

**BABY REINDEER**  
**EPISODE SEVEN**

Created & Written by

Richard Gadd

1 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

A thousand rambling voicemails, building to an almighty crescendo. A cacophony of noise, behind which we hear:

VOICEMAIL  
-- received Wednesday 7th, at  
4.06am--

BEEP! The rambling ceases. Martha speaks at the other end. She is crying and exhausted and beside herself--

MARTHA  
-- I just-- I can't believe it  
reindeer, I'm like... I'm shocked  
that you did something like that--  
said all those things to so many  
people-- I mean, I'm in an industry  
like yours and it works off  
reputation and I'm-- I-- I...  
(crying for a beat)  
... I-- I just don't know where we  
go from here... I mean you said it  
yourself, one of us might have to  
die-- so maybe I should do us all a  
favour then--?  
(beat)  
Would you like that, reindeer? Is  
that what you want--?

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

DONNY (V.O.)  
*It always amazed me how Martha  
managed to surpass herself with new  
and twisted ways of getting to me--*

2 **INT. EAST COAST TRAIN, CARRIAGE - DAY.** (JUNE 2016)

Donny is on the train up. Wild eyed. As he sits. Staring out the window. Lost in the impotent rage of his thoughts.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*But involving my parents-- telling  
them I had been injured in a car  
crash-- this was next level--*

3 **EXT. PARENTS HOUSE, GARDEN PATH - DAY.** (JUNE 2016)

Donny walks up to his house. His rucksack on his back. Barely holding in his panic as he approaches.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I expected a lot when I walked up  
to the house, that day-- a lot of  
panic-- crying, maybe-- a hell of a  
lot of explaining--*

(beat)

DONNY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
*-- what I didn't expect, though--  
 was finding my Dad on the phone to  
 her when I walked in--*

4 INT. PARENTS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY. (JUNE 2016)

Donny sits next to Elle. A look of exasperation on their faces. As they watch Gerry on the phone. Ranting at Martha.

GERRY  
 -- and I've told you, you bitch--  
 if you call me again, I'll come to  
 London and cut your legs off--  
 (beat)  
 -- yeah, you heard-- your legs--!  
 Oh, you will, will you? That's  
 going to be pretty fucking hard to  
 do with no legs, let me tell you--

Elle leans in to Donny. While Gerry continues ranting behind.

ELLE  
 They've been arguing for the best  
 part of two days now--  
 (beat)  
 When the phone rings, he runs to it  
 and begins yelling. It's like when  
 two dogs start yapping at each  
 other from across the street--

DONNY  
 How did she get his mobile?

ELLE  
 The receptionist at work gave it to  
 her. Said she was a client--

Donny sighs and shakes his head.

ELLE  
 You know, she spent yesterday  
 phoning around his colleagues,  
 calling him a paedo. Telling them  
 he fiddled her when she was a child--

DONNY  
 Christ...

ELLE  
 The HR department pulled him up on  
 it too.

DONNY  
 Jesus. How did he deal with that?

ELLE

Well, you know what your Dad's like. He doubled down on it. Said he had a load of kids in a van outside.

DONNY

Of course he did...

ELLE

He's been suspended for sixty days.

Donny hangs his head in his hands. This is a nightmare.

ELLE

Does she have your number--?

DONNY

No, amazingly not. I made the boys at the pub promise not to give it to her--

ELLE

Oh, that's good-- I don't like the idea of her calling you and saying nasty things--

DONNY

-- but with Dad--?

ELLE

It's maybe a little more deserved--

Donny and Elle share a little smile to each other. As we tune back into Gerry's ranting.

GERRY

-- I'm saying you call me again, and I'll make sure you breathe your last, you fucking-- cow of a cunt---

Gerry hangs up. The dust settles.

DONNY

Well, that's sorted. Great work, Dad! I shouldn't have bothered coming up.

ELLE

(straight in)  
Who is she, bear--?

Donny stalls. Unsure how to answer this question.

DONNY

She's this woman-- she's been... pestering me for some time--

Elle stares. Barely hiding her dawning horror.

ELLE

How did you meet her--?

DONNY

She just came into the bar one day  
and built up an obsession from  
there--

ELLE

Oh my God... have you quit?!

DONNY

No, that would mean she wins.

ELLE

This isn't about winning Donny!  
This is about your safety. Quit! We  
will sub you until you find a new  
job, won't we Gerry--?

Gerry doesn't respond. Mulling it over.

GERRY

I think the boy's right. It is  
about winning.

ELLE

Oh, for goodness sake Gerry!

GERRY

Do you know where she lives?

DONNY

Uh...  
(beat)  
Yeah?

GERRY

Are there stairs outside--?

Donny nods. Slightly perplexed.

DONNY

Uh...  
(beat)  
I think so?





ELLE  
That's right.

HARRIS  
And who is the person in question?

GERRY  
(snapping)  
She's a fucking bitch, that's who!

Horrific pause. Everyone stares at Gerry like he is insane.

ELLE  
... I tell you what Gerry, why  
don't you let us handle this? We'll  
call you if we need you--

Gerry nods and goes to leave. Donny watches him go. Shaking his head in exasperation. Before turning to Harris.

DONNY  
She's this woman-- she's been  
stalking me for a while-- I have a  
harassment warning out against her--  
(beat)  
So-- I assume this sort of means--  
she's broken it now, right?

Harris does an annoying sucking air through his teeth sound and sits back.

HARRIS  
Well, not really. Technically she  
is not harassing you, she is  
harassing your parents--

DONNY  
-- you're kidding?!

HARRIS  
I know that sounds counter-  
intuitive, but it is technically  
two separate courses of her  
behaviour. All we can really do is  
warn her as to her conduct again.

DONNY  
-- but I was told the next time she  
contacted me, my case would be  
accelerated towards a restraining  
order--?!

HARRIS  
Yes, maybe-- but a restraining  
order is only ever really issued  
after a court conviction-- and  
still then, it's down to the CPS as  
to whether it makes it that far--

DONNY

But-- why wasn't I told this?

HARRIS

Look, I know it can seem convoluted but we will do our best to deal with this situation as effectively as possible--

(beat)

Sorry, this pen's not working--

(beat)

Oh no, sorry. There it is. One of those twisty ones--

Donny and Elle eye each other, hopelessly.

HARRIS

Can you give me the address of the police station you have been dealing with on this?

DONNY

Oh, I don't know the address-- but it's Kentish Town way? Just off the high-street--

HARRIS

London?

Donny nods. Harris sucks air and sits back again.

HARRIS

Full disclosure. Communication with the capital is often a nightmare. If you want a quick resolution, your parents would be better making a separate allegation up here--

DONNY

But, that's ridiculous! Surely that's more of a waste of resources than accelerating mine--?

HARRIS

I know, but like I said-- it's technically two separate courses of conduct. It would actually be negligent to pursue them as the same thing--

Donny and Elle stare aghast. As Harris opens up his notepad.

HARRIS

So, shall we begin--?



DONNY (V.O.)  
*I figured if the law was not able  
to protect me, then I had no choice  
but to take matters into my own  
hands--*

9 **EXT. LEUCHARS TRAIN STATION, PLATFORM - DAY. (JUNE 2016)**

Donny places his rucksack down. He hugs Elle. Then goes to hug Gerry. Who locks him into a handshake instead. Awkward. When he turns and walks towards the train. We stay on him as he storms towards the train. His eyes wild but with a focus.

DONNY (V.O.)  
*I was going to finish this once and  
for all--*

10 **EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE, MARTHA'S FLAT - DAY. (JUNE 2016)**

Next morning. Donny waits outside Martha's flat. Hiding around the side of a wall. Waiting. Watching. When Martha appears on the estate. A blue carrier bag of shopping in her hand. Donny watches her with hate. Before shouting out--

DONNY  
Martha!

Martha turns and sees him. She frowns. Then walks over. Slightly unsure. Stopping about a foot away from Donny. Who speaks in contained anger.

DONNY  
Leave my family alone--

MARTHA  
... I don't know what you're  
talking about, baby reindeer, I--

DONNY  
Leave my fucking family alone!

Donny snaps slightly. But composes himself straight afterwards. Trying to keep calm. He looks back up at her.

DONNY  
If you don't, we will never be  
together. Do you understand?

MARTHA  
But I thought, with the police, we  
weren't on the cards anyway--?

DONNY  
Shut up! Be quiet for a second--

Martha quietens. A little puzzled. When Donny steps forward.

DONNY

If you leave my family alone-- I  
will hang your curtains tonight...

Martha's eyes widen. She stands. In disbelief. As Donny moves closer. Whispering as seductively as he can.

DONNY

I want to make sure I get it right  
though. All of it. So put in an  
email-- what you want to do to me--  
how you want me to.... "hang them"--

Martha gasps. Like she is standing on the edge of an orgasm.

DONNY

But I like it rough, okay? So make  
sure it's depraved, sick-- as  
twisted as you can write it--

MARTHA

Oh yes, reindeer-- whatever you  
want...

Martha shoots in for a kiss. But Donny pulls away.

DONNY

No! No kisses...  
(beat)  
Email first, yeah--?

Martha looks up at him. Then nods.

11 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"flthys fker! I cans makes it rough, scold u, drag sharp  
items across u, chain uup so u nevr get ourt, nauty boys wil  
be punished

iPhone"

12 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY. (JUNE 2016)**

Donny sits. Looking at the above email on his laptop.  
Thinking. Contemplating. When he breaks out into a twisted  
smile. Then forwards it onto the police--

13    **SCENE DELETED.**

14    **SCENE DELETED.**

15    **INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN RECEPTION - DAY.**                    (JULY 2016)

Donny enters the police station. A vaguely optimistic energy about him for a change. Daniels is behind the desk. Donny nods a hello to him but he does not return it. Instead he disappears into a back room behind the desk. Hmm. Weird.

Donny sits on some sterile chairs with a sigh. Taking in the reception room. When Culver appears. A formal air about her.

CULVER

This way please, Mr. Dunn--

16    **INT. POLICE STATION, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY.**                    (JULY 2016)

Donny is brought into a clinical interview room. Donny is slightly puzzled as to why he is in a room like this.

CULVER

Thank you for coming in--

DONNY

No problem.

CULVER

Please sit.

There is a weird formality to the air. As Donny sits. Spotting a camera in the corner of the room. Pointing at him.

CULVER

Now, Mr. Dunn-- please note that this interview is being recorded. You are not under arrest and are free to leave at any point--

DONNY

(beat)

Okay, sure-- thank you--

Donny is still slightly puzzled as to what is going on.

CULVER

You are also entitled to independent legal advice if you so wish--?

DONNY

Uh--

(beat)

DONNY (CONT'D)

-- no, I, uh-- don't think that's necessary--

CULVER

Well in that case, please know that this interview is being held under caution--

DONNY

Wait! What--?!

Donny sits bolt upright in his chair. Is this happening?!

CULVER

You do not have to say anything but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned anything you later rely on in court--

DONNY

Wait! What's this about--?!

CULVER

Did you meet Martha Scott in the street yesterday--?

Donny stares. Not quite believing this is happening. Culver sits back in her chair. Addressing him with focus.

DONNY

-- yes-- by chance-- "met" would imply some sort of prearrangement, but I did see her, yes--

CULVER

Did you ask her to send you a sexually threatening email?



DONNY

No.

Culver opens a laptop and clicks spacebar.

DONNY

(recording)

"I want to make sure I get it right though. All of it. So put in an email what you want to do to me, how you want me to-- "hang them"--"

Donny freezes. Paralysed with shock. As the sound inside the room muffles to a distant echo and the walls of the station fade to black. As though Donny is trapped in space and time.

The sound of echoed lines we have heard Donny say throughout the series are heard. The 'curtains' comment. The 'gorgeous red head' one. That time he said he would 'see to her grave'. Donny sits in blackness in a still state of shock.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Martha had taped everything. Everything we had ever done. The curtain references from back in the day-- this time I asked her to help me appeal a parking fine-- a file where we're joking about my penis size-- I tell her mine stretched from Camden to Westminster-- I didn't remember even saying that?!*

Martha's muffled cackling can be heard in the background. Layering and echoing in a very haunting way.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I remember that feeling-- that sudden shock-- caught red-handed, time stood still-- bomb in a war zone-- hot, fucking, flush, madness-*

We snap suddenly back to reality. Donny is beside himself.

DONNY

She has taped everything--?!

CULVER

I can't speak for everything-- but she also showed us an email from you, soliciting for anal sex--

DONNY

No! That wasn't me! That was my friend on my account! He's an idiot! He did it for a laugh, I-- she's harassing my parents, I-- I just needed it to stop! Nothing seems to be getting through to you!

Donny is struggling to keep it together.

DONNY

I mean-- you can surely see the depths of her motives anyway in that email--?!

CULVER

According to her, it was a game-- a bit of... knockabout fun--?

DONNY

You can't surely believe that?! She's a serious woman! Your words, not mine--!

Donny is desperate. As Culver leans forward.

CULVER

I sympathise with your position but you must allow us to do our jobs. In a certain light, this could be seen as entrapment--

(beat)

-- but Miss Scott does not wish to take any action against you--

Donny looks up suddenly. Did he hear that correctly?!

DONNY

... I'm sorry?

CULVER

Miss Scott does not wish to take any action against you...

Donny stares. In a state of disbelief.

DONNY

She's not going to take action-- against me--?!

(beat)

What the hell?! She's stalking me!

CULVER

-- I suggest you apologise and let us go about doing our job again in the correct manner--

DONNY

Apologise? To her?! Are you kidding me--?!

Donny stares. Culver is deadly serious. Donny looks down. Beside himself. Before looking back up.

DONNY

I mean, how would I even apologise?

CULVER

We can pass along your apologies and then suggest to her-- very strongly-- that the two of you part ways. The police do not want to hear from either of you again--

Donny sits back in his chair. Defeated. In a state of shock.

DONNY

You're putting us on an even playing field...

(beat)

How are you putting us on an even playing field--?!

CULVER

Well?

Culver stares apathetically. Donny thinks for a very long time. Completely conflicted. Defeated, even. When--

DONNY

Tell her I'm sorry...

17 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"police just came roudn haha gimps told us hes washing his hands of itand to leaves eahc otehrs alone, fat chacne mate fat chance!!! Oh btw i record everythign

Sent from my iPhone"

DONNY (V.O.)

*It suddenly dawned on me. That Martha knew exactly what she was doing. Exactly how to get to me and still evade the law--*

18 **INT. TERI'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY.****(JULY 2016)**

Donny's face up-close. Bereft. Broken. Tears of anguish in his eyes. We see Teri in the background in soft focus. Ranting and raving as the voiceover runs its course.

DONNY (V.O.)

*It's because she had been here  
countless times before. She was a  
repeat offender. A seasoned pro. My  
stalker was a season pro--*

TERI

How could you be so stupid, Donny?  
Framing her?! What the hell were  
you thinking--?!

DONNY

I know, I know...

Donny hangs his head in his hands.

TERI

Everywhere I go, I'm worried I'm  
going to bump into her-- and now  
you're telling me I'm stuck with  
that for the rest of my life--?!

DONNY

Hey! You don't need to tell me! I  
feel the same way--!

TERI

I mean, what if she finds my  
Twitter, Donny-- and starts spewing  
crap like she did in the pub that  
day--?!

(beat)

I wouldn't be able to take that...

\*

Donny thinks for a second. Trying to hide his anxiety.

DONNY

Well... maybe you could take down  
your socials down for a bit--?

TERI

Really? That's your suggestion?

DONNY

Or at the very least get rid of all  
the rainbow, unicorn, stuff--? You  
know, protect yourself a bit--?

TERI

You're serious?! That's your  
recommendation? Hide myself--?

DONNY

Well, if you're worried about her  
opinions, don't give her the bait?!



TERI

She's mentally ill, Donny! And you indulged her--!

\*  
\*  
\*

DONNY

Oh, please! Only you could make out that having a violent stalker ruining my life is somehow my fault-

TERI

It is! It is your fault! I blame you for all of this! For failing to see the warning signs despite, giant, fucking, red lights-- flashing in your face--!

Donny scoffs in outrage. Shaking his head.

\*

TERI

I blame you for using her to paper over the cracks of your own, bullshit, insecurities--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DONNY

I love this. You play the victim card all the time and yet, when someone's actually a victim, your sympathy is nowhere to be found--

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Teri nods with bitterness to herself and then takes a step forward. This is a real argument now.

\*  
\*

TERI

You really want to go there--?

\*  
\*

DONNY

Yeah, I do-- I actually fucking do--

\*  
\*

TERI

I think you love it. I think it fits you perfectly-- having someone like her in your life-- seeing you the way you want to be seen-- an embodiment of all your nasty repressions bottled into one human being-- and maybe it might help you to admit the truth of the situation-

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DONNY

-- what truth?

\*  
\*

TERI

You're a sleaze that loves the attention. It's part of your hate!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Donny stares. Wow. That hurt.

DONNY

Jesus Teri... come on! You can't  
let her affect us like this!

TERI

It's not her affecting us! It's  
you! I can't be in this anymore! I  
can't have this endless disorder in  
my life--

Donny stares with dawning realisation.

DONNY

Hold on. Are you breaking up with  
me? Because of her--?

TERI

No. Because of you.

19 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"1 day itll be just me n u reinddeer just me n u  
Sent from my iPhone"

20 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, KITCHEN - NIGHT. (JULY 2016)**

Donny walks into a filthy flat. Beer cans and rubbish everywhere. There is a party going on which only exacerbates Donny's depression as he walks through the throng of people.

DONNY (V.O.)

*I knew it was over with Teri. She  
shut off that part of her mind  
towards me the second she turned  
away. Instantly. Like a light  
switch. Off. Done. Gone.*

21 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY. (JULY 2016)**

Donny enters. There are two people passed-out in his bed. He sighs and slinks into a nearby computer chair instead.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and now, at rock bottom-- the  
only positive I could glean from  
the whole situation was that it  
could not possibly get any worse  
from here--*

22 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*Surely it could not get any worse  
from here--*

23 **INT. THE HEART, MAIN BAR - DAY. (JULY 2016)**

Donny is behind the bar. At his wits end. Marrying up the spirits. When a CUSTOMER approaches. Donny goes to serve him.



CUSTOMER

Two pints of house, please, mate--

Donny nods and grabs an empty pint glass. He goes to pour the pint. But stops when the door opens and Martha walks in.

DONNY

No! You're not to come in here--

MARTHA

You can't stop me!

DONNY

Yes, I can! You're barred! Diggsy, get Greggsy will you--?

DIGGSY

He's clocked off early.

DONNY

-- why?!

DIGGSY

(rubbing his nose)

Air strike mate. He's picking up.

DONNY

For fuck sake! Get Gino then.

DIGGSY

No can do.

DONNY

Why?!

Diggsy rubs his nose again. Donny lets out an anguished sigh.

MARTHA

I guess, I'll sit and wait, then--

DONNY

No, you won't! I'll call the police-

MARTHA

Do it. See how far you get. Because last I heard, they were washing their hands of the both of us...

Martha plonks herself down. Smiling at him. They stare at each other. Donny furious. When the Customer pipes up.

CUSTOMER

Sorry mate, can I get these pints?

DONNY

In a minute pal. Diggsy, get her out of here, will you--?

Diggsy walks around to Martha.

DIGGSY  
Come on missy, out you go--

MARTHA  
Don't you fucking touch me! You  
have NO RIGHT! NO RIGHT WHATSOEVER!

Diggsy jumps out of his skin. Backing off immediately. Martha starts monologuing furiously. As unstable as ever.

MARTHA  
Now, I'm on my period-- and I've  
come in here for a glass of WATER--  
and that is MY RIGHT to do! You  
cannot deny a woman HYDRATION when  
she's coming on! That's ILLEGAL--!

Diggsy looks to Donny. What do I do here?

DONNY  
Just, fucking, leave it--

Diggsy wanders back around to the bar. Then kicks into customer service mode. Addressing Martha with a polite air.

DIGGSY  
What can I get you madam?

DONNY  
No, don't serve her, you prick!  
Ignore her--

Donny pulls Diggsy away. Giving him a look of disbelief.

DONNY  
Fuck me. Where did they find you?!  
Just go and stock the fridges or  
something--

Diggsy nods. Accepting the stupidity. When Martha grabs the water jug on the bar and pours herself a glass. Before sipping it. Slowly. Provokingly. Donny grits his teeth.

CUSTOMER  
If it's okay, mate--

DONNY  
Yes! Yes! What was it? Two pints?

The Customer nods. Donny starts pouring. Still pissed off. Martha watches Donny. Then turns to the Customer.

MARTHA  
-- I'd wipe the glass clean, if I  
were you. Fucking, yeast fingers,  
all over your pint--

The Customer looks confused. As Donny pours the second pint.

MARTHA

You should see her-- his lady  
friend. Utter skank!

Donny hands over the first pint. Gritting his teeth.

MARTHA

We call him hunchy around here  
because of his gutter taste in  
women. He's like one of those hogs,  
that sniff out truffles with a  
shitty nose! Ha! Truffles! That's  
your new nickname--!

The Customer frowns. This is all so tense. When Donny places  
down the second pint. Doing his best to ignore Martha.

DONNY

Tenner please, mate.

The Customer pulls out a card. Donny gets the machine.

MARTHA

You'd be fooled for thinking she  
was a woman, for the way she walks  
and talks and holds herself-- I  
wouldn't be surprised, you know--

This is really getting to Donny as the Customer puts in his  
pin and hands back the machine. But his card is rejected.

DONNY

Declined mate.

CUSTOMER

Ah, shit. Hold on. I'll go and get  
some money--

The Customer leaves. It is just Donny and Martha at the bar  
now. A furious tension in the air. Some silence passes. When--

DONNY

You shouldn't have said about the  
videos--

MARTHA

You shouldn't have said about the  
curtains--

More tension. Donny stands there, fuming. As Martha sips her  
water provocatively through a straw. Knowing she is getting  
to him. When the Customer arrives back and hands over a  
tenner. Donny takes it and the Customer turns to go. When--

MARTHA

He's a comedian, by the way.

The Customer turns back. His interest immediately piqued. Donny grits his teeth and puts the money in the till.

MARTHA

Not a good one-- not the kind of stuff you'd see on TV--

CUSTOMER

Tell us a joke then mate!

MARTHA

Nah, he doesn't do jokes, this one. He does props. All googly eyes on kettles and weird crap. All very immature. You should Google it.

The Customer laughs and takes out his phone. Unaware of what he is getting into. Donny stands there. Teeth gritted.

CUSTOMER

What do I Google--?

MARTHA

Google-- "shite, two-bit comedian"--

The Customer goes to Google.

MARTHA

Nah! I'm joking! I'm joking! That's what it should be under! Try-- "Donny Dunn comedy"--

CUSTOMER

Oh, yeah, here it is--

DONNY

Don't do this, Martha--

Suddenly, the sound of Donny's gig emanates from the phone.

DONNY

(through phone)  
*So that recession eh? That's really bad, people are really suffering--*

CUSTOMER

Jesus! Is that a joke--?!

MARTHA

I know! I know!

They both crack up laughing.

MARTHA

Wait! Watch this one! This one!  
Lead balloon!

DONNY  
 (through phone)  
 -- so we just went up and asked  
 him. Inuit all along--

CUSTOMER  
 Ooft! Mate!

MARTHA  
 It's embarrassing, it really is!

CUSTOMER  
 You shouldn't be reading your jokes  
 off your notepad, should you, pal?

MARTHA  
 That's part of the act, apparently.  
 "Anti-comedy"-- it's called...

CUSTOMER  
 Well, it's certainly that!

Martha howls with laughter. Literally flopping herself over  
 her new best friend in hysterics.

MARTHA  
 So true! So true!

Donny stares at them as they laugh. Letting it affect him.  
 For a moment he goes into a dissociative place. As the  
 laughter echoes and echoes in the background. When he looks  
 back up at them with a sudden sternness. He has had enough.

DONNY  
 I tell you what mate. Why don't you  
 Google something else--?

The Customer stops laughing. Suddenly taken in by Donny's  
 steely tone. Martha stops laughing too. Suddenly unnerved.

DONNY  
 "Serial stalker torments  
 barrister's deaf child..."

Pause. Martha's face falls. The Customer frowns.

CUSTOMER  
 Sorry, what's that mate--?

DONNY  
 "Serial. Stalker. Torments.  
 Barrister's. Deaf. Chil--"

Suddenly, BAM! Martha picks up her glass of water and smashes  
 it over Donny's head. Before launching herself at him. More  
 incensed than we have ever seen her before.

Glasses smash everywhere. And in typical Martha fashion, she grabs onto Donny's hair. Pulling large swathes of it out. When she takes her fingers and jams them inside his eyes. As though trying to gouge them out. Donny recoils in agony.

DONNY

Get, the fuck-- OFF ME!

When, BANG! Donny punches her in the face. Martha staggers a bit. But stays gripping onto his hair. So, BANG! He hits her again. But she still won't let go. When, BANG! A third punch--

Martha lets go. Staggering back off her stool. Half-dazed. Falling onto one knee. Her arm still outstretched towards Donny. Everyone is up on their feet now. Watching it unfold.

Martha stumbles about. Trying to regain her focus. When she turns and locks eyes with Donny. A murderous look on her face. Donny stares back. Suddenly terrified. When Martha lets out a shrill, terrifying scream--

MARTHA

You've ruined it! You've ruined it!

Martha charges at him. Donny's arms are being held back. So all he can do is kick out at her to stop her getting closer. When Diggsy and about three random punters pounce on Martha and pull her outside. She screams at the top of her voice--

MARTHA

YOUR FUCKING MOUTH! I TOLD YOU IT  
WOULD GET YOU IN TROUBLE! I WARNED  
YOU DIDN'T I?! I WARNED YOU--!

They pull her outside. The door slams shut and the dust settles. Donny slinks down to the floor behind the bar. Breathless and exhausted. There is blood pouring out of the side of his head and scratches around his eyes. When--

CUSTOMER

Jesus, fucking, Christ mate! What  
the hell was that about--?

Donny turns his head slowly to look up at the Customer who is staring at him with a shocked expression. Donny stares back at him for a short while. Not saying anything. Before--

DONNY

I gave her a cup of tea--

Donny looks away. At the floor. Piecing it all together. Before mumbling to himself--

DONNY

I gave her a cup of tea.

Alice Boman's 'Waiting' fades up and continues behind the action as the next two emails are read.

24 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"I am done withoiiu after I have written this email. you have upset me more than its possibl to comprehened, You hav an ugly face, with stupid intentions, anaïve career and brought up badly by shit parents and a terribl school, this is me being kind!!!!!! I do not make enemies easeely but you have eaten all the biscuit re me, or taken the busucuit, whatever the phrase, why donyt u mov back to Glasgow? ful of workshy fenians like you and peados and criminals like your family, why come here? we were happy here, stay away, my contacts are considerable and they are all very angryw ith you."

25 **BLACK. EMAIL.**

"Ps I love you, that nevr changes.

Sent from my iPhone."

25A **INT. THE HEART, MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT. (JULY 2016)**

We start on Donny. Battered, bruised, and cut. He is staring at the floor. Emotionless as the muffled sound of Gregg'sy's and Gino's voices are heard in the background. Starting off quiet but getting louder and louder as the scene progresses.

GREGGSY (O.C.)

That's the thing Donny son, we're supposed to have a manger on staff at all times-- the fact we left you there... it's not good, man--

GINO (O.C.)

Not good at all--

We cut to a concerned Gregg'sy and Gino opposite Donny. Gregg'sy sits leant forward in the manager's chair. Gino stands over his shoulder to his right-side. Donny just stays mute. Teary-eyed and bloodied. Staring down at the floor.

GREGGSY

This pub... it's had a lot of problems recently and if the police are called here again, we could lose our license and the landlord-- he's not going to like that at all.

GINO

Not in the slightest--

GREGGSY

Then he finds out we've turned the cameras towards the walls because of all the lock-ins we've been having and that'll be us without a job-- because that's negligence--

GINO  
That's negligence, Donny--

Greggsy leans even more forward. Getting ever-so-slightly exasperated with Gino's parroting. He is serious now.

GREGGSY  
I'm on thin ground here-- because of the low takes and the drama and the fuck knows what else-- and this... this could be all he needs to give me the boot-- and I have kids, Donny-- I need to provide--

GINO  
Yeah, I have kids too...

Greggsy turns to Gino. Finally losing his patience with him.

GREGGSY  
No, you fucking don't--?

GINO  
No, but it's like-- "hypothetical"-- if I did, it would affect them too--

GREGGSY  
We're not talking hypotheticals here Gino, we're talking real, fucking, life-- you don't even have a girlfriend you prick...

Greggsy turns back round. Leaving a sheepish looking Gino stumped by the comment. Who decides to deflect to Donny.

GINO  
Look, Donny-- it's a few head cuts, yeah? These things always look worse than they are-- if you went to the hospital mate, they wouldn't even give you stitches-- trust me-- my aunts a doctor...

GREGGSY  
We're practically begging you here. Can you just... do this for us--? We'll make sure she never comes even a fucking mile close to this this place ever again...

Donny stares down. Still emotionless tracks in as he contemplates what to do. Greggsy and Gino completely hanging on his every word. Desperate. When a nihilistic Donny looks up. Then, with a strange sense of nonchalance, he replies--

DONNY  
Fine.



26 **EXT. LONDON, BUSY STREET - NIGHT.** (JULY 2016)

John Cale's 'Paris 1919' plays as Donny walks through the street. Battered and bruised. Defeated by life. People all around him give him a wide berth as he passes.

27 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, HALLWAY - NIGHT.** (JULY 2016)

Donny walks through his flat. The various people partying stop to look at him. Nobody says anything. They just stare shocked as Donny walks. Passing Francis on the way in.

BIJOU  
You okay, bro--?

Donny ignores him. Walking past into his bedroom.

28 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (JULY 2016)

Donny opens the door. There are two people sniffing lines on his bed. They look up and see his face and know he is not messing. They quickly get up and leave.

Donny slams the door behind them. Then walks over and stares down at his comedy suitcase. Is he going to do this? He stands there. Thinking. Then bends down to pick it up.

28A **INT. LARGE COMEDY CLUB, CORRIDOR - NIGHT.** (JULY 2016)

Donny walks through the comedy club corridor. Passing various people on his way in who turn to look at him. Battered, bruised, and cut. He walks on. In a bereft, zombified state.

29 **INT. LARGE COMEDY CLUB, BATHROOM - NIGHT.** (JULY 2016)

A crappy bathroom. Donny is now in the comedy suit. Splashing his face with water and looking in the mirror. He has taken the majority of the blood off his face but the damage is still significant with cuts and bruises around his eye.

Donny then smooths out his costume. Buttoning up his shirt. Doing up his tie. Adding various props into his shirt sleeves and pockets. His clicker. The teeth. A few condoms. Some random bunting up his sleeve.

When he stops to stare at himself in the mirror. As though catching eyes with himself for the first time. The ridiculous paradox that is his life. When he leans over the sink and sighs out desperately--

30    **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

GREGGSY

Hi Donny, son. Look, I just wanted  
to say thank you again for earlier--  
and you know... doing us a solid  
there-- that was good of you...

(beat)

GREGGSY (CONT'D)

-- and, look-- we've all chatted and we think, maybe, it's time you moved on, from the pub? For a while, at least-- I will still pay you for the month and I know a few other places that are staffing up, so I can help find you somewhere--

(beat)

Anyway, think about it-- we can chat later after your gig. Me and the boys are coming down-- and I think... I think I owe you a drink--

BEEP! Message deleted.

31 INT. LARGE COMEDY CLUB, BACKSTAGE - NIGHT. (JULY 2016)

Donny stands is in his ridiculous outfit. Staring out. He has absolutely not had his head seen to. In fact, he looks awful. Still cut and bruised as the competition is heard next door.

DONNY (V.O.)

*What a sight it must have been at two in the afternoon. The people eating their lunch must have looked over and thought: "Why is that barman punching the fuck out of a middle-aged woman--?"*

(beat)

*It's amazing what an image without context will do--*

Jason suddenly appears. Addressing him with concern.

JASON

Are you sure you're okay, doing this--?

DONNY

I'm sure.

JASON

Well, you're up next, dude.

Donny nods and Jason disappears. When Donny peers through the curtains. There in the front row: Greggsy, Gino, Diggsy and the rest of the bar staff sit.

COMPERE (O.C.)

Okay, ladies and gentlemen. Are you ready for your last act in this section--?

The audience cheer.

COMPERE (O.C.)

So keep the energy up! And please  
welcome to the stage DONNY DUNN!

32 **INT. LARGE COMEDY CLUB, STAGE - NIGHT.** (JULY 2016)

Donny walks out on stage. With his prop suitcase. He glances at Greggsy, Gino, and Diggsy who can barely hide their intrigue. Donny looks away and launches into his routine.

DONNY

Okay guys, I'm just going to get this out of the way up top. You can probably tell my face is a little bruised and battered-- so here's a bit of advice. Never give the blow job if YOU are the one driving--

A laugh. Good.

DONNY

Okay, let's begin! Just a little reminder up top. This set is brought to you by...

A sting plays: "POPPA CONDOMS, PROPER CONDOMS. POP A PROPER CONDOM ON!" A titter of a laugh.

DONNY

Thank you very much to them for sponsoring this routine--

Donny kicks into joke mode. He goes to his suitcase and pulls out a prop. Magnified glasses on a stick.

DONNY

You know, when I go on holiday, I am always worried about wearing sunglasses on the beach in case people thinking I'm perving on them. So to negate this worry, I actually like to widen my eyes...

Donny holds the glasses to his face. His eyes are ridiculously magnified. The audience laugh. A decent laugh.

DONNY

Did this in Tenerife, almost, fucking, blinded myself--!

Another laugh. Good. Donny goes back to the suitcase.

DONNY

So, next up we have--

Suddenly, a sting interrupts his set: "POPPA CONDOMS PROPER BURGER KING CONDOMS. POP A PROPER WHOPPER CONDOM ON!"

DONNY

Sorry, guys, I should have read the terms of the contract before I signed it. I have to play one after every joke--

An uneasy laugh. It is not really landing. Donny perseveres though by going to his suitcase and pulling out another prop.

DONNY

"So, here's a little teapot short and stout, here is a handle. Here is its gout--"

Donny turns the kettle round. It has a really swollen foot. No laughs at all. Just excruciating silence.

DONNY

... it's that disease-- where you-- you know, your feet swell up?  
(nothing)  
Not for you then, that one-- fine--

Donny throws it down, abruptly. When, another sting: "POPPA CONDOMS PROPER BURGER KING CONDOMS FOR POLICEMEN. POP A PROPER WHOPPER COPPER CONDOM ON!" Pause. Nobody laughs.

DONNY

... oh boy... fuck me...

Donny hangs his head in his hands, hopelessly. This is painful. Everyone stares on as tension takes over the room.

DONNY

... fucking hell... what am I doing here--?

The audience exchange glances. Is this part of it?

DONNY

... this is so...  
(muttering to himself)  
I mean, of course he didn't see anything in it... of course he didn't... he only saw me...

Donny turns to someone in the front row.

DONNY

Let me ask you a question--  
(beat)  
Do you look at what I'm doing here and think, "This guy's the future of comedy?"-- I mean, be honest...

Donny waits. No answer. Just tension. Donny decides to move one along and speak to his mate instead. Equally dumbfounded.

DONNY

How about you mate? Go on...

The audience member shakes his head.

DONNY

No, exactly. Spot on mate. Spot on. Here, give me a fist bump--

Donny fist bumps him. Before addressing the room.

DONNY

I mean, does anyone think this is the future of comedy? Don't be shy!

Nothing. No response.

DONNY

Yeah, exactly. I mean, of course it isn't. So more fool me for thinking it was...

Donny pushes his prop suitcase off the stool with an awkward clatter. Props spill out across the stage. Some break. He sits himself down on the stool. Sneering at himself.

DONNY

I used to think... genuinely-- hear me out, here... that this-- what you're seeing here-- was like... "breaking the mould"--

Donny lets out a self-flagellating laugh.

DONNY

I used to think-- that what I am doing here-- is so mind-blowingly subversive-- that people just wouldn't be able to ignore it--

(beat)

I would watch these, fucking-- other comics getting all the breaks and I just-- I just didn't get why them, and not me-- but then reality -- BAM! Slaps me in the face--

Donny slaps his hands together. Loudly. Aggressively.

DONNY

-- I am so fucking naïve...

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

-- I've been going five years longer than any cunt in the back there, and yet here I am clambering around on the bottom rung of the ladder, begging promoters-- who wouldn't know comedy if it fucked them in the arse with a fucking... kazoo-- to throw some scraps my way -- I mean, it's embarrassing...

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

-- I was so naïve in thinking that this was something special-- that when an established writer sweeps you off your feet and says-- "hey, you've got it kid, lets makes you famous"-- you believe every word he is going to say to you--

(beat)

Because-- it's the words you've wanted to hear your entire life, right? "I believe in you. As much as you believe in yourself."

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

-- and you'll do just about anything in the world he asks of you-- because fame-- fame encompasses judgement-- and I've feared judgement my entire life-- that's why I wanted fame--

(beat)

-- because when you're famous, people see you as that-- "famous"-- they're not thinking all the other things that I'm scared they're thinking-- like that guy's a loser, or a drip, or a fucking faggot--

A few gasps ring out.

DONNY

-- they think-- "It's that guy from that thing! It's the funny guy!"-- and I wanted so badly to be the funny guy--

Donny chokes back tears. Trying very hard not to cry. When a red light starts blinking at the back of the stage.

DONNY

Fuck your red light, I'm finishing!

Donny sits. Shaking his head at himself. Sitting in the excruciating silence as he figures out what to say next.

DONNY

You know, I've spent so long trying to find inner peace by clutching at something on the outside, that I realise I have wasted the best years of my life fumbling around in the dark for a light switch that was never... there...

(beat)

Fame to me meant freedom, but it's not-- it's still running away from yourself by finding solutions on the outside-- but I needed fame. I needed that quick fix. Because I would do anything in the world to escape myself. Anything--

Donny takes a deep breath. Finding the courage to say what he is going to say next.

DONNY

So when this writer said to me-- "I only work with wild ones"-- and to "face my own fears"-- it's not long before I'm round his house-- taking boat-loads of drugs, every single weekend--

(beat)

-- and isn't getting groomed magical before you realise you're actually getting groomed?! Until you're passing out from GHB on his living room couch while he tears at your trousers with his disgusting hands...

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

-- and you know it's wrong, deep down-- what he's making you do-- but you just keep going back--

(beat)

-- and you start to think-- is my self-respect so fucking low? Is my lust for success so fucking high? That I will repeatedly go back to this man's house and let him abuse me-- for a little... peep at fame--

Silence. Tension.



DONNY

(impression)

-- "oh, you're a victim, you  
mustn't blame yourself--"

(beat)

-- a good sentiment, really, but  
let's be honest-- the fourth or  
fifth time you've passed out round  
his and woken up with your dick in  
his mouth-- you should probably  
think about not going back---

(beat)

-- but no, I had to keep going-- I  
just had to get fucking raped...

Some people gasp. Gino and Greggsy stare on horrified.

DONNY

Anything funny to say boys?

Gino and Greggsy do not even move. Both in a state of shock.

DONNY

-- and you know what bothers me most about it all? It's not the physical, mental, emotional, toll it has taken on me-- the fact he is probably out there right now doing it to other men-- and I'm too cowardly to stop it. It's this. Get this--

(beat)

It's the fact he wasn't even that good in the first place. Tah-dah! There's the big reveal!

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

He was an average-- below average writer-- who probably couldn't even have got me anywhere, anyway-- and I gave my soul to this man. This average-- man. And if my rapist is average. Then what does that make me? Less than?

(beat)

I mean, how low do you have to be to get abused by someone so, fucking, average--?

(beat)

Yet, here I was-- tugging on his pockets for scraps of opportunity-- while I fucking died inside--

A few audience members start upping and leaving.

DONNY

Yep. Go on. Walk out. There will be puns in the next section. There's a guy back there dressed as a train conductor-- I'm sure that's going to be funny--

Donny waits for them to leave. Then starts again.

DONNY

My confidence is so fucking low now  
-- get this-- you'll like this--

(beat)

My confidence is so low-- that I  
let this mad bitch into my life. I  
work in a pub and I gave her a cup  
of tea-- on the house-- she was  
crying, you see-- and I wanted to  
cheer her up--

(beat)

But she kept coming back in-- time  
and time again-- and I knew she was  
growing attached-- but I still went  
along with her to satisfy my own  
stupid need for attention. Hence  
the face. She did this to me--

A few gasps ring out. More silence.

DONNY

See that's what abuse does to you--  
it makes you this sticking plaster  
for all of life's weirdos-- this  
open wound for them to sniff at--

(beat)

I knew she was mad and I knew she  
was dangerous-- but she flattered  
me-- and that was enough--

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

So here we are. She has ruined my  
job, threatened my family-- made me  
move house-- jeopardised my career,  
killed my relationship-- and  
destroyed my mental health--

(beat)

-- and the funniest part of all of  
this? I sort of saw it coming. I  
sort of knew it would get to this  
point. I knew--

(beat)

-- and do you know why I engaged  
with her most of all? If I am  
totally honest with myself--?

(beat)

Because she reminded me of me.

Donny starts getting choked up.

DONNY

She looked broken. And I felt  
broken.

DONNY (CONT'D)

And so we weaved together like, I dunno-- salt and water-- and we tasted just as fucking bad too-- and I only indulged her because I thought in indulging her I might find some peace in myself--

(beat)

So at the end of the day, I can't even pretend that it was a nice gesture that started all this. It was pure selfishness-- all of it--

(beat)

-- and now, I just don't know where it's going to end... I really think one of us is going to have to die now-- and I'm not a killer...

That's it. Jason has had enough. He walks onto the stage attempting to start a clap. But Donny is not having it.

DONNY

No, Jason-- I'm finishing, don't come up here...

(beat)

I swear to God, Jason, you step one more foot on this stage and I will knock you the fuck out--

Jason stares. Intimidated. Before losing his courage and turning and walking away. Donny turns back to the audience.

DONNY

-- and it all comes back to this. Every time I die on my arse. Trotting out the same pish on stage. Night after night. I am reminded of the truth--

(beat)

-- of course he didn't see anything in this. He only saw something in me. A vulnerability, a scarring, something he could control. A sexual insecurity-- yes, that's right! Another one! Let's go--!

(singing)

"I'm coming out. I want the world to know--"

Silence. Tension. Donny growing a little emotional.

DONNY

I met this trans woman. You should see her-- the most beautiful person you've ever met and I couldn't-- I just couldn't... I just couldn't-- love her... I just couldn't give her what she deserved--

(beat)

DONNY (CONT'D)

-- because of this idea that in dating her-- she was validating him, in some weird way. What he did. What he saw in me-- and I resented her for it-- deep down, you know...

Silence. Tension.

DONNY

-- and I see it now. I see what it was that I lost in her-- and moreover, I see why I messed it up in the way that I did-- and it's because of this, are you ready--?

(beat)

It's because I loved one thing in this world more than I did her-- one thing-- and do you what that one thing was--?

(beat)

-- hating myself...

Silence. Tension. Donny starts tearing up.

DONNY

I love it. I'm addicted to it. I don't know anything else-- because God forbid ever taking a chance at happiness--! God forbid ever taking a chance at life!

(beat)

-- and that's why it failed with Teri. Because I hated myself so much more than I loved her...

(beat)

-- and I loved her so very much--

Donny's words sink in as he sits there. Tear-strewn. He knows what he has said is awful. As more painful silence ensues.

DONNY

I have spent my whole life running away from myself, and this competition-- this was just another hundred metres in a marathon I was never going to finish alive--

(beat)

So I'm going to stop running now-- because I just don't have the legs for it, anymore--

(beat)

I just don't--

Donny sits on the stool. Broken. Teary.

DONNY

So, yeah-- I don't really know how  
I started coming out with all this--

(beat)

-- I'm not really sure how to  
finish, if I am honest--

(beat)

-- oh, actually--

Donny pulls up his clicker. Then plays a sting: "POPPA  
CONDOMS PROPER BURGER KING CONDOMS FOR POLICEMEN WHO LIKE  
INDIAN FOOD. POP A PROPER WHOPPER COPPER POPPADOM CONDOM ON!"

Silence. Nobody knows how to respond to it. Staring.  
Horrorified. Donny laughs. Then stands up and goes to the  
microphone. Taking in the room. Everyone looking horrified.

DONNY

Are there any questions...?

Nothing. No response. Donny puts the microphone in the stand.

DONNY

Well, then-- I look forward to  
winning this competition...

Donny walks off the stage to silence. Leaving his suitcase  
behind. His props strewn all over the floor. As he leaves, we  
hear the Compere shuffling awkwardly onto the stage.

COMPERE (O.C.)

Uh-- Donny Dunn everyone!

A smattering of applause and a hell of a lot of murmuring.

COMPERE (O.C.)

We're going to take a break now--

33 **EXT. LONDON, BUSY STREET - NIGHT.**

(JULY 2016)

John Cale's 'Paris 1919' flourishes as Donny walks out the  
club and down the street. We stay on his feet as he walks.  
His ridiculous clown shoes. When a prop falls to the floor.

First his comedy clicker. Clattering to the ground and  
breaking. Then the snapping teeth prop we saw in Episode  
Five. Followed by a few Poppa Condoms Proper Condoms.

When we pan up to see Donny is walking down the street  
emptying his pockets and shirt sleeves of the various items  
he uses in his routines. He pulls out the bunting from his  
right sleeve and drops it down.

He then pulls off his tie and chucks it to the floor. Before  
ripping off his popper-buttoned shirt. Before balling it up  
and chucking it into a nearby rubbish bin as he passes. He is  
wearing a white vest top underneath.

Shortly after, he rips off his popper-trousers. Throwing them on top of a wall as he passes. Underneath he has a set of relatively tight shorts on.

We stay with him as he walks. Processing what he has just done. Thinking, and thinking, and thinking. When he stops. There are loads of people around. The camera circling around Donny as he takes them all in.

When he raises his arms up in the air in a pirouette shape. Then-- exactly as Teri did in her living room that day-- he pirouettes around. Once. Before stopping.

When he breaks out into a giant smile of relief.