

## **1.BATHROOM**

BEAT

IAIN (early 40's) IS SAT ON THE TOILET.  
FOOTSTEPS CAN HEARD COMING UP  
THE STAIRS. HIS MOTHER ELSIE (60's)  
TALKS TO HIM FROM BEHIND THE  
BATHROOM DOOR.

ELSIE: You still in there?

IAIN: Yes thanks.

ELSIE: It's in.

IAIN: Oh, what's it say?

ELSIE: "Ticking Along Nicely" Thursday night saw the  
third meeting of a new Support Group for  
those with...neutorotical.... neurotical...

IAIN: Neurological, Mum!

ELSIE: Neurotical conditions...

IAIN: Everytime.

ELSIE: 'Group leader Anna Potenke set up the  
project when she realised there were several  
locals who suffered with neuro-' whatsical-  
'conditions. "It's fairly low key" she says. "But  
it's a fantastic environment." OCD sufferer  
Iain Perryman-', ooh look you're famous. 'said  
"It's a great opportunity for us to meet and  
talk. It's not something everyone else can get  
their head round. Some people think we're  
mad", he laughed.'

IAIN: I didn't say mad.  
Is there a picture?

ELSIE: Yes. But you're not in it.

IAIN: Good. After the way I've been misrepresented.

ELSIE: Oooh is that her then? Oh well.

IAIN: "Oh well" what?

ELSIE: Well she's okay, I suppose. Bit on the plain side.

IAIN: She's not plain. She's radiant.

ELSIE: Always did go for girls with chubby cheeks.

IAIN: Mum!

ELSIE: Hard to tell in black and white. What colour hair's she's got?

IAIN: It's sort of brownny... blonde.

ELSIE: Mousey.

IAIN: It's not mousey.

ELSIE: It sounds mousey. What's up with you, have you got the runs or summat?

IAIN: No, I'm just waiting for it to reach twenty five past on my phone then I can- Oh great. Cheers for that! 3.26! I've missed it now, I'm going to have to wait until half past.

ELSIE: Oh you're not on that again are you?

IAIN: That's your fault- chatting.

ELSIE: Do you want me to slide this under the door?

(SHE BEGINS PUSHING THE PAPER UNDER THE DOOR)

IAIN: No, just take it downstairs and I'll- NO, Mum I said no!

ELSIE: There you go. Give you something to read whilst your waiting.

IAIN: You've got germs all over her face now!

## **2. SUPPORT GROUP MEETING ROOM**

BEAT

PRESTON: It was parked there for ages, then when I came out it just drove off. I mean why would it drive off at EXACTLY the same time as I was coming out of the house.

IAIN: Maybe they were just waiting for someone.

PRESTON: Yeah- me.

GRAHAM CHIPS IN FROM ACROSS THE ROOM

GRAHAM: I see they've not fixed the heating.

IAIN: What's that Graham?

GRAHAM: The heating. It's the worst room in't building, is this.

PRESTON: Why don't you stick your jacket back on then?

GRAHAM: Not likely. I've got my principals you know .

HALL DOOR OPENS

BEANY: Alright lads. *Whoop!*

PRESTON: Hiya Beany.

IAIN: Oh here he comes. Mouth.

BEANY: Hey Preston! How was your birthday?

PRESTON: Good. Mainly. Except when we went for the meal. There was an... incident with the card machine.

BEANY: Were they a long time with it again?

PRESTON: They were.

BEANY: And did you think they were trying to get your bank details again?

PRESTON: I did.

BEANY: *Whoop!* I think someone's been watching a wee bit too much of The Real Hustle. So what did you get then?

PRESTON: A Cameron Mackintosh CD. All the greats. Some slippers.

BEANY: You know what you should have asked for- to have all your windows replaced with two way mirrors. That way, no one could see in, but you could always check to see what's going on outside. Saves you hours of curtain twitching.

PRESTON: Don't be ridiculous. That'd just be drawing attention to myself. "Which house is it?" "It's that solar powered monstrosity over there!" They'd easily find me then.

IAIN: Who?

PRESTON: Them.

BEANY: Who are they?

PRESTON: I can't say.

IAIN: Oh God, I thought my condition was tiring.  
Yours must be exhausting.

GRAHAM: Hey. It's quarter past seven. We're supposed  
to be started by now.

IAIN: I'm sure she'll be here in a minute Graham.

GRAHAM: And what's this crap? This isn't normal tea.

PRESTON: It's fruit tea. You can have one if you want.

GRAHAM: No I do not, I don't want. A fruit's home is in a  
bowl, it is not in a cup.

HALL DOORS

ANNA: Evening everyone. Sorry I'm late.

IAIN: Oh!

ANNA: Sorry I'm late.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

IAIN: Oh Anna. Saw you in the paper.

ANNA: Oh is it out?

IAIN: Yeah. There's a picture too. You look lovely  
in it.

ANNA: Thank you Iain. You smoothie.

IAIN: That's okay. I've got a copy in my bag, I'll  
erm.. I'll show you after eh?

ANNA: Yeah, show us in the pub after.

IAIN: Yeah, Yeah, oh, don't worry- I've wiped all the  
germs off you. Off your face. Cos you had, er  
... cos me mum..... there was germs.....

IAIN: Dunt matter.

BEANY:

Very smooth.

BEAT

### **3. INT. CAR**

IAIN: Parking Space! There.

ELSIE: Where?

IAN: There! What was wrong with that one? That's the third space we've passed!

ELSIE: Oh stop wittering. Look there's one.

IAIN: Ooosh! Careful.

ELSIE: What?

IAIN: You nearly clipped that car.

ELSIE: Once you've learned how to drive maybe you'll be in a position to dish out advice. Until then- there's nowt worse than a back seat driver.

IAIN: I'm sat in the front.

ELSIE: Yeah well that's as may be, Iain. But you'll always be a passenger.

ELSIE PULLS UP THE HANDBRAKE AND KILLS THE ENGINE.

ELSIE: Right, bag, keys. Come on.

SHE OPENS THE DOOR- THERE IS CLUNK.

ELSIE: And let's try and do this shop without incident this time. Do you think you can manage that?

WHIP SNAP TO-

### **3.b EXT. SUPERMARKET CAR PARK**

ELSIE: Why, Iain, why?

IAIN: I couldn't help it.

ELSIE: I've never *been* so embarrassed. What's wrong with ya? Stood there in the middle of the aisle, licking all the lemons. No wonder they asked us to leave.

### **4. MEETING ROOM**

SPOONS CLATTERING IN MUGS

IAIN: And the other thing is clothes. I don't like outside clothes on my bed.

ANNA: Is that yours clothes? Or someone else's?

IAIN: Erm... (LAUGHS) I guess it depends on who the someone else was.

BEANY: That's quite common. My OCD's a bit like that.



PRESTON: Is it Beany?

THE TINKLING OF A SPOON BEING STIRRED.

IAIN: No, yours is not the same.

GRAHAM CALLS OVER FROM TEA AREA

GRAHAM I'm afraid I'm gonna have to owe you me tea money.

ANNA: That's okay Graham.

BEANY: It's kind of the same.

IAIN: Not really.

GRAHAM Are there any more pink wafers?

ANNA: There should be half a packet behind the cup box.

GRAHAM No, I've had them.

ANNA: Oh.

BEANY: Do you ever do that thing when you're driving on the motorway and every time you pass a lamppost you have to jump it with your tongue?

IAIN: Yeah, but it doesn't dictate your life.

BEANY: I don't let it you see. OCD is fairly rife. I'm just saying- the Tourettes is a little more... elite.

ANNA: Mm, how do you mean Beany?

BEANY: I mean... in the Venn Diagram of Neurological Conditions, say... we'd *all* be Rebel Alliance. But the Tourettics. We'd be the Jedis.

IAIN: Get stuffed. What am I then? Some random X-Wing Fighter.

BEANY: No, you could be a cool one. You'd be Wedge Antilles.

PRESTON: Who would I be?

BEANY: Oh you'd probably be an Ewok.

GRAHAM TAKES HIS SEAT

GRAHAM: What are they talking about?

ANNA: They're talking about Star Wars, Graham.

GRAHAM: I've never seen it.

IAIN: Just because I'm in a good place at the moment, doesn't mean that I can't lapse. You should have seen me a few years ago. I couldn't get out of bed. I couldn't ...

ANNA: Go on Iain.

IAIN: No it's okay. It dunt matter.....

BEANY: It's cool. All I'm saying is- you learn how to deal with it. That's what I've done.

IAIN: So why do you even bother coming here then?

BEANY: Offer my support. *Whoop!*

IAIN: Oh I see right, you're supporting *us* now.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

## **5. KITCHEN**

WE HEAR THE TOILET FLUSHING, DOOR  
OPENING. STEPS DOWNSTAIRS. IAIN  
ENTERS.

ELSIE: Your brew's there. Might need a blast in the  
microwave. You were longer than I thought  
you'd be.

IAIN: I know. I kept missing the round numbers  
again.

ELSIE: On your phone?

IAIN: Yeah.

ELSIE: Aren't you worried about getting germs on  
your phone then?

IAIN: What?

ELSIE: When you take your phone to the toilet. Aren't  
you worried you're going to get germs on your  
hands and then they'll go on your phone. And  
when you go to make a call there's going to be a  
million bacteria having a house party on your  
face?

IAIN: Mum!

ELSIE: Hadn't you thought of that?

IAIN: No I hadn't.

ELSIE: Mmm... this is what I mean.

IAIN: What's "what you mean"?

ELSIE: No, it just all seems a bit.... "mercurial"  
sometimes.

IAIN: Oh don't start this again.

ELSIE: I'm just saying.... Sometimes, it seems a bit  
... convenient.

IAIN: It seems - Are you mental?

ELSIE: Me? I'm not the one who got us kicked out the supermarket for licking bloody lemons!

IAIN: Oh, will you let it go already. Harping on about that.

ELSIE: Don't get shirty with me, son. I'm very glad you're making new friends. But as you know, sometimes I think if you just tried a bit harder you might be able to ... snap out of it of your own accord. I mean, other people must have done it. How do you think you'd get on in the Army? I can't imagine *them* putting up with your little habits, can you?

IAIN: I'm not in the Army.

ELSIE: Maybe that's where we went wrong. Maybe that'd have sorted you out.

IAIN: Well they're hardly going to take me now, are they? I'm Forty Two. Where am I going to go- "Dad's Army?!"

ELSIE: Don't be smart.

IAIN: Not an accusation I could level at YOU. I mean, how dense can you be?

ELSIE: That's very rude, Iain, I-

IAIN: I know you don't get it, and I know you'd don't think I'll ever find anyone who'll put up with my "idiosyncrasies" for want of a better word-

ELSIE: Well your track record doesn't really single you out as-

IAIN: But it would help if I had a little more support at home. From you. I might stand a better chance of making-

ELSIE: Oh get lost, Iain. I cook your tea, I do your washing, I even buy your clothes for you, from time to time-

IAIN: I know! But I don't want you to! I don't *want* you to do all that. You're smothering me.

ELSIE: Fine. Leave then. Get someone else to do your dirty work for you. Go on. See if Mousey Sue fancies cleaning up after you.

IAIN: It's Anna, she's not mousey-

ELSIE: She bloody well is. Well suited really. Cos you're nowt but a mouse, aren't you? Eek. Eek.

IAIN: Too far, Mum.

ELSIE: Go on then, leave. Off you squeak.

IAIN: I will then.

ELSIE: Fine.

IAIN: Good.

IAIN LEAVES. THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

ELSIE: Do you not want this brew then?

## **6. KITCHEN**

ELSIE LEADS ANNA FROM THE HALLWAY INTO THE KITCHEN.

ELSIE: I've no idea where he is. He's fine, he's just got a sulk on.

ANNA: I just thought I'd call as he wasn't at the session last night. I wanted to know if he was alright?

ELSIE: One no-show and you're making house calls. Proper Florence Nightingale.

ANNA: It's unlike him not to attend. He's very committed.

ELSIE: He should be.

ANNA: Excuse me?

ELSIE: He's got some odd habits love.

ANNA: They all have.

ELSIE: Do you want tea, Annie?

ANNA: Oh it's Anna.

ELSIE: Do you want tea "Anna"?

ANNA: Yeah. Thank you.

AS ELSIE POURS TEA FROM THE TEAPOT.

ELSIE: So what sort of a doctor *are* you exactly?

ANNA: I'm not a doctor, "exactly".

ELSIE: Right, are you one of them Gillian McKeith types, then?

ANNA: (LAUGHING) No, I'm not a Gillian McKeith type-

ELSIE: Cos you're not rummaging through *my* poo, I'll tell you that for nowt.

ANNA: Oh, I can assure you, I have absolutely no interest in your fecal matter, Mrs. Perryman.

ELSIE: Mmm...

ELSIE IS SCEPTICAL.

ELSIE: Rocky road biscuit?

ANNA: Oh, no. Thank you.

ELSIE PUTS DOWN THE PLATE.

ELSIE: So how long are you planning on dragging this course of yours out for?

ANNA: Well, it was only supposed to run for four weeks, but everyone's got so much out of it that we're already on week six. It would feel wrong to bail out now when people are making such progress.

ELSIE: And what's in it for you?

ANNA: I get to meet some really interesting, really lovely people.

ELSIE MAKES A VOMITTING NOISE

ANNA: And Iain's one of those people.

ELSIE: Don't get me wrong. I may not be sentimental but that doesn't mean I don't love my son. Far from it. And I'll not see him get hurt.

ANNA: Why would he get hurt?

ELSIE: Cos he's got a bit of a soft spot for you. Did you know that?

ANNA GIVES A LITTLE EMBARRASED LAUGH.

ELSIE: Yeah, course you did. So if you were to hurt him, I wouldn't think twice about knocking you out.

ANNA: Well, tea, confectionary and physical threat—that's a novel approach to hospitality. I think Iain benefits a lot from our Thursday nights. He often clams up in the session itself, but when we hit the pub after, I see a really different side to him.

ELSIE: Do not toy with him, young lady. You're wasting your time. You can't love someone 'til you know them. And you don't know him.

ANNA: And how is anyone ever going to get to know him if someone else won't allow that to happen?

ELSIE: Listen here, Oprah. I don't want your armchair psychology. I'm just telling you how it is. He's complicated. Go delving, you're gonna lose interest, by which time he's in too deep and guess who's left to pick up the pieces?

ANNA: Er, the Average White Band?

ELSIE: What?

ANNA: (LAUGHS) "Pick Up The Pieces". It was a record my dad used to play when I was little. It's by The Average White Band.

ELSIE: A comedian as well. Is that what your doctorate's in, is it? Being funny? Well listen, Annie-

ANNA: Anna.



ELSIE:                                Whatever, I don't care- Iain is not a joke. He's a long term project.

ANNA:                                Do you see, that's where we differ. I don't think Iain is a "project" at all, Mrs. Perryman.

(ANNA'S PHONE BEEPS)

Excuse me, I've got a text.

(SHE READS IT)

Oh, it's from Iain! He wants to meet up.

ELSIE:                                Where?

ANNA:                                Thank you for the tea Mrs. Perryman, but I really have to be going now.

## **7. PARK**

IAIN:

And I've been doing a lot of thinking and I might have misread things between us but I don't think I have and I'm sorry I wasn't there last night but I had an argument with me mum and I wish I hadn't said that out loud cos it makes me sound about twelve, but never mind, because what I'm saying is, is that it wouldn't be fair of me if I didn't put you in the picture. So you need to know. That it takes me *some time* to leave the house. Like 5, 10 minutes. 20 on a bad day. I have to check both the oven nobs, the four hob nobs- the nobs on the hobs, that is. Not the biscuits.

(ANNA LAUGHS)

They're fine. I hope. I have to switch the kettle, toaster, microwave off at the mains. That's three separate items. It's not a kettle toaster microwave combo. That would be ridiculous. The potential hazards of such an appliance just simply don't bear...oh, mental. Got to double check the windows, the back door, the taps must be firmly off, and the plugholes clear, no plugs, or bottle tops or anything in the sink, anything that could block the hole in a water burst- you know, if all the (water bursting noise) started coming out. Check the stop cock to be sure. Toilet seat down, cos I heard that if rats get lost then they're prone to escaping via toilets where the seats been left up. It's because of the light... the light guides them to freedom. And if anyone rings in the middle of my checks (raspberry noise) just messes everything up and I have to start again. And I do talk quite a lot when I get nervous. So, you can leave now if you want.

ANNA:

Okay.

IAIN:

I won't mind.

ANNA: I'd mind.

IAIN: My mum wasn't very nice about you.  
ANNA: What did she say?

IAIN: She said you have mousey hair.

ANNA: I have.

IAIN: And she said you have chubby cheeks.

ANNA: Do you not like chubby cheeks?

IAIN: No, I love them.

ANNA: Well that's alright then.

IAIN: By the way, that's not the end of my weird list.

ANNA: Is it not?

IAIN: No.

ANNA: Well, there'll be plenty of time for you to share the rest with me.

IAIN: At next week's session?

ANNA: I was thinking more of tomorrow night. When you take me for dinner.

IAIN: When I take you for...?

ANNA: Would you be so kind as to take me for dinner, Iain?

## **8. KITCHEN**

ELSIE: Knew you'd be back.

IAIN: Actually it was Anna who suggested I come and see you.

ELSIE: Oh well she's just perfect, in't she?

IAIN: Well she's a lot nicer than you're giving her credit for.

ELSIE: Turning her nose up at me Rocky Road biscuits- I know the type.

IAIN: No, I don't think you do. Now listen. I'm taking her for dinner tomorrow night. So-

ELSIE: *You* are? Where are you taking her?

IAIN: For an Italian.

ELSIE: Pizza then.

IAIN: Maybe.

ELSIE: Definitely. Knowing you. Margherita and a coke. Hey I'm telling you now- she won't be having a Margherita. She's got Hawaiian written all over her.

IAIN: Well no, cos she hates Pineapple for a start. So that's you laughed at.

ELSIE: Well mind it's not you that's being laughed at by the end of the night. Don't let her take you for a fool.

IAIN: I've got a date Mum. Be happy for me.

ELSIE: Hmm.

BEAT

## **9. RESTAURANT**

MUSIC PLAYING IN THE BACKGROUD,  
TYPICAL OF THE TYPE YOU MIGHT FIND  
IN AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT

ANNA: Do you always bring your own knife and fork to the restaurant?

IAIN: I do, now, yeah. Ever since this one time I looked at them and clocked these bits of old dried food. And all I could see was my fork going into the mouth of the last person that had used it. All their germs and bits of half chewed scan.

ANNA: I see.

IAIN: So the next time I went out, I brought my own. Only, when I took them out of my jacket pocket they were covered in fluff. So that was no good. That's why I pop 'em in a freezer bag now.

ANNA: Right.

IAIN: How's your Carbonara?

ANNA: It's good. How's your Pepperoni?

IAIN: Not bad.

ANNA: How come you've taken the actual pepperoni off then?

IAIN: Not that fussed about the pepperoni.

ANNA: You know you could've just ordered a Margherita-

IAIN: Yeah, I know, but I just.. thought I'd try something a bit.... So, excuse me can I get another coke please?

WAITRESS: Certainly.

IAIN: Thank you.

ANNA: So where've you left things with your mum?

IAIN: Not sure. Put it like this- I don't think I'll be calling in many favours for a while. I got the bus here. I wasn't gonna ask for another lift. Not after Lemongate.

ANNA: Do you not drive then?

IAIN: No.

ANNA: Have you not thought about learning? Then you wouldn't have to rely on your Mum to ferry you everywhere. Often people with Tourettes or OCD need something to focus their attention. Driving might actually be good for you. You just need to find the right teacher.

IAIN: Yeah, sure. Who'd be daft enough to take that on?

## **10. INT CAR**

A HORN HONKS LOUDLY AND LONG.

ANNA: You're doing great, Iain, don't let him phase you.

IAIN: What's he tooting at, the clown??

ANNA: He'll overtake in a minute. See- he's pulling round.

HE DOES.

IAIN: Phwoar, that was proper close.

ANNA: You can afford to put your foot down a bit.

IAIN: I don't want to go too fast.

ANNA: Let's just try and get it up to 20. Speed limit's 40 here. That's it. Lovely.

IAIN: Ten to two. Ten to two.

ANNA: You're still at ten to two on the wheel don't worry about that. Okay- indicate and take the next left into this side street.

F/X INDICATOR

Slowing down..... aaand turn.

IAIN: Ten to two, quarter to one, twenty to twelve, aahhhh! Twenty three minutes to, no that's just wrong.

ANNA: Don't worry, as you straighten up, just feed the wheel back through your hands. That's it. Back to ten to two on the wheel.

You're slowing down, what's up?

IAIN: It's the key fob hanging out the ignition. It keeps banging on my knee. It's really distracting; I'm going to have to stop.

ANNA: Oh.

## **11. KITCHEN**

ELSIE: How's it going with The Stig?

IAIN: Yeah good. Oh, she says thanks for lending us your car.

ELSIE: Did she. That's something I suppose. Any dints or prangs, mind, and she's paying the excess.

IAIN: Yeah, we've done that, Mum.

ELSIE: Back at the group tonight?

IAIN: That's right.

ELSIE: Mmm... seeing quite a lot of each other now.

IAIN: Well, it's early doors. But we'll see.

ELSIE: We will.



## **12. PUB**

GUITAR MUSIC PLAYS IN BACKGROUND

BEANY: I'm not!

GRAHAM: You are.

BEANY: Graham, I am NOT checking you out.

GRAHAM: You keep glancing down at my ghoulies!

BEANY: It's a compulsion. *Whoop!*

GRAHAM: What are- my bits?

BEANY: Your bits, anyone's bits. Anywhere I'm not supposed to look, I'm compelled to.

PRESTON: Don't worry, he does it to me too. I thought I'd pulled at first. Barking up the wrong tree there wasn't I?

BEANY: You were. Not that you're not...

PRESTON: No, I know. Thanks and all that.

GRAHAM: Right. Nature calls. And I'd prefer it if you weren't having imaginings about my nether regions in my absence.

GRAHAM BEGINS TO EXIT

BEANY: Oh- I am SO far removed from being interested in... You should feel the sweat on I get when I'm talking to some top bird and she's got her cleavage out. Now that's awkward.

IAIN: What's going on?

PRESTON: Graham's taken the hump.

BEANY: And I thought YOU were paranoid, Preston.

IAIN: I hope we're not falling out here. Though you and Graham were big buddyroos.

IAIN AND PRESTON LAUGH

BEANY: Talking of buddyroos- I believe you've got a bit of extra curricular going on. You've been spotted.

PRESTON: Who has? Me?

BEANY: No, Preston. Iain. He's taking driving lessons off Anna. Think he's angling for a bit of preferential.

IAIN: No I'm not.

BEANY: What's she like then? *Whoop!* You know, as a teacher.

IAIN: That's none of your business.

ANNA APPEARS

ANNA: There you go. Cider and black.

IAIN: Thanks.

BEANY: Iain was just telling us about the driving. He says you're firm but fair.

ANNA: Did he now?

IAIN: I didn't say anything of the sort.

BEANY: So you're saying she's not very good?

IAIN: No, I'm not saying -I'm not- I'm not-

BEANY: Relax- I'm winding you up. So what are you charging him?

ANNA: I'm not.

BEANY: Wow. Well I hope you're going to do something nice for her in return. Cook a lady a lovely meal or something.

ANNA: Why, is that what you'd do Beany?

BEANY: No, I'm not a great cook. I'd probably offer to give you a massage instead.

ANNA: (LAUGHS) Would you now?

BEANY: I would. Bit of deep heat. I'm not one to brag, but I have been told I've got magic fingers.

IAIN: Well I suppose that comes with being a Jedi Master, doesn't it?

PRESTON: Hey Graham, that was quick.

GRAHAM: Yeah and I didn't even wash me hands.

IAIN: Oh, lovely.

GRAHAM: Oh, by the way. I watched that Star Wars last night.

IAIN: Oh aye?

GRAHAM: Crap!

PRESTON: (SERIOUS) Beany. "Bananas"

BEANY: What?

PRESTON: I said "Bananas".

BEANY: Oh okay- you wanna head?

PRESTON: Yes please.

BEANY: Let me neck this first then. (DOWNS PINT)  
Right catch you next week people.

PRESTON: See you later.

ANNA/ IAIN: Oh okay- See you later lads / Bye

THEY GO

IAIN: That was a quick. What's he on about- "Bananas"?

ANNA: I think that's Preston's safe word- if he thinks he's being watched but doesn't want to say.

IAIN: Aaah, I see.

GRAHAM: Right. Excuse me, while I go and get another pint. I'm not a rich man so I will not be engaging in another round.

HE GOES

ANNA: No bother Graham.

IAIN: You know... I've yet to work out what Graham's thing is. He never talks about any condition as such.

ANNA: I think he's lonely. The Caretaker says he comes to about two thirds of the evenings. They drew the line at the ante Natal classes though.

THEY LAUGH

But apparently he goes to Solvent Abuse Support, Flower Arranging, Basic French.

IAIN: Ooh, Sacre Bleu. Hey- do you know what, the first week I come here, I went to the Agoraphobics meetings instead, I went in the wrong room.

ANNA: Really?

IAIN: Yeah. But nobody had turned up.

THEY LAUGH.

GRAHAM: Sorry, I don't suppose one of you could lend me 60p could you?

ANNA: Yeah, course I can.

GRAHAM: Thanks love.

IAIN: So Graham. Parlez vous Francais?

GRAHAM: Oh don't you start. I have to put up with enough of that gobblebegook of a Wednesday.

ANNA AND IAIN LAUGH AGAIN

### **13. KITCHEN**

FRONT DOOR GOES AS IAIN ENTERS.

IAIN: (CALLS FROM OFF) Hey Mum.

ELSIE: Iain, have you seen the key fob off my car keys?

IAIN: (ENTERING) Yeah, sorry. I took it off a bit ago. Now where is it?

HE EMPTIES HIS POCKETS AND DUMPS HIS STUFF DOWN ON THE SIDE.

There you go.

HE GOES TO LEAVE.

Right.

ELSIE: What did you take it off for? (HE BEGINS TO EXIT) Where are you going?

IAIN: (FROM OFF) Just grabbing a shower before the meeting.

ELSIE: Another meeting?

IAIN: Yeah, doing twice a week now.

RUNS UPSTAIRS

ELSIE: (SHOUTING UP) Erm, excuse me. Don't just dump all your stuff on the side here.

IAIN'S PHONE BEEPS.

It's not a hotel, you know?

Iain. You've got a text! (TO HERSELF) Oh-hello.

#### **14. MEETING ROOM**

GRAHAM: And we have it in the bigger room on the third floor. *With* heating. They have shortbread. Doritos. And the other week, they had one of them.. a proper day out.

PRESTON: What sort of day out?

GRAHAM: Some Team building nonsense.

IAIN: It sounds great Graham, but I'm not about to sign up.

GRAHAM: I don't see why not?

IAIN: I am not going to attend The Wide Awake club for Narcoleptics because I do NOT have Narcolepsy. I don't care how good their "facilities" are.

ANNA: Iain, just calm it down a bit.

GRAHAM: It's a Tuesday. There's no clash.

IAIN: It doesn't matter.

BEANY: I have Narcolepsy. Every time Iain starts to talk.

IAIN: Shut up, you.... idiot.

BEANY: Wow. What a comeback. Was that Oscar Wilde?

PRESTON: Hey, maybe we could organise a day out. Would you like that Graham?

GRAHAM: Eh?

PRESTON: You know- like an Activities Day. Where we all get together. Head out to the country, whatever. What do you think Anna?

BEANY: Anna?

ANNA: Um? Sorry. I was miles away.

PRESTON: Are you okay?

ANNA: Lack of sleep. That's all. Well- if we've all spoken and shared I think that might be a good time to wrap it up. Thank you gentlemen.

SCRAPING OF CHAIRS, "Thanks Anna" etc

ANNA: Oh- and let's all wish Iain good luck with his driving test this weekend.

ALL: (MURMURS OF) Good luck, Good luck Iain etc

IAIN: Cheers, thanks lads

ANNA: Talking of which- you ready to go, Iain?

IAIN: I guess I could do a quick half.

ANNA: No, not the pub. I meant the driving lesson.

IAIN: What are you on about?

ANNA: Tomorrow's lesson- I said can we do tonight instead?

IAIN: No, you didn't.

ANNA: I texted you. You texted back.

IAIN: I didn't.

ANNA: You texted "Okay".

GRAHAM: (FROM OFF) Hey Anna. Bring us back a Beef Eater.



IAIN: What?

ANNA: (TO GRAHAM) I'll try.

IAIN: What? No, I think I would have known when I'd sent a text or not-

ANNA: It's okay if you've forgotten, but I'm in London tomorrow so we can't have the lesson then, and I really think you need another session before your test so-

PRESTON: Sorry to interrupt. Good luck with the job Anna. Even though I hope you don't get it.

IAIN: What job?

ANNA: Thanks Preston.

PRESTON: See you next week.

ANNA: See you!

IAIN: What job?

ANNA: I told you in the text.... Oh Beany- are you ready to go?

BEANY: Be right there.

IAIN: Right where?

ANNA: I offered Beany a lift back. You're okay with that, aren't you?

## **15. DRIVING LESSON**

A HORN HONKS.

BEANY: So when's your test then?

IAIN: Saturday morning.

BEANY: What *this* Saturday? Woah. Good luck with that.

ANNA: You'll be fine Iain. You've already got the thoery part under your belt.

BEANY: Of course, they do a theory bit now. They didn't do it when I pass my mine. Seventeen, I was. Passed first time.

IAIN: Wow, did you? What a legend. Sorry, can you bob your head back, it's blocking the mirror.

BEANY: Course I can. I'm an expert in bobbing my head.

ANNA: (LAUGHS) And has your Tourettes ever affected your driving?

BEANY: Nah, not really. Just have to focus. And if I'm having a bad spell, I'll sack it off. You get to know when you're in a good state or not. Don't you Iain? Ooh, he's not talking to me now.

ANNA GIVES A BIG YAWN.

BEANY: You alright Anna? Were you out clubbing last night?

ANNA: I wish. No. I had some cab driver knocking on my door at half three.

BEANY: How come?

ANNA: I don't know. I've had it on and off for the past couple of weeks. I had the pizza delivery guy last Fri-

A SUDDEN SCREECH AND LOUD HORN

Oooh, Iain watch out. He's got right of way there.

IAIN: Sorry.

ANNA: It's okay. Just watch what you're doing.

BEANY: *Whoop!* Blimey, Iain. I wouldn't mind getting home in one piece. In fact we're not far from mine- you could just drop me here. I might be better walking back. (LAUGHS). (OPENS THE DOOR) Anyway, good luck then.

IAIN: Thanks.

BEANY: Not you. Anna. Good luck getting home in one piece.

BEANY AND ANNA LAUGH AS BEANY GETS OUT.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

DOOR SLAM.

IAIN: He's hilarious.

## **16. CAR. STATIONARY**

ANNA: You're going to get bigger distractions than that on the road.

IAIN: I doubt it. "Oooh listen to my lilting tone, aren't I charming?"

ANNA: What is wrong with you tonight?

IAIN: What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you more like?

ANNA: I'm fine. I'm just tired.

IAIN: It's not good springing this on me.

ANNA: I texted.

IAIN: So you say.

ANNA: I do say because that's what happened.

IAIN: Alright, look, what's this job interview for anyway?

ANNA: It's for this care unit in London. I'm really excited about it.

IAIN: That's great for you. Wish you'd thought to mention it to me sooner.

ANNA: I only found out myself yesterday.

IAIN: Time enough to let everyone else know.

ANNA: Iain, if you get to the session late, I can't fill you in on everything we talked about before you arrived.

IAIN: I was late because of my checks. And because of my checks, I missed my bus.

ANNA: Fine, but that's not my fault. And there's obviously some confusion over the text I sent.

IAIN: Maybe you sent it to Beany instead.

ANNA: Don't start acting jealous.

IAIN: Why would I be jealous? Just cos you suddenly need to bring Beany along to chaperone our date.

ANNA: It isn't a date, it was a driving lesson.

IAIN: Same thing.

ANNA: No. It's not. Iain. I'm tired okay. I've got a train first thing and a big day tomorrow. Relax, revise- and I'll text you to wish you luck.

IAIN: What, like you texted today?

ANNA: I don't like being called a liar.

IAIN: And I don't like being made to feel stupid.

ANNA: Well stop *being* stupid then.

IAIN: Oh, so I'm stupid now?

ANNA: Do you know what- let's just call it a night. I'll drop you home. I'm sure your mother'll be getting worried about you by now.

## **17. IAIN'S BEDROOM**

A KNOCK ON IAIN'S BEDROOM DOOR.

ELSIE: Iain, what are all these boxes and stuff doing on your landing?

IAIN: I'm just sorting out my room... Everything's in the wrong.... I'm just sorting me

ELSIE: Are you alright? You've been up here all day.

SHE ENTERS HIS ROOM

IAIN: No, they're not right.

ELSIE: The pictures are fine.

IAIN: They're not, they're not straight.

ELSIE: Leave them. Sit down. It's Friday night. You can't stay up here all evening. Now what's bothering you? Is it this driving test?

IAIN: I'm not ready Mum.

ELSIE: Who told you that? Her? Where is she anyway? I thought you was having a lesson today.

IAIN: She's... busy.

ELSIE: I knew she'd let you down.

IAIN: This isn't about her. I'm just not sure I can do it.

ELSIE: Listen to me Iain. You don't have to do anything you don't want to. Do you understand?

IAIN: Okay.

ELSIE: Now you can't stay cooped up here all night. Why don't you come downstairs, and we'll stick a DVD on, and I'll crack open the Battenberg. How does that sound?

IAIN: Yeah, that sounds good. I'll be down in a minute.

ELSIE EXITS.

ELSIE: Okay.

IAIN: Arrgghh. Come on. Just stay straight.

THERE IS A NOISE, A SERIES OF THUMPS AND A CRY OUT. THIS SHOULD BE UNCOMFORTABLE, NOT FUNNY.

Mum? MUM!!!

IAIN RUNS OUT ONTO THE LANDING.

## **18. PHONECALL**

BEEP

ANNA: Iain. It's Anna. Why aren't you answering my calls? I rang the Test Centre. I know you didn't show up on Saturday. Call me back.

BEEP

ANNA: Iain. What's going on? I'm starting to get worried. Please call me back.

## **19. IAIN'S HOUSE**

PHONE RINGING.

ELSIE: Who is it?

IAIN: Anna.

ELSIE: Again? Aren't you going to take it?

IAIN: What's the point?

ELSIE: Well can you at least put it on silent? Gordon Bennett. You'd think after a fortnight, she'd have got the message you don't want to talk to her.

IAIN: Leave it Mum.

HE GETS UP TO GO OUT.

ELSIE: Where are you off?

IAIN: Kitchen.



ELSIE: Oh pop kettle on then. And can you just straighten that net curtain, I don't want everyone looking in. It's bad enough being laid up without making a display of meself. Iain? Iain, are you listening?

IAIN: (FROM OFF) Argghh- just wait...

ELSIE: Oh, you're not- you've checked them and checked them.

IAIN: (FROM OFF) Arrghhh, can you stop interrupting them.

ELSIE: Iain, you're gonna make yourself ill. Please leave it.

IAIN: (FROM OFF) I can't leave it. I can't, I can't. I can't leave, can I? I can't.

## **20. IAIN'S HOUSE HALL/ KITCHEN**

DOOR BELL GOES.

IAIN ANSWERS THE DOOR.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

IAIN: Oh it's you.

BEANY: Well, you not going to invite me in then?

IAIN: If I must.

(THEY WALK THROUGH TO THE KITCHEN)

IAIN: So what do you want Beany?

BEANY: Have you got any Vimto?

IAIN: I meant why are you here?

BEANY: Oh. Thought I'd come and see how you were doing. Seeing as you'd done a runner.

IAIN: Why- you missing me?

BEANY: I am a bit. You're an easy wind up.

IAIN: How's Anna?

BEANY: Why don't you come and find out for yourself?

IAIN: Because I don't want to see the disappointment on her face.

BEANY: Well if you don't come back very soon you might not see her at all. She got that position in London.

IAIN: Did she? What's gonna happen with the group then?

BEANY: Well without Anna, there'll be no group will there?

IAIN: You're disbanding.

BEANY: Musical differences. Wouldn't matter to you anyway would it? *Whoop!*

ELSIE ENTERS.

ELSIE: What's going on out here?

IAIN: Oh what you doing up, Mum?

ELSIE: I'm sick of that front room. Oh hello, who's this?

IAIN: It's a.... friend from the group.

BEANY: Hello Iain's Mum. I'm Beany. What's your name?

ELSIE: Elise.

BEANY: Very nice to meet you, Elsie. *Whoop!*

ELSIE: Oh that was you, was it? Thought he'd lifted a checkout till from the supermarket.

IAIN: Mum! That's really rude that is.

BEANY: (LAUGHS) Yeah, I've had a couple of double takes from the cashiers before, thinking they're scanning double speed. *Whoop! Whoop!*

ELSIE: (LAUGHS) So what's up with you then? Are you anal like Iain?

BEANY: No-one's that anal.

(ELSIE LAUGHS)

I am a bit anal I suppose. Mine's mainly Tourettes.

ELSIE: Bit of a potty mouth, are you?

BEANY: Not me. I got the head shakes and twitches. And a wee bit of twizzly-ing around. The odd whoop, you know.

ELSIE: So you're not gonna start effing and jeffing then?

BEANY: Am I bollocks, woman.

ELSIE: (LAUGHS ) So.... Benny?

BEANY: Beany.

ELSIE: Ridiculous. Beany.... would you like some Rocky Road?

BEANY: Oh I'd love some Rocky Road, thank you, Elsie. Erm, any chance of a drink as well please?

ELSIE: Vimto, do you?

BEANY: That'd be magic.

## **21. PHONECALL**

ANNA:

Iain. Just to let you know- The Activities Day is happening next Saturday. I don't know whether you're still interested or not but ring me if you are. It'll be my last session at the group. So if I don't hear from you then I'll just assume... that you're happy to leave things like they are. In which case. Bye Iain.

“ANNIE’S SONG” (the GEOFF LOVE VERSION) COMES IN AND LEADS INTO THE NEXT SCENE WHERE IT PLAYS UNDER THE DIALOGUE.

## **22. LIVING ROOM**

LAUGHTER

ELSIE: What is this Preston? Is it still your Geoff Love album?

PRESTON: Yeah. I've got nine of them now. But this is my favourite.

ELSIE: It's very nice love. But do you think we could have something a bit more upbeat?

BEANY: Don't worry. I'll sort it.

MUSIC OFF.

Who the hell has nine Geoff Love albums?

PRESTON: Me. I just said. You wanna get your ears checked out.

LAUGHTER

UPBEAT MUSIC KICKS IN.

ELSIE: I've got to say- it's been a real treat having you over. I didn't know Iain had such lovely friends. You're a breath of fresh air.

BEANY: Hey talking about fresh air, do you fancy getting involved in the mountaineering shenanigans on Saturday?

ELSIE: Not unless the mountain's got a stair-lift.

LAUGH.

BEANY: Ey, you'll be alright. Anna won't mind.

ELSIE: Oh you're under her spell as well, are you?

BEANY: No I thinks she's lovely, she's not my type though. I go for more blondes. Pure blondes, not so... you know...

ELSIE: Mousey?

BEANY: Mousey. Exactly. But she's a lovely wee girl. Besides I think she's quite into Iain.  
*Whoop!*

ELSIE: Ooh that was right down me ear that one.

BEANY: Sorry.

ELSIE: I know you can't help it love, but doesn't it ever get on your nerves?

BEANY: Oh it annoys the hell out of me.

PRESTON: And me.

BEANY: (BIGGER) *Whoop!* Weirdly it gets worse when I talk about it.

ELSIE: Them sessions must be a laugh then.

BEANY: Ah, they're not bad actually.

ELSIE: So... in these sessions- do you ever talk about.... what might have caused it

BEANY: Whatever it is- it's not your fault Elsie.

ELSIE: Well. You wonder, don't you?

IAIN ENTERS

IAIN: What's going on here? It's like Piccadilly Circus.

ELSIE: Oh Iain. Pull up a... oh there's no chairs left. Just plonk yourself down. Hang on a mo...

ELSIE GRUNTS INTO ACTION

Do you want some wine?

PRESTON: There's none left.

ELSIE: Oh. Do you want a beer?

BEANY: I took the last can.

ELSIE: I'll see what's left.

PRESTON: Hey Iain. Are you coming to the Activity Day?

TINKLING OF BOTTLES

ELSIE: (CALLS FROM OFF) Not if it involves anything to do with heights, he's not. Fear of heights, deep water. OCD. Ha. I don't know what she saw in you.

IAIN: Well thanks for your support Mum.

ELSIE: (EMERGING) Hey. I'm only joking. Come here.

SHE KISSES HIM ON THE CHEEK.

I still love you. Now. The big question. Do you want Pernod or Advocaat?

AIN'T THAT A KINDNESS BY JOHNNY  
WINTER PLAYING, INTO NEXT SCENE

### **23. ELSIE'S BEDROOM / LIVING ROOM**

IAIN: (FROM OFF) Mum?

ELSIE: I'm in here. Finally torn yourself away from your laptop?



IAIN: Yeah, so the phone bill came this morning, so I was having a check through the numbers- as I do. There were some from the beginning of the month I didn't recognise.

ELSIE: Right.

IAIN: Only they were at odd times of the night. Short calls. Different numbers.

ELSIE: Erm.. Can you give that here please,

IAIN: So I went online to see if any of the numbers came up. And guess what?

ELSIE: I think you'll find that's my name on the top of the-

IAIN: They're for taxi firms. And pizza places. But you know that, don't you, Mum? Only I don't remember you going anywhere at that time of night. Or any pizzas arriving in the early hours.

ELSIE: Well maybe that's because I wanted to- to-

IAIN: Maybe it's because you weren't ordering pizzas for yourself. And maybe it's because you were sending them to Anna's house. Hawaiians probably.

ELSIE: Iain, I think you're jumping the-

IAIN: Just like you sent the taxis

ELSIE: I think you're jumping the gun and you want to be careful -

IAIN: Oh pack it in, Mum. It's obvious.

ELSIE: Fine. So what? Stuck up so and so. Looking down on us.

IAIN: She didn't look down on us.

ELSIE: She looked down on me.

IAIN: This isn't about you Mum. Why would you do such a thing?

ELSIE: I've stopped now. Mission accomplished.

IAIN: Mission Accomplished? What was that then? To stop me seeing my friends? Stop me from learning to drive? To sabotage any chance I had of happiness?

ELSIE: What do you mean- you've been just as happy these last few weeks. I only did it to save you from making-

IAIN: You only did it to keep me here with you. That's the truth. And you call ME controlling! And I haven't been happy. I might have put a face on for you. I might have seemed okay with things. But that's cos I felt bad cos it was my crap you fell over in the first place. 'My fault you're laid up. That is unless you faked your fall and THIS is all a sham.

ELSIE: That's a terrible thing to say.

IAIN: Well I'm sorry. But what do you expect? You seem to WANT me to miss out.

ELSIE: Don't be so silly-

IAIN: Do you know, they're all at the Activity Day today. I should be there, but no, I'm missing out. Again. In fact.... You know what ack this, I've still got time to make it. Where's me cagoul? (HE BEGINS TO EXIT. THEN BEAT). Oh for f..... You're gonna have to come with.

ELSIE: What?

IAIN: If you can make it to the kitchen, you can make it to the car. I need you to sit with me.

ELSIE: I am not getting in the car with you.

IAIN: Oh yes you are. You owe me!

## **24. INT. CAR**

ELSIE: Well. I've never seen you leave the house so quick. Shame you can't get a wriggle on like that the rest of the time.

CRUNCH OF THE GEARS

Careful!

IAIN: Not being a backseat driver are you, Mum?

ELSIE: No, I'm looking after the well being of my car, you heavy handed lug.

IAIN: And I know it was you that texted Anna back. About the driving lesson. I didn't say anything cos when I'd figured it out, you'd just had the fall and I felt bad. But now...

ELSIE: Oh yes, I'm a terrible mother, you've made that very clear.

IAIN: I'm not saying that. But you are bang out of order this time.

ELSIE: And this- this trip, this is a waste of time. You're that timid, I doubt there's anything you'll be able to do when we get there. Unless there's an egg and spoon race. And what am I supposed to do?

IAIN: You? You can sit tight for once. As for me. I'll do whatever I have to.

## **25. EXT. HILLSIDE- ACTIVITIES WEEKEND**

BIRDS TWEETING

IAIN - RUNNING UP A HILL, PANTING.

IAIN: Please don't let me be too late.... Why does it have to be so far up..... is that?.... that's them, it's.... ANNA! Anna, it's me.

AS HE APPROACHES ANNA AND THE GANG, THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE FADES INTO FOCUS

ANNA: ... just breathe. You're going to be okay.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

GRAHAM: Don't let go.

ANNA: No, *do* let go.

GRAHAM: But don't look down.

BEANY: I can't.

ANNA: You can do this Beany.

BEANY: I can't. I'm frozen. *Whoop!*

GRAHAM: Whatever you do don't look down.

BEANY: Shut up Graham. *Whoop!*

IAIN: Anna, what's happening?

ANNA: Iain? What are you doing here?

GRAHAM: I'm just saying- don't look down.

BEANY: I couldn't if I wanted to, me bloody helmet's slipping over my eyes.

ANNA: It's Beany, we were crossing the gorge and he started to panic. He's just clinging to the rope, he can't move forward.

BEANY: I forgot about the Vertigo.

GRAHAM: It's a hell of a drop.

BEANY: Graham!!

IAIN: Beany. It's Iain.

BEANY: I know. I could hear your jacksie tightening up that moment you arrived. *Whoop!* It's funny, cos I'm laughing but I'm actually crapping meself.

IAIN: Whaoahh. That is high. Okay now. Now listen. I under.. understand what you're going through, Beany.

BEANY: Do you?

IAIN: Woaahhhh. We're going to get you down from there. But you have to do exactly as I say.....

## **26. PARKED CAR**

PRESTON: Hey Elsie.

ELSIE: Preston. How come you're not up there?

PRESTON: I'm setting up the next activity. Hence the Hi-Vis. Do you like it?

ELSIE: It's very... orange.

PRESTON: Anna made me activities coordinator. Thought it'd be good for me. What are you doing here?

ELSIE: Ding dong with Iain. I'm being made to freeze to death for me penance.

PRESTON: Well wait on. I might have something for that.

ELSIE: Ooooh.

## **27. MOUNTAINSIDE**

IAIN: Okay Beany. In that position there, you should be able to safely slide your helmet off your face.

BEANY: Ooah.

IAIN: Nice and easy. Good lad. Now take a deep breath.

HE DOES.

Okay, that's it.

GRAHAM: I still wouldn't look down.

IAIN: You don't need to look anywhere but at me, okay? Look at me, Beany. Just look at me. You're doing great. (1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10) Okay, and when I say, I want you to give me your hand...

## **28. BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN**

BIRDS TWEETING  
ELSIE AND BEANY SAT ON THE EDGE OF  
THE BOOT OF HER CAR. THE SOUND OF  
TEA BEING POURED.

ELSIE: Smart lad. Packing your Thermos.

PRESTON: "Better safe than sorry". That's the Worrier's motto.

ELSIE: Doesn't do you any good, you know, worrying.

PRESTON: Oh, tell me about it. I sometimes think being paranoid is like having an overactive security system. You think your mind is gearing up to protect you but actually it's draining the life from you. I think Iain's compulsions are a bit like that. Designed to give a sense of being in control when actually... you're a lesser version of yourself, because of them. And the group's helped me see that. Because right now - at this *minute*- I'm pretty certain that what's causing my fear is in my head. But when *it* takes over- it's in my body as well. It's a tight white ball in the pit of my stomach at the very core of everything I do and think. And it sat there for years and it ate away at me. Making me so anxious. So angry. And when I finally spoke to a counselor I just... I was crying and it all came out. And then there was Anna , and the group and the talking and the weight that I'd felt had been lifted... (BIG BREATH). ...you'll never know. And if anything happens to this group, then I'm afraid I'll go back into myself. And I can't let that happen.

WE CAN CUT TO THE MOUNTAIN- IAIN OVERCOMING HIS.



## **29. MOUNTAINSIDE**

WIND. TENSE.

IAIN: Take my hand.

ANNA: Iain- careful.

IAIN: Beany. You're in control. Take a deep breath.

BEANY: Wooahh.

GRAHAM: It's bloody wobbling! The bloody rope's wobbling.

IAIN: Not now, Graham. Beany- Relax. Deep breath. Keep your eye on me.

GRAHAM: Aaah! I can't watch.

IAIN: Just reach out for my hand, I'll reach for yours.

BEANY: I can't, I'm sorry man.

IAIN: You can.

ANNA: Iain, please, be careful.

IAIN: One.... Two.....

### **30. BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAIN**

ELSIE: I can't lose him Preston. sometimes I think... that I failed him. That maybe he wouldn't be like he is if his dad had stuck around. He had such a bad spell after his dad left. Broke his heart, it did. We used to be friends. That's the sad thing. I always thought you were supposed to grow closer to your child as they became an adult?

BEANY: I guess you need to treat them as one first.

THERE IS A CRY OUT FROM THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

ELSIE: What was that? Iain?! Iain!!

### **31. MOUNTAINSIDE**

NOISES. INDISTINGUISHABLE AT FIRST.  
BEFORE WE REALISE THEY ARE NOISES  
OF RELIEF ETC

GRAHAM: You did it. You bloody did it.

BEANY: I tell you.. that was.. I never want to do that  
again.....

ANNA: Iain.... You were amazing.

IAIN: I don't know what came over me.

ANNA: You were calm. You kept him relaxed. You  
said all the right things.

IAIN: Makes a change from the last time we spoke.

ANNA LAUGHS

GRAHAM: Hey- are we done here then?

ANNA: We are Graham.

GRAHAM: Come on then, fella. Let's get you up.

BEANY: Let me just.. Let me just..Let me just... get  
me bearings a bit.

ANNA: There's some Jammy Dodgers and a flask of  
tea back at the car, Graham. I think Prestons'  
got the - Graham?

GRAHAM IS RUNNING DOWN THE HILL

GRAHAM Wahheyy! You had me at Jammy Dodgers!

IAIN: So. I think I messed up before.

ANNA: Yeah. You underestimate yourself.

IAIN: No, I'm not on about the test. I meant with you. Sorry. And I need to tell you about some things that my Mum's done.

ANNA: I'm not sure I'm interested Iain.

IAIN: Oh I think you will be.

ANNA: No disrespect to her, but I'm more interested in the man you could be, than the boy she still thinks you are.

### **32. BOTTOM OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE**

A DISTANT “AHHHHH” GETTING CLOSER.

PRESTON: I think I can see others. At the top.

ELSIE: Yeah. But who the hells' that?

PRESTON: It's- It's Graham. I've never seen a fella his age leg it that fast. I hope everything's okay.

GRAHAM RUNS “INTO FRAME:

GRAHAM: Ahhhhhhhhh.....

PANTS.

Wooh..... Woohhhh

I've not run like that since I nicked that crate of milk from that train in Germany. Oh, I'm paggered.

PRESTON: Everything okay?

GRAHAM: Huh? Oh aye. It will be when I get a brew and some Jammy Dodgers down me neck, anyhow.

PRESTON: Oh you want the keys to the....

GRAHAM: Oh hello love. I'm sorry, didn't see you there. I don't think we've been introduced. Graham.

ELSIE: Well, nice to meet you, Graham. I'm Elsie.

GRAHAM: Hello Elsie.

.

### **33. TOP OF THE MOUNTAINSIDE**

IAIN: Things are going to be different now.

ANNA: Are they?

IAIN: Yeah. If you let me. I was hoping I might get a second crack at the whip.

ANNA: Ooh, is that what I am? Something to crack your whip at.

IAIN: Mai Oui.

ANNA LAUGHS

BEANY: Hey Iain. Thanks mate.

IAIN: "Last time we met, I was but a student. Now - I am the master"

BEANY: Oh, so you're Darth Vader now?

IAIN: Oh no. I was meant to be a Jedi.

THEY LAUGH.

ANNA: Hey. Race you to the bottom?

IAIN: Hey, hey you're on.

BEANY: Hey wait. Wait for me.

THEY RUN DOWN THE HILL .

### **34. EXT. IAIN'S DRIVEWAY**

ELSIE: You take care of him.

ANNA: I will do Mrs. Perryman. Don't you worry.

PRESTON: And we'll be here when you get back.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

ANNA: It's so great you guys are still going to meet up. I'm so proud of you for taking it on Preston,

PRESTON: Well. It might benefit someone.

IAIN: Right. That's me checks done. You going to be alright Mum?

ELSIE: Oh, I'll be grand. I'm getting more movement in my legs each day. I've got the boys here.

BEANY: We'll keep an eye on her.

ELSIE: And of course, I've got Graham.

IAIN: Yeah, talking of which. Just take it slowly will you?

ELSIE: Are you kidding? I'm 68. I'm gonna grab what I can get.

GRAHAM: (FROM THE HOUSE) Hey Iain? You've not taken all those Rocky Road have you?

ELSIE: No, he's not. I saved a batch for you. And is that my dressing gown?

GRAHAM: Yup.

ELSIE: Well will you get it off please?

GRAHAM: Fair enough

ELSIE: No, no, no, not on the doorstep! Don't want you flashing your bits to all and sundry.

BEANY: *Whoop!*

ANNA: You set then Iain?

IAIN: Your chariot awaits.

THEY GET IN THE CAR.

ELSIE: It's a long drive. You take care on them roads.

IAIN: I will. See you soon Mum.

ELSIE: See you Son.

ENGINE STARTS UP. SEAT BELT CLICKS ETC.

IAIN: Right then. Where to, mon petis poi?

ANNA: Tooting!

IAIN: Tooting it is, then.

THEY DRIVE OFF. END.