

STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL

MY LEFT NUT

EPISODE THREE

Written by
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- BASED ON A TRUE STORY -

SHOOTING SCRIPT

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3.1 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT 6**

3.1

Patricia's car drives through Belfast at night.

3.2 **INT. CAR - NIGHT 6**

3.2

PATRICIA drives the car. MICK is in the passenger seat, wearing 'going out clothes'. He looks out the window, not engaging with Patricia. She's nervous, glancing over to him constantly.

PATRICIA

You know, you don't have to go to Tommy's tonight. We could sit in, watch a film.

MICK

I have to go.

Beat.

PATRICIA

No you don't. You can always blame me, tell them I won't let you out.

MICK

I want to go.

PATRICIA

Oh. And do they... I mean, have you talked to them about...

MICK (V.O.)

My cancerous testicle?

MICK

No.

PATRICIA

Right.

Beat.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I know it's scary, but you know, God's looking out for us.

MICK

He wasn't looking out for dad.

This hurts Patricia.

PATRICIA

I can ask Father Donal to have a chat with you if you like?

MICK (V.O.)

Does she know I'm dying?

PATRICIA

Like everything could be 100%, but, you know, he's a good listener.

MICK (V.O.)

Did the doctor tell her something already?

PATRICIA

He really helped me, after your father. We got through that, and we'll get through this... (She looks at Mick supportively)

MICK (V.O.)

Shite.

Patricia turns off the main road.

MICK

I can walk from here.

PATRICIA

Don't be silly I'll drop you to the door.

MICK

I'm not dead yet.

PATRICIA

Don't say that Michael! That's not funny.

Patricia stops the car. Mick gets out.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I'll be waiting up. You watch yourself now. Don't be doing anything stupid. I need you for the fundraiser tomorrow.

MICK

What fundraiser?

PATRICIA

For Motor Neurone Disease. In the parish hall. You never listen to a word I say do you?

Mick closes the car door. Patricia watches him for a second, sighs heavily and begins to drive off.

3.3 **EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS**

3.3

The car drives off. Mick walks alone down the street.

MICK (V.O.)

Mum knows I'm going to die. She has to, or why would she bring up all that stuff?

Mick walks around the corner to Tommy's house and walks up to the front door. It's one of 6 semi-detached houses at the end of a small cul-de-sac in West Belfast. There's no car outside. At a house opposite, a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN is walking into her house. She gives Mick a nosey look as he waits outside Tommy's.

MICK (V.O.)

Fuck it. Everyone dies. They just don't think about it. So I'll just put it out of my mind. This is gonna be a big night. My last party with the lads. My last chance to get with Rachael. I'm not gonna die a virgin. Giant ball or no giant ball.

Mick knocks on the door. He braces himself.

MICK (V.O.)

This is it. This is going to be the best night ever! (Psyching himself up) Let's do it! Let's fucking do it!

The door opens. TOMMY is standing there, all dressed up, but still in his socks. He's holding a plate of finger food. CONOR is standing behind him slurping a cup of tea. There's no-one else there.

TOMMY

Vol-au-vent?

3.4 **INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6**

3.4

Tommy, Conor and Mick sit silently playing "Settlers of Catan" board game on a coffee table. They are extremely bored. Conor observes the pieces.

CONOR

Red, white, blue... and orange... very Unionist colours in Settlers of Catan. Surprised your da lets it in the house.

Mick gets up and paces round the room anxiously.

MICK

Lads, this is bollocks! There's no drink?! Why is there no drink?

CONOR

My cousin's bringing it. He's on his way.

MICK

Well when's he gonna get here? And where's everyone else?!

TOMMY

Jesus, calm yer baps. Rachael'll be here soon. And my bedroom's always free... Unless Conor's giving Niamh a good buckin.

Tommy mimes having sex.

CONOR

Niamh might not be able to make it.

TOMMY

Surprise surprise!

CONOR

And anyway, there's no way I'd buck her in your room. You've probably cameras hidden so you can watch.

TOMMY

Aye I've got a video of me bucking your ma!

Tommy goes to air hump Conor. Mick is lost in his thoughts.

MICK (V.O.)

How can we have sex without her seeing my ball? I could just keep my trousers on. (Catches himself)
No, don't think about it!

Conor has shaken Tommy off and is looking at the board game again.

CONOR

Mick - what colour do you wanna be?

This shakes Mick out of his thoughts.

MICK

Lads! I didn't come here to sit around playing loyalist board games all night.

The doorbell goes.

3.4 CONTINUED: (2)

MICK (CONT'D)
Thank fuck!

3.5 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. HALL - CONTINUOUS

3.5

Mick rushes to the hallway and opens the door. Conor's cousin CAHIL stands there with DANNY RICE, DIESEL and WEE SPUD (all 18). They have crates of beer in their arms, and blue carrier bags filled with vodka, rum and mixers.

WEE SPUD
Big Dick Mick!

DANNY
Alright Micky-boy.

MICK
(Confused by Danny's arrival) Ah
Danny! I didn't know you were
coming.

Conor and Tommy appear over Mick's shoulder.

DANNY
Don't worry. I'm not your sister's
spy. What happens at the party,
stays at the party. Am I right,
lads?

CAHIL
Alright Conor. Gis a hand with
these.

He passes a crate to Conor and they take the drink through to the kitchen.

QUICK CUTS:

3.6 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

3.6

The box of beer is slammed on the counter.

3.7 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

3.7

The box is ripped open and beer is pulled out

3.8 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

3.8

Beer caps are opened.

3.9 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 3.9

Tommy, Conor, Mick, Danny, Cahil, Wee Spud and Diesel hold their beers aloft.

DANNY

Let the party begin.

They clink the bottles.

3.10 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. HALLWAY - NIGHT 6 3.10

Tommy is excited, letting loads of people into the house. They dump their coats and bags by the door and head in.

3.11 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6 3.11

Cahil is leading a line dancing session in the living room. Mick joins in. Tommy and Conor show their moves.

3.12 EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT 6 3.12

Danny lights a joint and passes it to Mick, who tries it and coughs.

3.13 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 3.13

Mick tries to catch vol-au-vents in his mouth as Tommy throws them at him. He catches one. The lads cheer.

3.14 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 3.14

Conor, Tommy and Mick down beers.

3.15 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6 3.15

Beer Pong has been set up on the table with an assortment of pint glasses and old mugs. Mick and Conor are playing Wee Spud and Tommy. Tommy misses his shot. Conor sinks his and Tommy is forced to down a cup of cider. He goes for it, spilling most of it down his chest.

TOMMY

YF00000000!!!!

Mick looks through to the hallway and notices RACHAEL and SIOBHAN arriving at the party.

MTCK

Tommy. They're here.

TOMMY
You ready Mick?

MICK
(Finishes his beer) Big time.

MICK (V.O.)
Right this is it.

Mick heads over to Rachael.

MICK
Rachael! You look amazing.

He holds her by the waist and kisses her on the cheek.
Rachael is a little taken aback, but is happy to see Mick.

RACHAEL
Hi Mick.

MICK
Do you want a drink?

RACHAEL
Yeah. Is there any cider?

MICK
Absolutely! Coming right up.

Mick grabs a bottle of cider and another beer for him from the fridge, opens them and hands the cider to Rachael.

RACHAEL
Thanks.

SIOBHAN
(To Tommy) I'll get mine myself
then will I?

TOMMY
Oh shit, yeah. Sorry.

Siobhan goes over to the spirits and mixers by the sink and starts making a drink. Danny Rice is there getting a drink at the same time. Wee Spud shouts as part of Beer Pong.

WEE SPUD
Down it! Down it!

Mick leans into Rachael.

MICK
How about we go somewhere a bit
quieter... Just us?

Rachael smiles.

3.15 CONTINUED: (2)

8.
3.15

RACHAEL
Yeah, I'd like that.

Mick is delighted and terrified.

3.16 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. TOMMY'S ROOM - NIGHT 6

3.16

Mick and Rachael enter Tommy's room. It's a little awkward. Mick takes a swig of his beer. He goes straight in for a kiss with Rachael.

RACHAEL
Woah! Slow down.

MICK
Ah shit, shit. Sorry.

RACHAEL
Mick. Breathe. It's ok.

She kisses him on the cheek.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
Just, sit.

They sit down on the bed.

MICK
Yeah. Sorry.

They sit awkwardly in silence, waiting for each other to talk.

RACHAEL
Ok. So. Ummm. You like me?

MICK
Eh. I thought that was obvious?

He goes in for a kiss.

RACHAEL
No, but like... Properly. Like actually like me?

Mick sits back and looks at her.

MICK
Yeah. Yeah I do.

RACHAEL
Good. Because, you know, I think I like you. And you know how I've never done anything before. Well I think I'd like to, with you. If you want to?

Mick nods nervously. Rachael leans into Mick and they kiss. Rachael pulls away to look at Mick, and then leans in more enthusiastically to kiss him.

MICK (V.O.)
Shit, this is it. Where do I put my hands?

Mick puts his hand on her neck. Rachael places her hand on his leg. It's close to the bulge in his trousers.

MICK (V.O.)
Can't let her see the ball!

Mick pulls her hand away from his leg and holds it in his. They continue to kiss.

MICK (V.O.)
My horrible, giant cancerous ball...

Rachael leans back onto the bed. Mick looks at her, happy, expectant, nervous.

MICK (V.O.)
... Which is going to kill me.

Rachael pulls Mick down to her. Smiles at him and kisses him again, pushing her body into his.

MICK (V.O.)
God she smells amazing, and feels fuckin'... and... I'm gonna die...

Mick looks worried at this thought, and sits up.

RACHAEL
Mick?

MICK
Sorry. It's just...

MICK (V.O.)
I've got a week to live.

She smiles.

RACHAEL
Don't worry, I'm nervous too. We can be nervous together.

They slowly resume kissing.

MICK (V.O.)
Fuck she's class. Oh my God it's happening. I could do this forever... But I can't. This is it.
(MORE)

3.16 CONTINUED: (2)

MICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then it's over. Just death. And
fuckin'... nothing!

In his panic Mick breaks away.

MICK
I'm sorry, I can't, you don't want
this -

RACHAEL
What? Yeh I do. I like you.

MICK
I can't, it's not fair, I should
never have...

RACHAEL
What the hell, Mick?! First you're
all over me and now you're pushing
me away?

MICK
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

He walks out of the room, leaving Rachael sitting there
alone, rejected.

3.17 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. LANDING / STAIRS / HALL - NIGHT 6 3.17

Mick stumbles out of Tommy's room in a daze. He can barely
walk properly. He makes his way down the stairs, tripping
over people. His head is spinning. He walks into the living
room.

3.18 INT. TOMMY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 3.18

Mick walks into the living room where people are dancing.

DIESEL
Alright big lad.

Mick grabs Diesel's drink out of his hand and downs it.

DIESEL (CONT'D)
What the hell Mick?

MICK
Come on, we're here to have fun.
Let's have fun!

Mick starts dancing, he's flailing around quite a lot, it's
very intense and grotesque. He bumps into someone who falls
into someone else.

DIESEL
Jesus Christ Mick.

3.18 CONTINUED:

3.18

Mick stumbles out of the living room into the kitchen.

3.19 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

3.19

Mick stumbles over to the beer pong table where Conor and Wee spud are playing.

CONOR

Alright Mick?

MICK

You guys are shit, come on!

Mick grabs some ping pong balls sitting at the side, throws them all at Conor, and reaches over and downs two of the cups of beer at once.

CONOR

You're hammered Mick. Piss off.

Mick stumbles to the side of the kitchen where he sees a bottle of vodka, grabs it, and takes a swig. He's shaken out of his daze by a shout -

SIOBHAN

Would you stop telling everyone I'm your girlfriend?!

TOMMY

But we went out!

SIOBHAN

Once! And I only did that cos Rachael wanted to get with your stupid mate.

Siobhan walks away from Tommy. He tries to get in front of her, but he knocks into the beer pong table, spilling beer everywhere.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

You're pathetic, Tommy. I can't believe I even went on one date with you.

Siobhan turns and tries to walk past Mick into the hallway as people in the kitchen begin to snigger and laugh at Tommy.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Out of my way.

MICK

Ah just fuck off Siobhan.

Rachael arrives down and sees Mick shouting at her friend.

3.19 CONTINUED:

RACHAEL
Don't talk to her like that. What's
your problem?!

Rachael stares at Mick, devastated. Mick stares back,
ashamed. Is he going to say something?

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
You're a prick you know that! Come
on Siobhan - they're as bad as each
other.

Rachael and Siobhan leave the kitchen and go back out to the
rest of the party. The few people in the kitchen are looking
at Mick and Tommy.

3.20 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - NIGHT 6

3.20

Mick and Tommy lean against the kitchen worktop. They are
passing a bottle of Buckfast (fortified wine) back and forth.
They're both very upset.

TOMMY
I really liked her.

MICK
(Of himself) Sometimes there's
nothing you can do.

TOMMY
I just don't know how to talk to
girls. Life's fucked.

MICK
Yup.

Beat.

MICK (CONT'D)
You'll be alright.

TOMMY
Aye?

MICK
You'll be going to hundreds more
parties... You've got time to do
anything you want Tommy. Go to uni,
drive a car, get the ride... get a
proper girlfriend, go fuckin...
inter-railing! You've got it all in
front of you.

TOMMY
You're right Mick. Fuck em... we'll
be grand.

3.20 CONTINUED:

MICK
(Sarcastically) Aye.

Mick takes a huge swig from the bottle.

TOMMY
Are you alright?

Beat.

MICK
Ach Tommy. I dunno...

Mick takes another huge swig from the bottle.

TOMMY
Mick?

MICK
I think I'm...

TOMMY
Wha?

Mick takes another swing... his eyes widen.

MICK
I think I'm gonna... I think I'm
gonna boke.

TOMMY
Shit!

Tommy jumps up. They look at the other people outside
smoking. Mick doesn't want to be seen vomiting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(Whispering loudly) The downstairs
bog Mick!

Mick runs inside the house.

3.21 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN / HALL - NIGHT 6

3.21

Mick stumbles through the kitchen and into the hall, Tommy
just behind him. He reaches the downstairs toilet and turns
the handle.

WEE SPUD (O.S.)
Piss off! I'm doing a poo!

TOMMY
Shit. Right. Upstairs!

They look at the stairway - it's filled with people. Mick
looks at Tommy, panic in his eyes.

3.21 CONTINUED:

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 No. No. Mick. Out the front
 door!!!! EVERYONE OUT OF THE WAY!

Mick moves towards the front door. He moves in slow motion, his hand outstretched to the handle. It looks like he's going to make it. As his hand brushes the handle, his eyes widen.

MICK (V.O.)
 Oh no.

Mick vomits everywhere in slow-motion. 'Non, Je ne Regrette Rien' plays. It's all over the front door, the coats, the bags, the shoes of onlookers. It's EVERYWHERE.

3.22 EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT 6

3.22

Mick is lying on the ground in the middle of Tommy's front garden. People from the party stream out after him. Some have their phones out and are filming and laughing. The curtains at the house opposite twitch, and the middle-aged woman from earlier peeps out. Rachael pushes through the crowd, she turns to Wee Spud, who is filming Mick.

RACHAEL
 Stop it! Put that away!

She goes over to Mick and tries to help him up.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
 Mick, get up. Come on. We'll get
 you cleaned up.

MICK
 Leave me alone.

Rachael, conscious of the crowd, leans close to Mick.

RACHAEL
 Let's get you inside.

MICK
 (Aggressively pushing her away) Get
 off me!

RACHAEL
 What's wrong Mick? Why are you
 being such a dick tonight?

MICK
 I'm not a dick! Stop being a bitch.

RACHAEL
 You know what, fuck you! I was
 gonna give you another chance. But
 I'm clearly wasting my time.

3.22 CONTINUED:

MICK
No Rachael -

RACHAEL
Nah Mick.

MICK
Please.

RACHAEL
I'm done.

MICK
I'VE GOT CANCER!

Mick looks around. Half the party are in the front garden and have heard him shout this. Everyone freezes and stares at him. A tumbleweed moment. Rachael is stunned. Mick runs inside. Tommy and Conor look at each other.

3.23 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT 6

3.23

Mick runs into the bathroom, locks the door behind him, slides to the floor. He starts to cry, with his head in his hands. After a moment, there's a knock on the door. He ignores it. It comes again, louder.

CONOR (O.S.)
Let us in Mick.

TOMMY (O.S.)
Aye, come on.

Mick stands up. He looks at himself in the mirror. His eyes are red with tears. He's got vomit all over his shirt. He wipes his eyes and unlocks the door. Tommy and Conor come in, slowly close and lock the door behind them. Mick sits on the toilet, Tommy on the edge of the bath, Conor on the floor. No-one knows what to say...

CONOR
Well.

MICK
Aye.

TOMMY
Cancer?

MICK
I dunno... Maybe.

CONOR
Maybe?

Beat. Mick sighs.

3.23 CONTINUED:

3.23

MICK

I've got a swelling on my ball.

The boys look emotional.

3.24 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT 6

3.24

Rachael arrives at the bathroom door. She raises her hand to knock it, but she hears Mick's voice through the door.

MICK (O.S.)

I was in for an ultrasound today,
but they won't tell me what it is.
It might be cancer...

Rachael lowers her hand, and leans back against the wall -
heartbroken.

3.25 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. BATHROOM - NIGHT 6

3.25

MICK

It might be something else. I
dunno.

Long silence.

CONOR

So... you don't have a big dick?

Mick lets out a sad laugh and smiles.

MICK

Well I mean, it's not tiny!

TOMMY

That's the best news I've heard all
week.

CONOR

Do you have any idea how pathetic
we felt next to you and your
massive schlong?

The lads laugh. Beat - another awkward silence.

TOMMY

Why didn't you tell us?

MICK

I dunno.

CONOR

Yeah. We would have been there
like.

3.25 CONTINUED:

Silence. Mick is wiping away his tears as Conor and Tommy begin to well up themselves.

CONOR (CONT'D)
Gis some bog roll.

Mick passes Conor some toilet roll. He blows his nose.

CONOR (CONT'D)
Fuck sake like. Making us cry.

MICK
Sorry...

Beat.

TOMMY
You're not gonna die are you?

MICK
I dunno.

3.26 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. LANDING - NIGHT 6

3.26

The bathroom door opens and the lads head out onto the landing. The house is quieter, and groups of people are in tears, looking at Mick with pity. Standing right by the door is Rachael.

MICK
Sorry.

RACHAEL
You don't need to say sorry.

MICK
You're right. I'm a dick.

RACHAEL
You're not, Mick. I'm sorry I said that. Jesus, you might have cancer.

MICK
I should have told you.

RACHAEL
Well, I know now.

They smile.

MICK
Yeah. You and everyone else...

Mick looks around and sees all the people in the landing and on the stairs, looking at him with pity. It's overwhelming.

3.26 CONTINUED:

MICK (CONT'D)
Look, this is too much. I can't...
I can't be here.

RACHAEL
It's ok Mick, it's ok. Come with
me.

TOMMY
(With care) My room's always free.

Rachael leads Mick away from Tommy and Conor down the landing, past other party-goers who are all staring at Mick. Rachael opens the door to Tommy's room and turns the lights on. There's two people making out on Tommy's bed...

3.27 INT. TOMMY'S HOUSE. TOMMY'S BEDROOM / LANDING - NIGHT 6 3.27

The two people scramble to adjust themselves. They see who the girl is - it's Siobhan.

SIOBHAN
Jesus Rachael! What the hell?!

RACHAEL
Woah, sorry.

Mick and Rachael look at who was on the bed with Siobhan - Danny Rice.

MICK
Danny?

Danny is zipping up his fly. He looks at Mick.

DANNY
There's no point in telling your
sister about this. Right big lad?

Danny winks at Mick. Mick simmers with anger, until he boils over. He throws a pathetic drunken punch at Danny, hitting his cheek. Danny blinks, then punches Mick square in the face. Mick falls to the floor.

CUT TO:

3.28 INT. MICK'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 6

3.28

Patricia is asleep on the sofa, her reading glasses slipping off her face. A laptop is sitting on her lap, with the Wikipedia page for "testicular cancer" open. She's been researching Mick's problem. The TV is quietly playing in the background. She is awoken by a loud knocking on the door. Startled, she shakes her head, mutes the TV, and gets up.

3.29 **INT./EXT. MICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT 6**

3.29

Patricia opens the front door and sees Mick standing there with a police officer over his shoulder. Mick has a bloodied lip, a scrape on his forehead and vomit all down his shirt. He hangs his head in shame.

POLICE OFFICER
Mrs Campbell?

Patricia nods in disbelief.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
We believe this one's yours.

PATRICIA
Jesus Christ!

CUT TO:

3.30 **EXT. PARISH HALL - DAY 7**

3.30

Image of crucified Christ on the exterior of a parish hall at a Catholic church. There's a sign saying "Motor Neurone Disease Charity Fundraiser Today". People walk in and children run around with their faces painted.

Patricia is stood welcoming people at the door. She holds a bucket for fundraising and parishioners drop in coins as they enter. Patricia shakes the bucket. She is excited and nervous - she has been organising this for weeks.

3.31 **INT. PARISH HALL - DAY 7**

3.31

Mick, incredibly hungover, stands next to Finn behind a trestle table full of cakes in a busy parish hall. There's lots of stalls: tombola, raffles, crafts, etc. LUCY and Danny walk around holding hands. Mick glares at them.

Patricia is busy running the event, clearly in charge. She comes over to the stall, to make sure everything is in order. She looks over at Mick.

PATRICIA
Jesus, do you think you could try
and look a bit less hungover?
You're putting people off the
cakes.

MICK
I'll try my best.

Patricia softens.

3.31 CONTINUED:

PATRICIA

Look, I know you're going through a lot with... everything. But getting into a drunken state isn't going to help. Ok?

MICK

I just don't want to die, alright?!

Patricia is stunned and looks at MICK, who holds his gaze with her. Suddenly a PARISHIONER comes up to the table and inspects the buns.

PARISHIONER

Oh, these look lovely.

PATRICIA

Finn, can you serve this gentleman please?

3.32 INT. PARISH HALL - CONTINUOUS

3.32

Rachael enters the parish hall and heads towards Mick.

RACHAEL

Mick!

She goes in for a kiss. She smells him. She reels.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh Jesus.

MICK

Yeh I know. I stink.

Rachael looks at Lucy and Danny who are walking off.

RACHAEL

Did you tell her?

MICK

No. She'll never listen to me.

Mick spots Conor, he's wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap.

MICK (CONT'D)

Jesus you look like you're on the run.

CONOR

I'm absolutely dying.

Conor looks at Mick... he thinks Mick is actually dying.

CONOR (CONT'D)
Ah shit, not DYING dying, not
like... Ah fuck. I'm too hungover
for this. Sorry Mick.

MICK
You're grand.

FATHER DONAL gets up onto the stage at the end of the hall
and starts tapping on a microphone as...

CONOR	FATHER DONAL
Oh shit...	Now, thank you all very much for coming. All the proceeds raised here today...

Conor gulps. He looks panicked. Mick knows that look.

MICK	FATHER DONAL (CONT'D)
There's a bin behind Finn.	Will go to The Foundation for Motor Neurone Disease...

Mick points to the table where Finn is standing. Conor runs
over and ducks behind the counter.

FATHER DONAL (CONT'D)
Which is the chosen charity of our
wonderful housekeeper, and
organiser of the event, Patricia
Campbell.

Father Donal goes to introduce Patricia but there is a
commotion at the back of the hall as someone pushes their way
through the crowd. It's TOMMY'S DA, who has Tommy by the
scruff of the neck. Their arrival interrupts Father Donal;
everyone is looking at Tommy and his Da.

TOMMY'S DA
I don't care if the priest is
talking Tommy!

FATHER DONAL
Sorry, is everything ok down there?

TOMMY'S DA
What do you think you're doing
vomiting all over my house?! D'ya
know there was sick in the keyhole?
I had to poke it out with a coat
hanger. And the carpet is ruined -

Tommy's Da is interrupted mid-flow by Patricia. She isn't
scared of this large angry man, she's in full lioness mode,
standing up for her son.

PATRICIA

Don't you talk to my son like that!
How dare you accuse him of
anything?

TOMMY'S DA

Can't you raise your son properly?

PATRICIA

Don't you question my parenting!
I'm raising three kids on my own
and I'm doing it a damn sight
better than you. What do you think
you're doing leaving children in a
house on their own without coming
back to check on them! You're lucky
nobody died. Now get out. Now.

Everyone has cleared a space around Patricia and Tommy's Da.
There's complete silence in the room. Tommy's Da is in shock.
He looks around at everyone staring at him and sheepishly
drops his head.

TOMMY'S DA

Right.

He walks out. Patricia makes her way up back to the stage.
Mick turns back to Conor, Tommy and Rachael. Conor puts his
hand on Mick's shoulder, to support him.

CONOR

I can't believe your mum stood up
to a RA man.

TOMMY

For the last time, my dad was not
in the RA!

CONOR

He definitely was.

TOMMY

He wasn't! He's a Protestant for
fuck's sake!

Mick and Conor's eyes widen.

MICK

He's a Protestant?

CONOR

Jesus, they'll let anyone into the
RA these days.

Patricia has made her way back to the stage and addresses the
crowd once more.

3.32 CONTINUED: (3)

PATRICIA

Hello. Right. I just want to thank everyone so much for coming and raising all this money. The support we got from the parish after Jimmy died was incredible. If it wasn't for that, I don't think I would have gotten through it... (tearing up)

Patricia looks at Mick - their eyes meet.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

When we first got the news he was sick it was... well it was hard. You feel like you can't do anything, you can't do anything except watch your loved one in pain and... You just want to protect them, but you can't. All you can do is be there for them, and help them, any way you can...

Mick starts to get emotional. Rachael sees this, and takes his hand firmly. Patricia turns her attention back to the crowd.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

And that's what you've all done today. And I know Jimmy's up there and he'd be so grateful for all the support and kindness... And probably calling me a fool for getting emotional. But I just want to say a big thank you to you all.

The room applauds, but Mick is too emotional. Rachael sees this.

RACHAEL

Do you want to go outside?

They head together.

3.33 EXT. PARISH HALL - DAY 7

3.33

Mick and Rachael walk out into the car park. There's a few people milling about, but it's quiet enough.

RACHAEL

Are you alright?

MICK

Yeh.

Rachael gently kisses Mick on the lips. Danny and Lucy walk out of the parish hall and see them.

3.33 CONTINUED:

LUCY
Get a room.

Mick turns to Rachael.

MICK
Come on, let's go back in.

RACHAEL
No. I'm sorting this out.

Rachael marches straight up to Danny and Lucy.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)
You should listen to your brother.

LUCY
Excuse me?

RACHAEL
Danny cheated on you with my best
friend last night.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)	DANNY
We saw them doing it. And	What? No I didn't. It's lies,
then Mick tried to stand up	she's lying.
for you, and Danny hit him.	

Lucy takes a minute to take all this in. She looks at Mick and Rachael and Danny. She's coming round.

LUCY
What the hell? Danny are they
telling the truth?

DANNY
No!

Lucy takes in Mick's injuries - a bust lip, a black eye.

LUCY
Did you hit my brother?

RACHAEL
(To Danny) You're a scumbag,
hitting a boy with cancer.

LUCY
Wait... WHAT???

The news stuns Lucy. She hadn't been told this yet.

MICK
I've got a swelling on my testicle.
Me and mum, we didn't want to tell
anyone.

3.33 CONTINUED: (2)

LUCY MICK (CONT'D)
 You didn't want to tell But it got out last night at
 anyone? I'm your sister for the party.
 Christ's sake!

LUCY (CONT'D) (CONT'D) DANNY
 Wait, is that where you have Look Lucy, don't be listening
 been going? The hospital? -

LUCY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Fuck off Danny! Don't come near me.

DANNY
 You're emotional, don't be getting -

Danny moves to touch Lucy's arm, and in a parallel to Mick's punch at the party, Lucy turns and punches Danny square in the face and he falls to the ground.

LUCY
 You're a cheating prick! And if you
 touch my brother again, I'll rip
 your balls off.

Danny looks up at her from the ground.

DANNY
 Lucy, I'm just - what about us?
 What about the tattoos?

LUCY
 The tattoos look shit!

Lucy makes as if she might kick him on the floor, but Danny scrambles away, humiliated. Tommy and Conor come out of the parish hall and see Danny scrambling away and laugh at him. Lucy turns to Mick, distraught. She doesn't know how to handle the news, anger giving way to tears. It dawns on her that she could lose her brother.

LUCY (CONT'D)
 Why didn't you tell me?

MICK
 I'm sorry.

LUCY
 You're gonna be alright though?
 You're not... like they'll be able
 to sort it?

MICK
 I dunno, I find out tomorrow.

LUCY
 Tomorrow? Oh my God Mick! I'm
 sorry. I'm so sorry!

3.33 CONTINUED: (3)

MICK

It's OK. It's gonna be okay.

Mick hugs Lucy. He holds her, as she begins to cry. Tommy, Conor and Rachael stand awkwardly as Mick and Lucy hug. It is a tender moment as he comforts her. Mick is shocked by the expression of love from his sister. They break out of their hug.

RACHAEL

Tomorrow?

MICK

Yeah.

End on a tearful Mick.

FADE TO:

3.34 INT. CONSULTANT'S OFFICE - DAY 8

3.34

Patricia and Mick sit in the consultants's office. Mick stares straight ahead, saying nothing. He is completely lost in his thoughts. Worried. Without saying anything, Patricia leans over and takes his hand. He looks at it. He looks up at his mum in silence. The consultant enters, carrying a folder.

CONSULTANT

Michael. Thanks for coming in. So.
We have your results here.

The consultant shuffles through the papers in the folder.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)

The swelling on your testicle is
umm...

MICK (V.O.)

Cancer. It's cancer. Just tell me.
Just tell me I'm dead.

CONSULTANT

Fluid.

The word hangs in the air. Mick and Patricia look at each other and the consultant.

MICK (V.O.)

What?

PATRICIA

What?

MICK

What?

CONSULTANT

Fluid. Must be about 400ml by the looks of it.

MICK

Cancer fluid?

CONSULTANT

It's a hydrocele.

MICK

A what?

PATRICIA

What's that?

CONSULTANT

It's a build-up of fluid in the innermost membrane surrounding your testicle. It can be caused by a defection in the absorbing mechanism.

MICK

IS IT CANCER?!

CONSULTANT

No.

The consultant realises Mick hasn't fully understood his medical jargon.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)

It's all perfectly harmless.

Relief floods over both them. Mick's shocked face turns into a massive smile. He looks at Patricia. She's in tears, and pulls him into a massive hug.

PATRICIA

Oh that's just... that's brilliant news. Thank you, thank you so much.

CONSULTANT

Well, I have to say I've never seen one that size before.

PATRICIA

What do we do now then?

CONSULTANT

Well, we have two options. There's surgery.

The statement is left hanging in the air.

3.34 CONTINUED: (2)

MICK (V.O.)
I'm not letting some surgeon poke
around my ballsack.

MICK
What's the other option?

CONSULTANT
Well we can insert a needle, and
let the fluid drain out.

The consultant mimes inserting a needle into a testicle.

CONSULTANT (CONT'D)
The only problem there is that it
might come back, in which case,
we'd have to keep needling it every
year or so.

Mick stares the consultant miming repeated needling.

MICK
Surgery!

CUT TO:

3.35 INT. SURGICAL ROOM - DAY 9

3.35

Mick lies on a surgical bed. A mask is placed over his face.

ANAESTHETIST
Count backwards from 10.

MICK
10... 9... 8... 7...

Mick's eyes close and the image fades to black.

3.36 INT. MICK'S HOUSE. DAD'S ROOM - DAY 9

3.36

Mick enters a room and sees his dad lying on his deathbed. As he looks, his dad opens his eyes and sits up. Mick sits on the edge of the bed next to his DAD.

MICK'S DAD
Alright son.

MICK
Dad.

MICK'S DAD
I'm proud of you. Going through
everything you have. It's not easy.

MICK
It was pretty grim.

MICK'S DAD

But you're getting through it. No doubt you had your mum worried sick.

MICK

Yeh.

MICK'S DAD

Ach, she's a wild worrier. I don't know how she held it together with you three when I was dying. But she did. She did everything. Make sure you thank her.

MICK

I will da.

MICK'S DAD

Good man.

PATRICIA (V.O.)

Mick.

MICK'S DAD

Speak of the devil. Time for you to get up.

MICK

What?

FADE TO:

3.37 INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY WARD - DAY 9

3.37

Mick's eyes blink open. He's in a hospital recovery room. Patricia is next to him, sitting on a chair.

PATRICIA

Mick?

MICK

Mum.

PATRICIA

Lord bless us and save us.

MICK

Alright.

PATRICIA

You're awake. It's all over, you did it.

MICK

Have you been here the whole time?

PATRICIA

Not the whole time! I've got a life too, you know.

Beat.

MICK

Thanks mum.

PATRICIA

What for?

MICK

For helping me.

PATRICIA

I didn't do anything. Except maybe light a few candles for you at mass.

MICK

No mum. Seriously.

PATRICIA

Well, I'm your mum.

MICK

And thanks for everything you did, like, when Dad died. You know?

Patricia is shocked to hear Mick say this.

MICK (CONT'D)

I don't know how you did it.

PATRICIA

Well, I mean, I just had to get on with it. You know he loved you all so much. I remember everyone saying to me, after he died, "You're so lucky to have them, you're so lucky to have the kids". And I kept thinking I wish I had none of yous. It was the burden, no, the responsibility. How could I be there for yous when I was in bits myself?... I missed him, I missed him so much. I didn't know if I could be strong enough for you. But that was all he wanted at the end. "Make sure you're there for them Pat. Make sure you're there for them" and I tried. Lord knows I tried. I could never bring him back for you. But I could do everything else... (Beat) Your dad was a great man Michael.

3.37 CONTINUED: (2)

Mick holds out his hand to comfort her.

MICK

I know.

Beat, they hold hands. Patricia shakes herself.

PATRICIA

Right. Let's see about getting you home. You can't spend too long getting waited on hand and foot. Don't want you getting ideas!

Just then, Conor and Tommy come in. They have balloons and jump on Mick.

CONOR

Yeooooo!

PATRICIA

Careful boys, careful!

MICK

Ah, easy. I'm fragile! I'm fragile!

TOMMY

Did the doctor touch your balls? You probably jizzed everywhere, did you?

PATRICIA

Tommy! Any more of that talk and you'll be out.

TOMMY

Sorry Mrs Campbell.

CONOR

(Genuine) Are you alright though like? It's not too sore?

MICK

Yeh, but I'm okay.

CONOR

And they still work ok?

MICK

I fuckin' hope so.

Finn and Lucy also enter with a "Get Well Soon" banner. Rachael comes in behind them carrying a cake, with an UNKNOWN GIRL.

RACHAEL

Made you a cake.

She holds out a cake in the shape of a pair of testicles.

3.37 CONTINUED: (3)

MICK

Thanks. It's a masterpiece.

Rachael laughs. Mick and Lucy share a look.

Mick looks at the unknown girl.

MICK (CONT'D)

Ummm...

TOMMY

Mick, Mick! You'll never guess who
this is.

Conor puts his arm around her.

CONOR

Mick, this is Niamh. She's come up
from Newry.

NIAMH

Hello.

End on Mick's shocked face.

THE END