

**BABY REINDEER**  
**EPISODE SIX**

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 Friday 19th, at 7.55pm.

BEEP! The rambling ceases. Leaving us with Martha's voice penetrating through. She is angry and animated now.

MARTHA

-- let me get this straight-- you stood there like a fucking guppy-- wafting that bitch right under my nose-- your cock half hanging out of her and you expected me to do what-- smile and play dollies--?! I mean, really, reindeer! Sometimes I think you might be seriously unwell--

BEEP! Message deleted. The dial tone fades into silence.

DONNY (V.O.)

*In the weeks following Martha's attack, Teri and I agreed to stay indoors and wait for things to die down a bit before venturing outside--*

2 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY.** (FEBRUARY 2016)

Donny is making two cups of tea. He glances back at Teri who sits on the couch. Solemnly watching TV. A bandana on her head. He hands her a cup of tea and sits down next to her.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I thought the incident at the gig would be the last of us, but in a strange way we grew closer than ever before. Teri's experience, only vindicating mine, in retrospect--*

Teri rests a gentle head on his shoulder. Donny feels guilty.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Martha was barred from the pub shortly after the attack--*

3 **SCENE DELETED.**

4     **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY.**

**(FEBRUARY 2016)**

Donny serves a random couple at a table-- when, BOOM! The pub doors open and Martha enters. Storming over to him. Irate.



MARTHA

He's a hunch-back! Quasimodo! Head in  
a gutter of skanks--!

7 **EXT. LIZ'S HOUSE, STREET - DAY.** (FEBRUARY 2016)

Donny walks home. Martha shouts from her usual spot at the bus stop. Making a scene to the people around.

MARTHA

There he is! Mister two-timing slut!  
Don't trust him guys! He'll promise  
you sex, then sprint the other way--!

8 **SCENE DELETED.**

9 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.** (FEBRUARY 2016)

Donny is awake. Staring at the ceiling. His courage fading.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I thought about quitting the bar-- or  
moving house-- or pausing the comedy  
for a while-- but I just didn't want  
to give her the fucking satisfaction  
of taking any more than she had--*

Donny turns on his side. Pulling the covers tightly around himself with a deep sense of foreboding.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and so all that was left to do was  
lie in wait-- torturing myself with  
what was coming next-- when she might  
appear-- and after witnessing what  
she did to Teri only a short week ago--*

10 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*What this vile woman was capable of--*

11 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"don thnk ill stop reindeers

Sent from my iPhone"

12 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.** (FEBRUARY 2016)

Donny wakes to the sound of a bang and screaming. WTF?! He gets up. Pulls on some clothes and darts out of the room.



KEELEY

She said, "that's for fucking Donny"--  
before she threw it in my face--

Donny nods. Caught out. Finally realising he has to cave.

LIZ

What's is going on here--?

DONNY

Uh-- she's this woman. She's been--  
stalking me...

KEELEY

She's stalking you--?!

LIZ

Oh my God, she's been in my home...

KEELEY

You're a fucking idiot-- you know  
that?!

Donny nods. Accepting the insult. Liz stares on horrified.

LIZ

How long has it been going on for?

DONNY

Six months, or so--

KEELEY

Six months?!

LIZ

Have you been to the police--?

DONNY

Yeah, but they-- you know-- wouldn't  
take it seriously...

KEELEY

They might if you tell them what just  
happened to me...

DONNY

What? That someone threw a Coke in  
your face--?

KEELEY

You know, what? I can't believe you--

Keeley stands up and starts storming out the room.

DONNY

No, that wasn't what I meant-- I--

Keeley slams the door abruptly. Donny turns back to Liz.

DONNY

I'm just saying, if they don't take her sending me hundreds of emails a day, seriously-- then they're not going to give much of a shit about a soft drink, are they--?

Liz nods. Seeing his point. Thinking everything through. Before looking up at Donny with a gentle resolve.

LIZ

Well, in that case-- and I really hate to do this, Donny...

(beat)

But I think you had better move out--

13A **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

JASON

*Hey man, Jason here from the comedy comp-- hope you're okay after all that madness the other week. Anyway, just to let you know, we've all chatted here and we've decided to offer you a place in the final as it was going so well before that mad woman ruined it-- and well-- it only seemed fair...*

(beat)

*So anyway, let us know if you're about. It's the end of next month. Holler at me--!*

BEEP! Message deleted.

14 **EXT. FRANCIS FLAT, STREET - DAY.**

**(MARCH 2016)**

Donny is getting his suitcases out of the boot. Pulling his depressingly small amount of stuff out.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I moved to Kilburn-- with two guys from my drama school days. One of their Dads owned the flat, which meant it was just about affordable for me--*

Donny moves to the driver's side to speak to Keeley.

DONNY

So do we keep in touch, or--?

Keeley drives off abruptly. Donny stands. Nodding sheepishly.

15 **SCENE DELETED.**

16 INT. FRANCIS FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY. (MARCH 2016)

Donny walks up the communal stairs towards the door of the flat. A heavy energy about him as he approaches the door.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*-- and as the door opened onto my new home-- all my dread and frustration at the whole situation...*

FRANCIS (25) - long, floppy hair, private school - suddenly opens the door to a rather spectacular open-plan flat.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*... just vanished. It was perfect. A fresh start. Anonymity. Again.*  
(out loud)  
Holy shit! This place is nuts!

FRANCIS  
Yeah, such a find, honestly.

DONNY  
Where's Bijou--?

FRANCIS  
He's out just now...

Donny nods and looks around.

DONNY  
A balcony! Jesus Christ!

FRANCIS  
Yeah, always nice to look down on people as they go about their lives--

DONNY  
Thought you would have done enough of that at private school.

FRANCIS  
Ha! Haven't seen you in two years, and you're already starting with the class digs--

Donny laughs. Then turns for some conversation.

FRANCIS  
How's the comedy going--?

DONNY  
Yeah, not bad-- got to the final of a New Act competition recently.

FRANCIS  
New act?! You've been doing this about five years, now, surely--?

DONNY

Mate, at this rate, I'll still be doing them when I'm picking up my state pension.

Francis laughs. When Donny looks at him inquisitively.

DONNY

What are you up to at the moment--?

FRANCIS

I'm taking a gap year.

DONNY

In London?!

Francis nods.

DONNY

Christ, and where do you go on holiday? Hull--?

Francis laughs.

DONNY  
You working, saving up or something?

FRANCIS  
No, just living off my savings.  
Finding my way. Enjoying my freedom.

Donny nods. Slightly confused by what that means. Nonetheless he takes another look around the room. Taking it in with awe.

FRANCIS  
Oh, and we steal Wi-Fi from the café  
downstairs and it's fast as fuck so  
we save there too.

DONNY  
This is insane--!

Donny wanders around in disbelief. Before turning to Francis.

DONNY  
... what's the catch--?

Quick cut to--

17 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.** (MARCH 2016)

A mad party. People high and drunk. Music pounding. Donny stands in the exact same spot. Only now in his dressing gown. Looking utterly bereft as he takes in the chaos around him.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*There was a catch--*

18 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"havnt seen u on ur street in a whyl, fckn cowarded off have u?? Canst handle addrssin me like aman? lil bitch

Sent from my iPhone"

19 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (MARCH 2016)

Donny sits on his computer chair. Slumped over. Head in hands. The music pounding incessantly next door.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*I found it tediously predictable that  
Francis had failed to mention that  
him and Bijou had taken a gap year to  
fulfil their--*

20 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, BATHROOM - DAY.** (MARCH 2016)

A cramped bathroom. Donny stands on the inside, while a very high Francis and a very high BIJOU (23) - the other flatmate - garble at him from outside the door.

FRANCIS

Cultural, psychoactive destiny man--

BIJOU

It's psychedelics bro, they give you insight-- clarity like nothing you've seen before-- the only way of killing the ego is to supersede it--

DONNY

(wry)

My thoughts exactly.

FRANCIS

It's what I mean about a gap year-- people think that means getting on planes and shit-- but you can do a round trip inside your living room these days, brother--

DONNY

This all sounds riveting, but if it's okay, I would quite like to take a shit now--

Donny closes the door in their face abruptly. Before sitting down on the toilet. Utterly hating everything.

DONNY (V.O.)

*So this was my life--*

21 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (MARCH 2016)

Donny lies down on top of the bed covers. Fully clothed. Knowing he is not going to be getting any sleep tonight. As awful house music pounds in from next door.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- wasting away in my bedroom-- as the heat rose through the floor and the walls pounded with the shittest, fucking, music known to man-- feeling utterly overcome--*

22 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- with how I much I hated Martha---*

23 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"so were you goign to justs fukcs us both at once? Get ur kicks while the oteh rbuys bacon?!!

Sent from my iPhone"

24 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY. (MARCH 2016)**

Donny enters the pub. Looking confused. Nobody is there yet. The chairs are still up on the tables and nothing seems done.

DONNY

Hello--?!

No answer. That's weird. When he hears a laugh from upstairs. He frowns. Then follows the sound.

25 **INT. THE HEART, MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY. (MARCH 2016)**

Donny enters the office, to find Greggysy and Gino and a new worker called DIGGSY (25) - wry, stoned a lot - gathered around an office computer.

DONNY

... what's going on--?

They part and we see Donny's online comedy videos being played on the computer. A younger Donny performing to near silence in a packed hall. Wearing a pink shirt and a clashing red tie. Donny is aghast at what he sees.

DONNY

Get that off!

GINO

No point. We've watched them all several times--

GREGGSY

This is going to sound like a crass question-- but why isn't it funny?

DONNY

Ask Norwich! Norwich isn't funny!

GREGGSY

Honestly, we laughed at it for about two seconds, then we all sat around depressed as fuck for you.

GINO

It's like when someone dies and you know you can't joke about it.

DIGGSY

It makes me not want to do acid  
again, in case I wake up inside your  
comedy routine--

Donny looks at Diggsy, outraged. He has never met him before.

DONNY

I'm sorry, who are you--?

GREGGSY

Oh, this is Diggsy. He's new.

DONNY

Well, make yourself at home Diggsy,  
why don't you--?!

GINO

Hey, don't take it out on Diggsy. It  
was Martha that told us! Honestly, I  
almost unbarred her there and then--

GREGGSY

You don't have the authority to do  
that, you fat prick--

GINO

To be fair, we were saying they are a  
lot funnier than the audience are  
giving you credit for--

GREGGSY

That's true.

DIGGSY

Yeah, marginally so.

Donny looks at Diggsy with outrage again. Who is this guy?

DONNY

Well, look-- don't, pity me! That was  
my first comedy gig. I'm a lot better  
now--!

GREGGSY

Well, we look forward to seeing it.

Donny cringes. Why did he say that?

GINO

Until then, I'm thinking let's  
project it on the wall! Beam this  
cunt around the entire pub--!

They all laugh, obnoxiously. As Donny turns and walks away.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*I started spending more and more time  
around Teri's place--*

26 INT. TERI'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY.

(MARCH 2016)

Donny sits at the table in a shirt. While Teri rustles up a meal in the kitchen. There is a relaxed air between them now.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*Taking any opportunity I could to not  
be in my stinking Kilburn flat-- and  
to get as far away from the pub as  
possible between shifts--*

Teri talks back at Donny as she throws together the meals.

TERI  
Jesus, those guys are such assholes.  
Did you tell them you have a big  
fancy comedy final coming up--?

DONNY  
No, I don't think the prospect of  
becoming the "Laughing Duck New Act  
Of The Year" would have done me many  
favours in a conversation like  
that...

Teri laughs. Then carries some plates over to Donny.

TERI  
Well, they'll be laughing on the  
other side of their face when you  
take home the crown--

Donny laughs self-consciously as Teri places the plates down.  
Then sits opposite him. Pulling in her chair to eat.

TERI  
Don't get used to this, by the way--

DONNY  
I won't...

Donny grimaces at the taste.

TERI  
What's wrong? Too much chilli--?

DONNY  
Too much?! Christ Teri! They're going  
to feed me this in hell--!

TERI  
Here, drink your milk, pussy.

Teri hands him the glass. Donny drinks and dabs his brow.

DONNY

Fuck me! I feel like I can see into  
the next life--!

Teri laughs. They smile at one another. Defences lowering.

TERI

Toast?

DONNY

Sounds good.

Donny waits, sheepishly.

TERI

Fuck off and get it then--

Donny smiles and gets up. We stay on him as he pops some  
bread in the toaster and has a private smile to himself.



TERI  
How do you identify, sexually? If  
there was a gun to your head--?

DONNY  
"Oh, please! Pull the trigger!"

TERI  
Shut up asshole! I wouldn't like that  
funeral. All the speeches. "Donny was  
a top lad with great banter--"

DONNY  
-- and will my Gran be the only one  
that's speaking?

Teri laughs, reluctantly.

TERI  
Answer. Idiot.

DONNY  
I dunno. Bi, maybe--?

TERI  
What makes you bi?

DONNY  
(beat)  
Because I feel like a fraud no matter  
who I sleep with--

Teri smiles. Then grabs his head in faux frustration.

TERI  
What's it going to take to give you  
some confidence, eh?

Donny sniffs a laugh. Then shrugs. At a loss.

TERI  
Seriously, think about it-- I'm not  
sure you ever have...

DONNY

I dunno--

(beat)

-- what's that phrase--? The one  
about dancing and watching?

TERI

"Confidence is dancing like no-one is  
watching you--?"

DONNY

Yeah, that one--

Teri stares. Not quite getting his point. Donny shrugs.

DONNY

Just sounds quite nice, is all--

TERI

Oh, that's easy--

Teri leaps to her feet and does a little pirouette in the  
middle of the living room.

TERI

See? Piece of cake--

DONNY

Yeah, and you looked like a total  
knob too--

Teri laughs.

TERI

Ten years of ballet, two in tap and  
jazz. My Mum definitely wanted a girl-Teri smiles then does a longer routine. Donny admires her as  
she dances unselfconsciously with elegance and skill.

TERI

Here, come! I'll show you--

DONNY

Not a chance in hell!

TERI

Don't be shy!

Teri starts trying to grab him. Donny resists.

DONNY

No way!

TERI

Just try!

DONNY

No! Get off! I'll sandbag you!

TERI

Oh, don't be such a bore!

DONNY

Fine! I'm sandbagging!

Donny goes limp and heavy so Teri cannot pick him up. She laughs and tries to move him but she struggles. Only managing to pull him from the couch onto the floor.

TERI

I'll try all evening if that's what it takes--

DONNY

No! No! Don't! Just come here--

Donny pulls her on top of him and the atmosphere settles. There is a sudden frisson as she lies on top of him.

TERI

So...

(beat)

Do you feel like a fraud with me?

DONNY

I dunno...

(beat)

We haven't put it to the test yet--

Teri gives him a seductive stare.

28 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT.**

**(MARCH 2016)**

Donny and Teri flop back to the bed. They kiss.

DONNY

Fuck, I'm shaking...

TERI

That's okay. I can work with that.

Donny laughs. They kiss. But Donny is still stiff. Awkward.

TERI

Relax Donny! You're kissing me-- not tasting, fucking-- soup, blindfolded!

DONNY

Sorry-- I--

TERI

Come here...

Teri kisses him again. Happy to lead the exchange. After a few moments of making out, she tries him downstairs.

TERI  
What's going on--?

DONNY  
No, no, I'm fine-- I'm just finding  
it hard to--

TERI  
Shake off your prejudice?

DONNY  
Please, no lectures during foreplay--

TERI  
Oh come on, don't act like you  
wouldn't find me hot as a lecturer--  
power suit, secretary glasses-

Teri starts kissing his neck. Donny tries to relax into it.

TERI  
-- one of those pointer things, to  
hit you with--

Donny sits up abruptly. Breaking their intimacy.

DONNY  
I'm sorry! I'm not ready-- my body,  
it's-- it's not letting me--

TERI  
Oh, that's okay... that's fine--

DONNY  
Sorry...

Donny flops down onto the bed next to her.

TERI  
Hey! Don't worry, it's fine-- happens  
all the time...

DONNY  
-- does it?

TERI  
Yeah-- so I've heard...

DONNY  
Ha! Shut up...

Donny throws a pillow at her. They laugh and flop back to the bed. Both trying to hide their disappointment.

DONNY (V.O.)

*It was strange-- I wanted nothing more than to make love to her, but now I had to do it myself-- outside of Tony, in the cold light of day-- I found my body resisting it--*

TERI

Do you want a tea, or something--?

DONNY

Yeah, sure...

Teri kisses him on the cheek and then goes. Donny watches her leave then sighs weightily. Flopping back to the bed.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Like, now there were feelings involved, I could no longer compartmentalise it as meaningless sex anymore--*

29 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*It was love. Confirmation--*

30 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT. (APRIL 2016)**

Teri and Donny in the throes of passion. But Donny is angular and awkward. Yet again, it is not going particularly well.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Over the next fortnight, after repeated failed attempts-- I started noticing a change in Teri--*

(out loud)

*I'm sorry, it's just not happening--*

Teri smiles forcedly and immediately moves away from him in the bed. Grabbing her phone off the dresser and scrolling through it passive-aggressively. Donny sighs.

31 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY. (APRIL 2016)**

Donny is on his computer. Typing away. When Teri enters in her pyjamas. She gives him a meek smile. Then walks to the cupboard and pulls out some biscuits. Before exiting. Donny checks the clock on the wall. It is almost midday. He sighs.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Days spent predominantly in bed--  
skulking around the house in  
yesterday's clothes-- blurring the  
line between night and day without  
the spark that usually becomes her--*

32 **SCENE DELETED.**

33 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT.** (APRIL 2016)

Donny wakes up to find Teri staring at the ceiling.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Then I would wake in the night to  
find her shrinking inside of herself.  
Her wings clipped-- and I questioned  
if I was some kind of emotional  
succubus. Ingesting all her  
confidence in exchange for all my  
paranoia and self-doubt--*

Donny sits up.

DONNY

Is everything okay--?

TERI

My God, stop asking that!

Teri gets out of bed, annoyed.

DONNY

Well, if you explain, I might be able  
to help--?

TERI

Look at my hair, Donny--

Teri pulls the bandana off. Her hair has grown back oddly.

TERI

Look at the state of it. It's growing  
back in weird clumps--

DONNY

I think it looks great--!

TERI

It looks horrible and you know it. I  
look like, fucking, Beetlejuice--

Donny starts laughing.

TERI

Great, now you're laughing--

DONNY

What?! That was funny!

Teri does not see the funny side and starts pulling on her  
dressing gown. Making is very clear that she is annoyed.

DONNY

Look, if this has anything to do with  
all this awkward sex stuff--?

TERI

No, it's about how you make me feel  
during the sex stuff-- like your body  
is manifesting all the awful things  
she said to me that night! That I was  
ugly, dirty-- a skank!

\*  
\*  
\*

Donny looks taken aback by this outburst. He wilts slightly.

\*

DONNY

No, it's got nothing to do with that  
Teri! It's just the whole situatuion  
with Martha-- that's what's affecting  
me here...

\*  
\*  
\*

TERI

But what are you even doing to fix  
the situation, Donny--? We've been  
stuck inside for God knows how long  
now waiting for you to figure it out.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DONNY

Well, I've been to the police, but  
they were useless--

TERI

Did you mention what happened to me?

DONNY

(beat)

Of course, I did--

TERI

Then why haven't they been round--?!

Donny struggles for an answer.

TERI

It's because you didn't say shit!

DONNY

That's not true, Teri--

TERI

You stopped me calling them the night  
she attacked me.

TERI (CONT'D)

You stopped everyone calling! I mean, you couldn't have whisked me out of that pub any faster--!

DONNY

I was trying to get you to safety--

TERI

Yeah, sure you were. The safety inside your own, fucking-- head...

Donny nods. Feeling absolutely awful about himself.

TERI

She said I looked like a man, Donny, do you know what that's like for me?

DONNY

-- no, I don't-- but for what it's worth-- she's totally wrong...

TERI

Hmmm. Pretty rich coming from someone who has always treated me like one--

Teri leaves. Slamming the door shut behind her.

34 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"making this klear...you wil NEVER have me, not for a second, no, illl masturbate ten times ovr befor taking u insides me

Sent from my iPhone"

35 **INT. POLICE STATION, RECEPTION - DAY. (APRIL 2016)**

Donny is back in the police station. Showing a smutty email Martha has written about masturbating to Daniels.

DANIELS

We can't charge someone for masturbating--

DONNY

It's not about the masturbating! Read the email! You shouldn't be allowed to send someone something like that!

DANIELS

If anything her email implies that she is going to stay away from you--

DONNY

Oh my God, I really think you're missing the point here--

DANIELS

I'm simply giving you the arguments she will come back with. To arrest someone on the basis of an email, we need a credible threat or something sexually aggressive towards you--

DONNY

If I was a young woman and a forty year old man kept emailing stuff about wanking-- would that be a credible threat to you--?!

DANIELS

With female to male gender stalking, the threat of a man is physical. He carries a lot more weight--

DONNY

Nobody carries weight, against a fucking knife, do they--?

DANIELS

Again, if I could see any evidence that would suggest that violence is--

DONNY

Jesus fucking Christ...

Donny hangs his head in frustration. Losing his mind.

DONNY

She's ruining my life here! Type her name into the system! Martha Scott! There will be something there, I'm telling you--!

Daniels sighs and types her name in a nearby computer. Before clicking enter. When, his face drops. He stares at some information with a slow, dawning realisation.

DANIELS

Right, right, right, tell you what. Yes, I believe I've found her--  
(beat)

DANIELS (CONT'D)

I tell you what, why don't I get you  
your--?

(beat)

Actually, why don't you come through  
to the back? I had better get my  
supervisor to-- to look through this--

Daniels buzzes a door next to his booth. Donny stares with growing concern. Before pushing it open.

36 **INT. POLICE STATION, BACK ROOM - DAY.** (APRIL 2016)

Donny and Daniels are in a cramped backroom. Sitting opposite each other in painful silence. Their knees almost touching. Daniels has a sycophantic energy now.

DANIELS

Are you sure you don't want a cup of tea--?

DONNY

I'm sure.

DANIELS

We have all kinds. Earl Grey, Chai--

DONNY

I'm good.

DANIELS

There's Diet Coke if you want it?

DONNY

(beat)

No thanks.

An excruciating silence passes.

DANIELS

So, you're a comedian--?

Donny nods, reluctantly. Daniels laughs. Then sits back. Ready to tell a story.

DANIELS

My friends always said I should give it a go... I think I would take to it quite well, actually-- got loads of ideas--

DONNY

Oh yeah?

DANIELS

You know, my wife has put on a lot of weight since our first child and, you know... I think there could be something funny in that...

Donny stares. Not quite believing this is happening.

DANIELS

Like, I could do this bit where I joke about leaving hints around the house for her-- like, gym membership subscriptions and that--

DONNY

Do you actually do that?

DANIELS

No, I just tell her to her face.

DONNY

Right.

Pause.

DONNY

Sorry, is there someone coming?

DANIELS

Yep, just now, in fact--

Daniels stands as Detective Constable CULVER (40) - direct, a little more competent - enters.

CULVER

Thank you--

Daniels walks out and the door closes behind him. Culver walks over and sits down opposite.

CULVER

So-- Martha Scott?

DONNY

Yeah...

CULVER

Okay, well I can't say much here but all you need to know is that she's a very serious woman. So serious that she once stalked a policeman--

Donny swallows. Panic setting in.

CULVER

My colleague tells me she is not in possession of your phone number, is that correct--?

DONNY

Yes, that is correct--

CULVER

Good. Let's make sure we keep it that way, shall we--?

Culver gives a supporting smile. Donny nods, gratefully.

CULVER

Now, ideally you would draw up a timeline for us. Everything that has happened between the two of you thus far? Just so we can get a sense of the scale of it--

DONNY

(beat)

That's fine. And in the meantime--?

CULVER

We will speak to her and warn her regarding any future conduct.

DONNY

Great. Then what?

CULVER

You'll be surprised by how much the presence of the police can change things Mr. Dunn--

DONNY

Mmmm. I get that. But you literally just said she's a serious woman who even stalks policemen...

Culver stares back. Caught out by the retort.

CULVER

We'll do what we can.

37 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (APRIL 2016)

Donny sits in his bedroom. A rare night of no flatmates partying. Lit only by the glow of his laptop light. He sits upright. On edge. Slightly unsure and desperate looking.

DONNY (V.O.)

*The police's presence at Martha's door brought with it a sudden silence--  
(beat)  
Strange, eerie, silence--*

Donny gets up his email inbox and scrolls through. We see the unbelievable amount of times Martha has emailed before now.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Not a single day from the moment I first met her to the last did she not contact me. Now. Silence.*

38 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - NIGHT.** (APRIL 2016)

Donny is running down the street in the dead of night. Getting a sweat on. Clearly vexed. Sudden cut back to--

39 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (APRIL 2016)

Donny is at his computer. Sweaty now. Staring at his inbox.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Days went by. And no word from Martha. Or from the police. Nothing.*

40 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - NIGHT.** (MAY 2016)

Donny is pulling a pint with the same, nervous energy. When the doors open. He looks up, expecting to see Martha. But it is not her. He goes back to pulling his pint. More nervous.

41 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (MAY 2016)

Donny is at his computer again. Basked in light. Staring.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Weeks passed and I started to panic. At least before it was contained, did I need to rock the boat--?*

42 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - NIGHT.** (MAY 2016)

Donny is running. Faster, this time--

DONNY (V.O.)

*The emails allowed me to tune into every facet of her emotion. I knew when she was sad. When she missed me. When she was ill. Or drunk. Or angry. Now. Nothing--*

43 **SCENE DELETED.**

44 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (MAY 2016)**

Donny is in bed. Sitting bolt upright. Eyes darting and mad.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I would find myself awake at night, worried-- terrified, in fact-- that I was going to wake up one day and she would have killed herself. An email in my inbox expressing that I was the reason why--*

45 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY. (MAY 2016)**

A quick burst of a close up. A disgusting breakfast meals whirrs around in the microwave. Jittery and uncomfortable.

46 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY. (MAY 2016)**

Donny sits. His microwavable meal in front of him.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Through no volition of my own, I was going to bed at night with Martha on my mind and waking up with her every morning. More entangled with her than I have been in any consenting experiences of love prior--*

47 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (JUNE 2016)

Donny stares at the computer. Opposite him a word doc is open with "POLICE TIMELINE OF EVENTS" at the top. He tentatively raises his hands to the keyboard and types in "AUGUST 2015"--

He stares at the screen. Thinking. Before adding: "MARTHA CAME INTO THE..." He pauses. Like he cannot find the words. Before deleting it all and closing his laptop. Silence.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Did I miss her--?*

*(beat)*

*Was there some part of me that missed her? Missed the drama? Missed the attention? Missed the distraction from him, and Teri, and myself, and what happened, and--*

*(beat)*

*Did I miss her?*

Donny looks horrified. Shaking. On the verge of complete collapse. When--

48 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and the strangest part about all this, is during this period of time-- I started to masturbate over Martha--*

49 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (JUNE 2016)

Donny is masturbating to the photo Martha left in his room back in Episode Four. The one of her in her underwear.

DONNY (V.O.)

*There was something so awful, yet thrilling, about the idea of doing something that would devastate my life even further.*

Donny orgasms. Full of pain, anguish, and self-hate--

50 **INT. LONDON, RANDOM TOILET CUBICLE - DAY.** (JUNE 2016)

Donny bursts into the toilet cubicle. He gets the now slight worn photograph of Martha out and starts wanking over it.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I would come quickly-- every time--*

Donny orgasms in the cubicle. It is like a snap to earth. As he sits. Despairing at what his life is coming to.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and I would be left with the same befuddled confusion that had become my post-orgasm trademark--*

(beat)

*What the fuck was that?! Where did that come from--?!*

51 **SCENE DELETED.**

52 **EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE, MARTHA'S FLAT - NIGHT.** (JUNE 2016)

Juice Newton's 'Angel' kicks in with a flourish. As Donny storms through the council estate towards Martha's flat. A look of vexed resolve on his face.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I wasn't even attracted to her, but the idea of it became a raging obsession within me--*

Donny hammers the door outside her bedroom with gusto. The same one we saw him spying through in Episode One. When Martha answers. Without make-up. Wild-eyed and coquettish. When, fuck it-- Donny kisses her with primal lust.

53 **INT. MARTHA'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT.** (JUNE 2016)

The music flourishes as Donny pushes her back into her flat. They kiss one another wildly. Stumbling backwards through the bedroom. Clanking into various bedside cabinets. Knocking various items onto the floor as they go.

Donny and Martha start tearing off each other's clothes as they fall back onto the bed. It is messy and desperate. As Donny fumbles his erection out of his pants and soon he is up inside of her. Thrusting away. Fast. Messy. Desperate.

When Donny looks up at Martha for approval. Only to find she is staring blankly back at him. Not portraying any emotion at all. Donny stops thrusting as he takes her in. Suddenly nervous and insecure. When--

MARTHA

Someone hurt you, didn't they--?

54 **SCENE DELETED.**

55 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, BEDROOM - NIGHT. (JUNE 2016)**

Donny orgasms suddenly during sex with Teri. We realise that he was thinking about Martha during their intercourse. Donny stares down at her. Trying to hide his guilt. As she stares up at him. A look of newfound fulfilment on her face.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Out of all the things I expected  
Martha to do next, fixing my broken  
libido wasn't one of them--*

Donny flops beside Teri and they stare into each other's eyes. Feeling different emotions as Teri smiles up at him.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and I hated how happy it made Teri  
too...*

Teri snuggles into his chest as we stay on Donny looking tight and constricted. Weighed down by his thoughts.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I didn't know anything, anymore. So  
in a tailspin as to where this might  
end. I felt abused. Again.  
Defenceless and clueless, as to how  
to make it stop.*

(beat)

*Surely, with the police knocking at  
her door, she'd be foolish to do  
anything stupid again, right?!*

56 **SCENE DELETED.**

57 **SCENE DELETED.**

58 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*She'd be foolish to do anything  
stupid again--?*

59 INT. POLICE STATION, BACK ROOM - DAY.

(JUNE 2016)

A cramped room. Donny sits opposite Culver.

CULVER  
Have you put together a timeline?

DONNY  
Uh, not yet-- sorry-- I--  
(beat)  
-- I haven't found the words--

Culver stares. What a weird response.

CULVER  
No problem. Just get it to us when  
you can--

Donny nods. Culver pulls out some files.

CULVER  
So, we spoke to Miss Scott--

DONNY  
(suddenly)  
-- what did she say?!

Culver frowns at the abrupt cut-off.

CULVER  
Well, she was surprisingly  
cooperative, in the end--

DONNY  
-- really?!

CULVER  
She said she was embarrassed and then  
went on to accept our offer of help.  
In fact, she has attended--  
(checking notes)  
-- two of our social adjustment  
courses, since we last spoke to her--

DONNY  
... social adjustment courses?

CULVER  
Yes, it's usually for ex-convicts who  
have done lengthy prison sentences--  
but it helps with reoffenders as well--

Donny stares. Perplexed at the ease of it all.

DONNY  
So... did she say anything else?

CULVER

Nothing that causes concern.

DONNY

She didn't, like, pass anything on?

Culver stares. A little confused.

CULVER

Nothing that comes to mind.

DONNY

But she was upset, right? I mean, she must've been upset--?

CULVER

No. She took it quite well actually.

Donny stares. A little disbelieving. A little insecure.

DONNY

So that's it then--?

CULVER

That's it. If she contacts you again, we will move the process onto the CPS who will decide the judicial outcome-- and likely result in you obtaining a full restraining order--

Donny stares.

CULVER

You can breathe out now Donny--

Donny stares. Before breaking out into a very forced sigh.

60 **INT. RESTAURANT, TABLE - NIGHT.**

**(JUNE 2016)**

Donny and Teri sit opposite each other in a nice café. Sharing a bottle of wine. More relaxed than ever before.

TERI

So what? She just accepted it--?

DONNY

Yeah, weird, right? I thought she would at least say something back. Make shit up, you know. But apparently she was very cooperative.

TERI

Weird. You think you know someone.

Donny nods, introspectively.

TERI

What's wrong? Not the epic showdown  
you were hoping for--?

DONNY

No, it's not that, it's just-- odd,  
you know? That she had self-restraint  
all along. Makes me think she wasn't  
all that into me to begin with--

TERI

Right. Now you're talking like the  
crazy one--

DONNY

(Martha impression)

"I'm not crazy! Forty-thousand law  
firms says otherwise!"

Teri laughs.

TERI

Hey! This is still a mentally ill  
woman we're talking about here--

DONNY

No, sure...

TERI

Yeah, I'm still a therapist at the  
end of the day-- I can't be seen  
indulging...

(Martha impression)

"Rank impressions baby reindeer!  
Baseless lies and slander--!"

Donny howls with laughter and they stop laughing to look at  
one other. In each other's thrall. When his phone rings.

DONNY

Oh. It's my Mum.

TERI

Get it. I'm intrigued. You can always  
judge a man by how he treats his  
mother--

Donny smiles and puts the phone to his ear.

DONNY

What the fuck do you want--?

Teri gasps in shock.

DONNY

I'm joking, I-- haven't picked up--

Donny shows Teri that his Mum is still ringing. Teri laughs.

DONNY

I'll get back to her later. This  
night is for us--

Donny switches it off. Before raising up his glass to Teri.

DONNY

To new beginnings?

TERI

To new beginnings--

They cheers. The second they touch--

61 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

ELLE

-- Donny, will you pick, please--?!  
We've been ringing around every  
hospital, trying to figure out which  
one it is-- and nobody knows a thing--  
so if you would please-- just--

GERRY

Give me the phone, will you--?  
(rustling)  
Son, pick up your bastard phone.  
We're sitting here wondering where  
the fuck to go-- nobody has any  
records of you, anywhere-- or a car  
crash-- or anything we've been told--  
so tell us what's going on! And I  
want a doctor to call me, next time--  
(beat)  
Not a fucking lawyer--