

BABY REINDEER
EPISODE THREE

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 Saturday 5th at 5.49am--

BEEP! The rambling ceases. Leaving the sound of a single voicemail penetrating through. Martha has a dour energy about her now. In a very low mood after a terrible night's sleep.

MARTHA

-- I'm awake, so I thought I may as well tinkle-tinkle, you know-- I get heavy in the night-time, struggling to sleep in this bastard city. London's full of charlatans and backstabbers and liars-- the big smoke and mirrors I call it-- not like up in Scotland...

(beat)

I miss them sometimes-- the family, in Glasgow-- but I'd never go back-- too much shit to deal with now my Dad has gone... he was a strong man -- big arms-- had this musk about him-- this weird-- musk--

(beat)

Very different to yours, mind-- not sure what I make of him, you know-- your Dad-- he never seems to smile--

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

DONNY (V.O.)

I still felt her grope for days afterwards--

2 **INT. EAST COAST TRAIN, CARRIAGE - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny is on a fast-train. Looking and feeling disturbed.

DONNY (V.O.)

The sickly feeling it gave me in my chest-- the weird way she gripped it-- the smell of her neck sweat as she pressed me up against the wall--

(beat)

I had a convicted stalker. Stalking me-- I mean the sentence sounded so ludicrous when I relayed it back to myself-- like I couldn't tell whether to gasp at the misfortune or laugh at the crushing inevitability of it all--

*

Donny opens up the online articles. We see a new headline:
"Stalker's Sentence Extended After Letters Sent From Prison."

DONNY (V.O.)

*I tried to swallow my panic down
but the self-punisher in me kept
bringing me back to those articles--
finding all the edges I needed to
cut myself with--*

Donny stares down at it. Then quickly exits it and opens up
Martha's Facebook. Hovering over the 'Delete Friend' button.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and as I played the scene on the
canal over and over in my head--
that look she gave me after she
felt my heart beat-- as though her
every hope and dream crystallised
pure in that very moment-- all that
distraction and mystery that seemed
to galvanise me when I first met
her-- was replaced with this
thudding sense of dread--*

Donny suddenly clicks delete.

3 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*Just how will she react when I take
all of this away--?*

4 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"daddum, daddum, daddum! i herd it reindeer, i herrd it!!

Sent from my iPhone"

5 **EXT. PARENTS HOUSE, GARDEN PATH - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny trudges up the path to his family home. He hesitates
before ringing the bell. There is an edge of paranoia about
him as he looks around behind.

After a few seconds, his Mum ELLE (55) - loving, kind -
answers the door. Donny turns to her. Looking bereft. She
immediately sees something is wrong and lets him in.

6 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny sits at the table with Elle. Two cups of tea in front
of them. There is a melancholic energy in the air.

ELLE

Are you going to tell me what's going on, bear-- or do I need to wheedle it out of you--?

DONNY

(beat)

Wheedle, probably--

They both laugh.

ELLE

Is it the comedy--?

DONNY

Meh. Sort of. I just don't see the point anymore. I'm five years in and still doing new act competitions. I mean, there comes a point where it's just embarrassing--

ELLE

No, it's not! It's dusting yourself off and starting the race again--

DONNY

I've started the race so many times now, though-- it's getting ridiculous... I'm like the guy who puts out the cones--

ELLE

Oh, you are not!

Elle gives him a playful slap on the arm.

DONNY

I don't know...

(beat)

Sometimes I just want you to yell at me and tell me to get a real job, so then I'd at least have something to blame, rather than my own-- choices--

ELLE

Look, if you want me to tell you to give up, I'll say it right now-- is that what you want--?

Donny looks at her. Knowing that she has him on that one.

ELLE

The struggle is part of it. Don't think of it as an end goal. Think of it as small steps along the way.

Donny smiles, appreciatively. She makes a good point. Elle smiles back. Then gets up and goes to a nearby counter.

ELLE

Well, it's lovely to see you! Your birthday too next week! So we have also saved on postage. Here's a little something for you to open on your big day--

*
*
*

Elle hands the card over. Donny holds it up.

DONNY

A little thin for an X-Box is it not--?

Elle smiles. Donny takes the card in. Growing morose.

DONNY

Wow. One card. I remember when I was a kid I could fill up a wall with them--

ELLE

Well, you can always add this flight brochure too and pad it out a little bit--

Donny laughs. Then thinks. As Elle hands him the items.

DONNY

Actually, that's funny. Can you take a picture of me with these--?

ELLE

-- why?

DONNY

It's a funny tweet, isn't it--?
"Going to add the brochure and make it look like I have two birthday cards this year--!"

*
*

ELLE

I don't get it.

DONNY

It's your joke! You literally just said it! Just take the photo--

ELLE

Give me your phone then. Arsehole.

Donny hands over the phone and poses with the card and brochure. Elle takes the photo and hands back his phone.

ELLE

I still don't get it.

Donny sighs, exasperatedly. When GERRY (55) - angry, socially removed, oddly endearing - enters the room.

*
*

GERRY
There he is. Rump-dick-skin.

DONNY
Dad...

Gerry just stands there awkwardly in the doorway. Donny goes over to hug him. But Gerry pulls him into a hand-shake.

GERRY
How's the comedy going?

DONNY
Yeah, not the best--

GERRY
Well, you should do better then.

Gerry stares, blankly.

DONNY
Yeah, I didn't think of that, actually. Silly me.

GERRY
Well, surely that's obvious.

Gerry stares blankly. This is torture. Gerry turns.

GERRY
Right, let's go--

DONNY
-- what?!

GERRY
It's Saturday. We're at home. I'll go get the scarfs.

Gerry leaves, abruptly. Donny sighs. Then looks to Elle.

ELLE
You should go. It will be good for you. You love football.

DONNY
I do, but I just want a chilled day-

ELLE
He goes every week by himself.

DONNY
Don't put that image in my head!

ELLE

Oh, just think of him, sitting there, all by himself-- white socks in sandals, his woolly hat with the bobble on his head--

DONNY

Oh, Jesus! Fine, I'll go--

ELLE

What tipped you over the edge?

DONNY

The fucking bobble on his fat head--

ELLE

Great. Try and have a word with him about the drinking too--

DONNY

I'll try.

*

GERRY

... ready--?

*

Gerry comes in with the bobble hat on. White socks in sandals. Looking slightly mad, but also kind of endearing. He is holding another scarf and hat for Donny to wear.

DONNY

Yep...

Donny looks back at Elle. Who gives him an "awww" expression as they leave. Donny shakes his head at her. Irritated.

7 **EXT. PARENTS HOUSE, GARDEN PATH - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny and Gerry walk down the path in football gear. Donny puts the scarf and hat on as he walks. When Gerry starts trying to kick his heels away in an attempt at banter. Donny pushes him away with contained exasperation.

*

ELLE

Boys! Quick photo before you go!

Donny sighs and turns. They both stand there awkwardly.

ELLE

Come on. Get in closer--

They get in close. Gerry starts trying to flick his ear.

DONNY

What are you doing?

GERRY

Just hitting you in the head.

DONNY
Why?

GERRY
To annoy you.

DONNY
Just stop, for fucks sake!

ELLE
Leave it Gerry! Just get in the
photograph--!

They pose. Gerry tries to stand on his toes to look taller than Donny who hides his irritation. Elle takes the photo.

ELLE
Have fun boys! Oh, and bear--?

Donny turns. Elle motions her hand to her mouth in an oddly sexual way. Donny cannot believe what he is seeing.

DONNY
-- what?!

ELLE
(whispering)
Have a word about the drinking--

DONNY
Oh, right, sorry-- looked like you
were doing something entirely
different--

Donny walks down the path. Gerry is waiting at the gate.

GERRY
Have a word with me about what?

DONNY
She wants you to stop drinking.

GERRY
Oh. That's a shame.
(beat)
Looked like she was doing something
entirely different--

Donny stands there, grimacing. As Gerry walks away.

8 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"Wht u deletins me of facbook for?!!
sennt iphone"

DONNY (V.O.)

I am not sure what I wanted to achieve going back home to Scotland, but I just needed to think. To disappear--

9 INT. FIFE BUS, SINGLE DECK - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny sits squished next to Gerry on a busy bus of supporters off to the game. Still a silence between the two of them.

DONNY (V.O.)

To put as much distance between myself and London as I possibly could--

Donny gets out his phone and looks at his messages to Teri on the sly: "Hey, you there?" - "Can we talk?" - "Please, I can explain" - but still no response. He sighs as he stares down.

DONNY (V.O.)

Maybe in the back of my mind, I hoped that if I stayed long enough-- all my troubles might go away-- Martha might grow bored-- or my feelings for Teri might dissipate-

Suddenly, someone knocks into the back of Donny. Causing him to jump, slightly. He quickly shoves his phone away.

DONNY

Look, can we get off and walk--?

GERRY

No. Miles away. What's wrong with you--?

DONNY

I just feel a bit, I dunno-- edgy. I've been awake all night...

GERRY

Well, you should have slept then.

DONNY

Ah! Damn! I didn't think of that. I tried coffee and aerobics. Keeping my eyes open for as long as possible. But of course. Sleep. It all seems so simple now.

GERRY

Sarcasm is the second lowest form of wit.

DONNY

Second lowest? What's the first?

GERRY

Prop comedy.

Donny laughs. Gerry smiles. A tiny breakthrough. Which is cut short when somebody jostles into Donny behind. Causing him to jump. Donny stands up and rings the bell.

DONNY

Come on, we're walking--

10 **EXT. FIFE, STREET - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny and Gerry walk together. Donny is still a little edgy.

GERRY

Christ almighty, you're not on drugs, are you boy--?

DONNY

No, don't be ridiculous...

GERRY

You're clucking like a pheasant with a thumb up its arse, lad.

DONNY

I'm just going to feel a lot better when we get inside the stadium.

GERRY

Don't count your chickens. Been a dreadful season.

DONNY

What's with all the poultry imagery?

GERRY

I don't know. Something to do with the...

Gerry trails off.

DONNY

Trying to think up another one?

GERRY

Yep.

They both laugh. Then walk in silence for a bit.

GERRY

Why are you back anyway?

DONNY

(beat)

I ran away from a convicted stalker
after they molested me on a canal
in the dead of the night--

Gerry looks at him. Then sniffs a laugh.

GERRY

That's a good one.

11 **EXT. NON-LEAGUE STADIUM, BURGER VAN - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny stands next to Gerry. Eating pies in a stilted silence. The burger van still serving a gaggle of customers behind. When Gerry removes a flask from his pocket and swigs.

DONNY

What's in that flask?

GERRY

Booze. Do you want some?

DONNY

Yes.

Donny takes the flask. Drinks. Hands it back.

DONNY

You're to stop drinking, okay?

GERRY

Yes, boss.

More silence. Donny gets his phone out. We see that he has uploaded the photo of the card and the flight manual to Twitter with the caption: "Gonna add the flight brochure and make it look like I have TWO birthday cards this year!"

Donny takes in the response. Twenty-six likes and two retweets. He smiles. Overly pleased. Before putting his phone away. When, DING! He gets a notification and scrambles his phone back out his pocket. Only to find--

A Facebook alert from Elle. He disappointedly looks at what she has uploaded. The photograph of them on the garden path with the caption: "Off to the game."

12 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"u in fife?"

Sent from my iPhone"

13 **EXT. NON-LEAGUE STADIUM, BURGER VAN - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny stares down at the email with a sense of foreboding. He looks around with paranoia. How does she know?!

Donny gets out his Facebook and opens his friends list. He sees Martha is still not on there. He frowns, confused. When he gets a thought. Surely not--

He opens his Mum's Facebook and scrolls through her friends list. When there, at the bottom, sits Martha. Donny gasps--

GERRY

You coming?

DONNY

Yeah, yeah, I'll get you out there--

Gerry nods and wanders off. The second he disappears, Donny turns around and calls Elle. Impatiently waiting on Elle to pick up the other side as it rings and rings. Eventually--

DONNY

Mum, you have to delete that Martha woman off your Facebook page, right now--!

(beat)

Yes, well you shouldn't be accepting random strangers anyway!

(beat)

I don't care if you like her posts, just do as I say--

(beat)

No, she's doesn't work for the government-- I--

(beat)

That's obviously not him! Why would the Prime Minister be commenting on her wall--?!

(beat)

No, she's just a random person-- but I don't want you--

(beat)

Look, just delete her, okay--?!

Donny hangs up, flustered. Shaking his head in disbelief.

DONNY (V.O.)

It was incredible, really--

*
*

14 **INT. NON-LEAGUE STADIUM, STANDS - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny walks over to where his Dad is sitting. Phone in hand. In a state of disbelief at what has just happened.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Martha's ability to burrow into my
life, no matter how many barriers I
put in the way--*

*

Donny sits down. Then refreshing his Mum's friend list over and over again. Hoping that Martha disappears from it.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- and the creepiest part was how she managed to do it so seamlessly-- so without any struggle at all--

*
*

Finally, Martha vanishes. Donny closes his eyes with relief.

GERRY

What's this?

DONNY

Fuck me!

Donny jumps slightly. Gerry just stares.

DONNY

No, nothing. Mum's just uploaded the photograph of us to Facebook--

GERRY

Don't know why she bothers with that shit. She spends all day with her friends. Then spends the evening messaging them as well.

DONNY

What's wrong with that--?

GERRY

I just don't know what she gets from talking to others so much--

DONNY

(beat)

Yeah, certainly boggles my mind.

More silence.

GERRY

So is the comedy not going well--?

DONNY

Shite. Thinking of giving up.

GERRY

What, and be a cunt like me all day? Don't be so stupid--

Pause. Donny looks around agitated, and then turns to Gerry.

DONNY

Listen Dad, before they come out, can you promise me you won't shout?

GERRY

What do you mean shout?

DONNY

You know, go ballistic like you always do--?

GERRY

I don't go ballistic. Everyone shouts. It's football.

DONNY

Yeah, I get that-- I just think it's a bit weird considering how few people actually come to these games--

GERRY

Oh, they don't mind! I've been coming here for decades. I know all the players.

DONNY

That's what makes it weirder!

GERRY

Bollocks. They love me.

Gerry shouts over to DAVID (30) - sporty, but with a slight beer-belly - warming-up on the pitch in a high-vis substitutes jacket. He is clearly ignoring Gerry.

GERRY

Oi! Dingers!
 (nothing)
 Hey, Dingers!
 (nothing)
 Dingers!
 (nothing)
 Dingers!
 (nothing)
 Dingwall!
 (nothing)
 David!

GERRY (CONT'D)

(nothing)

Dave!

The player looks up.

GERRY

Don't fuck it up like last week now
you fat wanker--!

Gerry laughs. David does not. Instead he just turns away. Gerry turns to Donny. Not realising how offensive that was.

GERRY

See. They all know me. It's fine.

Donny looks to the pitch as David and another random player throw up the wanker sign to each other regarding Gerry. Donny sees this and looks to his Dad. Feeling sorry for him.

DONNY

Okay, Dad-- I get it-- but it would
mean a lot if you didn't shout this
time, okay--?

GERRY

No problem.

Donny smiles, appreciatively. When the teams come out in full strip. Ready for the opening whistle. The crowd leap to their feet applauding. Donny and Gerry stand too.

GERRY

I have a good feeling about this--

15 **INT. NON-LEAGUE STADIUM, STANDS - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Later on. Gerry is on his feet, bellowing at the top of his voice. Besides himself with unself-conscious rage as his team put in an awful display. Donny cringes beside him.

GERRY

Don't just stand there, pick it up!
He's right there--! He's in space!
(sitting back down)
Unbelievable. He doesn't know
whether he's having a shit or a
wank--!

DONNY

Remember what I said Dad--

GERRY

Yeah, yeah, I'll stop drinking--
(shooting to his feet)
Right that's it! Take his badge!
Take his badge! No good, fucking,
piss-fucker!

Gerry sits back down.

DONNY

What's a piss-fucker? Just someone with normal genital ability?

GERRY

I don't control what comes out...
(shooting to his feet)
Jesus Christin' cunt, just pick it up, will you--?!
(sitting back down)
Bunch of fucking, pansies--

Donny cringes.

DONNY

Do you think you could spend your season ticket money on something a little less-- "cardiovascular"--?

GERRY

Like what?

DONNY

I don't know. They have these calming lamps that go by your bed--

GERRY

Oh, that's all shit, that is. I'll still have your mother the other side of me balancing it out.

Donny sniffs a laugh. Still exasperated. When he takes a look around. Still feel the pressure of things. He turns back.

DONNY

Look, can we go--?

GERRY

No way. Still got another twenty minutes. Just focus on the game.

DONNY

I'm not feeling it...

GERRY

That's because you're not shouting enough. Do it. It'll be good for you. Shouting is God's therapy.

DONNY

That explains a lot actually--
(beat)
-- especially for someone who doesn't believe in God--

GERRY

It's a way of getting out your frustration on other people in your life. Pick someone you hate and take it out on the football.

Donny laughs and shakes his head. Genuinely considering it. It does sound oddly therapeutic now that he thinks about it.

GERRY

Got someone--?

DONNY

Yeah, I-- I think so...

GERRY

Who?

DONNY

Oh. This writer I used to work with-

*

GERRY

What? That weird bloke with the namby, fucking shirts--?

*

*

*

DONNY

Yeah...

*

*

GERRY

I couldn't stand that dick.

*

*

Donny sniffs a laugh. A little self-consciously.

GERRY

Just wait for when everyone shouts, and then jump up and let rip.

A few seconds pass, then something happens. Enough for Gerry to jump up. Donny jumps up too, a little later.

GERRY
You're a fucking disgrace ref!

DONNY
Yeah-- come on ref! Bloody hell--

Gerry turns to him.

GERRY
"Bloody hell"...

DONNY
Just let me warm into it, you
stupid, piss-fucker--

Gerry laughs. A few more seconds go by, before something else provokes a reaction. Donny and Gerry jump up.

<p>DONNY Hey! What the fuck are you doing you fucking moron--?!</p>	<p>GERRY Fucking, useless, toss-pot wanker--!</p>
---	---

Donny and Gerry collapse back into their seats laughing.

GERRY
See?

DONNY
It works, you know...

GERRY
You don't know anyone here, either.
So let rip! It also works if you
put two words together that
shouldn't be together.

They wait in anticipation. Before jumping up at the next moment of outrage.

<p>DONNY Come on you fucking, useless bastard, bitch, fecker!</p>	<p>GERRY Arseholes-- the lot of you-- mingey, fucking arse-holes!</p>
---	---

They fall back into their seats laughing.

DONNY
How was that?

GERRY
Great effort. I particularly liked
the shift from fuck to feck.

DONNY
That might be the nicest thing you
have ever said to me.

Gerry smiles an odd smile which outstays its welcome slightly. Donny smiles back awkwardly. A small breakthrough. Which is cut short by something on the pitch.

*
*

DONNY

Hey! What the fuck ref?! Book that cunt--!

*
*

GERRY

Ooft! That was maybe, a little strong, lad--

DONNY

No, he went in studs up, I--
(shouting)
Are you going to book him or not?!

GERRY

Sit back down, lad.

Gerry pulls Donny back down. But Donny pulls his arm away.

DONNY

No, he's letting him off with a warning-- can you believe that?!
(beat)
You're fucking us ref! Don't you dare try and fuck us!

GERRY

The trick is to try and do it when other people are shouting--

But Donny is too incensed to listen.

DONNY

Hey! You shouldn't have got away with that you fucking scumbag--!

Donny is away with it. His eyes well up with rage as he screams in a Martha-like trance of his own. Everyone around them stops to stare. Even some of the players look over.

DONNY

You listening to me?! You're going to regret that you fucking little--
(beat)
I'm going to get you-- you hear me?! I'm going to get you-- I'll fucking...
(growing emotional)
-- I'll... fucking...

GERRY

Alright son, sit down--

Gerry pulls him back down into the seat, where Donny breaks down sobbing. Everyone around them looks on horrified.

GERRY

Come on. Let's go. Shite game anyway--

16 **EXT. NON-LEAGUE STADIUM, STREET - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

An empty street. Donny and Gerry walk in silence. As the sound from the stadium emanates in the background.

GERRY
Do I want to know--?

DONNY
(beat)
No.

17 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

KEELELY
Hi Donny, it's Keeley, I--
(beat)
I just wanted to drop you a line
because, uh, I think your
girlfriend-- at least I think she's
your girlfriend-- Martha-- just
sent me a bunch of messages on
Facebook, and--
(beat)
I tell you what, can you-- can you
call me back?

BEEP! Messaged deleted.

18 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Gerry and Donny sit drinking beers in the living room, while MOTD plays on the TV in the background. Donny studies Gerry.

GERRY
I hate Gary Lineker. Why does he
smile after everything he says--?

DONNY
Probably because it'd be weird if
he presented with a completely
blank facial expression.

GERRY
Doesn't do Keown any harm.

Donny laughs. They watch the television in some more silence before Gerry turns to Donny again.

GERRY
You hear they are thinking about
female pundits now--?

DONNY
(beat)
What's wrong with that--?

GERRY

Just, stupid. I mean, you wouldn't have a man commenting on women's football would you--?

DONNY

I mean, yes, I think you would. In fact, I'm pretty sure they've been commenting on it for decades...

*

GERRY

(miming a phone)

"Hello, London? Yeah-- you can have him back now, please--"

Donny laughs. When his phone starts vibrating. He pulls it out and sees that it is Keeley calling again. Donny sighs and lets it ring out. Before turning to Gerry.

DONNY

Dad. Can I get your advice on something--?

GERRY

Have you asked your mother?

DONNY

You don't know what it is yet.

GERRY

She's better with this sort of thing.

DONNY

Christ almighty...

GERRY

Go on then.

DONNY

(beat)

There's this woman, and--

GERRY

Give her one did you?

Gerry smiles. Donny looks at him, obviously disappointed.

DONNY

Yep. That's exactly what I did.

Gerry beams at Donny and they chink beers. They go back to watching TV. Donny stares on disappointed.

19 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"senn ur mum has just deletd me as wel!! dunt make me cum up tehre reindeer!!

Sent from my iPhone"

DONNY (V.O.)

*I spent three days back home,
trying and failing to relax--*

20 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY.**

(NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny sits at the kitchen table. Staring down. His phone vibrating across the desk. Keeley is calling again.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- as the frenzy of Martha's emails
increased in sync with the missed
calls from Keeley--*

*
*

Donny hangs up the phone. Wincing at himself as he does it.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- soon, any hope I had of solving
my problems by running away seemed
so obviously counterproductive-- so
numbingly pitiful in design--*

Elle enters. Surprised to see him awake.

ELLE

Oh. You're up early.

DONNY

Yeah. I need to head back now.

ELLE

Oh really? You've barely arrived.

DONNY

Yeah, I have a gig. Sorry-- I just came to say hi. *

ELLE

Oh, okay--

(beat)

Well, next time, try and come for a hello instead. *
*

Donny smiles. Trying his best to hide how upset he is.

ELLE

I'll get the car keys. You go and say bye to Dad--

21 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, PARENTS ROOM - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny enters the room. Gerry sits on an armchair in a dressing gown. Staring out the window.

DONNY

Yo! Dad! I'm going back now. *

GERRY

No worries.

Pause.

DONNY

"No! Stay!"

GERRY

What?

DONNY

Nothing.

Pause.

GERRY

You know, if there is something going on, you can always ask your moth--

DONNY

-- mother, yeah-- I saw that one coming--

Gerry smiles. Another removed smile. *

DONNY

I get it Dad. She's the rock, and you're the hard place.

GERRY

There's a certain strength in keeping it all in, you know. That's what my Dad use to always say.

DONNY

Didn't he die of a heart-attack at, like-- fifty--? *

Gerry shrugs. Not taking in the irony. *

DONNY

Right, well, I'll see you later--

Donny goes over and hugs him. But Gerry pulls him into a handshake. Awkward. Donny lets go. Gerry stares at him.

GERRY

You'll be fine. You're made of stronger stuff.

DONNY

Well, here's hoping--

Donny walks to the door. When he looks back at Gerry. Sitting back in the chair. Staring out. Cutting a sad figure.

DONNY

Open or closed?

GERRY

Open.

Donny nods and exits the room. Leaving the door ajar behind.

22 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

LIZ

Oh, just me, your favourite landlady...

(chuckles)

Not sure where you've been the past few days, but just to say I'm having the cooking class over tonight. My turn to host, so I'll have the kitchen if that's okay--?

LIZ (CONT'D)

(beat)

Also, my daughter really wants you
to phone her-- she seems desperate--

BEEP! Message deleted.

23 **INT. PARENTS CAR, SEATS - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Elle and Donny sit at the train station. A heavy silence.

ELLE

You had better get a toddle on.

DONNY

Nah, got five minutes yet...

*

Pause. Elle looks at Donny. Taking him in with concern.

*

ELLE

You got enough money--?

DONNY

Oh yeah, I'm fine.

Elle opens up her purse. Takes out some money and offers it
to Donny. A Scottish twenty-pound note.

ELLE

Well, here. Take this twenty and
spend it wisely.

DONNY

(as he is taking it)

Oh Mum. I'm far too old for that.

Elle laughs. Then studies him.

ELLE

What's going on, with you, love--?

DONNY

I don't know-- it's just-- London.
Like, I've been down there two
years now and all I've done is
double back on myself...

*

ELLE

What about that writer guy? Are you
still working with him--?

DONNY

(beat)

Nah. Not anymore. He only wanted my
success on his terms.

ELLE

That's a bit cynical, is it not?

DONNY

Nah. I just-- I didn't like him--
he was always a little harsh on me--

ELLE

Well, maybe he was just giving you
the whack up the backside you need?

DONNY

Yeah. Maybe...

Donny sniffs a laugh at her apt words. Then grows emotional.

ELLE

Oh, are you okay? Are you having
your doubts again?

Donny nods, anguished.

ELLE

Are you still seeing Teri--?

DONNY

No. I messed that up--

ELLE

Why?

DONNY

I don't know. I went about it all
wrong. I ran out on her one night,
and sort of... ruined it...

ELLE

Oh come on, bear-- I brought you up
better than that.

DONNY

I know! I know! That's what really
gets me about it...

Donny is really holding back his emotion now.

DONNY

I just don't know where these
feelings have come from...

ELLE

Your father?

DONNY

Oh, without any doubt.

They laugh.

ELLE

He's got an eighties head screwed
onto a fifties dress sense.

DONNY

Bloody hell! Sorry fifties!

ELLE

He never says what he means, and he never means what he says.

DONNY

That's true.

Donny thinks. More silence.

DONNY

Do you ever think that no matter what choice you make you are going to upset someone in the end?

ELLE

Oh absolutely. My Mum never forgave me for moving to Scotland, and I have never forgiven your father for keeping me here--

Donny nods. Still upset. Elle pats his leg.

ELLE

Life's too short. You can't spend it worrying about what people think all the time. Because you'll never truly know what's inside of someone's head--

Her words resonate. Donny hugs her. Then gets out the car.

24 **INT. EAST COAST TRAIN, CARRIAGE - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny is on the train, staring out. Thinking. Reflecting. When he gets out his phone and opens up Instagram. Whereby he types - Teresa Garcia - into the search bar.

Her profile opens and Donny scrolls through her profile, examining each picture with a sense of regret. When he sees a photo of Teri outside a flat. "HOMEOWNER BABEYYYY!!!"

Her flat is above a greasy spoon café. Donny stares down, thinking. Before opening Google Maps and typing the name of into the search bar and clicking enter. "Junction Cafe"--

DONNY (V.O.)

I was aware of the irony of adopting such measures to get another chance with Teri--

*
*
*
*

25 **EXT. TERI'S BLOCK, STREET - NIGHT.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny is outside the Junction Café. Looking anxious. As he tries to figure out which of the flats Teri's could be.

DONNY (V.O.)
*But it somehow felt more egregious--
 that out of all the tactics I had
 used so far in trying to win her
 back-- honesty had not yet been one
 of them--*

*
*
*
*
*
*

Donny goes to the buzzer and scrolls down all the names with his finger, until he lands on: "Queen." Donny smiles. Then buzzes. A few seconds pass, before Teri answers.

DONNY
 (bad Cockney)
 Alright mate. Delivery.

TERI (O.C.)
 Oh, okay. Be down now.

Donny takes his hand off the buzzer and sighs.

DONNY
 Acting school finally paying off...

The door opens. It is Teri. She cannot believe her eyes.

TERI
 What the hell, Tony--?!

DONNY
 I know it looks bad--

TERI
 What?! Turning up at my door in the
 dead of the night, pretending to be
 a French delivery man?

DONNY
 French?
 (beat)
 That's a shame...

Teri stares aghast.

TERI
 What do you want--?!

DONNY
 Look, I know I'm not a delivery man-
 (beat)
 -- but I am delivering something.

TERI
 What?

DONNY
An apology.

TERI
Oh, fuck off, you cheesy prick--

Teri storms back into the hallway. But leaves the door ajar. Donny is confused. So he sheepishly wanders into the doorway.

DONNY
(shouting upstairs)
Does that mean I can come up?

No answer. Donny cautiously wanders into the close.

26 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny enters the flat and walks into the living room. Teri pours herself a drink. Pointedly not making him one. She stands and sips it. Cross-armed.

TERI
You have three minutes.

Donny nods.

DONNY
My name's not Tony--

Teri stands back. She cannot believe what she has just heard. She stares at him for a few beats. Before sniffing a laugh.

TERI
I knew it.

DONNY
What?

TERI
I just--
(beat)
I have this thing in me, it's like--
a magnetic force-- like I'm only
drawn to people who are bad for me--

Teri grows introspective. Donny stands there, awkwardly.

DONNY

Look, you can tell me to go anytime
you like--

TERI

Yeah, go, sure. And I suppose I'm
supposed to throw things as well--

Teri picks up a cup and throws it at a nearby wall. It
smashes into a million pieces.

DONNY

What the fuck, Teri--?!

TERI

So, is that it? You were going to
sleep with me as Tony--?!

DONNY

No, I-- that's why I ran off--!

TERI

What's your real name?

DONNY

(beat)

Donny.

Teri laughs disbelievingly.

TERI

Oh, so you can be honest with your
stalker, but not with me?! I mean,
wow-- fucking, wow--!

Teri laughs ironically, and then takes her drink and starts
pouring it down the sink. Clattering the glass around the
basin passive-aggressively. Before turning back, irate.

TERI

I mean, is anything you told me
true? Any of it? Your ballsy,
fucking building job, for one--?

Donny shakes his head.

TERI

Why? Why lie--?!

DONNY

I don't know--

(beat)

I felt-- vulnerable, I guess. It
just helped me-- ease into it-- for
some reason-- pretending to be
someone else-- someone... I dunno--
"manly"--

TERI

That's like the craziest shit, I've ever heard! You're fucking sick, you know that--?

Donny sighs. He knows he is messing this up.

DONNY

Look-- I'm just here to try and give you some closure--

TERI

Oh, thank you for your "closure"-- gee, I feel so closed right now-- honestly, all of this, it has totally allowed me to draw a line underneath everything, and MOVE ON!

Pause. The dust settles a bit. Teri still staring him out.

TERI

So go on. Where do you work?

DONNY

A pub.

TERI

Which pub?

Donny stalls.

TERI

You can't even say that--

DONNY

The Heart. In Camden.

TERI

What do you do?

DONNY

I've just told you--

TERI

Nobody wants to work in a bar--! What's the plan, the big picture?! What do you want to be in ten years time--?

DONNY

(beat)
A comedian.

Teri snorts a laugh.

TERI

Oh. That's good. Well, I'm sure
this is a right laugh!

(beat)
Is that it?! Doing all this for a
bit of material--?!

DONNY

Oh come on Teri, give me some
credit, will you--?

*

TERI

I don't believe you! I don't
believe anything you say-- and
guess what...?

*

Teri raises her wrist watch.

TERI

Time's up, dick-head. Get the fuck
out my house--

Donny sighs. This has been a failed venture.

27 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, HALLWAY - NIGHT.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny puts his shoes on in the hallway. Teri follows him in.

TERI

Yeah-- put your walking boots on--

DONNY

Please Teri-- allow a man a moment
or two to adjust, will you--?

TERI

I'm not your plaything! I'm not
anybody's plaything-- and by
implying you need to adjust, you're
implying I'm different, somehow--

DONNY

-- no, I'm not implying you're
different! It's just--

DONNY (CONT'D)

(beat)

If you learn to drive automatic,
then shift to manual, it's still an
adjustment, right--?

TERI

-- what is that supposed to mean?!

DONNY

I'm just saying-- there's a
transition period-- isn't there?
When you swap from one to the
other. But I'm not disputing the
fact I'm still in a car--

*
*
*

Teri raises her eyebrows. Quite shocked at his choice of
words. Shifting to a vehement bitterness.

TERI

So what's it going to take then?

DONNY

What do you mean--?

TERI

One week? Two weeks--?

DONNY

What are you talking about--?

TERI

To adjust. How about a couple of
months? Answer truthfully, go on--
how long do you need?

*

DONNY

I dunno-- maybe, six, months--?

*

TERI

Wow. You actually answered that...

Teri takes this in with bitterness. She walks towards the
front door and opens it for him to leave.

TERI

I think after six months, it might
be worth acknowledging you're just
a shit, fucking, driver--

Donny balks. That hurt. He nods, then turns and goes.

28 INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - NIGHT.

(NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny nods to himself. He is upset, but at the same time, it
feels like a weight has been lifted.

The fridge door closes. Revealing-- Martha. She stares at Donny. A devilish smile on her face.

MARTHA

(beat)

I'm a lawyer...