

MR LOVERMAN

EPISODE 6

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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Of all animals, the boy is the most unmanageable.

-Plato, 429-347 BC

1

EXT. WALKER FAMILY HOME - ANTIGUA - 1969

1

TEENAGE BARRY AND MORRIS (19), dripping with sweat, race with urgent excitement towards a small bungalow with corrugated-tin roof.

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*
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2

INT. WALKER FAMILY HOME - LIVING ROOM - ANTIGUA - 1969

2

Alone inside, **TEENAGE BARRY AND MORRIS** (19), dripping with sweat, claw rampantly at one another, bursting with a heat within to match the sweltering tropic outside.

Barry thrusts a hand into Morris' briefs, dragging him to the floor when suddenly:

The door is thrown open by **LARRY WALKER** (23), tall and handsome, in a desperate rush to get out of the rain.

Presented with the shocking sight before him, Larry reels like someone has just fired a gunshot into his chest, staggering backwards and fleeing back out into the deluge.

Barry and Morris can only watch on, frozen with fear, as the light wooden doorframe with torn mosquito netting swings back and forth like something from an outback horror movie.

TEENAGE BARRY

We hafta go, Morris, man, right now. Or we dead!

Morris follows his panicked gaze to the window.

TEENAGE MORRIS

Go where, Barry? Where we goin go?

Barry, mind reeling, pacing, unsure as a large **WOODEN CRUCIFIX** looms on the wall above him.

TEENAGE BARRY

Anywhere but here. Come, before-

Larry bursts back in - soaked, seething and befuddled, one hand balled into a tight fist as his other retrieves snatches up a fire stoker from beside the door, clenches it tight.

Petrified, Barry and Morris brace themselves for whatever onslaught marks the beginning of the end of life as they know it as Larry charges for Barry. Morris tries to intervene but is brushed aside as Larry grabs Barry, slams him against the wall. Full of disgust and shame, it seems Larry will smash Barry's head in until he sends the stoker hard against the wall instead.

Breathing heavy, he grimaces at the pair with a sense of menace. Struggling with a plethora of conflicting thoughts.

LARRY

You two chupit boys best listen and
listen good...

Lip bloodied, Morris picks himself up off the floor.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Aryuh rass damned lucky it was me.
(tense beat)
You only get one life. If you screw
it up, a no joke. Understand?

They nod, still fearful.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You'll destroy everything.

And with that, Larry squeezes Barry's shoulder as he passes
to go to his room. Barry and Morris exchange a sad look.

'MR LOVERMAN'

PRE-LAP: THE SOUND OF A PHONE RINGING...

3

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

3

BARRY, slumped in his throne at the head of the kitchen,
dirty and dishevelled, surrounded by a detritus of bottles
and cans, etc. His BLEARY EYES opening at the sound.

Catching sight of someone. A FIGURE at the table with him.

BARRY

Morris?

Hazy, but yes. **MORRIS**. Sat in his usual seat to the side.

MORRIS

It's okay, I'm here.

Morris taps three times. Smiling, Barry taps twice,
comforted, until - with the phone increasing in volume - he
realises Morris isn't really there. Barry's face falls.

4

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

4

Barry, his back sore, stands with the phone to his ear.

DONNA (V.O.)

You are, without doubt, the most
heartless-unsupportive-thoughtless,
God, most unfeeling person ever.

BARRY

Donna, darling, it too early for
such accolades.

INTERCUT WITH:

5

INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

5

DONNA, mobile on speaker, adding piles of food provisions - teabags, sweets, biscuits etc. - to her suitcase.

DONNA

Don't you "Donna darling" me, Dad.
I'm flying out to Antigua this
afternoon, since you won't. I'll
drop Daniel off at yours around
midday.

BARRY

Come again?!

REVEAL **DANIEL**, waving his arms and mouthing in silent protestation that he doesn't want to go! Donna ignores him.

DONNA

I need you to look after him.

BARRY

But-

DONNA (CONT'D)

Trust me, if I had any other
option, I wouldn't be asking.
Maxine has a work thing. He's
got to revise for his mocks,
so don't let him go out or
have any friends over, okay?

Daniel storms out, slamming the door.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Listen, I-

DONNA

I'm relying on you to behave
yourself, to set an example. Do you
understand?

Silence.

BARRY (V.O.)
Welcome to Planet Donna Deluded.

DONNA
I said, *Do-you-understand?!*
(beat)
Am I making myself clear, Dad?

BARRY
(finally)
Clear as crystal, dear.

DONNA
Good. It's time you got to know
your grandson, again.

Donna hangs up. Barry lowers the receiver. Rubs his face as he takes in the state of the place around him. *Oh Dear God.*

6

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

6

Barry begins collecting the numerous empty cans, cartons, bottles, and wrappers deposited on the various surfaces.

Soon as he opens the bin, the stink of decomposing food nearly knocks him out.

Barry, Marigolds on, attacking the thickly encrusted crockery piled high in the sink. He scrubs and scrubs, but it's no mean feat. Growing frustrated as laughter sounds. He turns to see **CARMEL** observing him, amused.

BARRY
You must have some special cleaning
procedure you inherited from yuh
mother.

Barry, once more alone, gives up.

Barry eyes the old dishwasher Carmel bought in 1998 with bewilderment.

CARMEL (O.S.)
Should be a doddle for someone as
smart as you, Barrington?

Barry, annoyed, looks over at Carmel, who now sits at the table nonchalantly reading her Bible. He kisses his teeth.

BARRY

What mi look like? A NASA engineer?

Barry, back at the sink, scrubbing, stopping only to dab his brow.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Women have these skills you pass down, like secret rites, like how to give birth to children and how to give men grief.

7

EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY

7

Barry hobbles out and drags two brimming rubbish bags down the front steps to the faded, old bins - one black, one green. Ponders which one to deposit the bags into for a moment.

BARRY

How come yuh never tell me which is for which?

He looks up. Carmel now lounging by the steps, watching.

CARMEL

I did. You just never listened.

Barry waves her off before deciding on dumping both into the green. Satisfied, he dusts his hands - with Carmel having vanished.

Barry walks out of frame, away from the house.

8

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

8

Barry dumps FOOD SHOPPING BAGS on the kitchen counter. Joints aching and stiff, he unpacks the items (milk, Honey Monster Puffs, rum, Ribena, Guinness) and puts them away. He stops at the sight of faded pen markings on the cupboard door to record the various heights of Maxine and Donna as they grew over the decades.

BARRY

You wanted to paint over this.

Carmel appears beside him.

CARMEL

That was you.

BARRY

No, sah.
(off her adamant nod)
(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

Well, didn't I have the right to?
Is my house. I bought it.

CARMEL

You may've bought the house,
Barrington... But I made it a home!

DING DONG! DING DONG! Barry looks to swallow his nerves.

9 OMITTED 9

10 OMITTED 10

11 OMITTED 11

12 OMITTED 12

13 OMITTED 13

14 **INT./EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER** 4

Barry opens the door to find Daniel on the doorstep, wearing jeans and a black T-shirt with "Puma" written across the front in gold. Barry looks up at the tall, young man.

BARRY

Boy, yuh grown an inch since last
Sunday or what?

Daniel, trying, smiles a Colgate-smile, lowers his holdall.

DANIEL

Hello, Grandy.

Barry spots Donna peering out from her car. He goes to wave, but she peels away abruptly, much to his sadness.

BARRY

Hello, Danny-Boy.

Barry slaps his Grandson's back hard in the male version of a hug that is actually an assertion of masculine prowess.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Good lord! What's that aftershave
yuh wearing?

DANIEL

(chuckling)
Why, do you like it?

BARRY

It smell like a funeral home.

Barry closes the door behind Daniel. Notices a pile of shoes and clothes by the front door that he's forgotten to tidy. Gives them a surreptitious kick to one side. Too late:

DANIEL

The bachelor life is it, Grandy?

BARRY

Cheeky git's got my chuckle.

DANIEL

Mum said you'd turn this place into a dump within a week.

Barry smiles mischievously.

BARRY

Really? What else did my delightful daughter say about me?

Daniel gives him a look that says, *I don't think you really want to know, do you?* An awkward pause.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Tell you what. You go upstairs and offload your stuff, and then we can have a natter about what slanderous things are being said about innocent people. I'll put the kettle on, or would you prefer something a little stronger?

DANIEL

Grandy, it's only, like, half eleven in the morning.

BARRY

You're right, laddie. Maybe you ain't had no breakfast yet. Can't drink on an empty stomach. I got some Sugar Puffs for you.

Daniel gives Barry a look, then hoists his holdall over his shoulder and starts bounding upstairs.

Barry watches, exhibits a weary sigh. Then smiles at an idea forming.

15

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

15

SURVEY WITH MAJESTIC BEAUTY: A bottle of Chivas Regal Scotch, Captain Morgan, English Harbour Three-Year-Old Rum, Bacardi Gold, Glengoyne, Jack Daniel's, Wild Turkey, mixers, ice bucket, cut-crystal spirit tumblers.

CLAP! Barry slaps his hands together. Announces proudly:

BARRY

Welcome to Barry's Bar!

Daniel, amazed, regards the impressive spread on the table.

DANIEL

Wow. Mum would be livid.

BARRY

You're right. Maybe you should stick to squash.

That does the trick.

DANIEL

Gimme one glass of whisky, neat,
'cos I is a rude bwoy.

Daniel picks up the bottle and reads the label.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

An' mi wan' it on the rocks,
Grampops.

BARRY

Either yuh Irish all of a sudden,
or yuh trying to make fun of me.

DANIEL

(normal voice)

Not at all. It's just I wish I
could talk patois like you, but Mum
always forbade it.

Barry, pleasantly surprised, starts fixing drinks.

BARRY

Danny-Boy, lemme tell you
something. Speaking one tongue
don't preclude excellence in
another. I can speak the King's
when I feel like it.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

I know my syntax from my semiotics,
my homographs from my homophones,
and don't even get me started on my
dangling participles. *Um-hm.*

Barry screws the top back on the Wild Turkey.

DANIEL

Wow, really?

BARRY

Oh, yes, back home I'd get beats if
I didn't know my grammar.

DANIEL

I know my grammar too, but we're in
the minority, Grandy. And
sometimes...

BARRY

Go on. Safe space here, Danny-Boy.

DANIEL

I don't know. Sometimes I wish I
didn't.

BARRY

What make you say that?

DANIEL

Because it makes people treat me
funny. Black and white. Almost
mistrustfully, you know?

Barry hands Daniel a tumbler of whisky.

BARRY

Pay them no mind. As we already
established, most people are plain
stupid.

Daniel nods.

DANIEL

You just have to go on socials to
see that.

BARRY

Socials?.

Daniel smells his drink.

DANIEL
Social media. I'll show you
sometime, get you online. Bring the
world into your sitting room.

BARRY
I don't want the whole world making
noise in my yard, Danny-Boy. I got
enough troublemakers in my life a-
ready. Cheers.

They raise their glasses. Drink. Daniel splutters.

DANIEL
(covering)
I'm, uh, more of a brandy man
myself.

Barry raises an eyebrow.

BARRY
Any other secrets you keeping from
your mother? You know she thinks
you are totally teetotalized?

DANIEL
And you think I eat Sugar Puffs.

Barry regards his Grandson.

BARRY (V.O.)
*Lord, when him did turn into such-a
cocky bugger?!*

16

EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT STEPS - DAY

16

Barry and Daniel, sitting on the front steps, tumblers in
hand, Wild Turkey to the side, enjoying the warm sunshine.

DANIEL
...all I'm saying is, people need
to stop treating me like a baby.

BARRY

In which case let's talk, man to man.

And as though to prove who the real man is, Barry knocks back his drink in one, pours himself another.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Let's cut to the chase, eh? What your mother been saying about me?

Daniel swills his drink as if he's having a post-dinner drink in an English gentleman's club circa 1920.

DANIEL

Look, it's not so much she hates you... more she hates herself and transfers it on to others.

Barry, considering this, wipes his mouth.

BARRY

Hm. You know what they call that? Freudian Projection. It's-

DANIEL

Yes of course. I know. I studied it for my psychology GCSE. It's a psychological defence mechanism whereby someone unconsciously denies his or her own attributes, thoughts and emotions, which are then projected on to others, such as a convenient alternative target.

BARRY (V.O.)

*Was I ever such a smug know-it-all?
Only problem is, he sounds like
he's reciting it from a textbook.*

Daniel takes out his phone as a rapid-fire of messages from a group chat SOUND: '**STOP BEING SUCH A FAG!/'Why he couldn't seal the deal with Chris'/'What's your problem, Danny-Boy?'**

Doing his best to ignore them, he pockets the phone. Drinks.

Barry scrutinises him closely for a moment.

BARRY

You got a girlfriend, Daniel?

Daniel, uncomfortable, weighs up his response.

DANIEL
Yes, Chris...

INSERT FLASH IMAGE: CHRIS, SWEARING UP A STORM, AS SHE RUSHES FROM DANIEL'S BEDROOM COVERED IN HIS SICK (EP 5 SC 16).

DANIEL (CONT'D)
It's complicated.

Barry raises an eyebrow.

BARRY
Isn't it always.

DANIEL
Don't tell Mum, though. I swear,
living with her is like living in
an insane asylum.

Daniel, tongue growing looser, finishes his drink.
Nonchalantly waves his tumbler at Barry for a refill.

BARRY
Boy goin' fit right in at Oxford.
(ignoring the request)
What make yuh think she mad?

DANIEL
She's the biggest hypochondriac.
Smallest thing wrong with me and
it's, like, terminal. Yet she still
plies me with fast food and
processed junk because she refused
to learn how to cook out of protest
for women's rights. She can't even
rinse a lettuce under a tap, has to
buy it ready-washed.

Daniel waves his glass again at Barry, who again ignores it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
How sectionable is that? And no
matter how much "therapy" she has,
she still blames Dad for
everything, when I know for a fact
she was a right bitch to him and
forced him to leave.

BARRY
Whoa, hold up, that's my daughter
you calling a bitch!

DANIEL
And my mother.

BARRY

He got you there... Tell me, how
you know what went on when he left
before you was even born?

DANIEL

He told me.

BARRY

Yuh mean you see your father? Yuh
see Frankie?

Shit. Daniel realises his mistake.

Off Barry, rocked by this revelation as we revisit:

17 OMITTED

17

18 **INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT - 2007**

18

The same scene from **EP 5 SC 6**, only from Barry's perspective,
as he watches Donna lying in the bed, bruised and badly
beaten. Every small movement, agony.

BARRY (V.O.)

*Look what that so-called-man done
to your baby girl.*

Beside Barry, Carmel holds BABY DANIEL.

CARMEL

We should call the police.

Donna winces in pain as she shakes her head, panicked.

DONNA

No, Mum, please.

BARRY

She right, Carm. No police.
(off Carmel's look)
Let it be. It neither theirs nor
your place to intervene.

Donna stares sadly at her father.

BARRY (V.O.)

It mine.

19 **EXT. SOUTH LONDON FLAT - WALKWAY - DAY - 2007**

19

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! A leather-gloved fist pounds against a
closed front door. Reveal Barry and Morris, suited but stern.

Ready to administer the mother of all ass-whoopings as a MAN IN BOXER SHORTS and VEST, opens the door, peers out. **FRANKIE**. 30s. Handsome, deadbeat. Stunned and scared by his guests.

FRANKIE

Whoa, whoa, Mr Walker. Whatever she said I did, I swear, she lying.

This only serves to infuriate Barry further. WHAM! He suddenly HEADBUTS Frankie's, sending him sprawling as Barry and Morris descend upon him.

20

EXT. PARK OPPOSITE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY

20

Barry and Daniel sit on a park bench.

BARRY

How long this been goin' on?

DANIEL

(shrugs)

A while. Needed someone to talk to, you know? A man in my life.

It's said innocently enough, still Barry reacts.

BARRY

Good. Maybe he'd like to man up and pay for your schoolin'. God knows him owe enough in child support.

DANIEL

Yes, okay, so he's made a few mistakes. But then who hasn't?!

They hold one another's eye for a moment.

BARRY

Your mother don't know about you and Frankie, right?

Daniel's phone sounds. Two more messages: **'No balls!'** **'Pussy'**

Again, he tries his best to ignore them. Shakes his head.

DANIEL

She'd go even more mental.

BARRY

Good. Don't ever tell her! Ok?

DANIEL

(nodding)

Anymore to drink ? Please.

Barry, at least attempting to be responsible, ponders, then:

BARRY

Here, since you after some cultural heritage. Time you tried some rum.

DANIEL

Grandy, I have drunk rum before, you know?

Barry passes Daniel his hip flask.

Daniel takes a sip. Beat.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'd better be careful or I'll end up like Mum, a total alky.

BARRY

Except Donna's not a big drinker, Danny-Boy.

DANIEL

You're kidding me right? She drinks like a fish and then has the temerity to tell me I'm not even allowed to taste it. Then she'll cry herself to sleep over how lonely she is.

This is clearly news to Barry.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm counting down the days to Uni.

BARRY

It hard being a single mother.

DANIEL

Like I tell her, constantly... I never asked to be born.

Barry is affronted.

BARRY

What yuh whan fuh be dead?

Awkward beat as Barry takes a sip. Then, softening:

BARRY (CONT'D)

You ready for something to nyam? I got pizza.

Daniel smiles.

DANIEL

Sure. Though this week I'm going to cook for you. Okay? Something green!

Barry chuckles - almost as if the boy is crazy.

BARRY

Okay, Danny-Boy.

20A

INT. WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

20A

Barry opens the oven door to check on a pizza cooking inside. Over the course of the following, Daniel will start to take the pizza packaging out of the main bin, sorting out what's recyclable and what's not.

BARRY

I hear you got to revise? How you getting on with all that?

DANIEL

(unconvincingly)

Cool.

Daniel raps his skull with his knuckles.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

The data is all lodged up in this hard drive of mine. I'm applying for Harvard now as well as Oxford. There's so much competition. Only one person can be Britain's first black PM. Rishi's already beaten me to being the first one of colour. I'm running out of time!

BARRY

Danny-Boy, the real test of success is how you manage failure. You got to be prepared to improvise.

Barry pulls the pizza out of the oven. It's charred.

DANIEL

How're you going to improvise this?

CUT TO:

THE TABLE - Barry and Daniel sit eating Curly Wurlys and drinking in a relaxed, boozed-up quietude.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(drowsily)
I like being here, Grandy.
Though... where's your partner-in-crime?

BARRY
I take it you mean Uncle Morris? He
busy right now.

Barry's tone signals an end to that particular conversational thread... or so he thinks...

DANIEL
Aha, so you had a lover's tiff?

Barry sits up straighter in his chair.

BARRY
(sharply)
What you say?

DANIEL
It's Mum's little joke. Says you
and Morris should have married each
other, because you're inseparable.

Barry just stares for a moment. Then suddenly jerks forwards, his demeanour darkening.

BARRY
Danny-Boy, let me tell you
something you don't know. Me and
Uncle Morris have been lovers since
we was younger than you are now. So
what you got to say about that?!

Daniel, stunned, drops his tumbler.

CUT TO:

Barry, smiling silently to himself. Amused by the little fantasy that's just played out in his head as Daniel serenely continues to sip his tumbler of rum and eat his Curly Wurly.

PRE-LAP: RETCHING...

Daniel pukes up his guts into the toilet. Barry watches on, a smug, knowing smile.

BARRY

He who would learn to fly one day,
Danny-Boy, must first learn to
stand and walk.

He pats his grandson "supportively" on the shoulder.

PRE-LAP: The ABSTRACT SOUND OF A MOBILE'S MESSAGE ALERT...

CUT TO:

22

A MOBILE'S SCREEN

22

A MESSAGE pops up: *'It's just a video'*.

Again followed by a rapid fire of others from the GROUP CHAT:

'Yeah, D-man, stop being such a bitch'

'U mean, COCONUT!'

A series of LAUGHING EMOJIS bombard us.

Catch a reflection in the screen. Daniel's face. A voice:

VOICE

Everything alright?

23

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - MAXINE'S OLD BEDROOM - NIGHT 23

Daniel, sitting up on the single bed in Maxine's old teenage bedroom, lowers his mobile to find Barry in the doorway.

DANIEL

Yeah, fine thanks now, Grandy.

Except he doesn't look it. More than just hungover.

BARRY

Problem with having the whole world
in your bedroom, Danny-Boy, mi
suspect, it make it hard to sleep.

Barry indicates his phone that's still sounding off with messages. Daniel considers sharing whatever his burden is with his Grandy for a moment, before retreating.

DANIEL

Maybe, Grandy. If there wasn't a
little thing called 'night mode'.

He hits a button, and the noises stop.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Et voilà. revision tomorrow!

BARRY

Okay, good. Well, can mi get you anything else? Hot chocolate or-

DANIEL

You'll be offering to tuck me in, next.

A smug smile from the youngster.

BARRY

Once 'pon a time... *back when mi did like you, perhaps. But now...*

Barry hovers on the boundary of the room, sadly, unsure what to do. He takes in Maxine's old stuff - the objets d'art, the sparkly, sequined letters of her name above the bed...

BARRY (CONT'D)

Well... good night.

DANIEL

Night. Grandy.

Barry closes the door. Daniel immediately goes back to his phone. A load of new emojis - coconuts and bald granddads.

24 OMITTED 24

25 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 25

Barry lies there in the lamp light, wide awake. Troubled by a multitude of thoughts.

BARRY

The little prat and him slanderous mother are right about something, B. You should've married Morris...

The camera moves around Barry to reveal YOUNG BARRY and YOUNG MORRIS sitting on the bed next to him.

LARRY (V.O.)

You only get one life. You screw it up, ah no joke. Understand? You'll destroy everything.

Barry's eyes - a well of sadness.

He shakes his head, reaches over and switches off the light.

26 **EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY** 26

Morning sunlight spills onto the home.

27 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - STAIRS / HALLWAY - DAY** 27

Barry makes his way down in a half-zombified state. Wipes his eyes as he heads for...

28 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS** 28

...entering with silent footfall to find Daniel at the table with his back to the door, hunched over, muttering, surrounded by a mound of books, seemingly in deep study-mode.

Barry is impressed. Before a mischievous idea hits.

Barry starts to sneak up on Daniel, ready to give him a scare until, edging closer, he hears what Daniel is mumbling:

DANIEL

Truth is, you man is pussy. Screw facing hard like you want dick. But when I pull up, you ain't saying shit. Fucking faggots. Suck on my nine inch bit, PAP, PAP, PAP!

Daniel nods. Not too shabby, before:

BARRY

Boy, what the hell is this?

Daniel turns with a jolt. Scrambles to shut off the VOICE NOTE he's been recording on his phone. It replays. Shit!

DANIEL

Uh, morning, Grandy.

BARRY

Don't morning Grandy me.

DANIEL

It's not what it looks like.

BARRY

Clearly, cos here's me thinking you up early studying, when really you here in my house spouting this - this -this hateful shit!

DANIEL

Grandy, you don't understand, it's just music... You know, lyrics - for a drill song. Look.

Daniel shows Barry A VIDEO ON HIS PHONE. A group of young men in balaclavas, posturing with weapons as one spits a rap.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I don't - it's not like I believe
any of it.

BARRY

Then why are you saying it?

DANIEL

I dunno. It's what my friends and I
are into. Well, them more than me.
They thought it'd be cool to do a
video like this. You know, for
TikTok? Asked me to do the rap.

Barry, seen enough, signals for Daniel to turn the video off.

BARRY

Why you?

They both know full well why him. Still, Daniel shrugs.

DANIEL

I am the best at English...

Barry just stares at him. Then, very calmly:

BARRY

Get your coat.

29

EXT. STREET - DAY

29

A MEMORIAL. Tied to railings. A name made out of flowers:
'Jerome Cole-Wilson'. Dates: '2010-2024'. 'Rest in Power'.

Barry and Daniel looking down at it. Barry holds some wild
flowers in his hand. Adds them to a pile of decaying ones as
Daniel takes in the collage of photographs of the young man.

DANIEL

I... Did I know him?

BARRY

(shakes head)

Nor me. But he was one-a we, one of
our family. My brother Larry's
grandson. One I never even knew
existed 'til him get stabbed,
murdered, and became just another
headline.

Daniel looks at Barry. *Seriously?* Barry nods.

DANIEL

God. He was only fourteen.

BARRY

(nodding)

You could-a been a role model for him. Now let him be a warning to you!

Daniel looks uneasy.

DANIEL

Grandy, I told you-

BARRY

And I'm telling you, Danny-Boy, these idiot friends of yours are indulging in a fad that will have no consequence on their futures - whereas for you... First Black PM? Forget it if this drill nonsense were to ever get out.

DANIEL

I mean, no one ever shows their faces in the videos Grandy...

(off Barry's look)

But, I hear you. I do.

BARRY

I hope so. Sad truth is, certain people can cock-a-doodle pigs and still get ahead. But that's not the reality for us black folk. Raising you, your mum understood this. It's time you did too.

Daniel nods.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Never let other people's narrow minded expectations dictate who you are - who you're going to be, or what life you should live. Only cowards and fools do that.

Barry looks back down at the memorial.

BARRY (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Cowards and fools. Trapped in them own graves. Forever.

Daniel nods at Barry's solemnity. A moment of real connection between the two as Barry squeezes Daniel's shoulder.

31 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - THE FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 31

The door is opened by Barry, who enters carrying a tray with a mug of tea and a wide selection of biscuits on a plate.

BARRY

Thought you could do with a break.

Barry sets the tray down on a glass coffee table adorned with silk flowers in a vase, next to the white sofa (still covered in its plastic forty years after Carmel bought it) where Daniel works, with textbooks and laptop and one leg bent under the other.

His gaze wandering around the room, as though only properly taking it in for the first time in years:

The concentric, psychedelic and positively hallucinogenic orange discs masquerading as wallpaper, superimposed with sentimental reproductions of Victorian urchins and gilt-edged photographs of the various Walker and Miller generations. The thick Persian carpet, and embroidered drapes more suited to a medieval castle. Lace antimacassars placed on armrests, a glass cabinet filled with every type of gold-rimmed drinking vessel, next to a drinks trolley with pineapple ice bucket.

As Barry's gaze continues to pan, we merge seamlessly into:

32 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - THE FRONT ROOM - 1987** 32

Where CARMEL is adding a new addition to her vast collection of ceramic dogs and cats, glass fishes, birds, crotchet dolls with flouncy flamenco skirts on shelves above the gas fireplace doubling as a giant map of Antigua.

BARRY (O.S.)

Woman, we need to talk about this hobby of yours that fast turning into an addiction.

We continue to watch from Barry's POV as Carmel carefully finishes positioning her new piece, and nods proudly.

CARMEL

You're fine one to talk about addiction, Barrington.

BARRY

If Mr Socrates was right when he said, "Let all my external possessions be in friendly harmony with what is within", then this room is a worrying reflection of your state of mind, my dear.

Carmel takes in her stuff.

CARMEL

It make me happy. That so bad?

BARRY

Well... if it make you happy...

CARMEL

Is the only place my troubles nuh follow me.

BARRY

You deserve that.

CARMEL

(playful)

Damn right I do.

Carmel reaches out a hand to Barry, pulling him in. They sway together, dancing.

33

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - THE FRONT ROOM - DAY

33

Barry smiles softly at the memory.

BARRY (V.O.)

It's only when you about to enter a conflict zone that you realise how entrenched you are in your so called comfort zone.

His attention moves from the *objets tat* back to Daniel, now grimacing as he rubs his head.

BARRY (V.O.)

Not surprised the boy got a headache with that wallpaper. Carmel can take it with her, cos me, I ain't moving. No, sah!

34

OMITTED

34

35

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

35

Barry and Daniel, in front of the TV, empty fish and chip containers on their laps. Replete, Daniel rubs his belly. They smile at each other.

BARRY

Good, eh? And locally sourced too.

Barry chuckles, nudges his grandson, who retaliates.

DANIEL

Moon run faas but day ketch im.

It's delivered near perfectly. Barry is surprised.

BARRY

Indeed. Your actions and misdeeds
will eventually have consequences.
Very good, Danny-Boy. Very good.

Daniel grins proudly, when... DING DONG! DING DONG!

DANIEL

Oh, I've got to go!

BARRY

Go where?

DANIEL

Off out with a couple of school friends.

(off Barry's look)

Don't worry, not those friends.

(off Barry's look)

I swear.

BARRY

*Tell him to sit him lanky ass down.
That him not going nowhere. You
heard what Donna said. But... what
about our show? It about to start.*

DANIEL

Fill me in tomorrow. Back late, so
no need to wait up.

BARRY

You want me to come pick you up?

DANIEL

No, thanks, my friend's got a car.

BARRY (V.O.)

Your friend got a name?!

He watches as Daniel crosses to the door, pulling on a pink polo shirt and cap. Tries to shake off his concerns.

BARRY

Well, you go and enjoy yourself,
blow off some steam, eh? Strike
some poses on the dancefloor.

DANIEL

(amused)

Thanks, Grandy. I knew you'd
understand.

BARRY

And don't look at any roughnecks
the wrong way Danny-Boy or they
might shoot you!

But Daniel's already out the door and gone.

37 OMITTED 37

38 OMITTED 38

39 **EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - THE FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER** 39

Barry at the front door hoping to see who's in the TOYOTA CRUISER parked up outside. But all he can make out is Daniel edging himself into the back seat before it roars off.

A great sense of portent suddenly coming over him.

40 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT** 40

Barry, tipsy, alone at the table with his good friends Mr Whisky and Mr Rum, trying to distract his concern over Daniel by reading A BOOK OF SONNETS. He stops, closes his book.

Takes in Morris's empty chair.

BARRY (V.O.)
*Where's Morris when you need him?
He'd tell you not to worry so, you
old fool...*

Barry takes a sip of his drink.

BARRY (V.O.)
You coward.

Then another, more determined one, before standing with purpose.

41 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER** 41

Barry marches into the hallway and picks up the phone.

42 **INT. MORRIS' FLAT - NIGHT** 42

MORRIS - in the middle of executing a DOWNWARD FACING DOG pose.

Still a little lost and wounded, but determined to work through it as he moves into a HEADSTAND, slowly finding his resolve. Suddenly he's distracted by his house phone ringing.

A frisson of anticipation surges through him as he abandons his yoga and answers the phone.

MORRIS
Hullo?

Silence.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Hullo?

INTERCUT WITH:

43 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

43

Barry, phone to ear, silent.

MORRIS
Hullo? Who is this?

Barry still can't bring himself to say anything. His mind elsewhere. A HAND GRIPS HIS SHOULDER. Belonging to LARRY.

MORRIS (CONT'D)
Barry? Is that you?

Barry looks at Larry, who shakes his head solemnly.

LARRY
Remember what mi-a tell yuh...

MORRIS
Hullo?

Barry hangs up. Completely alone once more. Drinks.

44 **INT. MORGUE - DAY**

44

Daniel's cold, lifeless body resting on a mortuary slab with marbling skin and single slash wound across his throat.

Barry looks down at him, bereft.

Suddenly Daniel's hand shoots up and clutches Barry's arm as his eyes snap open.

DANIEL
Should be you, Grandy. Coward!

45 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

45

Barry wakes with a start from his nightmare. The rumble of a train vibrating underneath the house's foundations. Or so he thinks as he sits up and puts on his reading glasses to look at the extra-large illuminated numbers on the bedside clock.

It's 2.37 a.m.

The rumble comes again. Barry's woozy mind tries to focus.

BARRY
Hol' up. Since when I live above a tube line?

46 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - LANDING / STAIRS - NIGHT**

46

Barry, in only his pajama bottoms, staggers out onto the landing, hearing music so loud it vibrates on his chest.

It's a DRILL SONG. Lyrics, harsh and hostile, spewing out various deep forms of misogyny and homophobia.

Barry tries to dash down the stairs but almost ends up flying headlong, so he slows his pace, steadies his drunk self.

47

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - THE FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

47

Barry opens the door, the room is a fog of SENSE so thick it chokes him up. Through the haze and his spluttering he can make out THREE YOUTHS, plus Daniel laid out on the sofa. The HAIR-GELLED, PRIVILEGED, PUBLIC SCHOOL, 'RUGGER' types we saw in **Ep 2**. One, **RAFF**, is doing some form of arm dancing while lying down with his feet on the glass coffee table. Another, **TIM**, is lolling about in an armchair, holding a bottle of Captain Morgan, eyes closed, spliff in mouth, donning one of Barry's HATS. The third, **LOUIS**, a skinny public-school weed, is doing some form of hip-hop gyrating next to the iPhone and portable speaker, from which the MUSIC BLARES.

Louis looks over at Barry, entering. Greets him with a stoned nod, like everything's normal, then does a double-take.

Raff freezes upon seeing Barry, stumbling over towards Daniel nudging him awake. Daniel, however, doesn't stir. Barry walks over to the mantelpiece, horrified to find Carmel's precious ornaments all messed up, some smashed.

The homophobic hook of the song hits again, only much clearer now. *Bun dem chi chi man!*

BARRY
(Incandescent)
What happened to Daniel?

Raff and Louis, sobering quickly, react with shock.

RAFF

Sorry, we didn't- Tim let's go!

TIM

Fuck that. Dan said it was cool.

Tim mimes the lyrics of the song. Raff and Louis look on horrified as Tim reaches for a bottle of liquor, pours some out.

TIM (CONT'D)

For the homeboy, Jerome!

Incandescent with rage, Barry grabs the bottle off Tim, pushes him back. Tim stumbles on Carmel's figurine and falls onto the sofa, woozy. He takes Barry's hat that's on the sofa, puts it on his head, giggling.

Barry grabs his hat back, picks up the remaining figurines that have been used as toys on the floor. He tries to tidy what he can, whilst the homophobic music blasts away. It's all Barry can do to try and bring some equilibrium back into this sacred space that's so dear to Carmel. He goes to wake Daniel, who starts to stir back to life.

Barry's rage is boiling, the sense of betrayal is growing.

BARRY

Look at the damn place! Your
Grandma's things.
LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
Come in my yard, smoking, trashing,
trespassing! Get the fuck out of my
house, now!

He pulls the iPhone from the speaker's base and throws it on the ground. Tim lurching his rugby-sized frame off of the sofa towards Barry, like he's ready to knock his block off.

TIM

(re: iPhone)

Ayo. How dare you damage my
personal property.

BARRY

Fuck your property! Nah make me ask
yuh again! FUCK OFF!

Barry balls his fist, akin to the man we saw kicking in Frankie's door. Tim, taken by surprise, retreats a little.

Raff and Louis, who have been contritely trying to tidy up, only to break more stuff, try to haul Tim away.

Daniel is now properly awake, bewildered and mortified.

DANIEL
Grandad, I-I-I-

Barry seethes at Daniel's betrayal.

DANIEL (CONT'D)
I never meant-

BARRY
Don't speak to me.

Barry now swivels round to face Tim, ready to take him on.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out and take your
homophobic music with you!

TIM
It's just music, old man!
(repeating the lyrics)
Bun dem chi chi man! Bun dem.

DANIEL
(to Tim)
Just go, please!

TIM
Fuck you getting all up at me for?

BARRY
What ya gonna do?

Barry watches as Tim stubs out his roach into one of Carmel's ornaments, turns back to him.

TIM
Acting like you want
dick/(something)! Cock-sucker!

BARRY
You wanna fucking burn me?! Burn
this cocksucker, do you?! COME ON,
BURN ME, BURN THIS COCKSUCKER! COME
ON! I dare you! Burn me!

He reacts in the only way he knows, which is to exert with full might. It's as if he wants the lads to hit him, daring them. Barry has finally snapped, his secret unleashed. He can't retrieve it back.

The ferocity of his retort brings the room to a deafening standstill. The longer it remains, the more guilty Barry feels. All eyes are on him for what feels like an eternity amplifying his shame, making him self-conscious.

The lads look at one another, unsure how to take what Barry has said.

DANIEL

Grandy?

We hold on the fraught silence and Daniel's growing uncertainty, somewhat dumbfounded.

Barry does his very best to hide what has happened. The shame and guilt so glaringly loud he can only match it with roaring rage.

BARRY

(Shouting)

Take yuh friends and get out of my yard, you rass punk.

DANIEL

What?

Daniel's friends don't need to be told again as they make a swift exit. Daniel, rocked, hovers in the doorway.

BARRY

Go on, get out. All-a you. Gwarn, no! Gwarn, no! Before I go call police!

DANIEL

My things, I need my things.

Daniel staggers out...

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

...and in a haze of disbelief, stumbles up the stairs to:

49 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - MAXINE'S OLD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 49

Where, near tears, he retrieves his holdall from under the bed and starts to pack up his stuff - heads back out onto:

50 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - STAIRS/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS** 50

Making his way cautiously back down to where Barry paces in the hall below, still irate as he flings open the front door.

BARRY

You as rotten as your daddy, you a loser like the rest of dem.

Daniel, not wanting to leave, dabbing at his wet eyes.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Goo way, bwoy. Go!

Daniel steps out and Barry slams the door behind him. The force of which makes its foundations shake.

So does Barry's hand as he outstretches it to maintain his balance. His vision and world spiralling out of control as:

He collapses on to the hallway carpet and breaks down.

END OF EPISODE.