

BLACKPOOL PLEASURE

by

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*"It's no crime to steal from a thief."*

**EXT. BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT - NIGHT**

Fairground lights glimmer from a distant pier as waves crash against the sea wall. LYDIA and ARIANA, two young women wearing hoodies, idly watch as they share a cigarette and a large bottle of discount cider.

LYDIA

Funfairs are so fuckin' depressing.

Ariana winces unconvinced.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

There's just somethin' creepy about them. You know? You fuckin' know. You see it in like, movies and tv shows all the time.

ARIANNA

What movies and tv shows?

LYDIA

Like... Like... You know... fuck you, I don't have to reason my feelings to validate them.

ARIANNA

They just creep you out?

LYDIA

Yeah, which is crazy when you think about it 'cause, okay, little known fact, for most people, in ye olde times, the first time they would have seen a movie was at a travellin' fair, get that?

ARIANNA

Well I'm no expert like you. I was never a movie star's assistant.

LYDIA

She wasn't like, a huge movie star, okay? I told you, she was only big in Japan. That's why I had to leave.

ARIANNA

Cos of the language barrier, yes?

LYDIA

Yeah! And 'cause I could do so much for myself better back here.

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY**

Lydia grimaces as she clutches onto an oversized tub of bodybuilding supplement, bent over the countertop while JOHNNY BEAR, a brute of a man, rogers her hard from behind.

JOHNNY BEAR

Yeah bitch! You want me to ruin that ass?

LYDIA

(through pain)

Yeah, that's it, ruin my ass.

JAMMI, a shady looking guy with a cheap camcorder, pans around them licking his lips.

JAMMI

C'mon, lad, fucking ruin her!

The supplement tub slips out of Lydia's grip and tumbles onto the floor.

JAMMI (CONT'D)

FUCK! CUT!

They stop. Jammi fumbles around trying to pick it up.

JAMMI (CONT'D)

How many fucking times do I have to fucking ask you? Keep the fucking product in shot, you dumb fucking whore!

LYDIA

Fuck off, you cunt! I've got you acting like Michael fuckin' Bay, I've got his cock in my arse, who the fuck tries to put product placement in porn anyway?

Johnny Bear withdraws.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Ow! Fuck! Thanks for the heads up!

JOHNNY BEAR

Listen, I told you mate, I can't work with this bitch. She's a proper boner killer.

Jammi tries to hand the tub back to Lydia but she's now up in Johnny Bear's face.

LYDIA

Fuck! You! It certainly doesn't feel like there's a problem.

JOHNNY BEAR

Yeah, you wanna know why? Because I'm a fuckin' professional!

LYDIA

More like 'cause this is the only way you can get any, dickhead!

Johnny Bear glares. SMACK! He backhands Lydia hard.

JAMMI

Hey! Hey! Fuck! No no no no no!

Lydia looks back up with a cut lip and wipes blood away.

JAMMI (CONT'D)

Oh fuck, you damaged the girl! You can't damage the fuckin' girl, lad! Hey, let me see, let me see.

Jammi cradles her head and inspects the cut.

JAMMI (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, this is actually pretty fucking horny right now.

Before Lydia can even react, Jammi shoves the tub back in her hands while Johnny Bear thrusts back in and pounds away.

**INT. SMALL APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY - LATER**

Still naked, Johnny Bear gobs what looks like purple milkshake into the sink as Jammi reels with laughter.

JOHNNY BEAR

Fuckin' hell, mate! What flavour is this shit?

In an adjacent bedroom, Lydia finishes redressing herself while listening to them.

JAMMI

Purple. Seriously, that's what they've called it, purple. I mean, what the fuck, right?

She resentfully checks a roll of cash. There's about eighty quid in grubby notes. She looks back to the kitchen.

JOHNNY BEAR

You know what tastes better than this? Her arse tastes better than this.

JAMMI

Her arse does taste better than this. It really fucking does.

Johnny Bear sticks out his tongue and mimes the fine art of analingus while gargling, Jammi copies.

Lydia sulks as she tries to ignore what she's hearing.

She spies Johnny Bear's jeans on the bed. She reaches into the pocket and slips out his wallet.

She opens it, plenty of cash.

JOHNNY BEAR

And that's some nasty arse, mate.  
That's how bad this shit is.

She shoves his wallet in her back pocket.

**INT. BEDSIT - DAY**

Lydia enters the scummy bedsit where piles of grubby clothes and stacks of dirty dishes compete for height.

She rummages through the various piles of belongings in a corner and pulls out a box.

She opens the box to reveal a few unopened smartphone boxes, some wallets, fags, and some petty cash.

Lydia takes a few notes from Johnny Bear's wallet, stuffs it in the box, and hides it all away.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

DILF, a man who seems to be making drug addiction a fashion statement, lies motionless, slumped on a park bench, his stare fixed into the sky.

A raised female finger catches his attention, he stares up to find Lydia and Ariana peering back down concerned.

DILF

Oh wow! Are you a angels?

LYDIA

For fuck's sake, Dulf, you mong. We thought you were fuckin' dead then.

DILF

I think... I might be.

LYDIA

Nah, it's worse than that, you're in Blackpool, mate.

DILF

Ladies, hold my hands, I want to share this, it might be the best high I've ever had.

He reaches out. Arianna naively takes his hand. Lydia swots them apart and scowls at her like she's an idiot.

ARIANNA

What? It might work!

LYDIA

Dilf, you can't transfer a high like that, okay? You're a mess right now, you silly cunt.

DILF

But you gotta feel this!

Arianna and Lydia look at one another, maybe they do.

LYDIA

Yeah? What you on, mate?

DILF

There's this guy, down by the pleasure beach. He thinks the pigs are onto him so he's sellin' off his stash. He's paranoid as fuck! It's a new spice, mental cheap, guys. But it's just... it's... it's preposterous.

LYDIA

What's it called?

DILF

Carnage.

ARIANNA

(to Lydia)

You ever heard of that?

LYDIA

Yeah, of course, you haven't?

Arianna shakes her head.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

I used to do it all the time in Japan, way before any fucker heard even heard of it over there.

ARIANNA

Is it good?

Lydia presents the somewhat elated Dilf as evidence and pulls out a bunch of notes.

LYDIA

And I just got paid for a modellin' gig, how about that?

Arianna applauds excited. Lydia gets on one knee and offers over the cash.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Arianna, would you do me the honour of getting completely and utterly fucked with me tonight?

ARIANNA

Jusqu'à la mort nous sépare!

**EXT. BACKSTREET - EVENING**

With the night closing in, Arianna and Lydia walk with purpose as they chat and laugh.

Not far behind, THE BOY CHARLY, a charming Irish fella who looks pretty hard up, tries to catch up with them.

THE BOY CHARLY

Lyd! Lyd! Wait up!

Arianna looks back. Lydia ushers her along.

LYDIA

Keep going, he's a grass.

The Boy Charly catches up with them.

THE BOY CHARLY

Lyd!

Before he can get to Lydia, Arianna squares up to him.

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)

Steady on now!

LYDIA

Fuck off, Charly, we've got a bus to catch.

THE BOY CHARLY

I just need a wee minute of your time. I need ya help, Lyd.

LYDIA

I'm not a fuckin' charity. Fuck off.

THE BOY CHARLY

It's not charity, so I'm tellin' ya. A business preposition is what it is.



They reach the bus stop.

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)  
C'mon now, a bit o' business. What  
are ya, skint or somethin'?

Lydia ignores him and looks round for the bus.

ARIANNA  
For your information, she just got  
paid for a big modelling job.

Lydia doesn't seem to like that being mentioned but stays  
quiet. The Boy Charly tries to make eye contact with her.

THE BOY CHARLY  
Listen, I'm beggin' ya, so I am.  
Don't ignore me now, we go back too  
far to be ignorin' one another.

LYDIA  
I can't. You fucked over the wrong  
people this time. Now fuck off  
before we're seen together.

THE BOY CHARLY  
You owe me one, Lyd, 'ave you not  
thought of that? Here I am needin'  
you to honour your word, and here  
you are full of shit.

Lydia shoves The Boy Charly. Arianna holds her back.

LYDIA  
You're the one full of shit, you  
Irish cunt! People are in jail  
because of you! Friends! My  
friends!

THE BOY CHARLY  
Am I not your friend anymore? You  
at least owe me the chance to offer  
an explanation for what is really a  
terrible misunderstandin'.

LYDIA  
There's never no misunderstandin'  
with you. You're fake, you've  
always been fake, you'll always be  
fake, and I can't stand fake  
fuckers like you.

He seems hurt and shifty. Arianna squares back up to him.

THE BOY CHARLY  
Oh Jesus, who'd you think I am?  
(to Lydia)  
(MORE)

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)  
 I'll be seein' you around, so I  
 tell ya. Here's hopin' you see  
 sense.

He walks away with his head hanging.

**INT. BUS - NIGHT**

As the rattling old bus makes its way by run-down B&Bs and groups out on stag and hen nights, Lydia sits idly watching and reflecting. Arianna puts her arm around her.

**EXT. SMALL CARPARK - NIGHT**

The rabble of funfair music and clattering rides carries across the near empty car park. Lydia and Arianna make their way toward the train tracks.

ARIANNA  
 You still sure about this?

LYDIA  
 Believe me, I've done drug deals  
 ten times scarier than this.

Lydia's words aren't that accurately reflected in her steps.

A little wary, they round a derelict unit to find a DEALER waiting. He seems quite solemn and preoccupied.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
 Hey? You know who Dilf is?

DEALER  
 Yeah, I know Dilf.

LYDIA  
 He said you've got some gear, some  
 Carnage? So, you sellin' or what?

DEALER  
 Sellin'? I'm getting rid.

LYDIA  
 Works for us.

Dealer sniggers to himself.

DEALER  
 You know it's synthetic, yeah? You  
 pair ever done a synthetic?

**EXT. ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Lydia and Arianna shuffle up the alley until they're hidden in the darkness. Ariana giggles with delight.

LYDIA  
Hey, stay cool, right?

Lydia takes out an e-cigarette, removes the tank and pours in the contents of a bottle. She switches it on and offers it over to Arianna.

ARIANNA  
No, I don't wanna go first.

Lydia takes a long confident drag.

ARIANNA (CONT'D)  
What is it like?

Lydia grabs Arianna and places her mouth over hers, forcing her to inhale the vapour.

**EXT. BLACKPOOL VARIOUS - NIGHT - TRIPPING**

Slogging fat four-four beats pound from nightclubs. Lights glare from the overhead illuminations. Lydia and Arianna stagger along the promenade in a zombie like state.

Arianna gazes around in ecstasy while Lydia scans around with a paranoid glare. Suddenly Lydia finds herself in an arcade, the old machines pumping a throbbing beat as cash dispenses with a thundering clatter. Lydia winces.

They mix into the bustling crowds of tourists and heavy drinkers. Lydia almost loses Arianna in the shadows and clutches her desperately. She locks eyes with glaring fibreglass dragons and demons. They seem to be in the pleasure beach but Lydia is deafened by the dark waves thundering against the shore.

The mashup up of music from various thrill rides competing for attention fills her ears and spirals into drum and bass. Arianna pulls her onto a dance machine. They go for it, lost in their own worlds as they rave.

The music cuts. Lydia bumbles past queuing cars and coaches as her and Arianna careen into the main road. A tram squeals past causing Lydia to freeze. A can of cider is thrust into her hand. Lydia finds herself struggling to stay upright as Arianna necks a can of her own and falls into a fit of hysterics. Lydia drinks as fast and hard as she can.

One second she's on the pier terrified she's going to fall between the cracks in the planks. Next she's being shoulder barged as they try to enter a club.

She finds Arianna in a dark corner clutching her head. Before she can comfort her, Arianna lunges for a random stranger.

A rollercoaster thunders by and lasers dance. Lydia stands alone staring at the tower above her. A scream. She turns to see what looks like Arianna being grabbed and carried away by a group of men. Lydia barely reacts. She slowly takes out her phone but can't co-ordinate her thumbs.

Lydia walks toward the tower, seeing flashes of what might be Arianna. The world seems to spin faster and faster while she moves slower and slower. The beat throbs harder and harder until-

An empty hanging silence hits like a brick wall. The blurry lights sharpen. Lydia's eyes bulge. She steadies herself and clutches her chest. The hair on her neck like daggers, every tiny speck of rain catching her attention and then-

The beat comes back like a sledgehammer. Lydia covers her ears but it only seems to make it louder and deeper. She runs in a panic, the street a blur. Lights blind her. Demons glare. Illuminations laugh. Arianna chasing her crying.

Everything goes merges into blackness and white noise until Lydia suddenly finds herself in--

**INT. DECAYING OLD POOL HALL - NIGHT**

Lydia gazes around vacantly. The room gradually comes into focus, a group of lads in front of her. She realises she's staring right into Johnny Bear's grinning fizzog.

JOHNNY BEAR

Ello, my sweet little cuntface.

She reacts in slow motion. His hand grabs her neck. The room moves at warp speed. Crack. She's pinned up against the wall by the throat, still struggling to make out what's going on.

JOHNNY BEAR (CONT'D)

Where's my fuckin' wallet?

He lets go of her throat. She gasps.

JOHNNY BEAR (CONT'D)

Aye? Aye? Not so mouthy now, are ya?

He shoves her against the wall by her shoulders. She barely reacts. Amused, he shoves her again. She mumbles something.

JOHNNY BEAR (CONT'D)

What was that? What you say?

Lydia starts laughing to herself, staring right up at him.

LYDIA

You're just tryin' to look like the  
big man, cos you tried to fuck me,  
and couldn't get hard.

Laughter erupts from the group behind him. Lydia wags her little finger at him. He's seethes with rage.

JOHNNY BEAR

Oh, I'll fuck you, I'll fuckin'  
throat fuck you.

He draws a flick knife and holds it to her neck. Completely pinned in by his bulk, Lydia does the only thing she can do-

She vomits over his hand.

JOHNNY BEAR (CONT'D)

Oh fuck off!.. Fuck me!

The second he backs away, Lydia bolts out the room. He crashes through chairs and takes chase.

#### **EXT. BACKSTREETS - NIGHT**

With sheer panic in her eyes, Lydia paces down the street as fast as her legs will carry her. Still suffering the effects of her high, she can't tell if the shadows behind her are Johnny Bear in pursuit.

She runs and runs, her sprint turning into a marathon. She stares ahead determined as her chest heaves and arms flail.

She ducks through a hole in a fence. Cuts through an old playground. She seems to know this route as it twists and turns into the decaying underbelly of Blackpool.

#### **EXT. OLD YARD - NIGHT**

Lydia's feet skid across dirt. She crashes to the ground and gets back on her shaking knees, nearly retching from the acid pumping through her veins.

She looks to an old storage shed and seems to recognise it. She gathers herself up and tries to open the door only to find it's locked tight.

She fights with the door, grunting and gasping. It opens and throws her back. She stares up at--

The Boy Charly, wrapped tight in an old grubby coat and hat.

He can see the terror in her eyes. With barely any hesitation, he grabs her hand and pulls her inside.

**INT. STORAGE SHED - NIGHT**

Lydia slumps to the floor and gazes around the shed as if it's familiar. The Boy Charly holds her head and checks her dilated pupils.

THE BOY CHARLY

Ya feckin' ejit! Just look at the state of ya.

He opens a bottle of water and helps her drink. She guzzles it all back and gasps.

Coming to her senses a little, she gazes around the storage shed and see's The Boy Charly's belongs unpacked.

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)

Just like old times, eh?

LYDIA

For fuck's sake, Charly, you could of told me.

THE BOY CHARLY

Yeah? And would ya respect me more for it or respect me less?

She looks at him confused and exhausted. He sits with her and thinks for a few moments.

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)

You know, the funny thing is, what you said to me today, it's all true, you know?. I am a faker, I always have been and I always will be. You got that right about me to be sure.

LYDIA

Charly, I-

THE BOY CHARLY

-Don't apologise for speakin' the truth, Lydia. It takes a bullshitter to know a bullshitter. You know that all too well.

He stares accusingly.

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)

Fake it until you make it, that's what we always used to say, didn't we? That was our little motto.

She doesn't respond but dwells on those words.

THE BOY CHARLY (CONT'D)  
So what in the world's so bad it's  
driven ya back here of all places?

LYDIA  
I kinda owe somebody some money.

THE BOY CHARLY  
Oh, is that how it is? And did ya  
per chance not have permission to  
borrow it in the first place?

She shakes her head.

LYDIA  
But this guy, Charly. This guy-

THE BOY CHARLY  
-Oh, he deserves it this one, does  
he now?-

LYDIA  
-Yeah, he does actually.

THE BOY CHARLY  
So you tell me, if you've got one  
up on him, why are ye the one  
runnin' for ye life?

She hangs her head.

LYDIA  
You're so full of shit, Charlie.

**EXT. STREETS - MORNING**

Lydia and The Boy Charly walk in silence down the quiet streets. He carries a bag slung over his shoulder as she leads the way looking a little hungover.

**INT. WELFARE BEDSIT - DAY**

The door unlocks. Lydia ushers The Boy Charly inside. He looks around impressed.

LYDIA  
Make yourself at home.

He puts down his things and relaxes on the bed.

As he ganders around, she surreptitiously checks her stash and takes out Johnny Bear's wallet.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Just make sure nobody knows you're  
here.

(MORE)

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
I get kicked out if they know I've got guys over... Don't ask. It's a therapy thing.

THE BOY CHARLY  
Well who knew? I never really thought you'd made it, if I'm honest. But this isn't so shabby. Quite the upgrade I'd say.

LYDIA  
Look, I appreciate you keepin' quiet about the past, okay?

THE BOY CHARLY  
Well, look at me now, I guess it's paying off, so it is.

Lydia nods to herself. They share a smile.

**INT. OLD PUB - DAY**

The interior rundown and still showing the stains of life before the smoking ban. The tables pretty much empty bar Johnny Bear drinking alone.

The door creaks. He looks up to see Lydia warily enter. His face turns angry as he grits his teeth.

She approaches, holding up her phone with 999 entered and ready to dial. He sits back and shakes his head.

JOHNNY BEAR  
Leave it out.

She pulls out his wallet and offers it over. He snatches it from her and goes to put it in his pocket.

LYDIA  
Count it.

JOHNNY BEAR  
Look, just fuckin', forget it about it, okay?

LYDIA  
Count it.

He sighs, opens it, flicks through the notes, and shrugs.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Just leave me alone now.

JOHNNY BEAR  
Gladly.



LYDIA  
I know you fancy me really, you  
soppy cunt.

He watches her leave he smirks off the emasculation before getting back to his pint.

JOHNNY BEAR  
(to self)  
Daft cunt.

**EXT. BLACKPOOL SEAFRONT - DAY**

In the bleak overcast light waves wash soothingly back and forth over the beach while seagulls circle litter. Lydia strolls along with Arianna sharing some fast food.

They sit on a bench relaxed and toss fries for the gulls, sniggering and sharing smiles as they do so, the wind whipping their hair in their faces.

LYDIA  
Ari, can I tell you somethin'?

Arianna nods.

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
I fuckin' love you, I mean,  
seriously, you're so sweet. You  
always listen to me, and you always  
believe what I say.

Arianna grins appreciatively. Lydia starts to cry.

ARIANNA  
Did I fuck up?

ARIANNA (CONT'D)  
No, that's the thing. I'm a fuckin'  
liar. Everythin' I've told you  
about me is BS.

LYDIA  
All of it?

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
Pretty much, yeah. You wanna know  
how I really got here? My parents  
were benefit tourists, yeah?  
Scumbags who figured, hell if  
you're gonna live your life on the  
take, you may as well do it at the  
seaside, right?

ARIANNA  
You were never in Japan? With the  
big movie star?

LYDIA

Japan? I've never been out of fuckin' Lancashire! But I never said she was a big star, okay? I at least kept my bullshit realistic.

Lydia tries to laugh at her own quip.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Thing is, even though my parents were supposedly living the dream, they still found time to take something out on me.

Arianna scowls.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

So there you go, not just a bullshitter, but a fuckin' reject. So how'd you like that, yeah? That's who your best friend is.

ARIANNA

You're not a reject, that's crazy.

LYDIA

Aren't I? Then you tell me this, if I'm not a reject then how come I've never asked for help? Ever.

Lydia trembles as tears stream down her cheeks.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

Fuck, I don't even know how to ask for help.

Lydia breaks down. Arianna hugs her.

ARIANNA

You just did, okay? You just did. Hey, look at it like this, lying might be bad, but at least you're really good at it.

Lydia can't help but laugh. They smile at one another.

LYDIA

You always know how to make me laugh.

ARIANNA

That's because, when I see you smile, I know it must be real.

Arianna gives Lydia a comforting kiss on the head.

**INT. WELFARE BEDSIT - DAY**

Lydia enters with the bag of fast food but is surprised to find her bedsit empty. She checks around but can't find any sign of Charly The Boy's belongings.

She sits on the bed bewildered.

She suddenly panics, drops to her knees, and uncovers where her stash was hidden only to find the phones and cash gone.

With a deep sigh, she sits back against the wall with her head in her hands.

She takes a deep breath and stares into the middle distance, clearly lost, certainly afraid, but for the very first time we've seen, accepting reality for what it is.

THE END