

BEEP

Written by

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Episode One
'Anniversary'

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The soft, rhythmic noise of a ventilator. Every few seconds - a beep.

FADE IN:

1

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

1

We're at the bedside of Tommy (70) who lies in a coma.

By his side are Liz (60s) who holds his hand and strokes his hair. And Martin (30s).

The room has been made to feel like a family home.

There are family photos as well as black and white photos of Tommy in his prime on the tables, including some of him posing inside a boxing ring. A few boxing trophies are on display as well by Martin's side of the bed.

Get Well Soon and Sympathy cards have been arranged into a display.

In the room, Liz's eyes flicker over to Martin every so often - she's waiting for something. Eventually -

LIZ

Doesn't have to be a funny one.

MARTIN

Yeah I'm just trying to think--

LIZ

--Can be anything at all.

MARTIN

I know, it's just they all go out your head when you try to--

LIZ

--What's most important is that you're talking to him. The joke doesn't matter.

MARTIN

Alright. Erm. Knock knock. Oh--

LIZ

--Well, not a knock knock one, he can't do the other part--

MARTIN

--Sorry.

LIZ
Just a silly one.

MARTIN
(got one)
OK.

LIZ
Yeah?

MARTIN
Yeah. This is. Yeah he'll like--

LIZ
--Great.

MARTIN
Um, where does, did, where did
Saddam Hussein keep his CD
collection...when he was alive?

Beat.

MARTIN
In Iraq. A rack. In a rack.

Nothing.

MARTIN
Sorry, that was rubbish.

Martin bows his head. Liz tries to raise his spirits.

LIZ
I'm sure if he was awake he would
be laughing his head off.

MARTIN
You're awake and you're not
laughing.

LIZ
He heard your voice, that's the
main thing. Constant communication.
That's what's going to bring him
back to us.

She smiles and lovingly taps Tommy on the hand several times.

MARTIN
Yeah.

But Martin's face tells a different story. He's worried.

2 EXT. HOSPITAL DOORS - NIGHT

2

Hannah, a woman in her 30s who looks like she hasn't slept for a week approaches the hospital entrance, home to a row of smoking patients.

She looks up at the hospital towering over her - and catches the eye of a patient holding a cigarette.

HANNAH

Sorry. Can I just--

She leans in and takes a drag of the patient's cigarette, inhaling deep and breathing out slow. A relief. And then back to reality.

HANNAH

Thanks.

Feeling ready - she enters.

3 INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

3

Liz is in the middle of speaking to Tommy. Behind her, a pressed suit is hanging on the wall, still in the dry cleaning plastic.

LIZ

--Just because one half of the couple is in a coma doesn't mean you can't have an anniversary party. Everything is still going ahead like normal, I don't know why people can't grasp that.

(to Martin)

I mean how long have we been going to the Eagle for our anniversary now?

Martin, in another world, doesn't realise she's asking him and not Tommy.

LIZ

Martin.

MARTIN

(no idea)

Oh. Yeah.

LIZ

Every year for twenty-six years,
like normal.

(back to Tommy)

Anyway, it's all sorted now. I told them we wouldn't need the wheelchair ramp anymore.

Liz looks at the suit hanging up. She checks her watch.

LIZ

(to Martin)

Maybe that was a bit hasty? If he wakes up in the next half hour he could still make it.

Martin's face - probably not.

LIZ

(back to Tommy)

Maureen's going to do her chicken thing that you like for the buffet, we can freeze it. Oh, that reminds me, you know Maureen's nephew, Paul. Well his sister in law, Cathy, works with Lisa Gilbert from my sugar-craft class, you know, Claire Wilmot's cousin, that's book club Claire, not Zumba class Clare, that's Clare Gardener--

MARTIN

--Mum that might be too many names for a coma patient.

LIZ

Oh, nonsense.

MARTIN

I don't know who you're talking about and I'm fully conscious.

LIZ

(breathes)

Lost my thread now. Oh, the new Father is going to pop by and meet you. He's visiting Father Gerry in the Cardiology ward. I've asked him to the party as well so...be good to have God in the room.

MARTIN

Yeah...

LIZ

Why don't you tell him about the goal?

MARTIN

What, again?

LIZ

He likes hearing it. It makes him feel like he was there.

MARTIN

Okay. Yeah, Jamesy just beat a couple of men on the right and put a cross in and Diego finished it.

LIZ

(to Tommy)

He's kept your seat free the whole time you've been here. And everyone that sits around you has been asking after you.

(to Martin)

Haven't they?

MARTIN

Yup, yup. They've been asking.

LIZ

(to Tommy)

He says going to the games isn't the same without you.

(to Martin, join in)

Don't you?

MARTIN.

Yeah.

LIZ

Well say it then.

MARTIN

(to Tommy)

....it's not the same without you.

But Liz wants more.

LIZ

(to Martin)

Why can't you just talk to him like normal?

MARTIN

I dunno, it's just - we're both quiet, it's not like we spoke that much when he was alive--

Shit. He knows right away.

MARTIN

--Awake, I meant awake.

Liz stands up and covers Tommy's ears.

LIZ

Your father is not...

She knows he's sorry. She motions for them to go outside into the corridor. They do so -

4

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONT.

4

MARTIN

Mum, I'm sorry.

LIZ

It's been four weeks Martin, I thought by now you might've...

Liz decides against a rollicking. She can see he's struggling.

LIZ

Just be careful in there. You need to think about everything you say before you say it.

MARTIN

I will. From now on. Promise.

Liz puts her hand on his face.

LIZ

Won't be for much longer.

Becks (early 30s, shy and smiley) walks down the corridor towards them clutching the straps of her rucksack. Martin sees her coming and instinctively moves back from Liz.

Liz turns round and senses that three would definitely be a crowd.

LIZ

You should say hello.

MARTIN

Yeah. I mean I might. No, I will. I'll say hello and then I'll come straight back in.

Liz smiles, enjoying how nervous he is - and goes back into Tommy's room. Becks approaches Martin.

BECKS

Hey.

MARTIN

You alright?

BECKS

Yeah, you?

MARTIN

Yeah. Y'know.

Beat

BECKS

(cute)

Your dad still in a coma then?

We get the impression this is an old routine they do.

MARTIN

Afraid so. Your mum still in a coma then?

BECKS

(playfully rolling her
eyes)

Afraid so.

They both smile at each other - then immediately look down at their shoes. Becks remembers something and goes into her rucksack, from which she retrieves a tupperware box FULL of cakes.

BECKS

(handing it to him)

Cherry Bakewells today.

MARTIN

Oh. Thanks. Must've taken you ages.

BECKS

Couldn't sleep last night.

Beat.

MARTIN

So, your mum do anything today?

BECKS

Just an arm spasm.

MARTIN

Nice.

BECKS

Yeah. You?

MARTIN

Yeah he did a sort of snore last night.

BECKS

Aw cool.

MARTIN

Yeah...so you doing anything tonight or...

BECKS

Gonna stay here. Doctor said I could sleep in the chair next to mum if I want so...it's better. House is a bit lonely without her.

MARTIN

Yeah.

There could be a moment - but their fear lets it pass.

MARTIN

Right. Well. I better get back - don't want to miss another snore.

BECKS

Yeah, no. Course. See you tomorrow then?

MARTIN

Definitely.

Becks smiles and walks away. Martin watches her go. He taps the box with his hand, a little annoyed he didn't grasp the nettle.

5

INT. HOSPITAL TOILET - NIGHT

5

Inside a cubicle Hannah is drinking straight Gin, preparing herself for what's coming.

She takes a deep breath, comes to a decision and rises -

And then immediately sits down again.

HANNAH

Nope. Nope. Nope.

She takes another sip of Gin. A text comes through on her phone. It's from DANNY and reads:

'Love u so mch. Hope evrythng OK wit ur Dad? Love u. Ur my baby 4evr.'

It drives her to take another sip.

In the cubicle next to her, a woman is sobbing. Hannah looks at her bottle of Gin, just a little left. She offers it under the separating wall. The sobbing stops and a hand accepts the bottle of gin.

WOMAN IN CUBICLE (O.S)

Thanks.

HANNAH

That's OK.

Hannah retrieves another bottle from her bag, unscrews the lid and takes a swig. She stares straight ahead - lost in her thoughts.

6

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

6

Martin is sat by Tommy with nothing to say. Liz runs in.

LIZ

Right, he's here. Remember what we talked about.

MARTIN

I'm not going to mention the breakdown.

LIZ

It wasn't a breakdown. He just didn't realise there weren't pavements on the motorway - Nigel!

Nigel (40s, scruffy, fragile) appears at the door carrying a worn looking shopping bag.

NIGEL

Hi.

He enters but immediately walks into some chairs by the door, sending them skidding across the room.

NIGEL
(to the chairs)
Sorry.

Liz gives him a warm hug. He waves over at Martin, it's slightly more awkward between them. Nigel goes into his bag and pulls out a card.

NIGEL
Happy Anniversary.

LIZ
Oh, thank you love. Our first card.

She glares at Martin. By his look he's already apologised for this.

NIGEL
And...

He fishes for something in his inside pocket. It's another card.

NIGEL
Get Well Soon card.

LIZ
Oh, you didn't have to do that
Nigel.

NIGEL
It's more for Uncle Tommy than you.

LIZ
Well it's very thoughtful of you.

She opens it and looks inside.

LIZ
Oh, it's lovely. I'll put it with
the others.

She adds it to the display of cards.

NIGEL
Sorry I'm late. I've been sitting
in another room for the last hour.

MARTIN
What room?

NIGEL
One like this.

MARTIN

...with a patient in it?

NIGEL

Yeah. I thought it was Tommy. But it wasn't.

MARTIN.

So you just sat there?

NIGEL

Yeah. I just thought it'd be rude to leave. Plus the nurse said he doesn't get any visitors so - but they've put me down as his emergency contact now.

Martin doesn't have any words.

LIZ

Well, you're here now. That's the main thing. You looking forward to the party?

NIGEL

Oh, yes.

Nigel holds up a four-pack of lager.

LIZ

Right. You know you can buy drinks there love? It's a pub.

NIGEL

I've never trusted the lager in The Eagle. Not since *the bad pint*.

No one's quite sure what that means.

LIZ

Well, you can't go wrong with G and T can you? Anyway, I better stick some slap on. Can't turn up with a face like this can I?

NIGEL

(innocently)

No.

Liz reacts - and then looks at Martin to remind him not to mention the 'breakdown' as she picks up her bag and leaves. Martin and Nigel exchange a nod and nervous laugh.

Nigel walks round to take a closer look at Tommy - inspecting the various tubes and machines. In doing so he inadvertently knocks out a wire from the back of one of the monitors. The screen goes black.

Martin watches on, frozen in astonishment, as Nigel quickly re-attaches the wire.

NIGEL
It's okay. It's like at home. AV1
to AV2.

The display comes back on the screen. Everything seems to be OK.

Nigel gives Martin a relieved smile - Martin unclenches.

Eventually -

NIGEL
So does he do anything or is it
just mainly this?

7 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

7

Hannah walks down the corridor.

She's about to enter Tommy's room - but stops at the hand-sanitizer. Subtly, she checks her breath and from her reaction we can tell it's boozy. She squirts some sanitizer onto her palms, checks no one is watching and then licks her palm. She pats down the rest on her jeans and carries on.

8 INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

8

Martin and Nigel are sat on opposite sides of Tommy. Conversation isn't flowing. Martin knows he shouldn't but...

MARTIN
So what was it like being
sectioned?

NIGEL
Oh. Yeah. Lunch was nice. Got
Violetta at the weekends sometimes.

MARTIN
Mint?

NIGEL
Just normal. Less sugar.

Martin nods. Hannah appears at the door.

HANNAH
Alright.

MARTIN
Hey.

HANNAH
No change then?

MARTIN
Well, still in the coma. Yeah.

HANNAH
How's Mum?

MARTIN
She keeps mentioning how normal things are, which isn't normal, but apart from that fine I think.

Hannah can't take her eyes off Tommy.

MARTIN
What's in the bag?

HANNAH
Oh. Anniversary present for mum.

Hannah takes a pillow out of the bag. It's made out of tiny squares of different striped and checked patterns.

HANNAH
It's a shirt pillow.

MARTIN
Right. What's a shirt pillow?

HANNAH
It's a pillow made out of shirts. Well, Dad's shirts. I saw it on Queer Eye.

She smells the pillow and smiles.

HANNAH
Smells just like him. I made one for all of us. Except you Nige. Forgot you were coming. Sorry.

NIGEL
(gutted)
That's alright.

MARTIN

Looks like you used all his shirts?

HANNAH

Yeah but just a little bit of them.
Didn't want to leave any out.

MARTIN

So he'll have holes in all his
shirts when he wakes up?

Hannah hasn't considered this.

HANNAH

Shit. I didn't...shit.

MARTIN

I don't think you should show mum
this.

HANNAH

But it's her anniversary present.

MARTIN

You don't think it might come over
a bit...

HANNAH

What?

MARTIN

Just y'know. That you think he
might not need his shirts anymore?

Hannah gets a little upset. She puts the pillow back in the
bag.

HANNAH

I just thought it'd be nice.

Martin realises he's upset her.

MARTIN

And it is.

HANNAH

Yeah?

MARTIN

Yeah. S'only shirts. Can always
get more.

Hannah smiles.

NIGEL

Or what you could do is hold onto them until your Dad does die and then give them out. He's not gonna care then, is he?

HANNAH

(back to upset)
S'pose not.

MARTIN

There we are then. Every cloud.

9 INT. HOSPITAL TOILET - NIGHT

9

Liz is putting on her make-up in the mirror, humming happily to herself.

She picks up her lipstick, whilst twisting it up she looks in the mirror. A tiny wave of emotion flashes over her face. It's here and gone in an instant. She blows out her cheeks and her smile returns. She begins applying her lipstick.

10 INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

10

Martin, Hannah and Nigel are sat in silence.

HANNAH

When's the doctor coming round?

MARTIN

I dunno. Soon I suppose.

HANNAH

What d'you think he'll say?

MARTIN

I dunno.

HANNAH

D'you think he'll know when dad's going to wake up yet?

MARTIN

I dunno Hannah.

NIGEL

(changing the subject)
You looking forward to the party?

MARTIN

Not really Nigel, no.

HANNAH
Can't believe we're going to have
to talk to all those people.

Hannah gets another text on her phone. She ignores it.

MARTIN
Who's that?

HANNAH
Oh, just, Vodafone.

MARTIN
You didn't even look.

HANNAH
It's fucking Vodafone, alright?

MARTIN
OK. It's Vodafone.

Beat.

MARTIN
It's not...

HANNAH
What?

MARTIN
(reluctantly)
Him?

HANNAH
Jesus Christ.

MARTIN
OK it's not.

HANNAH
It's over. How many times do I need
to say it?

MARTIN
Good. I mean that's good. I just
worry about--

HANNAH
(interrupting)
--Yeah well don't.

NIGEL
No one texts me anymore.

HANNAH

What?

NIGEL

Think no one really knows what to say since everything that happened.

(scrolling through phone)

The last text I got was two months ago. From the gym. Hello, rejoin the gym today and let us pay your joining fee. I replied, thanks, but I'm OK for the gym at the moment but would you like to meet for a pint instead, *question mark*. My treat to say thanks for your kind offer.

(puts it back in his pocket)

Never heard back.

HANNAH

I think I just need a drink to help sort me out.

Nigel, eager to help, goes into his shopping bag and takes out the four pack.

NIGEL

You could have one of mine? I don't mind.

HANNAH

Oh my god, yes.

MARTIN

I'm not really sure we're meant to--

HANNAH

--C'mon. It's only one.

Nigel hands her a can. He offers one to Martin, who checks the coast is clear.

MARTIN

Go on then.

Nigel gives him the can and then raises his in a toast.

NIGEL

To Tommy and Liz.

MARTIN

Mum and dad.

HANNAH
Mum and dad.

They open their cans. Lager from Nigel's overflows and spills onto the bed. It's no big deal but it seems to send Nigel into a ever-growing spiral of panic.

NIGEL
Bollocks. That's...sorry. Just
let me...

Martin picks up a cloth from the bedside table but finds Nigel stooping to suck the spilled lager off the sheet.

MARTIN
Erm, Nigel, it's okay man, you
don't have to do that.

NIGEL
Yeah, no, I just don't have
anywhere else to put it.

As he straightens up he knocks his can over, sending it onto the floor.

NIGEL
(at himself)
Oh for fuck's sake.

He gets down on his knees to retrieve the can and suck up the beer from the floor.

HANNAH
(concerned)
Nigel, don't drink it off the
floor.

NIGEL:
I'm really sorry--

In his panic he disconnects the same wire from the monitor as before.

NIGEL
Jesus Christ.

Hannah looks panicked. Martin gives her a reassuring look to say '*I've seen this before*' and calmly re-connects it. And then silence.

MARTIN
Nigel mate, everything okay?

Nigel is huddled up into a ball on the floor.

NIGEL
 (long beat)
 Yes thank you.

Liz enters, confused at what she sees.

LIZ
 What's going on?

NIGEL
 (bouncing up)
 Nothing. Just...I'm sorry Auntie
 Liz.

Nigel quickly runs out.

LIZ
 Nigel! What's wrong?
 (to Martin)
 You mentioned the breakdown, didn't
 you?

Martin looks at the ground.

11 EXT. HOSPITAL DOORS - NIGHT

11

A nervous looking priest stands outside the hospital. This is Father Sydney - a shy, shuffling man.

The same smoking patient that Hannah met is still stood by the door. He catches her eye.

FATHER SYDNEY
 Sorry, do you mind if I just -

He leans in and takes a drag of her cigarette. It's long and savoured. He blows out.

FATHER SYDNEY
 God bless.

And in he goes.

12 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

12

Liz finds Nigel by the vending machines, forlornly resting his head on the glass.

LIZ
 You OK there?

Nigel gets a fright and bumps his head on the glass.

NIGEL

Ah!

LIZ

Oh, sorry.

Liz stifles a laugh. Nigel sees the funny side too.

LIZ

Martin and Hannah told me what happened. Don't worry about it! I'm sure he'd thank you for it if he could.

NIGEL

Yeah. He liked a drink didn't he?

LIZ

Likes.

NIGEL

Yeah. Likes. Sorry.

LIZ

He certainly does. A little too much at times.

(Liz leans against the wall, relaxes)

You remember when we had that intervention for him?

NIGEL

Ah. That was a great night.

LIZ

(smiles remembering)

Everyone was completely bladdered. I could've killed them.

Liz and Nigel remember, smiling.

NIGEL

He wasn't a real alcoholic, was he? I mean, not like my dad was.

LIZ

He had his moments after he lost his job. But no. S'pose I just panicked.

Beat

NIGEL
He's more than an uncle to me,
y'know. Especially, after dad...

Liz takes his hand - they share a moment.

LIZ
I better get back. Doctor will be
coming round and I don't want to
miss him before we go. You coming?

NIGEL
Gonna get a Twix.

Liz smiles and heads back towards Tommy's room. Nigel turns and makes his selection on the vending machine. A Twix moves forward but gets stuck. Annoyed, Nigel pounds on the glass.

He begins to wobble the machine before giving up and resting his head on the glass, looking at his lost chocolate bar.

13 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

13

Liz is approaching Tommy's room. She sees Father Sydney hovering outside it. He knocks quietly on the door but quickly walks off before it can be answered.

LIZ
Father Sydney?

FATHER SYDNEY
(caught)
Well I was just going to grab a
coffee and come back.

LIZ
...sorry, are you Father Sydney?

He touches his dog collar, almost annoyed it's visible.

FATHER SYDNEY
Yup.

LIZ
You're here to see Tommy.

FATHER SYDNEY
...yes. Tommy.

LIZ
Great. I'm Liz. We spoke on the
phone.

FATHER SYDNEY

Oh yes...Liz. Gosh, you look much younger than I...yes.

LIZ

You OK? You were going at some pace there.

FATHER SYDNEY

Yup. Just...some air. Get a bit panicky around...I mean not death, death's everywhere. You know.

(beings to spiral)

I mean you're gonna die.

(gesturing to Becks' mum's room))

She's gonna die

(gesturing to Tommy's room))

He's gonna - I mean not now, not necessarily, but eventually. I'm just not great with hospitals really.

Father Sydney takes a step back. Liz opens the door.

LIZ

Right. Well. Shall we.

FATHER SYDNEY

(please no)

Absolutely.

Father Sydney looks in the room. And then a pained smile at Liz.

FATHER SYDNEY

Onwards.

14

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

14

LIZ

Martin, Hannah. This is Father Sydney, he's filling in for Father Gerry at St. Felix's.

MARTIN

Hey.

HANNAH

Hi.

FATHER SYDNEY

Peace be with you. Sorry I meant pleased to meet you. But peace be with you too, y'know.

LIZ

We all appreciate you coming.
It'll mean a lot to Tommy. He never
misses a service. I wish we could
all say the same but I'm afraid the
rest of the family lapsed some time
ago.

FATHER SYDNEY

Oh, no. Perfectly understandable.

Father Sydney looks at Tommy with a child like fascination.

LIZ

Takes a bit of getting used to.
The wires and everything.

FATHER SYDNEY

Yes.

LIZ

Come with me. I'll introduce you.

Liz guides him to Tommy's bedside.

LIZ

Tommy, this is Father Sydney.

Father Sydney nods.

LIZ

You might actually have to say
hello.

FATHER SYDNEY

Oh right. Erm. Hello Tommy. I'm
Father Sydney.

Father Sydney waits for a response.

LIZ

Maybe we could say a prayer?

FATHER SYDNEY

(nodding in agreement -
and then realising)

Now?

LIZ

Yes.

FATHER SYDNEY

Right. The Lord's one?

LIZ

Perfect.

She motions for Martin and Hannah to take their seats which they do so reluctantly.

FATHER SYDNEY

Right, well. Here we go.

He bows his head.

FATHER SYDNEY

Our Father. Who art in heaven.
Hallowed be thy name.....

An enormous beat. He's forgotten the next line. Liz, Martin and Hannah take a peak out one eye. As does Father Sydney.

FATHER SYDNEY

(that's it!)
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done.
Yeah. On earth as it is in heaven.
Give us...some bread.

Martin and Hannah have to stifle a snorty laugh. Liz sees Doctor Roy trying to walk quietly past the room.

LIZ

Doctor Roy! Sorry Father.

FATHER SYDNEY

No, no. Amen.

Caught, Doctor Roy puts on a brave face and enters.

DOCTOR ROY

Evening. How we all doing?

LIZ

We were just saying a little prayer
for Tommy, Doctor.

DOCTOR ROY

Right. Good. Good stuff. Yeah,
prayer, it's err, no that's good.

LIZ

Are you religious at all Doctor?

DOCTOR ROY

Ah. It's err, been a while since I
spoke with the man upstairs if I'm
being honest.

Beat.

FATHER SYDNEY
That just another doctor or?

DOCTOR ROY
No I meant God.

FATHER SYDNEY
Oh. Right.

A puzzled Father Sydney looks upwards. *God works upstairs?*

HANNAH
How's my dad doing Doctor?

DOCTOR ROY
Well, we're seeing a great deal of consistency with Tommy.

MARTIN
So, no improvement then?

LIZ
He didn't say that Martin. Stop putting words in his mouth.

There's an awkward silence - broken by Doctor Roy's phone. The ring-tone is the theme tune from Casualty. He apologetically takes it in the corner.

DOCTOR ROY
Sorry I just need to
(phone)
Hi Mum. Can't really talk, I'm at work remember. At the hospital. Doctor. I know you need a degree to be a Doctor, I have one. Cambridge. Four A's. Is Claire not there? Where's she gone? Well why did you call her that? Look I'll text her and get her to come back. I need to go. I'll talk to you in a bit.

He hangs up. There's a muted laugh and nod of the head between them all.

LIZ
Families.

DOCTOR ROY
 (sending a quick text)
 Yeah. Just my Mum. She'
 not...quite herself at the minute.

His phone rings again. He braces himself and takes it.

DOCTOR ROY
 (phone)
 Still at work Mum...English, Maths,
 Biology and Chemistry. Yup. No, the
 hospital seem happy with that. I
 don't need you to write me a note,
 I'm already a doctor. Remember I
 trained for seven years. I'm thirty-
 two. I am married. Claire. Yup she
 looks after you, yup, yup, no I can
 hear her at the door so, yup, yup,
 okay, yup, bye, yup, she's gone.

He hangs up and puts his hand through his hair - no one knows
 what to say.

DOCTOR ROY
 Yeah, so. Sorry. Erm, Tommy. Yeah,
 like I said yesterday, I think
 looking for day-to-day improvements
 with Tommy can be counter-
 productive. The most important
 thing is that he's comfortable and
 we're doing everything we can to
 help him wake up.

LIZ
 Well, that sounds lovely. Doesn't
 it?

HANNAH
 At what point would you start
 worrying though? If there's no
 signs of, y'know, movement?

LIZ
Hannah.

HANNAH
 Someone needs to ask these things.

DOCTOR ROY
 It's difficult to say.

Another call comes through on his phone. He kills it.

DOCTOR ROY
I mean some people can be in comas
for twenty years.

HANNAH
(boom)
Twenty years?.. I'm just gonna...

Hannah excuses herself.

DOCTOR ROY
Sorry, that might have come out a
bit blunt.

LIZ
She's just very close to her Dad.

DOCTOR ROY
Of course.

Doctor Roy's phone rings again. He checks it.

DOCTOR ROY
Sorry, it's Claire, I just need to -

LIZ
Of course.

He leaves to take the call.

MARTIN
Um, we should, with Hannah.

LIZ
Yes.
(to Father Sydney)
Excuse us for one moment. Make
yourself at home.

Father Sydney is left alone with Tommy.

FATHER SYDNEY
(to Tommy)
...I'll just sit here then shall I?

15 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

15

Hannah is composing herself. Danny calls her. She cancels it.
A few seconds later - his name re-appears on the screen.
It's relentless.

Liz and Martin find her.

LIZ

You OK love?

HANNAH

No. Obviously not. Jesus mum, dad's just lying there and no one's telling us anything. Maybe we should get him out of here?

MARTIN

How we meant to do that?

HANNAH

We've got his suit! We could put it on and walk him out if we take an arm each? No one would notice.

MARTIN

It's not *Weekend at Bernie's* Hannah.

HANNAH

Maybe there's somewhere where they can operate or do something experimental. I mean, he's not waking up...why isn't he waking up.

Liz pulls her in for a hug.

LIZ

He will love. He has to.

Nigel appears, struggling to hold about a vending machine's worth of sweets.

NIGEL

Anyone want a Twix? Got fucking loads of them here.

16

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

16

Father Sydney is baring his soul to Tommy.

FATHER SYDNEY

Confession's the hardest. I never know what to say back. Sometimes I nip out for a smoke halfway through. I mean I didn't know Father Gerry's heart was faulty. One day you're lighting candles and sweeping up, the next you're listening to Davey Shields tell you he likes to visit prostitutes--

Liz re-enters with Martin, Hannah and Nigel

LIZ
Sorry about that Father.

Father Sydney jumps up, startled.

FATHER SYDNEY
No, no. Just been sitting here.
Quietly.

Liz smiles. And then looks down at Hannah's feet.

LIZ
What's that?

It's the shirt pillow sticking out of Hannah's bag. Liz takes it out and inspects it.

LIZ
These are your dad's shirts. What is this?

HANNAH
(PLEASE DON'T BE MAD!)
It's a shirt pillow. I made it for you, as an anniversary present. Smell it!
(to Martin))
It smells just like him doesn't it?

MARTIN
Err, yeah. Yeah like fresh air and tool-box.

Liz slowly brings it to her nose. She closes her eyes and pulls it closer.

LIZ
It does smell like him.

Liz smiles.

LIZ
I love it.

Everyone relaxes. Until Liz sees inside Hannah's bag, what the pillow had been covering - her bottle of Gin.

There's a tiny moment between them. And then Liz moves to pull a party bag from under a table in the room.

LIZ

I forgot to say, I've got party things here. There's hats and streamers so dive in and y'know, get into the party spirit.

She empties it out onto the foot of the bed. No one moves.

LIZ

Tea! Everyone? Quick cuppa before we go? Father Sydney, you'll have one won't you?

FATHER SYDNEY

Yes. Sure, if everyone. Tea, the universal problem solver. And the Lord God said unto them...

He reaches for anything he can quote. Fuck.

FATHER SYDNEY

Just two sugars please.

17

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER

17

Liz leaves the room and takes a moment to herself by the door, out of sight of everyone.

She hears muted laughing down the corridor and sees Doctor Roy with another woman, Carol. They're finishing up their conversation.

CAROL

Thanks Doctor.

Doctor Roy leaves and Carol turns round to see Liz, who pretends that she hasn't been watching. There's a 'neighbours who are only nice to each other because they share a fence' vibe between them.

CAROL

Hi Liz.

LIZ

Yes hi Carol.

CAROL

How's the patient?

LIZ

Tommy's fine. Improving every day.

Carol tries to sneak a look into Tommy's room through the window but Liz subtly moves to block her view.

LIZ

And how's--

CAROL

--great. He's wiggling his toes!

LIZ

(fuck)

A physical response?

CAROL

Yup. Has Tommy had one of those yet?

LIZ

No. But any day now.

CAROL

Yes.

Beat.

CAROL

Well I'd better go. Family will be round soon. Our son Alistair's bringing his violin. I've told you he's in the RSNO--

LIZ:

--yes no you've mentioned--

CAROL

--I thought I had, yes. We thought we'd have a wee family concert round the bed together. Get those toes tapping in time with the music. It helps doesn't it. To have people round you at a time like this. Going through it together.

LIZ

(strained)

Yes.

CAROL

I'll see you tomorrow.

Carol touches her arm and leaves. Liz watches her go.

LIZ
(mouths)
Fuck off.

Liz looks back into Tommy's room, at her family and Father Sydney awkwardly standing about, lacking clarity in how to act. Nigel inspecting the party supplies. She comes to a decision. And goes back in.

18

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT - CONT.

18

LIZ
There's something I need to say.
To all of you.

Everyone stops and looks up. Nigel is now wearing a party hat and has a party horn in his mouth.

LIZ
Maybe you should sit.

Everyone takes a seat, there's only three. Nigel races to the one next to Father Sydney, who gives up the chase graciously.

LIZ
It's my fault your dad's here, like this.

NIGEL
You were driving the bus that hit him?

LIZ
No, Nigel.
The night he was knocked off his bike. Well I was on my special diet. Low carbs, no sugar. So I could fit into this for the party, which I barely can but never mind. I was craving something sweet. So I asked him if he'd go to the shop and pick me up some Diet Coke, I'm allowed that.

HANNAH
Mum, that doesn't mean it was your fault--

LIZ
(powering through)
--I asked him to go and get me some Diet Coke and he came back with normal Coke.

Well your dad doesn't read labels
 does he? So, I made him go back
 out. He was home, safe, and I made
 him go back out.

(turns to Tommy)

And I'm sorry love. I'm sorry I
 haven't said sorry until now. I've
 been ignoring it because I didn't
 know how to bring it up. And the
 worst thing is, I don't know if
 you're lying there angry with me.

Liz gets upset. Martin and Hannah rush up to give her a hug.

Nigel and Father Sydney share a look and take a deep breath -
 Nigel's exhale causing his party horn to uncoil and extend
 with a high pitched horn. He grabs it out his mouth.

NIGEL

Sorry!

Beat.

LIZ

You don't all hate me then?

HANNAH

Course we don't. Shit happens Mum.
 Just happened to us this time.

Beat.

FATHER SYDNEY

(thinking he's helping)

I'm more of a Pepsi Max man.

LIZ

You think your Dad won't mind?
 He's heard me say sorry now, hasn't
 he?

MARTIN

Yeah. He heard you.

FATHER SYDNEY

Sorry. Just you're saying there, I
 mean, he can't actually hear what
 we say to him, can he?

LIZ

He can hear everything. He just
 can't react.

Father Sydney's face - SHIT.

FATHER SYDNEY

No one mentioned. There should be signs up.

HANNAH

You shouldn't be carrying anything like that around on your own mum. I'm sorry if I made you feel like you had to.

MARTIN

Me too.

NIGEL

Me too.

MARTIN

You didn't do anything Nigel.

NIGEL

...I just assumed cos we all were.

MARTIN

No. You're fine.

NIGEL

Yeah? Cheers.

Martin gets a text on her phone.

LIZ

Taxi's here.

HANNAH

C'mon. We've a party to go to.

The group begin to make their way to the door but Liz holds back.

LIZ

You get in. I'll grab the next one.

MARTIN

Why? Where you going?

LIZ

Nowhere.

Beat. Everyone senses Liz just wants to be alone with Tommy for a bit.

MARTIN

Alright. See you there.

The group wave and leave. Liz sits by Tommy and takes his hand in hers. Once again, Father Sydney is left hanging about.

FATHER SYDNEY

Sorry did you mean me as well?

LIZ

I did, yes.

Father Sydney obliges and quickly leaves. They are alone at last.

LIZ

Happy Anniversary love.

After a moment - she fishes out an iPod from the bedside table drawer. She connects a set of ear-buds to it and scrolls through looking for a song. She's clearly just learned to use this in the last few weeks. She puts an ear bud in Tommy's ear and one in hers - and presses play. DAYS GONE DOWN by GERRY RAFFERTY fills the air - and we're listening to it too.

19

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

19

The music continues - Father Sydney catches up to Martin, Hannah and Nigel. Martin stops suddenly.

MARTIN

Ah, I forgot my wallet. I'll get you down there.

HANNAH

Alright.

Martin waits until they're out of sight and then approaches Becks' mum's room. She's asleep in a chair by the door. Martin enters, puts a blanket over her and then edges out of the room quietly.

20

INT. HOSPITAL, PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

20

Back in Tommy's room, Liz holds his hand as they both listen to the music.

We leave them.

END