

MR LOVERMAN

EPISODE 3

by  
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Based on the novel by Bernardine Evaristo

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F A B L E  
P I C T U R E S

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*He which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart!*

*-William Shakespeare, Henry V*

**OVER BLACK.**

Raucous laughter. Followed by MODERN UPBEAT MUSIC as a SERIES OF QUICK CUTS bombard us:

1                   **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT**                   1

- BARRY, MORRIS and MAXINE downing cocktail after cocktail after cocktail in the LIVING ROOM of The Walker Residence.

-Barry, reflective, watching on as Maxine, mullered, holds court with Morris, who turns to catch his lover's eye.

-Barry and Morris try to prevent Maxine from leaving, before she stumbles out.

-A VINYL LP spinning on a turntable as Morris dances and Barry lays sprawled out on the living room floor.

**'MR LOVERMAN'**

2                   **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT**                   2

Close on the turntable as the needle scratches the run-out area of the vinyl, spinning aimlessly.

A hand shuts it off. It belongs to MORRIS who, a little unsteadily, starts to cross for the door before another hand shoots up from off the floor to halt him. BARRY'S!

BARRY  
Where're you going?

MORRIS  
It's late.

BARRY  
It's not late. It practically  
breakfast time. And boy is mi  
hungry.

MORRIS  
You always hungry.

Still wasted, Barry hauls himself up into a sitting position.

BARRY  
Come now. It cold outside.

MORRIS  
That so?!

BARRY  
Just half a drink more!

MORRIS

What d'you want, Barry?!

BARRY

You know what mi want!

Morris regards Barry, on bended knee now, clutching a hold of his left hand. Though Barry is oblivious, the weight of the symbolism has a potent effect on Morris.

MORRIS

But mi never stay over. We agreed that-

BARRY

What mi tell yuh. Things are different now. Yuh cyaan see?!

Barry kisses Morris hand. Morris, flustered, mistaking Barry's true intent:

MORRIS

Let's... we'll discuss it tomorrow. Okay?

(kisses Barry's lips)

Goodnight, my love.

Off Barry, drunk and disappointed as he watches Morris go.

3

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MORNING**

3

BARRY'S EYES flittering open, squinting against the bright morning light that infiltrates through a gap in the curtain.

He rubs his face and grimaces at the sound of a CAR'S BOOMING SOUND SYSTEM that rattles the house from outside.

BARRY

Tell dem to shut dem noise soh!

Barry seems to await a response. But none comes.

Annoyed, he heaves himself up against the head board and reaches over to his side table where a near empty bottle of rum sits. He takes a swig. Savouring the hit for a moment as the car and its music finally disappear into the distance.

We see now he is alone in the bed, occupying only his side of it. Indeed, Carmel's half lies completely untouched.

Barry looks over at it. At the extra pillow and neatly folded blankets. A half-finished cup of water on her night stand next to her spare reading glasses.

Barry's face is momentarily a picture of confusion as he runs a hand lightly along the space that his wife has for so long occupied. One that for so long he wished she hadn't.

But instead of being pleased by her absence, Barry seems strangely subdued as he straightens the crease in the sheets.

4

**EXT. JUICE STALL - MORNING**

4

Morris, casually dressed and in shades, stands in front of an assemble of fruit and vegetables, pondering deeply. Finally:

MORRIS

I think I'll go with the 'Beet  
Punch Kick' today please, Pierre.  
No! Make that the 'Bowel Blaster'!

At the counter, **PIERRE**, 40s, Black, nods and gets to work.

PIERRE

Coming right up, Morris.

As Pierre throws fruit into the industry-grade juicer, Morris notices the SPARKLY RING on his finger.

MORRIS

Hol' up, what's this?  
(indicates ring)  
Did Darius-

PIERRE

(ecstatic)  
Last night. What d'you think?

Pierre flaunts the impressive ring in Morris' face.

MORRIS

I... it's beautiful.  
Congratulations.

5

**EXT. MARE STREET CUT THROUGH - MORNING**

5

Morris sits on Veronica Ryan's breadfruit sculpture, deep in contemplation as he sucks forlornly on his smoothie.

After a moment or two his face becomes determined, as a decision for him becomes clear.

6

OMITTED

6

7

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MORNING**

7

It's only been a few days since Carmel's departure but already the place is showing signs of neglect. Cups and dishes in the sink. Empty cans and clutter on the work tops.

Barry heads for the fridge. Looks inside for a moment, then closes the door, unimpressed.

He jumps up suddenly at the sound of the telephone ringing.

8

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

8

Barry breaks into a smile as he speaks into the receiver.

BARRY

Well, well. So you're alive then!

**INTERCUT WITH:**

9

**INT. CAFE - MORNING**

9

Morris sits at a window table, a pastry before him, mobile pressed to his ear and a glint in his eye.

MORRIS

Perceptive as ever.

BARRY

After your Blacula-like departure last night, me did wonder is all.

MORRIS

No, Boss. Mi very much alive and appreciative of this fine-fine morning. And you?

BARRY

Alive. Just about. No thanks to you or my so-called daughter.

MORRIS

Don't act like you didn't have fun.

BARRY

Um-hm. Right up until mi see the bar receipt. Now mi wallet as empty as mi fridge. Tell me, what ever happened to the idea of payback for parents? Fatherhood's supposed to be an investment, and my daughters are defaulting on their dividends.

10

**INT. MAXINE'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

10

MAXINE wakes, hungover. Eyes adjusting, surprised to find a handsome, young, athletic guy rocking a vest and needlessly tight boxers, holding a tray of food. Let's call him TED.

TED

Morning, beautiful. I made you some breakfast.

MAXINE

Uh, you shouldn't have.

Ted shrugs, trying to play down a gesture that deep down he thinks is guaranteed to win him some major brownie points.

TED

Least I could do after last night.

Ted slips back into bed and starts stroking her face.

MAXINE

No, really, you shouldn't have.  
There's like a whole week's worth  
of shopping on one tray!

Oh...

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Besides, I've really got to crack  
on this morning. Got important  
stuff to do, businesses to build...

OH! Ted climbs back out and starts to gather up his clothes.

TED

Cool. No worries. I'll just...

MAXINE

Great. *Grazie*, erm...

TED

Ted.

MAXINE

Right. Well, it was really nice  
meeting you, Ted.

Message received, Ted nods and leaves. Frowning, Maxine moves the tray to the floor and retrieves her laptop from under the bed, opens the lid and Googles "*How to write a business plan*". Clicking articles, she starts to read for a moment or two as words begin to lurch out of the screen at her. Big words. Scary words such as '*segmentation*', '*metrics*' and '*projections*'. It becomes all too overwhelming. She shuts the laptop, flings it on the bed, and lies back down. Frustrated.

11

**INT. DONNA'S KITCHEN - DAY**

11

DONNA enters, flustered, on the phone, dressed in a business suit and carrying a large bag containing a plethora of files.

DONNA

I was very clear on that. They know  
what's required so either they  
adhere to the conditions or we will  
have to schedule another meet.

Donna dumps her bag and house keys onto the table.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Listen I have to go. We'll talk properly tomorrow when I'm back in the office... Okay. Bye.

Donna hangs up with a heavy sigh and retrieves a file from the bag, looking upon it with weary eyes. She dips back into her bag for a moment, rummaging eagerly for something as:

DANIEL enters wearing a tracksuit and big headphones, blazing out a hyper-violent DRILL SONG. His focus is firmly on his phone as he concentrates on composing a reply to a message from 'Chris': *"What d'you mean? Aren't you at school?"*

He starts to type: *"No, I decided to dodge"*. Stops. Thinks better of it. Fuelled by the music, he deletes the text and changes it instead to: *"Nah, man like me needed a rest day innit. So what you sayin'. You comin' tru to link man or what?"* He nods his head, smiling a little nervously as he hits send before noticing Donna at the table, now tearing into a large bag of Malteasers.

Mother and son both stop and look at one another in surprise.

DONNA (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

Quickly cutting his music, Daniel whips off his headphones.

DANIEL

Uh, man wasn't - I mean I wasn't feeling great so decided to stay home.

Donna instantly pushes her work and comfort snack to the side to stand and begin checking on her number one priority.

DONNA

What's the matter? You don't feel hot. Still, maybe we should check your temperature just in case.

She starts rooting about in a draw for a thermometer.

DANIEL

Mum, I'm fine, I think it was probably just something I ate.

DONNA

Or it could be meningitis. I saw on the news the other night there's a spate of it going about. Maybe I should give Dr Lee a quick call.

Donna picks up her mobile.



DANIEL

Mum, don't. Mum! I'm fine.

Donna reluctantly puts down her phone.

DONNA

Well I'm working from home today  
now so I'll be able to keep an eye  
on you - check for any rashes.

Daniel shakes his head in disbelief.

DANIEL

You know what, the paracetamol I  
popped is starting to work so I  
think I'll probably just go on in.

He turns and heads out.

DONNA

You sure?

DANIEL (O.S.)

Yes.

DONNA

Want me to drive you?

Silence.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I don't mind. Really. Daniel?!

Off Donna, concerned.

12      **INT. CAFE - MORNING**

12

Back on Morris on the phone, a bittersweet chuckle.

MORRIS

Kids, eh!

**INTERCUT WITH:**

13      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MORNING**

13

BARRY

Kids!

Morris takes a moment to work up the courage to broach what's  
been on his mind all morning.

MORRIS

I've said it before but it more  
true now than ever; what you need  
is someone to look after you.

Barry takes a look at the growing state of mess around him.

BARRY  
On that my friend, we agree.

MORRIS  
I mean, *properly*, Barry.

BARRY  
I know exactly what you mean,  
Morris.

**INSERT FLASH IMAGE: MORRIS NAKED UNDERNEATH A PINNY, SMILING  
AS HE HOLDS A GLASS OF GUINNESS ON A TRAY.**

BARRY (CONT'D)  
It precisely what mi was tryna say  
last night.

Morris, stunned, beams as he examines his bare ring finger.

MORRIS  
Wait. We are thinking the same  
thing here, aren't we?

BARRY  
Yes, my man.

MORRIS  
Usual spot then?

BARRY  
Fine. Give me an hour or so.

MORRIS  
Okay. In a bit.

Barry hangs up. A little confused.

BARRY (V.O.)  
*Since when do me and him arrange to  
have a chinwag?*

PRE-LAP: MUSIC.

14

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MORNING**

14

Barry, now clean shaven and spruced up in the sharp-suited style of his early years, inspects himself closely in the mirror.

He pulls the skin at the side of his face back, making his forehead taut and wrinkle free, as he ponders carefully a moment.

BARRY

Ya distinguished, Barry. Not  
desperate. An oldie but goodie.

Barry releases his grip and shakes away any concern.

15      **EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY**

15

Music continues as Barry slams the front door closed behind him and smiles at the day. He sets off down the path with a swagger to rival that of John Travolta in Saturday Night Fever.

16      **EXT. CAZENOVE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

16

Music continues as Barry struts down the road, very much 'the man', nodding at passers-by who welcome him with warm smiles and salutations of their own. There's absolutely no mistaking that he's a beloved figure in these parts.

Barry continues on. Definitively the star of his on movie as he joins the Friday lunchtime dance of the GENTLEMEN OF THE HASIDIM, silently wending and criss-crossing with the GENTLEMAN OF THE MOHAMMEDEEN: the former dressed in the style of pre-war Poland with their black coats, bushy beards and long ringlets hanging down from their tall black hats, as they make their way to the synagogue; the latter attired in the style of twentieth-century Pakistan, with their white skull-caps, long cotton waistcoats and *salwar kameezes*, as they make their way to the mosque.

Barry pays his respects to both as he shimmies on through.

Towards the end of the road, as Barry approaches ADITYA'S MINI MART, the MUSIC CUTS ABRUPTLY.

Barry halts suddenly. Eyes full of concern.

17      **EXT. CAZENOVE ROAD - NIGHT - 1991**

17

YOUNGER BARRY'S EYES, surrounded by fewer wrinkles but no less concerned, as they take in the sight before them:

A CAR CRASHED INTO THE LAMP POST ACROSS THE WAY.

Barry, on his way home from a Calypso rave, doesn't hesitate to rush to the scene.

The whole of the vehicle's frontage is crumpled up like the face of an English bulldog.

Worse still, Barry finds THE DRIVER slumped back, a bullet hole in his head, blood splattered across the shattered windscreen.

Barry jolts back in horror.

BARRY

Help, someone. Call an ambulance!

But as Barry turns back to the driver, motionless, and without doubt deceased, he realises not only is the act futile, but that he recognises the dead man.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(softly)

Delroy...?

Barry stands there in the cold night, frozen in shock, as the sound of sirens draws ever closer.

18      **EXT. THE GEORGE PUB - NIGHT - 1991**

18

A group of happy revellers outside. We push on through to find...

19      **INT. THE GEORGE PUB - NIGHT - 1991**

19

Barry and Morris sitting at a table. Pints in hand. Using the NOISE of the busy pub to mask their private conversation. Barry is visibly shaken and agitated.

MORRIS

You knew him?

Barry nods.

BARRY

Delroy Simmons. Local electrician. Sometimes did the odd job for me.

MORRIS

And was he... You know...

"Gay". Barry shrugs, unsure.

BARRY

Word on the street is he got caught cheating on him woman with some "batty man" so her hoodlum brother popped him for shaming the family.

MORRIS

I can't believe it. It the fourth such attack this month, already. The second in Hackney!

BARRY

But the first so close fi home!

That lands.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You should-a seen him, Morris, man.

What them did to him...

Barry shakes his head, haunted.

Morris shares a concerned look with Barry for a moment.

MORRIS

We should be even more careful from  
now on.

Barry nods as the significance of this hits them both hard.

20      **EXT. CAZENOVE ROAD - DAY**

20

Barry shakes off the reverie, continuing on again with a spring in his step as he passes a stranded CAR WITH SMOKE STEAMING FROM THE BONNET - its OWNER standing nearby, frustrated.

21      OMITTED

21

22      **EXT. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S WALK - DAY**

22

Barry strutting down the quiet, scenic street.

His eyes widening with pride as he comes to a stop outside a row of terraced houses.

Regards one in particular. NUMBER 22. From inside which **Ella Fitzgerald's 'I've Got You Under My Skin'** sounds.

23      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - 1993**

23

Ella's dulcet tones continue, hitting Younger Barry as he enters, smiling, having just returned home.

VOICE (O.S.)

DADDY!

Young Donna (16) looks up from the TV she's been glued to - on which Ella Fitzgerald croons - and jumps to her feet.

Younger Carmel lounges on the sofa, absorbed by the Bible in her hand almost as if it were a Jackie Collins novel whilst also halfheartedly working a ThighMaster. Without looking up:

CARMEL

Ssshhh!

(motioning to the ceiling)

You'll wake your sister.

(to Barry, re: Donna)

She whan wait up fuh yuh.

He chuckles, puts his hand to his lips as he regards Donna.

BARRY

Otherwise you might have to share this!

From behind his back Barry whips out a TAKEAWAY BAG.

YOUNG DONNA

Chinese?!

Young Donna squeals, hugs her father and then whips the bag out of his hand and runs off into the kitchen with it.

Barry smiles. Takes off his hat as he sniffs the air.

BARRY

You nah cook, have you?

CARMEL

Yes. But it'll keep.

Barry regards his wife still engrossed in the Good Book. Surprised by her cheery, carefree air.

BARRY

You're in a good mood!

CARMEL

Am I?

She still hasn't looked up. He nods.

BARRY

Um-hm. And what I'm about to tell you will only lift you more so...

He waits for her to look up. She doesn't.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I'm adding another property to the portfolio. A house down Queen Elizabeth's Walk!

Finally, this gets Carmel's attention.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It need-a bit of work but....

Barry shrugs and grins. Carmel doesn't.

CARMEL

You think that's a smart move?

BARRY

I think it-a very smart move.

CARMEL

Barrington... what about the loan  
my daddy did lend you to start this  
all off in the first place. It  
still outstanding.

Barry's bubble is instantly burst at the mention of this.

BARRY

Ah please, woman. Not this again.

He puts a blanket over Little Maxine.

CARMEL

I'm only saying, maybe it'd be  
better to settle it fully before we-

BARRY

It already would've been settled  
from time had the old fart not  
graciously slapped a 20% interest  
charge on top.

CARMEL

Barry please.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

I don't want to be beholden to  
him.

BARRY

20%! On his own Son-in-Law!  
His own daughter!

CARMEL (CONT'D)

He-a businessman, Barry.

BARRY

Yeah? So am I! But I'm also your  
husband, yuh see me. A man that'd  
never do anything to jeopardise the  
security of his own family.

They lock eyes.

BARRY (CONT'D)

You know that. You trusted me  
before, Carm....

He's asking that she do it again.

Carmel, a little uneasy, shuts her Bible and stands before  
her husband, nodding gently as he places the side of his head  
on to her chest. She allows it, stroking his hair gently.

CARMEL

You're right. For marriage is  
nothing without trust.

Hold on the pair, staring off with guilty eyes.

24

**INT. DE LA ROUX RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - 1993**

24

Younger Barry and a younger Morris enter the room like two  
eager teenagers. They start to unbutton each other's shirts.

\*

\*

Barry notices a DAMP PATCH on the ceiling and is distracted.

\*

BARRY

You'll want to fix that sharpish.  
Trust me.

Morris notices what Barry is referring to. He pulls away.

\*

MORRIS

You sound like Odette.

BARRY

She still no like the place?

Morris shakes his head.

MORRIS

Why you think she always off on all-  
a these church retreats?

MORRIS (CONT'D)

10 years on and she still finding  
the littlest things wrong with it.

(MORE)



MORRIS (CONT'D)

Barry chuckles as he strokes his lover's face tenderly. \*

BARRY

I could help you, if you want. You know, with finding a new place.

MORRIS

If I want?

BARRY

Yeah. This polymath's an expert these days when it comes to spotting a bargain.

Morris regards the smiling Barry, coldly.

MORRIS

Me nah want yuh charity, Barry.

Barry looks perplexed for a moment, confused by what's just happened. \*

Not wanting a fight, he attempts to win back Morris. \*

BARRY

You sure 'bout that? Cos I'm feeling in a giving mood.

Playfully, Barry tries his best to seduce Morris, who tries his best to look uninterested. \*

BARRY (CONT'D)

Come hither, sirrah. Come here, my spar. \*

Barry starts to kiss Morris' neck, reigniting their sexual desire. A real hunger now as they devour each other, and start stripping one another with an intense urgency. \*  
\*  
\*

A charged energy, building. They kiss deeply as their bodies slam against the wall. Barry turns Morris around to face the wall, rubbing his body against him. From behind, Barry unbuckles Morris' belt and trousers. \*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BARRY (CONT'D)

I go do you the way I always done you, the way you always like me doing you, and when I finished doing you, you go be spinning towards the stars, my friend.

CLOSE ON Morris as he shuts his eyes in great anticipation, then lets out a groan of utter bliss until- \*

THUD!

Jolting, both men turn to the open doorway to find Morris' horrified wife **ODETTE** - standing there, jacket on. Her travel bag having just slipped from her hand... \*

An agonisingly long beat where no one says a word. Odette is too stunned. Barry and Morris too busy holding their breath.

Finally, reality hits: Odette lets out an ALMIGHTY SCREAM.

Barry and Morris share a look of absolute doom. It's over.

25      **INT. THE DE LA ROUX RESIDENCE - LANDING - MOMENTS LATER**      25

Barry, mortified, hurriedly throwing on his clothes as the sound of his heart racing uncontrollably floods his ears.

Slowly, from the bedroom, Morris' desperate voice becomes more discernible over the shrieks of his despairing wife.

MORRIS (O.S.)  
Please, Odette, please, please  
don't - Odette, please - PLEASE...

26      **INT. THE DE LA ROUX RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - SAME TIME**      26

Morris, underclothes only, on his knees struggling to contain a inconsolable Odette, wailing hysterically on a side chair.

MORRIS  
I'm beggin' you, please. Before the  
neighbours call the police!

He stretches a hand to hers. Big mistake. She howls:

ODETTE  
DON'T TOUCH ME. DON'T YOU EVER  
TOUCH ME. YOU DISGUSTING PIECE OF-

ODETTE (CONT'D)	MORRIS
SHIT! YOU'RE FILTHY. YOU DISGUST ME!	Okay. Okay. But... you have to be quiet. Please. You <i>must</i> keep quiet.

Even through their tears and pounding hearts, the deeper meaning of this is palpable.

ODETTE (CONT'D)  
How long? How long this - this -  
this duttyness been goin' on?

Morris tears are uncontrollable now. She glares, unforgiving.

ODETTE (CONT'D)  
ANSWER ME!

Morris, trembling, catches a lump in his throat. Can't.  
Odette is frenzied. She claws at Morris, wailing:

ODETTE (CONT'D)

We have a family, does that not  
mean anything to you? How could  
you? You have destroyed  
everything - for me - the boys -

MORRIS

(adamant)

I'm still their father.

ODETTE

You are not - you are not  
touching my sons! I don't want  
you anywhere near them!

(sudden thought)

What if you infected wit that gay  
disease? What if you infected  
me?!

She wails and thrashes even louder now, cursing his very  
existence. Morris can barely contain her.

MORRIS

No, I swear - I'm clean. Please -  
please calm down, please keep  
your voice down!

ODETTE

No, damn you! The world deserve  
to know what you've done - what  
you are!

Morris is filled with the utmost dread.

MORRIS

Please. Mi give you anything you  
want. You can have it all but -  
I'm beggin' you, please, Odette!  
You can't tell anyone!

He holds her tightly.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

If not for me then, for the boys.

She stops, stares at him. Mucous streaming. Quiet for a long  
moment. A torrent of emotion.

In the doorway, Barry watches. Holding his breath. Unsure  
which way this will go. Odette turns and looks over at him.

And so Barry does what he does best. He bolts.

27 EXT. THE DE LA ROUX RESIDENCE - NIGHT 27

Barry flees out into the night.

28 OMITTED 28

29 INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT - 1993 29

Carmel, wrapped in her dressing gown, is on the phone. A look of sheer and utter disbelief on her face.

CARMEL  
You serious...? No! I don't believe  
you!

The door starts to open...

CARMEL (CONT'D)  
I gotta go. He's back!

...to reveal Barry, frozen in the doorway, Guinness in hand.

CARMEL (CONT'D)  
No. I gotta go.

She hangs up the phone and turns to face her husband. They both look at one another a moment, a tense guilty air between them, almost as if waiting for the other to speak. Finally:

CARMEL (CONT'D)  
(a little accusatory)  
You're back early!

Barry nods, steps inside tentatively and closes the door. He clears his throat. Nearly daren't ask the following:

BARRY  
(re: the telephone)  
Who... who was that?

Carmel hesitates.

CARMEL  
No one.

It's a lie! And not an entirely convincing one at that. The truth of which we shall find out in Episode 4. But for now Barry is beset with confusion to add to his dread.

BARRY  
No one?

CARMEL  
Just... Merty. You want a drink?

Carmel turns and escapes in the direction of the kitchen, while Barry's tormented eyes remain fixed on the phone.

BARRY (V.O.)  
*This is no way to live.*

30 OMITTED 30

31 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY - 1993** 31

Barry sits, lost to his own internal purgatory, while Carmel and her friends bustle around him.

He stands and heads for the fridge. Opens it and removes a CAN OF GUINNESS. He closes the fridge, turns and stops dead. Amazed at the sight now before him:

Carmel and her CRONIES. Motionless. All facing him with STONES in their hands, like some beautifully menacing RELIGIOUS TABLEAU. Merty is smirking as one arm protects Carmel, while the other is poised to launch her rock.

Barry, fearful, pops the top of his can - one last drink - and... suddenly the room bustles with motion and noise.

Carmel and friends are of course not ready to stone Barry, only throwing him the odd cold glance as usual as they plate up food. Still, he watches. Anxious.

DRUSILLA  
(additional dialogue)  
*Paulette denied it of course.  
Called it salacious rumour.*

CARMEL  
(additional dialogue)  
*-hm. She would.*

MERTY  
...I'm telling you, it doesn't  
matter. You can't stop it. Only  
delay it. The truth will out!

She turns to Barry. A brief look. Then continues plating.

32

**INT. THE GEORGE PUB - NIGHT - 1993**

32

Younger Barry sits opposite Younger Morris at a secluded, corner table. Morose. Two pints on the table, barely touched.

MORRIS  
What are we doing Barry? This is  
wrong, we're hurting people. Yuh  
should-a seen her.

BARRY  
I did see her.

Morris, clearly still traumatised, shakes his head.

MORRIS  
Threatened to destroy me - us. For  
ripping her whole world apart.

Barry looks concerned. Morris tries to allay his fears.

MORRIS (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I managed to convince  
her not to.

BARRY  
How?  
(off Morris' look)  
Oh!

The weight of it hits Barry. Morris starts to cry.

MORRIS  
The money and house, who cares! But  
my boys... She takin' them from me,  
Barry, she takin' my boys for good.

Surrounded by happy strangers, Barry longs to hug his lover,  
to reassure him, but all he can bring himself to do is say:

BARRY

I sorry, Morris. So sorry.

Morris dabs his eyes with his sleeve, checks about, before:

MORRIS

We can't see one another for a while. Least 'til everyting finalised. It-a one promise to Odette I must keep. Understand?

Barry regards him sadly for a second, nods. Morris looks around again, clearly anxious that someone might walk in.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You should go.

Barry stands. Taps the table deliberately three times. Morris nods sadly.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Me too.

Barry walks out, off into the night.

33

**EXT. STOKE NEWINGTON - DAY**

33

Back on Barry in the present day, shuttling past THE GEORGE PUB. Noticeably lacking the same spring in his step as he had before. He PUMPS FISTS with A RASTAFARIAN GENTLEMEN donning a massive woolen hat under which an amass of grey locks dwell.

BARRY (V.O.)

*Who you think you fooling? No doubt him-a know full well the kind of pound you truly enjoy, Barry.*

RASTAFARIAN

Greetings in the name of the Most High...

Barry's response isn't delivered with his usual zeal.

BARRY

Bless up my brother.

The Rasta walks on and so does Barry. But not without throwing a glancing look over his shoulder.

34

**EXT. CHURCH STREET - DAY**

34

Barry, hands in his pockets, shoulders slightly hunched as he passes the small entrance of a CEMETERY.

Barry stops, throws a cautious look at the gates for a brief second before scuttling off in the direction he came from.



We hold on the gates of the cemetery as daylight seems to cut to night almost as if by the flick of switch...

35      **EXT. CHURCH STREET - NIGHT - 1993**

35

Younger Barry comes trudging from the direction Older Barry a moment ago departed in.

He stops at the gates, clearly in great torment with himself, debating whether he should enter or simply go home.

After a quick, cautious check about, he enters.

36      **EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT - 1993**

36

Barry sits alone on a bench enveloped by darkness. Waiting. He's clearly been there some time and is just about to call it a night when he notices the red glow of a cigarette and the sound of footsteps approaching.

A WHITE MAN in FULL DENIM and a healthy head of GOLDEN CURLS sits down on the other end of the bench without saying a word. Simply continues to calmly smoke as his eyes remain fixed forward. After a moment or two, Golden Curls flicks his cigarette, stands and begins to walk off, finally throwing a look back to Barry, encouraging him to follow.

37      **EXT. CEMETERY - BUSHES - NIGHT - 1993**

37

In a small clearing amidst wild hedgerow, Barry and Golden Curls are quietly getting acquainted. Barry fondles Golden Curls crotch, unzips his zip and reaches into his pants.

Barry breaks into a smile, impressed by what he's unleashed.

Barry drops to his knees when the SOUND OF TWIGS SNAPPING and SUDDEN MOVEMENT, jolts the two strangers. Golden Curl bolts.

But for the kneeling Barry there's no time to react. Instantly he's set upon by a GANG OF YOUNG RAGAMUFFINS. Big strong lads (black and white), early to late teens, on the hunt, looking for blood, screaming out a barrage of insults.

RAGAMUFFINS

Batty man! / Bum Bandit! / Poofter!

Anti-Man! / Fucking faggots!

Before Barry can even contemplate trying to defend himself, he ends up in the fetal position on the ground. His hands desperately trying to protect his head from several pairs of boots that each bore the poundage of a steel wrecking ball.

Barry's face is a picture of sheer terror. His streaming eyes fearing the worst as WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

CUT TO:

BLACK. The sound of multiple footsteps running off.

38      **EXT. CEMETERY - BUSHES - NIGHT - 1993**

38

Barry's eyes slowly flutter open. A profound sense of relief at realising he's still alive. Until the pain kicks in. It's utterly excruciating. His eyes begin streaming as he lets out a guttural groan. Raising a shaking, bloody hand tentatively to his battered face, his pain morphs to panic as he registers the sheer extent of the damage endured.

39      **EXT. CHURCH STREET - NIGHT - 1993**

39

Barry, bloody and bruised, dragging himself along. Each effort sheer agony as he just about manages to haul himself through the cemetery gates and out into the street light.

40      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - 1993**

40

Barry has collapsed onto the sofa as an alarmed Carmel tends to his wounds.

CARMEL

You get a look at them?

Barry winces as he shakes his head.

BARRY

It all happen so fast.

CARMEL

We should call the police.

BARRY

You seriously think them-a care  
'bout some foolish " ol' nig-nog"  
that got mugged? 'Stead of  
arresting the little bastards  
they'd probably give them a reward.

Carmel, despite herself, relents. Knows he's probably right. Shaken, she draws him in close, gently stokes his face.

CARMEL

Then let this be a lesson to you,  
Barrington. No more late nights,  
walking home, pissed!

Off Barry, in too much pain to argue.

41                   **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - DAY - 1993**                   41

Barry sits, propped up in bed by a multitude of pillows.

It's been a few weeks since the attack and the cuts and bruises to his face are on the mend. Barry's confidence however doesn't appear to be, as he converses with Carmel, dressed to go out, in the doorway.

CARMEL

You sure you won't join us? The girls would like it if you did. It's been weeks.

Barry looks to the window and the bright sunshine outside, the shriek of his daughters waiting impatiently in the yard below wafting up, then back at Carmel and shakes his head.

Carmel stifles a frown as she turns for the door.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

(turning back to Barry)

But you can't stay in bed for ever!

She exits, closing the door behind her. Barry slumps down into the bed, drawing the covers right up to his head.

42                   OMITTED                   42

43                   OMITTED                   43

44                   **EXT. KINGSLAND HIGH STREET - DAY**                   44

Barry's perambulatory reverie has taken him to the centre of Kingsland High Street, with its clamorous throng and traffic jolting him back into the present tense.

He walks now, completely devoid of his characteristic swagger. No longer the "Cock of Hackney Walk", even though he's still met by a few nods and smiles through crowds.

Only, Barry accepts them differently now. Almost suspiciously.

BARRY (V.O.)

*They think they know me. Husband of Carmel. Father of Donna and Maxine. Grandfather to Daniel. Retired engine-fitter. Man of property. Man of style.*

Barry takes in another face with a smile trained at him.

BARRY (V.O.)  
*Buggerer of men!*

Barry makes a sudden dash for it, right across a busy road.

45

**INT. THE CARIBBEAN CANTEEN - MOMENTS LATER**

45

Barry enters the establishment with sunshine-yellow walls, Triffidian parlour palms and posters of clichéd golden beaches with aquamarine seas.

Morris is huddled at a corner of a wooden table that faces the window. Barry takes a moment to reacquaint himself with his confidence before he swaggers over to join his friend.

BARRY  
Y'all right, Boss.

MORRIS  
Y'all right, Boss. Tryna get  
yourself killed or something  
running across the road like that?

BARRY  
Relax, man. Like Moses and the Red  
Sea, you know nothing can touch me.  
Ya order already?

MORRIS  
Um-hm.

Morris nods at the WAITER approaching with a tray of food, who sets it down in front of them.

WAITER  
There you go, gents. Enjoy.

Morris and Barry nod their appreciation as they take in the breadfruit casserole with slices of buttered hard dough: a lovely thick broth bobbing with wheaty things.

Barry licks his lips, but opts first to take a sip of the rum and coke waiting invitingly in front of him.

BARRY  
You know what I was thinking, on mi  
little walk here?

MORRIS  
It wasn't to walk faster that's for  
certain.

Barry flicks a distinctly anxious and crotchety Morris.

BARRY

Don't slouch, man. It ages you.

Morris, annoyed, reluctantly attempts to straighten up.

MORRIS

You not my father, Barry.

(beat)

So what was it you were thinking?

BARRY

Ah right, yes. I was thinking, all these men of different colours, creeds and religions that I did pass, I can't help but wonder...

Barry pauses to take a big mouthful of casserole, much to the annoyance of Morris.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Wonder... How many are also leading double lives? You know... Secret Agents K and Y?

Morris, unimpressed, sticks his spoon into his casserole and leaves it there.

MORRIS

Is everything a joke to you?

Smiling, Barry shrugs. Morris leans in to whisper.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

We have people out there - people like those gay liberationists trying to make life better for our lot and here you are-

BARRY

Why you bringing them up? You know we never business with that stuff.

Now Barry sticks his spoon into his casserole, leaves it there.

BARRY (CONT'D)

To be quite frank with you...

Barry leans in close, humouring Morris by whispering even quieter, though there's nobody close enough to eavesdrop.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't really appreciate all that attention-seeking behaviour. As well you know, I believe in discretion.

Morris shakes his head in disbelief.

MORRIS

Yuh talking nonsense again, Barry. Society don't become more equal unless brave folk fight back.

Barry smiles as he dips his bread into his casserole, pretending that Morris isn't getting to him.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Take George Michael-

BARRY

Now that pooftah could sing!

MORRIS

You is a pooftah too Barry!

BARRY

(leaning further in)  
When did you ever see me bare chested with suspenders, prancing and squealing like a constipated castrato.

MORRIS

You hate it when Merty and that lot chat homophobic nonsense, but look at yourself.

Barry licks casserole juices from his fingers.

BARRY

Morris, I am an individual, specific, non generic. I am no more a pooftah than I am a homo, buller or anti-man.

MORRIS

You homosexual, Barry. We established that fact a long time ago.

BARRY

Morris, dear. I ain't no  
homosexual, I am a... Barrysexual!

Morris rolls his eyes.

MORRIS

Right, fine, whatever. My point is,  
what I did always admire was the  
way Mr Michael stood up for himself  
once he was outed. They tried to  
shame him, made him out to be  
disgusting. But he took control of  
his story and celebrated it with  
that song and video - you remember?

BARRY

(a knowing beat)  
Um-hm.

MORRIS

Yuh see, him doin' that meant they  
couldn't hurt him no more. Don't  
you think that's amazing, Barry?

Barry contemplates.

BARRY

You askin' me to climb the highest  
mountain and tell the world I is a  
certain way inclined?

MORRIS

I'll be beside you climbing that  
mountain.

BARRY

You've always been beside me,  
Morris.

Morris smiles.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Only my knees aren't what they once  
were.

He looks at Morris with a knowing guilt - perhaps conjures a  
smile as if to say "I'm sorry".

MORRIS

We've lived all of our entire lives  
terrified. I don't want to do that  
no more. I want fuh be like George  
Michael, like Justin Fashanu!

BARRY

Justin killed himself Morris!

MORRIS

Justin had a courage neither of us  
has had.

Barry shifts uneasily as he sucks on his drink.

BARRY

He which hath no stomach for this  
fight/ Let him depart.

Morris, trying his best not to be riled by Barry's flippancy.

MORRIS

A courage to know that who and what  
they are isn't a sickness. It's a  
natural way of being. We've been  
living like this since the Zande  
Warriors.

Barry throws a dismissive look.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

We even got gay rappers now, Barry!

For the first time since Barry arrived, Morris, though still  
anxious, lightens up. He takes off his hat and puts it on his  
lap, staring lovingly at Barry.

BARRY (V.O.)

*What... is... he... up... to?*

Morris' next words are weighed carefully.

MORRIS

And, if we so choose, gay  
marriages...



MORRIS (CONT'D)

Seeing as you say you're divorcing  
Carmel, and seeing as I'm chupit  
enough to half believe you...

Morris grins, tipping his head sideways.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Why don't we go the whole hog? My  
friend Pierre and him partner,  
Darius just got engaged. Why don't  
we?

Barry's face is a picture. All of his hunger is gone. The  
smell from his stew now noxious and making him nauseous.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Well... say something...

Barry is silent.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Barry!

(beat)

I thought this what you wanted?

BARRY

In what world did you think-

MORRIS

Earlier. Us. On the phone. When we  
were both thinking the same thing!

BARRY

Yes! Of you coming to stay for a  
few days or even until Carmel got  
back! But I assure you, I was not  
thinking about marriage!

Before Barry can finish his sentence, Morris is up from his  
chair, returning his hat firmly to his head.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

MORRIS

What I should've done a long time ago.

Barry's eyes flick uncomfortably to and fro.

BARRY

Sit down, man. You embarrassing yourself.

Morris's look is cutting. His voiced laced with finality:

MORRIS

Goodbye Barry.

And with that, Morris is on his way out the door.

Barry remains seated, watching on with resignation as BOOM! The door slams closed. Its bell shaking violently.

BARRY (V.O.)

*Lord ha mercy... I blown it now.*

46      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - DAY**      46

Barry enters the quiet house.

He removes his brogues and leaves them on the carpet by the front door as he makes his way into-

47      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**      47

Barry grabs a fresh bottle of BACARDI from a cabinet and heads straight back out.

48      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**      48

Barry makes his way up the stairs, taking intermittent swigs of Bacardi as he goes.

49      **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**      49

Barry enters and heads straight for the bed. He places the bottle on his side table next to the one already empty.

Barry lies down on his side of the bed - almost as if there exists an invisible barrier down the middle that he's unable to cross.

Propped up, Barry takes another long swig of his liquid comfort as he tries to wash away his regret and disdain over the destructive nature that will surely see him die alone.

And that's where we leave him. On his own.

Physically... and emotionally.

**END OF EPISODE.**