

**BABY REINDEER**  
**EPISODE FOUR**

Created & Written by

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1 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

The sound of a thousand rambling voicemails. Behind which we hear the faint sound of an answer machine message:

VOICEMAIL

-- received Tuesday 28th at 1.02am--

BEEP! The rambling ceases. Leaving the sound of a single voicemail penetrating through. Martha has a bashful and flirtatious energy about her now as she reminisces.

MARTHA

-- look, this may sound silly and... oh God, I'm getting a little red here-- but do you remember that tweet you put up, back in the day? The one with the flight brochure and the birthday card--? Well, I've never admitted this to anyone-- but I always took it as a sign, you know? That you wanted me to come--

(laughing bashfully)

-- and there was this other time in the bar, when you were serving in your tight whites and I thought-- red! Red is your colour! Well, the next day you were wearing red--?!

(laughing in disbelief)

-- I mean, I don't know whether you believe in those things but I do--

BEEP! Message deleted. All the noise fades to silence.

DONNY (V.O.)

*When I came to London two years ago, I moved with my then girlfriend Keeley--*

2 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY.**

**(JUNE 2014)**

Flashback. Donny and KEELEY (30) - acerbic, hard exterior, sweet underneath it all - enter Liz's house.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- into her mother's house, temporarily-- while we tried to find a flat to place ourselves--*

Liz appears in the doorway. Donny greets her with a heavy dose of British awkwardness. Shaking her hand sheepishly.

3     **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.**                     **(DECEMBER 2014)**

Donny and Keeley lie in bed facing each other. A closeness between them. Bags yet unpacked around them.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*But an intended stop-gap of two weeks-- turned into six months--*

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

Donny and Keeley now lie face up. Holding hands but some distance between them. Bags semi unpacked around them.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*-- turned into one year-*

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

Donny and Keeley in the same position. Not holding hands and both looking severely depressed. Their bags fully unpacked.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*-- turned into her calling me an emotionless prick and moving back out before I could manage an erection--*

6     **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.**                     **(JULY 2015)**

Donny is in bed in the same position as before. Only Keeley is not there. Nor is her stuff in the room around him. Donny turns his head to the empty place beside him and sighs.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*So then, in an irony I couldn't quite believe-- I found myself married to her mother--*

7     **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT.**                     **(JULY 2015)**

Donny and Liz eat dinner in a stilted silence. When Liz suddenly gets a new, exciting thought.

LIZ  
Oh, did you see that television programme the other day? The one about those people who live in those weird huts in the middle of nowhere...?

DONNY  
(beat)  
No.

8 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STAIRCASE - DAY.** (JULY 2015)

Donny walks down the stairs. Dressed in his multi-coloured dressing gown. Waking up from a late finish at the pub.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Shortly after Keeley moved out,  
Liz's eldest son died in an  
abseiling accident-- which was  
about as intense a way into a new  
living situation as could be--*

9 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY.** (JULY 2015)

Donny enters. Liz sits at the table, clearly bereft. Surrounded by family members sitting sombrely in funeral clothes. A far cry from the colourful dressing gown Donny is wearing as he stands in the doorway. \*

DONNY

Oh my God, I'm so sorry!

LIZ

No, you're fine-- go ahead--

DONNY

Really? Okay--

(beat)

Well, I'll be very quick--

Donny awkwardly pushes past everyone to get to the microwave. \*

DONNY

Sorry, I'll just squeeze past you there-- just need to put-- this in the--

(typing)

Two, minutes and-- done--

Donny clicks the microwave on. It makes a loud noise as Donny stands there. Looking sheepish and embarrassed with himself. At the far side of the room, he catches eyes with Keeley. Who shakes her head at him in silent annoyance.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and I do sometimes question  
whether the timing of this led Liz  
to see me as an extension of him--*

10 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - DAY.** (JULY 2015)

A different day. Donny is getting ready to go out to work. He washes his face in the sink and dries off on a towel. When he catches eyes with a framed photo of Liz's son. Hesitating slightly at it. Before drying off the rest of his face.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*-- like he left one day and came  
 back a little more Scottish-- a  
 little more neurotic-- and dare I  
 say-- a little better at abseiling--*

Donny goes to exit the bathroom. But the second he opens the door, Liz appears. Seemingly out of nowhere. Donny jumps slightly. She is holding a pretty horrible yellow jacket.

LIZ  
 I've got this, found it in the loft-

DONNY  
 Oh, no, I couldn't--

LIZ  
 He dressed well.

DONNY  
 He did, but I-- I couldn't--  
 honestly, it wouldn't feel right--

LIZ  
 Well, why don't I leave it here and  
 you can think it through--?

DONNY  
 No, honestly, Liz, I-- I absolutely  
 cannot accept this coat--

11 **INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - DAY.** (JULY 2015)

Donny is sitting on the bus in the yellow jacket. Mid-exhale. A look of utter consternation on his face.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*It was a strange living situation  
 to be shackled up with the twice-  
 divorced, grieving mother of my ex-  
 girlfriend-- but I really grew to  
 value her presence in my life--*

12 **SCENE DELETED.**

13 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2015)

Donny and Liz sit side by side watching television together. We hear a documentarian speaking about people who live in huts. Funnily enough the show Liz mentioned to him in Scene 7 earlier. Donny looks extremely bored as he watches.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*-- she had the kind of boundless  
 positivity reserved only for those  
 fighting the most unspeakable of  
 consequences--*

When Liz looks to Donny and smiles. Donny smiles back.  
 Slightly uncomfortably.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*Therefore when Keeley found out  
 about my plans to stay, she let me  
 on one condition. That I never  
 bring chaos to her mother's door--*

14 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)  
*So here I was. Bringing chaos to  
 her mother's door--*

15 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Present day. Liz and Martha sit at the table. The remaining  
 members of the party. Donny hovers on a chair nearby.

LIZ  
 I don't know how you do it, I  
 honestly don't--

MARTHA  
 -- do what, hen?

LIZ  
 Stay this late, without so much as  
 a tippie!

MARTHA  
 Oh, I'm better without it-- crazy  
 enough as it is, me! My old man  
 used to say I was a full-time drunk  
 without touching a drop--

LIZ  
 I know that feeling--!

Liz laughs. Then turns to Donny. Motioning towards Martha.

LIZ  
 She's good. I like her.

Donny forces a smile. Liz turns back to Martha.

LIZ  
 Top up?

DONNY

I think we should, maybe, wrap up?

MARTHA

Diet Coke, please--

Martha holds out her empty glass. Liz takes it and gets up.

LIZ

You'll be bouncing off the walls  
with all that caffeine!

MARTHA

Hopefully. Might need a little help  
bouncing, mind...

Martha flashes Donny a seductive stare. Donny sighs. Then gets up to chat to Liz at the kitchen counter.

DONNY

Listen, Liz, I really think we  
should call it-- I'm up early and I  
need a decent night's sleep--

MARTHA

I could stay here--?

Donny turns to Martha. Horrified at the suggestion.

LIZ

-- oh, you'd be welcome to! This is  
an old lodging house, plenty rooms  
left to spare--

DONNY

Oh, I'm not sure, Liz-- I just  
think maybe it's best if Martha  
doesn't stay tonight, okay--?

LIZ

Her name's Sheila! My God! You're  
supposed to be the sober one!

Liz and Martha laugh at each other. When Liz turns around, Martha's face drops from the laughter to stare at him again.

LIZ

It'll be fine, honestly. Sheila, I  
assume I can trust you to stay  
quiet for Donny here--?

MARTHA

Oh, absolutely, I'll bite my lip if  
I think of making any noise...

Martha flashes Donny another seductive stare.

LIZ

Great, all settled then. I'll go pad out a bed for you. Donny, why don't you make a cup of tea for Sheila for beddies--?

Donny nods and switches on the kettle. It starts to boil. Liz disappears upstairs. The second she goes, Donny clicks it off and turns to Martha. Speaking in a hushed assertion.

DONNY

You're to leave here, right now--

MARTHA

No, I'm staying the night-- would be rude not to now my new friend Liz has fastened me up a bed--

DONNY

She's not your friend and you're not fucking staying--!

MARTHA

Don't you get stuffy with me--! You're lucky I'm still interested after you pissed off to Scotland without so much as a peep--!

DONNY

I'm not talking about this! If you continue this bullshit any longer, I'll call the police...

Martha looks instantly worried. Backtracking slightly.

MARTHA

You wouldn't dare! I'm a lawyer! I have certain standards to live up to! I can't be having the police making waffles out of nothing--

DONNY

Then leave! Stay away from the cooking class, stay away from Liz, and stay away from this house--

(beat)

Is that clear?

Donny takes out his phone and keys in emergency services. Then raises up the screen.

DONNY

What's it going to be--?

With that, Martha suddenly turns and marches out of the room. Donny stands there, confused. Craning his neck as the sound of her footsteps disappears in the distance. When, BANG! The front door slams shut. Donny stands there.



Utterly baffled. After a couple of beats, Liz reappears in the doorway. Looking a little baffled and ever-so-slightly put out.

LIZ

Oh. Did Sheila go? I heard the door-

DONNY

Yeah. She left. Work emergency.

LIZ

Oh, that's a shame--

(beat)

Well, I've got her number, so I'm sure I'll see her again.

DONNY

Look, maybe it's not my place to say, but didn't she seem a little-- you know, unstable, to you--?

LIZ

Oh. I must have missed that...

Liz looks a little disappointed.

LIZ

Come to think of it-- when I asked her what her favourite cuisine was, do you know what she said--?

(beat)

Breakfast.

Donny laughs, hopelessly.

DONNY

Well, exactly-- I just-- I didn't get a good vibe at all--

LIZ

Oh dear. Well, I'll discuss with the gang and figure out what to do with her--

Liz smiles. Donny smiles back. Then turns and walks away. His smile slowly fading into dread.

16 **SCENE DELETED.**

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

A still baffled Donny enters his room with his suitcase and turns on the light. When his eye is drawn to a photograph on his desk. He drops his stuff to the floor and picks it up.

It is a photograph of a scantily clad Martha in a bra and panties. A manic smile on her face. There is a random bottle of Irn Bru under her arm. Donny stares, with apprehension--

18 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"mte ask liz ifi c an lodge in one of her roomss

Sent from my iPhone"

18A **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Through the window. Donny paces the room. Beside himself.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I spent all night in panic thinking  
of all the things Martha could do  
now she knew where I lived--*

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

Donny paces the room. Absolutely beside himself.

DONNY (V.O.)

*She could knock all hours of the  
day. Befriend Liz and start coming  
over. Our patented game of duck and  
dive, now extended to the corridors  
of my very own home--*

20 **SCENE DELETED.**

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

Donny tears down another street. The Heart can be seen ahead.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I knew the police was the only  
logical next step. But I just  
needed to talk to her first. Tell  
her in no uncertain terms that if  
she came to the house again, there  
would be absolutely no going back--*

(beat)

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

*But when I got to the bar that day--  
on my first shift back after a week  
away-- I was amazed to find, for  
the first time ever--*

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

BOOM! Donny slams through the door into the pub. But is instantly puzzled when he looks to the stool where Martha usually sits and she is nowhere to be seen. The place is empty but for one staff member behind the bar.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Martha wasn't there...*

Donny stares around. Utterly baffled. When Greggsy appears.

GREGGSY

Yo! Can I grab you for a second--?

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

Donny follows Greggsy into the manager's office and stops when he sees Gino sitting there. His eye still faintly black.

GREGGSY

Sit, dick head.

Donny sits opposite Gino. Greggsy in the middle.

GREGGSY

You guys need to sort your shit. Or else one of you will need to go--

GINO

It's not even a decision Greggsy, you know if I leave, all my staff will jump with me--

DONNY

Fucking hell! You make it sound like you're parachuting onto the beaches of Normandy--!

GINO

Oh, piss off you prick!

DONNY

"Boots on the ground boys, to the nearest Wetherspoons!"

GINO

Do you want to go again? Because we can go--

Gino leans forward in his chair and squares up Donny.

GREGGSY

Get a grip, the pair of you! Are you both seriously not man enough to swallow your pride and apologise to one other--?

Donny and Gino look insecure at the sudden challenge to their masculinity. Their eye contact falters slightly.

DONNY

I'm sorry.

GINO

Me too.

They shake each other's hands sheepishly.

24 INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - DAY.

(NOVEMBER 2015)

Donny is on the bus. Staring out. Not quite trusting it.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I couldn't believe Martha didn't turn up. She knew it was my first shift back. In fact, she'd been sending calendar invites by email for days leading up to it--*

We see the invites: "Babaroo rein and chuckles buckles reunite!" Donny closes his phone and ponders.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Was that all it took to remove her from my life? One simple threat about calling the police--?*

Donny rings the bell for the bus, then gets up. Still perplexed. As the bus starts slowing at the stop.

DONNY (V.O.)

*It all just seemed too simple. Too easy. Too...*

Suddenly, Donny's confusion fades with a jolt to his system when he looks out the windows and sees--

Martha. Sitting at a bus stop very near his house. WTF?! She is staring out expectantly as the bus approaches. Looking as mad as ever. Donny stares aghast, as the bus slows.

When he impulsively throws himself onto the seat and pulls his hood up with his back to the window. Crouched down low as to not be seen. Not quite believing his eyes.

When the doors open one deck below. But Donny does not get off. Frozen in panic.

Still using his peripheries to peep out at Martha as other random people get off the bus. When the doors close and the bus speeds back up to the next stop.

25 **SCENE DELETED.**

26 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny paces his room in panic. When he goes to the window and pulls back the curtain. Martha is still there. Still waiting for him. He lets go of the curtain and paces his room again.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*She was sitting. At a bus stop.  
 Outside my house. My stalker. Was  
 sitting. At a bus stop. Outside my  
 house. Not doing anything. Just...  
 waiting-- hoping--*

Donny pulls back the curtain again. But Martha is not there. WTF?! When the doorbell rings. OH SHIT!

27 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny rushes into the entrance way. Shouting back as he goes.

DONNY  
 I'll get this--!

Donny takes a beat. Looking back to make sure Liz is not appearing. Before taking a breath in and opening the door.

DONNY  
 I've told you not to come here--

KEELEY  
 I don't think you've got any say in  
 the matter--

DONNY  
 Keeley...

Donny cannot believe his eyes. Or luck.

DONNY  
 What are you doing here...?

KEELEY  
 What, at my family home--?

DONNY  
 Oh, no, sorry, I mean-- I didn't  
 know you had plans to be down--?

Keeley pushes past him into the house.

KEELEY

I told my Mum not to tell you, I didn't want to make a thing of it-- but judging by your expression, it's a little late for that--

DONNY

No, no, I'm just--

Donny glances outside for Martha. Before closing the door.

DONNY

-- surprised, is all-- I mean, how long are you staying for?

KEELEY

As long as I bloody like.

DONNY

-- yes, yes, of course...

Keeley continues walking into the house.

28 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY.**

**(NOVEMBER 2015)**

Donny follows Keeley into the hallway. A little caught out. When she turns suddenly. Addressing him with sternness.

KEELEY

Why have you been ignoring my calls, Donny--?

DONNY

Oh-- yeah, sorry-- it's just-- last time we spoke, you told me-- never to contact you again--?

KEELEY

Well, this is serious! Your girlfriend's a psycho--!

DONNY

She's not my girlfriend--

KEELEY

Well, who is she then? Because she's not leaving me alone and I'm starting to worry I'll bump into her, somewhere...

Donny swallows. That might very well happen.

KEELEY

You need to sort this Donny!

DONNY

Why is it on me?! I don't have anything to do with this--

KEELEY

Bullshit! You would have done something to bring this on--

DONNY

Oh, here we go! Blame me, as always-

KEELEY

I do blame you! You love drama! Anything to take you away from the stasis, that is your life--

DONNY

Wow. Great to see you putting your psychology postgrad to good use after all this time. There was me thinking you were wasting it working in a flower shop--

KEELEY

You're an asshole, you know that?

DONNY

ARSE-hole. I know you're dating an American now, but there's no need to start sounding like one--

Keeley smarts. When Liz opens the door.

LIZ

You're early!

KEELEY

I'll be through in a sec Mum. Put the kettle on.

Liz smiles and goes.

KEELEY

If she keeps pestering me, I'll tell my Mum and you'll be out of here before you can say, "mates rates"--

Donny is lost for words. As Keeley heads into the kitchen.

29 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"I ahte that Keelesy sbicths so mcuh, i swdear I keep seeing her places

Sent from my iPhone"

DONNY (V.O.)  
*Every day now, Martha would be  
outside-- this ticking-timebomb on  
my life--*

30 **SCENE DELETED.**

31 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Dawn. Donny walks past her as Martha shouts. Full of life.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*I would leave first thing in the  
morning-- and she would be there--*

MARTHA  
I love you, nipple! Think of me at  
work today--!

32 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT.** (NOVEMBER 2015)

Martha shouts. As Donny quickly passes with his head down.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*-- then I would come back, as late  
as midnight, and she would still be  
there--*

MARTHA  
How was your shift, reindeer?! Did  
you think of me--?!

33 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** (DECEMBER 2015)

Donny watches from his window as Liz leaves the house.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*I couldn't understand what she was  
getting from it. She never  
approached me. She never came to  
the house again. She avoided Liz,  
whenever she passed--*

Martha clocks her and makes herself scarce. Walking  
immediately away as she sees her.

34 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY.** (DECEMBER 2015)

Martha's teeth are chattering. Utterly desperate. But trying  
to remain upbeat and positive.



DONNY (V.O.)

*-- it was all catcalls and snatched glimpses-- as she devoted fifteen, sixteen hour days to a fleeting encounter--*

MARTHA

Tell us a joke, funny bones! Make me smile--!

Donny looks to her. Then shoves his head down. Trying his hardest not to feel sorry for her.

DONNY (V.O.)

*But soon, as time wore on and the temperature dropped further-- I noticed a shift in Martha--*

35 **SCENE DELETED.**

36 **SCENE DELETED.**

37 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- as she stopped acknowledging me entirely-- instead, descending into this... staring--*

38 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny passes. Looking concerned. As Martha stares into space.

DONNY (V.O.)

*It was beleaguered. Brittle. Into herself, almost. Like she was stuck in time-- traversing all the devastating things that must have happened in her life to make her this way-- and sometimes I would call out to her--*

(shouting out)

Martha! Are you okay--?

Martha turns her head towards him. But her eyes glaze over.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- but she would stare straight through me. Like I was caught in her gaze but her eyes didn't make the connection. As though she didn't recognise me, almost--*

Donny stares back. Mildly hurt. Before turning and walking away. Behind him, Martha's head is tilted to the right. Creepily staring into the space he has just walked through.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and it all just came back to the same, abject pangs of empathy which started all these problems in the first place--*

39 **SCENE DELETED.**

40 **SCENE DELETED.**

41 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)**

Donny is still awake. Thinking. He looks at his clock. It is nearly four in the morning. He sighs. Then gets out of bed.

42 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)**

Donny exits the house and takes a right. Cautiously edging down the street. Stopping when he sees Martha still sitting there. Staring into space.

It is freezing cold and dark, and she looks oddly terrifying. Lit by the glare of the strip-lights above her. Donny takes a deep breath in and approaches her cautiously.

43 **EXT. LIZ'S STREET, BUS STOP - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)**

Donny sits down next to Martha. She looks utterly desperate. Her teeth are chattering and her breath shoots out into the cold. There is snot running from her nose to her mouth.

DONNY

Jesus Christ, Martha-- how long have you been sitting here for--?

Martha does not respond. Just shivering, desperately.

DONNY

Here--

Donny takes a tissue out and gives it to her. Martha tries to blow her nose, but her fists clam up from the cold.

DONNY

Okay, let me--

Donny takes the tissue and, like a parent to their child, he starts wiping away the snot on her nose. He doesn't know where to put the tissue. So he places it in her coat pocket.

DONNY

You'll catch a death, if you sit  
out here all night--

Martha does not respond. Still shivering. Miles away.

DONNY

I'm going to take you back to  
yours, okay? My landlady has a car--  
and I'll... I'll drive you...

Martha nods a feeble nod. Donny stands and helps her up.

DONNY

Come on-- let's go--

44 **INT. MARTHA'S FLAT, HALLWAY - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny pushes Martha's front door open which is a struggle due to the amount of mail which has built up the other side. Before leading her inside with a surprising gentleness.

45 **INT. MARTHA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny sits Martha down on a worn-out armchair. He puts a nearby blanket over her. Wrapping it around her with care. Before kneeling down opposite. Addressing her like a child.

DONNY

I'm going to make you a cup of tea,  
okay? It's important you heat up as  
soon as possible--

Martha nods, imperceptibly.

46 **INT. MARTHA'S FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny switches on a light revealing an absolutely disgusting kitchen. A thick layer of dust running across everything. Random clutter everywhere and items that should not be in a kitchen. Old toys. Broken hair-dryers.

Donny wanders in slowly. A look of concern on his face as he makes his way to the sink. Where he takes a look inside. A disgusting basin full of mould, mildew and odd, pink stains. Various cups sit festering with mould inside.

DONNY

(sotto)  
... fucking hell...

Donny runs the tap. Taking a nearby kettle and filling it up with water before clicking it to boil. When he opens a kitchen cupboard and pulls out a chipped and dirty cup.

He examines it. There is a really cute Little Miss Giggles type cartoon on the side. Donny stares at it with sympathy. Before cleaning the cup on his t-shirt and placing it down.

He then grabs a nearby tea-bag from a pile in a random carrier bag and chucks it inside. Before opening a drawer for a spoon. But he does not find any cutlery. Instead he is greeted with a draw full of dusty old burner phones. Jesus...

Donny stares down at it for a beat. Almost like he wants to ignore what he has just seen. When he slams the drawer shut and opens the next one. Taking out a tea-spoon and placing it inside. When he heads to the fridge for some milk.

Donny pulls upon the door. Pulls out a carton. Sniffs it. Ooft! Out of date. He places it back in and closes the door. When something else draws his eye--

There, crumpled on Martha's fridge door and held in place by four Royalist magnets is a first-class Law degree certificate from Edinburgh University. Holy shit. He pulls it off and stares at it in disbelief. Lost in it for a while.

When, the kettle clicks off. Snapping him out of his focus. He slowly and gently places the certificate back onto the fridge. Exactly how it was before.

47 **SCENE DELETED.**

48 **SCENE DELETED.**

49 **SCENE DELETED.**

50 **INT. MARTHA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)**

Donny walks back into the living room with a cup of tea for Martha. He hands it to her and she receives it meekly.

DONNY  
We need to talk, okay--?

Donny sits down in an armchair opposite. Martha holding her royalist cup and staring down into it like a scolded child. Donny takes a big, deep breath in. Then leans forward.

DONNY  
Martha. You have to stop sitting at that bus stop on my road--

MARTHA  
... why?

DONNY

Because you're only there because  
my house is one-hundred yards away--

MARTHA

You live next door to my friend.

DONNY

Then, why are you there and not  
next door at your friend's--?

Pause. Martha stares. Floored by the question. Before turning her head away petulantly. Donny grows desperate.

DONNY

Please, Martha-- don't do this-- my  
home in London means a great deal  
to me-- and I can't afford to be  
anywhere else--

Martha stays turned away petulantly. Donny stares at her. His frustration almost mounting into tears now.

DONNY

Please, Martha...

Donny stares at the floor. On the verge of a complete breakdown. When Martha turns her head back towards him. She sees he is almost crying and sits up. Suddenly aggrieved.

MARTHA

Oh no! Why you crying, nipple?

DONNY

I'm not-- I just--

MARTHA

What's wrong?! Tell me, please--!

DONNY

YOU! You're what's wrong--!

MARTHA

What can I do to help, though,  
reindeer?! What do you need--?!

DONNY

Space!

MARTHA

Space?! From, me?! From, us--?!

DONNY

What are you talking about?! There  
is no us--!

Donny stands up frustrated and moves away. He rants at her, at the end of his tether. But she just stares. Oblivious.

DONNY

It's amazing! I can say anything  
and you will just pick and choose  
the bits you want to hear?! I mean,  
look at you, staring at me, like...

MARTHA

Like, what?

DONNY

Like I'm about to reveal some--  
torment-- that could be anything  
but you sitting outside my house--

Donny hangs his head in his hands with pure frustration. When he looks back up at her. Staring at him. Oblivious. Hopeful.

DONNY

I mean, you believe it, don't you?  
You believe I'm your boyfriend...

Martha is staring at him. Infantile. Oddly docile. When Donny gets a thought. He walks back over to her and sits opposite.

DONNY

Martha, I'm breaking up with you--

Martha stares, aghast. Like she has just been winded.

MARTHA

Oh, no, no, no...

Martha starts beating her temples. Donny takes her arms away.

DONNY

No, no, stop that-- listen to me...  
(beat)  
-- don't think of this as something  
you've lost. Think of it as  
something you've gained--

Martha frowns, slightly confused. Blinking back tears.

DONNY

If you stop now, and don't contact  
me ever again-- then it has been  
perfect, hasn't it? A fairy-tale,  
almost-- to look back on--?

MARTHA

Yep.... yep...

Martha gulps down a sob. Donny moves in closer.

DONNY

But for it to remain a fairy-tale,  
you now need to respect the  
boundaries of the break-up--

DONNY (CONT'D)

(beat)

You wouldn't want to spoil the fairy-tale ending, would you--?

MARTHA

No, I wouldn't, Frankie-- I won't do nothing to harm what we've had--

Donny smiles. Martha smiles back. Crushed, but also with a strange look of pride. Donny stands and walks out the room.

51 **INT. MARTHA'S FLAT, HALLWAY - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny walks through the hallway to the front door.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Instead of trying to make her see the reality of things-- I conformed to her reality of things. Buying into her delusion made her buy into my disinterest--*

Donny looks back. Through the door at the other end of the hallway, sits Martha. Staring into space. Smiling oddly. Like she is reminiscing their memories together. Donny sighs guiltily. Then closes the door behind.

52 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"bereffed empty... i know you means it too, smething in your eyes... soi gess tihs is goodby.. i lvoes you wickle reindee forevrs in my hearts

Sent"

53 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** (JANUARY 2016)

The next day. Donny wakes up to his alarm. He picks up his phone and looks at it. The alert reads: "Comedy Semi-Final." Donny switches it off. When he has a sudden thought.

Donny goes to the window and pulls back the curtain. But Martha is not there. He glances up and down the road, disbelievingly. Then breathes a massive sigh of relief.

54 **INT. PUB THEATRE, AUDITORIUM - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Pre-show. We scan from left to right across a line of predominantly white, male comedians sitting in the seating bank. Until we get to Donny. Dressed in his ludicrous suit. Feeling utterly out of place. Jason speaks at the front.

JASON

Okay guys! Listen up! Listen up--!  
Welcome to the semi-final. You each  
have five minutes. A red light will  
flash fifteen seconds from the end.  
If you go over your allotted time,  
you will be disqualified--  
(motioning to his left)  
Glenda here will be your compere--

GLENDA

Sup, guys.

GLENDA (35) - estuary, tattoos, cool - gives a peace sign.

JASON

Any requests, specific  
introductions-- she's your man.  
(beat)  
Good luck everyone--!

55     **INT. PUB THEATRE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT.**                                     **(JANUARY 2016)**

Donny paces. Going through his notes and mumbling his lines  
under his breath. Full of nerves. Behind him a queue of  
around twenty forms inside the venue.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I told myself that winning this  
competition was my way out of the  
mire of the past few years.*

(beat)

*Sometimes success can feel like the  
only way to pull your life  
together, without the crushing pain  
of having to look inwards--*

Donny paces some more but stops in his tracks when he sees  
Teri and a group of her friends entering and taking their  
place in the queue. His face falls as they approach.

DONNY

Teri... what the hell--?!

TERI

Warm welcome...

DONNY

No, sorry-- I mean-- it's been  
like, two months--

(beat)

-- what are you doing here--?!

TERI

Coming to see the show.



Teri crosses her arms and looks at him. Trying her best to look defiant. But undermining it with a vulnerability.

DONNY

You can't be serious--?

TERI

Oh, deadly! I thought, if anything's going to give me closure, it's seeing you fail spectacularly in front of hundreds of people--

Donny looks back up at the queue of people.

DONNY

Will twenty do--?

Teri sniffs a laugh. Trying not to find him funny. Donny stares at her for a moment. Not quite buying her performance. When he becomes aware of all of her friends glaring his way.

DONNY

-- and, sorry, these are--?

TERI

Oh. My friends. They're here to stop me sliding into a familiar pattern of shame-based behaviour with horrible men.

DONNY

(meekly)

-- nice to meet you--

All of her friends make a pointed effort of looking away. Donny looks back to Teri who smiles at him challengingly.

DONNY

Well, if I wasn't nervous before, I am now--

TERI

Good. We're very hard to please.

They all stare him out. When Jason appears on the stairs.

JASON

Come on bro, we need to open doors!

Donny looks a little caught out. Standing with Teri and her annoyed group of friends. Jason picks up on the odd vibe.

DONNY

Oh. Sorry. I'll be right up--

Jason nods and disappears. Donny hovers. It is excruciating.

DONNY  
 Actually, I don't know why I opted  
 to stay. I am going to go too.  
 (beat)  
 Enjoy the show!

Donny scarpers. Utterly terrified about what is to come.

56 **INT. PUB THEATRE, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny. Head in hands. Doubled-over with anxiety. The gig now in full swing. It is a poor atmosphere out there.

DONNY  
 Oh Jesus! Oh fuck! Oh fuck...

Donny parts the curtains to see Teri and her mates are in the front row. He groans. Then looks to the act on stage dying a brutal death. Which compounds Donny's anxieties tenfold. He lets go of the curtain and paces. When--

GLENDА (O.C.)  
 You needing an introduction--?

Donny jumps slightly. He turns.

DONNY  
 Oh, yeah-- can you introduce me as  
 a bit mad? I just think it might  
 help set up the audience for  
 something a little bit different--

GLENDА  
 Sure. You're on next. Good luck  
 mate--!

Glenda disappears. Donny looks utterly terrified. But tries his best to gee himself up. When the act wraps up to a smattering of applause and Glenda comes back onstage.

GLENDА (O.C.)  
 Okay, guys, this next act is  
 mental. He's been stalking about  
 backstage, freaking us all out--

DONNY  
 (sotto)  
 -- that's too much--

GLENDА (O.C.)  
 -- so lock up your daughters--

DONNY  
 (sotto)  
 -- makes me sound like a pervert--

GLEENDA (O.C.)  
 -- and please welcome to the stage--  
 DONNY DUNN!

57 INT. PUB THEATRE, STAGE - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)

Donny comes out, full of nervous energy. He veers to the microphone, cutting off the audience applause prematurely.

DONNY  
 Leave those doors unlocked--!  
 (beat)  
 That's not-- a joke, it's just--  
 I'm not after your daughters. That  
 makes me sound like a-- a--  
 (beat)  
 -- I'm not a pervert--

Horrific pause.

DONNY  
 I've always found that phrase a  
 little funny, actually-- "lock up  
 your daughters"--  
 (beat)  
 -- like, they run around locking up  
 all the women in town instead of  
 dealing with the one pervert...  
 (beat)  
 Talk about counter-productive!

Horrific pause.

DONNY  
 ... I assume, he's a pervert  
 anyway. He could be a serial killer  
 or something...  
 (beat)  
 -- you know, with a-- a particular  
 penchant for-- young-- girls...

This is torture, already. Donny takes a moment to glance over at Teri. She stares on horrified. As do her friends, two of whom exchange confused looks. Donny tries to continue.

DONNY  
 So yeah! Not after your daughters!  
 Just want to make that clear up  
 top! I'm from Scotland, originally,  
 so it's your pastries I'm after--!

A laugh. Phew.

DONNY

I know I don't sound Scottish, but if you need more proof-- look at the state of me! I've just turned sixteen--!

They laugh again. A little bigger this time. Donny is slowly winning them back round. But it is still slightly tense.

DONNY

Okay, let's do some jokes--!

Donny hits a button on his clicker and a "comedy sting" plays out. He does a silly dance to it.

DONNY

So my girlfriend came up to me three weeks ago and said she really wants to try tantric sex. The art of delaying an orgasm. So I replied... "Hey, I've been going out with you for five years and you haven't cum once--"

(hamming it up)

WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT FROM ME--?!

Donny hits the "comedy sting" again and does a stupid dance. The audience laugh. Still a little nervous.

DONNY

So, two weeks ago, my girlfriend came up to me and she said-- "I'm just not sure we're working as lovers"-- to which I replied... "Oh come on! That's what you said about the cousins thing!"

A "comedy sting" plays and Donny does a stupid dance. The audience really laugh at this one.

DONNY

-- and then one week ago, she said, "I'm thinking of leaving you" to which I replied, "PLEASE! NO--"!

Pause. Donny looks around awkwardly. When the "comedy sting" plays again and Donny does another dance. The audience are really warming to him now. When Donny looks over at Teri. She has her hand over her mouth and is laughing self-consciously.

When their eyes meet. Teri drops her hand from her face and smiles at him. Donny smiles back at her for a beat. Before launching back into his routine--

DONNY

Okay, great. So, I have this--

MARTHA

(singing)

"Especially for you. I want to let you know what I was going through. All the time we were apart, I thought of you..."

Pause. Oh fuck. Donny cannot believe it. He squints through the darkness. There, at the back, sits Martha. He freezes. Then glances to Teri who stares at him with confusion.

DONNY

Okay, thanks for that-- moving on!

MARTHA

I miss you.

Donny stalls. Unsure how to respond. A few nervous giggles ring out across the audience.

DONNY

Uh... I miss you too-- random stranger--!

A laugh from the audience.

MARTHA

I'm not a random stranger! I'm your ex! Don't be so cruel--!

More people look around. This is getting really awkward.

MARTHA

-- and who's this girl you're talking about too?! Is that Keeley? Off your Facebook--?

The audience exchange puzzled looks. Donny sighs. He knows he has to address her. He walks to the front of the stage.

DONNY

No, it's-- a little thing called fiction, actually--

The audience laugh. Donny continues.

DONNY

Just so you know, when you watch Game of Thrones-- those aren't actual dragons, you do realise that...?

The audience laugh.

MARTHA

I don't know why they're laughing. You're absolutely shite.

A few audience members gasp. Some do pantomime "woahs" as tension takes over. Donny stalls. Running out of ideas. When--

DONNY

Okay ladies and gentlemen, just to give you some context-- this is Martha, my stalker-- say hello to Martha everyone--

MARTHA

(cutting him off)  
Don't you dare say that to me!

Martha shoots to her feet. Dropping her glass of Diet Coke. Smashing it across the floor. Absolutely irate.

MARTHA

I'm a paying customer! How dare you insinuate mixed intentions! You apologise to me right now--!

Pause. Donny stares. She stands there, puffed chest. Irate.

DONNY

Fucking hell. Who unlocked the doors to Broadmoor--?

The audience laugh. But Martha cuts through it with shouting.

MARTHA

You can't call me a stalker, when YOU'RE the one creeping around MY house at night! Peering in MY windows--! Sending ME emails begging for MY BUM-HOLE--!

The audience gasp. What is going on here?

DONNY

That's-- I genuinely have no idea what she's talking about--

MARTHA

Yes, you do! I'll show them!

DONNY

Look, can we-- can we get her out please?

MARTHA

(raising up her phone)  
Look! It's here! It's here--!

A few audience members nearby see it and react with gasps.

DONNY

Please, can someone get her out--?

A Bouncer comes over and starts leading her out of the venue. But Martha fights back.

MARTHA

No! You get your hands-- off me!  
You have NO RIGHT to touch me! NO  
RIGHT whatsoever--!

Martha is putting up a hell of a fight. The audience are up on their feet. As Jason and Glenda come over to help push her out. Martha starts directing her anger back to the stage.

MARTHA

He's a bum-hole lover this one! A  
proper, dirty, little bum-hole  
lover! A filthy-- little-- two-bit,  
barman, bum-hole, bastard--!

Suddenly, SLAM! Martha is pushed out the door. Her muffled shouts can still be heard echoing down the corridor.

Donny just stands there, speechless as the audience turn their heads back to the stage. As if questioning whether the guy they are watching is genuinely a stalker.

DONNY

Can't take my Mum anywhere--

A sniff of laughter. Barely anything. When the red light at the back of the stage starts blinking. Donny stares. Guttled.

58 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"is that hows ur goings to be?!?!!! So much for respectinsg the memorsy of ours brekaup i thought oh ill pop down, see an ex, suport him, maybes helps him out, thens uj do that?! Call me that again and its curtains not the good kind eitehre!!!!"

iPhone"

59 **INT. PUB THEATRE, DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)**

Donny is bent over the dressing room table. Breathless. In a state of shock and disbelief as he processes what happened.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I wanted to grab her by the scruff  
of the neck. Scream every sorry  
fact about my life into her face  
until she could see what she had  
just robbed me of--*

Donny picks up a chair and throws it against the wall.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- my way out of all this--*

Suddenly, a knock at the door. Shit! Is that her?! Donny grows immediately troubled as he cautiously goes over to the door. Slowly pulling it open. Expecting Martha, but finding--

TERI

What the hell was that--?!

Donny is shocked to see her. Moreover, instantly paranoid about Martha seeing them. He looks out as the rest of the audience shuffle out the venue behind. Through a gap between two people he sees Martha talking to a Bouncer.

DONNY

Here, get inside--

Donny pulls Teri inside the room and shuts the door behind her. Locking it. She is in a state of disbelief.

TERI

Was that Martha--?!

DONNY

Fucking, obviously!

TERI

Holy shit, that was nuts!

DONNY

I know! We need to get out of here--

Donny starts frantically putting his coat on and stuffing his props in his suitcase. When--

TERI

I want to meet her--

DONNY

What?! You can't be serious--?!

TERI

I am. I want to meet her.

DONNY

No, that is not a good idea Teri--

TERI

It is! Think about it. I'm a therapist, I could get through to her--

DONNY

Think about it. She's insane!  
There's no getting through to her!  
You'll have to come out the back  
way with me--

Suddenly, there is a knock at the door. Fuck! They freeze.



MARTHA (O.C.)  
Reindeer! You in there--?!

Teri gasps. Then looks at Donny. Martha starts trying the handle. Donny stares at Teri pleadingly, with his hand out.

DONNY  
Please, just do this for me--?

TERI  
Oh, fine, you loser...

Donny smiles with relief and pulls her through the back door.

60 **INT. PUB THEATRE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny frantically pulls Teri along a dimly-lit corridor.

TERI  
You know, it's kind of comical you  
being scared of a middle-aged woman-

DONNY  
-- if you find that funny, wait  
until you hear about my phobia of  
dimly lit, fucking, corridors--

Teri laughs, when suddenly, CLANG! A fire-door shoots open behind them. Down the corridor and around the corner. They freeze. Staring at one another.

MARTHA (O.C.)  
Reindeer--?

OH SHIT! They both turn and bolt out of the venue as fast as their legs can take them.

61 **EXT. PUB THEATRE, STREET - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny and Teri burst out onto the street. Running away holding hands. Both laughing with adrenaline.

62 **INT. QUAIN PUB, ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2016)

Donny and Teri burst into a pub a little further up the road. Entering breathlessly. It is a small pub. Close to closing time. Donny and Teri are practically the only ones there.

TERI  
Oh my God, I'm like... shaking!  
Jesus! She's terrifying!

DONNY  
Do you think she saw us--?!

TERI

I hope not!

Donny laughs in a breathless state of disbelief.

DONNY

My God, she has some pace on her  
for an absolute heffer--!

TERI

Hey! Don't be mean!

DONNY

Come on Teri, she just ruined my  
gig! Afford me just a little bit of  
prejudice, please--

Teri smiles. When the dust settles a bit. They catch eyes  
with each other. A sudden spark between them.

DONNY

Shall we-- get a drink, maybe--?

TERI

I dunno. I really didn't plan on  
being here, with you--

DONNY

Just give me one more chance, Teri--  
please...

TERI

Look, it's not about giving you  
another chance-- it's just--  
(playfully)  
I really don't want to be seen with  
the shit comedian from the show--

DONNY

Well, you can sit on the table  
behind and talk to me over your  
shoulder, if you'd like--?

TERI

Yeah, you'd love that wouldn't you?

Teri gives him a challenging stare. Then walks towards the  
bar. Donny takes a moment to wince at himself. Then follows.

63 INT. QUAIN T PUB, MAIN AREA - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)

Donny and Teri sit at a table. Drinks in front of them.

DONNY

Jesus, that gig was brutal...

TERI

Yeah, it was going so well too. I would have definitely backed you to win had she not interrupted--

DONNY

You always know the right thing to say, don't you--?

Teri smiles cheekily at him. Donny smiles back. A frisson.

DONNY

So what made you stick around--?

TERI

Seeing you struggle up top. I just wanted to come on stage, give you a hug and tell you to get a real job.

Donny laughs. Pause.

TERI

Also, I saw you'd changed your profile on the app and... I dunno--  
(beat)  
I thought that was maybe worth something--

Donny nods, smiling appreciatively.

DONNY

So go on, put me out my misery...  
What did you really think--?

TERI

I don't know-- it certainly wasn't what I was expecting--

DONNY

What did you expect?

TERI

(laddy impersonation)  
"So I was pounding this bird the other day and her wig fell off right in the middle--"

DONNY

Hold on, that's good, that is-- let me just write that down.

TERI

Oh! Stop!

Teri hits him, playfully. Donny smiles.

DONNY

Come on. Give me more than that--

TERI

I sort of thought it was quite good-

DONNY

Oh wow! High praise!

TERI

Don't get carried away, I mean  
there's absolutely no future in it  
and you should totally give up--

DONNY

Oh, for sure.

TERI

But it's fun...

(beat)

It's sort of stupid and tragic all  
at once--

They both smile. When the bell is rung for last orders. Donny  
turns and looks. Giving the barman a nod before turning back.  
Where he finds that Teri has grown a little introspective.

\*  
\*  
\*

DONNY

Are you okay--?

TERI

... I knew I couldn't shake you  
when I saw you were doing badly.  
That's when you know, isn't it?  
When you share in someone's pain.

DONNY

(beat)

-- do you ever think you'll be able  
to-- see past what I did--?

TERI

No. Probably not. It will be the  
baseline in every single argument  
we have from now on. I win,  
essentially. For the rest of time.

DONNY

I can live with that.

They smile at one another. For a second, it looks like they  
might kiss. When--

MARTHA (O.C.)

Who's the skank--?

Donny and Teri turn to see Martha standing in front of them. Irate. Paranoid. Breathing heavily through her chest. As though she might explode. Donny has no idea what to do. When--

TERI

You must be Martha. I've heard so much about you--

MARTHA

I've heard fuck all about you.

TERI

Really? Well, maybe Donny here, can explain who I am--?

Teri looks at Donny who stays silent, conflicted. His panic rising. Martha stays staring at Teri in crazed fury.

DONNY

Please, not now, Teri--

TERI

It's for the best, trust me--

MARTHA

Who's the skank, reindeer--?

DONNY

Okay, calm down Martha--

MARTHA

WHO'S. THE. FUCKING. SKANK--?

DONNY

Teresa. Her name's Teresa--

Pause. Martha stares Teri out. A dormant volcano of emotions.

TERI

Come on Donny, I think Martha is going to need a little bit more information than that--

DONNY

Look, Teri-- I get why you're doing this, but now is not the right time--

TERI

Oh, sit down! It's exactly the right time--

Teri grabs his arm to calm him. When Martha snaps.

MARTHA

Don't you touch him bitch! I swear to God, you lay another finger on him, and I'll wipe that lip from you, mark my words--!

Martha suddenly squares Teri up. Teri stares back, unmoved.

MARTHA

Honestly, Donny, I would ask if you're shagging but I really don't think you'd stoop so low as to put your dick in something this dirty--

TERI

(beat)

What do you mean-- "dirty"--?

MARTHA

You know exactly what I mean--

DONNY

Okay, I think we should all calm down a bit--

MARTHA

No! Not until you explain who this foreign tart with long legs is, acting like I have no right to be here! When SHE has no right to be in MY FUCKING COUNTRY--!

Two people glance over concerned from across the bar.

DONNY

Okay, that's enough, Martha--

MARTHA

Is this the kind of company you're keeping? Druggies and rapists, the lot of them! If I had my way, I'd sink their boats on the horizon--

Teri recoils. Wow. That hurt.

TERI

You know what? I'm getting bored of this, now. So Donny, why don't you just tell her you're on a date with me and she needs to fuck off--

Time slows. Donny knows this is it now, as Martha's face falls into a silent fury. Teri stares back challengingly. Not quite knowing what is to come. When time speeds up into--

MARTHA

WHOOORRE--!

Martha screams from a deep place within her. Then tackles Teri backwards. They hit into a table. Then fall to the floor. Loads of random glasses smash everywhere.

MARTHA

WHORE, WHOOORRE--!

Martha is on top of her now. She grabs a massive chunk of her hair and rips it out in one big chunk. Teri wails underneath.

DONNY  
FUCKING STOP MARTHA--!

MARTHA  
FUCKING, SKANK, WHOOORRE--!

Donny manages to prise them apart, but Martha won't let go of Teri's hair. Teri continues to scream underneath.

DONNY  
LET GO MARTHA! RIGHT NOW!

MARTHA  
FUCKING, WHORE! QUESTIONING ME--?!

Finally, Donny manages to pull Martha away. They fall backwards onto the floor in the process. Donny manages to pin her underneath him, but Martha is in that place now. More terrifying than ever. Writhing and screaming underneath.

MARTHA  
UGLY, NASTY, LITTLE, WHORE! WITH  
THE BOOTS! THE BOOTS! THE BOOTS!

DONNY  
Can someone help please--?!

MARTHA  
THE BOOTS! THE BOOTS! THE BOOTS!  
BLACK HAIR! BLACK HAIR! BLACK HAIR!

The Barman dives on top of Martha and between them, they take better control of her and start pushing her outside.

MARTHA  
YOU LOOK LIKE A MAN!

Donny gasps. He looks back at Teri. Who registers the insult. Donny sees this and uses it to tap into a deeper anger.

DONNY  
Right! Get the fuck out of here!

Donny pushes Martha harder and they start to get her out.

MARTHA  
SHE'S A BOOTS, BITCH, WHORE, I TELL  
YOU! A FUCKING... BOOTS--!

Donny and the Barman finally push Martha to the entrance.

64 INT. QUAIN T PUB, ENTRANCE AREA - NIGHT. (JANUARY 2016)

Donny hurls Martha towards the doors. Utterly furious.

