and a built in wardrobe.

Carol walks in with her cheeks flushed with colour. She is out of breath and stands there with her hands on her hips.

CAROL  
How we doing?

LIBBIE  
Well, I've labelled the boxes.

CAROL  
Well...good start.

Carol begins pacing around the room, pointing at various things.

CAROL  
So this pile is charity and this  
is going with dad to the new  
house.

LIBBIE  
Okay.

Libbie is defeated, she sighs and drops her head. Shaking herself back to normal, she gets up and approaches the piles on the bed.

CAROL  
You okay?

LIBBIE  
Yeah... just feels real now.

CAROL  
We will have fun though! Just us  
girlies.

LIBBIE  
I'm mad at everyone.

CAROL  
And you have every reason to be.

LIBBIE  
I know.

CAROL  
It'll be good.

LIBBIE  
Yeah, ok.

CAROL  
Your father and I have been at  
each other's throats through all  
this. We will be happier now.

Libbie is silent.

CAROL  
Trust me. So, anyway. What's  
going on with you? How's Brandon?

LIBBIE  
He's... fine.

CAROL  
Trouble in paradise?

LIBBIE  
You're SO funny.

CAROL  
I'm serious.

LIBBIE  
It's just hard. I feel like... Oh  
I don't know.

CAROL  
What is it, honey?

LIBBIE  
I just don't think he's right for  
me.

CAROL  
Why?

LIBBIE  
I can't explain it.

CAROL  
Please.

LIBBIE  
No. I just feel like I don't know  
myself.

CAROL  
Of course you know yourself!

LIBBIE  
Oh Mum. Please.  
(MORE)

LIBBIE (CONT'D)

I don't want to talk about this right now. You don't know the first thing about me.

CAROL

Why? What are we missing?

Libbie just stares at her as Carol's eyes start to well with tears.

LIBBIE

Come on, packing to do.

Carol sobs as she leaves.

Libbie keeps herself busy as she dumps the clothes into various boxes. She then moves onto Mark's bedside table and searches through the room for anything that might be his. His alarm clock, chargers and bedside books are all placed into boxes, accompanied by Libbie's pained sighs.

She stands in the corner of the room with her hands on her hips just looking around. Libbie walks over to the wardrobe and opens the double doors to check that only Carol's clothes remain.

She sifts through the clothes hung up in front of her and kneels when she starts to go through the drawers underneath. Reaching the final drawer, she attempts to open it but it is jammed.

LIBBIE

What on earth?

She yanks the drawer over and over with it finally loosening as some of the wood splits on the sides. Libbie loses her balance and topples backwards with a CLUNK.

CAROL (O.S.)

What was that?

MARK (O.S.)

You okay, Lib?

LIBBIE

(shouting down)

Yeah I'm fine.

Curiosity covers Libbie's face with her tongue out to the side of her mouth as she shuffles towards the drawer once again. The drawer slides out revealing a black, metal box. She opens it up and inside is a stack of paperwork.

On the front page reads: CERTIFICATE OF ADOPTION. THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT ELIZABETH TRIPP HAS BEEN ADOPTED INTO THE TRIPP FAMILY BY AND ON JANUARY 16TH 2007 FROM ORANGE GROVE FOSTER AGENCY.

Libbie's world comes crashing down. Tears instantly well up in her eyes and, as they fall, they hit the papers in her lap.

LIBBIE  
What the fuck?

MADDY (V.O)  
What the fuck?

#### INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Libbie, Alex and Maddy sit in their ICT class typing away. The room is lined with computers.

ALEX  
Oh my god.

Libbie's computer has several tabs open including ANCESTRY.COM and Mark and Carol's Facebook friends.

LIBBIE  
I know.

The ICT teacher (male, mid-forties, casual suit and tie) walks up behind them. Libbie minimises her search windows, her breathing quickens and the three carry on the lesson as normal.

Alex points over to Libbie's screen.

ALEX  
So just try to copy and paste that and then go from there.

TEACHER  
Well done, girls.

As he walks away, Alex and Maddy lean closer to Libbie.

MADDY  
So, what are you gonna do?

LIBBIE  
I need to know who they are, were. I don't know. Just something.

MADDY  
Do your parents know that you're doing this?

Libbie avoids the question.

ALEX  
Well, that's a no.

Libbie hits Alex's arm and they both smirk.

MADDY  
Come on, Libbie.

LIBBIE  
They lied to me my whole life.  
Don't defend them.

MADDY  
I'm not. I just don't like that  
you're doing this on your own.

LIBBIE  
Then join me.

ALEX  
Well, what do you have planned?

MADDY  
Yeah, what have you found so far?

LIBBIE  
Well, at first I was just looking  
through their Facebook friends  
for anyone resembling me.

MADDY  
Seems a bit far fetched.

LIBBIE  
Yeah. I didn't know what else to  
do.  
(beat)  
Anyway. So yeah, I was looking  
for anyone that could help.

MADDY  
And what did you find?

LIBBIE  
Absolutely nothing.

MADDY  
Oh.

LIBBIE  
Yeah oh. Soooo...

The teacher walks behind them once again.

LIBBIE

I was thinking to keep this for the next assignment. I dunno. What do you guys think?

ALEX

Yeah, sounds good.

MADDY

Yeah, sounds good.

TEACHER

Good work.

He walks away and they lean in again.

MADDY

So. What else did you find?

LIBBIE

My Mum's name. Well, the papers said my birth Mum's name was Annette Smith.

ALEX

You think that's her real name?

LIBBIE

I don't know, Smith seems too common. First name maybe.

MADDY

Dad?

LIBBIE

There's nothing on him.

MADDY

Jesus.

LIBBIE

Anyway, I can't find any Annette Smith on Facebook. Even outside of my parents' friends.

ALEX

You think it's a friend of your parents?

LIBBIE

I don't know. At first I did. I guess it depends on why they adopted me. If it was just run-of-the-mill can't have kids then maybe Annette is a complete stranger.

MADDY

Can't you ask them?

LIBBIE

No!

MADDY

Okay. Okay. You think that was the thing that they wanted to tell you?

LIBBIE

Surely. If it's not then what else are they hiding?

ALEX

I'm sure that was it.

LIBBIE

Yeah probably. I just can't believe they hid this from me for so long.

MADDY

Maybe we can find them together. Mission: Birth Mum.

LIBBIE

Yeah because our last plan went so well.

ALEX

Positivity only please.

LIBBIE

Well, I did see the adoption papers. I could look at the stuff on there.

MADDY

The foster care place? What was it called?

LIBBIE

Orange Grove. They must know something.

ALEX

Day-trip?

MADDY

Sounds good to me.

LIBBIE

What? You think we can just walk in there and demand answers.

ALEX

You could.

LIBBIE

I dunno, guys.

MADDY  
Come on, we'll go round after  
school.

ALEX  
Oh, I can't after school.

LIBBIE  
Oh... yeah.

MADDY  
Why not?

LIBBIE  
Well, we both can't actually.

MADDY  
Wha- oh... FINALLY!

LIBBIE  
Shhhhh.

Alex and Maddy both laugh together.

MADDY  
You two are cute.

ALEX  
I know.

LIBBIE  
God, I hate this.

MADDY  
Just so you know though, I will  
never third wheel.

LIBBIE  
(rolling her eyes)  
Noted.

#### **INT. SCHOOL CANTEEN - DAY**

The set-up is the same as before with Libbie, Maddy and Alex in their normal corner of the canteen. Libbie and Alex hold hands, subtly underneath the table. They let go as Brandon sits down next to Libbie, planting a kiss on her cheek.

BRANDON  
Hey, babe.

LIBBIE  
Oh, hey Brandon.

ALEX  
Hey Brandon!

MADDY  
Hey Brandon!

The two sit staring and smiling at him, holding their grins for slightly too long.

BRANDON  
Erm, ok. Hey girls.

LIBBIE  
What's up?

BRANDON  
Nothing. I just wanted to ask you  
what your plans are tonight?

LIBBIE  
Nothing, why?

BRANDON  
Well, my parents are finally  
actually at home together tonight  
so...

LIBBIE  
Don't you think it's too soon.

BRANDON  
Come on, they've asked for you  
specially. They've made  
meatballs.

ALEX  
Meatballs! Your favourite, Lib.  
You have to go.

Libbie looks pleadingly at Maddy, Alex just smiles to  
herself; entertained by the situation.

MADDY  
Well, we have plans tonight!

BRANDON  
Oh, really?  
(turning to Libbie)  
You didn't mention it?

LIBBIE  
Slipped my mind.

Brandon quietens his voice and side-eyes Alex and Maddy,  
shifting uncomfortably in his seat. The two girls pretend not  
to listen.

BRANDON  
I feel like you don't tell me  
anything anymore.

LIBBIE  
Come on, Bran. Not here.

Brandon **SCOFFS** and rolls his eyes as he gets up to leave.

BRANDON  
See ya, guys.

MADDY  
Oh god, that was so awkward.

ALEX  
I think your plan might be slowly  
falling apart.

LIBBIE  
Yeah, well. It was never together  
to begin with.

MADDY  
How was the date, anyways guys?

ALEX  
(winking at Libbie)  
What date?

MADDY  
Ugh, whatever.  
(turning to Libbie)  
I suppose this is a good a time  
as ever to go to Orange Grove.  
Now that you need plans for  
tonight. Y'know, so you're not  
completely lying to him.

LIBBIE  
Yeah, I've been thinking about  
that and I just don't know if  
it's good idea.

MADDY  
Come on, you'll have us there!

ALEX  
Yeah! Find out where you came  
from.

**EXT. SCHOOL GATES - DAY**

Libbie and Alex are stood waiting for Maddy at the gates.

LIBBIE  
Where is she?

ALEX  
I dunno. We could go without her.

**PHONE CHIME**

Libbie looks down at her phone.

LIBBIE  
Looks like we're gonna have to.

She flips the phone around to Alex.

LIBBIE

Detention.

(beat)

God, she hasn't had detention all year and now look. What the hell?

ALEX

Still wanna go?

LIBBIE

I dunno.

ALEX

Come on, it'll be like our second date.

LIBBIE

Weird date.

ALEX

Yeah, well. We're weird. Come on.