



HAT TRICK

33 Oval Road, Camden
London NW1 7EA

Tel: +44 (0)20 7184 7777

Fax: +44 (0)20 7184 7778

info@hattrick.com

www.hattrick.com

OUTNUMBERED V

Episode 2

Swimming Competition

By

ANDY HAMILTON and GUY JENKIN

SHOOTING SCRIPT

3rd September 2013

© HAT TRICK PRODUCTIONS 2013

This script is strictly confidential and may not be disclosed to any person other than this addressee without the prior consent of Hat Trick Productions Ltd. Hat Trick Productions Ltd will hold liable any person in breach of such obligation for all damages, losses and costs arising as a result. © Hat Trick Productions 2012

1. EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT

MUM (OOV)
OK everyone, food in five minutes.

2. INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

BEN and JAKE are sharing the table, doing their homework. MUM'S at the cooker. DAD enters.

DAD (approaching MUM)
That smells good, is it horse? [alternative up our sleeve?]

MUM
Probably. (lowers her voice) How was Jake's driving lesson?

DAD (lowering his voice and choosing his words)
... I really think we should pay a proper instructor to teach him.

MUM
Why?

DAD
Because they're professionally trained to hide the terror.

MUM
Oh come on. Boys, start clearing your homework away please.

THE BOYS start to pack up. DAD moves closer to MUM and lowers his voice still further.

DAD

He doesn't seem to notice things... important things...
solid things.

MUM

Well, that's teenagers, they're dreamy.

DAD

Mentally he's just not there. At one point I yelled
'pedestrian!' and he thought it was a criticism.

MUM and DAD continue their whispered conversation, as we cut to the boys.

BEN (to JAKE as he packs away)

You're so jammy. You get to do psychology. What do
I get? Oxbow lakes. What the hell is an 'oxbow' anyway?
Why would an ox need a bow?

JAKE (to MUM)

Can I eat mine in front of the football?

MUM

No, I want all of us to sit down together for once.

BEN (getting absorbed in one of JAKE'S books)

Psychology looks really interesting.

JAKE

Yeh it's interesting... till you have to study it.
Then it becomes annoying... Like everything else.

BEN

But if you understand how someone's mind works,
then you can bend them to your will. Like Derren
Brown, he can make people believe they're being
attacked by zombies.

MUM (approaching the table)
A very useful life-skill. Ben, I need this cleared.

BEN
Also, career-wise, psychology's practical, 'cos I'm not very likely to get a job working with oxbow lakes, but I could become a psychiatrist.

DAD (correcting)
Psychologist.

BEN
What's the difference?

DAD (trying to remember)
Em... ooh... a psychiatrist studies diseases of the mind whereas a psychologist... writes crappy self-help books.

MUM (calls)
Karen! Tea!... Can someone lay the table?

THE BOYS quicken their clearing of the table.

MUM (cont'd)
So, Jake, Dad was just filling me in on your driving lesson... how did you feel it went?

JAKE
I need lessons from a paid instructor.

DAD
There, see?

JAKE
Someone who knows what they're doing.

DAD (offended)

Wha... I know what I'm doing.

JAKE

It's very distracting sitting beside someone who's constantly slamming his foot into the floor.

DAD

That's a reflex, survival instinct... same as throwing your hands in front of your face.

JAKE

Which is also very distracting. And he's too vague, he says 'bear left' when there are loads of lefts.

DAD

There was only one available left.

JAKE

Well, I proved that was untrue, didn't I.

DAD

Yes, but that 'left' was a canal.

JAKE

It was left, you said left (etc) And I stopped us in plenty of time.

JAKE and DAD start arguing over each other, MUM intervenes.

MUM

Well, look, tell you what, why don't I take you out tomorrow?

JAKE

I'm just not sure it's a good idea to be taught by a family member.

MUM

It'll be fine, (shouts) Karen!! Are you coming?
(to DAD) Oh, you haven't forgotten you're taking her
to her swimming match tomorrow, have you?

DAD

No, I haven't forgotten... I've tried to.

MUM

Y'know, I think this is perfect timing... being picked
for the school team... might help her settle in with the
other kids... and it'll boost her self-confidence.

JAKE

...Isn't it her self-confidence that's cheeses off the
other kids?

MUM

... Well, ye-es, but I think a lot of that's a mask..
y'know, to cover up her insecurities.

DAD

A mask?

MUM

Yes.

JAKE

... that she's been wearing for 11 years.

MUM

...Erm...

DAD

I've got a bad feeling about this. When she swam for her primary school it was always little tournaments and she always won, but this one is against that big new Academy – the one whose kids aren't allowed in shops.

MUM

Well, it doesn't matter how she does, the key thing is that it's the first school activity that she's really engaged with.

DAD

Yes, but what if she doesn't win?

MUM

Well... that'll be good for her.

DAD

I'm not thinking of her, I'm thinking of us.

JAKE

Yeh, think what kind of a week we'll have.

DAD (to JAKE)

God, do you remember 'Black March'?... When she lost that game of 'Risk'?

BEN

Can I eat watching Game of Thrones?

MUM

No, we're all sitting and eating together like a proper – Where's Jake! (calls) Ja-ke!

JAKE (oov)

Need the toilet!

MUM

Ben, I said 'lay the table'.

BEN trudges off towards the cutlery drawer.

MUM (cont'd)

Ka-ren! (DAD is now over by the printer) What are you doing?

DAD

I just need to print something out.

MUM

...What is it?

DAD

It's the first fifty pages of my novel.

MUM

... Which one?

DAD (a fraction marked)

The one I'm working on currently... the one about the samurai who can time-travel.

MUM

Oh.. right.. that one.

DAD

Yeh, see, Chris at work, his wife's an editor for a publisher, so –

MUM

Well, look, do it later 'cos that printer's playing mind games and I'm trying to get everyone sat down for - Where's Ben? (calls) Be-en!

BEN (oov)

Back in a sec !

MUM

Karen! Jake! Come on!... (to herself) It's like
herding cats. Karen! Have you got your headphones or
are you just ignoring me?

KAREN (oov)

I'm ignoring you!

MUM

Oh she's in a foul mood, 'cos she picked up a
detention for commenting on the Deputy Head's
moustache.

DAD (unimpressed)

...Oh what. The Deputy Head's ultra-sensitive about his moustache?

MUM

Her moustache.

DAD

Oh right.

MUM

I don't know why Karen does that stuff.

JAKE (returning)

I do... (They look at him) It's 'cos of you two.

MUM

...Eh?

JAKE (v. matter of fact tone)
You need to challenge her behaviour, confront her more. (DAD laughs) I'm being serious.

DAD
I know, that's what's so funny.

JAKE
You need to control her, she needs boundaries.

MUM (her confidence shaken)
I think you're being a little hard on us...
(to DAD) ... Isn't he?

DAD
Course he is. (to JAKE) We brought you up, we didn't do such a bad job with you, did we?

JAKE
No, but then you seemed to lose the hang of it.

MUM is very rattled. She looks at DAD for reassurance.

JAKE (cont'd)
You cut her way too much slack.

MUM
Well –

JAKE
She treats this place like a hotel.

MUM
Oh that is rubbish.

KAREN (OOV)

Mum! I'll have dinner in my room!

MUM

That was just an untypical coincidence that – (shouts)
You'll come down and eat with everybody else like a ...
(she flounders)
proper person! (JAKE is still looking at her)... there.

BEN enters, with a net and a trident.

DAD

What are those for?

BEN

They're part of my costume as Spartacus.
Mr. Farthingwell said I could take them home to get
used to them. He said I need to think myself into the
mind-set of a rebel slave who's taking on the might of
Imperial Rome.

DAD

...This is a musical, isn't it?

MUM is now bringing plates of food to the table.

MUM

Ben, I won't say it again – no gladiator nets at the dinner
table.

BEN (muttering)

You're so strict.

MUM (to JAKE), pleased)

See?

As he removes the net, KAREN materializes.

MUM

Halle-lujah. We're all assembled. At last we –
(JAKE is on the move again) what now?

JAKE

I need a shower.

MUM

We're about to eat!

JAKE

Well put a plate over it, I'll microwave it later.

MUM

You'll eat it now, or it's going down the toilet.

JAKE (sitting down again)

Alright, alright –

MUM

Families should always eat together.

DAD

Yeh, the Borgias always ate together. (She gives him a look) No, Mum's right, we should eat together.

MUM

Salt and pepper?.. Ben?

BEN (as he goes)

Karen, what was that weird thing you were doing
in the bathroom?

KAREN

Eh? (She has to think for a moment) Oh, yeh, that was for the swimming tomorrow, that was my victory dance.

JAKE (shooting MUM and DAD a meaningful look)

...Victory dance?

KAREN

Yeh, I spread my arms out like this to make the letter 'K'.
(She illustrates)

DAD

'K'?

JAKE (muttering)

Yeh, K for 'King Irritating'.

BEN (coming back with the salt and pepper)

That doesn't really look like a K.

KAREN

Yes it does.

BEN

No, that's more like a badly drawn F, your arms need to be longer (etc)...

KAREN and BEN start to argue about how like a K she does or doesn't look. Meanwhile, MUM has succeeded in placing a plate of food on front of everybody.

MUM (as she sits down)

OK, let's all just eat, OK? I read this piece yesterday that said how families never eat together anymore, because family life's got so fragmented and anti-social.

CUT TO MUM'S POV. Every member of her family is looking down at their mobile phone.

MUM (to herself)

Really? That's interesting, Sue.

BEN (has found some info)

Spartacus hid from the Romans in the volcano of Vesuvius, did you know that?

DAD

Hiding inside an active volcano. That's either extremely clever or fantastically stupid.

Short improv about volcanos and Pompeii (etc) – people dying, frozen in positions – Krakatoa – the loudest bang (etc) Imagine being mummified in an embarrassing position, like on the toilet (probably quite a lot of them on the toilet)

MUM (starting to eat)

Well now this makes a pleasant change, doesn't it. All of us sitting down together to eat and having a nice, sociable meal.

BEN

...Apart from Karen.

MUM

Wha-? (MUM looks up, KAREN'S disappeared)... where?

BEN (heading off fast)
I'll find her.

MUM
No Ben, eat your - (JAKE is rising) Where are you going?

JAKE (mouth full and gesturing indecipherably)
Nrgghphfgggh.

MUM
But - ? (DAD answers his phone)

DAD (on phone)
Chris? Hi, signal's rubbish here. (He leaves table,
heading for the garden). Hang on, I'll go stand by the
compost heap.

Within a matter of moments, MUM finds herself sitting alone at the table,
completely deserted, surrounded by plates of food. Disconsolately, she picks up her
fork.

MUM (defeated)
....Bon appetit, everybody (start to fade sound and
vision) thanks Mum, this is delicious.. my pleasure..
shall I cook tomorrow Mum, oh that'd be nice (etc)

JAKE (OOV)
Why are you talking to yourself? That's really weird.

3. INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

MUM and DAD are about to get into bed. MUM's setting the alarm clock.
DAD gets into bed with a weary, stiff groan.
MUM sits on the bed with a tired sigh, covering her face.
DAD nestles down under the covers with a very weary groan.
MUM gets into bed with a very tired sigh.
DAD rolls over with an even wearier groan.

MUM lies back, head on the pillow, with an even more tired sigh.
The sounds of pained exhaustion continue... gradually getting more competitive.

MUM

...Alright, let's call it a draw, shall we?

DAD

...Hm?

MUM

The 'I'm more tired than you' competition. (DAD yawns, she whacks him playfully) ... Do you think Jake's right?... About us losing the plot as parents?

DAD (head on the pillow)

He's hit that self-righteous phase. At his age I was absolutely convinced that my parents were totally wrong about everything... (thinks)... mind you, they were really.

MUM

I mean the normal parenting techniques have never worked with Karen..... not blackmail or bribery ... or threats... she worked out it was all a bluff about the age of three ... (recalls)... she gave us a contract when she was five.

DAD

Typed, I remember.

MUM

It's the way she is around other kids that bothers me, I keep waiting for the penny to drop... y'know, that you can't make friends without being friendly... maybe Jake's right, maybe, y'know, tackle her more head-on.

DAD (opens his eyes)

...“Tackle her more head-on”?

MUM

...Yes... try and control her.

DAD

...“Try and control her”?

MUM

Can you stop doing that please? (DAD rolls over)...
we’re not... that bad as parents... are we?

DAD (closing his eyes)

If the three of them make it into adulthood and none
of them are in prison, then our work is done.

MUM

Mary Heslop’s boy’s in prison... we’re not ‘bad’...
bad, are we?... Jake’s exaggerating, isn’t he...
we’re sort of middling, ... rather than bad... he’s wrong
about bad, isn’t he... (No response)... Pete?...
(she realizes he’s asleep. She turns to roll over)....
'and we have a competition winner'.

4. EXT. HOUSE – MORNING

MUM (oov)

What the hell are you talking about?

5. INT. KITCHEN – MORNING

MUM is doing battle with the computer.

MUM

“Cannot communicate with printer”? – It’s there!
It’s less than a foot away...

DAD (enters)

Have you had a chance to print out my novel?

MUM

This printer's playing up. Anyway, can't you just e-mail it to Phil and get him to print it out?

DAD

No, his printer's playing up.

MUM (fiddling with printer)

Perhaps the printers are ganging up on us, a robot conspiracy to tip us all over into madness.

DAD

It's just Phil's wife says that the budget deadline for new commissions is –

MUM (fraying a little)

I'll print out your time traveling samurai, OK?
But right now I'm trying to print out my registration for that course the firm are sending me on – which is tomorrow, so I think that's probably a bit more pressing.
(She continues fiddling with printer)

DAD

True.... Mind you, if Phil gives the novel to his wife, and she likes it, and it gets published, and it does well, we could be millionaires.

MUM

...Oh yeh, I'm forgetting.
Oh bloody hell, look at the time, Ka-ren! You'll miss your bus!

BEN – who has been working at the table – calls DAD over.

BEN

Hey Dad, check this out, psychologists use this, it's called the inkblot test.

DAD

Is that the one where you reveal someone's inner feelings by spilling ink all over the table?

BEN

Eh?

DAD

You've spilt ink all over the table. (He heads for the sink to fetch a cloth)

BEN (peering at the stain)

Oh... yeh... I wondered about that. Anyway, what you have to do is look for shapes.

DAD (working at the ink-stain)

I'm busy.

BEN (still holding up the paper)

Go on, what do you see?

DAD (glances at it)

I see... Mum.

BEN

Your Mum. That's interesting. Freud reckoned every man wants to kill his father and sleep with his mother.

DAD (wiping the table, hard, with the cloth)

Yeh well Freud never met my mother. This isn't coming off.

BEN (studying the ink-blot)
So, you can see your Mum in this?

DAD

No, I said 'Mum' – your Mum, my wife, I can see her face, she's screaming 'what pratt spilt ink on the table?'

6. INT. HALL

MUM and KAREN are preparing to get out the door. Ditto JAKE. BEN calls to KAREN.

BEN (ooe)
Hey Karen! If you want to win your race you need to do 'visualisation', y'know, where visually you see yourself winning the race.

KAREN

I'll just wait till this afternoon, when I will see myself winning the race.

MUM

Yes... well, of course today isn't just about the winning, is it.

(KAREN looks at her as if she's talking Swahili)
... it's about the taking part... isn't it... y'know...
being part of a team... as a team player...
(KAREN is still looking at her relentlessly)...
in a team... (still nothing).... With team-mates...

7. INT. KITCHEN

BEN is packing away books into his bag.

BEN

I was looking up loads of psychology stuff last night. Some of it is brilliant. Have you heard about a bloke called R.D. Laing?

DAD (thinks)

... Is he the one who thought people's mental health could be improved if they smeared their faeces all over the wall?

BEN

Yeh. (as he exits) I'm going to find out more about him.

DAD

.... that's one of the most frightening things I've ever heard.

8. INT. HALL

MUM is still working on KAREN, who is still looking at her.

MUM

.... it's called camaraderie... all pulling together... there's no 'I' in team... all for one, and one for – let's just go.

9. INT. SWIMMING POOL – AFTERNOON

DAD is in some seating, along with a smattering of other parents, looking pretty bored. KAREN comes over with a bag.

KAREN

Dad, can you look after my stuff? Only I don't trust the other girls. Some of them have got an agenda. Especially that one. (She indicates a girl across the other side of the pool) Ever since I tweeted about her.

DAD

You tweeted about her?

KAREN

Yeh...She takes offence very easily. She's very sensitive. A lot of my class are very sensitive.

DAD (braces himself)

... Listen, Karen, - You will keep finding yourself in confrontations until you learn not to be so confrontational. You're 11 now, it's time you learnt some self-control.

KAREN

I can't help being upfront, that's who I am, I have to be me.

DAD

This isn't 'Made in Chelsea', this is the real world, you can't just go around telling everyone what you think of them.

KAREN (chuckling as she ferrets in her bag)

You and your real world, where are my goggles?

DAD

Oh, and by the way, if you win this heat, I really wouldn't do your 'K' dance.

KAREN (has found her goggles)

It's my signature move.

DAD

It will antagonize your fellow competitors. It will get right up their noses and it will –

KAREN

- affect their performance, exactly. (She winks as she hands him the bag) I know what I'm doing, Dad.
(She trots off)

DAD is left frustrated at not having achieved anything.

10. EXT. HOUSE – DAY

GAME-VOICE (oov)

You have done well, White Hawk, but your quest has just begun.

11. INT. FRONT ROOM – DAY

BEN is playing a computer game on the TV.

From the kitchen, we can hear MUM losing her temper with the printer.

GAME-VOICE

Now you must brave new dangers, if you are to reach the citadel of Kronossium.

BEN

Aargh! Cyber-crabs! I hate those!

He starts zapping cyber-crabs. We hear many explosions.

12. INT. KITCHEN – DAY

JAKE is trying to do his homework at the kitchen table, but is having to contend with the noise of BEN shooting cyber-crabs and MUM getting frustrated with the printer.

JAKE

Any chance of a bit more noise?

MUM

Take that up to your room then.

JAKE

I've got no internet connection there.
(oov we hear BEN take it up a notch)

BEN (oov)

Nooo!! Vampire lobsters!

JAKE

He's been playing that for over an hour now.

MUM (to printer)

Print... print.

JAKE

... It's not good for him.

MUM

In the name of God, just print.

JAKE

He should be doing his schoolwork.

MUM

Oh, you're on Ben-patrol now, are you?

JAKE

I'm just saying that's all.... o-ver an hour.

MUM feels intimidated and compromised.

MUM (calls)
Be-en! Stop playing that and start your homework!

BEN (oov)
OK.

13. INT. KITCHEN – DAY

BEN enters cheerily.

BEN (to JAKE)
More psychology? I told Mr. Jacobs I'd like to do
psychology in the sixth form, but he said it's a
bullshitter's subject that people only opt for 'cos they
think the exams will be easy.

JAKE is v. thrown. Clearly Mr. Jacobs has nailed it.

JAKE
...Yeh... well... he wears a bow tie. So he's not qualified
to talk about anything.

BEN
Can you make your knuckles crack?

JAKE
No.

As BEN illustrates, MUM has an idea.

MUM (to the computer)
OK... let's try 'help'... no, 'help's no help... because
the computer's gone offline!

BEN (to JAKE)
Ibrahim says girls like boys who can crack their knuckles

JAKE (sending him up)
Yeh, that's a well-known aphrodisiac, the sound of grinding bones.

MUM lets out an inarticulate, angry noise.

BEN
Why are you getting angry?

MUM
I'm getting angry because I've just started a new job,
but they're not going to take me very seriously if I
can't print out a simple registration document.

BEN
Maybe, you think that's why you're getting angry.

MUM
...Eh?

BEN
Freud reckons when you get angry about something
you're really getting angry about something else..
subconscious, so you're probably getting angry wth
the printer because it represents Dad, or Jake, or -

JAKE
Why can't you be the printer?

BEN

I just chose you as an example (etc)

JAKE and BEN start to argue. MUM spots something.

MUM

This printer's switched off at the wall! Who the hell did that?

BEN

Oh, yeh, that was me, sorry.

MUM is momentarily speechless with anger.

JAKE

You're definitely the printer now.

MUM (to BEN)

You... You watched me struggling....!

BEN

I was switching it off and on again to try and make it work.

MUM

I could kill you!

BEN

Yeh, but is this really about me?

MUM

Yes, yes this is definitely about you (etc)

Improv as BEN psychoanalyses Mum

The phone (landline) rings. JAKE answers.

JAKE

Oh, hi Dad.

14. INT. SWIMMING BATHS – DAY

DAD is still in the seats with the smattering of other parents.
(Intercut between baths and kitchen)

DAD (on phone)

What's all that noise?

JAKE

That's just Mum threatening to kill Ben.

DAD

Oh, right.

JAKE

How's Karen getting on?

DAD

Well, she won her heat. Although she nearly got disqualified at the start...

JAKE

What, for a false start?

DAD

No, for sledging. I couldn't quite hear what she was saying, but the gesture didn't look very nice.

JAKE

You'll have to have a word with her.

DAD

Yes, yes –

JAKE

She's your responsibility.

DAD

Yup, OK, spare me the lecture, Captain Smugwash,
can you put Mum on?

MUM and BEN are still arguing.

MUM

It has got nothing to do with breastfeeding, I –

JAKE (interrupts)

Mum, it's Dad.

MUM

Oh, right... (takes phone) Hiya.

DAD

Have you printed out those novel-pages yet?

MUM (through clenched teeth)

Not quite yet, no. The printer was off at the wall and
the computer's go – oh it's back, OK. (She starts to
search) How's Karen getting on? Is she interacting
with the other kids?

DAD can see KAREN giving rival contestants ‘the eyes’.

DAD

...Yes...

DAD can see LOTS OF GIRLS glaring at KAREN.

DAD

She won the heat, but she’s up against some fast kids in this final. God knows what she’ll do if she doesn’t win... probably go on a gun spree.

MUM

OK, now. I’m in the file marked ‘Pete’s Novels’, but I don’t want to print out the wrong one, is it called ‘Amber Reflections’?

DAD

No, that’s the one about the psychic dwarf in the court of the Medicis.

MUM

Erm... ‘Pluto’s Feast’?

DAD

That’s the Etruscan General who befriends a blind wolf. It’s called ‘Boshido’. I think, or did I change that?

MUM

Ah, found it, ‘Boshido’. OK, good luck with Karen.
(She hangs up)

MUM (cont'd)

OK Mission Control – (She hits 'print' and the computer starts to print) we have lift-off. At last. (She breaths out a big breath. She heads for the laundry room) The humans have won.

BEN

... I wish I had a victory dance.

JAKE (to MUM)

Can you tell him?

BEN

..... Spartacus could have a victory dance... although it's quite hard to make the letter 'S'.

JAKE (to MUM)

He's doing my head in.

MUM

Alright, let's all just stay nice and calm because... Some pratt's got ink all over the table!

BEN

Oh... yeh... that was me.

MUM

...Anything you'd like to say?

BEN

Yeh... (indicates ink on table)... tell me what you see.

15. INT. SWIMMING POOL – DAY

The final is about to start. KAREN moves to her starting block, psyching out her opponents on the way. DAD in the seating, has already got his phone out, ready to film. A POOL ATTENDANT intervenes.

POOL ATTENDANT

Excuse me, sir, do you mind not filming?

DAD

Wha..? Oh for.. you're not serious. I'm just filming
my daughter.

POOL ATTENDANT

Yes, but there are other children in the race, and without
consulting their parents it's –

DAD

Oh come on, no parent would object.

POOL ATTENDANT

Well... that one did. (He indicates Ed Poll, a rather paunchy,
choleric-looking man sitting few rows behind in a shell-suit
and reading a Daily Mail)

DAD

Oh, for God's -

POLL

It's the law of the land mate.

DAD

No it's not, Rumpole.

DAD and ED POLL start to argue, talking over each other. It's causing a bit of a scene, people are staring.

POOL ATTENDANT (talking into his walkie-talkie)

Could the supervisor come poolside please?

16. INT. KITCHEN –DAY

JAKE is still at the table doing his homework. MUM is sorting laundry.

The printer is printing out merrily.

BEN enters with his net and trident.

BEN

I'm getting better... I nearly caught next-door's cat...
he can make himself re-allly big... imagine if we could
do that.

MUM (sorting laundry)

You already have. You're gigantic.

BEN

I know, puny human. (He picks her up)

MUM

Alright, put me down, does this still fit you?

BEN

Um... it fitted me last month.

MUM (putting it aside)

...So that's a no, then.

BEN

Jake can have it as a hand-me-down.

JAKE

LOL

MUM

OK, Jake, once you've finished that, I'll take you out for that driving lesson.

JAKE

I still think I need a proper instructor.

MUM

Don't be daft, it all costs money. I'll teach you in no time, you'll see, you'll have your driving license by summer.

JAKE

I don't want to take my test too early.

MUM

Eh?

JAKE

Well, I don't want to be the first of my lot who can drive, do I. I'll end up just ferrying them around everywhere. It's no fun being a glorified taxi driver.

MUM (with great feeling)

No.... no it's not.... We'd better go out pretty soon, before the traffic starts to build up.

JAKE

We-ll...

MUM

It'll be fine. My Dad taught me to drive... and then my Uncle.

BEN

...Why did your Dad stop teaching you?

MUM hesitates. JAKE and BEN look at her.

17. INT. SWIMMING POOL – DAY

DAD and ED POLL are still arguing, talking over each other, still causing a scene with the POOL ATTENTANT trying to keep the peace.

DAD (to the Attendant)

Do you know what? I really resent the suggestion that I might be some kind of paedophile.

POLL

Well you could be a paedophile (etc)

DAD and POLL start to talk over each other again. THE SUPERVISOR arrives and tries to take control.

SUPERVISOR

Gentlemen, perhaps we could move this discussion into my office (etc)

POLL (to DAD)

Listen, mate, to be a paedophile you don't have to look like a paedophile.

DAD

I've been CRB checked, I'm –

POLL

Did Jimmy Savile look like a paedophile?

DAD

Well.. (thinks) yes, yes he did actually.

POLL

But –

DAD

He looked about as pervy as it's possible for a human-being to look!

POLL

Yeh, but no-one knew he was a paedophile.

DAD

Yes they did. Loads of people knew. Hundreds.

DAD and POLL start talking over each other again.

SUPERVISOR (trying to take control)

Look, can everybody stop mentioning Jimmy Savile, I get this ev-ery bloody day! (etc)

DAD and POLL kick off again.

THE CHILDREN on the starting blocks are becoming aware of the commotion, as are the watching parents.

DAD (trying to calm things)

Look, look, I'm a teacher –

POLL

They're the worst!

DAD and POLL start arguing over each other again.

SUPERVISOR

Gentlemen, please, if we could exercise some self-control....

POLL

This bloke could be anybody!

KAREN is removing her goggles to see what's going on.

DAD

Look, my name is Peter Brockman and I am not,
repeat not a paedophile... (POLL is silenced...)

DAD clocks the Daily Mail – he can't help himself)...
although I am a gay, gypsy asylum-seeker!

POLL (unsure)

Is he taking the piss?

SUPERVISOR

My office, now, or I call the police.

KAREN watches as DAD and POLL are bundled out. Her COMPETITOR on the next block turns to her.

COMPETITOR

...Is that your Dad?

KAREN

No. (She puts her goggles back on)

18. INT. KITCHEN

As before.

JAKE

So, basically.. you're saying what happened on your driving lesson was Grandad's fault.

MUM

Yeh, I had to brake, I had no choice, he should have been wearing his seat belt.
Just, y'know... an unfortunate accident.
(She resumes sorting the laundry)

BEN

There's no such thing as an accident. That's what psychologists reckon.

MUM

Is that right?

BEN

What it means is that... say, when I was little and I had that accident in Hastings that time...

MUM (still sorting)

What, when you fell off the pier?

BEN

Yeh, that must have happened for a reason.

MUM

The reason was you doing cartwheels on the handrail.

BEN

Maybe, deep down, I must have somehow wanted to fall into the ocean, maybe it was about some inner emotion I was suppressing.

JAKE (looks up from his work)

When did you ever suppress an emotion?

The printer stops printing. MUM crosses to it.

MUM

Okey-dokey that's – (She stops in her tracks)
Oh for – it's printed out in bloody symbols! Look at it!
(She holds up a page that's all weird) Like sodding
Japanese! Look, solid asterisks and exclamation marks
and... like a big swear-word! Why the hell has it done
that?

JAKE

You should have kept an eye on it as it was going through.

MUM

Does your Advice Centre never close?
(ferreting under printer) I've got to do the whole thing
again and Dad's stupid novel's used up all the paper.
It's just... Wha...? There's no paper left? This box
was full yesterday. Where the hell has all the paper
gone?

BEN (thinks... then remembers)

Ah, yeh... now I think I can help you there... I printed
some stuff out on Spartacus and psychologists and
knuckle-cracking.

MUM

So... you're telling me you used an entire box
of paper to print out material about...

BEN

Well there was more on knuckle-cracking than I
expected.

MUM

Well I'm stuffed. I've got to print out that registration doc–
this course is tomorrow! ...I don't believe this...
(She slumps in a chair, with her head in her hands) ...
Why is this happening to me?

BEN

Maybe because... deep down... you want it to happen.

MUM lifts her head, ominously.

JAKE (to BEN)

I'd run if I was you.

19. EXT. HOUSE – ESTABLISHER

20. INT. KITCHEN – EVENING

MUM with DAD.

MUM

Karen recorded a personal best?

DAD

Yup.

MUM

That's brilliant, was she pleased?

DAD

Not really, she came third.

MUM

...Third?..

DAD

Third.

MUM

Oh God... (She puts her head in her hands)

DAD

...Do you want a drink?

MUM

No, already had one.

DAD (slightly puzzled)

...Did you take Jake out for his drive?

MUM

Yeh.

DAD

And how –

MUM (instant)

We'll pay for an instructor... With dual control.

DAD

...How long were you out with him?

MUM

It felt like days... especially when we were on
the dual carriageway.

DAD (shocked)

You took him on a dual carriageway?

MUM

Well not intentionally! He just suddenly turned
left for no earthly reason.

DAD

I told you. He'll never pass his test.

MUM

I dunno, his emergency stops are
quite good... and at least we know the airbags work
now. Do you know how you get them back in?

DAD

Nah, there's probably a helpline... did you get to print
out my novel?

MUM

On the side there.

BEN enters.

BEN

Hiya.

DAD

How was rehearsal?

BEN

Yeh, good. Mr. Farthingwell likes my psychological
interpretation of Spartacus, y'know, that he rebelled
against Imperial Rome 'cos deep down he wanted
Rome's approval.

DAD

...Right (Dad finds his novel)
I can't give this to Phil's wife to read, look at it!
(He holds up pages which have been printed on
a vicious neon-dayglo-yellow paper)
She'd go blind.

MUM

It was the only paper left, OK.

DAD (perusing)
And this doesn't even get to the bit where the
samurai teams up with Gandhi, where's the rest of it?

MUM
The printer... broke.

DAD
... 'Broke'?

MUM
Yeh... it was an accident.

BEN
There are no acc –

MUM
It had it coming.

DAD (quietly shaking his head)
Is there no-one in this family with any self-control?

JAKE enters.

JAKE
So, Karen came third.

DAD
Afraid so.

MUM
Well look, let's just try and be positive and give
her as much emotional support as we – (She spots
KAREN coming up the hall) Oh hi sweetheart,
well done today, personal best!

DAD

Yeh, brilliant.

KAREN'S now entering the kitchen.

MUM

Yeh, quite an achievement to – (suddenly KAREN is engulfed by BEN'S net. She squeals in protest)
Be-en!

BEN

I was just trying to lighten things up.

MUM (extricating KAREN)

Yeh well sometimes people just aren't in the mood to be snared in a net. (to KAREN) You sit down, darling... yeh, no, a PB... you should be proud of that... did they give you a medal?

DAD

She left it behind... in a bin.

MUM

Oh well, even champions lose sometimes, but 'course the mark of a champion is accepting defeat gracefully... (fishing).. did you... accept defeat gracefully?

KAREN (not looking at MUM)

..Yes.

DAD

Well, apart from demanding a drugs test...

KAREN

That girl had shoulders like a gorilla.

DAD

...and dropping out of the relay team.

MUM

Oh Karen.

JAKE (to DAD)

And you let her get away with that?

DAD

I can't physically force someone to swim.

BEN

Well, I saw Bradley Wiggins being interviewed and he said you learn more from your defeats.

MUM

Well that's very true, you work out why you don't win and then –

KAREN

I've already worked out why I didn't win.

MUM

Good.

KAREN

It's because of this family.

DAD

...Eh?

KAREN

You all wrecked my confidence.

MUM

That seems a little –

KAREN (indicating BEN)

Him with his stupid visualizing and you with your long talks that I couldn't follow and Dad banging on about self-control and then shouting stuff about Jimmy Savile and telling everyone that he's a gypsy, gay asylum-seeker.

MUM and JAKE look at DAD.

DAD

.....That was irony.... not everyone got it.

KAREN

It's no wonder I lost.

BEN

Maybe you wanted to lose.

KAREN

I lost because I come from a family of losers!

There is a pause. JAKE looks at his parents. How will they respond?

DAD

..... Well, thanks for that, I'm going to watch 'Pointless'. (He picks up his glass of wine)

MUM starts to follow.

JAKE

See, this is what I was talking about. She needs someone to lay down some boundaries, y'know, spell out some realities.

MUM (as she leaves)

Be our guest.

JAKE

Well, someone has to.

21. INT. FRONT ROOM – NIGHT

DAD

And you're clearly the man for the job. You being such a parenting expert.

22. INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

JAKE

Alright then, I will... OK, listen Karen... you seriously need to take a long hard look at yourself...(KAREN looks back at him, inscrutably) ...because life doesn't owe you a living... (still, she looks. JAKE is starting to struggle) ...y'know, and it's not a one-way street.. it goes two-ways... not one... and it doesn't revolve around you... like you're some... roundabout...

23. INT. FRONT ROOM – NIGHT

MUM and DAD, with wine, have made themselves comfortable on the sofa, and are watching 'Pointless' on TV.

DAD (chuckles)

Yeh, like he understands about roundabouts.
Oh, African countries beginning with 'B'. Erm,
Botswana, Burundi.. Burkina Faso! No-one will get
Burkina Faso.

MUM

...How long should we leave him in there with her?

DAD

Till his spirit's broken. Belgian Congo! Oh wait, does
that still exist?

24. INT. KITCHEN – NIGHT

JAKE is struggling more, under KAREN'S relentless gaze.

JAKE

...because, y'know... in life, you only get out what
you put in... but to get it out, you have to put it in
before you can get it out.

25. EXT. HOUSE – NIGHT

A slow fade begins.

JAKE cont'd oov)

And everyone, including you, has to make the effort
to meet people halfway... not just make the world come
to you... all the way...

KAREN (OOV)

This is drivel.

JAKE (OOV)

No, y'see, that's exactly what I mean, that's not halfway.
(etc... As fade ends) Ow, stop that, Mum, Dad, she's poking
me with Ben's trident, ow!

END