

BABY REINDEER
EPISODE TWO

Created & Written by

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1 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

The sound of a thousand rambling voicemails, building to an almighty crescendo. A cacophony of noise, behind which we hear the faint sound of an answer machine message:

VOICEMAIL

-- received Thursday 5th at 11.33pm-

BEEP! The rambling ceases. Leaving us with the sound of a single voicemail penetrating through. Martha has a confused energy about her now. Perplexedly processing the past.

MARTHA

-- that's the thing that gets me about this modern day Britain-- you can't move for this person being a half-woman, half-dragon, hybrid-- or that person being a-- whatever the fuck, you know?

(beat)

See, that's what confuses me about you reindeer, looking back-- I mean, you surrendered to me that day, didn't you, by the water--? Like, I've turned it around in my head a thousand times-- and I'm not wrong here-- I don't think--

(beat)

But you were hard for me, that day-- weren't you--?

BEEP! Message deleted. Silence. We stay over black, before--

DONNY (V.O.)

Time stood still-- as I sat there questioning what I had done and why I had done it--

2 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)**

Donny is sitting staring at his closed laptop on the desk. In a state of disbelief at himself. Eyes wild and ruminative.

DONNY (V.O.)

A momentary lapse of judgement or a willing nod to self-destruction? I couldn't tell--

(beat)

I brought myself back to the laptop many times-- in a bid to retract my actions--

3 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)**

Donny snaps open his laptop.

4 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)

Donny snaps open his laptop.

5 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)

Donny snaps open his laptop and gets up Facebook. Going to delete Martha with purpose this time. When he stops. His finger hovering over the clicker. The cursor flashing on the screen. The light from the laptop lighting his nervous face.

DONNY (V.O.)

But each time I caught myself on a reticent inbreath. She is ill. Misunderstood. There are two sides to every story. All the blinkered justifications I needed to swallow down what I had done--

(beat)

If you aren't living a life worth living then can someone ruin it at all--?

Suddenly-- Ping! Ping! Ping! Donny looks as a bunch of Martha notifications pop onto his Facebook feed.

DONNY (V.O.)

Then came the notifications--

Donny slowly raises the cursor to the screen and clicks open the tab. He scrolls through agog as the notifications continue to ping in the background.

DONNY (V.O.)

Comment after comment after comment -- on all of my photos-- some as far back as when I first opened the account-- captioning them with these bizarre baby reindeer adjectives describing my every move--

We see snippets of the comments. One of him taking a drink: "thirsty reindeer". One of him playing football: "sporty reindeer". One of him laughing with friends: "deerbants".

When we get to a photo of a younger Donny (25) at Edinburgh Fringe. Dressed in a sparkly onesie in front of a packed crowd. Darrien is there - and Gwen - but we do not make a thing of it. We just see Martha's comment. "Happy reindeer."

Donny stares down at the comment. A dark cloud suddenly hanging over him. His eyes glassy and challenged. His breath short and pained. When he gets up Martha's profile and goes to delete her with genuine purpose this time. When--

"U ther??"

Martha pops up on the chat. Donny pulls his hands away from the keyboard suddenly. Frozen in anticipation. When--

"tonyt was so romanttic reindee! jeezso!!!! I'm buzzin thruu every inch of me!!"

Donny stares. His face dropping into concern as he reads Martha's words with growing trepidation. When--

"so we offichal then?"

Donny sighs. Oh Jesus. This is bad. When he raises his hand to the keyboard and starts hesitantly typing back--

"Martha, that wasn't a date, it was..."

But he trails off. Almost like he is not sure himself what it was. When he highlights it all and quickly deletes it--

"u were typing? y didu stop?!"

Oh shit! Donny stares. His fingers dancing around the keyboard as he tries to figure out what to say back.

"Reindeer y did you stop typign?!"

Donny is lost for words. His breath becoming shallow and short as he figures out how to placate the situation. When--

"Is ther someon else? Is that it?!"

Donny stares. Caught out by the question. His face frozen in panic. His eyes betraying a sudden vulnerability. When--

"Reindeer is ther someone else?"

Donny quickly snaps his laptop shut.

6 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"what happened? we got cut off??!"

Sent from mmy Phone"

7 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, MAIN AREA - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)**

A flustered Donny sits opposite TERI (30) - trans, confident, yet vulnerable - in a dimly lit cocktail bar. He looks like he has not slept. Distracted by the Martha interaction the night before. Glancing regularly at the entrance door behind.

TERI

Whatever you're doing, it's working-

DONNY

What do you mean--?

TERI

I'm just saying, we've met six times now. All you seem to do is crack a bunch of jokes, then leave early. A girl should be insulted, but I hate that it intrigues me.

DONNY

I like to take it slow, I'm a gentleman in that respect--

TERI

You never walk me to the tube. You never tell me anything about your life. You're not on Facebook. I can't tell if you're genuine or I'm going to wake up one day inside a true crime podcast.

Donny laughs. A little awkwardly.

DONNY

Well, what do you want to know--?

TERI

How about you tell me why you always insist on coming here--?

DONNY

Lots of reasons, great atmosphere--

TERI

Yes, you can always judge a good bar by how many people are reading the Financial Times--

Donny laughs. Looks around. There are a lot of suits around.

TERI

It's so dark too-- I feel all I do is squint at you all evening--

DONNY

Don't squint then. Just let your eyes fuzz. I really come into my own, when I'm in a soft focus.

TERI

You're such an idiot.

DONNY

I'm like one of those magic eye puzzle things. When you blur your eyes, you can see my six-pack.

Teri shrieks with laughter.

TERI
You're so weird.

DONNY
Am I--?

TERI
It's fine. I like weird. We're all
varying degrees of weird, aren't
we? Pretending to be human.

DONNY
That's good that is, I'll use that.

TERI
Philosophy go down well on the
construction site does it Tony?

Donny laughs, a little exasperatedly. Then grows awkward.
There is something going on here. When--

TERI
Let's get out of here. We can
continue this conversation at mine--

Teri reaches over and takes his hand. Smiling radiantly.
Donny stares. Suddenly confronted with the question. When--

DONNY (V.O.)
*I met Teri by signing up to a
website called mytransdate.com--*

8 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** **(SEPTEMBER 2015)**

Flashback. Donny is in front of his laptop, building his
profile. Keying in his fake name "Tony" and job title
"Builder." Full of self-hate and agony.

*
*

DONNY (V.O.)
*I invented a name, a job, and an
entire persona-- as a way of
disguising myself in my search for
answers--
(beat)
I felt awful for doing it-- but I
just couldn't bear the thought of
anyone finding out--*

Donny suddenly clicks submit.

9 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
I never expected to fall in love--

10 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** **(SEPTEMBER 2015)**

Donny is at his computer. When he gets a notification. He frowns and clicks it open. Teri appears on the screen.

 TERI

Hi.

 DONNY

Hey...

Donny smiles and leans forward. Instantly attracted to her.

 DONNY (V.O.)

*We chatted for hours every night.
Winding down the clock until
morning, like no time had passed at
all--*

11 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** **(SEPTEMBER 2015)**

A few days on. Donny and Teri are talking animatedly now.

 TERI

You're a lot gentler than the other labourers I have met on here-- I mean, the last guy sent me a picture of his dick before he had even asked me my name--

 DONNY

Wow. Jesus. Imagine having such a good dick that you actually lead conversations with it--

 TERI

Oh, no, this wasn't a good one-- men who send dick pics never have good ones. That's the irony of it. They always look like they've been shrink-wrapped, then microwaved--

Donny howls with laughter.

12 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** **(SEPTEMBER 2015)**

A different day. Donny listens intently as Teri speaks.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Every night, same time, same place.
I'd sit, as she enchanted me with
stories from her past-- these great
scenes, in public places-- where
entire rooms would stand and watch
as she reduced hateful strangers to
a self-conscious mess with her
firebrand intellectualism--*

TERI

I didn't even wait for a response.
I just kept firing the hand-dryer
every time she tried to speak to me-

Donny howls with laughter once again.

13 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (SEPTEMBER 2015)

Donny is in bed. Staring up at the ceiling. Wistful, almost.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Then later on, in bed-- I would lie
there, and re-tell her stories to
myself-- imagining what it must
feel like to be fearless like her.
It's the most contagious
personality trait around, isn't it?
(beat)
Fearlessness. It's sexy as fuck.*

14 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*I always meant to tell her about
Tony. But the more I fell for her,
the more I found myself putting it
off--*

15 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, MAIN AREA - NIGHT.** (OCTOBER 2015)

As we were. Teri holding Donny's hand. Waiting expectantly
for an answer. As Donny stares back. Anxious.

TERI

Well, Tony--?

Teri looks a little insecure now. When Donny pulls his hand
away--

DONNY

I tell you what, can I-- nip to the
bathroom--? I'll--
(beat)
I'll be right back--

Donny darts off abruptly before Teri can retort.

16 **INT. COCKTAIL BAR, CORRIDORS - NIGHT.** (OCTOBER 2015)

Donny walks at pace down some corridors, trying to keep it together. We see him approach the door to the men's bathroom. But instead of going inside, he walks straight past towards a fire exit ahead. He thinks for a moment. Then runs full-pelt towards the door. Slamming his body into it and bursting through to the other side.

17 **INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - NIGHT.** (OCTOBER 2015)

Donny sits on the bus. Tears in his eyes. Grief-stricken at what he has just done. He looks at his phone. All the missed calls from Teri which he has ignored. He sighs, anguished.

DONNY (V.O.)

I thought about her sitting in that cocktail bar. How long it must have taken her to realise I wasn't coming back. How her walk home must have been knowing I was just another gutless piece of shit who couldn't see beyond their own spiteful idea of the world--

(beat)

-- and I hated myself for it--

18 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"u didnt answer teh quetsion reindeer

Sent from my iPhone"

19 **INT. THE HEART, BIN AREA - DAY.** (OCTOBER 2015)

Donny is emptying the bin at the back of the pub. When he stops and gets out his phone. We see that he has messaged Teri loads since their last meeting. But no reply. He sighs.

MARTHA (O.C.)

There he is! Frankie, baby--!

Shit! Donny leaps out of his skin. He quickly stuffs his phone away and turns to find a slightly paranoid-looking Martha standing there. A forcedly breezy smile on her face.

DONNY

Martha--

(beat)

Hi...

Donny stares. A little intimidated now. Martha glances at his phone in his pocket. Before quickly feigning breeziness.

MARTHA

Honestly, where were you last night? You need to tell me when you're not working! Kept thinking of you floating in that canal somewhere-- face down-- you know, the one you go through when you walk to the bus from work?

Donny registers this weird reference to her following him.

MARTHA

Lots of weird fuckers down that way, junkies and thieves-- and all kinds-- Asians-- you should be careful--

Donny frowns at her casual racism. As she walks straight up to him. As though she has not said anything bad at all.

MARTHA

My God, been loving your Facebook page by the way! Don't know what I think of the tarts you surround yourself with though-- that Keeley Leigh one in particular-- the way she's always hugging you, and burrowing her nose into your nape--- I mean, how desperate does one tart need to be? Can you imagine it--?!

Donny looks at a dolled up Martha. Unaware of the irony.

MARTHA

Your Mum seems nice though, I like her wellington boots--

Donny balks, slightly. Staring apprehensively.

DONNY

You've been on my Mum's page--?

MARTHA

Oh yeah, loving it! Tell her she needs a new coat-- that purple Regatta thing is an abomination--
(suddenly)
So, who were you texting--?

Pause. Donny frowns. Where did that come from?

DONNY

I'm sorry--?

MARTHA

When I came over. You were texting.
It wasn't that Keeley bint, was it?

DONNY

Ha! No, Martha-- Keeley's just an
old friend...

MARTHA

Men and women can't be friends...
(suddenly)
Are you fucking her--?!

Donny stares. Mildly shocked at her sudden turn of phrase.
Martha stares back. Her face contorted and angry.

DONNY

No, Martha-- I'm not-- now will you
drop it, please? You're coming on a
little strong here-- I have to say.

Martha stares at him for a beat. Her eyes darting and
paranoid. When she breaks out into a self-deprecating laugh.

MARTHA

Oh, sorry reindeer! I know! I'm a
nightmare! Getting carried away
with myself, again... I'm just not
very good with competition, see...
tends to bring out the worst in me--

DONNY

... how so--?

MARTHA

Oh, I don't know! Lots of ways,
really! I usually find myself lost
on the internet, trying to find out
everything about them--

Donny looks at her. Suddenly balking.

DONNY

Trying to find out-- what, exactly?

MARTHA

You know, all their ins and outs--
that kind of thing--
(beat)
-- what they have that I don't--

Martha looks at him. Almost knowingly. Donny stares back. A
little freaked out by her oddly apt words. He swallows.

MARTHA

But don't worry, reindeer-- I know you're single-- you don't sing into a girl's soul like that with a tart on the side. That would be cruel.

(beat)

I wouldn't abide by that...

Martha stares. A flicker of menace. Like she can see right through him. When she breaks out into a breezy smile.

MARTHA

Anyway, I'll get you inside--

With that, Martha turns on her heels and heads inside the pub. We stay on Donny. Panic sinking in--

20 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"so glad u can be honest withj me had a bf who wasnts once nd it ended yukky yuk

Sent from my iPhone"

DONNY (V.O.)

It was dawning on me-- the absurd irony of having a convicted stalker in my life whilst keeping such a closely guarded secret--

21 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)**

Donny sits in front of the television in darkness. The sound on low. His face lit by the images he pays no attention to.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- and I could never tell whether it was all some crazy misfortune-- or whether some part of me was beckoning all this chaos-- so that I could feel the freedom that might come with exploding everything out into the open--

Suddenly, the door opens. Donny jumps ever-so-slightly at the suddenness. When he turns to find Liz entering the room.

LIZ

Oh. You're up late--

DONNY

Yeah-- I couldn't sleep..

LIZ

How was your date last night?

DONNY

Not the best, if I'm honest...

Liz studies him. Trying to figure out what is going on. She takes a step into the room. Choosing her words carefully.

LIZ

Look, I hope you don't feel like you can't bring people back here, just because you used to date my daughter--?

DONNY

No, no, it's not that-- it's just--

Donny gets a thought. He looks back up at Liz. Then decides to test the waters in the hope she will be understanding.

DONNY

-- she disappeared to the bathroom and never came back...

LIZ

Ugh! What a scumbag. Honestly, Donny, you're better off without someone like that--

With that, Liz turns and walks out the room. Closing the door behind her. We stay on Donny. Nodding in silent acceptance at what she has just said.

22 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (OCTOBER 2015)**

Donny is in bed. Anguished and self-hating. When he pulls up his phone and looks at his messages to Teri. Still no reply. He throws it back down. When he catches a thought--

He looks over at his desk. At the laptop. Contemplating. When he gets up and moves to his computer chair. Opening up the lid and getting up Facebook. A few beats go past. When--

"u up?"

Martha pops up in the chat. Donny smiles a meek smile. Weirdly reassured to hear from her. He sits and waits as Martha types. Staring at the screen with a foggy depression.

"i hate the night!! when almy thoughtsh creep in"

Donny almost sniffs a laugh in morose agreement. Nodding vaguely as he processes the simple impact of Martha's words.

"I can see somethng is botehrn yu and its getting me down"

Donny grows emotional. She is spot on. In fact, he grows a little teary-eyed that somebody has noticed.

"u can say what its is u know i wil understand"

Donny sniffs a depressed laugh. She absolutely won't understand. When Martha continues--

"admittn ur deepest darkests fears to sumone u love can be the bests kind of freedom"

Donny stares. In a mild disbelief at the potency of Martha's words. Staring away as she types. Invariably drawn in. When--

"for bothppl"

*

Holy shit. Donny looks up. Thinking. When he quickly slams his laptop shut. Suddenly galvanised.

22A **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"Wht the hells goin on wuth u!!"

Sent from phowen."

23 **INT. LIZ'S CAR, FRONT SEATS - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny's face. Up close. Sitting low in the seat. When across the road, Teri emerges from an office block. Donny wheels down the window and shouts over to her.

DONNY

Hey, Teri--!

Teri turns. She cannot believe her eyes when she sees him.

TERI

What are you doing here?!

DONNY

Romantic gesture--?

TERI

Oh, bullshit!

Teri starts storming off down the street.

DONNY

Wait! Teri! Let me explain--!

TERI

I'm not interested, Tony--

DONNY

No, I swear, you need to hear this--

TERI

Fine! Go on then! What is it--?!

Teri turns and storms over to the driver's window. Then waits cross-armed. Hating life. Waiting for an answer. Donny sighs.

DONNY

Look, I'm just-- going through a lot of shit, right now--

TERI

Nope. Not happening. If you're using me to answer some deep-rooted questions, then you can catch your soul elsewhere--!

Teri turns and storms away again.

DONNY

Will you just let me explain--?!

TERI

No way, fuck that--

We stay on Donny as he desperately thinks. When a swathe of Martha messages flash up on his phone in the sat nav holster. When a thought enters his mind. He quickly turns and shouts--

DONNY

I'm getting stalked--!

Teri stops and turns. Shocked and confused. WTF?!

24 **INT. LIZ'S CAR, FRONT SEATS - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Teri sits in the car next to Donny. Scrolling through Martha's messages. Astonished at the content of them all.

TERI

Holy shit, there's like-- hundreds, just today--

Teri keeps reading. Still amazed by it all.

TERI

Jesus, have you read all these--?!

DONNY

No, there's not enough time in the day to read all of them--

TERI

Some of these are-- I mean, she's clearly... bipolar or something--

Teri reads through some more. When she gets a thought. She looks up and fixes Donny with mild suspicion.

TERI

Wait... what does this have to do
with the other night--?

Donny freezes for a moment. Caught out by the question.

DONNY

Oh, well-- I saw her, and I-- I
ran, I'm sorry--

TERI

Oh my God, why didn't you say--?!

DONNY

I didn't want to worry you--

TERI

Well, I am worried-- and I could
have done with knowing that sooner,
to have saved me from the past few
nights, plotting your murder--

Donny sniffs a laugh. Teri returns to the phone. Scrolling
through more emails with a sense of grave astonishment.

TERI

Why does she call you Donny--?

DONNY

(beat)
Oh, she calls me a lot of things--
funny bones, nipple-head--

TERI

Baby reindeer--?

Donny nods. Slightly unsettled for a brief moment.

TERI

Wow. This is all so crazy...

Teri goes back to reading. Speaking to Donny as she scrolls.

TERI

I'm assuming she's not a lawyer?

DONNY

She can't be-- spends all day,
sitting in The Heart--

TERI

The Heart? The pub in Camden--?

Teri looks up. Donny stalls. Caught out.

DONNY

What did I say--?

TERI

The Heart. The pub. Is that where you met? The one in Camden--?!

DONNY

-- sorry, yeah, I'm just trying to remember, actually...

TERI

Well, there's only one Heart...

DONNY

-- yeah, well, I don't go there, anymore-- obviously--

TERI

According to these emails, you were there yesterday--?

Teri stares at Donny, suspiciously. Donny looks caught out.

TERI

What are the police saying to all this--?

DONNY

Oh, I don't think it quite merits--
(beat)
I mean, it's not that bad--

TERI

But bad enough that you needed to run away the other night--?

Donny looks down. Teri studies him.

TERI

Why haven't you reported this--?

DONNY

I don't know-- she's just, batty. Apart from a few random emails, it really isn't all that much-- I just didn't want to drag you into it--

TERI

Not that much?! She's a fantasist, who has fabricated an entire identity for herself-- does that not scream alarm bells, Tony--?

Donny sits up at the accidental reference to him.

DONNY

I don't know about that-- I mean-- people lie for all sorts of reasons...

TERI

Like, what--?

DONNY

Like, I don't know--

(beat)

Maybe she's a private person? Maybe she's scared of judgement? I don't know! All I know is she's--

(beat)

-- she's not had it easy.

Donny grows teary-eyed suddenly.

DONNY

I'm sorry--

TERI

Jesus, this is all a little much, Tony, I must say...

DONNY

I know, but it's fine, okay? She's just lonely. More to be pitied, if anything-- and I just think she deserves sympathy, not the police rattling her door--

Teri nods, gently. Finally seeing his point.

TERI

Well, look, let's pick this up another time-- Saturday maybe--?

DONNY

Sure. I'll book us a table now--

TERI

No. New venue. I'll decide.

(off his reaction)

If she's been there before, then it really doesn't make sense to go back, does it--?

Teri gives him a challenging stare. Donny nods, gulping down his panic. Teri slides his phone back across to him.

TERI

Promise me, you'll shut this down? Because if you don't, I might have to come to Camden and pay her a visit, myself--

Teri smiles and stands up. We stay on Donny. Panic rising.

25 **EXT. THE HEART, STREET - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny is tearing down the street towards the pub.

DONNY (V.O.)

*It was like some sort of crazy
nightmare-- where each lie and
wrong decision somehow bound Martha
and Teri closer together-- like
karmic justice was rearing its head
to kick back against me every time
I tried to coward my way deeper
into the comfort of my shame-*

26 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

BOOM! Donny enters the pub. A little late and flustered. Martha is sitting at the bar. She turns and sees him.

MARTHA

Jeezo, nipple! Fifteen minutes I've been sitting here, worrying my head off about you--!

Donny forces a smile. Then walks behind the bar. Grabbing a tea-towel and folding it into his belt. Very nervous.

MARTHA

Honestly, you need to tell me when you're running late! If you would give me your goddamn number, maybe I wouldn't have to worry so much!

Donny sniffs a laugh. Nervous as what he is about to do. As Martha stares at him. Confused as to why he is so harried.

MARTHA

Come on then, nipple! You know the drill! A quick Diet Coke to wet the whistle, then I'm offski--

Donny nods and pours her out a Diet Coke. Still very nervous. Is he about to do this? He places it down.

DONNY

Two-pound fifty, please.

Martha frowns. Her whole demeanour changing.

MARTHA

You never charge me.

DONNY

I have to.

MARTHA

I can't afford it.

DONNY

I thought you were a lawyer, no?

Pause. Martha stares.

MARTHA

What you being weird for?

DONNY

I just think-- maybe, it's time we drew a few boundaries--?

MARTHA

But you said about the curtains--?!

DONNY

Yeah, I know-- but that was a joke-- I'm a comedian-- I make jokes--

Martha stares. Her whole world starting to crumble.

MARTHA

So, what?! It's all been some big wind up, has it?! Old crazy Martha, with her big brain, jokes on her?!

DONNY

No, no, it's not like that--

MARTHA

You said a lot of shit to me, reindeer--!

Martha stares at him. Somewhere between rage and upset. As tears form in her eyes. Grimacing with these bizarre, facial ticks. All the while maintaining a laser focus on Donny.

DONNY

Oh no, Martha, please don't cry--

MARTHA

-- are you saying, you've never had feelings for me, is that it--?!

Martha raises her voice slightly. Random people around the bar look over. Donny grows a little embarrassed.

DONNY

Uh-- no, no, I'm not saying that-- obviously I think you're great and there's like a-- a chemistry between us-- it's just...

Donny looks conflicted as he tries, desperately, to think of the perfect excuse. When an idea formulates in his mind.

MARTHA

Well, what is it--

DONNY

The age gap.

Donny doubts it the second it comes out of his mouth. Martha processes his words, blinking back tears.

MARTHA

But it's a number? There's like... fifteen years between us max--?

DONNY

Yeah, but-- you know-- I want kids, some day-- a family... like, a big family...

MARTHA

Oh-- that'd be tricky...

DONNY

Yeah.

Martha takes it all in. Bereft. Staring down at the bar.

MARTHA

This fucking world. All it does is take from you...

With that, she turns and sprints away. We stay on Donny processing what he has just done. When--

27 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"billin beetroot out my virginia wulf!!!! reams and reams of teh gunk!!! docter says ive got the eggss of a twnety years old! so the quetsion is, when woulds youiu like to poach them?"

Sent from my iPhone"

28 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Keren Ann's 'My Name is Trouble' kicks in and continues throughout the ensuing montage sequence. Donny sits on his laptop. Staring in increasing horror at what he is reading.

DONNY (V.O.)

That night, Martha flooded my account with email after email-- all containing visceral imagery-- blood, clots, tampons-- reinforcing this image of her burgeoning fertility--

We see more snippets of emails: "grusome amount of blood" - "clots galor!!" - "not mmenaposazl babe!"

DONNY (V.O.)

She was letting me know that she had lifted the one barrier that stood in our way--

29 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

There was no excuse-- in her eyes. We were becoming a thing.

30 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Martha is hammering the door into the pub. Her face pressed into the glass. Looking utterly psychotic, and urgent.

DONNY (V.O.)

Every morning, now, Martha would arrive about two hours before the pub opened, and press her face into the glass-- banging relentlessly to get my attention--

MARTHA

(muffled through glass)
Quick! Reindeer! Time! Time--!

Greggsy walks over and unlocks the door. Martha bursts in.

DONNY (V.O.)

Then, when the doors unlocked, she would trail me around the bar incessantly-- waxing lyrical about our future together--

31 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN AREA - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny is carrying a heavy crate of bottles across the pub. Martha hovers behind his shoulder as he walks.

MARTHA

I've thought about it long and hard, and my answer is yes--!

DONNY

-- yes, to what--?

MARTHA

Kids, marriage, the full nine-yards-

DONNY

I never said anything about marriage--

Donny sprints away from her.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Everywhere I turned. She just
seemed to be there--*

32 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY.** **(NOVEMBER 2015)**

A new day. Donny is carrying some menus to a table.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Popping up at the most inopportune
moments to remind me of this
Faustian pact I had made with her.
When our wedding was. What we were
going to christen our kids--*

Martha appears out of nowhere with a note in her hand.

MARTHA
I think I can do three if we move
quickly-- if I pop them out back to
back-- I've even been thinking
about what to call them too. Here--

Martha drops the note on top of the menu so Donny has to read it. He stares down exasperatedly.

DONNY (V.O.)
*The image of which horrified me
almost as much as the names she had
chosen--*

We see the names at the bottom: "Eggbert. Keith. Neo."

DONNY (V.O.)
*I tried everything I could to
distance myself from her. But still
she persevered with the same dead-
eyed commitment--*

33 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - NIGHT.** **(NOVEMBER 2015)**

A new day. BOOM! Donny exits the kitchen with a huge amount of plates. Martha perks up upon seeing him and follows him.

MARTHA
Do you want a hand Frankie baby--?

DONNY
What?! No, I don't, I-- I'm fine--

MARTHA
Do you like that, "Frankie baby"--?
From the duet? "Frankie Sinatra"--?
He had a gorgeous tush too--

Martha reaches out and tries to grab his backside.

DONNY

Martha, I have hot, fucking, plates
in my hand-- can you just stop
fussing around me? We're very busy--

MARTHA

I've got tickets to the semi-final,
by the way--!

Donny stops in his tracks.

DONNY

What?!

MARTHA

Tickets! For your competition!
Going to come down and empty my
lungs. I've even learned a new
duet, too. I'm thinking Kylie and
Jason, this time--?

DONNY

You're coming to the competition?!

MARTHA

Absolutely! Got it all booked! And
after your semi, maybe I can give
you a full erection--?

Martha guffaws with laughter. Donny stares at her, horrified.

MARTHA

Wait, is something wrong--? Have I
picked the wrong duet--?

Donny stares, dumbfounded. Then turns to leave.

MARTHA

Wait! What's wrong--?!

Martha grabs his wrist with accidental force, and all the
plates and food clatter and smash to the floor--

DONNY

Fuck sake Martha! Will you just--?!

Donny shouts so loudly he silences the whole bar.

MARTHA

Wow.

Martha turns to go. Pointing back at him as she goes.

MARTHA

No. No. Absolutely not--

Martha storms out. Slamming the door behind her.

34 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"tahst no ways to sepaks to teh motehr of your childs
Sent from my iPhone"

35 **INT. THE HEART, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

BOOM! Donny bursts in. Greggysy and Gino are doing lines of cocaine. They look up sheepishly as he enters.

DONNY

We need to bar Martha--

GREGGSY

No chance! That would be barring
like-- a year's worth of banter--

GINO

Let's be honest Donny, you're
nothing without her--

DONNY

Just hear me out--

(beat)

Gino, can you leave please--?

GREGGSY

Nah-- what you can say to me, you
can say in front of the missus.

Gino laughs and shoves a finger up.

DONNY

Look, I'm just getting a bad
feeling about her. I mean, look at
these articles I found online--

Greggysy takes the phone and reads the article from Episode One: "Serial Stalker Torments Barrister's Deaf Child."

GREGGSY

Fuck me... fuck me...

DONNY

Now, do you get my point--?

GREGGSY

I dunno. Barring is complicated
these days. Unless there's
evidence, it can come back on us--

DONNY

There's plenty evidence! Look at
these emails she's been sending
me...

Donny takes back his phone. Gets them up. Then shows Greggsy.

GREGGSY
Shit man! This is mad nuts...
(to Gino)
You read these--?

Greggsy hands the phone to Gino who reads.

GINO
Holy fuck, man...

GREGGSY
How did she get your email--?

Donny hesitates. A little caught out by the question.

DONNY
It doesn't matter, how she got it.
All that matters is that she did
get it-- and now we have all the
evidence we need to bar her, right?

GINO
Aye, there's plenty evidence here
right enough...

Gino shows the email to Greggsy.

GINO
You read this one...?

GREGGSY
Oh man, that is brutal!

DONNY
Which one is that?

GINO
The one where you beg her for anal
sex--

DONNY
(beat)
What are you talking about--?

GINO
Here--

Gino hands Donny back his phone.

GINO
Looks to me like you've been
begging her for anal sex--

Donny looks down. Aghast that Gino has emailed Martha back:
"Anal sex plz. Right. Now!"

DONNY

You wrote back?! Are you fucking kidding me--?!

(desperately scrolling)

Shit! You actually sent it! Are you stupid?! Are you a fucking moron?!

GINO

Oh, chill, she'll see it as a joke!

36 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"When? Where

Send from my iPhone."

37 **EXT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB, TELEPHONE BOX - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

A shirted Donny is in a telephone box. Hammering some cocaine. He has his phone to his ear. Waiting on someone to pick up the other side. Eventually, they answer.

DONNY

Hi, yes, uh, yep-- is that Jason?

Yeah, hi-- it's Donny-- look, I--

I'm wondering if I could move my semi-final to the other date--?

(beat)

Yeah, it's just-- I have to attend to some family shit-- which means I can't do-- the current one--

(beat)

Oh, that's great! Man, you're a hero! I really appreciate this.

Thanks Jase. Can I call you Jase--?

(beat)

Okay, thanks Jason. See you then--

Donny puts his phone away. He sighs. Then looks through the window. We see an LGBTQIA+ club in all it's rainbow-draped glory. Donny takes a deep breath in. Then slams another line.

38 **INT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny enters, high. He walks over to Teri who stands at the bar. Talking with familiarity to the barman. Who nods over at Donny as he approaches. Teri turns and smiles radiantly.

TERI

Wow! You made it. You know I picked the gayest bar intentionally, just to see if you'd crack--

DONNY
 I know you did--
 (conspiratorial)
 So what do I do? Do I avoid
 breathing in the air particles or--

TERI
 Shut up!

Teri hits him playfully.

DONNY
 You know, you'd be pretty damn
 intolerable if you didn't get
 irony...

TERI
 I'll take that as a compliment.

They laugh. Donny puts his arms around her.

TERI
 Did I give you consent to put your
 arms around my waist--?

DONNY
 You did, actually-- when you turned
 up in that skimpy little dress.

Donny kisses her. Teri pulls away.

TERI
 Are you drunk already?

DONNY
 Just on love.

TERI
 Oh, go away!

DONNY
 I'm serious. You should meet her
 someday!

Teri laughs. When Donny pulls her onto the dance floor.

DONNY
 Shall we dance--?

TERI
 I didn't have you down as a dancer!

DONNY
 I'm not, but I'll drag you down
 with me...

Teri laughs. They dance. Donny is silly with it.

TERI
 Seriously, what have you done with
 him? Where's Tony?

DONNY
 I'm his twin. He sends me to seal
 the deal for him.

TERI
 Ha! Well tell him that's illegal.

DONNY
 -- what is?

TERI
 Sleeping with someone under a false
 identity.

Donny stops dancing. A beat of fear cross his face.

DONNY
 ... is it?!

TERI
 Yeah. Of course.
 (playing along)
 What's your name then twinny?

Donny freezes. Panicking. Teri prods him in the belly.

TERI
 Cat got your tongue, mister--?

DONNY
 Uh-- Donny.

TERI
 Oh. Weird. Martha calls you that.

DONNY
 Yeah, I just--

Donny is a little loose on his feet.

TERI
 Are you okay?

DONNY
 Yeah, just, let me-- one sec--

Donny walks off abruptly.

39 INT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB, TOILET - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny bursts into the cubicle. He pulls out the cocaine and starts frantically keying it into his nose. When he fumbles the bag into the toilet by accident. Donny stares, aghast.

40 INT. LGBTQIA+ CLUB, MAIN BAR - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny walks back out. Loose on his feet. Sobering up, fast.

TERI
Are you okay?

DONNY
Yeah, I'm... shall we get a drink?

TERI
I think you should slow down a bit.
Here, sit. Have some water--

Donny sits. Teri hands him a water from her bag. He sips it.

TERI
Did something happen to you today?
You seem... troubled--

DONNY
Nah. I'm fine--

TERI
Martha, by any chance--?

Donny sniffs a hopeless laugh.

TERI
Something tells me I'm going to
enjoy this...

DONNY
No, I just-- I thought I would let
her down gently-- by making out
that I wanted kids and stuff--?

TERI
That's absolutely insane! Isn't she
like forty-five--?!

Donny laughs and then looks down embarrassed.

TERI
Oh my God, you thought forty-five
year old cis women couldn't get
pregnant, didn't you--?

Donny sighs a confirmation, completely embarrassed. Teri
looks at him in disbelief. Then shrieks with laughter.

TERI
Ha! Wow! This gets better and
better. So what's she doing now--?

DONNY
Oh, loads of mad shit-- I don't
even know where to begin...

Donny shakes his head. Taking in the mess of it. When he looks up to find Teri fixing him with a provocative stare.

TERI

Do you want to know what I think--?

DONNY

You're going to tell me, anyway--

TERI

I think you're enjoying this--

Donny sighs. Trying to contain his irritation.

DONNY

Come on Teri, you've read a few emails-- stop acting like you know the situation--

TERI

You know, I Googled her--?

Donny looks caught out.

TERI

Why didn't you tell me, she had been to jail before--?

DONNY

(beat)

... didn't seem relevant--

TERI

See, what I mean--? Any sane person who was getting stalked by a violent, ex-convict wouldn't hesitate to go to the police. But not you. To you, she's harmless. To you, she's sympathetic. To you, it's not relevant--

Donny stares at Teri. She is right on the money.

TERI

I'm just saying, there's a reason you're keeping her in your life, and maybe it's not so much who she is, but what she gives you--

Teri reaches out and unfurls the collar on Donny's shirt playfully. Donny is slowly getting drawn in by her.

TERI

-- because, let's be honest-- love is most comforting, isn't it? When it's felt one way--

DONNY

(beat)

Why else do you think I'm here--?

TERI

You're a tremendous liar.

Teri uses Donny collar to pull him towards her. They kiss.

TERI

Come back with me tonight--

Donny nods, apprehensively. Teri takes his hand.

TERI

Just don't tell Tony...

Teri smiles, then stands up. We stay on Donny, panic growing.

41 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"where's reindeer u c an'ts danglea caroot and disappear!

Sent from my iPhone"

DONNY (V.O.)

*Sometimes you create such a web of
lies that you almost forget what
you started running from in the
first place--*

42 **INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND, TUBE - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny and Teri stand on a busy tube carriage. Donny is spacing out slightly. Taking in the volume of people around them. Then taking in Teri with guilt as she talks.

DONNY (V.O.)

*But here I was-- standing on a busy
tube-- the woman of my dreams
before me-- Tony the builder-- four
stops away from a sex crime--*

TERI

Oh my God, I'm way drunker than I
thought I was. Alcohol really tends
to creep up on me on tubes--

DONNY

Annoyingly, just as my sobriety
returns--

Teri giggles. Then accidentally steps on someone behind.

TERI

Oh, my God, I'm so sorry--!

DONNY
Look, just keep still, will you?

TERI
I think I just stepped on an old
lady--!

Teri laughs a drunk, hysterical laugh.

DONNY
Shhh! Can you keep it down--?

TERI
Oh, you care too much! I don't
encourage drug addiction, but I
really think it might be good for
you...

Donny sighs. Trying to keep it together.

TERI
Here, give me your hands--

Teri takes his hands. She studies them. Then frowns slightly.

TERI
When you do your building work-- do
you put a new set of hands on?

DONNY
What do you mean--?

TERI
It's just-- they're not very
calloused for a builder...

DONNY
(beat)
These are my wanking hands. I swap
them round every day. Have you ever
tried wanking with calloused hands?

Teri laughs.

TERI
I was sort of looking forward to
it...

Teri starts massaging his hands gently. Smiling up at him. She then leans in and whispers something in his ear but Donny is too busy staring at everyone on the tube to listen. When he turns back to find Teri staring at him, expectantly.

DONNY
Sorry, what was that--?

TERI
Kiss me.

Teri looks up at him as the train slows to a stop behind. The doors open. Nobody gets off and nobody gets on, so Donny just stares down at Teri as she eyes him for a kiss.

When the doors start beeping to close. Just before they shut, Donny takes a sudden step backwards onto the platform. WTF?! The doors close between them. Teri stares through the window, perplexed. As the train speeds away.

43 **EXT. THE HEART, STREET - NIGHT.** **(NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny storms back to the bar. A man possessed. Tears in his eyes and a tin of half-finished lager in his hand.

DONNY (V.O.)
*It's so devastating to think of
yourself as a progressive person--
only to realise you're a shameful
bigot underneath it all--*

Donny bursts through the doors into the pub.

44 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - NIGHT.** **(NOVEMBER 2015)**

Lock-in time. Donny sits hammered on a table by himself. Drunk and morose. Staring into space. His eyes bloodshot and his head lolling slightly from the booze. In the background we can see the other staff congregating. Laughing and joking.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- but when you spend so long
swallowing your shame, it is so
hard to regurgitate it up into
something new--*

Suddenly, the bar staff make their way over. Led by Gino who clearly takes a certain delight in seeing Donny in a state.

GINO
Christ almighty, lad! Did your
missus up and leave, or something?

DONNY
(mumbling)
Yep... she's gone...

Donny sits. Lolling. As Gino studies him performatively.

GINO
You should have slept with her
while you had the chance Donny son!

DONNY
Nah... not my... my type...

GINO
Well, that's obvious. She's got a
vagina--

Everyone laughs bar Donny. In fact, it snaps him back to sobriety, almost, as he turns and stares at Gino. When, out of nowhere, SMACK! Donny punches him in the face.

GREGGSY
Jesus, fucking, Christ, Donny!

Everyone erupts out of their chairs and a mad ruckus ensues--

45 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

The bar staff stand around. A little more sober now. Greggsy is standing with Donny, trying to calm him down. Other staff members do the same with Gino who continues to shout over.

GINO
-- you're a dead, man! Let's go
again, now, one on one--!

GREGGSY
Oh, shut the fuck up Gino!

GINO
I'm serious, I'll spin you round
and fuck the haggis out of you!

That really riles Donny. He goes to square up Gino again.

DONNY
Come on then, let's go!

GREGGSY
Oh, you fuck off too--!

Greggsy shoves Donny back down on the table.

GREGGSY
What the hell was that--?!
(beat)
You know what? Don't answer that!
Just get out. I don't want you
coming back until you've sorted
your shit, alright--?

Donny, looks up at him. Feeling guilty. Then nods.

46 **EXT. CAMDEN CANAL, SECLUDED PATH - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

A broken Donny walks home down a pitch black canal. But stops suddenly when he looks up and sees a crazed Martha standing on the other path ahead. Out of breath with excitement.

MARTHA

You filthy, fucker! I have never taken it up the chuffer, but I might make concessions with you--

DONNY

Martha, please, I need to go home--

MARTHA

-- you've got a choice though, boy. Kids or bum-fun, because I don't know what they taught you in those Fife comprehensives, but if you stick it in the two, you don't get the two-point-four, do you know what I mean--?

DONNY

Look, Martha, just go back home--

Martha frowns.

MARTHA

You're really getting on my nerves with this dilly-dally, hot and cold, shit--

DONNY

Get out of my way Martha--

MARTHA

No! I've already given parts of myself away to you so the least you can do is piece me back together with some bloody justification--

Martha takes another step forward.

MARTHA

Because let me tell you this for size-- men who don't fancy me are either blind or gay and I don't see you reaching for the bannister when you climb the stairs--

DONNY

(beat)

No, I'm not-- fucking, gay--

MARTHA

Then, stop pushing me away--!

Martha takes another step closer.

MARTHA

... I can help you, you know--?

DONNY
Help, with what?!

MARTHA
The person-- the one that hurt you--

DONNY
I don't even know what you're
talking about--

MARTHA
It was a man, wasn't it?

Donny hesitates.

MARTHA
Say. Say who it was...

Donny stares. Maybe even contemplates it for a beat. All of a sudden drawn in by her. When he snaps himself out of it--

DONNY
I'm going to leave now, okay? I'm
just going to walk away-- and
you're not to follow. Do you hear?
(off her nod)
Good.

Donny turns and walks away but Martha still follows him. Laughing like it's a game. Donny stops. Turning back to her.

DONNY
I'm not playing here, Martha--

MARTHA
Yes, you are Mr. Blobby. Tag!

DONNY
What the hell are you doing--?!

MARTHA
Do you like that, "Mr. Blobby"--?
I'm Mrs. Blobby 'cause I'm always
on the blob... Tag!

DONNY
Get off me!

Donny pushes her off. Slightly too forcefully. Martha looks taken aback, slightly.

DONNY
Keep your hands to yourself, okay?

Donny turns and walks away. After a few beats, Martha starts following again. Donny glances back at her then quickens his pace. Martha speeds up a little bit too. WTF is going on?!

DONNY

I'm serious Martha, stop right now!

Donny finds himself walking at quite a lick now. Martha matching his pace behind. Giggling behind him like it is a playground game. Soon it turns a little frantic and after a few seconds, Donny just stops. Leaving Martha to catch up--

MARTHA

Tag!

DONNY

Get off me!

MARTHA

Tag!

DONNY

Fuck off!

They suddenly get into a weird tussle. Donny pushing her hands away as Martha relentlessly tags him. It turns semi-violent. As Martha slips into a deeper place of madness.

MARTHA

Tag! Tag! Tag! Tag!

Soon her frightening speed takes over and Donny has no choice but to shield himself as she tags all over his body, when--

MARTHA

Tag--

Martha suddenly grabs his cock. It is like a jolt of lightening through Donny's body and he recoils stiff as a board against the wall behind him.

DONNY

Martha, wait, stop, I--

MARTHA

Keep still.

Martha wears a completely blank expression while she fondles him. It is not sexual at all. Quite cold and scientific.

DONNY (V.O.)

I remember letting it happen. I didn't know what to do. So, my instinct. Freeze. She cupped my balls. Then did this odd up and down motion with her hand. Almost like she was weighing my cock. Weighing how big it would be. Whether it lived up to her fantasies or whether it was mostly testicle. It didn't feel human.

DONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(beat)

It never does--

Martha lets go and then lays her head on Donny's chest. After a few beats, she looks up at him. A crazed look in her eyes.

MARTHA

You're beating.

DONNY

-- what?

MARTHA

I'm making you beat.

Martha smiles up at him dementedly. As we cut to black.