

BABY REINDEER
EPISODE EIGHT

Created & Written by

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

Grainy, mobile footage shot at an odd angle. In full-screen. A clip of Donny from the end of Episode Seven. Clearly filmed on the sly by a random audience member. Him on the stool inside the comedy club. Monologuing away.

DONNY

-- 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--

The video pauses. Then is minimised and we cut to--

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

Donny on the train. Staring down at his phone. A conflicted look on his face as the video is revealed to be on YouTube. There are thousands of views and likes and comments.

"This guy has some stones!" - "Holy shit! Inspirational!" -
"Wow! Wasn't expecting that!" - "Cried watching!"

DONNY (V.O.)

*A random audience member recorded
me on the sly and uploaded the
video to Youtube and it went viral.
In a matter of days, I went from a
walking ghost to the centre of a
media storm--*

Donny exits YouTube and gets up his emails. We see a lot of work messages in his inbox from comedy promoters and journalists. Enquiring about various gigs and interviews with Donny. Who scrolls through feeling the weight of it all.

DONNY (V.O.)

*It was so overwhelming that I
almost didn't notice that Martha
had stopped emailing. Her presence
in my inbox now replaced by gig
offers and work opportunities and
journalists I just didn't have the
courage to speak to quite yet--*

Donny lands on the last email Martha sent him and opens it up: "Ps I love you, that nevr changes. Sent from my iPhone."

Donny stares at it. Feeling a million different things. When he shuts his phone off and quickly removes the battery with a sense of sudden urgency and desperation.

DONNY (V.O.)

It all felt too much for me. I just needed to get a handle on what I had done before I opened myself up to the world's reaction--

(beat)

More importantly, I needed to get to my parents before that video did-

2A **SCENE DELETED.**

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

Donny walks with trepidation up the path to his house. Full of nerves and dread. He rings the bell and waits. When Elle answers. She sees him standing there, looking upset.

ELLE

Oh my God, what happened to your face--?!

DONNY

Oh, uh-- football injury...

ELLE

Oh, don't give me that, bear! I know when you're lying--

DONNY

Look, it's fine, okay--? Just a clash of heads, I promise-- and anyway, there's something else we need to talk about...

(beat)

Can I come in--?

A concerned Elle opens the door and Donny trudges in.

4 INT. PARENTS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY.

(JULY 2016)

Elle puts the kettle on. Clearly very conscious of Donny's grave expression as he hovers nervously nearby.

ELLE

Oh, what is it, love?! You're making me nervous.

DONNY

I just need to chat to you about a couple of things-- it's fine...

Elle nods gravely. Staring at him. Trying to suss him out.

ELLE

Well, at least take your jacket and shoes off, Christ! You look like you're about to move the car...

Donny nods and takes his jacket off.

ELLE

Let me guess-- Martha? The police have been utterly useless this end. They've been round three times to tell me they haven't got anywhere with it. I have a sneaking suspicion they come here for my custard creams. And to stare at my arse while I reach for them--

Donny looks mildly appalled.

ELLE

I'm joking. Chance would be a fine thing at my age...

Donny sniffs a laugh. Elle continues rambling.

ELLE

Your Dad bought a taser off the dark web. He went out the other day and tried to practice on those sheep out the back of the house but he couldn't get close to them--

Donny sighs. This is miserable.

DONNY

I'm sorry Mum...

ELLE

Hey! It's not your fault!

Elle comes up and hugs him. Donny grows emotional.

DONNY

It is! It is my fault!

ELLE

How?! You've left the pub now,
haven't you--?

DONNY

Yeah, I have--

ELLE

-- and she's stopped emailing now,
hasn't she--?

DONNY

Yeah, she has-- it's just--

ELLE

What is it?! Spit it out, come on--

DONNY

I haven't come to talk about Martha-

Donny looks at her. Elle raises her eyebrows. Worried.

DONNY

... is Dad in--?

5 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY.**

(JULY 2016)

Donny sits opposite Elle who is positioned on the couch. Donny is opposite them on an arm-chair he has moved in front of them. There is a nervous tension in the air. Everyone sitting awkwardly. As they wait on Gerry to join them. When--

GERRY

What happened to your face--?

Gerry appears in the doorway. Donny looks up.

DONNY

Oh, you know--

(forcing a joke)

"You should see the other guy..."

GERRY

He looks fucking fine to me.

Donny sniffs a laugh. Gerry hovers in the doorway. Clearly a little apprehensive about what this is all about.

ELLE

It was a football injury, Gerry.
Now come on, sit. Donny has
something important to say...

Gerry wanders over and sits down on the couch next to Elle.

ELLE

Go on, bear--

DONNY

I don't even know where to begin...

Donny starts tearing up. Nobody knows what to say.

GERRY

Would you like to see my taser?

ELLE

No Gerry, he wouldn't like to see your taser. The boy's upset--!

Pause.

GERRY

It's an X26P.

Pause.

DONNY

Look, I-- I don't know whether you've seen this video of me-- that's been going around--?

ELLE

No, bear. I'm not on social media anymore-- and your Dad--

GERRY

Isn't a fucking moron.

Gerry stares. Unnecessarily angry.

DONNY

Okay, thank you-- for that--

(beat)

Well, it's this video of me... where I confess-- a lot of things--

ELLE

Oh, you mean--?

GERRY

You mean, what?

Donny cannot find the words. So he turns to Elle. Who nods.

ELLE

Donny's been-- struggling with his sexuality...

Gerry does not betray any emotion. He just turns his head and looks at Donny. Blank expression. Donny nods nervously.

DONNY

I just... I feel very confused, and -- I don't really know anything anymore-- but I'm trying to-- you know-- get through it--

ELLE

He was dating this trans-- wotsit?

DONNY

Trans woman. She was... how do I put this--?

(beat)

She was assigned male at birth, but she's... she's actually a woman--

Gerry shakes his head like he has never heard of it before.

DONNY

But that's not important-- what's important is-- I don't think I'm straight anymore. At least, I think I'm probably bisexual, maybe.

DONNY (CONT'D)

It's a journey, anyway-- but it's
one I need to go on with your
support--

Elle nods. Gerry stares.

DONNY

All I can say is the past few years
have been-- really difficult-- and
I feel like-- you're going to have
the choice now-- between a bi son,
or a gay son, whatever I become--
(beat)
-- or a dead one-- because I can't
handle it anymore-- keeping it in--

ELLE

Well, that's easy--

DONNY

Please, Mum. Let me finish--

Donny breathes in. Now the even trickier part.

DONNY

-- and I sort of speak about other
things-- in the video-- too-- stuff
you maybe, don't know about, either
of you--

ELLE

Oh?

DONNY

I was-- raped-- by a man.

Elle looks shocked. Gerry uncrosses his arms and sits up.

DONNY

I don't want to go into specifics,
but I was drugged-- and it was
someone in the industry and--

ELLE

Darrien?

Donny nods.

ELLE

Oh God...

GERRY

The writer?! The fucking poncey,
ginger, twat--?!

DONNY

Yes, just--

GERRY

I'll wring his bastard neck--!

DONNY

Please, just listen! I don't need you to do anything else right now, but listen--!

They both stare. Elle has her hand over her mouth. Shocked beyond belief. Gerry stares in silent outrage.

DONNY

I'm fine, okay? But I spoke about it in this online video and now everybody knows. So I wanted to get to you before anybody else did--

Elle and Gerry stare. Both too appalled to even respond.

DONNY

I feel so embarrassed-- and I don't blame you if you feel the same. But none of this is your fault. I went to his house. I took drugs. I made those choices.

(beat)

-- and I-- I never wanted you to know because I didn't want you to think-- less of me...

(beat)

-- you know-- as a man...

Donny glances to Gerry briefly. Then looks at the floor.

ELLE

Oh, bear! Of course we don't--! That's ridiculous! You're still our son, whatever happens--

DONNY

I don't know, I just feel less of one, maybe-- having let something like that-- happen-- you know--?

ELLE

Oh, but you didn't let it happen! You didn't! You weren't to blame--

GERRY

(suddenly)

Would you see me as less of one?

Donny looks up at Gerry. Surprised to hear him speaking.

DONNY

-- what?

GERRY

Would you see me as less of a man?

DONNY
Well, no, probably not--

GERRY
I grew up in the Catholic church.

Silence. Donny stares. Not quite computing what he means.

DONNY
Sorry, I don't understand--

ELLE
(beat)
Your father means he grew up in the
Catholic church.

Donny looks at him. Suddenly realising what he means. As Gerry stares down at the floor. Vulnerable all of a sudden. They all sit for a while. In shock. This is all so weird.

ELLE
We'll support you. Whatever you
need...

Donny nods. Full of emotion. Then looks to Gerry. Who is still looking at the floor. Hiding his emotions.

DONNY
Jesus, I-- I don't know what to say-

ELLE
You don't have to say anything.
Just know that we're always here.

Donny nods. Then smiles, appreciatively.

DONNY
I know you probably have a million
questions, but I would rather go
lie down now, if that's okay--?

Elle smiles. A supportive smile. Donny smiles back and then stands. Elle and Gerry stand too. Nobody knows what to say.

ELLE
Oh, I'm so sorry bear--

Elle hugs him. They part. Donny turns to Gerry and opens out his hand for a shake. But Gerry hugs him instead. It is awkward. But soon Donny relaxes his arms around him.

6 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
*I slept twelve hours that night,
and woke up to a new dawn--*

13 **EXT. FIFE, CAR PARK - DAY.** (JULY 2016)

Dusk. Donny and Gerry pack away the footballs in silence. A quiet contentment between them for the first time.

DONNY (V.O.)
*My Dad never mentioned it again.
 And I never asked. It just became
 this subliminal layer of
 understanding between us--*

14 **INT. PARENTS CAR, SEATS - DAY.** (AUGUST 2016)

Donny and Gerry sit in the car. Waiting to pull out of the car-park. But they are blocked in by another driver doing a bazillion point turn. Gerry watches on furious.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Like in a moment, I knew who my
 father was. His suffering. His
 every outburst now contextualised
 against a backdrop of pain--*

GERRY
 Look at the way that wanker's
 driving. Useless, moron, bastard!
 (winding down the window)
 You pass your test did you? Eye
 test, I mean, you feckless, fuck!

Gerry winds up the window. Screwing up his face in rage. As the other driver looks back with alarm before finally completing the turn and making his way out of the car park.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Getting abused as an adult only
 adding to the magnitude of how bad
 it must be as a child--*

Gerry shakes his head and reaches for the seatbelt. When he pauses to look at Donny. Who frowns confusion back at him.

GERRY
 I didn't mean to say poof, back
 there, by the way--

DONNY
 (beat)
 Don't worry...

Gerry nods appreciatively. Before pulling the seat belt around himself and clicking it in. When Donny adds--

DONNY
 Next time just don't kick the ball
 like one--

Gerry pauses. Before looking up at Donny with surprise before the cut--

15 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY.** **(AUGUST 2016)**

Donny is helping Elle around the kitchen. Gerry is peeling spuds in the background.

DONNY (V.O.)
*That whole week, we never really
said anything, but at the same time
it felt like we were conversing in
a thousand tongues--*

16 **INT. PARENTS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.** **(AUGUST 2016)**

They are all watching TV together. Some sitcom from back in the day. They laugh and smile along in shared enjoyment.

DONNY (V.O.)
*It was the first time I had relaxed
in years--*

17 **EXT. FIFE, WOODLANDS - DAY.** **(AUGUST 2016)**

Donny, Elle, and Gerry are walking through some woods.

ELLE
Tell me, what was Teri like?

DONNY
Oh...
(beat)
You guys don't mind me talking
about that--?

ELLE
Of course we don't mind! We're fine
with it, aren't we Gerry--?

GERRY
I was more annoyed to find out she
was fucking American--!

ELLE
Yes, yes, Gerry-- you've made that
joke...

Donny and Elle share an endearing sniff of a laugh.

ELLE
So go on-- what was she like--?

DONNY

I dunno. She was great, I suppose.

ELLE

You can give us more than that?

DONNY

Kind. Funny. Challenging in all the right ways--

(beat)

Yeah, I really messed it up...

ELLE

Is it salvageable?

DONNY

Oh... I don't know. I haven't really thought about it--

ELLE

Well, it might be now you're a big, internet sensation...

Elle playfully nudges him. Donny sniffs a laugh.

DONNY

Hmm. I don't think she'd give much of a shit about that--

ELLE

Well, a lot of other people do--?

DONNY

I don't know... I just want to hide in Scotland until it all blows over--

ELLE

That's not the right attitude!

Elle grabs him gently and supportively. Steeling him.

ELLE

You've got to go and seize it, my boy-- before it's too late-- because you'll look back on this moment and realise that things like this don't come around very often.

Donny nods. Taking in her words with appreciation.

ELLE

Plus, I'm not cooking for three every night so you can piss off with that idea--

Donny laughs. Then looks at her appreciatively.

ELLE

You should be proud! Putting all that out there into the world.

(beat)

... and hey, you never know! Maybe Teri will be proud too--

Donny looks at Elle who is raising her eyebrows suggestively.

ELLE

Only one way of finding out--?

18 **INT. EAST COAST TRAIN, CARRIAGE - DAY. (AUGUST 2016)**

Donny piles his stuff onto a busy train and sits down at a table. His parents wave from the platform.

Donny waves back then turns around. He senses them still waving. He looks up and waves again. But they stay there. Still waving. This is getting awkward now.

GERRY

(muffled through glass)

Good luck with the transsexual!

DONNY

Yep, thank you Dad, just--

Donny shushes them and looks across the table at an elderly couple opposite. Staring horrified. Before turning back.

DONNY

You can go now...

Elle and Gerry smile and leave. Donny shakes his head and sits back. Closing his eyes with a wry smile on his face.

19 **INT. EAST COAST TRAIN, CARRIAGE - NIGHT. (AUGUST 2016)**

Donny wakes. He looks around. The moving carriage has emptied and it is night outside. He pulls out his phone and places the battery back in. Taking a beat. Before turning it back on. Suddenly a deluge of notifications and messages pour in.

DONNY

Jesus Christ...

Donny looks down. Overwhelmed. When he takes out his headphones and plugs them in. Trying to figure out where to even begin. When he clicks open his voicemail.

VOICEMAIL

Welcome to your voicemail. You have sixteen new messages--

DONNY

Holy shit...

VOICEMAIL

First, new message. Received Sunday 28th at 2.48am--

GINO (O.C.)

Alright you sack of bollocks. Gino here. Mad seeing you perform the other night. Was all that real--?! Man, I had no idea. I should probably apologise for all those times I've called you a bender. Though I am gutted you've hung around me this long and never thought to crack onto me--

(beat)

Anyway, hats off to you man. You've got a lot of balls doing that. If you ever need to chat, hit me up, and I'll make sure the lads don't take the piss. Anyway, talk soon you massive BENDER--!

Donny laughs. Then smiles at his phone. As Gino hangs up.

VOICEMAIL

To listen to the message again, press one, to save it--

(beep)

Message will be saved for seven days. Next, new message received Monday 29th at 12.36pm--

TERI (O.C.)

Hi, it's me-- I-- I saw the video and I just wanted to say, I'm happy for you. I saw how much you struggled-- and, well... I hope all this stuff you're going through helps you reach some kind of peace in yourself--

(beat)

-- I have met a new man, now, so don't call me back. I just-- I think it could be something, and I-- I thought you should know...

(beat)

I don't know why I'm calling, really. Good luck, Donny. Enjoy it--

Teri hangs up.

VOICEMAIL

To listen to the message again--

Donny pulls off his headphones. Processing her words. Very evidently gutted as he sits there. Nodding in silent acceptance at what she has just said.

20 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*The messages kept coming in.
Friends, distant family, exes--
people I hadn't heard from in years
-- nobody had a bad word to say--
as I sat back and marvelled at the
sudden simplicity of it all--*

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

Donny sits in his bedroom. Looking at his computer. At the sheer number of views the video has. Now in excess of one-million hits overall with 54,000 likes and 1042 dislikes.

DONNY (V.O.)

*By now, the video had attracted
over a million views online and my
social media was deluged with
positivity and praise--*

Donny scrolls through the comments. Mostly positive: "WOW!" - "powerful shit!" - "brave mfer!" - "SHOTS FIRRRREED!" When he stops at a negative one: "fake as fk attention seekn fag." Donny stares down. Surprised at how little it bothers him.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and even the negative comments
that slipped through the cracks--
didn't bother me so much-- as I
felt cocooned, suddenly, by modern
day morality--*

Donny closes his laptop lid and smiles to himself.

22 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

*There was no need to be afraid
anymore. There was never any need.*

23 **INT. RADIO STUDIO, SOUND BOOTH - DAY. (AUGUST 2016)**

Donny is on a radio show. Getting interviewed.

DONNY (V.O.)
Podcasts, radio shows--

24 **EXT. COMEDY STORE, STREET - DAY.** (AUGUST 2016)

Donny turns a corner and sees The Comedy Store up ahead. He smiles a giant smile.

DONNY (V.O.)
Bigger gigs, better crowds--

25 **INT. COMEDY STORE, CORRIDOR - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2016)

Donny stands backstage. Actually quite excited to go on.

DONNY (V.O.)
Everyone suddenly wanted a piece of me-- and my career sprung into a sudden and surprising action--

COMPERE (O.C.)
 Please, welcome to the stage, Donny Dunn--!

26 **INT. COMEDY STORE, STAGE - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2016)

Donny walks out to a big crowd and rapturous applause. Barely containing his massive smile as he walks to centre-stage.

DONNY (V.O.)
-- and there is nothing like your life going so visibly well to let your sexual abuser know, fuck you! You failed to break me--

Donny grabs the microphone and begins. Now more confident.

DONNY
 -- now for those who have seen the viral video-- don't worry, I am not going to go into all that again--
 (beat)
 -- although, there is a guy in the front row here, looking at me a bit funny... is it possible to get a DBS check, on this guy, please--?

The audience laugh. Donny takes them all in with a smile.

27 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY.** (SEPTEMBER 2016)

Donny sits on his laptop. Setting an out of office: "Things mad atm. Might be slow to respond."

Anything urgent, call me on my mobile 07700 900656!" He clicks submit. Then sits back. Taking the moment in. Smiling.

DONNY (V.O.)

It was like my life began two decades in and all I needed to do to achieve it was to be myself--

(beat)

Funny how things work out--

Donny closes the laptop lid. Feeling at peace with himself.

27A INT. LONDON, STREET - DAY.

(SEPTEMBER 2016)

Donny walks down the street. Headphones in, listening to music. A sudden spring in his step as he walks.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- and sometimes I would find myself in the free-fall of happiness and wonder what it was in me that kept it in for so long-- what it was in me that felt so afraid--

Suddenly-- BRRP! BRRP! His phone starts vibrating in his hand. Cutting through the music obnoxiously. Donny looks at it. It is an unknown number. He frowns and answers. When--

DONNY

Hello--?

MARTHA (O.C.)

You know, I wasn't going to email you ever again. But I've just been putting down the basics regarding what you said on stage about me--

SHIT! Donny stands bolt upright. Utterly aghast to hear Martha's voice. Frozen in complete and utter shock.

MARTHA (O.C.)

-- and I just want to say-- nobody is going to believe a word of it. So shut your trap. Yeah? Your ugly. Faggot. Mouth. Stays shut! I cannot express to you how furious I am about the way you shafted me--

Martha hangs up abruptly. Nothing but dial tone is heard. Donny stares down at his phone. Utterly appalled to have heard her voice. Not quite believing it has just happened.

When he gets up his emails on his phone. Then goes into sent items. When he sees it. An out of office reply to Martha. He stares. Frozen in time. Utterly appalled at his mistake.

DONNY (V.O.)
*-- and just like that-- at the
worst possible time-- during the
most important moment of my
professional life--
(beat)
Martha got my number--*

28 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
*How the fuck could I let her get my
number--?*

29 **SCENE DELETED.**

30 INT. POLICE STATION, MAIN RECEPTION - DAY. (SEPTEMBER 2016)

The rambling continues to build. Donny is in the police station. Very animated. His phone vibrating across the desk.

DONNY

She's ringing me, now. Literally,
as I stand here--!

DANIELS

I can see that, Mr. Dunn--

DONNY

Well, then, do something about it!
You can't ring someone that many
times in a day, surely--?!

DANIELS

Well, no, you can't-- but obviously
with unknown numbers it's very
difficult to prove who it is that's
actually calling--

DONNY

So you're saying I can call anyone
I meet, as many times as I want--
and as long as I withhold my
number, I'm free to do as I please?

DANIELS

You're not planning to are you?

DONNY

No, I'm not planning to! I'm making
a point! This behaviour shouldn't
be allowed--!

Donny leans over the desk. Exhausted with it all.

DANIELS

How did she get your number anyway?

DONNY

I don't know-- she had stopped
emailing-- and so I set an out of
office and it must have-- replied
to her...

DANIELS

Oof! That's got to hurt! Giving it
away so easily after managing to
keep it from her for so long...

DONNY

(beat)
Why is that helpful--?

Daniels clicks into gear with a sense of mild embarrassment. Realising he has just said something a little inappropriate.

DANIELS

What about her phone number? Have you tried blocking that--?

DONNY

Yes, of course, I've tried! But you can't block unknown numbers on a smart phone, you should know this!

Donny hangs his head in his hands and then looks back up.

DONNY

I mean, can't you go into the back there and listen to all the voicemails she's been leaving me?!

DANIELS

We can't listen to that many voicemails I'm afraid. We simply don't have the resources...

Daniels nods, sheepishly. Donny stares. Besides himself.

DONNY

So that's it?! I change my number, and just let her win-- again?!

DANIELS

Well, there is another option...

Donny nods frantically. He will take anything right now. When Daniels leans in. Speaking surreptitiously.

DANIELS

Now, I need to speak off the record here-- but it might make sense to keep your number and wait for her to say something that we can use to expedite this case--

DONNY

You're kidding me? You're asking me to keep my number--?!

DANIELS

It is merely a suggestion. Go home. Mark down moments where she says something threatening. If she is leaving you numerous voicemails a day, the chances are there will be something there we can use--

31 **BLACK.**

The sounds of Martha's murmuring builds in the background.

DONNY (V.O.)

*That weekend, I listened to
fourteen hours of voicemail and I
was barely halfway. She had left me
thirty-three hours in total--
(beat)
Thirty-three hours. In two days.*

32 **EXT. LONDON, BUS STOP - DAY.** (SEPTEMBER 2016)

Donny stands. Phone to ear. Listening to Martha.

DONNY (V.O.)

She became the podcast to my life.

33 **INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - DAY.** (SEPTEMBER 2016)

Donny sits. Phone to ear. Listening to Martha.

DONNY (V.O.)

I listened to her on every bus ride-

34 **INT. LONDON UNDERGROUND, CARRIAGE - DAY.** (SEPTEMBER 2016)

Donny sits. Phone to ear. Listening to Martha.

DONNY (V.O.)

Every tube journey--

35 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - DAY.** (SEPTEMBER 2016)

Donny walks down the street. Phone to ear. Listening.

DONNY (V.O.)

*In the street between meetings. She
was there, in my ears, all the time-*

36 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, HALLWAY - DAY.** (OCTOBER 2016)

Donny enters the flat. There is a big party taking place but Donny does not pay attention. Rather walking to his bedroom. Listening to Martha transfixed as he goes.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Her voicemails playing out this
warped retrospective of our entire
relationship together--*

MARTHA (O.C.)

*When you said about hanging the
curtains and all that, I assumed
you had a one night stand in mind-*

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

Donny sits. His phone connected to his laptop. Downloading Martha's voicemails onto his phone. The soundwaves on screen jump around with her words as he downloads them all.

MARTHA (O.C.)

That whore at the gig that day!
That trannie skank! That is an aids-
ridden tart with lips that could
suck ten men-- I fucking hate her!

38 INT. FRANCIS FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2016) *

A ransacked kitchen from last night's party. Not that Donny notices as he sits with a coffee. Listening to Martha. *

MARTHA (O.C.) *

So you're bi, yeah? Can't be fully
gay because I saw that Keeley skank
you used to run around with! Is that
it? Only able to get your rocks off
when they look like a man--? *

39 INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2016)

Donny sits. Looking more and more affected as he listens.

DONNY (V.O.)

*-- and there was just something
about her words-- more than anyone
else's-- that just seemed to cut
deep-- that just seemed to set me
all the way back to where I was
before...*

MARTHA (O.C.)

I've seen that video of yours! You
know, back in the day, they'd have
you hanging upside down with a
prong in your arse-- for even
uttering such a thing to the world--

DONNY (V.O.)

*I knew the homophobic comments
would be enough for the police to
charge her--*

40 INT. POLICE STATION, BACK ROOM - DAY. (NOVEMBER 2016)

Donny sits in front of Culver. At the end of his tether now as she makes yet more excuses to him about the process.

DONNY (V.O.)

*But even now, after everything--
the thought of discussing intimate
details with some soulless figure
of authority-- felt like courage
too far--*

CULVER

We're working as fast as we can but
she's making a lot of counter-
allegations back which is slowing
things down a bit... Has anything
come up your side that we should
know about--?

Donny thinks for a moment. Looking at his feet glumly. Then back up. Before shaking his head.

DONNY

No...

41 **EXT. POLICE STATION, STREET - DAY.** (NOVEMBER 2016)

Donny lets himself out of the station. The giant door clanking shut behind him as he walks. Disappointed.

DONNY (V.O.)

I felt like a fraud--

42 **INT. CAFE, MAIN AREA - DAY.** (DECEMBER 2016)

Donny sits on a couch in a cafe. Getting interviewed.

DONNY (V.O.)

A voice of survival and triumph and overcoming the odds-- whilst sat on the comfort of interview couches--

43 **EXT. CAFE, STREET - DAY.** (DECEMBER 2016)

Donny steps outside onto the street. He looks lonely and small as he closes the door behind him.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- but shrinking inside as I stepped back out into the real world-- and waited for Martha's vicious tongue to take hold--

MARTHA (O.C.)

I mean that's hysterical, anyway! Isn't abuse for little boys, and their piano teachers--?!

44 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.** (JANUARY 2017)

Donny is watching television when Jason calls. He ignores it.

DONNY (V.O.)

I started to ignore work calls.

45 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** (JANUARY 2017) *

Donny is emailing someone. Cancelling his appearances. *

DONNY (V.O.) *

Cancel gigs and interviews-- *

*

46 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - NIGHT.** (FEBRUARY 2017)

Donny is out running. Sports gear and with his hood up. Very clearly hiding from the world as he pelts down the street.

DONNY (V.O.)
*Recede back inside of myself for
 fear everyone saw me the same way
 Martha did--*

MARTHA (O.C.)
 All this fame means fuck all. They
 don't love you. They'll grow bored.
 I love you, yeah? I love you--

DONNY (V.O.)
I attempted to finish the timeline--

47 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** (FEBRUARY 2017)

Donny sits typing at his computer onto document with "POLICE TIMELINE OF EVENTS" at the top. Underneath, Donny writes: "November 22nd 2015 Martha starts sitting..." He retypes: "Martha starts hanging around..." He deletes it again. Argh!

DONNY (V.O.)
*To do anything that might kick the
 police into action-- but every time
 I tried to boil our history down
 into dates and events-- it felt
 like sand slipping through my
 fingers into a stiff breeze--*

Donny deletes it. Hitting the button with frustration as he wipes the document clean. Burrowing his head in his hands.

DONNY (V.O.)
I just couldn't find the words--

MARTHA (O.C.)
 Is it a genetic thing? With your
 family? That you're all so fucking
 ugly and mad looking--?

48 **SCENE DELETED.**

49 **SCENE DELETED.**

50 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (MARCH 2017)**

Donny stares up at the ceiling. Shrinking inside of himself. As Martha's inane background rambling starts all over again.

DONNY (V.O.)
-- and sometimes in my darkest hours-- as I lay awake-- listening to the gnawing relentlessness of Martha's words...

MARTHA (O.C.)
So if I was bi-- or a poof-- or whatever, I wouldn't talk so freely, yeah--?

DONNY (V.O.)
I did question whether I deserved it-- whether in the bleakest cavern of my Catholic guilt-- this was some kind of universal punishment--

51 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
For ever speaking out in the first place--

52 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT. (MARCH 2017)**

Sudden chaos. Donny's face up close as he lies on the floor. The voicemails building to impossible levels. An onslaught of Martha emotions. Threats, compliments, insults, laughter, prejudice. Building as Donny monologues.

DONNY (V.O.)
She had won. She had got everything she ever wanted. She was with me everywhere I went. My first thought when I woke up and the last before I slept. If I slept...

Donny suddenly whips his headphones off and throws them down on the floor. They clatter and break into sudden silence. As Donny lies there. At a complete loss. Head in hands. Besides himself. When, through a desperate gasp, he asks--

DONNY
I thought I was your baby reindeer?

53 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
I thought I was your baby reindeer--

54 **BLACK. VOICEMAIL.**

VOICEMAIL
Next, new message. Received Friday
21st at 9.58am--

MARTHA (O.C.)
I'm furious with you, reindeer! I'm
fucking furious. But I don't know
why I'm surprised. You come from a
long line of liars. Like, your mum.
Found out all about her. Problems
with the council perchance? And
your father--? Some crackpot that
nobody gets on with?!

(beat)

You're a mess. All of you. So keep
your traps shut. Yeah? You're all
on your final warning. I fucking
mean it this time--!

(beat)

Because I've got a pulsing PMT--
you get me? This is off the charts
big, this is-- I've got a raging
PMT where I could stab just about
everyone in England-- in Britain--

(beat)

-- and so you watch what you're
saying boyo-- because maybe one day
I will stab someone. Yeah? You just
don't know. So button it. Right up.
Or I might have to do something...

55 **INT. FRANCIS' FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY. (MARCH 2017)**

Donny sits up from the floor. The same position we left him
in. But months on. He looks awful. As he stares down at his
phone in disbelief. Not trusting it. When he winds the
voicemail back and we hear the end of it again.

MARTHA (O.C.)
-- you watch what you're saying
boyo-- because maybe one day I will
stab someone--

Donny winds it back again. Then clicks play.

MARTHA (O.C.)
-- maybe one day I will stab
someone--

Donny stares down at it for a couple of beats. Before breaking out in a sudden gasp of relief--

56 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)
*Martha was arrested the following
day and charged with three counts
of stalking and harassment-- and a
date was set for her plea hearing a
little over a month later--*

57 **INT. LONDON, COURTROOM - DAY. (APRIL 2017)**

Donny slinks in the back and sits down. It is not a very busy courtroom at all. The proceedings are already underway as a judge mumbles various things from the front of the court.

Donny looks over at Martha as she sits behind a glass screen, next to a guard. Looking small and defeated. Twiddling with her thumbs like a scolded child. Donny stares with empathy.

JUDGE
Stand up, Miss Scott--

Martha stands.

JUDGE
You are charged with the harassment
of Mr Donald Dunn between the dates
of the 14th of August 2015 and the
22nd of March 2017. Are you guilty
or not guilty?

Pause. She does not respond. She stays silent. Donny watches on for what feels like an eternity. Before--

MARTHA
Guilty...

Donny sighs out with a combination of relief and disbelief. When Martha suddenly starts crying. Head down. Still standing on her feet. As she waits for the next charge to be read.

JUDGE
You are charged with the stalking
of Mr Donald Dunn between the dates
of the 14th of August 2015 and the
22nd of March 2017. Are you guilty
or not guilty--?

MARTHA

Guilty...

JUDGE

You are charged with the harassment of Gerald Dunn and Eleanor Dunn between the dates of the 6th June 2016 and 22nd of March 2017. Are you guilty or not guilty?

MARTHA

(beat)

Guilty...

With that, Martha falls back into her seat. Utterly sobbing now. Head in hands. Muttering to herself.

MARTHA

... reindeer... my little reindeer...

Nobody pays attention to her as she sits there sobbing. The judge continues talking as though she is not crying at all.

JUDGE

Miss Scott, you have pled guilty. I am going to ask the CPS to prepare a pre-sentencing report. You will remain in custody until then.

CLERK

All rise!

Everyone in the court stands bar Martha who remains sobbing in her seat as the Judge turns and walks out of the court.

MARTHA

... oh no... no... reindeer...

Donny watches Martha sobbing as the court gather up their things. Nobody pays any attention to her as the security guard escorts her out of the box. She carries on muttering.

MARTHA

... reindeer... reindeer...

Martha is led through the side door, when she turns and looks. Catching eyes with Donny. But it is not a jump-scare moment. More two broken people's eyes meeting in the middle.

58 INT. FRANCIS FLAT, KITCHEN - DAY.

(APRIL 2017)

Donny lets himself in through the flat and walks through the hallway to his room. There is nobody around. Just random clutter. Not too much. A small party the night before.

59 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** (APRIL 2017)

Donny sits on his bed. There is an eerie quiet to the place. He is not entirely sure how to process things now they are all over. When he looks to his laptop.

The timeline is still open and he stares at it. Almost like he is focusing on it for the first time. When he gets up from the bed and moves over to the computer chair.

Donny scrolls through the document. Reading it all. Taking it in. Shaking his head at how poorly it reads. When he highlights the whole document and deletes it. Before typing: "I felt sorry for her. That's the first feeling I felt."

60 **BLACK.**

DONNY (V.O.)

Martha was sentenced to nine months in prison and a five-year restraining order was issued that same day--

(beat)

And so Martha-- I suppose, this is where we end...

61 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** (APRIL 2017)

Sudden static. Donny sits in front of his laptop. Staring at the screen. The cursor flashing. When he hesitatingly reaches out and types. Now typing the voice-over as we hear it.

DONNY (V.O.)

I know you better than anyone I have ever met before. I know where you get you hair cut, what you have for lunch-- the degrees and the institutions you got them from-- which side your back you have psoriasis on--

62 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - NIGHT.** (APRIL 2017)

Donny sits. Typing. Obsessively, now. Catching his flow.

DONNY (V.O.)

I could write your biography. And I never chose to be commissioned. I never chose any of this-- and here I am writing about you, like we've shared a thousand memories together -- all mutual, all consenting--

63 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** **(APRIL 2017)**

Donny sits. Printing off stuff. We don't see what it is and he is clearly very buoyed by whatever it is he is doing.

DONNY (V.O.)

I still think about you often. More than I probably should. And in ways that surprise me. Your wispy laugh. Your gigantic smile--

Donny takes some of the papers and sticks them to his wall. Then stands back and watches. His eyes darting. Thinking.

DONNY (V.O.)

Your big brown eyes and the way they sparkled. Like a room full of strangers were staring at me through them, thinking the same thing you were--

64 **SCENE DELETED.**

65 **SCENE DELETED.**

66 **EXT. TERI'S BLOCK, STREET - DAY.** **(MAY 2017)**

Donny walks. Looking shifty. Focusing on something ahead.

DONNY (V.O.)

I sometimes question whether having your crazy in my life, tempered it in some way. That I needed your chaos to take me away from the thoughts that were suffocating me--

67 **EXT. TERI'S BLOCK, STREET - DAY.** **(MAY 2017)**

Donny hides himself across the road. Looking suspicious as he eyes the door to Teri's flat. Waiting on her to emerge.

DONNY (V.O.)

-- and now you are gone, all I have left to do is stare at the open wound of what happened to me-- all that I have lost--

The door opens and Teri steps outside the close with her new man. They walk down the street together. Laughing and joking. Donny watches this and smiles a gutted smile full of emotion.

68 **INT. BUS, UPPER DECK - DAY.** (MAY 2017)

Donny sits. Head against the window. Cold. Full of emotion.

DONNY (V.O.)

But what I think I find most surprising is how I cloy for answers from you, even now...

(beat)

Why baby reindeer? Why all that? Why me in the first place--?

69 **SCENE DELETED.**

70 **EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE, MARTHA'S FLAT - DAY.** (MAY 2017)

It is dusk. Donny walks around the side of Martha's building.

DONNY (V.O.)

Was it something I said? A look? A feeling? A shared commonality--?

Donny peers through the window into the darkness of her flat. It has emptied now. No more items are in it.

DONNY (V.O.)

Or was it the fact that you just needed someone at that point, and I was the first person you saw--?

RANDOM NEIGHBOUR (O.C.)

What the fuck are you doing--?

Donny jumps a little and turns. A RANDOM NEIGHBOUR (50) - a disgruntled tenant of the council flat - is there.

DONNY

No, sorry, it's just--

(beat)

-- I had a friend who used to live here once...

RANDOM NEIGHBOUR

Pfft! She didn't have any friends--

The Random Neighbour turns and storms off. Leaving Donny nodding in empathy at the floor.

DONNY (V.O.)

And I think that's hurts most of all-- the questions without answers-

71 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** **(MAY 2017)**

A harsh dawn. Donny is back at his laptop. Writing.

DONNY (V.O.)

*Why you fell for me in the way that
you did. Maybe somewhere in that
answer is the key to learning how
to love myself. You saw something
in me that I could never see. Maybe
that's what I miss--*

Donny pauses. Staring as the cursor flashes. When he raises up his hands and types in one last line.

DONNY (V.O.)

So I guess this is goodbye--

Donny sits back. Watching the cursor on the computer. Flashing away. Not at all sure how he feels about it all. When he closes the lid of the laptop. Finished. Done.

72 **INT. FRANCIS FLAT, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.** **(AUGUST 2017)**

Three months later. Donny wakes to the sound of knocking. He looks awful. But unnerved at the knock at the door. He pulls back the covers and goes to answer with slow caution. Twisting the handle apprehensively. Revealing Keeley.

DONNY

Oh. Keeley. Hi.

KEELEY

Hi..

Keeley stands there. Looking a little sheepish and awkward.

DONNY

... what are you doing here?

KEELEY

Francis called. He's concerned about you.

DONNY

Wow. I'm surprised that emotion is even in his wheelhouse--

KEELEY

-- says you've barely come out your room for weeks..

Donny nods, reluctantly. Then decides to let her in.

DONNY

Here, come through...

Donny opens the door and Keeley walks in. We see his room properly. It is an unbelievable mess. Takeaway boxes, dirty plates, and cans of soft drink are strewn around. A ton of post-its covering the walls. So much writing, everywhere.

KEELEY

What's all this--?

DONNY

Oh, it's just Martha stuff--

KEELEY

I thought she had been sentenced?

DONNY

She has. But I'm still trying to make sense of it--

Keeley looks at some documents on the desk. We see snippets of voiceover we have heard throughout the series. For example Episode Two: "I was just another gutless piece of shit who couldn't see beyond their own spiteful idea of the world..."

KEELEY

-- and how's that going?

DONNY

I'm getting closer...

KEELEY

You'd hope so looking at all this--

Keeley parts the pages and looks. We see a snippet of voiceover from Episode Six: "During this period of time, I started to masturbate over Martha." Keeley frown frowns with concern. Turning to Donny and staring at him with sympathy.

DONNY

Yeah, it's mad. I still have all her voicemails from when I downloaded them for the police. Check this out--

Donny hits his laptop, so the screen comes to life.

DONNY

I've split them into these folders, capturing all her different emotions-- I've been doing it for weeks now-- and there's still a ton I haven't listened to yet--

We see them: "Angry" - "Sad" - "Happy" - "Distressed" - "Threatening" - "Complimentary" - "Weird" - "Hysterical" - "Horny" - "Adoring" - "Excited" - "Not Listened To."

DONNY

It's funny-- when you see them all
splayed out like this, you really
do get a sense of just how mad she
was...

Keeley stares at him as he fails to notice the irony. When
Donny sits himself down on the bed.

DONNY

Oh, here--

Donny knocks a bunch of stuff off the chair onto the floor.
Clearing a place for Keeley to sit down. She does. Silence.

KEELEY

You look awful...

DONNY

I feel awesome.

KEELEY

How's the comedy going?

DONNY

Meh. I've given up. There's nothing
like getting everything you want in
life to realise it's not for you--

Keeley looks at him. Taking him in with concern.

DONNY

So... why are you here?

KEELEY

Well, a couple of things really.

DONNY

You're not getting married, are
you?

KEELEY

Well, yeah--

DONNY

(beat)
Oh. Good for you.

Donny is clearly upset but tries to cover it.

DONNY

Hey! Half his moolah ain't bad!
Even if it doesn't work out, you're
still quid's in--

Keeley smiles. Some silence passes. Donny stares down morose.

DONNY

Man, everyone's getting their shit together and I'm like-- fucking, incontinent...

Keeley reaches over and grabs his hand.

KEELEY

I want you to move back to my mum's and sort yourself out a bit.

DONNY

I can't. I've signed a lease here.

KEELEY

I'll pay it. Just move back. I can't go to America knowing you're living like this. Having gone through all that. That video, Donny. It really bothered me--

Donny stares at her. Knowing this is the right thing to do. Before gently nodding with an appreciative smile.

73 **SCENE DELETED.**

74 **SCENE DELETED.**

75 **INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, DONNY'S ROOM - DAY.**

(AUGUST 2017)

Dusk. Donny and Liz enter the room with some moving-in bags and dump them down. Donny smiles appreciatively and they stand for a moment in silence. Donny taking in the room.

LIZ

How does it feel?

DONNY

Familiar.

Liz smiles. Then pats him on the shoulder supportively.

LIZ

I'll leave you to it-- just let me know if you need anything--

DONNY

Thank you.

With that, Liz goes. Donny takes a seat on the bed. Taking in the room. It is bare. Clinical. When he gets up and goes over to the window and pulls back the curtain. Looking at the spot where Martha used to sit. But she is not there.

He takes a deep breath. Then lets go of the curtain. Before walking over and sitting back on his old bed. Taking it in. How familiar it all feels. How little has changed. When the door opens and Liz pops her head around.

LIZ

Oh, I forgot to say-- I've left something in the cupboard for you-- as well as a few bits and bobs I found when I was cleaning out your room...

Liz smiles warmly and then disappears again. Donny frowns intrigued and goes over to the wardrobe and opens it up. It is the yellow jacket. He smiles a wry smile and takes it out. Putting it on and smoothing himself down.

When he spots something tucked at the back of the cupboard. A box of trinkets. Donny pulls it out and looks through them with a sense of bemusement. First the mink hat. Then a stapler. A few random notepads. A wrestling figure.

When he grabs hold of something else. His face falls as he takes it out and looks at it. A script of Hangman Harry. He stares down. Feeling a million different emotions at once. When he opens up the last page and takes in what is written.

There. At the bottom. An inscription in Darrien's handwriting: "Amazing draft! You will go far!" Donny stares down. His eyes suddenly wild. His expression growing into a manic resolve. When something inside him breaks--

76 INT. LIZ'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT.

(AUGUST 2017)

Donny stares down at the kitchen drawer. Possessed. When he pulls out a knife. He stares at it. Deep in contemplation.

77 **EXT. DARRIEN'S BLOCK, STREET - NIGHT. (AUGUST 2017)**

Donny storms down the street. A man possessed. When he stops and look up at something. We see what he sees. Darrien's flat. He takes a big, deep breath. Then ventures on.

Up ahead, someone is letting themselves into the block. Donny rushes up behind them and manages to catch the door before it swings shut behind. He quickly enters the building. When--

78 **EXT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT. (AUGUST 2017)**

A door swings open. Revealing a shocked Darrien. WTF?! He is very surprised to see Donny. Standing there. Looking edgy.

DARRIEN

Oh. Hello.

Donny just stands there.

DARRIEN

Can I help with anything?

DONNY

Yeah, uh--

(beat)

I was wondering if I could come in?

DARRIEN

(beat)

Sure...

Darrien parts to let Donny in.

79 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (AUGUST 2017)**

Donny looks around the living room.

DARRIEN

Would you like a cup of tea?

DONNY

Yeah-- please--

Donny looks around. The place where it all happened.

DONNY

You have a new couch.

DARRIEN

Yeah, sit down, if you want. I'll
bring the tea through--

Darrien disappears. Donny look around the room which harbours so many emotions. When he places his hand in his pocket and grips the knife. Before walking into the kitchen area.

Donny turns the corner. Darrien's back is turned as he sets out the mugs. Donny clutches the blade and moves towards him. When he is stopped suddenly by the cat sniffing at his feet. Donny shoves the knife away and bends down to stroke him.

DONNY

Hey, boy...

DARRIEN

He missed you.

DONNY

Yeah--

Donny sniffs a laugh. Still stroking him. He loves that cat.

DARRIEN
Why don't you take off your coat?

DONNY
Oh, don't worry, I'm fine--

DARRIEN
Nonsense! Here, let me--

DONNY
Oh no, it's--

Darrien comes over and gently removes Donny's coat. The knife protrudes out the pocket as he hangs it up. But he does not notice it. Instead turning around to Donny.

DARRIEN
Manuka honey?

DONNY
What?

DARRIEN
In the tea.

DONNY
Oh. Sure. Thank you--

DARRIEN
Don't thank me.

Darrien smiles and goes over to pour out the tea.

80 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT. (AUGUST 2017)**

Later on. Darrien sits on the couch. Donny sits on the floor on a bean-bag. Mid-conversation.

DARRIEN
So, what? They would just be high all the time--?

DONNY
Honestly, I have never seen two people consume drugs like them. Private school boys, too. The amount of times I caught people shagging in my bed was insane--

DARRIEN
Ouch. What was that like?

DONNY
Well, it needed to get some action somehow--

Darrien laughs. Followed by a pregnant pause.

DARRIEN
Where have you been?

DONNY
Oh, you know-- here and there.
(beat)
Sorry, I disappeared...

DARRIEN
No, no. I get it.

Pause.

DARRIEN
I saw your video by the way.

DONNY
-- oh yeah?

DARRIEN
I thought it was brave. Really
brave.

Pause.

DONNY
Thank you.

DARRIEN
Don't thank me.

Pause.

DARRIEN
You should come back and work with
me...

Donny stares.

DARRIEN
It won't be like last time.

DONNY
No, I know, it's just--

DARRIEN
We're bringing Cotton Mouth back
for a reboot. It'll probably be
terrible but we're staffing up at
this very moment--

Donny stares.

DARRIEN
You'll be paid?

Donny looks down. Tearful. Then back up. Nodding gratefully.

DONNY
I'd love that.

81 **INT. DARRIEN'S FLAT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2017)

Donny puts his coat back on and exits. He turns in the doorway. Where Darrien doffs an invisible cap to him.

DARRIEN
Donnie Brasco.

DONNY
Sinéad O'Connor.

Darrien smiles. Donny smiles back. Pained. Then turns and walks away. Fraught.

82 **EXT. DARRIEN'S BLOCK, STREET - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2017)

Donny turns a corner and starts hyperventilating. Oh fuck! What the hell was that?! He hangs his head in his hands and is cracking up. He sits down on the steps and thinks.

When he picks up his phone and calls Elle. But it rings out. Shit! He starts crying on the steps. At a complete loss. When he looks at his phone in his hand.

He opens a folder on his phone which shows all of Martha's voicemails in their various categories. He clicks open the "Complimentary" folder.

83 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2017)

Donny walks down the street. Broken. Listening to Martha.

MARTHA (O.C.)
I think you've got a great jawline--
lovely smile, you know, I think
you're, you know, very attractive--

84 **EXT. LONDON, STREET - NIGHT.** (AUGUST 2017)

Same night. Donny is still walking with headphones in. A little more contented than before. But still a little vexed.

MARTHA (O.C.)
You know, when you meet someone
sometimes, you just think they have
it-- and you have it-- I dunno,
maybe it's your turn of phrase--

MARTHA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And I-- I suppose that brings me to the baby reindeer thing-- as I felt you were probably wondering--

Donny sits up. We stay on him. Tight. Single shot. The pub quietening around him. Darkening even. Leaving us with just Donny sitting at the bar. As though suspended in time.

MARTHA (O.C.)

Basically. I had this wee cuddly toy, when I was young-- went with me everywhere-- earliest memory, I think, was Christmas time-- this old photo of me, sitting with a paper hat on my head and this baby reindeer beside me--

(beat)

Anyway, this reindeer was this cuddly, fluffy thing. Had big lips, huge eyes and the cutest wee bum. I still have it to this day--!

(beat)

It was the only good thing about my childhood-- I would hug it when they fought... and they fought a lot, you know...

Martha starts crying. Her voice wavering. Donny breaks too.

MARTHA (O.C.)

Well, you are the spit of that reindeer-- same nose, same eyes, same cute wee bum--

(beat)

It means so much to me. You! You mean so much to me...

(beat)

It's forty-four years old!

(beat)

I've gotta go--

Martha hangs up the phone. Donny sits there. Aghast. He pulls his headphones off. Completely rocked by what he has just heard. Rubbing his temples with anguish at the bar.

BARMAN

Are you okay?

DONNY

Yeah, sorry, I'm fine. Sorry--

Donny wipes away his tears. Avoiding eye contact. When the Barman places the drink down.

BARMAN

Here you go mate.

DONNY

Oh. Thank you.

BARMAN

Seven twenty-five.

Donny nods and goes to take out his wallet. But he cannot find it in any of his pockets.

DONNY

Oh shit, I think I left my wallet
at home--

BARMAN

Don't worry. This one's on me.

The Barman smiles and leaves. Donny sits. With his head down. Processing this kind gesture out of nowhere. His face darkening. His eyes manic. Overcome with a million thoughts.

When-- after a few beats. He glances up at the Barman. A look of bizarre wonderment on his face.

As we cut to black...