

1

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 14 (1100 SATURDAY)

1

DALE READS CUCKOO'S BOOK, STUDYING INTENTLY, MOUTHING WORDS AS HE GOES. HE TURNS THE PAGES IN WONDER. WITHOUT LOOKING UP...

\*  
\*  
\*DALE*(SHOUTS)*

Mom! I got another question, Mom!

\*  
\*  
\*

REVEAL RACHEL AND BEN AT THE OTHER END OF THE TABLE.

\*

RACHEL

Dale, we're only here.

\*  
\*DALESo I got another question about  
Dad's book...\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL GOES OVER TO HIM. DALE INDICATES IN THE BOOK.

\*

DALE (CONT'D)Look. Here Cuckoo's written this  
phrase: "Words are Walls". Then  
right next to it, he's drawn a  
picture of a smiley monkey. Why?\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*RACHEL

Well...

\*  
\*DALEI mean - there must be a  
connection.\*  
\*  
\*

BEN CHUCKLES SCORNFULLY. RACHEL LOOKS DAGGERS AT HIM.

\*

BEN*(CORRECTING HIMSELF)*Probably something very deep. Very  
clever bloke.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KEN COMES IN, READY TO GO OUT.

\*

KEN

Anyone coming into town?

\*  
\*BENWould have loved to. But Rach and I  
are planning our trip. (WINKS)  
Dirty weekend.\*  
\*  
\*  
\*KEN

It's my daughter.

\*  
\*

BEN

I know, Ken. Felt wrong as soon as  
I said it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

And I'm staying right here till  
I've mastered Dad's book. Mom, this  
page is blank - do I read it  
anyway?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

RACHEL GIVES KEN A LOOK: PLEASE SAVE ME.

KEN

What about you, Dale? Trip into  
town?

\*  
\*  
\*

DALE

Can I ride with my head out the  
window?

\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

Yes, but not in traffic.

\*  
\*

DALE

Woo! Alright!

\*  
\*

HE RUNS TO THE CAR. RACHEL MIMES TO KEN - THANK YOU. KEN  
SIGHS - HE'S GOT DALE FOR A FEW HOURS.

\*  
\*  
\*

CUT TO: TITLES

2

INT. BOOKSHOP. DAY 14 (1120 SATURDAY)

2

KEN AND DALE ARE WALKING AROUND A LOVELY SECOND HAND BOOK STORE. KEN IS IN HEAVEN. DALE STARES AROUND IN WONDERMENT.

KEN

No offence to your father Dale, but  
these are real books. Smell that!

\*  
\*DALE

Smells of old.

KEN

You're damn right it does.  
Thousands of years of human  
knowledge bound up in dusty leather  
jackets.

DALE

I never knew there were this many  
books in the world! We only kept a  
small library on the Ashram - all  
written by our leader Vashradi.

KEN

Oh, an author too was he?

DALE

Oh yeah, he wrote some good ones.  
The Dictionary, the Bibl, Leo  
Tolstoy's "War and Peace".

\*  
\*  
\*KEN

Yeah, good going. (SEES A BOOK) Oh  
my god! Wow-ee!

\*  
\*

HE PULLS A BOOK OUT CAREFULLY. IT'S A LARGE OLD TOME WITH A  
DISTINCTIVE DIAMOND-PATTERNEDED COVER.

KEN (CONT'D)

Edmund Burke's "Vindication of  
Natural Society".

(TO NEARBY SHOPKEEPER)  
Is this a first edition?

SHOPKEEPER

You know your books.

KEN

Mint condition!

HE FLICKS THROUGH IT ADMIRINGLY.

KEN (CONT'D)

This is the kind of book you could  
build a collection on.

KEN LOOKS AT THE PRICE.

KEN (CONT'D)

Christ! (PUTS IT BACK) No - I  
shouldn't. I really shouldn't.

\*

CUT TO:

3

INT. BOOKSHOP, TILL. DAY 14 (1125 SATURDAY)

3

THE SHOPKEEPER IS PUTTING KEN'S CREDIT CARD THROUGH THE MACHINE.

KEN

If you think about it, it's an investment.

SHOPKEEPER

If you'll just put your pin in, sir?

KEN INHALES DEEPLY - IS HE REALLY GOING TO DO THIS? HE ENTERS HIS PIN.

AS IT'S PROCESSING AN ELDERLY YET DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN, DR RAFFERTY APPROACHES THE COUNTER.

DR RAFFERTY

I'm looking for an Edmund Burke first edition.

\*  
\*  
\*SHOPKEEPER

(GESTURES TO KEN)

I'm sorry, I've just sold it.

\*  
\*  
\*KEN

(TURNS ROUND, ARROGANT)

Yes, I'm a collector.

A MOMENT OF RECOGNITION.

DR RAFFERTY

Ken Thompson? Well, I never!

KEN

Dr Rafferty? Wow! Didn't think I'd ever have to see you again. I mean, get to see you again.

DR RAFFERTY

Likewise. Completely likewise. Who's your friend?

KEN

This is Dale - my daughter's-late husband's son. And Dale, Dr Rafferty was my history lecturer at college.

\*

DALE

You taught Chief Ken? You must be the wisest man in the world!

\*

**DR RAFFERTY***(CHUCKLING)*

Huh, 'The only thing I know is that I know nothing'.

**DALE**

That is so freaking deep.

**DR RAFFERTY***(EYES KEN'S BOOK)*

Amusing boy! So Ken, you bought the Burke. Surprising to see you're still pursuing the history.

*(LAUGHING)*

Last I heard, you were plugging away as a solicitor.

**KEN**

Yes, Dr Rafferty, I'm a successful solicitor, with an Edmund Burke first edition in mint condition. Well, see you.

KEN SHOOTS RAFFERTY A WINNING LOOK THEN GOES TO LEAVE, RAFFERTY TAKES HIS ARM.

**DR RAFFERTY**

Ken, reading Burke in first edition has been a lifetime's ambition for me.

**KEN**

Well best of luck finding one. There's not many around!

**RAFFERTY**

Of course, I'd track down one for myself, but time's not exactly on my side. Let's just say you wouldn't be lending it to me for more than six months.

\*  
\*  
\***KEN**

Oh. Sorry to hear that. What a shame.

\*  
\*  
\***DALE**

Wow! Six months?! You can read a book that quick! (BEAT) Hey Ken! I got an idea. Why don't you lend Dr Rafferty YOUR copy?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\***KEN**

It's OK, Dale. I'm sure that's not what Dr Rafferty meant.

\*

**DR RAFFERTY**

Actually Ken, lending me that book  
would make one of my last earthly  
wishes come true.

**DALE**

You get to make his wishes come  
true! Who wouldn't want to do that?

KEN LOOKS VERY ANNOYED. CHECKMATE.

**KEN**

Only a complete arsehole.

KEN HANDS OVER THE BOOK, VERY UNWILLINGLY. DR RAFFERTY LOOKS  
VICTORIOUS.

**DR RAFFERTY**

You've made an old man very happy.

HE MOVES ON. KEN LOOKS AT DALE.

**KEN**

You annoy me sometimes, you know  
that?

HE MOVES OFF. DALE LOOKS HURT, BUT SHRUGS IT OFF AND FOLLOWS  
HAPPILY.

CUT TO:

4

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 15 (1710 FRIDAY)

4

DALE PREPARES DINNER, SPRINKLING HERBS AND DASHING BETWEEN PANS LIKE A MASTERCHEF.

LORNA TAKES A TASTE OF SAUCE ON A SPOON THEN HANDS IT TO CONNIE.

KEN

He's had it two weeks, Lorna.  
That's plenty enough time. Did I ever tell you how he marked my second year coursework down to a 2.2?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

LORNA

Oh yes, it's one of my favourite stories. But you didn't let it stop you doing the right thing. I'm proud of you.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

KEN

He's a professor - he can finish a book in an afternoon. He's probably even lying about the illness - wouldn't put it past him.

\*  
\*

CONNIE

Calm down, Ken. It's just a book!

\*  
\*

KEN

It is an expensive book!

LORNA

Really? How much?

KEN

(THINKS)

Erm... 80 pounds.

LORNA

80 quid! Sheez, Ken! Well I hope it was a hard back.

KEN

I'm bloody ringing him. And if he tries to bluff me, he'll wish he was dead sooner.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

\*

5

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, HALLWAY. DAY 15 (1715 FRIDAY)

5

KEN IS ALONE, ON THE PHONE TO SANDRA, RAFFERTY'S NIECE WHO IS \*  
OFF SCREEN. \*

KEN

He's dead?

SANDRA (O.S.)

Sooner than expected. Sorry. \*

KEN

But he said he had six months.

SANDRA (O.S.)

That was optimistic. We were hoping  
for another six weeks, but... \*

KEN

Six weeks! (MOUTHS TO HIMSELF) That  
lying bastard! \*

SANDRA (O.S.)

Sorry? \*

KEN

I'm so sorry. That's really,  
terrible and inconvenient.

SANDRA (O.S.)

Pancreatic cancer is inconvenient?  
(BEAT) Well, if you wish to pay  
your respects, there's a ceremony  
at the house tomorrow, we'll be  
spreading the ashes. \*

KEN

Yeah, maybe. (BEAT) Thing is,  
before he so tragically passed, er,  
I lent him this book.

SANDRA (O.S.)

A book? \*

KEN

Yes. An Edmund Burke first edition.

SANDRA SOUNDS UPSET.

SANDRA (O.S.)

(EMOTIONAL)

I just can't really... talk about  
this right now I... For God's sake,  
he's barely cold. \*

KEN

I totally understand. You need your space to grieve. Thing is this book is very expensive..

SHE HANGS UP. OUT ON KEN'S FACE.

CUT TO:

6

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE, KITCHEN. DAY 15 (1720 FRIDAY)

6

DALE STIRS HIS CASSEROLE.

DALE

And you know it's ready when how good it tastes overpowers the guilt you feel for killing the cow.

(HE TASTES IT, SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Not quite.

KEN ENTERS, LOOKING PUT OUT.

KEN

Terrible news, Lorn. I just spoke to Rafferty's daughter. He's dead.

LORNA

Oh dear.

CONNIE

Oh. Sorry.

LORNA

Not unexpected though, was it.

KEN

(NODDING)

Hmmmm. There's a service tomorrow, I think I'm going to go.

LORNA

OK. (BEAT) Ken, I thought you hated him.

KEN

It was a love hate thing. Turns out I'm really sad about this. I should pay my respects.

LORNA LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

LORNA

Ken, you are *not* going to that funeral to get your book back.

KEN

Lorna, that is a dreadful thing to say. Offensive actually.

LORNA

Not as offensive as pretending to be sad so you can go to a funeral and filch a book.

KEN

I miss him.

**LORNA**

Yesterday you called him Dr.  
Dickhead.

**KEN**

(ADMONISHING)  
Rafferty is dead, Lorna!

BEHIND THEM, THERE'S A SMASH.

DALE HAS DROPPED A CASSEROLE DISH FULL OF FOOD. EVERYONE LOOKS OVER, DALE LOOKS A LITTLE SHELL SHOCKED.

**LORNA**

Dale?

DALE GRABS A BROOM CHEERFULLY.

**DALE**

Sorry! Sorry! I'll clean this right up, I just thought you said that Dr Rafferty had died.

**KEN**

I did say that. He's dead.

DALE MAKES A WHINY 'SAD DOG' NOISE AS HE SLOWLY SNAPS THE BROOM, AND SITS WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

LORNA AND KEN LOOK AT EACH OTHER ALARMED.

**LORNA**

Dale, what's wrong?

**DALE**

(THROUGH HIS HANDS)  
How can the world be so cruel?! Dr. Rafferty! Dr Rafferty! Why?!

\*

**KEN**

Come on, you met him for five minutes. I've had longer relationships with a Cornish pasty.

**LORNA**

(DOUBTFUL)  
I've seen the way you eat pasties.

**KEN**

It was a figure of speech. Dale, you barely knew him.

**DALE**

And now I never will! He's dead, and I'll never get to see Daddy Rafferty again!

HE STORMS OUT THE ROOM. KEN AND LORNA LOOK AT EACH OTHER KNOWINGLY.

**CONNIE**

Oooh. Something deeper going on there! This is something we psychologists call 'transference'.

\*  
\*  
\*

**KEN**

Don't remember you qualifying as a psychologist, Connie.

\*  
\*  
\*

**CONNIE**

I did a two day course. It's as much intuition as it is learning. This stranger's death has triggered all Dale's sublimated grief for his father - Cuckoo.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

**KEN**

How perceptive. What was the clue? Him shouting daddy and running off in tears?

\*

**CONNIE**

Emotions are powerful things Ken, and if they are not dealt with at the right time they can come back to haunt you...

**KEN**

Say, 25 years into your marriage, when you end up 'transferring' bedrooms?

**LORNA**

(HALF SMILING)

KEN!

**CONNIE**

I'd say Dale needs go to Dr Rafferty's funeral. Deal with his grief head on. And most of all he needs the support of his family.

KEN THINKS.

**KEN**

(NODDING, GRAVE)

Yes. Actually that's incisive analysis, Connie. Which is why we should all go to the funeral... for Dale.

HE LOOKS INNOCENTLY AT LORNA. LORNA NARROWS HER EYES.

CUT TO:

7

INT. KEN'S CAR. DAY 16 (1150 SATURDAY)

7

KEN AND LORNA IN THE FRONT, DYLAN AND DALE IN THE BACK.  
EVERYONE IS IN FUNERAL GEAR.

DALE IS LEANING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE WINDOW, HE FOLLOWS A RAINDROP DOWN THE PANE WITH HIS FINGER.

DYLAN

(TO KEN AND LORNA)

Why couldn't you just leave me at home? Like normal parents.

LORNA

You're supporting your step-nephew.

KEN

Plus the last time we left you home alone. 'Burglars' broke in, stole only vodka and beer, and left a used condom in my office.

DYLAN

Which is why I should be there to guard the house. I'm meant to be seeing Zoe this weekend.

LORNA

You look smart, Dale.

DALE

I wanted to get it right. Seamus was always so well turned out.

KEN

Always?

DALE

Every single time I met him. Ken, do you think Seamus is a ghost and is haunting us right now?

KEN

(UNDER BREATH)

Give me strength.

LORNA

(ADMONISHING)

Ken.

KEN

OK. Well, Dale, I'd say IF Dr Rafferty now exists as a ghost, he's probably with his family rather than an ex-student and a guy he once met for five minutes in a shop.

LORNA LOOKS AT KEN. KEN SHRUGS BACK - WHAT?

CUT TO:

EXT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE. DAY 16 (1205 SATURDAY)

KEN, DALE, LORNA AND DYLAN ARE WALKING UP THE PATH TO AN IMPRESSIVE HOUSE. DYLAN IS A FEW PACES BEHIND THE OTHERS ON HIS PHONE.

DYLAN

(TO PHONE)

You're not serious!

DALE

I don't think I can do this.

LORNA

We're all here for you.

DALE

But I'm not strong like Ken. Look at him, it's like he's not feeling any pain at all.

KEN IS PEELING A LARGE 'REDUCED' STICKER OFF HIS WAITROSE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

KEN

Oh, I'm hurting Dale, I'm just British. And Dylan, get off the phone, you're supposed to be mourning.

DYLAN PULLS A FACE AT KEN - "THIS IS IMPORTANT". KEN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

DYLAN

Yeah, well, same to you!

(HANGING UP)

Thanks a lot mum. Now Zoe says we're 'non exclusive' this weekend.

\*

LORNA

Really?! That's a risky play.

KEN KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

DYLAN

Why? She's at Charlotte Brown's pool party. While I'm stuck at a funeral for some old dead twat.

\*

KEN

Dylan, be quiet. You cannot call my Professor...

(DOOR OPENS BEHIND HIM,  
REVEALING SANDRA)

...An old dead twat.

(MORE)

**KEN (CONT'D).***(TURNS TO SEE HER)*

Hi. Sorry for your loss.

KEN OFFERS THE FLOWERS, WITH THE SADDEST POSSIBLE LOOK ON HIS FACE.

**SANDRA**  
(TOUCHED)  
Thank you. Who are you?

CUT TO:

8A

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE. DAY 16 (1208 SATURDAY)

8A

THE FAMILY ARE NOW IN THE GATHERING. DALE IS WITH LORNA, HE IS STARING AT THE URN CONTAINING DR. RAFFERTY'S ASHES, NEXT TO A LARGE PHOTO TRIBUTE AND FLOWERS.

DALE

Oh boy, that's him. That's him in that tiny little jar!

DALE BEGINS TO WEEP UNCONTROLLABLY INTO LORNA'S SHOULDER.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh it hurts so bad, so bad, it's so unfair, why did God take him from me? Why?!

LORNA GIVES DALE A HUG. SANDRA APPEARS,

SANDRA

Oh you poor thing!

SANDRA GIVES DALE A BIG HUG. LORNA LOOKS QUITE SURPRISED. DALE HUGS HER BACK, TIGHTLY. SANDRA LEADS DALE AWAY OUT OF KEN AND LORNA'S EARSHOT.

SANDRA (CONT'D)

You're his new American friend, aren't you?

DALE

Yes. Yes, that's me.

SANDRA

I thought as much. He talked a lot about you.

DALE

(HOPEFUL THROUGH TEARS)

He did?

SANDRA

Yes. Towards the end especially. You're very welcome here. Would you like to meet the family?

DALE

Oh. So much.

SANDRA TAKES DALE BY THE HAND AND LEADS HIM INSIDE.

KEN AND LORNA HAVE BEEN OUT OF EARSHOT - THEY WATCH SANDRA WITH DALE - A BIT WEIRD.

CUT TO:

9

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS. DAY 16 (1210 SATURDAY)

9

LORNA AND KEN WATCH ON AS DALE IS SURROUNDED BY FAMILY MEMBERS.

LORNA

What's up with them and Dale?

KEN

Well, they are Quakers. You know, progressive, huggy huggy.

(A BIT DISGUSTED)

Inclusive.

DYLAN

Are we going to have to sing? \*

LORNA

You're going to have to be respectful Dylan, yes. \*

KEN

Yes Dylan, this is a funeral, there's such a thing as putting other people's wishes before your own. Now, I'm going to go and enquire about my book. \*

LORNA

You're not still going on about that?

KEN

It cost me a hundred quid, Lorna.

LORNA

I thought you said 80?

KEN

Yeah. Eighty. I was rounding up.

CUT TO:

10

INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE. DAY 16 (1213 SATURDAY)

10

SANDRA CONSOLES HERSELF WITH A HUDDLE OF MOURNERS.

**SANDRA**

At least we can say he led a full life.

KEN SQUEEZES INTO THE GROUP, LIKE A WANNABE AT A COCKTAIL PARTY, MOVING TWO MOURNERS APART TO GET IN. HE NODS SADLY.

**KEN**

(EMOTIONAL)

Mmmmm. Mmmmm. We've lost a gem of man. It's like a light has gone out in the world.

EVERYONE NODS, IT'S GOING SADLY - WHICH MEANS IT'S GOING WELL FOR KEN.

**KEN (CONT'D)**

He was such an inspiration to me at college, to all of us.

**SANDRA**

(TOUCHED)

Was he?

**KEN**

Yes such an intelligent man. Nose always in a book.

(SMILES AT THE MEMORY)

Just think of all those books he had. Where did he keep those books?

**SANDRA**

In his private study.

**KEN**

(AS IF HAVING THE IDEA)

Gosh, couldn't have a look at them could I? For old time's sake. (HUGE FAKE GRIEF) I guess it's my way of saying goodbye.

**SANDRA**

None of us have been into his study since he died. Actually, that was where he passed.

**KEN**

(NODS UNDERSTANDINGLY)

Ah. So fitting.

(MORE)

KEN (CONT'D).

(SOFTLY)

I'm talking like a minute... max.

CUT TO:

11

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, STUDY. DAY 16 (1215 SATURDAY)

11

KEN SLIPS INTO THE DOOR AND SHUTS IT BEHIND HIM, IMMEDIATELY DROPPING OUT OF HIS MOURNER CHARACTER.

KEN

Right then you mean old bastard,  
where did you put it?

HE SCANS THE SHELVES, AND DESK. SUDDENLY SANDRA JOINS HIM AT \* THE BOOKSHELF.

SANDRA

You're the only one of his former  
students who came. Is that how  
Seamus met your American friend?  
Through you.

KEN

(WEIRD...) \*  
Yes! You all right?

SANDRA'S WELLING UP.

SANDRA

Sorry, it's been a hell of a couple  
of days. You know, I actually had  
someone phoning up trying to steal  
one of his most expensive books!

KEN

Oh God, no! How terrible. And the  
book - it was definitely your  
uncle's? Because you know -  
collectors, they borrow and lend... \*

SANDRA LOOKS AT HIM.

SANDRA

It was you, wasn't it? You were the  
man who phoned!

KEN

Me? No. Not me.

SANDRA

And now you're here. Trying to  
steal from my uncle at his own  
funeral?

KEN

How dare you?! What a terrible  
accusation...

KEN SWALLOWS HIS FAKE RAGE. TRIES FAKE PITY.

**KEN (CONT'D)***(OFF HER LOOK)*

I know that this is a very difficult time for you. What's your name?

**SANDRA**

Sandra.

**KEN**

Sandra, I would never "steal" from your uncle. Certainly not in the legal sense.

\*

SANDRA STARTS TO BREAK DOWN. AT THAT SAME MOMENT, ABOVE HER HEAD, ON THE SHELF. KEN NOTICES THE DISTINCTIVE DIAMOND-PATTERRED COVER OF HIS BOOK. YES!

**SANDRA***(THROUGH TEARS)*

I'm sorry - it's just I know Seamus would have wanted me to protect his collection...

\*

\*

KEN BRINGS HER IN FOR A HUG AS SHE SOBS INTO HIS CHEST.

**KEN**

It's OK, let it out. This is to be expected...

AS SHE CRIES INTO HIS CHEST, HE STEALS HIS BOOK OFF THE SHELF, LITERALLY BEHIND HER BACK, AND POCKETS IT IN HIS JACKET POCKET.

**KEN (CONT'D)**

There there. There there.

OUT ON KEN'S FACE - ABSOLUTELY DELIGHTED HE HAS THE BOOK.

CUT TO:

12

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, HALLWAY. DAY 16 (1220 SATURDAY)

12

SANDRA AND KEN EXIT THE STUDY. SANDRA TOUCHES HIS ARM.

SANDRA

Thank you.

BEFORE MOVING TO TALK TO SOMEONE ELSE. KEN DUCKS ROUND A CORNER EXCITEDLY.

KEN

Get it in.

HE GETS OUT THE BOOK AND OPENS IT, HE LOOKS SHOCKED. CLOSE UP OF THE TITLE PAGE: "A HISTORY OF GENOCIDE" - BY PHILLIP STUART.

\*  
\*KEN (CONT'D)

A History of Genocide?

ALTHOUGH THE COVER IS IDENTICAL - IT'S A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT BOOK. KEN SIGHS. HE LOOKS UP TO HEAVEN.

KEN (CONT'D)

(TO GOD)

Is this because I'm an atheist?

Yeah? Well, it's petty.

CUT TO:

13

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1225 SATURDAY)

13

DYLAN SIGHS, LOOKING AT A SAUSAGE ROLL UNIMPRESSED, THEN PUTTING IT BACK DOWN ON THE BUFFET.

LORNA

Oh come on Dylan, do you need to be so mopey?

DYLAN

It's a funeral mum. I'm supposed to be at a pool party, where Zoe is probably boning all my friends, fucking Judases.

\*  
\*  
\*

LORNA

I'd have thought an 18 year old boy would love a free pass.

\*  
\*  
\*

DYLAN

Who am I gonna hit on Mum? Have you seen the talent in here? There's not even any milfs.

LORNA

I'm not saying you should 'hit on' anyone. I'm just saying there's a lovely girl over there, why not talk to her?

\*

A HOT TEENAGE GIRL IS STANDING ON HER OWN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM, LOOKING AT HER PHONE. DYLAN LOOKS INTERESTED.

LORNA (CONT'D)

Go on.

DYLAN ARRIVES NEXT TO THE TEENAGE GIRL.

DYLAN

Bit boring all this religious stuff huh?

GIRL

I'm used to it. My family's devout. I've been in the church since birth.

DYLAN

Great.

A BEAT.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What's your name?

GIRL

Chastity.

DYLAN NODS POLITELY, THIS ISN'T GOING ANYWHERE. HE CATCHES EYES WITH LORNA ACROSS THE ROOM WHO GIVES HIM AN ENTHUSIASTIC THUMBS UP.

CUT TO:

14

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1230 SATURDAY) 14

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM, KEN FROWNS AT A FRAMED PHOTO OF DR RAFFERTY ACCEPTING AN AWARD (KEN'S POSSIBLY SIPPING A WHISKY).

KEN

Where did you hide it old man?

OUT THE CORNER OF HIS EYE, HE SPIES SANDRA SHOWING THE BURKE FIRST EDITION TO A QUAKER ELDER, WHO NODS.

SHE SLIPS THE BOOK INTO HER HANDBAG, KEN'S EYES LIGHT UP.

KEN (CONT'D)

*(LORD OF THE RINGS)*

My precious!

ANOTHER MOURNER IS AT HIS SHOULDER. HAVE THEY OVERHEARD HIM?

KEN (CONT'D)

*(FAKE GRIEF)*

So sorry for your loss.

CUT TO:

15

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1235 SATURDAY)

15

DALE SITS WITH SOME FAMILY MEMBERS, INCLUDING TWO OLDER WOMEN MARY AND ALICE.

DALE

I'm so happy to meet you Aunt Mary, but at that same time, it really bums me out 'cause you're so old and probably gonna die soon too.

MARY

Oh, maybe that's one way of looking at it.

DALE

There's no maybe about it. I just met you, but, one day: tomorrow - perhaps today - you're gonna be in that jar too. All your memories, your hopes and dreams, gone forever.

(TO ALICE)

You too probably. In fact all of us. But you guys first.

HE PUTS A REASSURING HAND ON HER ARM.

DALE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Your skin is like tissue paper.

(REMOVING HIS HAND)

I'm gonna let go before I tear you. It's like I'm watching you die in front of my eyes.

MARY

(TRYING TO CONSOLE HERSELF)

I suppose the important thing is that you lead a full life.

\*

DALE

But did you? Did you achieve everything you wanted? Cause it's too late now. You can't skydive. Your bones would break. Not even landing, just putting on the harness.

MARY IS ON THE BRINK OF TEARS.

DALE (CONT'D)

I know right? It's super sad.

SANDRA SITS DOWN BESIDE THEM.

SANDRA

I see you've met Dr. Rafferty's special friend. You know, the American one.

**MARY**

Oh!

MARY AND ALICE NOD IN UNDERSTANDING.

**DALE**

Dr Rafferty and I only knew each other a short while. But he touched me in a special way.

**MARY**

(UNCOMFORTABLE)

Oh, right.

**SANDRA**

Ahem. I'd love to get your take on the order of service. You knew a different side to him than us.

**DALE**

Oh sure! It would be an honour.

SANDRA WALKS DALE OFF LEAVING HER BAG ON A CHAIR.

KEN SPOTS HIS MOMENT AND QUICKLY DARTS OVER.

KEN SITS DOWN NEXT TO ALICE AND MARY, AND SURREPTITIOUSLY LEANS INTO SANDRA'S HAND BAG.

HE FINDS HIS FIRST EDITION OF EDMUND BURKE'S "VINDICATION OF NATURAL SOCIETY" IN THE BAG.

HE LOOKS AROUND, THEN SWITCHES IN "A HISTORY OF GENOCIDE" AS A DECOY, TAKING HIS BOOK BACK FOR HIMSELF.

JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO CLOSE THE BAG MARY TURNS ROUND.

**MARY**

Excuse me?

KEN TURNS AROUND, HIDING THE FIRST EDITION OF EDMUND BURKE IN HIS JACKET, TRYING NOT TO LOOK GUILTY.

**KEN**

Hello!

**MARY**

What is it they call them these days?

**KEN**

Who?

**MARY**

You know, woofters.

SHE POINTS ACROSS THE ROOM AT DALE. KEN IS CONFUSED.

CUT TO:

16

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1245 SATURDAY)

16

DYLAN IS NOW MID-CONVERSATION WITH CHASTITY AT THE BUFFET TABLE.

**DYLAN**

I'm just saying that if God is cruel enough to take your great uncle away from you, then maybe you shouldn't obey his laws.

\*  
\***CHASTITY**

Yes, but Dylan, it's because we don't understand God, that we must have faith that he has a plan for us.

\*  
\***DYLAN**

But maybe His plan was for you to meet me at this funeral. He is clever like that, you know, being God.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CHASTITY LOOKS THOUGHTFUL. HE'S GETTING THROUGH.

\*

**DYLAN (CONT'D)**

So in a way, if you don't cop off with me, you're kind of disobeying Jesus?

\*

CUT TO:

17

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1250 SATURDAY)

17

KEN HURRIES OVER TO LORNA WHO IS CHATTING POLITELY TO A MOURNER.

KEN

Lorna, quick word.

LORNA

I'm in the middle of something.

KEN

Now.

KEN DRAGS HER OUT OF THE ROOM INTO THE CORRIDOR.

CUT TO:

18

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS. DAY 16 (1251) 18

DYLAN AND CHASTITY ARE SNOGGING AGAINST THE WALL. THE DOOR OPENS AND KEN AND LORNA BURST IN.

KEN

Dylan! What the hell are you doing?

DYLAN

Mum's idea.

KEN

Was it?!

LORNA

Dylan, at least be a little more discreet.

DYLAN

(TO CHASTITY)

Come on.

DYLAN LEAVES WITH CHASTITY.

KEN

Lorn, we've got a bit of a problem.

LORNA

Go on.

KEN

OK, well turns out the family think Dale is Rafferty's gay lover.

LORNA

What?

KEN

Honestly, I've just had a detailed monologue from Aunt Alice on Rafferty's recent habit of skyping, in the nude, with a young American.

LORNA

Explains why they're being so nice to him. Ah, sweet of them to be so welcoming...DYLAN! I said more discreet.

DYLAN IS SNOGGING CHASTITY ONLY A FEW METRES AWAY AGAINST ANOTHER WALL, IN FULL VIEW OF FUNERAL GUESTS. DYLAN SIGHS, LORNA'S RUINING HIS BUZZ. HE HEADS OFF WITH CHASTITY.

KEN

Let's go before it gets out of hand.

(MORE)

**KEN (CONT'D)**

Also, I took my book out of Sandra's hand bag, so I want to be gone before she finds out.

**LORNA**

You stole it?

**KEN**

Legally, you can't steal your own property.

\*  
\*

**LORNA**

Ken, it will look like stealing!  
Give it back and buy another one.

**KEN**

It's a very expensive book.

**LORNA**

Oh come on! A hundred pounds? We can afford it.

**KEN**

It was five hundred pounds.

LORNA IS SPEECHLESS FOR A BIT.

**LORNA**

BLOODY HELL!

SOME PEOPLE LOOK ROUND.

**LORNA (CONT'D)**

(TO PEOPLE)

Sorry, sorry.

(TO KEN)

Let's just find Dale and get out of here.

CUT TO:

19

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1255 SATURDAY)

19

DALE IS TALKING TO SANDRA.

SANDRA

It's so lovely to get to know you,  
 is there anything you want to ask  
 about my uncle? \*

DALE

Yes actually. Do you think he'll  
 come back as a ghost and haunt us?

SANDRA

Oh... well...

DALE NODS AT HER UNDERSTANDINGLY, PUTTING A HAND ON HER  
 SHOULDER.

DALE

Coz I would love that.

KEN AND LORNA SLIDE UP NEXT TO THEM.

KEN

Hi. We're gonna have to get going.

SANDRA

Before the service?

KEN

Yeah. I know it's strange, but  
 traffic's a killer on the M6. And  
 we're not using the toll. Come  
 along, Dale!

DALE

But Ken, I can't leave. I'm part of  
 the service.

LORNA

Really?

SANDRA

I thought it would be nice for Dale  
 to contribute a little. \*

KEN

Dale, I don't think you should do  
 that. I think instead we should  
 leave immediately. \*

HE TRIES TO LEAD DALE AWAY.

DALE

I'm surprised Ken. I thought you'd want to stay for the ceremony. Or did you get your book back already? \*

SANDRA'S EARS PRICK UP.

KEN

Book? What book? We're here to pay  
our respects to Dr Rafferty, that's  
all.

\*

DALE

But you...

KEN

No, I didn't, Dale. Grief has  
clearly addled your mind.

\*

\*

HE'S SAVED BY A QUAKER ELDER APPROACHING SANDRA.

ELDER

Can you take your seats? We're  
ready to start now...

SANDRA WALKS OFF WITH DALE. KEN AND LORNA LOOK AT EACH OTHER.  
HMMM.

CUT TO:

20

INT. RAFFERTY'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM. DAY 16 (1305 SATURDAY) 20

THE CEREMONY IS IN FULL SWING. THE CONGREGATION STANDS IN A CIRCLE AROUND THE URN. EVERYONE IS SINGING THE END OF 'ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL'. WHILE A TEENAGE BOY PLAYS ALONG ON AN ACOUSTIC GUITAR, INCREDIBLY EARNESTLY.

MOST OF THE FUNERAL PARTY HAVE THEIR EYES CLOSED, SWAYING IN THOUGHT. KEN HAS HIS OPEN, ATHEISTICALLY. HE MOMENTARILY CATCHES EYES WITH SANDRA, WHO'S LOOKING AT HIM NARROW EYED.

**ALL**

....The Lord God made them all.

THE QUAKER ELDER LEADS THE CEREMONY.

**ELDER**

Please be seated.

EVERYONE SITS DOWN, QUIETLY.

**ELDER (CONT'D)**

We all remember Seamus as a great man: kind, loving, and above all, generous.

**KEN**

*(MUTTERS TO HIMSELF)*

Wasn't generous when he downgraded my coursework.

LORNA ELBOWS HIM IN THE RIBS.

**ELDER**

But one person here knew him differently to the rest of us. And the family would like to invite him now to read a short passage, chosen from the book Dr Rafferty was reading when he died.

SANDRA HANDS DALE THE BOOK FROM HER BAG. KEN LOOKS WORRIED - THAT'S THE DECOY BOOK!

**KEN**

*(TO HIMSELF)*

Oh shit.

SANDRA HANDS DALE THE BOOK FROM HER HANDBAG.

\*

**SANDRA**  
*(TO DALE)*  
 Page 72.

\*

\*

\*

DALE SMILES AT HER, OPENS THE BOOK, AND READS FROM "A HISTORY OF GENOCIDE" IN A INDEFATIGABLY CHEERY TONE.

DALE

(READING)

Clouds of acrid smoke that smelled of burning human flesh, rose above the Khmer Rouge labour camps, sometimes forming a poisonous rain, which covered the starving workers in the remains of their families. Over three million Cambodians were tortured and executed. The mass graves were over filled. Mutilated limbs protruded from the soil, causing diseases such as typhoid, cholera, and plague. In the north, there were reports that some soldiers raped the corpses.

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\*

DALE CLOSES THE BOOK.

HE HANDS IT SILENTLY TO AN ASTONISHED SANDRA. HAVING DONE THE READING, HE SEEKS RELIEVED, AND SLIGHTLY HAPPIER.

SANDRA LOOKS AT THE TITLE AND THEN GLARES AT KEN. HE SWEATS.

KEN

(TO LORNA)

OK, let's go.

ELDER

So now it is time for the Quaker tradition of 'open worship'. If you feel moved to share your thoughts about the deceased, please stand. Just say whatever you feel needs to be said.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

HE SITS, THERE'S A BEAT OF SILENCE. A MAN STANDS UP.

MAN

I'll always remember his Christmas cards, with those little lines of poetry he chose for everyone.

THE CONGREGATION NODS SADLY.

WOMAN

I'll remember that open box of maltesers he always had on his desk. Such a kind man.

THE CONGREGATION SHARES A GENTLE HONEST LAUGH. APART FROM SANDRA, WHO'S FACE IS NOW BURNING AT KEN. SANDRA STANDS UP.

SANDRA

Yes. I'd just like to say that my uncle was a good man, and a forgiving man. So if there is a person today who has sneaked in under false pretences in order perhaps to steal from a dead man, I hope we can follow my uncle's example and forgive him. And I hope he can forgive himself frankly.

SHE SITS. BEAT. KEN THINKS. IS HE GOING TO LET THIS GO?

LORNA

(WHISPER)

Ken. Please, don't.

KEN SHUFFLES TO HIS FEET.

KEN

I would like to second what Sandra said. But add - that Dr Rafferty would never judge before he knew the full picture. Who did what, who thought what, who owned what. In case he ended up making a tit of himself. Mmmmm.

KEN NODS SUPER-HOLY FOR A FEW SECONDS. THEN SITS DOWN. SANDRA STANDS UP.

SANDRA

(VENOMOUS CALM)

My uncle had a great sense of justice, and if he did do wrong he didn't try and worm his way out of it.

KEN

(TO SANDRA)

But if he was wrongly accused. I think he had the admirable sense to stand up for himself. For does not the bible say 'Call not someone a thief who has a valid receipt at home'.

MARY

Blasphemy!

A MAN STANDS UP.

MAN

I remember Seamus taking me on holiday one summer, to Cornwall. And...

SANDRA PUSHES HIM DOWN.

**SANDRA**

(AT KEN)

What's that in your pocket?

**KEN**

Oh now, come on. What is this? \*

**ELDER**

Sandra, I'm not sure this is the time. \*

**SANDRA**

(POINTING AT KEN)

That book is Edmund Burke's  
'Vindication of Natural Society'.  
He stole it from out of my bag!

THE CONGREGATION MUMBLES DISAPPROVINGLY.

**LORNA**I think there's been a  
misunderstanding.**KEN**

(HOLDING HIS BOOK ALOFT)

This is my book. I lent it to Rafferty  
and he didn't give it back because he  
was jealous that I bought it first. \***SANDRA**

He's lying! \*

**KEN**I did! And it cost me one thousand  
pounds! \***LORNA**

(SHOCKED WHISPER)

A thousand?! Ken!

KEN SHRUGS TO SAY 'IT'S JUST THE TRUTH'. MEANWHILE SANDRA IS  
UP AGAIN.**SANDRA**

I want you and your wretched family out.

**DALE**Guys, this is not what Dr Rafferty  
would have wanted.**MARY**Yes, please calm down! Listen to  
Seamus' lover.SANDRA CHECKS HERSELF, BUT A NEW PERSON, A VERY CAMP MAN,  
STANDS UP AT THE BACK.**AMERICAN MAN**

Erm, I was Seamus' lover.

COLLECTIVE GASP. A MAN NEXT TO SANDRA GOES TO STAND UP, SHE PUSHES HIM DOWN.

**SANDRA**

*(POINTS AT DALE)*

Then who's this?

LORNA JOINS IN.

**LORNA**

I think there's been another misunderstanding.

**SANDRA**

*(TO KEN)*

What is wrong with you people?!

**ELDER**

Sandra! (BEAT) How about we scatter the ashes in the rose garden?

THE ELDER COLLECTS THE URN AND HEADS TO THE FRENCH DOORS.

THE CONGREGATION FOLLOWS HIM.

**LORNA**

*(TO SANDRA)*

Listen, I know how this all looks, but my family are not bad people.

THE ELDER OPENS THE FRENCH DOORS TO REVEAL THE GARDEN.  
COLLECTIVE SHOCK.

REVEAL DYLAN GETTING A BLOW JOB FROM CHASTITY IN A GAZEBO AT THE END OF THE GARDEN.

**SANDRA**

Chastity?

**CHASTITY**

Mum?

THE ELDER DROPS THE URN - ASHES SCATTER ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

KEN AND LORNA LOOK VERY SHEEPISH, AS THE WHOLE CONGREGATION GLARE AT THEM.

CUT TO:

21

INT. KEN'S CAR. DAY 16 (1335 SATURDAY)

21

EVERYONE IS SILENT ON THE WAY BACK. KEN'S EYES ARE FIXED AHEAD ON THE ROAD.

THE LONGEST BEAT OF SILENCE. DYLAN BREAKS IT.

DYLAN

Best funeral ever. Much better than Granny's.

END OF EPISODE