

DADDY ISSUES

EPISODE 4 - GARDEN SLIDERS

Written by

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GEMMA (28 weeks pregnant) and CATHERINE sit in their usual seats in the prison visiting room.

GEMMA

Your solicitor called me. So you're not pleading "guilty" then?

CATHERINE

Of course I'm not.

GEMMA

But you are guilty.

CATHERINE

I have a very strong case.

GEMMA

What case?

CATHERINE

Sex game gone wrong.

GEMMA

You paid someone to push your fiance down the stairs.

CATHERINE

I did... but it was part of a sex game gone wrong.

GEMMA

How is that a sex game gone wrong?

CATHERINE

I don't want to have to spell it out for you.

GEMMA

Well you're going to have to spell it out for a jury.

CATHERINE

I knew you'd kink shame me. You are so vanilla, Gemma.

GEMMA

It's not 'vanilla' to not pay for someone to be pushed off a fire escape as part of a sex game.

CATHERINE

Vanilla.

Catherine hesitates. A moment of vulnerability.

CATHERINE (cont'd)
You and Dad will be there, right? At
the trial?

Gemma takes a beat. There's something she needs to bring up.

GEMMA
It's two weeks after my due date.

CATHERINE
Gemma!

GEMMA
I'll try, I promise. But I'm not sure
I can even bring a two week old with
me? Isn't it contempt of court or
something?

Catherine crosses her arms in a huff. Gemma tries to change
the subject.

GEMMA (cont'd)
I've got my first antenatal class
later?

But Catherine isn't budging.

CATHERINE
(re; trial)
Get the baby's dad to look after it.

GEMMA
Not possible. You remember I went on
holiday to Portugal?

Catherine shrugs. Didn't know/doesn't care.

GEMMA (cont'd)
It happened on the flight back.
That's when I got pregnant.

CATHERINE
On the plane?

GEMMA
In the toilet. Total stranger. Not so
vanilla now, eh?

CATHERINE
Super vanilla. You come back to me
when you've done it in the cargo
hold, on a crate containing two
drugged up German Shepherds.

Out on Gemma. Catherine always has to win these chats.

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1A **EXT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- DAY**

1A

Gemma waits for CHERRY outside the BECOMING MUMMIES meeting room, an independently run NCT type class. Cherry hurries - late.

CHERRY

(explains)

I tell Lance's mum I'm in a hurry but
she still wants a fifteen minute
conversation about Andre bloody Rieu.
Violin twat.

They head into the class.

2 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- CONTINUOUS

2

Five couples hang at the edges of the room.

CHERRY

(loud to others)

We're not a couple by the way. I am single and open to offers.

GEMMA

This probably isn't the best place to be soliciting for male attention.

Gemma, Cherry and the other couples take their seats.

CHERRY

Better than the apps. It's a drought babe.

GEMMA

Last time I looked it was all 'loafers with no socks' and 'my vibe is pegging'. I can cope with one or the other but not both. Never both.

A woman TWINKY with hippy vibes just about masking a real hard edge, introduces herself.

TWINKY

Hello hello... make yourselves comfortable... I'm Twinky and I'll be leading the class for mummies-to-be and their very good pals. Now, who can tell me what this is?

She holds up a knitted vulva. An enthusiastic CONFIDENT MAN shouts immediately.

CONFIDENT MAN

The most beautiful thing in the world.

Gemma and Cherry pull disgusted faces.

3 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- LATER

3

Gemma and Cherry look bored, Twinky has very much made the chat about herself.

TWINKY

So if you would like to download my hypnobirthing album - 17 tracks of me whispering affirmations - it's only £15.99 on iTunes. Oops. Naughty Twinky.

Twinky slaps her own hand.

TWINKY (cont'd)

I'm not supposed to tell you about that. Nobody inform the bosses. Gah! Now does anyone have any questions?

GEMMA

Can I ask about pain relief?

Twinky does not drop her smile. But her eyes are furious.

TWINKY

(cold)

Why?

GEMMA

Because giving birth is really painful?

TWINKY

Which naughty scamp told you that?

Cherry puts her hand up.

TWINKY (cont'd)

(re; Cherry)

Dorothy Downer been telling little fibs, has she.

GEMMA

Are you trying to tell us giving birth isn't painful? Because that's not what it says in any of the baby books.

TWINKY

(snaps)

I don't like books!

Twinky gives Gemma a hard - almost psychotic - stare.

TWINKY (cont'd)

Actually the most beautiful natural feeling in the world is the exquisite pain of childbirth.

(smiles to class)

So don't listen to pessimistic little girlies like her again.

She points at Cherry and slaps her own hand once more.

TWINKY (cont'd)

That one's for you!

A SHY WOMAN puts her hand up.

SHY WOMAN

What if I tear?

TWINKY

That's what mummy nature has demanded of your body, and your body has answered her call. Next.

GRUMPY WOMAN puts her hand up.

GRUMPY WOMAN

What if I die?

TWINKY

Some people think dying in childbirth is actually better than medical intervention. Although that's not a position I can publicly endorse. Again.

On Gemma. This is ridiculous. She puts her hand up.

TWINKY (cont'd)

(aggressive)

What now?

GEMMA

Can I ask how many babies you've had, Twinky?

Twinky likes this question. She calms down.

TWINKY

I am mummy to three... very feisty French bulldogs.

CHERRY

But they didn't travel down your cervix?

(to Gemma)

Gemma, she knows nothing about about having a baby.

Twinky flips again. Sounds like a pub landlady.

TWINKY

(to Cherry)

I let those doggies suckle at my
teats for two whole months actually.
So take your bad attitude, you're
barred. Out.

4 INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, BEDROOM -- DAY

4

Gemma looks at her growing baby bump in the bedroom mirror. Normal clothes are now too tight. MALCOLM sizes up the room with a tape measure.

GEMMA

I only wanted to know about pain relief. Did Mum have any drugs?

MALCOLM

I'm not sure. She definitely got quite angry. But your mother was always angry. Her giving birth and getting annoyed at some wonky wallpapering I did all just blends into one long shout.

Malcolm writes down the measurements on a notepad.

GEMMA

Why are you measuring my room?

He's wearing a utility belt on with a drill slung in it.

MALCOLM

It's a surprise.

GEMMA

I'm not sure I want a surprise that involves a drill.

MALCOLM

(disappointed)

Okay Gemma. Just trying to make myself useful.

Poor Malcolm. Gemma feels guilty about pissing on his efforts.

GEMMA

Sorry Dad. I just... sometimes I worry how a baby is going to fit in to all this.

She's talking about how a baby fits into her life. Malcolm gives her a look of understanding. He gets it. Or at least she thinks he gets it.

MALCOLM

They're only tiny Gemma. In Finland they give you a box to keep them in for the first couple of months - Derek was telling me about it. We can fit a box in here, can't we?

Gemma sighs.

5 INT. SALON -- DAY

5

Gemma washes a client's hair while RITA sets WINNIE'S 'do'.
Rita grabs a massive can of Elnett hairspray.

RITA
Hold your breath Gemma. I'm fixing
Winnie's do.

GEMMA
The advice isn't 'hold your breath'
around chemicals, it's to avoid them
altogether.

WINNIE
What's that Rita, love?

RITA
(to Winnie)
Apparently hairspray makes boy baby's
bits go all small. PC gone mad.

WINNIE
Well that's silly. Boy baby bits are
already small.

GEMMA
Hairspray can cause genital growth
defects in baby boys. I'm not making
it up.

RITA
(knowing)
Big Pharma told her...

WINNIE
Is it a boy then Gemma?

GEMMA
I don't know. I want it to be a
surprise.

RITA
Like a kinder egg?

GEMMA
If I give birth to a small plastic
camel that comes in three parts, that
will be surprising.

WINNIE
Did you want kids, Rita?

RITA

Me? No. Love my fanny too much. I'm still as tight as the lid on a jar of out of date mustard down there.

(to Gemma)

If you want to pass that information on to your father?

GEMMA

Can't think of any information I'd want to pass on less.

WINNIE

A little boy with normal sized bits. That'd be lovely.

RITA

Do you find it weird to think there might be a little winky growing inside you, Gemma?

GEMMA

I do now. Thanks.

XANDER appears at the door. He holds up a coolbag.

XANDER

Lunch?

Gemma sighs with relief that Xander has come to save her from this stupid conversation.

GEMMA

Thank god you're here!

Winnie and Rita share a look of *'these two fancy each other'*

RITA

(whispers to Winnie)

He's lovely. Brings her lunch every week and they're not even doing it.

Gemma calls back.

GEMMA

I heard that.

6 INT. SALON, BACK OFFICE -- LATER

6

Gemma and Xander clear a table in the back office.

GEMMA

I don't know why I thought they'd be able to offer up some wisdom. Rita spent most of yesterday talking about Ronnie O Sullivan and puppy farming.

He passes her a sandwich.

XANDER

Speaking of unusual combinations...tuna and lemon curd as requested.

Gemma gives him an apologetic look. *Sorry.*

XANDER (cont'd)

(realising)

You were joking about craving tuna and lemon curd, weren't you?

GEMMA

Sorry! I didn't think you'd actually make it.

XANDER

Oh don't worry, I didn't. I got this in the Boots meal deal.

She laughs. Xander looks at his own sandwich, then swaps with Gemma.

XANDER (cont'd)

Do you want the cheese? Pregnancy is so weird.

GEMMA

It's really weird.

XANDER

Does the baby kick much?

GEMMA

Mainly when I'm excited.

XANDER

Can I? Or is that inappropriate? There's no other situation where I'd ask a person if I could touch their belly. I've talked myself out of it now. It's too odd.

Gemma takes his hand and puts it on her bump.

GEMMA

Doesn't really feel like kicking
anyway. More like someone's put a bag
of eels in my uterus.

(smiles)

Did you feel that?

XANDER

Yep.

Eye contact - a very intimate moment. Then...

RITA

She letting you have a touch? Won't
let me near it. "I wanna have a feel
Gemma!" I keep saying to her.

They break apart as Rita enters.

GEMMA

You've got incredibly cold hands
Rita.

RITA

(to Xander)

I have and I'm very proud of them.
Shoulda woulda coulda been a pastry
chef. If I wasn't allergic to pastry.

Xander looks at Gemma. *WTF is she on about?*

7 INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

7

Gemma and Malcolm eat dinner.

GEMMA

I think Becoming Mummies whole business model is based on none of us having a clue. And Rita's about as much use as a police van made of dog biscuits.

MALCOLM

I've never heard that phrase before.

GEMMA

I just made it up.

MALCOLM

With your brain?

GEMMA

Yes.

On Malcolm. Awestruck.

GEMMA (cont'd)

(tentative)

Which is why I called Jess earlier.

MALCOLM

Jess?

GEMMA

Your sister. Who else would I be talking about?

MALCOLM

Jessica Fletcher?

GEMMA

Dead fictional Jessica Fletcher? No, not her. Auntie Jess and Tyrone have invited us over for tea at the weekend.

MALCOLM

I'd rather not.

GEMMA

Visit the new house? She said they've just got a hot tub.

MALCOLM

I'm not a hot tub person Gemma.

GEMMA

But I'd really like to see Jess. She she's been through this, you know, having a baby on her own.

MALCOLM

I'm doubled booked.

GEMMA

You're not even single booked. You can't avoid Tyrone forever, Dad.

MALCOLM

I've avoided him for three years. Only got to keep that going until one of us dies.

GEMMA

He's not that bad.

MALCOLM

Not to you, but he hates me. I think it's because he used to suck cocks for crack.

GEMMA

Why would that be the reason he hates you?

MALCOLM

I don't know. Perhaps I remind him of a client who never paid up?

GEMMA

I know he bangs on a bit about the cocks and crack stuff but he's got a skip hire company now. Maybe he's mellowed?

MALCOLM

Let me think about it.

8 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- DAY

8

Gemma is back at the Becoming Mummies class with Malcolm. He sits with his mouth wide open.

MALCOLM

Ten centimetres? I think my head
could fit through that.

Reveal Twinky holding up a hoop that is full dilation sized.

TWINKY

You think you could fit your head
into your daughter's cervix?

MALCOLM

Now you put it like that.

GEMMA

(quiet; to Malcolm)
You said you would try and be
helpful.

TWINKY

Sometimes baby can get stuck in the
birth canal and needs a bit of help
to get out. Does anyone know what we
use in this situation.

Malcolm puts up his hand.

MALCOLM

Butter?

GEMMA

No one uses butter to get the baby
out. Fucksake.

TWINKY

That's actually a very good
suggestion, anything natural is
better than any of those nasty
instruments.

GEMMA

Butter is better than forceps?

Twinky gives Gemma a hard stare.

TWINKY

Yes.

(moving on)

Now once baby has been born, mummy
needs to birth the placenta.

MALCOLM

I'm not sure that existed when you were a baby, Gemma.

GEMMA

The placenta?

MALCOLM

Yeah. I don't remember your mum doing that. Is it a modern thing? A woke thing?

TWINKY

You can have a hormone injection to speed things up...

CONFIDENT MAN

What's better? Having it or not?

TWINKY

Having the injection cuts the chances of mummy haemorrhaging - boo hoo - but it's not as beneficial to baby.

CONFIDENT MAN

(turns to Shy Woman)

You're not having that. She's not having that. If it's better for the baby, you're not having that.

Gemma's eyes narrow. This guy is a dick.

TWINKY

And don't forget you can buy my organic mummy and baby supplements on the way out. £19.99 a bottle.

(to Gemma)

We find natural mummy's like these, so they're probably not for you.

GEMMA

(annoyed; to Malcolm)

You really want to help? Come with me to see Aunty Jess.

Out on Malcolm. Afraid.

9 **INT/EXT. GEMMA'S CAR/TYRONE'S STREET -- DAY**

9

Gemma and Malcolm crawl along the street looking for the right house when she spots a semi with a pristine skip on the drive. TYRONE'S SKIP HIRE sprayed on the side of it.

GEMMA

(jokes)

Do you think Tyrone lives there?

MALCOLM

Oh...

GEMMA

(gently mocking)

I won't let anything bad happen to you.

10 **EXT. JESS AND TYRONE'S -- MINUTES LATER**

10

Malcolm and Gemma take it all in. Gemma holds a homemade trifle.

Door opens to reveal JESS (40/50s; warm but meek) and TYRONE (40/50s; mean and cutting) stood together. Tyrone holds a bottle of beer.

TYRONE

(nods)

Malc? Gemma?

As Tyrone speaks he notices someone has left an old kettle in the skip. Anger gets dialled up to ten.

TYRONE (cont'd)

It's not a fucking skip.

Tyrone grabs the kettle, trying to keep a lid on his rage.

JESS

(explains)

People think it's a skip...

GEMMA

... It is a skip...

JESS

No, it's a billboard advertising Tyrone's skip hire company that just happens to also look and smell a lot like a skip.

GEMMA

Because it's a skip.

TYRONE

It's. Not. A. Skip.

Jess moves past the moment.

JESS

Lovely to see you both. Shall we?..

She awkwardly holds her arms out. Malcolm and Jess have an uncomfortable hug. Not a touchy-feely family.

MALCOLM

You're looking really well, Jess.

JESS

Tyrone pays for me to have a colonic once a month.

Gemma pulls a face. Hands over the trifle to Jess.

JESS (cont'd)
I really enjoy it, honest. I'd
probably get them anyway. Ooh trifle!

11 INT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

11

Jess welcomes Gemma and her brother into the house as Tyrone hangs back, unwilling to make physical contact.

The hallway is small with the door to the main living room pulled shut. Jess takes their coats and hangs them up.

Beneath the coat hook is a basket of paired up slippers.

JESS

Now we're in the new house, Tyrone has a very good footwear system in place.

GEMMA

A footwear system? Like the one NASA uses?

Tyrone gives Gemma a hard look.

TYRONE

Shoes off. You can pop some slippers on before leaving the 'air lock'.

Gemma and Malcolm search basket looking for matching house shoes. The only pair that fit Malcolm are novelty giant animal feet.

MALCOLM

These are... fun?

TYRONE

And then when we head outside there are garden sliders for everyone by the patio door.

Jess pauses with her hand on the living room door.

JESS

Welcome to Casa Jess and Tyrone!

12 **INT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, LIVING/DINING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS** 12

The walls are covered with photos of Tyrone stood next to skips. No pictures of Jess or her daughter. Maybe a sign that reads HOME IS WHERE THE SKIP IS.

MALCOLM

(to Jess)

The new house is great. Can we have a tour?

TYRONE

I don't want either of you going upstairs, but Jess could videocall you from the landing, show you round that way?

Malcolm is about to say yes but Gemma shakes her head.

GEMMA

Nah it's fine.

TYRONE

So how's the warehouse, Malcy? Been promoted to tea boy yet?

Malcolm tries to join in the banter.

MALCOLM

I wish.

Tyrone shakes his head at Malcolm's passivity. Goes to the kitchen for another beer. Gemma wanders off to look at more skip photos on the walls.

Jess and Malcolm share a moment alone. There is real warmth between them.

JESS

Sorry again about Davina. Although, you know our Mam never liked her.

MALCOLM

She didn't?

JESS

No. Why do you think she always put mushrooms in the gravy when you two came round for a Sunday roast.

MALCOLM

Davina loves mushrooms. It's me who doesn't like mushrooms.

JESS

Oh...

MALCOLM

They grown in dirty places Jess. I'm not eating something that grows in bins or on the side of a discarded armchair.

JESS

My point is, Mam thinks you're better off without her.

MALCOLM

Did she say that?

JESS

Of course not. We don't talk about things like that, Malcolm. But it was heavily implied.

13 **INT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, KITCHEN -- MINUTES LATER**

13

Gemma helps herself to a drink from the fridge as Jess remembers she has a present for Gemma.

JESS

Oh, by the way, congratulations
Gemma! Here's a little something from
me and Tyrone.

Jess hands her a gift bag. Gemma looks inside - frowns.

GEMMA

Cabbage leaves?

JESS

Tyrone's idea. You pop them in your
bra when your boobs get sore. Those
will have gone rotten by the time you
have the baby but it's the thought
that counts!

GEMMA

I have heard some breast feeding
horror stories.

JESS

I could only face it for twenty four
hours. I've got Sad Nipple Syndrome.

GEMMA

What?

JESS

Sad Nipple Syndrome.

Gemma shakes her head.

JESS (cont'd)

Whenever anything or anyone touches
my nipples I'm overwhelmed with a
sense of melancholy.

Tyrone enters.

TYRONE

She telling you about her unhappy fun
bags?

Gemma thinks they're messing with her.

GEMMA

That's not a real thing.

JESS

It is a real thing.

TYRONE

Sad Nipple Syndrome is a real thing.
I can't go anywhere near them without
Jess feeling "existential malaise".
Ain't that right, baby? Her arse
though...

Tyrone slaps Jess's arse. She giggles like a schoolgirl.

JESS

Tyrone!

Tyrone spots something through the window. Someone has put a
toaster in his skip. He dashes to the front door - shouting.

TYRONE

It's not a fucking skip.

14 INT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, DINING ROOM -- LATER

14

Gemma, Malcolm Jess and Tyrone sit at the dinner table midway through eating - bowls of lamb casserole in front of them. Tyrone is the only one drinking alcohol.

TYRONE

I built that skip hire business from the ground up with hard graft. Zero cocks, zero crack.

GEMMA

Amazing. No cocks whatsoever?

Tyrone bristles at Gemma's sarcasm.

TYRONE

I've got the car, I've got the house. All that was left was the hot tub.

Tyrone gives Malcolm a sly look. Malcolm doesn't really know what Tyrone is getting at.

JESS

Lamb casserole "sans" mushrooms. Picked em out, popped em in the cat.

MALCOLM

My favourite. Davina wouldn't eat lamb. Loved the film Bambi too much.

GEMMA

Bambi was a deer, not a lamb.

MALCOLM

Oh..? Your mother must have got them mixed up.

TYRONE

And yet Davina couldn't keep away from the kebab table at your ma's 70th. Maybe she loved lamb, but you just couldn't provide her with any?

Malcolm looks to Gemma for reassurance.

GEMMA

She didn't like it.

Another dig at Malcolm. Malcolm takes it.

JESS

So how far along are you, Gemma?

GEMMA

Twenty eight weeks.

JESS

Third trimester! Exciting.

GEMMA

I was hoping you might have some advice.

TYRONE

Never eat yellow snow.

GEMMA

Is that the only thing you won't put in your mouth?

(to Jess)

About being a single mum.

TYRONE

We don't discuss things like that at the dinner table.

GEMMA

Things like what?

TYRONE

Jess's... past.

JESS

I'll be quick Ty. Why don't you boys get some more drinks?

Tyrone gestures for Malcolm to join him in the kitchen area. Malcolm hesitates but goes anyway.

JESS (cont'd)

He just doesn't like to think about that stuff. My bits are very special to him. He's not one for sharing.

GEMMA

Do you wish you'd waited to have Mia?

JESS

There's no ideal time to have a baby. You can be in the perfect relationship, with the perfect bank balance and life can fuck it all up in the blink of an eye.

GEMMA

I guess.

JESS

A friend of mine, married, great job, had a baby with the love of her life but he...

GEMMA

He cheated on her?

JESS

No he got eaten by a shark in
Thailand.

GEMMA

Christ.

14A INT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, KITCHEN -- SAME TIME

14A

Malcolm stands awkwardly in the kitchen as Tyrone points to a very fancy air fryer.

TYRONE

That air fryer cost a grand. Never
used it. Never needed to. No idea
what it does.

Malcolm is confused as to what point Tyrone is making.

MALCOLM

Is that a good thing or a bad thing?

14B INT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, DINING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

14B

JESS

And I wasn't alone. Your Dad would always come over if I needed something fixing or painting. He'd bring you and Catherine round and babysit Mia when I wanted a night out.

GEMMA

I don't remember that at all.

JESS

You were tiny. Look, he may be a wally sometimes but he will love that baby more than anything in the world.

(then)

And later, if you can find someone to pay for a little nip and tuck on your downstairs, even better.

Tyrone and Malcolm bring drinks out and rejoin them at the table. Tyrone well on his way to being pissed now.

GEMMA

So when does everyone go in the hot tub? After dessert? Or are you saving it for your sex parties.

Tyrone stares at Gemma - the only person who challenges him.

TYRONE

No one is going in my hot tub.

JESS

Even I'm not allowed in it!

TYRONE

Thank god, eh Malcolm? Malcy's scared of hot tubs, isn't he?

GEMMA

(to Malcolm)

Are you?

MALCOLM

I don't think so.

TYRONE

He is.

MALCOLM

(shrugs; to Gemma)

Maybe I am. I'm not a big fan, certainly.

TYRONE

You two are just here to look at it
and admire it, but I don't want
grubby people going in the hot tub.

GEMMA

Doesn't it have chlorine in it?

TYRONE

(snaps)

I can afford chlorine Gemma! Jesus. I
just don't want people other than me
in it. You wouldn't get in a bath
with me, would you?

GEMMA

Absolutely not.

Tyrone looks at Malcolm for an answer.

MALCOLM

Me? No?

15 OMITTED

15

16 **EXT. JESS AND TYRONE'S, GARDEN -- LATER**

16

A bit darker now. Festoon is strung up in the garden.

Gemma, Malcolm, Jess and Tyrone are all wearing garden sliders. Tyrone is in a bathrobe - hot tub ready - drunk.

TYRONE

I just want to thank everyone...

Gemma looks at Malcolm. Pulls a face.

GEMMA

(whispers)

Everyone?

Malcolm gives Gemma the side eye but doesn't react, too scared of Tyrone seeing him.

TYRONE

... for coming here today to celebrate me and Jess hitting a mile stone in our relationship. Ten years ago, when I first met Jess, I was on my knees sucking cock for crack. And I was good at it. I sucked a lot of cocks but I also got a lot of crack. I didn't realise at the time that I'd hit rock bottom. I quite enjoyed it actually. But Jess gave me an ultimatum, that night in Pizza Express. Stop sucking cocks for crack, or lose her. So I stopped. And now here I am a decade later with the most successful skip hire business in the North West. So I want to raise a glass.

Gemma and Malcolm raises their drinks.

On Jess she smiles, thinking he's going to say her name.

TYRONE (cont'd)

To the hot tub.

Jess pulls a resigned face. *That's Tyrone.*

JESS

Oh. Oh well.

Tyrone stumbles over to Gemma, Malcolm and Jess.

TYRONE

You and that baby are totally fucked if you think he's gonna be of any use.

GEMMA

Dad's been a lot more helpful than...
you'd expect actually.

TYRONE

You all know it. Jess knows it.
Useless brother. Useless husband.
Useless Dad. And he'll be a useless
Granddad to that little baby.

The tipping point for Malcolm. He starts to fight back.

TYRONE (cont'd)

And he's scared of hot tubs. That's
the only reason I got one. To see the
fear in Malcolm's eyes.

MALCOLM

I'm not. I've remembered and I'm not.

GEMMA

(to Jess)
I didn't think he was.

TYRONE

Yeah you are. Otherwise what's this
fucking tea about?

Malcolm has had enough of Tyrone.

MALCOLM

I'll prove it.

Malcolm walks towards the house.

TYRONE

What's he doing?
(to Gemma)
What's your Dad doing?

GEMMA

(shrugs)
Honestly no idea.

TYRONE

Malcolm, sliders off before you go in
the house!

But Malcolm isn't listening to Tyrone any more. Jess tries to
change the subject.

JESS

So have you thought of any baby
names, Gemma?

Malcolm strides from the house, carrying a plate of
casserole. Heads towards the hot tub.

TYRONE

No, Malcolm. Don't. MALCOLM.

Malcolm climbs into the hot tub fully clothed. Look of triumph on his face.

MALCOLM

I'm just going to sit here eating my delicious lamb casserole while these bubbles soothe away my cares.

TYRONE

Malcolm, get out of that hot tub.

Malcolm pretends to tip the casserole in.

MALCOLM

Ooh... nearly... I hope I don't --

Malcolm tips the plate of casserole into the hot tub. An accident. He pulls a face.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

Oops.

GEMMA

That's gonna really fuck the filter.

TYRONE

He's got it mucky Jess. He's got it all mucky.

JESS

I know, baby.

Tyrone buries his head in Jess's shoulder, genuinely upset. Jess and Malcolm share a look. She gives him the thumbs up.

Gemma smiles.

GEMMA

Fabulous party Tyrone.

16A **EXT/INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- DAY**

16A

Gemma enters alone and okay with it.

17 INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE -- DAY

17

Gemma takes a seat by herself. Shy Woman leans over.

SHY WOMAN

Is your partner late again?

GEMMA

Actually I'm doing it alone.

Shy Woman gives a sympathetic (almost patronising) look, as DR RUSH walks in, a little flustered.

DR RUSH

Hello everyone I'm Doctor Rush. I've been asked to take over this Becoming Mummies course after Twinky was arrested. Lets start with questions so I can see where the gaps are.

Someone puts their hand up. Grumpy Woman.

GRUMPY WOMAN

Is it possible to legally force the midwives to follow my birth plan to the letter?

CONFIDENT MAN

And can we sue if they don't?

Dr Rush sighs and rubs the bridge of her nose.

DR RUSH

Planning a birth is like planning a car crash. Yes, we all know how we'd like it to go, you steer into the skid. But sometimes you're just going to have to take your hands off the wheel.

GRUMPY WOMAN

That's a no then, is it?

DR RUSH

A birth plan is what you hope for. It's not what's actually going to happen.

SHY WOMAN

That's not what Twinky said.

DR RUSH

Twinky was a bellend. Pardon my French. You can't control any of this beyond your own attitude. That's what makes it so terrifying.

Everyone looks at Dr Rush in horror. She tries to pull back some positivity.

DR RUSH (cont'd)
But empowering too.

On Gemma. This resonates. Confident Man raises his hand.

CONFIDENT MAN
Can I ask my partner to try and avoid
pain relief?

Now it's Gemma's turn to give Shy Woman the sympathetic look.

GEMMA
Sure. She should ignore you,
obviously. But you can ask.
(to Shy Woman)
Maybe slam his nuts in a door and if
he can get through that without pain
relief then have a conversation?

Gemma gives an innocent smile to the pair of them.

17A OMITTED

17A

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

18

Gemma arrives home, happier, as Malcolm waits for her.

MALCOLM

I've got something to show you.

19 INT. GEMMA'S FLAT, BEDROOM -- MINUTES LATER

19

Gemma walks into her bedroom and her mouth falls open.
Malcolm has decorated and done a wonderful job.

MALCOLM

Ta da!

Hanging from the ceiling is a curtain rail pulled around something. A bit like on a hospital ward but much nicer.

The outside of the curtain is a soft pink, complements Gemma's own bedroom decor.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

But when we pull the curtain back...

Malcolm pulls back to reveal...

A gorgeous wooden cot with the giant bunny toy he bought in ep 1 nestled inside.

The inside of the curtain has bunnies on it. So when pulled around the cot makes a lovely space for the baby. Soft wall lamps and fairy lights.

It's like a mini nursery in the corner of Gemma's bed room.

There's also a changing table with nappies, bubble bath, bum cream, muslins and sudocreme.

GEMMA

Oh Dad!

She can't believe how gorgeous this looks.

MALCOLM

Not so useless after all?

Gemma tugs at the curtain. It stays firm.

GEMMA

Excellent drill work.

MALCOLM

I know how to find a joist.

GEMMA

See! I don't even know what a joist is. I'll put dinner on.

Malcolm nods as Gemma leaves the room. He pats the cot, a happy smile on his face.

The cot collapses, trapping the bunny's head. Malcolm pulls a face as he draws the curtain around the now broken cot. Gemma reappears.

GEMMA (cont'd)

What was that?

MALCOLM

Nothing.

End of Script