

MR LOVERMAN

EPISODE 8

by  
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Based on the novel by Bernardine Evaristo

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F A B L E  
PICTURES

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*People pay for what they do, and still more for what they  
have allowed themselves to  
become. And they pay for it very simply; by the lives they  
lead.*

*-James Baldwin, 1924-1987*

1

**EXT. BEACH - ANTIGUA - DAY**

1

**CARMEL**, knees bunched to her chest, sits barefooted in the sand, staring out at the waves. Choppy under a foreboding sky. Her eyes puffy and dark and difficult to read as she continuously turns her wedding ring around her finger. Over and over. Her penetrating eyes never leaving the water as her expression clouds darker than the storm clouds overhead.

2

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - BATHROOM - DAY**

2

A deluge of water. Not rain but streaming instead from the shower head down onto the troubled face of **BARRY** - looking up at us as though seeking the heavens for answers.

**'MR LOVERMAN'**

3

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

3

Barry, alone in the bed. Earnest. Staring directly at us.

**BARRY**

Carmel, I'm aware you not been happy for some time now. We've both been lonely in this antiquated union for which we once foolishly pledged to honour, love and obey one another 'til death us do part.

SMASH CUT TO:

4

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

4

**BARRY**

Rather than waste any more of our days, I admit, finally, I've transgressed on all three. A fact I know may come as little surprise to you. However, why and with whom may prove to be more of a shock because, you see Carmel, I'm... I'm... and always have been...

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Gay!

Reveal Morris. Next to Barry on a park bench.

**MORRIS**

The word yuh looking for is gay!

**BARRY**

I know that, man. Mi just building up to it is all. You messin' up mi flow. Lemme start over.

(MORE)

BARRY (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

Carmel, I'm aware you not been  
happy for some time now...

5

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

5

Barry sits on the sofa looking over his prepared "coming out" speech as Morris stands behind it, rubbing his neck.

MORRIS

Lawd, you're tense.

Morris continues to massage Barry's neck, kisses it tenderly.

Barry shrugs him off, his focus back on his speech.

Morris crosses to the french doors, bending forward to close them - shutting out the sight of Carmel's front room. Unbuttons his shirt. He looks back at Barry watching him.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

You like the sight of that, huh?

Barry doesn't respond, just smiles as Morris approaches. Kisses his head. Strokes his chest as Barry draws him in for a kiss. It suddenly gets heated as they kiss passionately before Morris drops to his knees and starts unbuckling Barry's belt. Barry suddenly halts him:

BARRY

I sorry. But it don't feel right.  
Doin' it here.

MORRIS

Yeah. It don't feel right to me  
neither. Got carried away is all.

Barry kisses Morris' forehead.

BARRY

Though yuh goin' have to help me  
back up.

The two chuckle as any awkwardness is diffused.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I swear, if Carmel don't return  
soon, mi contemplating flying to  
Antigua meself to deliver the news.  
(a sobering thought)  
That's if Odette hasn't already.

MORRIS

I told yuh, Boss, she wouldn-a. Yuh  
good.

Morris strokes Barry's face reassuringly, smiles. Until:

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Unless Daniel...

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY

Maxie think if he were to have said anything, he'd have said it by now. And Donna would-a scalped me long since when.

MORRIS

That alone is reason to be cheerful, is it not?

Barry looks far from it.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

What you need is a distraction.

BARRY

I thought we just agreed-

MORRIS

Not that. A friend-a mine has invited us over Saturday.

BARRY

What friend?

MORRIS

Pierre. You know, my friend from the juice stall mi tell you about. Him and his partner, Darius-

Barry makes a face.

BARRY

Step by step, Morris. Don't expect me to be another Labi Siffre all-a sudden.

MORRIS

Come on. Night out will do yuh good.

Barry doesn't seem so sure.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Least think about it, yes?

Barry nods as Morris makes for the door.

5A

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN**

5A

Barry, at the sink, pouring a bottle of rum away. Quietly muttering his prepared speech: "Carmel, I'm aware you not been happy for some time now..."

6

OMITTED

6

7 **INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

7

**DONNA**, sweatpants and skullcap, sits nursing a glass of wine, Her phone starts vibrating on the sofa arm, punctuating the silence. Donna answers it.

DONNA

Hello... Mum? It's fine. It's fine, seriously. What's - what's the matter?

We close in slowly on Donna's face, tracking the disbelief, anger and devastation as she finally learns the truth.

8 OMITTED

8

8A **EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY**

8A

A car door SLAMS SHUT as Carmel exits Donna's car and looks up at the family home before her.

She takes a deep breath and makes tentative strides towards the house and up the steps to the front door. She unlocks the door and makes her way inside.

9 **INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN/FRONT ROOM - DAY**

9

Barry, freshly washed and shaved, glass of OJ, is in the process of making himself eggs on toast when:

A SOUND. A KEY IN THE LOCK. Instantly on high alert, he shuts off the hob as the sound of the door opening and closing is followed by footsteps down the hall.

Barry tilts his head to see a FIGURE IN SILHOUETTE, approaching, dragging a man-sized suitcase.

He can scarcely believe his eyes. *It can't be, can it?*

It is. Carmel. Her face visible in the light now. Eyes appearing bigger, glossier, glowing. Her face smoothly tanned and radiant. Her hair natural, with pretty grey curls shaping her head.

She's wearing a floaty white kaftan with blue diamond embroidery and white linen trousers that flap over a pair of canvas sandals with platform heels. Her feet no longer dragging and scuffing the floor but confident in their gait.

She enters, her back straighter, chin higher, eyes landing on Barry, who stands in complete shock, wiping his hands.

BARRY

Carmel, yuh... back!

Carmel fixes him with an unwavering gaze for a long moment.

Not angry, not hurt, but confident and formidable.

CARMEL  
Sit down, Barry.

He does as he's told. Carmel takes her position at the opposite end of the table, not slouching.

BARRY  
Yuh looking good, Carmel.

CARMEL  
That's an understatement, yuh no think?

He nods.

BARRY (V.O.)  
*I just hope it not all for me.*

They stare at one another for a moment. Both with important things to say. Both trying to keep a lid on the current of emotion charging through them. Barry clears his throat.

BARRY  
Carmel, I'm, uh, aware you not been happy for sometime now. We've both - both been-

CARMEL  
Barry... *shut up!*

Unable to stop the uncontrollable tremor of his hands, he shakes his head resolutely.

BARRY  
I can't. I have to say this.  
Because if I don't...

He looks at her with tears in his eyes. Too many people have been hurt for too long by his lie. Before she can interject:

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Carmel, I'm gay.

An involuntary reaction releases from him.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Have been the whole time you've known me. My whole life.

Their eyes lock. Her stare penetrating. A long tense beat.

CARMEL  
I know.

Barry is shaken and amazed. *What? How? Then - oh!*

BARRY

Odette...

(off her nod, rueful)

Always was-a small island.

Carmel takes her time, fiddles with the bangles on her wrists. Her turquoise nails are long, shapely, manicured.

CARMEL

Like you always saying, when women get together they natter. Funny thing is, after I first heard, it was almost a relief. All-a this time I did think it was me. That I was too fat, too ugly, not sexy - or good enough for you.

She shakes her head.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

All-a that shame I did carry when it's you. You are the one with the defect inside.

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY

Mi can't help the way I feel,  
Carmel. I tried but...

Carmel is incredulous.

CARMEL

You love him?

BARRY

Yes.

CARMEL

And me? Did you ever love me?

BARRY

Course I did. I still do.

She studies him hard, a part of her wanting to believe it.

CARMEL

Know what? Don't matter. I don't think a man like you is even capable of love.

BARRY

How - how can you say that?

CARMEL

Because I spent fifty years of my life betrayed by your lie!

This is like a sledgehammer to his soul.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Missing all the clues that were  
staring me in the face. I been  
through some bad times over there,  
Barry, realising my whole adult  
life been wasted. Odette says you  
gave me two daughters, so it's not  
wasted, but she wrong.

BARRY

Don't say that.

CARMEL

She wrong because it not just me  
you betrayed. Not just me you hurt.  
(off his denial)  
Um-hm. It the girls too.

Barry protests vehemently.

BARRY

Mi stay to protect them. So no man  
could ever come in and hurt them.

CARMEL

You tell yourself that if you want.

BARRY

It the truth, mi swear.

CARMEL

You've lied to them their whole  
life. That's your only truth.

A tense beat. Both grappling with the weight of that.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Another funny thing; I found out  
you was being talked about even  
when you was at school. It just as  
well you married me when you did,  
but that was the whole point,  
wasn't it? Fifty years with a man  
who used me as a cover story. How  
yuh think that make me feel?!

She takes off her wedding ring. Flicks it so it rolls like a  
wheel across the table, dying a death in front of Barry.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Yuh see, Barry, I'm not lonely no  
more. So don't you start telling me  
I am. Remember Hubert from school?  
Course you do, because you stole me  
from him.

(MORE)

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Well, he back in my life and we  
getting on just fine. More than  
fine. You shock again, eh?

Barry, struggling to process it all, doesn't respond.

She stands. Moves to the counter to pour herself some water.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

He got a Ph.D. at Howard University  
in *Washington, USA*, then became a  
professor. He taller than you,  
slimmer than you, more hunky and a  
better dancer too.

Carmel studies his face, enjoying that her shots are landing.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

I goin' back to him. My life here  
is done. First thing I got to do is  
"lawyer-up", as Donna puts it,  
because I starting divorce  
proceedings and you not getting off  
lightly. Don't worry, I ain't in  
the business to dish the dirt. What  
good that do me, eh? Let everybody  
know what a fool I been?

Carmel takes a sip of water and throws the rest in the sink.

CARMEL (CONT'D)

Donna's taking a fortnight off work  
to help me with everything. I'll be  
here from 10 a.m. everyday to start  
sorting through stuff, and you  
better not be here, neither sight  
nor sound. I sending in the packers  
next week, and I don't want you  
here then either. Relax, I'm not  
stripping a house that represents  
half a century of misery. Part of  
me would love to take a hammer to  
it, and you. But you ain't worth  
the life sentence. I've done my  
time already.

Carmel heads for the door. Barry is rocked.

BARRY

Carmel, Carmel, dear, I-

CARMEL

Uh-uh. I don't want to see or speak  
to you again, unless you contest  
the divorce, which you won't.

BARRY

Please, lemme just say-

She stops and turns.

CARMEL

The only person who can help you  
now is God!

And with that she's gone, leaving Barry reeling, hanging his head in shame, nodding contritely - almost in agreement.

BARRY

I sorry, Carmel. I sorry.

He sits. Alone and still. Staring at Carmel's WEDDING RING on the table. Unsure how to process it all. Slowly, he begins to remove his. Places it beside it. Eyes wet as... He suddenly slams a fist onto the table, slides off his chair and falls to his knees, letting it all out. Grief. Relief. Regret. Everything.

10

OMITTED

10 \*

\*

11

**INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - HALLWAY / DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

11 \*

Donna helps Carmel in with her suitcase.

\*

DONNA

It's gonna be okay, Mum. Hardest  
part is over.

\*

\*

\*

Carmel, weary, works a crick from her neck.

\*

CARMEL

I feel... good. Free.

\*

\*

Donna pats Carmel's hand. Turns to close the door.

\*

DONNA

Still can't believe it. Like, I  
always knew he was a cheat but...

\*

\*

\*

Donna turns back to find Carmel glaring at her.

\*

CARMEL

What you mean always? Since when?!

\*

\*

\*

DONNA

Well... nah, what I meant was-

\*

\*

\*

CARMEL

And you never thought to tell me?

\*

\*

\*

Carmel's expression is cutting.

\*

DONNA

No, I mean I was-

\*

\*

\*

CARMEL

So that's how it is? All this time.  
All these years, and here you was,  
all along, protecting him!

\*

\*

\*

DONNA

Mum, I...

\*

\*

\*

Donna stops. Knows there's no winning this. The sense of  
betrayal etched onto Carmel's face is palpable. Carmel turns  
away. Donna, eager to make amends, musters a smile.

\*

\*

\*

DONNA (CONT'D)

I'll pop the kettle on and then  
we'll get you settled in.

Carmel shakes her head.

CARMEL

Don't bother. All mi want is some  
rest.

Carmel turns to leave the room. As she leaves she jabs her  
finger angrily against the light switch, turning the light on  
and off in a rapid strobe of fury. \*

Donna watches, perplexed and a little perturbed, before  
Carmel disappears out of sight. \*

12

**INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

12 \*

Donna pours herself a big glass of wine. Daniel enters with  
pillows and blanket and plonks them down onto the sofa.

DONNA

Thank you for giving Granny your  
room.

DANIEL  
(unable to contain  
himself)  
I got an offer from Harvard!

Donna simply stares at him.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
It's conditional but doable and a  
full scholarship so I-

DONNA  
What about Oxford?

DANIEL  
What about it?

DONNA  
What about me? I'll never see you!

DANIEL  
Mum! This is a once in a life opp-

DONNA  
You fucking men!

Daniel is taken aback. Donna takes a big hit of wine.

DANIEL  
Why can't you be happy for me?

DONNA  
Oh, am I not being gay enough?!  
Then would I have your loyalty?!

She scrutinises him.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Didn't think to tell me, huh?  
Didn't think I had a right to know?

DANIEL  
It wasn't my place to tell you!

DONNA  
You ungrateful piece of shit. After  
all I've done for you - all I've  
sacrificed.

Daniel is stunned.

DANIEL  
You know you really need to stop  
being so mad at people for not  
being who and what you want them to  
be!

He starts to walk out.

DONNA  
Who even are you?

He stops. Shrugs.

DANIEL  
But that's precisely what I intend  
on finding out! Maybe it's time you  
did too.

Off Donna, hurt, finding solace in her drink.

13

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

13

Barry pulls a PHOTO ALBUM out of a packing box labelled 'JUNK'. It's one of a few boxes that have already been packed and labelled by Carmel giving the house a distinctly sad air. Indeed, the weight of their encounter still clearly weighs heavily on Barry as he flicks through the album, now empty, save for a single photo of Barry and Carmel's wedding day. Ouch. Morris enters, sipping tea.

MORRIS  
You okay, Boss?

BARRY  
Um-hm.

Barry clearly isn't, but Morris can also tell he isn't ready to talk about it. He takes in the room, then Barry.

MORRIS  
You know, you're welcome to stay  
with me until this all sorted... if  
yuh want?

BARRY  
Thanks. But mi not ready for all-a  
that just yet.

A KNOCK KNOCK.

They look over to find Daniel standing in the doorway.

DANIEL  
Hey Granddad, I came to... to...  
apologise about what happened.

Morris makes to leave them in privacy.

BARRY  
Morris, stay. You don't have to go  
nowhere.

DANIEL  
I don't have anything to do with  
those boys any more or Chris.

Morris shoots Barry a confused look.

BARRY  
Him girlfriend.

DANIEL  
Ex-girlfriend. Ancient history. All  
of them. I shouldn't have let them  
lead me astray.

Daniel studies Barry to see if all is forgiven.

BARRY  
I take it you're absolving yourself  
of all responsibility then?

DANIEL  
I was drunk.

BARRY  
You chose to get drunk, not so?

DANIEL  
I... guess. But then we all do  
things we regret, don't we.

He raises a grandstanding eyebrow. Barry scowls.

BARRY (V.O.)  
*This boy's humble-pie act lasted  
less than a minute.*

An awkward silence.

DANIEL  
K, well. I really am sorry. For  
disrespecting you. Both of you.  
That's not who I am. If you can  
believe anything I hope it's that.

Contrite, Daniel stands to go.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I've an offer from Harvard.  
Wouldn't have been possible without  
you and all you've done so... thank  
you Grandy.

He starts to exit. Barry and Morris share a look.

BARRY  
No need to thank me, Danny-Boy. It  
you who's done the work.

Daniel's stopped and turned back to face a smiling Barry.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
Harvard, ehn? Proud of you.

MORRIS

Yes, big congratulations!

DANIEL

Thank you. At least my two grandys  
are happy for me.

Clearly moved by the term, Morris shares a smile with Daniel.

BARRY

How yuh mother?

Daniel takes a moment to really consider.

DANIEL

She's hurting. Feels betrayed. By  
me and you.

This is hard for Barry to hear.

14

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

14

Barry washes his hands in the sink. Morris approaches from behind.

MORRIS

I'd better be going, Boss.

Barry nods. But something still troubles him.

BARRY

Morris, hol' up. Seeing as we  
starting a new beginning an all of  
that, I want to come clean.

Morris turns back, trying to get a measure on what's just been said.

BARRY (CONT'D)

I've stuff to get off my chest.  
Stuff you need to hear...

Small beat. Barry, mustering all his resolve.

BARRY (CONT'D)

It not only Carmel I've wronged.  
I... know yuh never whan let me  
support you. But long ago, I  
secretly set up a trust fund in  
your name.

Morris stares at him, amazed.

BARRY (CONT'D)

But that not all I done behind yuh  
back.

Barry is about to spill all when Morris grabs his arm.

## MORRIS

What am I now? A Catholic priest  
you got to confess all of your sins  
to? If you start down that road, I  
got to reciprocate, and I ain't  
sure you can handle that.

(off Barry's reaction)

Sixty years I've known you.  
Finally, you and me got a future to  
look forward to together, so let we  
not go digging up our past  
misdemeanours, right. Our glass is  
half full, remember?

Barry, amazed by how much he still loves this man, smiles as they gaze lovingly into each other's eyes.

Morris gently taps Barry three times on the chest. Barry affectionately taps Morris twice on his in return. Their secret code.

## BARRY

Mi love you too.

15

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

15

Late night. A few of Carmel's packed boxes in the room. Barry, alone, trying to write a letter of apology to Carmel. A bundle of failed attempts discarded to one side.

## BARRY (V.O.)

(as he writes)

*Dear Carmel, I know there are no  
words that can aptly make up for  
what I have done to you, the shame  
and guilt of which I will carry  
with me for the rest of my life.*

16

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

16

The first rays of dawn fall on Barry who has fallen asleep on the sofa. He wakes to the sound of a REMOVAL TRUCK.

## BARRY (V.O.)

*No matter what excuses I made,  
leaving you would have been the  
honourable thing to do.*

17

**EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY**

17

The REMOVAL TRUCK is parked outside. On the other side of the road, Barry watches as a team of CHURCH VOLUNTEERS begin to stream out of the house with BOXES and large objects - such as rugs, chairs and lamps - overseen by **MERTY, DRUSILLA, CANDAISY** and Donna, who has just arrived to let them all in.

BARRY (V.O.)

*At least once Maxine turned eighteen. For James Baldwin once wrote: "The way to be really despicable is to be contemptuous of other people's pain".*

Donna looks over at her dad for a moment. Barry waves. Donna turns coldly and makes for the house. Sad, Barry watches her.

BARRY (V.O.)

*All I can hope is that one day you find it in your heart to forgive me.*

A presence beside Barry suddenly jolts him.

MERTY

*It was always goin' end up this way Barrington. Serves you right for choosing the wrong pussy all them years ago.*

She walks away. A wry smirk on her face. Barry, stunned.

BARRY (V.O.)

*I wish you nothing but the best. It's the very least you deserve.*

Hold on the house as Barry walks off out of frame.

18

**EXT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - DAY**

18

Barry walks back into frame and climbs the steps.

A FOR SALE SIGN now staked outside.

19

**INT. THE WALKER RESIDENCE - VARIOUS - DAY**

19

Barry walks through the silent space now stripped of a host of Carmel's possessions. It has a profound affect on him.

20

**INT. BAR - DAY**

20

Donna sits nursing a glass of wine with **MAXINE**. Neither says anything. The exploits of the last few days clearly draining.

After a long beat, Donna has to ask.

DONNA

*The other day, when I came over looking for Daniel that time - you knew then, didn't you?*

Maxine hesitates.

MAXINE  
Not at first...

Donna chuckles sadly to herself.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
But then I just kinda-

She shrugs.

DONNA  
Figured something was up.

Maxine nods.

DONNA (CONT'D)  
Well, more power to you.

Donna raises her glass, ironically. Maxine doesn't.

MAXINE  
Do you hate me?

Donna seriously considers, drinks.

DONNA  
I should do. But then I'd have no  
one left to blame but myself, so...

Maxine smiles, taps her sister's hand. Beat. An old 90s SONG starts to PLAY. Maxine's face instantly ignites.

MAXINE  
Oh my days, D! D!

DONNA  
No, uh-uh.

MAXINE  
Come on, you have to. It's your  
song!

DONNA  
Nope.

MAXINE  
Girl, if you don't I will.

Donna refuses so Maxine starts dancing - it's the same dance they did as kids in ep 4. Donna caves and jumps up too, showing her little sister how it's done. We hold on the sisters, momentarily kids again, enjoying one another's company, free of their adult strife.

Donna catches a GUY looking over at her, enamoured. He flashes a flirtatious smile as she looks away, coyly. Then looks back and smiles.

21

**EXT. HACKNEY - NIGHT**

21

Barry, suited and booted, walking down the street. Troubled. His mind elsewhere.

He approaches a high end apartment building where Morris waits outside the doors. Morris checks the time, smiles.

MORRIS

Miracles do happen.

22

**INT. HIGH-END APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT**

22

Barry and Morris stand in the entrance hall of a sleek apartment that screams style and sophistication, greeted by **PIERRE** (mid 40s) and **DARIUS** (50s) - Morris' friends. From off, SOULFUL MUSIC PLAYS.

DARIUS

Hey, welcome, welcome.

Barry watches as Morris hugs these two strangers.

PIERRE

So glad you could make it.

MORRIS

Thank you for inviting us.  
Shoes off?

DARIUS

Oh no, don't worry. Place could do  
with a clean anyway.

Barry takes in the pristine joint.

BARRY

(low to Morris)  
What kind-a juice yuh say them-a  
sell again?

Morris ignores him, smiles proudly at Pierre and Darius.

MORRIS

Oh and this is Barry. Barry -  
Pierre and Darius.

PIERRE

Pleasure to finally meet you,  
Barry.

DARIUS

Yes, we've heard so much about you.

Barry looks on uneasily at the two men, so clearly a couple, beaming back at him. Forces his best smile.

23

**INT. HIGH-END APARTMENT - OPEN LIVING SPACE - CONTINUOUS 23**

Barry and Morris follow Pierre and Darius into a grand open plan living area where EIGHT OTHER GUESTS drink and mingle. The vibe is chilled. A mix of races and types. All LGBTQ. They look over at Morris and Barry as they enter.

PIERRE

Everyone, this is Morris and Barry!

Morris smiles and waves as Pierre proceeds to reel off the other guests names.

BARRY (V.O.)

*First time in my life I got no doubt that everybody in the vicinity knows that me and Morris are 'gentlemen of doubtful virtue'. Ain't no fakery here. Lord, they know us.*

MORRIS

Some place you got here fellas.

PIERRE

Darius is quite the designer.

DARIUS

He's just trying to butter me as he wants to spend Christmas in Tuscany this year instead of my parents'.

Over the course of the above, Barry has been taking in closely the openly loving nature of Darius and Pierre.

Pierre hands Morris a glass of something bubbly.

PIERRE

The slander.

Barry watches as Pierre smacks Darius' bum playfully before offering a glass of bubbly to Barry.

BARRY

Anything a likkle manlier?

24

**INT. HIGH-END APARTMENT - OPEN LIVING SPACE - LATER**

24

We are on Barry, sat at the grand table. Troubled. Taking in the jovial scene around him: Morris seemingly completely at home conversing with Darius and Pierre and the other guests. All relaxed and comfortable within themselves. Openly affectionate as partners. Barry's eyes linger - as though trying to find some form of comprehension.

Morris tells a joke. All smiles and laughs.

Save for Barry. Uncomfortable now more than ever as he downs his drink.

25

**INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

25

Close on Daniel, confused - headphones around his neck, lovers' rock tune playing - as he regards a large, wrapped PACKAGE that sits on the table.

A small label that simply reads: '**For Daniel**'.

He opens the package to reveal a brand new PUFFER JACKET.

DONNA

Can get quite cold in  
Massachusetts, apparently.

Daniel turns to see his mum in the doorway. He nods. Smiles.

DANIEL

Thank you.

She shakes her head.

DONNA

Thank you.

He moves to her, hugs her tight.

26

**INT. HIGH-END APARTMENT - OPEN LIVING SPACE - NIGHT**

26

CLOSE ON MORRIS. Dancing. A few drinks in. Completely in his element. Forehead beaded with sweat, losing himself to the music.

Either side of Morris are Pierre and Darius, drawn to the old-timer like moths to a flame as they and the other guests dance along.

REVEAL BARRY, drink in hand, one eye on the artwork, the other on Morris. Only a few feet from his lover yet feeling very distant.

Morris looks over at Barry. Their eyes lock.

Morris makes his way over to Barry, tries his best to entice him into dancing.

MORRIS

Come nah man.

But Barry is resistant.

MORRIS (CONT'D)

Come dance with me.

Barry shakes his head.

BARRY

I can't.

MORRIS

Yes you can. Come.

Barry grows angry at Morris' persistence.

BARRY

I said leh mi alone.

Barry moves his arm away abruptly from Morris' grasp.

Pierre and Darius can't help but glance over.

Morris is hurt and embarrassed.

MORRIS

You know sup'm, Barry. In the end,  
it don't matter who or even how  
many people you come out to if yuh  
still trapped in here.

Morris turns and heads back to join his friends on the dance floor. Barry watches. Remorseful. Knows he's closer to losing him than he's ever been - for Morris has boarded a train he is for some reason refusing to even buy a ticket for.

BARRY (V.O.)

*Him right, Barry. Your Morris  
always been right.*

27

**EXT. HIGH END APARTMENT - COURTYARD - NIGHT**

27

Barry is outside in the courtyard, cutting an isolated figure as inside the other guests and Morris continue to dance.

He rolls a cigarette, lights it, trying his best to shake his palpable awkwardness.

In the apartment doorway, unseen by her father, Maxine stares out at her father alone. He looks afraid, like a young child.

Maxine saddles up to her dad, surprising him.

MAXINE

Smoking gives you cancer.

She takes the cigarette, takes a puff.

Barry is surprised but relieved to see his daughter. He hugs her.

BARRY

Maxie! What are you doing here?

Maxine, taking another drag, points inside at **RAFI**, 30s.

MAXINE

A friend of mine is friends with  
Pierre. Tell me, do all the east  
London gays know each other?  
(off his look)  
Is it like the masons?  
(off his look)  
Is there a secret handshake?

BARRY

Yuh asking the wrong person.

Maxine regards her dad, struggling with his identity. She touches his arm tenderly.

MAXINE

It'll get easier. In time.

In that moment, Rafi approaches holding two glasses of bubbly.

RAFI

Girl, here you are.

He hands her a glass.

MAXINE

This is Rafi. An old friend from  
Central Saint Martins.

RAFI

Less of the old, thank you.

MAXINE

Rafi, this is Daddy.

Rafi shakes Barry's hand.

RAFI

Oh, Mr Walker, congrats. Maxine told me all about the big breaking news. Exciting.

Barry looks at Maxine.

MAXINE

He's talking about our business venture - House of Walker not, you know...

Rafi, realising his mistake.

RAFI

Yes, right. Though congratulations on coming out too. Double exciting.

MAXINE

Speaking of House of Walker; I have  
something excitingly extraordinary  
to show you!

She shoves the glass back to Rafi and retrieves a BUSINESS  
CARD listing her as founder and CEO of The House of Walker.

MAXINE (CONT'D)  
So...? What d'you think?

Barry takes in the card, then his daughter, teeming with nervous anticipation. He wants to lie. To make her happy.

BARRY  
Truthfully...

Barry glances off at Morris inside, dancing. Happy and free.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
We should talk.

Rafi pulls a face - "awkward" - takes a step back as:

Barry looks at Maxine.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
It needs a re-think Maxi. If yuh  
serious about this, we do it  
properly.

Confusion descends onto Maxine's face. Barry takes her hands into his.

BARRY (CONT'D)  
We've both been in our comfort zone  
far too long, my darlin'. What say  
we break out, ehn, try sup'm new?

He smiles and strokes her cheek as his eyes land back on:

Morris inside, dancing his heart out with his friends.

Hold on Barry's face as a decision is made then and there - he's finally ready to move into this brave new world, contemplating the unknown ahead.

28

**INT. DONNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

28

Daniel helps setup a zoom on his iPad for Carmel, who looks confused as hell for a moment until Hubert's face pops up. She recoils, startled before they all burst into laughter.

29

**EXT. HIGH-END APARTMENT / HACKNEY STREETS - NIGHT**

29

Barry exits followed by Morris. They walk along in contemplative silence for a few paces.

The streets sprinkled with people.

MORRIS  
Thank you. For tonight. Mi know it  
wasn't easy for you, 'specially to  
begin with.

Barry shrugs.

BARRY

Everything a little easier with you  
by my side, Morris.

They both react to the saccharine statement.

MORRIS

Yuh not gettin' soft on mi, are yuh  
Boss?

BARRY

Wouldn't be the first time.

They chuckle.

And with that, without so much as a care as to who might see,  
Barry takes Morris' hand into his!!

Morris is completely staggered and moved by the gesture.

BARRY (CONT'D)

Come, Boss, we've some serious  
matters to consider. Such as where  
we gonna live once the house sold!

They walk on, paying no mind to the people around them. We  
hear their conversation continue as they are swallowed up  
into the night.

MORRIS (O.S.)

Here me out, but I've always  
fancied somewhere with a Fuchsia  
façade.

BARRY (O.S.)

Don't take liberties, Morris.

MORRIS (O.S.)

What? I'm serious!

BARRY (O.S.)

Our future is bright, fi true, only-

MORRIS (O.S.)

Yuh draw the line at Fuchsia!

BARRY (O.S.)

Yes sah!

MORRIS (O.S.)

Fine... How about Magenta?

**FADE TO BLACK.**