

MR LOVERMAN

EPISODE 7

by
Nathaniel Price

Based on the novel by Bernardine Evaristo

Goldenrod Revisions 11.01.24

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



Executive Producers:
Faye Ward / Hannah Farrell / Hannah Price

© Fable Pictures Ltd 2023

*It comes down to a simple choice, really. Get busy living or get
busy dying.*

*-Andy Dufresne
"The Shawshank Redemption"*

1

EXT. OCEAN - ANTIGUA - DAY - 1969

1

A perfect sea, almost like glass, reflecting the golden sun.

Two figures floating. **TEENAGE BARRY & MORRIS** (19). On their backs. Virtually as still as the water. At complete rest until:

Their FINGERTIPS meet and smiles spark their faces as they drop their feet down into the water so as to face one another. Bobbing as they tread water. Hands hungry for one another's touch. Their beaming faces drawing closer, about to kiss, when:

DISTORTED VOICE (PRE-LAP)
DAD, WAKE UP!

2

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - DAY

2

A FACE, abstract and blurry, slowly coming into focus. **MAXINE** bearing down at us. Distressed. Shouting like a lunatic:

MAXINE
DAD, WAKE UP! WAKE UP! PLEASE! DAD!

One hand cradling us, Maxine's other goes to slap us, only:

BARRY splutters to life. Disorientated. Shocked. Croaks:

BARRY
I'm awake. I'm awake.

MAXINE
Oh, thank fuck.

Relieved, Maxine helps him as he struggles to sit up in the BATHTUB of dirty water in which he is submerged. His hand slapping against a can of Dragon Stout floating on top of the scum along with bloated slippers resembling dead fish.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Steady. Here...

Maxine, deeply concerned, starts to drain the water and assist Barry to sit on the edge of the bath. We realise he's still dressed only in the pyjama bottoms and vest he wore at the end of **Episode 6**. Filthy, piss-stained at the front.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Dad, just - hold onto me while...

Though aghast, carefully, she removes them - the smell pungent. Maxine takes the shower head, switches it on and begins to hose him down. Shocked. Her heart still racing.

As the warm water hits a groggy Barry's legs, they start to reactivate themselves.

Only for him to finally realise he must have befouled himself by the BROWN SLUDGE he sees disappearing down the drain. And off his palpable shame:

'MR LOVERMAN'

3 INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

3

Maxine, trying not to gag, cleans sick from the floor.

Dumps the soiled tissues into a large black bin bag beside three or four she's already filled. A weary sigh. Hard toil wholly unbefitting a woman wearing a fancy head-tie, spider legs for eye-lashes, and rapier-like fluorescent nails.

4 INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

4

Barry, wrapped in a big white towel, sits alone on the bed, alone, pathetic, dejected. A long beat before:

Maxine enters, starts gathering what clean clothes of her father's remain in the wardrobe and chest of drawers.

Barry watches on with deeply brooding eyes.

Maxine crosses with the clothes she's gathered. Goes to start dressing him, only Barry snatches them from her, stands.

MAXINE

Dad, stop it! I'm trying to-

Barry, ignoring her, continues to try and dress himself. Instantly feels nauseous. Does his best to hide it by sitting back on the bed as if it's easier to put on his trousers.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Fine.

Snubbed, she starts to pull the filthy sheets and pillowcases off of the bed, bundles them up, then rips open the curtains, flooding the room with light. Barry reacts.

BARRY

What day is it?

Maxine dumps the laundry into the basket, turns to find her father.

MAXINE

Tuesday.

Discombobulated, Barry processes.

BARRY

What time is it?

Maxine looks at her designer watch with MINNIE MOUSE FACE.

MAXINE
Eight thirty.

BARRY
Eight thirty?

Maxine, concerned, stands behind him, steering his head and shoulders towards the window.

MAXINE
Yes, eight thirty in the morning.
Look! See! Daylight!

Outside it is indeed a beautiful spring morning. Maxine takes the clothes Barry's still not put on from him.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
Sit.

5

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

5

Barry, now dressed, sits at his usual spot as Maxine fills a jug of water, then tries to funnel it down his throat.

INSERT FLASH IMAGE: BARRY, PANTS ONLY, WASTED AT THE TABLE, DESTRUCTIVELY NECKING A BOTTLE OF RUM. GULP, GULP, GULP!

Barry resists. But Maxine insists.

MAXINE
You must be dangerously dehydrated,
you idiot.

BARRY
Put the damned water in a glass
then. I'm not a pot plant.

MAXINE
Minute or two later up there and we
would've been covering you in dirt.

Maxine turns away, dabs at her wet eyes.

Barry, reflective, wipes away a stray tear of his own just before Maxine turns back.

MAXINE (CONT'D)
When did you last eat?

Barry screws up his face as if trying to remember... Watches Maxine as she distractedly starts rummaging in the fridge and cupboards. A concern beginning to creep in: *does she know?*

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Look at all this junk. Ever heard
of fruit and vegetables?

Barry still studying her, shaking his head gently - satisfied
she doesn't. Rubs his painful forehead.

BARRY

Have you?

MAXINE

Now's really not the time, Dad.

She dumps the thick sludge of Heinz tomato soup into a pan.
Blasts the hob's flame into life. Crosses to the fridge.
Whips out a bottle of MILK. Sniffs it. It'll do. Pours some
into a GLASS and slams it down in front of her father.

Barry looks at the glass, then at Maxine - in no mood to be
messed around. He drinks. Appeased, Maxine sits. Tense beat.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

So... why the bender?

He regards her, sleeves his milk moustache, struggling for
words. His hand starts to tremor, ever so slightly. He lowers
the glass. Shrugs.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Something's gotta be up for it to
be this bad. For you not to answer
the phone. I've been ringing and
ringing and-

Maxine suddenly jumps up at the sound of the soup bubbling
violently. She crosses to turn it off.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Donna has too.

Barry shoots a worried look over at Maxine.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Yep, better batten down the
hatches. *Miss Thang* is back!

Maxine sets the charred soup, now in a bowl, down in front of
Barry, who is in absolutely no mood to eat.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Eat. Then tell me where Little Lord
Fakeleroy is.

Barry tenses.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Donna's shitting bricks as, like you, he's not been answering his phone or returning texts for days.

Barry's hand holding the spoon trembles.

BARRY

He not here.

Maxine gives him a look.

MAXINE

Right. So where is he, then?

Barry struggles to answer.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

At a friend's? The shops? Where?!

BARRY

Mi no-no.

MAXINE

What do you mean you don't know?

BARRY

He gone, Maxine. He gone.

Maxine, a picture of panic, unsure how to react.

MAXINE

Yes-but-where-has-he-gone?

Barry shrugs.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

No, uh-uh, try again. What happened?

INSERT FLASH IMAGES: BARRY MARCHING DOWNSTAIRS IN HIS BRIEFS, ENTERING THE LIVING ROOM TO FIND THE TEENAGE INTRUDERS, MUSIC BLARING. BARRY SMASHING THE iPHONE, SHOCKED FACES ABOUND.

Barry, traumatised, shakes his head.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Not good enough. Nowhere near. Because I tell you, something, Dad. It wasn't just you Donna tasked with looking after the son she infantilises. No, I was granted that honour too. And if he's not here by the time she rolls up from the airport in t-minus 10 minutes, I'm just as fucked as you. So let's try again, okay? What happened?!

6

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

6

Maxine comes storming out. Barry, panicked, trailing.

BARRY

Hol' up. Where you goin'?

MAXINE

I can't help you if you're being of
no help whatsoever to me.

BARRY

I told you, he gone.

Maxine stops.

MAXINE

Yeah, it's all you've told me, but
how do you know for sure? You've
been out of it since Godknowswhen.
Have you actually checked properly?

Before Barry can stop her, Maxine's hand is on the handle to
the closed front room door.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Like in here.

BARRY

No, wait!

But it's too late.

7

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

Maxine freezes in the doorway, surveying the carnage inside.
Behind her, Barry retreats a little towards the kitchen.

Horrified, she turns to face him. Her expression clouding:

MAXINE

Dad... what the actual-

They suddenly become aware of a SHAPE emerging behind the
glass pane of the front door. A sharp BLITZ of the DOOR BELL.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

("oh shit")

Fuck!

A KEY TURNS IN THE LOCK.

Barry's face fills with dread.

The door swings open and **DONNA** stands in the hallway,
seething with quiet menace.

Maxine tries her best to play it cool.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Hey, look who it is. Welcome home,
sis.

Donna (red velvet tracksuit, spiky plane hair) barely blinks.

DONNA

Where's Daniel?

Maxine, faltering, turns to look at Barry. Donna follows suit, fixing her piercing stare onto him. Barry, his mouth dry, his tongue tied, steps back.

Donna moves forward, puts one foot on the stairs, screeches:

DONNA (CONT'D)

DANYELLLLLL!

Barry and Maxine flinch. Tense in the silence that rings back. Donna returns her stare to Barry. Voice splintering:

DONNA (CONT'D)

Where is my son?

Again Barry doesn't answer. Donna whips to Maxine. *Answer me!*

MAXINE

I don't know. I've just got here
myself. Dad doesn't know either.

Donna leans against the wall, rolls her head against it and closes her eyes, like she's trying to stop herself fainting.

DONNA

What have you done with him?

**INSERT FLASH IMAGE: BARRY OPENING THE DOOR AND DEMANDING A
TEARFUL DANIEL LEAVE INTO THE DARK NIGHT.**

DONNA (CONT'D)

Is he dead? Is my baby boy dead?!

Donna approaches Barry. Mute. Frozen with fear.

DONNA (CONT'D)

You have to tell me what's going
on.

Hanging on by a bare thread, she's prepped to lunge at him.

Barry, trying to muster some resolve, takes a breath. Works to lubricate his mouth, but it sticks as his voice cracks.

BARRY

That son of yours disrespected me,
he disrespected yuh mother,
(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

and he disrespected this house
so... mi did the only thing what
was right....! Mi tell him fi leave!

Boom. Off Donna's face - a picture of pure fury.

8

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

8

Barry slumps onto the sofa. His expression that of a dead man awaiting execution as his eyes fixate on Donna, on her PHONE.

A SERIES OF RAPID CUTS: Donna, frantic but trying not to let it show as she takes in the destruction around her, stepping over detritus as she paces, attempting to track down her son:

DONNA

(into phone)

Hey, Margot, it's Donna Walker,
Daniel's mum. Yes, hi. Listen,
random question but I don't suppose
Dan's been staying with you and-

(new call)

Eddie, hi, it's-

(new call)

Is that, Benedict?

(new call)

Oh, okay, Jonah, well do you have
this Ash's number?

(new call)

Hi Ash-

Barry's eyes, ever fearful as:

DONNA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oh, he is? Can you put him on?
Cheers, thank you, Steven.

She paces. Shoots a look at Barry - silently watching. Barely daring to breathe. Desperate, he goes to reach out a hand.

BARRY

Donna, maybe it best to-

Donna ignores him as she breaks into a relieved smile.

DONNA

(into phone)

Oh my baby, it's so good to hear
your voice, you've had me so
worried... No, no, no, I know it
wasn't your fault, Babycakes.

**INSERT FLASH IMAGE: BARRY SQUARING UP TO TIM AND UNLEASHING
HIS SECRET: "SO WHAT IF I AM!"**

Maxine, leaning against the sideboard, glances over at Barry.
Slumped down now even further. His angst palpable.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
I know full well what he's like.

INSERT FLASH IMAGES: DANIEL STARING AT BARRY, HUMILIATED.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Um-hm. Oh! Really?!

Donna's glare trains once more on Barry - his heart beating
so fast now it might burst.

Donna turns away in disgust.

DONNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
At least you realise now that
alcohol is bad for you.
(beat)
Is that a "Yes, Mum" I hear?
(beat)
Good boy.

Maxine makes a face at Barry - *is she for real?!*

DONNA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
All right, then, Pumpkin. I'll be
over to collect you when you're
ready. Just give me a call.

Donna snaps her SAMSUNG FLIP shut causing Barry to jolt.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Thank God my son is alive. No
thanks to either of you, especially
you.

Barry can't help but look over his shoulder.

DONNA (CONT'D)
Typical man. Mum leaves you alone
for a few minutes and it all goes
to pot. Daniel was deeply hurt you
threw him out on the street to fend
for himself. He could've ended up
sleeping rough with drug addicts or
become a rent-boy or Godknowswhat.
He's explained all to me-

BARRY
He has?!

DONNA

Yes!

Barry hangs his head. Maxine clocking his despair.

DONNA (CONT'D)

So he got a bit tipsy, silly boy,
but we all made mistakes at his
age.

What?! Barry looks up. The slightest relief in his eyes.

DONNA (CONT'D)

He's still so young and
understandably very upset by your
no doubt drunken - by the mere
state of you - overreaction, but
he'll get over it. I know my son.

Barry reacts - *oh no you don't!*

DONNA (CONT'D)

The poor lamb really missed me, I
can tell. He sounded so miserable
on the phone. I think he's realised
how much he needs me.

Maxine can't help but roll her eyes. Barry watches closely as
Donna collapses into a chair and lets out a relieved yawn.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm shattered.

Barry seems strangely perplexed. *Why didn't Daniel talk?*

DONNA (CONT'D)

Max, put the kettle on, I'm dying
for a cup of coffee.

Maxine does an eyebrow shuffle at Barry, who, still troubled,
gives her a quiet nod to do as Donna says.

9

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

9

Maxine slams down a cup of coffee onto the table in front of
where Donna sits. Donna doesn't seem to notice, which irks
Maxine even more as she hands a cup to Barry - silently on
edge throughout - and joins the pair at the table.

DONNA

Our primary objective is to spare
Mum this nonsense about Daniel.

Barry's concerned stare remains fixed on his cup.

MAXINE

How is she?

DONNA

As well as can be expected.

Donna takes a sip of her coffee. Grimaces.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Erm, any sugar?

She thrusts her cup back at Maxine, who doesn't take it.

MAXINE

Erm, what did your last slave die of, exactly?

DONNA

Sedition.

A stand-off until Maxine, despite herself, snatches back the cup and goes to add sugar.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Two spoons.

Maxine deliberately adds three. Returns it with a fake smile.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Like I was saying, as well as expected for someone who's just buried her father, so the last thing she needs is to return home to a stressful situation. Okay?!

Donna throws an accusatory glance at the silent Barry.

DONNA (CONT'D)

She needs our full support now more than ever.

Off Barry's worried gaze.

10

EXT. ODETTE'S SPA - INFINITY POOL - ANTIGUA - DAY

10

CLOSE ON **CARMEL**. Weary, bags under her eyes.

*

She sits with **ODETTE** on a veranda overlooking a beautiful vista.

*

CARMEL

*

Mi spend mi whole life trying to get away from my Papi.

*

*

Beat.

*

CARMEL (CONT'D)

*

I hate him. I do. For what he did to Mummy. For what he made me.

*

*

A long pause. Odette doesn't know what to say. She can see the tremendous weight Carmel is bearing.

ODETTE

Let it go, Carm. The only person
you're hurting is yourself. Trust
me.

Odette studies her.

ODETTE (CONT'D)

(a little loaded)
Is Barry not coming?

Carmel's jaw tightens. Quiet, awkward beat as she tries to mask her hurt and humiliation.

CARMEL

I did ask him.

Odette studies her.

*

ODETTE
I hope you don't mind me saying
this, Carm, I know you're grieving,
but you're looking tired.

*

Carmel, knowing it to be true, doesn't respond.

ODETTE (CONT'D)
Don't - don't let yourself go.

*

Carmel still doesn't respond.

ODETTE (CONT'D)
Years of marriage to that man has
taken their toll on you. What you
need, woman, is some TLC.

*

*

Carmel turns to her friend. Bereft of hope.

*

CARMEL
Who goin' ever love me?

Odette fixes her with an earnest smile.

*

ODETTE
You are!

11

EXT. ODETTE'S SPA - MASSAGE TERRACE - ANTIGUA - DAY

11

A MASSEUSE working on a terrace of the spa overlooking the sea. The gentle sounds of birds and the lapping of waves. The perfect spot to relax, or so you'd think until:

REVEAL Carmel, uncomfortable and awkward with her bare skin exposed. Grimacing in pain, flinching at the Masseuse's every touch, who stops. Carmel looks at her sorrowfully.

CARMEL
I'm sorry.

The Masseuse smiles a reassuring smile as she hands Carmel a tissue to use for her eyes that have started to stream.

MASSEUSE

If yuh want we can stop, Mrs
Walker? Only there's so much
tension trapped in yuh body!

Carmel, despite herself, shakes her head gently and lies back down. She takes a deep breath, then lets it out as the Masseuse hands begin to dig deep into her flesh once more.

12 OMITTED

12

13 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

13

Donna, tote bags in hand, stands in the doorway - unsettled.

DONNA

I'm, uh, off to get a few
essentials. Won't be long.

And with that she departs leaving Barry and Maxine, observing ground zero - Carmel's ancient treasures scattered on the floor amongst cans, bottles, spliff and ciggie stubs.

MAXINE

Just like Donna to weasel out of
cleaning up the mess her own
precious son made!

Maxine starts to open the windows, a breeze ushering in fresh air to decimate the foul vapours. She starts wind-milling.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Okay... where to begin?

She picks up a PORCELAIN MILKMAID in one hand and a CROCHETED DOLPHIN in the other.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Any idea where these dreadful
things go?

Barry doesn't answer as a wave of nausea hits. He sits down on the settee, watching Maxine continuing to scoop up the ornaments. Maxine turns to see Barry sitting on his arse.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Are you kidding me right now?!

But Barry looks in a bad way.

Maxine, recognising something's up, levers herself down onto the coffee table directly opposite.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

You're still feeling rough, Daddy?

BARRY

My dear, I have never felt rougher.

MAXINE

Let this be a warning then! Lay off the booze. You're way too old to be caning it.

BARRY

That's... that's not what I'm talking about.

MAXINE

Then what are you talking about?

Barry doesn't answer.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Dad?

Still no answer.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Dad, what is it?

BARRY

I feel... psychosomatically rough.

MAXINE

Okay... um, explain how do you, using words of fewer than seven syllables preferably. Deal?

Barry stares at her - her clear brown eyes holding him in. He tries to sniff away tears threatening to form. His voice cracking and barely audible.

BARRY

I don't understand why he - why Daniel never...

(shakes his head)

Never mind.

Maxine, confused, reaches out a hand.

MAXINE

Daddy... what... what really happened here?

Barry sinks down into the sofa.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

You were absolutely petrified when Donna was on the phone.

(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)

(off his look)

I saw you! Something's up.

Silence. Only the sound of cars passing outside.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I mean, it's not like Uncle Morris
not to be nipping at your ankles
either. Where is he and why haven't
you mentioned him? He wouldn't let
you go off the rails.

A deep silence again as a bluebottle BUZZES somewhere in the
room. Maxine moves to nudge herself up next to Barry.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

You could have killed yourself.

He shakes his head gently.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Goneril will be back with the
shopping soon, so tell me what I
need to know before she does.

Barry, growing irritated, snaps her hand away.

BARRY

Maxine, get going and leave your
father be.

MAXINE

No! What is it?

Maxine can see the conflict and consternation in her father.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

Barry's fear is palpable, and sitting beside that is an awful
feeling of gay shame. For having lied so many years. For
having caused this terrible tragedy that's entirely of his
own making. He looks emotionally drained, exhausted by
indecisions. Nevertheless, he takes a tentative step
forwards. He struggles to get his words out.

BARRY

I told you they disrespected me,
Maxie. Daniel and him friends.
Comin' here, trashing the place,
blastin' their homophobic crap.
They disrespected me and who I am.
(takes a breath)
Who I always been. A homosexual.
(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

I been in love with Morris my
entire life.

The discomfort is crushing. He steals a glance at Maxine,
hoping for some sign of forgiveness.

Maxine takes in the full magnitude of his words. She sees his
consternation and goes to hug her father. In that moment
something is dislodged in Barry and he dissolves into her
arms, relieved.

14 OMITTED

14

15 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

15

Maxine now stands at the window. Quiet and reflective. A
gentle breeze blowing against the fabric of her top.

BARRY

You not goin' say anything?

Maxine continues to look out of the window for a long beat
before turning back to face him, picking her words carefully.

MAXINE

I'm not sure what to say.

(beat)

50 years of lying. How did you keep
that up for so long?

He registers the hurt.

BARRY

Only ever about me and Uncle
Morris.

MAXINE

Please. Don't call him that.

BARRY

No other lies, mi swear.

MAXINE

(sarcastic)

Well, that's okay then. How could you?

BARRY

My intent was never to inflict suffering on anybody, Maxie. My intent was only ever to provide and look after my family. I did that with every ounce of strength in me.

MAXINE

What about Mum? This will break her.

Barry knows it will. He has no answer.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

You know, for a while, I had a hunch you might be.

BARRY

You did?

She nods.

MAXINE

But never with Uncle - never with Morris. It all sort of makes sense now.

She shrugs.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I don't know.

BARRY

Don't know what?

Barry anxious - his mind filling in the blanks.

MAXINE

When will you tell Mum?

Barry doesn't answer.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

You are going to tell her right?!
You have to!

Barry is on the verge of tears.

BARRY

I'm a little scared, Maxie.

Maxine softens.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Scared she'll look at me the same way you are now.

MAXINE

What?! No! No I - I - I love you Dad.

BARRY

Even still?

MAXINE

Of course I do. I think you're brave.

BARRY

I'm not brave.

MAXINE

It takes courage to do this. And you wanting to be your true self, that's beautiful and right.

Barry is less sure.

BARRY

What's going to happen Maxie?

Maxine takes in the room - the sight of her mother's belongings, broken and strewn about. The metaphoric symbolism not lost on either of them.

Maxine looks at him, uncertain.

MAXINE

I don't know, Dad.

Small beat.

MAXINE (CONT'D)

I don't know.

The uncertainty hangs in the air.

16

EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY

16

Barry is seeing Maxine out of the front door - both their eyes red and puffy - as Donna makes her way up the path - tote bags full of shopping and a plastic take-away bag.

DONNA
(to Maxine)
You leaving?

MAXINE
Yeah, well, tidying's all done and places to go, people to see-

DONNA
Nephews to lose.
(off Maxine's look)
I'm joking. I got Chinese.

Donna holds up the take-away bag. Maxine makes a face.

MAXINE
Hm, trans fats, MSG, blocked arteries and heart attacks aren't really my thing, but thanks anyway.

Donna's turn to make a face.

DONNA
Suit yourself.

Donna pushes on past and into the house.

MAXINE
(calling after Donna)
You're welcome for all the help tidying by the way.
(to Barry)
Honestly, can you believe her?

Faux-exasperated, Maxine pecks both of Barry's cheeks and begins to make her way sideways down the steps in her heels.

BARRY
Maxie!

She stops, arms outstretched for balance. Barry moves to her, something clearly troubling him. Whispers:

BARRY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Maxine brushes his cheek. Whispers back:

MAXINE
You're welcome. Just, don't rush into anything drastic.
(MORE)

MAXINE (CONT'D)

Take some time, reflect. Then,
whatever you choose... I'm always
here.

Barry hugs Maxine, who teeters away.

17

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

17

Barry enters as Donna, humming, finishes unpacking the last of the shopping and begins to lay out a feast of Chinese dishes that practically covers the whole table.

DONNA

The leftovers should last you a few
days.

Donna looks up, clocking Barry's astonishment.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Mum asked me to make sure you were
eating. See, we do care really.

They both take a seat at the table - Barry in his usual. He watches as Donna starts to pile her plate high with food. *What did she say about leftovers?* He shakes away the negative thought as he studies her face for a moment. A hardness and hostility still evident.

A long silence as Barry begins to fix himself a plate.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

It's out of the blue and said more than a little defensively.

BARRY

For what?

DONNA

For being a bit over the top
earlier about Daniel.

Barry looks shocked.

DONNA (CONT'D)

What I mean is, I went overboard
and was a bit...

BARRY

Rude?

DONNA

I was panicking about Daniel and
lost it. I shouldn't have spoken to
you like that.

Some food catches in Barry's throat.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'm well aware Daniel can be a little prick when he wants, but he's all I've got.

Donna stabs at her food without actually eating it.

DONNA (CONT'D)

He's the only thing that's mine.

Barry, clearly disagreeing, stops himself from responding.

DONNA (CONT'D)

When he leaves for uni, that's it. He's said as much. I know he won't be coming back except to bring his dirty washing... the way *men* do.

Stab. Stab.

BARRY

Still. Every cloud, as they say.

She looks at her father as if he's crazy.

BARRY (CONT'D)

What I mean is, least it frees you to find the nice kind of fella you deserve, someone to treat you good.

Donna brightens a little.

DONNA

I, um, actually did meet someone, last week, on a date.

BARRY

Yeah?

DONNA

Yeah. He was... nice.

Barry tries to read Donna.

BARRY

I'm sensing a big but...

DONNA

But... forget it, it doesn't matter.

BARRY

Come on. Tell me. "But"...

DONNA

He was nice and successful and funny but his nose was a bit big!

Barry tries to stifle a laugh.

BARRY

Well... you know what they say
about men with big noses...

DONNA

Whatever. All I kept thinking was
what if I wanted to have another
kid? Could I possibly love it as
much if it was, you know, *ugly*?

Barry catches some more food in his mouth. *Another kid? At
her age?*

BARRY

(delicately)

Do you want to have another kid?

Donna shrugs.

DONNA

It's an option. It's just
so hard to find a good-looking man,
with a good job, his own house, no
baggage, and who, let's face it, is
into black women.

Barry contemplates.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I read somewhere it's something to
do with the corrupted psychological
DNA stretching back to when black
men were nothing but breeders for
the white man's stud farm. It's
disrupted our ability to have
committed relationships with each
other.

Barry picks at his food, trying to find the right words.

BARRY

Maybe... But Donna, darlin', have
you ever thought you might be being
a bit too fussy?

Big mistake. Donna slams down her fork.

DONNA

Too fussy?! I wasn't fussy enough
with Frankie, was I?!

She takes up her plate, slouches over to the bin and shovels
in the remains.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I can't believe, the first time I
ever confide in you and you go and
ruin it! You just don't get it, do
you?!

BARRY

(trying to remain calm)
Get what, dear?

DONNA

That it's you! You're to blame.

She looms over Barry.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I don't trust men, because of the
pain you've caused Mum all her
married life!

BARRY

Donna, I-

DONNA

No, don't even try and deny it
because I was there that night.

PRE-LAP: '90s MUSIC...

18

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - 1993

18

YOUNG DONNA (16), from Episode 5, strutting along, listening
to a WALKMAN. Looking like a Janet Jackson clone from "Poetic
Justice", when something catches her attention. She stops. A
sense of happy recognition adorning her face, about to call
out to someone when her face suddenly falls as:

The MUSIC starts to SLOW and DISTORT.

DONNA (V.O.)

Outside the cemetery.

Young Donna, backs up into a DOORWAY, shutting off the
mangled sound from her Walkman, removing her headphones as
her devastated eyes take in the sight of someone exiting the
CEMETERY - a MAN (face obscured) in a suave suit:

DONNA (V.O.)

I saw you with my own eyes.

The man is indeed Barry. Closely followed by what looks like
a WOMAN in CHEAP CLOTHES.

DONNA (V.O.)

Saw you, my dad, with that whore.

Young Donna shakes her head. It simply cannot be.

19

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

19

Ashamed, Barry is unwilling to face Donna's stare.

DONNA

A few nights later we were all watching telly, and as soon as it got dark you said you were off to have a drink at the pub. So, in the interest of any doubt, I followed you straight to the gates of the cemetery again and in you went like the rest of the dirty old men!

Lost and desperately seeking guidance, Barry looks to the empty chair that was once Morris's. Reaches out a hand for it. As though a much needed emotional and physical crutch.

DONNA (CONT'D)

I could never tell Mum, it would've broken her. And I couldn't destroy Max's fantasy version of you!

Barry stands, defiant. Donna blocks his path.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Don't you dare. I've not finished. Thirty years I've kept this in for. Protecting you. Protecting Mum. Protecting Maxine. What about me?!

They lock eyes. Barry, finally aware of his daughter's deep-seated pain and betrayal, wrestles with the thought of coming clean. *Doesn't she also deserve that much?* His mouth trying to form the words. Only... he can't bring himself to do it.

BARRY

Excuse me.

And with that he side steps her and heads for the door.

20

INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

20

We FOLLOW WITH BARRY as in the b.g. DONNA SHOUTS after him:

DONNA

Yeah, that's it, run away, run away like you always do, you coward!

Boom. The last word lands like a bomb inside Barry's brain.

He halts, halfway up the stairs, turning just as a crestfallen Donna slams her way out of the house.

CLOSE ON Barry - a decision made.

PRE-LAP: BANG, BANG, BANG!

21

EXT. MORRIS' FLAT - DAY

21

Barry, bedraggled, slams his fist against the DOOR to Morris's flat's entrance beside the laundrette, while simultaneously pressing furiously on the BUZZER at the side.

BARRY

(sotto)

C'mon, c'mon, you got to let me in,
Morris!

Barry looks suddenly nervous. *What if he doesn't?*

The thought is too unbearable. Barry knocks and buzzes even harder. Nothing. No response. He leans his head against the door, defeated, until:

A CRACKLE ON THE INTERCOM.

Barry looks up, hopeful as a throat clears over the static.

MORRIS (V.O.)

Hullo?

BARRY

Morris it me. Before - before you hang up, just hear me out, please. I been listening to you Morris and what yuh haffi say. About George Michael and Justin Fashanu and their bravery you do so revere. I admit I was wrong. About a whole heap of things. I is a stubborn ole fool and... I want to be brave Morris. For you and for us.

Barry waits for a response. There's nothing. He nods. Fair enough. Turns to go, when:

BZZZZZZ, the door UNLOCKS.

22

INT. MORRIS' FLAT - ENTRANCE WAY - MOMENTS LATER

22

Barry mounts the tiny stairs to find **MORRIS** standing in the doorway of his flat.

The two men silently eye one another for a moment.

They embrace and stay like that for what feels like an eternity.

23 **INT. MORRIS' FLAT - HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER** 23

Barry follows Morris in.

MORRIS
Want a drink or something?

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY
How yuh been keeping?

Morris takes a beat.

MORRIS
Truth is, yuh hurt me, Barry.

BARRY
I know. I been meaning to call yuh
to apologise and everything but...
Mi nah say this to you enough, but
I need you, Morris. I really do. I
need my spar.

Barry's body sags with the weight of the last few days.

MORRIS
It don't mean you can keep treating
me this way.

BARRY

Ya right. A man as special and
loving and kind and loyal as you
deserve more. Far more. I sorry.

Barry weighs up his next words carefully.

BARRY (CONT'D)

But you always been my anchor,
Morris. Without you I...

Barry shakes his head at a thought too painful.

Beat. Morris approaches. He takes Barry's hands, draws him in close.

MORRIS

Truth is, I need yuh too.

Smiles. A mutual joy at being reunited again as they begin to kiss. Barry rests his head on Morris' shoulder. Morris places his palm on Barry's chest, feeling his breath - slowly their breathing starts to sync. They slowly retrace and remember one another, noses together, breathing one another's familiar smell. Barry thumps Morris' chest three times. We leave them there as they tenderly reconnect.

24 **EXT. CLIFF EDGE, ANTIGUA - DAY**

24

CLOSE ON CARMEL - SCREAMING. Reveal: Carmel alone on a cliff edge roaring out into the wind. Raw and guttural. After a few moments she stops - takes deep, joyous breaths. Cleansed.

25 **INT. MORRIS' FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY**

25

Close on Barry and Morris, side by side, on their backs, Barry resting his head on Morris' shoulder as they manually stimulate one another out of shot. The intensity rising and rising as they look deeply into each other's eyes, getting closer until they lean in to kiss and climax while kissing. They subside, catching their breath.

BARRY

Morris, you can pass for one of
those buff middle-aged fellas who
pump iron at the gym, easy.

MORRIS

Very funny.

BARRY

Fi true. Yuh buff. But even if you
weren't, mi still want you, yes
sah. Love still goin' strong
Morris. Love still goin' strong!

Barry turns to Morris and drapes himself around him.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I grateful to you - grateful - in
this my hour of need you taking my
mind off my troubles and woes.

Morris regards his lover.

MORRIS

Yuh goin' soft on me? Yuh getting
in touch with your feminine self,
ehn.

Barry reacts to that.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Tell me, what-a go-wan? Something's
gone down in our absence, because
you different.

Off Barry, tears forming, struggling where to begin.

27 **INT. DONNA'S CAR - NIGHT**

27

Donna drives. **DANIEL** rides shotgun. His holdall on his lap. Both tired and silent. Donna sneaks him a few looks before:

DONNA
Whenever you're ready to talk,
we'll talk. No rush, darling, okay?

Daniel finally turns to her. A heavy load weighing on his mind. One he contemplates sharing, only he doesn't know where to begin. Instead he nods, sits back and closes his eyes.

28 **INT. MORRIS' FLAT - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

28

Morris hands Barry a brew.

BARRY
Yuh should-a seen the place.
Trashed five ways to shit. And them
there, smirking, da way dem rich,
privilege white boys do, pumping
out their homophobic, anti-man
nonsense. Mi cyaan take it, no sah!

Barry takes a sip, cautious to reveal the next part.

BARRY (CONT'D)
So after da fool one, brave off my
own juice, try challenge me on why
I want the music off and him gone,
mi fess up, declare; "yes, fi true,
I am a cocksucker!"

Morris lowers his cup, stunned.

MORRIS
You - you said that?

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY
Mi shout it. Loud and proud.

Trouble is, he doesn't look it. Neither of them do.

MORRIS
In front-a Daniel?

Barry, knowing just how bad that sounds, nods. Beat.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Lawd, Barry. Coming out to Daniel and his friends in the dead of night... that's scaling the heights of stupidity, even for you!

BARRY

I know. I wasn't thinking.

MORRIS

Last thing you want to end up is like me. Broke. With no access to yuh kids or grandchildren.

BARRY

Like I said, mi wasn't thinking.

Morris gives him a caring look. Then takes his hand gently.

MORRIS

Don't worry. The train to hope often passes through despair. Whatever happens, we'll handle it.

BARRY

What I mean is, I wasn't thinking then. But like mi say, I subsequently been doin' nothin' else. Thinking about George Michael Justin Fashanu and what you said.

MORRIS

What I said?

BARRY

How them no run when they did get outted. Instead they took control of their own narrative - their on destiny, yuh see me. Unashamed.

Morris is utterly shocked.

MORRIS

You sayin' what I think yuh sayin'?

BARRY

Yes, Boss. It no longer enough for mi to divorce Carmel. Mi 'ave fi tell her the truth. My truth. Before anyone else can!

Odette and Hubert sit at table, finished cocktails before them.

Above, fairy lights sparkle under a parasol as a storm threatens on the horizon. Off to the side, by the makeshift bar, a woman nervously holds a microphone by a KARAOKE MACHINE. It's Carmel.

Hand skittishly tapping her side as the intro to a song ("**Don't Go To Strangers**") starts up.

She gives a shy, uncertain look over at Odette and Hubert who smile their support as she begins to sing. Tentative at first, but soon growing into it as the lyrics hit a nerve. Her voice becoming powerful and strong, infused with emotion.

The audience are rapt. No more so than Hubert. If his heart wasn't lost to her before, surely now it is.

Carmel finishes the song to great applause. Her eyes wet as she bows sheepishly and returns to the table.

ODETTE

My goodness Carm, a-wha that?!

Hubert stands, besotted, assisting Carmel into her seat.

HUBERT

Sensational. Truly sensational.

Their hands touch. Carmel smiles coyly. Odette notices.

CARMEL

Thank you. Mi was so nervous but it
- it felt so good.

HUBERT

Would you like another drink?

CARMEL

Yes, please.

HUBERT

(smiling, then)
Odette?

ODETTE

Oh, mi alright, thank you.

Hubert nods, makes his way to the bar. Carmel watching, smiling.

ODETTE (CONT'D)

Um-hm. There she is. There's the
Carmel I remember.

CARMEL

Odette! Mi cyaan begin to thank-

ODETTE

No need. Just promise mi yuh allow
her to continue fuh grow radiant
and strong before allowing anyone
to pluck her again for them garden.

Odette looks pointedly at Hubert over at the bar. Carmel suddenly looks appalled. Ella Fitzgerald's "***I've Got You Under My Skin***" now playing in the background.

CARMEL

Need I remind you, Odette, mi a
married woman.

ODETTE

Happily?

CARMEL

That nah matter in the eyes of God.

Carmel crosses her arms in a huff. Odette regards her, conflicted.

ODETTE

Carm, listen!

Finally, she bites the bullet:

ODETTE (CONT'D)

There's no easy way fuh say this
but... there's something mi need fi
tell you. Something way past due.
About yuh husband!

Off Carmel, and her sudden fearful intrigue.

END OF EPISODE.