

DADDY ISSUES

PILOT

Written and created by

Danielle Ward

A small aeroplane bathroom.

A couple kiss frantically, like they've not seen each other for months. BEN (30's; handsome nice guy) lifts a tanned woman GEMMA (Early 20s; a deadpan hot mess) against the sink.

Miniature bottles of booze get knocked into the basin as they grab at each other.

GEMMA  
(breathless)  
Hey... Have you got a condom?

BEN  
My wallet's in my bag... And it  
doesn't have any condoms in it.

GEMMA  
It's alright. I think I've got --

Gemma reaches past her cute thigh high dress into her sock.

GEMMA (cont'd)  
-- one? In here...

She searches. She can't find it. Pulls a face.

GEMMA (cont'd)  
Must've fallen out.

They look at each other. Do they risk unprotected sex?

GEMMA (cont'd)  
Erm. I guess we could... anyway?

Beat.

BEN  
Yeah. But what about...  
(whispers)  
Disease?

GEMMA  
You what?

BEN  
I'm not suggesting you've got  
anything! It's just that advert  
from the 80s... 'AIDS; Don't die of  
Aids'. Scared the life out of me  
when I first saw it.

GEMMA  
It's 'AIDS; Don't die of  
ignorance'. I've seen it on TikTok.

BEN

Pretty sure it's 'AIDS; Don't die of aids'.

GEMMA

No. It's 'AIDS; don't die of ignorance'. Why would it be 'AIDS; don't die of Aids'? That's a terrible slogan.

BEN

(patronising)

Let's agree to disagree, shall we?

GEMMA

Fine.

A tannoy announcement interrupts the awkwardness.

*CAPTAIN (O.S.)*

*Can all passengers please return to their seats, as we begin our descent into Manchester Airport.*

GEMMA

You wanna do this or what?

BEN

Sure. I'll finish in the sink though, to be sensible.

Gemma shrugs. Ben offers a handshake.

BEN (cont'd)

I'm Ben, by the way.

She takes his hand.

GEMMA

Gemma.

1A OMITTED

1A

1B **EXT/INT. HIGH STREET SALON - LATER**

1B

Two months later.

Gemma walks into her place of work. Very hungover, sunglasses on, coffee in her hand, probably eating a breakfast bap.

Her boss RITA (50s; tanned to a crisp cougar with a heart of gold) nods hello as she tends to client WINNIE (70s/80s).

GEMMA

Morning Rita.

RITA

You're nearly an hour late, lady.

Gemma heads into the back room to put on something resembling a uniform.

GEMMA (O.S.)

*I had to get the bus in from Cheadle.*

RITA

What were you doing in Cheadle?

(then)

Who were you doing in Cheadle?

(to Winnie)

I'm not judging. I was the same at her age! I'm the same at my age.

Gemma comes out. Sunglasses still on. Rita hands Gemma a mug of what looks like orange juice.

RITA (cont'd)

(re; sunglasses)

And you can take those off, Stevie Wonder. I don't want people thinking I'll employ twats. I got a reputation to think of.

Gemma takes off the glasses. Looks awful. She answers Rita's question.

GEMMA

Liam. He's a painter.

RITA

Did you take his business card?

I've been after someone to come and give my boxroom a lick.

GEMMA

As in artist.

Gemma sniffs the drink. Recoils.

GEMMA (cont'd)

Is there vodka in this?

RITA

You're no used to me hungover. Hair of the Dog. That's a good name for the salon if I ever re-brand. So tell us about this new one?

GEMMA

I'm not gonna see him again. He wears the same deodorant as my Dad... I found it quite off putting at a pivotal moment.

RITA

How is your hunky Dad?

Rita fans herself at the mention of Malcolm.

RITA (cont'd)

(to Winnie)

Have you seen him, Winnie? Ooh!

(Gemma)

Do you think he's ready for love again? Maybe with a sexually adventurous salon owner?

WINNIE

I didn't know your parents'd split up, Gemma love?

GEMMA

(to Winnie)

My Mum sold the house and ran away with their savings. He's living in a bedsit.

(to Rita)

And you're not his type.

RITA

I'm everybody's type Gemma. So what's his new place like?

GEMMA

I dunno, I've not visited yet.

Rita pulls a surprised face. Gemma looks slightly ashamed.

GEMMA (cont'd)

He's not very easy company. I've been putting it off but I promised I'd go round today.

On Gemma. She really doesn't want to visit her Dad.

She looks at the mug full of orange juice and vodka, then downs the booze and holds out the mug for a refill.

GEMMA (cont'd)

Might need another one of those before I see him.

2

**EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY (DAY 2)**

2

A slightly run down town outside of Manchester. Half closed high street with the remaining business either bookies or nail bars.

Gemma checks the map on her phone with one hand and carries the succulent in the other then finally arrives at an address.

2A **EXT. HMO - DAY**

2A

It's a grotty looking town house converted into an HMO.  
Gemma presses the intercom.

GEMMA  
Dad? It's Gemma.

No reply. The door buzzes open.

3 **INT. HMO, CORRIDOR - MINUTES LATER**

3

Gemma walks along the corridor taking in the surrounding.  
It's her first time visiting.

A door opens. Out pops the head of her dad MALCOLM (55;  
handsome but dishevelled loser).

He beams.

MALCOLM  
Gemma!

4 **INT. HMO, MALCOLM'S BEDSIT - LATER**

4

Gemma sits on a dirty sofa bed in a squalid bedsit.

Malcolm busies himself in the kitchenette area making hot  
drinks. He pops the plant next to one that has already died.

MALCOLM  
I'm so pleased you've finally seen  
the place. It's not Buckingham  
Palace, but it'll do.  
(quiet)  
And it's all I can afford...  
(upbeat; loud)  
For now!

Gemma looks around the room. It's really horrible.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
I shouldn't even be here. I wasn't  
the one having an affair, Gemma...

He starts to choke a little on the emotion. Gemma looks  
around, awkwardly.

They're not a touchy-feely family and she offers no comfort.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
Have you heard from your mother?

GEMMA  
She's in Paris.

MALCOLM

What does Paris have that this place doesn't?

GEMMA

(shrugs)

Art? Culture? A vibrant jazz scene.

MALCOLM

It's the cheese isn't it? She's gone for the cheese.

GEMMA

(deadpan)

Yeah she's gone for the cheese.

Malcolm hands her a cup of coffee in a jam jar.

MALCOLM

(re: jar)

Sorry.

Gemma takes a sip. It's cheap instant and makes her gag.

She tries to not give away her disgust as she places the jar on the floor - even the smell of coffee is turning her stomach.

GEMMA

It's quite trendy to drink out of jam jars these days. In Manchester.

MALCOLM

Is it trendy to wee in them too?

Is he joking?

MALCOLM (cont'd)

Don't worry. That one's got a cross on it so I don't mix them up.

Reveal a larger jar by the door. It does indeed have a cross painted on it in red paint. Like it's for plague victims.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

You don't really want to use the toilet here if you can help it. Day time I go in the pub round the corner. Night times a jam jar or plant pot will do just as well.

GEMMA

Is there a shower?

MALCOLM

I have a wipe down with a flannel every morning and night.

(MORE)

MALCOLM (cont'd)

There's fairy liquid and a mixing bowl next to the kettle.

He almost wells up again as a scream comes from next door. It sounds like a man crying out in despair.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

That's Derek. He was married 12 years. She won't let him see the kids.

Then a TV being turned up to max volume the other side.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

Brett had one of his ears shot off by the Taliban so he needs the telly on quite loud. I don't think his wife left him because he only had one ear. But it couldn't have helped.

Gemma touches a damp spot on the sofa. She pulls a face as she wipes her hand on her leg.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

(off her reaction)

Don't worry about the damp patch! That's just from me crying. If I don't cry tonight it'll dry up lovely.

They're interrupted by furious banging on Malcolm's door.

DEREK (O.S.)

*Open up Malcolm. I've run out of chocolate spread. Some bastard at work ate all mine.*

Malcolm opens the door. DEREK (Late 30s; quite attractive except for the toxic rage) dressed in a smart suit. Not at all what Gemma was expecting.

She perks up. Derek is very much her type - older man with issues - and she hates herself for it.

5

**INT. HMO, MALCOLM'S BEDSIT - MOMENTS LATER**

5

Derek stands awkwardly, there's nowhere really to sit, and raises an eyebrow at Gemma. *A woman? In this building?*

MALCOLM

This is my daughter, Gemma.

A pause. Derek puts on his 'charming' voice.



DEREK

Pleasure to meet you. Are you wearing Lovely by Sarah Jessica Parker?

GEMMA

Yeah? I was a bit heavy handed in Boots earlier. I'd sat in something. A pie I think. Really hope it was a pie. Otherwise...

She pulls a face. Derek ignores most of this information.

DEREK

Gorgeous. I adore Lovely by Sarah Jessica Parker. Top three best smells. Hey - and this might seem rather forward - but would you be interested in dinner tomorrow night? I know a great Italian.

Gemma hesitates.

DEREK (cont'd)

(to Malcolm)

Does she have a boyfriend? Husband?

Malcolm shrugs. *No idea.*

GEMMA

No dad. I don't.

DEREK

Well then. What do you say?

He winks. Gemma is tempted - she sort of finds him attractive - but there are too many red flags.

GEMMA

I can't. I'm working

DEREK

(incredulous)

At night!

GEMMA

The salon stays open late on a Thursday. And it's my turn to lock up...

Derek interrupts. Does not give a shit.

DEREK

What about the night after? Or are you "working" then as well?

Gemma doesn't reply. Derek takes this as a humiliating rejection.

DEREK (cont'd)  
No? Well fuck you. Nice daughter  
Malcolm. What a whore.

Malcolm snorts - afraid - as he hands over the chocolate spread to Derek.

MALCOLM  
Yeah.

GEMMA  
Dad!

Derek slams the door behind him as Gemma looks at her weak father with disappointment.

GEMMA (cont'd)  
That's why I've not been round  
sooner.

Gemma stands but feels dizzy. Malcolm awkwardly helps her.

MALCOLM  
He didn't mean it. He's really  
funny when you get to know him.

She shakes Malcolm off - deeply annoyed.

GEMMA  
Enjoy your plant.

6 **INT. THE RED ROCK - DAY**

6

A local pub - one step up from a Wetherspoons.

Gemma sits at the bar, nursing a drink. The place is dead.

The door swings open. In walks DANNY (40s; Attractive in a 'wishes he'd been in Oasis' kind of way). He scans the room then approaches Gemma - a stranger.

DANNY  
Do you know if they're showing the  
match in here?

HARD CUT TO:

7 **EXT. THE RED ROCK - SUNSET**

7

Gemma stumbles out of the pub with Danny. Both giggly tipsy as they kiss. Danny grabs her boobs.

GEMMA  
Ouch.  
(off Danny's concern)  
It's fine. They're just a bit sore.

DANNY

We should get them out of that bra.

7A **EXT. GEMMA'S FLAT - LATER**

7A

Gemma drags Danny along the walkway - a woman with a mission.

8 **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, COMMUNAL WALKWAY - LATER**

8

As she gets towards her flat, her eyes widen. The front door is ajar.

She shakes Danny off, runs to the door and pushes it.

GEMMA

Hello?

9 **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

9

Gemma looks into her flat. The sideboard in the hall has been ransacked, while bare picture hooks mark spaces on the walls where frames recently hung.

Danny is desperate to not miss out on having sex with a woman young enough to be his daughter.

DANNY

(reaching)

Lovely place you've got.

It is very obvious the flat has been burgled.

10 **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

10

They both stare at the living room - taking it in.

The TV is gone - just a rectangle of "undust" on the wall where it used to be.

DVDs missing from the book case. A naked bulb swings where the lampshade was.

Gemma looks around in shock as Danny tries to kiss her again, moving his hand inside her top.

GEMMA

I've been burgled!

DANNY

(cheeky smile)

But have they taken your bed?

A moment of panic on Danny's face. What if they have taken the bed.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Or if they have, on the floor is  
just as good.

The horror of what has happened hits Gemma as she rushes off  
to be sick.

11           **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, GEMMA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**           11

We follow Danny as he looks into Gemma's bedroom.

It is totally untouched. Impressively neat if anything.

DANNY  
(relief)  
It's fine.

Off camera the sound of Gemma retching into the toilet bowl.

DANNY (cont'd)  
Are you okay, Hun?

12           **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, BATHROOM - SECONDS LATER**           12

Gemma slumps over the bowl, having been sick.

DANNY (O.S.)  
*Honey? Baby girl?*

Gemma knows he's reaching for her name.

GEMMA  
Gemma.

DANNY (O.S.)  
*Gemma! Thanks. Shall I rub your  
back?*

Gemma rolls her eyes. She realises Danny is in fact, a twat.

She reaches for the toilet roll. The holder is empty. They've  
stolen her toilet roll.

13           **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER**           13

Gemma looks in the cupboard. Also empty.

But Danny is not giving up his shag - sees the opportunity to  
impress.

DANNY  
How about I deliveroo us some  
oysters?

GEMMA

Someone has stolen all my things so  
unless your cock fires out Argos  
vouchers I'm not going anywhere  
near it tonight.

She gets out her phone and leaves a voice note for her  
flatmate as Danny tries to kiss her neck.

Gemma squirms away from him - their energies totally  
mismatched.

GEMMA (cont'd)

Keely did you lock up properly  
because we've been fucking burgled.  
I'll call the police but you need  
to get back here.

As she speaks KEELY (20s; ditz) calmly walks through the  
front door eating a bagel.

Shock on Keely's face.

14

**INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

14

Keely walks backwards out of the kitchen, hoping she hasn't  
been spotted, which she obviously has.

GEMMA

I can still see you.

A tense beat. Danny senses a row brewing.

DANNY

I'll go, shall I?  
(to Gemma)  
Meeting you tonight has changed my  
life. DM me, Gemboodles.

GEMMA

(correcting; angry)  
Gemma!

He reaches to kiss her on the head but Gemma swerves, focused  
on Keely.

Danny tries to make a light hearted joke, but there's a  
sliver of menace in his voice.

DANNY

(singsong)  
Don't ignore me. I know where you  
live.

He leaves, slightly put out.

KEELY  
(to Gemma)  
You're back very early.

GEMMA  
I met Danny at The Red Rock and he  
wanted to...  
(changes subject)  
Good job I came back. We've been  
burgled.

It's at this point Gemma notices Keely is carrying two empty  
Ghana Must Go bags.

Without taking her eyes off Gemma, Keely slowly opens the  
drawers and picks out some distinctive cutlery.

Then a piece of art hanging on the kitchen wall.

The penny drops for Gemma. Keely has only taken her own  
belongings.

GEMMA (cont'd)  
You've moved out?

Keely gives a weak apologetic smile.

15

**INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - LATER**

15

Gemma and Keely sit on the threadbare sofa.

Keely takes a beat, then big smile...

KEELY  
I'm going to be a mummy!

GEMMA  
You've bought another snake?

KEELY  
Not a snake mummy. A real mummy.  
(off Gemma)  
Me and Sancho are having a baby.

On Gemma. Something in her brain fires - but we don't know  
what yet. She dismisses whatever thought she's having to  
focus on the present.

GEMMA  
Sancho's an idiot who once  
accidentally stapled himself to a  
park bench.

KEELY  
Hey! Sancho has a lovely flat.

GEMMA  
(fair enough)  
Yeah, he does, actually. Really  
nice carpets.

KEELY  
We didn't plan on becoming mummy  
and daddy so soon but when we found  
out... well.

GEMMA  
And that's it. Goodbye to the rest  
of your life? Your job?

KEELY  
I hate my job. And what life?  
Drinking, shagging around and  
watching too much telly?

On Gemma. This is her life too.

GEMMA  
So no doubts at all?

KEELY  
A few. Can we afford it? Am I going  
to get fat? What if the baby has a  
serious illness? What if I end up  
tearing my vaginger from front to  
back and my entire poop system  
needs rebuilding?

GEMMA  
That can happen?!

KEELY  
Can and does. What if the midwives  
ignore me because I'm black and  
they let me bleed to death on a  
trolley... But in the end I just  
knew I wanted this. And snakes  
don't get jealous, right?

Out on Gemma. She offers a supportive smile but deep down  
she's worried.

16      **EXT. GEMMA'S FLAT, COMMUNAL WALKWAY - DAY (DAY 3)**      16

Very early the next morning, Gemma returns from the shops  
with a pharmacy paper bag. She lets herself into the flat.

17      **INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, BATHROOM - LATER**      17

Gemma looks at herself in the mirror, then down at the sink.

Perched along the sink edge are four different brand pregnancy tests - all positive.

In her hand is a fifth test. She watches as it slowly turns positive. Then turns back to the mirror.

GEMMA

Fuck.

Fear, shock, possibly a bit of excitement. Her whole life is about to change.

18

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 4)**

18

DOCTOR RUSH peers at her computer screen, booking Gemma into the system.

DOCTOR RUSH

Congratulations Gemma. Do you know when you last period was?

Gemma shakes her head. No idea.

DOCTOR RUSH (cont'd)

Okaaaay.

GEMMA

I mean, it was a few weeks, I think. Possibly a couple of months?

DOCTOR RUSH

I was given a workshop about how to do this tactfully but these appointments are only eight minutes long so... is the father around?

GEMMA

No.

DOCTOR RUSH

Do you know who the father is?

GEMMA

Err. Pass?

DOCTOR RUSH

Do you want to continue with the pregnancy, Gemma?

Gemma says nothing. Doctor Rush tries to rein in her sarcasm.

DOCTOR RUSH (cont'd)

You should probably give it some thought. In the meantime I've booked you in to see the midwife. Is there anyone who can go with you? Mum? Sister? Friend?



GEMMA

(opening up)

Not really. My mum recently ran away with her and my dad's savings, and my sister's on remand. And my flatmate has just moved out, so my life is a mess right now...

A beat. Gemma waits for a response.

DOCTOR RUSH

(exhausted)

Still. Every cloud?

Gemma pulls a face. Doctor Rush writes something on a slip of paper and does the best version of sympathetic she can find.

DOCTOR RUSH (cont'd)

Your appointment will be at the General. And talk to someone, Gemma. Having a baby - or not - isn't something you should do alone.

19      **EXT. HMO - DAY (DAY 5)**

19

Gemma stands outside her dad's bedsit holding two mismatched mugs. Mentally preparing herself for the horrors inside.

20      **INT. HMO, CORRIDOR -- MINUTES LATER**

20

Once again Malcolm pops his head out to greet her.

21      **INT. HMO, MALCOLM'S BEDSIT - LATER**

21

Gemma sits on the sofa - an actual mug of tea in front of her - as Malcolm watches a bag of rice in the microwave.

MALCOLM

You'll give Catherine my love?

GEMMA

You can visit her yourself, dad.

MALCOLM

Oh she doesn't want to see me. You and her have a lot more in common.

GEMMA

(low sigh)

Yeah. Our parents.

Gemma picks at a big damp patch on the wall.

GEMMA (cont'd)  
You don't find it a bit...  
depressing?

MALCOLM  
I'm actually really enjoying my  
independence. I'm living my best  
life, Gemma. Well the best life  
anyone can live sharing a small  
bathroom with five other men.

Suddenly a loud popping sound. Malcolm opens the microwave -  
it's covered with rice where the bag has exploded.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
That keeps happening.

Gemma moves to the tiny kitchenette area, trying to keep a  
lid on the nausea.

GEMMA  
I need to eat something, dad.

Gemma looks in the fridge. There's a half eaten pot of prune  
yoghurt and a twix. She sniffs the yoghurt and pulls a face.

GEMMA (cont'd)  
Can I have the twix?

MALCOLM  
(reluctant)  
Yeah? Yeah. Go on. I was saving it  
but go on.

On Malcolm. Pathetic puppy dog eyes. Gemma puts it back.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
Thanks Gemma. I've not had chance  
to get to the garage today.

GEMMA  
You do your food shopping at the  
garage?

MALCOLM  
Yeah.

GEMMA  
Why not go to the supermarket?

MALCOLM  
Because your mother gave back the  
family car and real men don't use  
taxis.

GEMMA  
Do you want me to drive you one day  
after work?

MALCOLM

Yes. I don't mind that.

Malcolm suddenly remembers.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

There was something you wanted to tell me?

Gemma shakes her head. Not the time.

22

**INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 6)**

22

Gemma sits at a dressing table, having just gotten ready for work at the salon as she video calls 'MUM' on her phone.

A dishevelled woman answers, clearly just woken. This is DAVINA (50s, attractive)

DAVINA

(on screen)

Gemma love!

GEMMA

Hi mum.

DAVINA

Has your father died?

GEMMA

No, why?!

DAVINA

Last time I saw him he looked, well as if... I wondered if he's got something they've not found yet. He looks like he'd have a lump somewhere.

GEMMA

Mum!

DAVINA

I'm not wishing this upon him, he just looks ill.

(changing subject)

Is everything else okay? Catherine okay?

GEMMA

Still in prison.

DAVINA

But she's not been shanked or anything has she?

GEMMA

What is this obsession with people  
being dead?

DAVINA

It's 3am, love. If someone hasn't  
died, it's a bit rude to be calling  
at this time.

GEMMA

Where are you?

DAVINA

Montreal.

GEMMA

(shocked)

I thought you were going to Paris?

DAVINA

(shrugs)

They speak French here too.

Davina yawns.

GEMMA

Should I go?

DAVINA

Yes.

GEMMA

It's just I've got --

Davina has already ended the call.

Gemma puts her head on the dressing table. Disappointed in  
both herself and her mum.

23      **EXT. HM PRISON - DAY (DAY 7)**

23

Gemma climbs out of her yellow car. Ready to face her sister.

24      **INT. HM PRISON - DAY**

24

Gemma sits opposite CATHERINE (Early 30s; hard edges) who  
wears a grey prison uniform. Gemma is clearly nervous here -  
the noise and loud chatter being unfamiliar to her.

CATHERINE

Stop looking so nervous, Gemma.  
You're embarrassing me in front of  
my friends.

GEMMA

Friends?

CATHERINE

Yeah.

(points to a convict)  
I've already had her initials  
tattooed onto my thigh, actually.  
Wasn't strictly my choice...

A beat. Then Catherine brings up the elephant in the room.

CATHERINE (cont'd)

So how is dad?

GEMMA

A mess.

CATHERINE

Mum is ruthless.

GEMMA

Now we know where you get it from.

Gemma leans in to whisper.

GEMMA (cont'd)

So did Gary  
(lowers voice)  
... hurt you?

CATHERINE

(surprised)  
No. He really loves me.

GEMMA

So why did you pay a man to push  
him down a fire escape?

CATHERINE

I have three members of staff. All  
of whom have special needs.

GEMMA

No they don't.

CATHERINE

You've met them. They seem to have  
special needs, no one else is going  
to employ them. Cashing in Gary's  
life insurance would have been the  
easiest way to keep the sandwich  
shop solvent. It was a legitimate  
business decision.

GEMMA

I don't think Alan Sugar ever tried  
to have someone murdered.

CATHERINE

Are you certain about that? Anyway,  
Gary's fine now, so I don't really  
see what the problem is.

GEMMA

(frowns)

You honestly don't, do you?

Catherine shrugs as she leans back.

GEMMA (cont'd)

Well I've got some news of my own.

Gemma stands - puts her hand on her belly.

GEMMA (cont'd)

I'm --

But before she can speak there's a clatter as the guard comes  
running over.

GUARD (O.S.)

Oi. No way!

HARD CUT TO:

25

**INT. PRISON STRIP SEARCH ROOM - MINUTES LATER**

25

Gemma stands in the small room, trying to explain herself to  
a burly female Prison GUARD.

GEMMA

I wasn't rubbing a "stash of yummy  
heroin". I'm having a baby.

GUARD

(dry)

Congratulations. I'm still gonna  
need to see your arsehole, love.

Guard pulls on rubber gloves.

GUARD (cont'd)

Don't worry. A bum search is  
nothing compared to giving birth.  
In fact, this is good preparation  
for all them midwives looking up  
your foof. A little bit of life  
learning on me.

On Gemma. Not happy.

26

**EXT/INT. CAFE - DAY**

26

Gemma queues for a coffee, behind a man we'll get to know as XANDER (20s; cute boy next door type).

Gemma stares out the window at a group of mums with buggies, all looking happy, chatting with each other. A supportive clique. She moves to the front of the queue.

Gemma's gaze then moves inside the cafe. To a lonely young mum with a tiny baby - she looks knackered. Hasn't showered for days. Her eyes stare at nothing as the baby sleeps in her arms.

Gemma's mind wanders. *That's going to be her soon.* A bored CASHIER interrupts Gemma's train of thought.

CASHIER

What can I get ya?

GEMMA

Flat white. Decaf. Thanks.

The cashier rings through the coffee.

CASHIER

That'll be two fifty.

Gemma reaches into her pocket.

GEMMA

Fuck. FUCK. I've lost my card. Of COURSE I've lost my card because it's me. I expect my car will get nicked or one of my kidneys'll fail next.

The cashier turns to the person behind Gemma.

CASHIER

What can I get ya?

Gemma moves out of the way still looking for her purse, when...

XANDER (O.S.)

*Wait, I'll pay for hers.*

Gemma turns and sees Xander. Their eyes meet. *A moment.*

The moment is broken as the cashier rings through Gemma's coffee again. Big sigh. This is such tedious work.

Xander taps the card machine.

GEMMA

(genuinely touched)

Wow. Thanks.

XANDER

(smiles)

No problem. Hope the other stuff  
doesn't happen because I'm not sure  
I can stretch to a car. Or a  
kidney.

Gemma laughs as she waits for her coffee but before she can  
even ask his name, he's gone.

|    |   |    |
|----|---|----|
| 27 | OMITTED   | 27 |
| 28 | OMITTED   | 28 |
| 29 | OMITTED   | 29 |
| 30 | OMITTED   | 30 |
| 31 | OMITTED   | 31 |
| 32 | <b>INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 8)</b> | 32 |

The next day.

Gemma sits opposite an OLDER WOMAN (40s; buzz cut) -  
interviewing a prospective flatmate.

GEMMA

So that's the flat. The room's  
available immediately. Did Baris -  
the landlord - tell you bills  
aren't included?

OLDER WOMAN

Yeah, yeah. Do you mind if I write  
my name on my food items? I've just  
been stung in the past. Lost a lot  
of money not writing my name on  
food.

GEMMA

Sure.

OLDER WOMAN

And I like to often wear gloves.  
Because of viruses and other  
reasons.

GEMMA

Sensible.



OLDER WOMAN

And if I were to uncover the secret Government paedophile ring, you'd be cool with me using this place as a base? For meetings? I'm very strict on 'shoes off at the front door' if that's a worry?

Cut to

Gemma sits opposite a man RUSSELL (30s) all skinny jeans and tight t-shirt.

GEMMA

So. Russell...

RUSSELL

Yeah. You recognise me?

Gemma shakes her head.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

I did the voice over for Single Pringle Mingle. Welsh dating show. With crisps?

GEMMA

No. Sorry, I thought you were a --

RUSSELL

-- stand-up. Yeah. Yeah. I am. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

A beat.

RUSSELL (cont'd)

Is there a lock on your bedroom door?

GEMMA

What?

RUSSELL

(innocent)

Just asking.

(leans in)

I'm a feminist.

Cut to

Gemma sits opposite an OLD MAN (70s) drinking tea from his own thermos.

OLD MAN

Nice. I like it.

GEMMA

Thanks. How come you're looking for somewhere now? If you don't mind me asking?

OLD MAN

I've just got out of prison. Don't worry, I didn't do anything terrible. I was in Baader Meinhoff?

Gemma shakes her head. Never heard of them.

OLD MAN (cont'd)

(sad)

No. No one remembers. What a waste of a life.

He looks out of the window.

OLD MAN (cont'd)

The rent's a bit high.

GEMMA

Baris sets the rent.

OLD MAN

If I... pleasure you once a week could you knock £20 off?

Gemma stares at him.

OLD MAN (cont'd)

No. I'm not worth twenty pounds. Look at me. I don't know what young people like doing. I couldn't satisfy you.

(beat)

Ten pounds?

Out on Gemma. No.

33

**INT. BEDSIT - SAME TIME**

33

Malcolm's bedsit. He's joined by Derek and another man ANDY. Malcolm's door is open like he's in student digs.

ANDY

(sincere)

Great spread Malc.

Reveal some warm beers and a few bowls of crisps.

MALCOLM

So I wanted to bring up the bathroom.

DEREK

What is wrong with the bathroom?

MALCOLM

I wondered if we should... clean it? Not a lot obviously but maybe once?

DEREK

That bathroom is a shrine to us having broken free of the shackles of women. It's art.

In the background a man MITCH walks in and helps himself to milk from Malcolm's mini-fridge.

Tiny reaction from Malcolm. Is anyone going to say anything? No? Malcolm turns back to the conversation at hand.

MALCOLM

Yeah. Yeah of course it is. But... sometimes not everything goes in the bowl and no one cleans it up.

Questioning looks from Derek and Andy.

DEREK

You telling me you don't misfire sometimes?

MALCOLM

Wee yes. But 'not wee'...? I stood in some and had to soak my foot in a dettol and now I can't expose my foot to sunlight.

DEREK

Poor Malcolm. He's a foot vampire.

MALCOLM

I'm not a foot vampire.

All the men start chanting.

MEN

Foot vampire foot vampire.

Malcolm buckles - he wants to join in and be accepted.

MALCOLM

I'm a foot vampire.

He takes his slipper off and waves his foot about.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

I'm going to eat you.

The chanting stops. Everyone looks disgusted.

DEREK

That's fucking weird Malcolm.

Out on Malcolm. He doesn't really like living here.

34

**EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY (DAY 9)**

34

Malcolm and Gemma walk from Gemma's car to the super market. Gemma is already quite stressed at not finding someone to live with.

MALCOLM

So what happens if you don't find a flatmate?

GEMMA

I have to pay all the rent by myself, which I can't afford.

Malcolm is only half listening.

MALCOLM

Hey, Gemma. I think this is the longest we've spent just the two of use for ages.

GEMMA

Forty three minutes? Including the drive.

A flash of sorrow on Malcolm. Deep down he knows his relationship with his family is rubbish.

GEMMA (cont'd)

You never wanted to come out to dinner with us. We always asked.

MALCOLM

I know. But they put garlic in everything don't they?

GEMMA

(annoyed)

They?

MALCOLM

They. Them. The ones who make the food. If you eat anywhere, they put so much garlic in it.

(then)

I should get some jacket potatoes. Your mum used to hate those.

Gemma shakes her head. Frustrated.

34A INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

34A

Gemma holds up two loose baking potatoes in the potato aisle.

GEMMA

How many do you want?

MALCOLM

They're normal potatoes. I want jacket potatoes.

GEMMA

What do you think jacket potatoes are?

MALCOLM

Special potatoes. Are they treated with something? Leather? No not leather? But like leather because they're called "jacket" potatoes.

A mix of stress, Malcolm's stupidity and hormones push Gemma over the edge.

GEMMA

They're just normal big potatoes you cook in the oven and/or microwave. Jesus fucking Christ.

Malcolm looks shocked. Other shoppers stare at Gemma, intrigued by her outburst.

MALCOLM

(embarrassed)

Is everything alright, love?

And in that moment, all the worry Gemma has been trying to keep a lid on comes flooding out.

GEMMA

No everything is not alright, dad. I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant and I'm gonna be homeless and I don't know who the father is and I have no women in my life to support me and I don't want my baby growing up to be the kind of moron who thinks jacket potatoes are made from potatoes coated in leather.

On Malcolm. Inscrutable until he breaks into a huge smile.

MALCOLM

I'm going to be a granddad!

He pulls Gemma in for an awkward hug. She sobs into her dad's chest for the first time in years.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
It'll be okay Gemma. I know your  
mum and sister aren't around but  
you've got me.

This makes Gemma sob even harder. A member of STAFF looks  
over to Malcolm - concerned.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
(to Staff)  
I'm going to be a grandad.  
(re; Gemma)  
These are happy tears!

GEMMA  
(muffled; correcting)  
They're not happy tears.

35

**INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY (DAY 10)**

35

Malcolm stands in the living room next to Gemma. Binbags full  
of men's clothes lie on the floor.

The SUCCULANT Gemma bought Malcolm is on the coffee table.

MALCOLM  
This is exciting. Are you excited?  
Us living together!

GEMMA  
Thrilled.

MALCOLM  
I want to support you at this  
important stage of your life. Look,  
I got you a present from the  
garage.

Gemma rolls her eyes, expecting it to be rubbish.

From one of the bin bags, Malcolm pulls out a gorgeous soft  
rabbit. He gives it to Gemma. She holds it close to her  
chest, genuinely touched by the gesture. Maybe things are  
going to work out.

Malcolm picks up a couple of bags and carries them to the  
spare room.

MALCOLM (cont'd)  
(calling)  
Leave the door open. Derek's  
bringing my duvet up.

At that moment Derek appears with a mismatched duvet and  
pillows.

Gemma slumps. *Not this wanker.*

DEREK

What are best mates for, eh  
Malcolm.

(to Gemma)

I hear you're up the stick? Lucky  
escape.

GEMMA

Who for? Me or you?

Derek laughs too much.

DEREK

I'm trying really hard to enjoy the  
company of women. You look lovely.

Gemma walks away.

36

**INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM - LATER**

36

Gemma, Malcolm and Derek sit squashed on the sofa having just  
watched ROBOCOP. Empty pizza boxes in front of them.

Gemma turns the TV off. Ready for bed.

DEREK

Robocop. Best film ever made. I've  
seen it fifteen, twenty times.

GEMMA

And yet you stayed with us and  
watched it again?

DEREK

I wanted to see if Malcolm enjoyed  
it.

Derek looks at Malcolm. Keen to know if he passed the Robocop  
test.

MALCOLM

Best film ever made.

DEREK

See! And that bit where a man gets  
turned into a toxic sludge monster!  
Oh baby, they never used to show  
that bit on the telly. First time I  
saw Robocop on DVD I was all 'HOLY  
FUCK THIS IS AMAZING'. Isn't it  
Malcolm?

Malcolm agrees too enthusiastically.

MALCOLM

Amazing.

DEREK

Anyway talking of toxic sludge...

Derek offers up an innocent smile as he heads to the bathroom.

MALCOLM

(low; to Gemma)

I'll go in once he's finished, just to make sure it's all okay.

A beat. Gemma turns to her father.

GEMMA

What if it's not okay, dad?

Malcolm gets the subtext. He pats her knee.

MALCOLM

It will be.

Gemma smiles. Malcolm remembers Derek and rushes off to check the bathroom is okay.

On Gemma. *What the fuck have I let myself in for?*

**END OF SCRIPT**