



In a train. A WOMAN sits alone at a table, glancing through a magazine. She is respectably dressed, smart but modest. Her hair is short and neat.

The green countryside speeds past. The woman can't concentrate on the magazine; her mind is elsewhere . . .

A notice-board, headed 'Accommodation' and covered with handwritten notes. A young WOMAN is copying some information on to a slip of paper. We see that this is the woman in the train, but her hair is dyed red and is in the punk style. And she has a facial skin complaint. She walks away from the notice-board. She is in the corridor of a polytechnic. Students everywhere. She is dressed in black leather jacket, tight leggings and boots. We are seeing her memory, a flashback.

Back in the train. She smiles. Another memory . . .

It is raining. She arrives at the front door of a drab terrace house. She hesitates. The door opens. Two young women peer round it.

One speaks in an outrageously 'posh' accent:

YOUNG WOMAN: Oh, hello!

Our visitor replies in a Northern accent:

VISITOR: Hallo. Are you, er - Hannah?

HANNAH: It's Hann-ah, actually.

VISITOR: Oh, right . . .

HANNAH: And this is Claire. (She pronounces it 'Clah'.)

VISITOR: Oh, I'm Annie . . .

HANNAH: Oh! Do come in . . . Annie . . .

ANNIE: Thank you. (She goes in.)

HANNAH: (Broad Cockney accent) All right? (She closes the door.)

In the train ANNIE smiles as she remembers . . .

In HANNAH and CLAIRE's furnished flat. HANNAH is using the

Source:
Green Girls

Mike Leigh (1997)



carpet-sweeper rigorously: HANNAH wears jeans, denim jacket, a T-shirt, no make-up and her hair in a pony tail; CLAIRE is more decorative – make-up, earrings, lots of bracelets, a yellow plastic slide in her hair. A cassette is playing (The Cure: 'Lovecats').



HANNAH: I'm just giving Charlie 'is dinner. Oh, sorry! This is Charlie. And I'm Charlie's Aunt, as in 'Aren't I, Charlie?' (To CHARLIE) You behave yourself. (She puts the carpet-sweeper against the wall.

ANNIE shakes her asthma inhaler, and uses it.)

Oh, bloody 'ell, she's on drugs. ANNIE: It's for me asthma.

HANNAH: (Asthmatic voice) Oh, right.

(ANNIE gets out her cigarettes.)

ANNIE: Do you mind if I smoke?

CLAIRE: No.

HANNAH: Well, it's a bit kamikaze, innit? (Karate pose.) Hai!

CLAIRE: What course are you on?

ANNIE: Psychology.

HANNAH: Oh, bloody 'ell! I'd better get on the couch!

(She dives onto the couch. CLAIRE sits down beside her.)

ANNIE: Psychoanalysis 'ardly comes into it at all you know.

HANNAH: (Snooty voice) Oh, really?

ANNIE: Psychology is actually the scientific study of human behaviour.

HANNAH: (Robert De Niro impersonation) Oh, that's all right then. 'Cos I'm a dirty rat.

CLAIRE: You can study 'er.

(HANNAH does a rat pose.)

ANNIE: So you both do English, then?

CLAIRE: Yeah.

HANNAH: To be or not to be.

CLAIRE: That is the question.

HANNAH: A very good one.

ANNIE: I know what you mean, yeah. (Pause.) This is my favourite band, The Cure.

HANNAH: Oh? It's 'ers, as well (indicating CLAIRE).

ANNIE: Really?

CLAIRE: No!

HANNAH: (Getting up) So, er ... what do you think of the old place – and chips, then?

ANNIE: Nice, yeah – thirty pounds a week inclusive, but, er, I'm a bit worried 'cos like (getting out slip of paper) what



does 'must have G.S.O.H.' mean? 'Cos I don't know if I've got one, yer sec.

(HANNAH is amusing CLAIRE by patting her own cheek in reference to ANNIE's skin condition. ANNIE is unaware of all this.)

HANNAH: Oh right. Er, oh that just means, er . . . 'good sense o' housekeeping'. Don't it?

ANNIE: Oh, right. Well, I have to do a lot of dusting 'cos of me allergies an' that, so . . .

CLAIRE: It means 'good sense of humour'.

(An exaggerated mock coughing fit from HANNAH.)

HANNAH: An analogy to dust! Now what could that be? Er, God's dandruff, maybe.

CLAIRE: Is that eczema?

ANNIE: No, it's dermatitis.

HANNAH: Well, it's better than dandruff, which is what I've got. Let's face it.

Back in the train. ANNIE smiles as she remembers . . .

She is struggling up the stairs with all her worldly goods. CLAIRE follows her.

CLAIRE: Did you walk?

ANNIE: No, I got a taxi.

(HANNAH enters the flat from the street and comes up the stairs behind them.)

CLAIRE: Oh, hello!

(HANNAH overtakes them both.)

ANNIE: All right?

(HANNAH pushes past her and goes into her room and slams the door. ANNIE hovers uncomfortably outside her new room.

CLAIRE comes out of her own room . . .)

CLAIRE: Go in, Annie, make yourself at home.

HANNAH: (In her room, shouting) Bitch! Pervert!

CLAIRE: She's been to see 'er mum.

ANNIE: Oh, right.

(ANNIE drops her luggage, and sits on the edge of a table.)

(In her room, HANNAH kicks the door.)

HANNAH: Never, never! Jesus, she's a fuckin' bitch! I'm never fuckin' going there again – that's it!

(In her room, ANNIE is clearly disturbed by this.)

And in the train, as she remembers it, she re-lives the pain.

A little later, the train arrives at King's Cross. ANNIE gets out of the carriage, and closes the door. She walks along the busy platform. She carries a shoulder bag and a parcel wrapped in multi-coloured paper. Suddenly she sees HANNAH striding towards her. She laughs. HANNAH is wearing chic business clothes – a long beige coat over a smart black suit, boots, dyed hair, make-up.

HANNAH reaches her. They are both laughing. They stand and look at each other as passengers walk past them.

ANNIE: Hiya.

HANNAH: Hello!

(They are still laughing.)

ANNIE: You look so smart.

HANNAH: Speak for yourself.

ANNIE: Oh, yeah.

HANNAH: No, you do. Let me take this. (She goes to take ANNIE's shoulder bag.)

ANNIE: No, it's all right. It's really heavy.