

Leonard & Hungry Paul

Episode 5

'Trivial Pursuit?'

Draft 2

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Written by

Richie Conroy & Mark B. Hodkinson

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1 OMITTED CONTENTS MOVED TO 2A

1

2 **INT. OFFICE, MARK BAXTER'S OFFICE - DAY**

2

Mark Baxter sits across from Leonard, poring over Leonard's folder of ideas.

MARK BAXTER

Ancient Rome from the point of view
... of a Roman child... Patrius?

Leonard is clearly excited about his work.

LEONARD

That's the idea. Instead of lists
of facts and figures, you'd follow
a character's story, see what their
life was really like.

Mark Baxter holds up a finger for silence.

MARK BAXTER

A storytelling approach.

He looks up from the folder to Leonard.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

It's fresh.

He rises from his desk and begins to pace the room.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

It's innovative. But most
importantly, it's disruptive.

He stops in his tracks.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

How soon can you get me a proof?

Leonard is pleasantly surprised by the positive reaction.

LEONARD
Next week?

Mark Baxter stares into the middle-distance, relishing the thought.

MARK BAXTER
With my guidance, this book could send some serious shockwaves through the children's encyclopaedic community.

He opens the door a crack, signalling that it is time for Leonard to leave. Leonard takes his folder and moves quickly towards the door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Leonard's decision to expand his universe was taking new directions.

2A **INT. OFFICE - DAY**

2A

LEONARD walks across the open plan office towards Shelley's desk (and Helpdesk Greg's station).

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The positive reaction to his book idea had given Leonard's confidence a boost.

Leonard smiles to himself.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
He wondered if it showed on the outside.

Seeing Leonard, HELPDESK GREG removes his headphones and sits back from his keyboard to watch him approach.

GREG
What happened to your walk?

Leonard's confidence disappears and, suddenly self-conscious, he stops to look down at his legs.

LEONARD
What's wrong with my walk?

GREG
I dunno. Just looks kinda weird than usual.

SHELLEY, who is standing at her desk putting pages into a ring-binder, stops to 'mock' glare at Greg.

SHELLEY

Greg, be nice to the human.

(to Leonard)

There's nothing wrong with your walk. How's the day going?

LEONARD

Pretty great actually. I just had a pitch meeting with Mark Baxter.

Shelley is pleasantly surprised.

SHELLEY

You finished your book?

LEONARD

No, but it's getting there.

SHELLEY

Good for you.

Leonard, still feeling somewhat unsure after their last interaction, has to muster a little courage to ask his question:

LEONARD

I thought we might do something later if that suited.

SHELLEY

Yes it does. What were you thinking?

Leonard is relieved - *is their bump in the road behind them?*

LEONARD

There's the Darwin exhibition?

SHELLEY

I'm in.

LEONARD

I'll give you a shout at five.

SHELLEY

I've got software training upstairs today.

Her eyes momentarily widen at the thought of the boring hours ahead.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

But I could meet you there at six?

LEONARD

Great.

GREG
The Darwin exhibition.

Greg nods sagely.

GREG (CONT'D)
Player move, Leonard.

SHELLEY
Oh really?

Leonard already doesn't like where this is going.

LEONARD
That's not... what are you talking
about?

GREG
I'm talking about subliminal
messaging. Darwin? Evolution?
You'll be sending out major 'top-of-
the-food-chain' vibes. And
presumably the place will be full
of chimps and skeletons - in that
visual context your levels of
attractiveness could be boosted as
high as a six point five.

Shelley gives Leonard a playful look.

SHELLEY
Sounds like you've thought of
everything.

She picks up her ring binder and starts to walk away.

LEONARD
Thank you, Greg.
(calls after Shelley)
Actually I thought it was something
Patrick might enjoy too!

Already facing away from Leonard, she winces uncomfortably.

SHELLEY
He's at my sister's tonight.

Then shoots a smile back over her shoulder.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
But I'll see you there - I'll be
the one with the opposable thumbs!

And she's gone. Greg looks to Leonard.

GREG
So what's your book about?

LEONARD

A children's encyclopaedia on
ancient Rome. But from a different
angle.

GREG

Doesn't matter, they'll never go
for it. Market's saturated.

Leonard looks at Greg for a beat.

LEONARD

Don't you ever say anything
positive?

Greg doesn't break eye contact with Leonard while he
considers this for a beat.

GREG

I have perfect pitch.

Leonard is confused.

LEONARD

You have a perfect pitch?

GREG

No, I have *perfect pitch*. Musically
speaking. It's a gift. That's
positive, right?

Baffled, Leonard stares at Greg.

GREG (CONT'D)

You really want to hear me sing
now, don't you?

LEONARD

I need to get back to work.

As Leonard walks away, Greg shrugs indifferently and puts his
headphones back on.

GREG

Your loss.

OPENING TITLES

2B

INT. OFFICE - DAY

2B

Later in the day. At his desk, Leonard is putting on his
backpack, preparing to leave, when Mark Baxter arrives.

MARK BAXTER

I've been thinking about our book
and I've got some ideas I just know
you're going to love.

LEONARD
I'm not really looking for-

Mark holds up a finger to cut Leonard off.

MARK BAXTER
Cats were held in very high esteem
in ancient Rome. Some even
considered them sacred.

LEONARD
Okay.

MARK BAXTER
I thinking, rather than telling the
story from a Roman boy's view
point, how about from a Roman
cat's?

Leonard looks at Mark, wondering if he's joking.

LEONARD
A cat's view of ancient Rome?

MARK BAXTER
Exactly. But that's not all; in
ancient Rome they used to clean
their clothes with urine - *What's
that got to do with cats, Mark?*
Well, here's my angle-

Suddenly distracted, Mark holds up a finger for silence again
- THE MOVING SOUND OF A MELODIC SINGING VOICE is coming from
the other side of the office floor.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)
What is that?

We can't see what they're seeing, only the look of amazement
on their faces.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)
Is that... Greg?

3 EXT. DARWIN EXHIBITION - DAY

3

Leonard beams when he spots SHELLEY waiting for him in THE
QUEUE for the Darwin exhibition.

LEONARD
Sorry I'm late, Mark Baxter wanted
to tell me about some *ideas* he had
for the book.

SHELLEY
Oh dear. Anything you'll use?

LEONARD

God, I hope not.

Shelley's pleased for him.

SHELLEY

Still though, sounds like he's
excited about the project.

LEONARD

I think it was Patrius who really
sold it.

SHELLEY
Who's Patrius?

LEONARD
The Roman child in my book, I named
him after Patrick.

The smile disappears from Shelley's face but Leonard, absorbed in his train of thought, doesn't seem to notice.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
It helps me to write for someone,
someone to pitch little moments of
humour or excitement at. It sort of
brings the character to life.

A complete innocent, Leonard smiles at Shelley.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
I hope that's okay.

For Shelley, this is one red flag too many. Leonard sees something is off.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Did I do something wrong?

All of Shelley's previous, unspoken concerns now rise to the surface.

SHELLEY
You don't even know him.

Leonard is caught off guard by her reaction.

LEONARD
I'd like to.

SHELLEY
This isn't about you.

Shelley sets aside her signature humour and bubbly disposition so there can be no misunderstanding of how she feels.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)
Patrick is my world. And looking
after him is my life. I'm not going
to mess him around.

Unsure why Shelley is getting defensive, Leonard tries to claw his way back out of the conversation.

LEONARD
Of course. I understand.

Shelley looks at Leonard, unconvinced.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Shelley was sending a distress
signal to Leonard that was bouncing
back to her unread.

SHELLEY

I don't think you do. I can't just introduce him to any man I've met for a couple of dates.

The characterisation is a blow to Leonard.

Shelley's mind races as she becomes overwhelmed by the thought.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

If I bring him along I have to explain who you are. Not just your name and that you write the books he likes, but who you are to me. And who that makes you to him.

Shelley looks at Leonard for a long beat, wanting to know he gets it, but Leonard just appears uncomfortable and confused.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)

And then if things don't work out, he'll feel abandoned and rejected. I need to be sure, as sure as I can be, that that won't happen.

As the queue moves on, Shelley takes a step back to let them past. She looks at Leonard through the gaps in the crowd with a sad and gentle expression on her face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Leonard felt like he was being tested but didn't understand the question. A big kid in an adult conversation.

Leonard looks back at her, lost.

The last of the queue finally passes.

Leonard tries to raise a smile.

LEONARD

The tickets are non-refundable so, we should probably get in there before something becomes extinct.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He could feel the echo of his own ridiculousness all around him.

Shelley gives him one last deep look with those sorry, sad, soulful eyes.

SHELLEY

I'm going to go.

Leonard is paralysed, not knowing how to react.

LEONARD

Okay.

SHELLEY

Bye, Leonard.

As her eyes begin to well, Shelley gives him an heroic smile and walks away.

Leonard watches her go, dumbstruck with the significance of it all.

4

EXT. PARK - DAY

4

Arms linked, GRACE and PETER saunter along the park path.

PETER

So how are all the arrangements going?

GRACE

I think I'm on top of it.

Peter eyes Grace with a mock-critical eye.

PETER

You're certainly managing to keep the excitement at bay.

GRACE

I *am* excited. In my own way. Honestly, it's the honeymoon I'm most excited about - two weeks with nobody to ask me how the arrangements are going.

She gives Peter the mock beady-eye.

PETER

Ouch.

GRACE

And what about you and Mum? Any progress with all those *big* travel plans?

PETER

I'm sure we'll get around to it. You know how it is, something always comes up.

Grace isn't buying it.

GRACE

I know exactly how it is. He's a grown man, Dad, he needs a push.

They pause to take in the pond.

PETER

I thought we were here to discuss
my wedding speech, not your
brother.

GRACE

Fine. So, tell me about your
speech.

PETER

I'd rather not discuss it.

She gives her father a playful nudge.

PETER (CONT'D)

Full disclosure, I haven't written
anything down yet. I need to find
the right words so I don't get...
lumpy.

GRACE

Why get upset? I've lived with
Andrew for years. Nothing's
changing, it's just a ritual.

PETER

You say that, but everything
changes. Your brother, who you say
is so hopeless, actually put me
straight on the whole thing.

Grace is dubious.

GRACE

Did he now.

PETER

I was talking to your mother about
how we were losing you and how I
should have worked less and been
home more when you were kids, and
he pipes up: "Too late, it's all
gone." He just drops that while
he's looking for yogurt in the
fridge.

GRACE

Are you sure he wasn't talking
about the yogurt?

Peter actually doubts himself for a moment before dismissing
the notion.

PETER

Yes! He was saying that I need to let go.

GRACE

I'm sure it's nice to have a live-in sage, but even sages need to fend for themselves eventually.

PETER

It's true though. Everything I'm holding onto is in the past. It's already gone. Just the thought of it just makes me...

(a wobble in his voice)

Lumpy.

Grace pulls Peter closer and pats his arm reassuringly.

GRACE

Not everything's in the past. Tell our resident guru that I'm not finished with you all yet.

They move on.

PETER

(impressed)

"Too late, it's all gone".

(to Grace)

That little brother of yours is a lot wiser than you think.

5

INT. PARLEY VIEW, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

5

CLOSE ON HUNGRY PAUL, speaking with conviction:

HUNGRY PAUL

I highly recommend investing in a gymnasium for cats.

Reveal: Hungry Paul and Leonard sit across from each other with 'The Game of Life' board game (or a version of it) between them.

Hungry Paul drops a wad of board game cash into 'the bank' and adds a card to Leonard's pile.

He looks to his friend for a reaction but Leonard appears to be in a daze.

HUNGRY PAUL (CONT'D)

You seem distracted.

Leonard is pulled from his fog, back into the moment.

LEONARD

Do I?

HUNGRY PAUL

You're usually more financially
savvy than this.

Hungry Paul gestures to the game.

HUNGRY PAUL (CONT'D)

You chose to be a firefighter - the
life insurance alone will ruin you -
and you just let me sell you a
gym... for cats.

LEONARD

Sorry, it's been a tough day.

It takes Leonard a moment to say it out loud.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I think I might have lost Shelley.

HUNGRY PAUL

What happened?

LEONARD

I don't know.

HUNGRY PAUL

How do you mean?

LEONARD

I mean I don't know what happened.

HUNGRY PAUL

If you don't know what happened,
how do you know it happened?

LEONARD

It was about Patrick. She said I
didn't understand.

HUNGRY PAUL

I'm having some trouble myself.

Leonard sits back from the game to vent his frustration.

LEONARD

Is she waiting for me to call her
or send her a message or what?

He shrugs, helpless.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

I wouldn't even know what to say.
But it feels like every minute that
passes, she's slipping further from
my life.

HUNGRY PAUL

I'm afraid this isn't really my
area of expertise.

Realising Hungry Paul is becoming uncomfortable with the subject, Leonard gives him an apologetic smile.

LEONARD

Sorry, I feel like we always talk
about me these days.

HUNGRY PAUL

I'm happy to listen if it helps.

LEONARD

What about you, anything to report?

HUNGRY PAUL

Not really.

Hungry Paul spins the wheel and moves his little plastic car around the board.

HUNGRY PAUL (CONT'D)

I have an interview in the morning.

LEONARD

(stunned)

For a job?

HUNGRY PAUL

The National Mime Association are
looking for a new spokesperson.
They've asked me to try out, think
I might be a good fit.

Leonard is struggling to process the concept.

LEONARD

A spokesperson... for *mimes*.

With a million questions bubbling up inside him, Leonard opens his mouth to speak - but Hungry Paul holds up a hand, stopping him in his tracks.

HUNGRY PAUL

My strategy on this one is not to
overthink it.

LEONARD

Understood. Still though, your
folks must be impressed.

HUNGRY PAUL

I haven't told them. Maybe I won't get the job. Or maybe I will and I'll turn it down. Whatever happens, I don't want their expectations on my mind.

(re: the game)

Your turn.

Leonard hunches over the game again to spin the wheel. He moves his plastic car to a new square.

HUNGRY PAUL (CONT'D)

So what are you going to do?

Leonard sighs as he leans back from the game again.

LEONARD

I have no idea.

(half-joking)

But I'm starting to feel like I may have failed in my quest to expand my life.

Hungry Paul looks up to his friend and speaks with sincerity.

HUNGRY PAUL

You can't give up now. Look, you took a chance and made some brave choices. I can't tell you if it's going to work out, only that you can't change who you are.

Leonard nods with a shrug - he can't argue with that.

HUNGRY PAUL (CONT'D)

(matter of fact)

So whatever you decide to do, do it your way. Only you know why you made the choices you made, so it's time to show the world exactly what you were thinking.

Leonard considers his words for a beat... then sits up, suddenly reenergised.

LEONARD

That's right.

Leonard stands, beaming at his friend.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

You're right.

HUNGRY PAUL

And, as a firefighter, you can also choose one of the yellow card options.

LEONARD
(baffled)
Pardon me?

Dubious, Leonard looks to the board game and then back to his friend.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Were you talking about the game?

Hungry Paul doesn't understand the question and just stares back at him.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
You know what? Doesn't matter. Is it alright if I forfeit? There's something I have to do.

HUNGRY PAUL
Of course.

Leonard pats his shoulder as he hurries from the room.

Hungry Paul returns his attention to the board game.

HUNGRY PAUL (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
You were doomed from the start anyway.

6 EXT. LEONARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

6

Leonard's house sits under a clear, starry night-sky.

7 INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, LANDING - NIGHT

7

Leonard exits his bedroom with his folder of notes and a desk lamp.

He pauses outside his mother's room for a moment, resting a hand on its closed door, before moving on and turning off the landing light.

CUT TO BLACK.

8 INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

As he turns on his desk light, we find Leonard sitting at the messy kitchen table, surrounded by his sketches and handwritten notes.

There are also some inspirational books on the table and a large cork board with index cards and sketches pinned to it (looking something like a detective's investigation board).

After staring at his laptop screen for a long, determined moment, Leonard begins to type, diving into his writing with a fresh enthusiasm.

DISSOLVE TO:

9 **INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT/DAY** 9

The number of sketches and notes surrounding Leonard appears to have doubled. There is now a scanner on the table next to his laptop.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Spurred on by his friend's wise and fitting words, Leonard worked through the night on his book.

IN A SERIES OF DISSOLVES, night turns to day:

- Now standing, Leonard swaps the positions of index cards on his cork board and stands back to consider the new sequence of events.
- Leonard acts out an action sequence, using a duster as a sword.
- Leonard is engrossed in the artwork he is working on. Moving away from Leonard we take in the rest of the artwork on the table:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Respecting Shelley's wishes, Leonard had found someone else to write his book for...

PANNING AROUND the colour artwork on the table, we hear the appropriate SFX:

- Amongst the open-air markets and public meetings, a Roman child (who looks just like seven-year-old Leonard) holds his mother's hand at the bustling Roman Forum (SFX - crowds).
- Another drawing shows the mischievous expression on young Leonard's face as he prepares to drop a frog into the busy thermal baths (SFX - a frog, a splash, startled screams).

NARRATOR (V.O.)

A young boy he had known all his life.

- We arrive back with Leonard to reveal it is now SEVEN-YEAR-OLD LEONARD sitting at the table, putting the final touches to his piece of artwork. It shows his childhood self with some other kids, watching a chariot race through a hole in the colosseum wall (SFX - cheering crowds, the thunderous rumble of chariot wheels).

Seven-year-old Leonard admires his artwork and beams.

MATCH CUT TO:

The same artwork is now on the computer screen at Leonard's desk.

10

INT. OFFICE - DAY

10

The printer is spewing out colour pages of Leonard's work.

Leonard stands next to the printer in a daze, even more exhausted than when we last saw him.

CUT TO:

11

INT. OFFICE, MARK BAXTER'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Mark Baxter sits behind his desk. He adjusts the height of his chair and tests it out. Too high. Adjusts it again. Not quite right. Adjusts it again. Far too low. There's a knock at the door.

MARK BAXTER

Enter!

With no time to adjust his far-too-low chair he hops up to perch casually on the side of his desk. The door opens - it's Leonard with the beautifully presented proof of his short book.

LEONARD

Do you have a minute?

Mark stands.

MARK BAXTER

Is that it?

LEONARD

A first attempt. But I think it captures what I'm going for.

Mark approaches Leonard, reaching out for the manuscript.

MARK BAXTER

May I?

Leonard gives it to him, now bound in a cover that boasts a beautifully rendered illustration - it's an impressive looking piece of work.

Mark quickly flips through the pages, casting a discerning eye over it.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

My God. Fantastic. What a team.

He looks up at Leonard with a smile.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

We've done it again.

Leonard smiles uncertainly.

LEONARD

Right.

Mark opens the door for Leonard to leave. He pats the work in his hand.

MARK BAXTER

I'll shoot this over to head office
today.

LEONARD

Great.

Leonard moves towards the door.

MARK BAXTER

Leonard?

Leonard pauses in the doorway.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

I've got a really good feeling
about this.

With a polite nod, Leonard closes the door behind himself.

Mark Baxter flips through Leonard's work as he returns to his desk. Engrossed in the manuscript he sits into his chair, forgetting he has adjusted the height, and drops further than he expected.

MARK BAXTER (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Jesus!

12

INT. OFFICE - DAY

12

Greg is at his desk, nodding along to the music on his headphones, when Leonard arrives at Shelley's desk with an identical manuscript of his Roman encyclopaedia and an Easter egg.

Shelley is nowhere to be seen.

Leonard takes an envelope from her desk, slides the manuscript inside, and marks it 'Shelley'. He then places it on her desk and puts the Easter egg on top.

Leonard waves at Greg to get his attention. Irritated by the interruption, Greg lifts one ear of his headphones.

GREG

What?

LEONARD

Do you know if Shelley's coming in
today?

GREG

Nope.

LEONARD

If you see her, could you tell I
left something on her desk?

He points to the envelope with the egg on it. Greg looks at Leonard, incredulous.

GREG

Unless she thinks her desk laid an
egg, it's pretty obvious you left
something. So no. No I won't tell
her.

LEONARD

Fine. Forget it.

Leonard walks away. Greg shakes his head - *some people*. He replaces his headphone and continues enjoying his sounds.

13

EXT. PARLEY VIEW - DAY

13

The birds are enjoying the front garden feeder on a beautiful morning outside Parley View.

14

INT. PARLEY VIEW, HALL - DAY

14

Wearing his suit, Hungry Paul creeps down the stairs into the hall, being careful not to make a sound.

Just as he reaches for the door, a voice calls out from the kitchen.

PETER (O.S.)

Is that you, son?

Hungry Paul freezes.

HUNGRY PAUL

Yes.

HELEN (O.S.)

Come and have your breakfast!

15

INT. PARLEY VIEW, LIVING ROOM, DINING TABLE - DAY

15

HELEN and Peter, still in their dressing gowns, are having breakfast.

Hungry Paul opens the door just enough to poke his head into the room while keeping his suit hidden.

HUNGRY PAUL
I'm afraid I can't this morning.

HELEN
Why not?

HUNGRY PAUL
I'm in a bit of a hurry.

PETER
Where are you off to at this time?

Hungry Paul had not anticipated further questioning and searches his mind for a suitable response.

Helen and Peter look at him expectantly.

After a painfully long silence, Hungry Paul, unable to think of anything to say, slowly withdraws his head from the room and gently closes the door behind him.

Helen and Peter are left to exchange bewildered looks.

16 **INT. PARLEY VIEW, HALL - DAY**

16

On the other side of the door, and for no apparent reason, Hungry Paul creeps silently to the front door and quietly lets himself out.

17 **EXT. THEATRE - DAY**

17

Hungry Paul arrives at a theatre. There is a faded mural of a mime and some weathered posters advertising old shows.

Seeing a sign above a painting of a doorbell that reads 'Please Knock Before Entering', Hungry Paul knocks and steps inside.

18 **INT. THEATRE - DAY**

18

It's a small theatre and appears to be empty.

Hungry Paul takes a seat in the front row. He stares straight ahead, waiting quietly and patiently, without moving in any perceptible way.

19 **INT. THEATRE, STAGE WINGS - DAY**

19

From behind the stage curtain, hidden and peeking through a gap, ARNO and WENDY DAVENPORT secretly observe Hungry Paul. An excited Arno turns to Wendy (they speak in hushed tones).

ARNO

Can you believe this guy? Are you
seeing this?!

Wendy wants to share his enthusiasm but is struggling with
the visual.

WENDY DAVENPORT

Seeing what?

ARNO

Nothing.

Arno returns his attention to Hungry Paul.

ARNO (CONT'D)

Absolutely nothing.

Wendy squints in Hungry Paul's direction, trying to see what
Arno sees.

WENDY DAVENPORT

I mean, I kind of see it.

She doesn't see it.

20

INT. THEATRE - DAY

20

Hungry Paul continues to stare straight ahead without the
 slightest movement.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Having never owned a mobile phone,
Hungry Paul wasn't tempted to
scroll through texts or refresh his
social media feed.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Hungry Paul's face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

His freedom from restlessness meant
he didn't explore his nasal
cavities or fiddle with his zip.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON Hungry Paul's unblinking eyes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And his mental stillness left him
untroubled by the passage of time.

CUT TO:

21

INT. THEATRE, STAGE WINGS - DAY

21

Later. Wendy and Arno continue to watch Hungry Paul. Arno is in awe and Wendy is intrigued. It seems she is finally getting on board.

WENDY DAVENPORT

I don't believe I've ever seen such profound inactivity.

ARNO

It's like he's not even here.

She takes a step back to stretch out her back.

WENDY DAVENPORT

I'm hungry, are you hungry?

ARNO

How long, Ms. Davenport?

Wendy Davenport looks at her watch in disbelief.

WENDY DAVENPORT

My God.

ARNO

How. Long.

She locks eyes with Arno.

WENDY DAVENPORT

Twenty seven minutes.

He then returns his attention to Hungry Paul who doesn't appear to have moved in all that time.

ARNO

Incredible.

22

INT. THEATRE - DAY

22

All smiles, Arno and Wendy Davenport emerge clapping from the side of the stage.

Somewhat confused, Hungry Paul stands as Arno gives him a energetic handshake.

ARNO

Well played, sir. You remember Wendy Davenport? Chamber President?

Hungry Paul nods.

WENDY DAVENPORT

Congratulations.

A confused Hungry Paul receives another enthusiastic handshake.

HUNGRY PAUL
Congratulations?

ARNO
Yes, the job is yours for the taking.

WENDY DAVENPORT
It's a six month contract with, I'm afraid, a modest salary.

They both beam at Hungry Paul. He looks at them blankly for a long beat. Thinking he's playing hardball, Wendy ups the offer.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
We can probably stretch that to an eleven month contract.

Hungry Paul appears to be considering it. Arno nudges Wendy - *don't lose him*.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
And there's a bedsit behind the stage.

Hungry Paul is confused.

HUNGRY PAUL
Are you saying I could live there?

WENDY DAVENPORT
Rent free.

HUNGRY PAUL
Wow. Can I see it?

Wendy looks to Arno who subtly shakes his head 'no!'.

WENDY DAVENPORT
Today's not a good day. Next time.

HUNGRY PAUL
Oh. Okay. Is it nice?

Wendy and Arno both appear uncomfortable with the question. Wendy tries to sell it with a smile.

WENDY DAVENPORT
It has that wonderful cocoon-like feel that modern, compact living gives you.

She looks to Arno for support and he takes his cue.

ARNO

Oh yes, you can actually fry an egg from your bed. Really. I've done it many times.

Wendy sends a look in Arno's direction to let him know he blew it.

CUT TO:

23

INT. THEATRE, RECEPTION AREA - DAY

23

Wendy Davenport walks Hungry Paul out through the reception area. She takes a conspiratorial glance over her shoulder to be sure Arno isn't there.

WENDY DAVENPORT

I didn't like to say it in front of Arno, but miming in this country has gone to hell. Did you know this theatre hasn't put on a show in a year?

Unsure what to do, Hungry Paul shakes his head and tutts.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Your job will be to motivate and inspire enthusiasm nationally for mime and the silent arts.

(after thought)

Excluding the living statues of course.

HUNGRY PAUL

Those silver guys who stand still as statues in the main street?

WENDY DAVENPORT

(through gritted teeth)

Charlatans.

Seeing the bitterness on Davenport's face, Hungry Paul decides not to pull at that thread.

Wendy gets back on point.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

We want you to give the National Mime Association the shot in the arm it needs. To once again capture the public's imagination.

They arrive at the entrance and Wendy faces Hungry Paul.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Now you know what we want from you,
what is it you would ask of us?
Your demands, as it were.

Hungry Paul takes a moment, having in no way prepared for the interview.

HUNGRY PAUL

Well, due to my obligations to the postal service, I would have to keep Mondays free.

WENDY DAVENPORT

The budget only covers a three-day week, so, done.

HUNGRY PAUL

I would also ask that I not be required to carry a mobile phone.

WENDY DAVENPORT

Also not covered by the budget, so also done.

She holds out a hand for Hungry Paul to shake... and he does.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

Welcome aboard!

She starts walking back towards the theatre.

WENDY DAVENPORT (CONT'D)

We'll be in touch during the week to iron out the details.

As Hungry Paul watches Ms. Davenport walk away, he finally has a moment alone to consider his new position.

23A **INT. OFFICE - DAY**

23A

It's quitting time and Leonard zips up his jacket. He glances over at Shelley's desk and sees the egg and proof document are still there. He leaves for the day.

24 OMITTED

24

25 **EXT. PARK, BENCH - DAY**

25

On the bench where he and Shelley had their first unofficial date, Leonard sits, tired and thoughtful.

Smiling to himself, Leonard leans back in the bench and, in his mind's eye, Shelley is now sitting next to him.

It's a sweet memory of her laughing and happy, on that day they spent their lunch together.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Having recently finished his own book, Leonard couldn't help but think of his place in Shelley's story...

As he leans forward again, his smile fades and the memory of Shelley disappears.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And how the remaining chapters would be written without him.

26

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY

26

Leonard comes in the door and kicks off his shoes, leaving them next to his mother's.

He stares at his mother's shoes for a beat, as if seeing them for the first time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He had sought comfort in distraction: the Roman book, and most of all, Shelley.

Leonard picks up his mother's shoes and goes upstairs.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Now, with no more distractions, he was suddenly ready to face himself.

27

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, LANDING - DAY

27

Leonard stops outside his mother's door.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was a profound acceptance of things as they were, devoid of superficial preferences.

He steels himself, and opens the door.

28

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, MOTHER'S ROOM - DAY

28

Entering the room, Leonard places his mother's shoes next to the bed and sits down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He could see now how scared he'd been. How utterly terrified that life itself was going to swallow him up.

He gently pats her pillow, looking at the picture of his father on her bedside table and then to her possessions around the room.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The fear had been nothing more than a deep love for his mother that he had not been ready to admit, lest it drown him in grief.

Eyeing a shelf of books and knick knacks, Leonard stands to take a closer look. It is a careworn copy of 'The Mill and the Floss' that catches his attention.

Taking the book from the shelf, he spots something which had been hidden behind it - the model of the APOLLO 11 COMMAND MODULE he had made with his mother as a child (SC.4, Episode 1).

Leonard lifts the model from the shelf and examines it. A sad smile is accompanied by a single tear rolling down his cheek.

As his sad expression slowly turns to thoughtful, he wipes the tear from his face.

29

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

Taking the Bag for Life (holding the container of his mother's ashes) down from the shelf, he places it on the coffee table next to the Apollo 11 model, and takes a seat.

Removing the ashes container from the bag, he opens it. Then opens the hatch on the model Apollo 11...

CUT TO:

30

INT. LEONARD'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

30

Leonard places the Apollo 11 model on the shelf, next to the framed picture of his mother.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

With the weight of effort it took
to be happy now lifted from his
bones...

He admires the 'urn' with a warm smile.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was time to let go.

31

INT. HOSPITAL, WARD - DAY

31

Hungry Paul sits next to MRS. HAWTHORN, quietly holding her hand.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Elsewhere, Hungry Paul, reflecting
on the corporate complications of
his new job, was also on the verge
of a breakthrough.

He continues to stare ahead at nothing in particular.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Sitting with Mrs. Hawthorn, bathed in the silence between them, he wondered how he could restore the position of mime when the silent community itself was divided?

Hungry Paul's blank expression slowly changes and his eyes light up with an idea.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And in those quiet moments, his first event as spokesperson for the Mime Association appeared fully formed in his head.

He produces a stumpy pencil from inside his jacket pocket and, looking for something to write on, takes a paperback from the bedside table, using the inside cover to commit his idea to paper.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's simplicity was its perfection. The answer to the problem, strange though it seemed, was to do nothing.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End.